# Best

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

MEXICO'S RACE OF PIGMIES.

Known Only by Tradition, Their Lo-cality Is a Mystery.

Rown Only by Tradition, Their Locality is a Mystery.

Somewhere hidden in the heart of that land of marvels, Mexico, there is without doubt a nation of pigmies.

Few they are, but fierce; short of stature, but long of life. Science, which in this latter day goes out into highways and hedges and compels all sorts of curiosities to come in, has not been able yet to put its positive finger on these people. But the Aztec traditions, old before the beginning of history, have said that they existed.

There is echo of the story in the early histories of that land full of wonders. Prescott only told of a small part of the strange things to be found in Mexico.

It was in the belief that we had the It was in the belief that we had the clew to almost the precise location of these tiny folk that I started to jour-ney into the wilds of Mexico. So defin-ite was the information upon which the expedition was based that I thought we might go directly to the home of the

I know there were mountains to climb and rivers to cross, hundreds of hard miles to travel, untold hardships to face, but to find the pigmy Astecs was a great enough accomplishment to tempt any scientific man to make all physical discomforts seem trivial.

I went. I invaded the remotest and most uncivilized districts of the great country to the south. Of the men and country to the south. Of the men and

customs I have seen many, and studied them from the United States border to the Isthmus. I have seen strange peoples and gathered relies of a bygone civilization, but the race of pigmies we could not find.

I do not say that they do not exist, I do not say that I did not said them them they may still be hidden somewhere among those mountains, where some day some lucky man will find them and bring them to light.

At any rate, I have come back to the

At any rate, I have come lock to the haunts of every-day, modern people and the duties of every-day life, wiser and happier than when I started on my mission. The story of those wander ings in Mexico will be a wonder story to tell by and by and a rich memory for old age.—Frederick Starr in San Francisco Examiner.

When a minister takes "Woman" for his text, he never tells her anything that will make her more appreciative of her husband.

### A MOTHER'S DUTY.

Your daughters are the most precious legacy possible in this life.

The responsibility for them, and their future, is largely with you.

The mysterious change that develops the thoughtful woman from the thoughtless girl, should find you on the watch day and night.

As you care for their physical wellbeing, so will the woman be, and so will her children be also.



he horrors cannot exist in company vith Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable

when you're hot; when you're thirsty; when callers come. At any and all times drink HIRES Rootbeer.

of our customers, who did \$7000 worth of drilling last year, ONE worth of drilling last year, a gar advice and BOUGHT A MACHINE THAT



"Have you thought." said the rose to the lily "That our gardener is a god?
For they tell me he planted that plum-tree
And even made grow the sod.

"He surely will live forever, His life is so strong and strange, For the tulip who died this morning Had never seen him change.

She said he was surely immortal, And the peony thinks so, too; or he spaded her roots in the spring-time As her mother had seen him do.

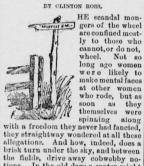
For my part I think he has always Been hoeing the tasseled cor And if we could only prove it, The man was never born!"

Then the lily bent near to the rose-tree And, opening her snowy bell, Exhaled her heart in perfume While she whispered, "I cannot tell:

And goodness can never die; While ever serene and perfect Dwells the spirit of purity.

And tends us with so much care, think when we bloom in heaven We shall find our gardener there."
—Cora Linn Daniels, in Demorest's.

BY CLINTON ROSS.



they straightway wondered at all these allegations. And how, indeed, does a brisk turn under the sizy, and between the fields, drive away cobwebby notions. In the old days a cauter might do it, but a horse is a luxury, and, even if you can afford it is ever getting out of condition, and to be fit must have a modieum of constant exercise. But now all go a-spinning, the horseman as well as the ontime long distance walkers, the sinners, and those who strive to regain this old world from the curse.

Among these latter, no one is better equipped for the ancient fight than the rector of Saint Matthew-in-the-Park, the Rev. Lemuel Springer. With body and mind attuned to a fine healthfulness, at thirty, he believes strongly, and preaches and acts his belief, and in those days when clergymen sometimes forget that their duty is but to heal the heart's wounds, and to preach the reward of simple honesty and cleanly living, it is a delight to sit of a morning in a pew of Saint Matthew-in-the-Park and listen to the direct and human religion its athlectic young rector expounds. I, myself, remember him when he was No. 3 on the 'Varsity crew, and a very great man. He still could pull that third oar as strongly, but the only sport his duties now permit him is wheeling, and if you go to the park of a morning you may see him going up and down hill and doubtless meditating those words for the soul cheer afforded by his bits of sermonizing, put always in English tersely strong.

And yet he has all his troubles, his experiences, his questionings, his sin, salsity, and if you will follow my story, you will see how it was all due to the wheel that he once forgot himself.

Of a May day the Rev. Lemuel was coasting down the loup hill into the

self.

Of a May day the Rev. Lemuel was coasting down the long hill into the straggling village of Roundbush, Westchester. It was his day of outing, and now at noon he was hungry after a twenty-mile exhilarating spin; and the world had put its care away, and his blood was tingling and his heart singing like the birds in the fields and the treetops through the windy blue spaces of that sunny spring-day sky. The old tavern at Koundbush bears on a creaking sign a distorted likeness of our first great President, and after long years of desuetude again has found usefulness through the revival of the road, and flaunts a noon placard: "Inushes for Bicyclers." Yet this afternoon the Reverend Lemnel thought that he had it quite to himself, as the fat landlord pushed his shirtsleeves further above his brawny elbows and said he guessed he could give his visitor "somethin' that was fit eatin." And Lemnel—I will drop his title—thought the broiled chicken delicious and sanhered into the parlor, dark after the sunshine, with its and certain photographs of prim rural folk.

person.
"Oh, I am glad," she exclaimed.
"I don't see why," he blurted out, in astonishment.
"Because you are Mr. Springer of Saint-Matthew-in-the-Park."

exactly that.

"I do—and we must be started before him."

"Him?—I don't understand."

"I will explain later; we must be started now. We have no time."

"Oh, no time?"

"Can you oblige me, Mr. Springer?"

And with those eyes on him he could and did, and having paid his reckoning he was in the saddle, this graceful young person beside him, again and again looking over her shoulder. She kept up a brisk pace, neither saying a word, although you may believe he was wordering at the impulse which had brought him to such sudden complaisance. What, if any of his parishioners should see him as he was now, tearing madly up and down hill with this undeniably very pretty young woman, and running madly for Him? Who the dence was "Hin;" only, of course, Lemuel didn't say, "who the deuce."

Oh!—oh!" she cried suddonly.

"Ab, what's the matter?" said he slowly.

"If he should appear, and attempt

slowly.
"If he should appear, and attempt to speak to me, you must knock him

to speak to me, you must knock nim down."

"That would be rather unclerical, wouldn't it?" said Lenuel.

"You must," said she.

"Oh, if I must," said she, looking at her, and knowing he certainly would. The road forks half a mile further with, at the point, a bit of wood and thicket. As you near the wood, you have the stretch of the road to the left, and now as they came into that view, Lemuel's companion cried out:
"Oh, I saw him!"

"Who?"
"No matter; we must hide, I don't

"No matter; we must hide. I don't dieve he could have seen me," she

paused.
"Have you passed a young lady,

"But she didn't really."

"Yes, I know."
"How do you?"
"Hum—I have a parish."

"So you have. Well, to go on. When she hears that man is engaged to another girl, she tries to 'cut' the other girl out—out of pique, not love for the man, you understand."
"No, I don't."
"Well, you are not so clever as I hearest. Each start was the contraction."

"Yes, Angela encourages Tom; and Tom succumbs—"
"Do you think so?" she said, looking at him mischievously. "Yes, he did; I must be frank with you, a clergyman. And it goes on—in a country house in Westchester in May. But there's small chance in a house party, you know."
"Yes, I know," said he.
"Of course you know because you are a young clergyman of a modish church. Now—to go on with the story—Angela agrees to meet Tom on the wheel. Sne wheels for a long time before the appointed hour, and, getting tired, stops, as you know, and, being tired, ber conseience pricks her."
"I know of such cases," said Lemuel laconically.
"And she thought of the other girl."

"I know of such cases, satu Lemuel laconically.

"And she thought of the other girl, and remembered how wicked she has been, because she has been encouraging Tom just for fun."

"She should have felt wicked," said Lemuel severely.
"Just then she sees a very promi-

"Just then she sees a very promininent young clergyman."

"Oh, no," said Lemuel, becomingly.

"Well, at once she snatches the chance. She will appear to Tom when he meets her to be out with the clergyman. If he speaks she will ignore him. Should he persist, the clergyman, who is the stronger, will knock thim down."

"Will he?"

"Yes, he promised."

"Well, perhaps. But when Tom appears why does Angela run to the bushos?"

"Don't you think it was better to

pears why does Angola run to the bushos?"

"Don't you think it was better to avoid the meeting?"

"Possibly."

"And now," she said, dismounting and extending a hand, 'good-by."

"You are going to leave me?"

"I live over there."

"There are a lot of houses. Greenwich, isn't it?"

"Yes, Greenwich; but no matter which house. You are going back to town. I am ever so much obliged to you. You have been ever so good."

"Angela," he said, 'must it be good-by?"

good-by?"
"Yes."
"And you won't flirt any more?"

"I never do."
"But you have confessed to it—with

"Tom."
"I never will again. Now good-by,
Mr. Springer."
And she was in her saddle, an I smiling back at him, and vanishing over
the slope, leaving him rubbing his

the slope, leaving mind over the cover.

At first he thought be would follow, but then in Greenwich he likely would meet some one who knew him, and he could not afford to appear ridiculous, particularly after such an estable.

capade.
Yet, as he wheeled, he regretted his resolution, and he envied Tom, and he couldn't think of his sermon; and he really was on that ride simply to clarify his mind that he might make

really was on that ride simply to clarify his mind that he might make his next discourse a fitting one.

And back at his desk, it was the same, and his sermon was singularly poor that next Sabbath morning.

And he strove with himself; and tried to put her out of his mind; and to think of how scandalous it all would seem to any of his parishioners who should hear of it. Yet he yielded, so far as to find himself looking about furtively for Angela, He even, with some self-deception, wheeled several times over the same roads.

But when he understood how impulse was carrying him, he lashed himself mentally as a hermit of old did his flesh. And he wrote a mighty sermon, which quite astonished his congregation, and after he had delivered it he was compelled out of consistency to give up his one indulgence surviving from a great career as a college athlete.

And he plunged deeper into his work and "God's poor" and suffering never had more attention in that parish.

But he couldn't give up dinners and routs altogether, as a certain attendance on these functions is plainly a

CARE OF THE REFRIGERATOR.

Have a care about the cleanliness of your refrigerator. They very easily become fouled, and the servant who likes to clean one isn't born yet. Every morning of the world the refrigerator and ice box should be wiped out clean and dry with a clean cloth that has been dipped in ammonia water. Once a week a thorough scalding should be administered, using boiling water with ammonia in it. It is impossible to use an ice-box constantly and not drop tiny specks of cream or butter or of meat, and within a few hours decay sets in and the odor raints everything in the box. The very dampness of the box becomes slimy within twelve hours. If you will watch this you will find that you wan keep the milk sweet fully six hours longer, to say nothing of the wholesomeness of all the other things in the box.—Washington Star. Have a care about the cleanliness of

All cooks do not understand the different effects produced by hard and soft water cooking meats and vegetables, says the Home Queen. Peas and beans cooked in hard water containing lime or gypsum will not boil good and tender because those substances harden vegetable caseine. Many vegetables, like onions, boil nearly tasteless in soft water, because all the diavor is boiled out. The addition of salt often checks this, as in the case of cnions, causing the vegetables to retain the peculiar flavoring principles besides such nutritious matter as might be lost in soft water. For extracting the juice of meat to make a broth or some soft water, unsalted and cold at first, is bost, for it much more readily penetrates the tissue; but for boiling where the juices are to be retained hard water or soft salted water is preferable, and the meat should be put in while the water is boiling, so that the pores may be scaled up at once. All cooks do not understand the dif-

CLEANING GILT MIRROR FRAMES.

CLEANING GILT MIRROR FRAMES.

For cleaning gilt mirror frames the following is a good recipe: Boil some onions, barely covered with water, till quite soft; pour off the water and wash the frames with it; then cover them with a nowspaper to keep the dust from them until they are quite dry. This makes them bright and clear and is a most inexpensive process. After having cleaned the frames the mirrors will want attention. To remove dry marks, put some ball blue on a slightly damp cloth and rub the glass hard. This will efface the stain and brighten the glass. It can after-

on a slightly damp cloth and rub the glass hard. This will efface the stain and brighten the glass. It can afterward be polished with newspaper. The ugly marks which appear on dilapidated looking glasses mean that the silvering at the back has worn off in places. To renew this take half an ounce of tin, three ounces of bismuth and half an ounce of lead, melt them together and when slightly cool add three ounces of mercury. With a hare's foot paint the back of the glass with this mixture.

Pineapple-Two hours before serving shred one pineapple and mix with it two-thirds of a cupful of sugar; let stand on ice or in refrigerator.

stand on ice or in refrigerator.

Chicken Pie—Cut up two tender
young chickens. Dredge with pepper
and salt and fry in boiling fat. Line
a deep baking dish with rich bisonii
dough and put in the chicken. Make
cream gravy; pour over the chicken
and cover with a top crust. Bake
brown in a very hot oven.

brown in a very hot oven,

Frozen Custard—Take one quart of rick milk, the beaten yolks of three eggs and three-fourths of a cupful of sugar; cook until it begins to thicken, remove from the fire and cool; then add one tablespoonful of vanilla, one cupful of cream and the whites of the eggs beaten very firm; mix all together well and freeze.

Plain Egg Omelet—Beat the yolks of six eggs, add one cup of milk, season with pepper and salt and stir in the whites to a stiff froth. Cook in a frying pan or griddle with a little butter or fat as possible. Let it cook about two minutes and while cooking keep lifting the edges. Serve on a hot dish immediately.

Chocolate Pudding—One quart of

saddle and teating on.
Five minutes passed; but presently a face appeared in a leafy trame—a laughing, tantalizing face—when she followed dragging the wheel.
"He didn't see me."
"Now what does this mean?" Lemuel saked rather angrily.
"'s your putience worn out?" said she demurely.
"'Yes, I think it is. What's your name?"
"'Angela."
"'Angela what?"
"'I am not going to tell you."
"But you know mine."
"'But you know mine."
"'Oh, I don't know. But what does it mean?"
"Now, please don't be angry—please." And she added:
"You been so good."
"'Have 1?" said he.
"Yes, I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't appeared just then. You make me able to say if any one should see me, "Why, I am out with Mr. Springer, and he is a clergy men."
"Oh, dear?" said Lemuel.
"Now, don't bother, please! We'd better be on the road.
And she mounted.
"Come of the plunged deeper into his work and "God's poor" and suffering never hand more attention in that partiels.
But he couldn't give up dinners and rous altogether, as a certain attendance on these functions is plainly a length of the pulling of the pulling of the pulling of the seaw Angel and was presented. And under her eyes he forgot him self, as, heaven knows, clergymen are as the rest of us.
"'Have 1?" said he.
"You know mile."
"Now, please don't be angry—please." And she added:
"You been so good."
"'Have 1?" said he.
"Yes, I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't appeared just then. You make me able to say if any one should see me, "Why, I am out with Mr. Springer, and he is a clergy—them."
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And she mounted.
"Come on the function in that parties.
But he couldn't give up dinners and rous altogether, as a certain attendance on these functions is plainly a length of the pull of the pull

"How did Charley get out of that scrape caused by his knocking the old woman down with his wheel?" "Easily. He proved that the woman, who was walking on the sidewalk, had neither a bell nor a lantern."—Judge,

Personal,

Any ONE who has been benefited by the se of br. Williams' Pin's Pills, will receive formation of much value and interest by rriting to Pink Pills, P. O. Box 1502, Phila., Pc.

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Buy \$1.00 worth Doblins Floating-Buraz Scap of four croser, send wrappers to Dobbins Soan Mit's On, Philadelphis, Pe. They will send you free of charge, nestage paid, a Worvester Pochet Dio-ionary, 238 pages, bound in cloth, profussly il-uatrated. Offer good until August lat only.

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If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle St. Vitus' Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenner's Specific cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y. "OLD STATE OF PIKE."

"OLD STATE OF PIKE."

The Home of the Stark Brothers' Nurseries
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World—Its Trade Extends to Nearly
Every Civilized Nation on Earth.

St. Louis Republic, January 7, 1891.
One of the largest institutions in this state
is the Stark Bros.' Nurseries and Orchards
ounquan in Louisiana, Mo., and Rookpert, Ill.
The trade of the firm extends not only
throughout the United States, Canada, Gereign countries, but it has a number of cuscomers both in New Zealand and Australia.
Eighty years ago there eams from Kentucky
to Pike county the late, Judges Stark, then a
Driesan Campaign. He started the nursery
and planted the first grafted orecast in the
state, having brought the scions on horseback
The business has descended from father to

ing brought the scions on horsebace, incase according to the third incase according to the third incase according to the third incase is set of the fourth. This item has a 1001 traveling solicitors, and empeloid in the soften the third incase in the torun a large manifacturing content of the third incase in the third incase

### How Old are You?

You need not answer the question, madam, You need not answer the question, madam, for in your case age is not counted by years. It will always be true that "a woman is as old as she looks." Nothing sets the seal of age so deeply upon woman's beauty as gray hair. It is natural, therefore, that every woman is anxious to preserve her hair in all its original abundance and beauty; or, that being denied the crowning gift of beautiful hair, she longs to possess it. Nothing is easier than to attain to this gift or to preserve it, if already possessed. Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray or faded hair to its original color. It does this by simply aiding nature, by supplying the nutrition necessary to health and growth. There is no better preparation for the hair than

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t the sea of life with that physical salth all should have. Womb difficulties, displacements and

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machiners, and that is the kind that pays
LOOMIS & NYSIAN, Titing, Glain.

But I feel if his life he lovely

For beauty, dear Rose, is deathless,

And since he is very gentle,

ANGELA'S DILEMMA.

olf. Of a May day the Rev. Lemuel was

TRANKLIN COLLEGE, NEW ATHENS, OF GURES WIGH, All HS FAILS

PRANKLIN COLLEGE, NEW ATHENS, OF GURES WIGH, All HS FAILS

GURES WIGH, All HS FAILS

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In time, Sold by Groughts.

The contraction of the contraction of the court of the c

nicest girl of your acquaintance, and you will see her as Lemuel saw her much more easily than from any de-

cription of mine.
"Oh!" she said hastily, rubbing her

cyes.
"I beg your pardon," said Lemuel.
"It was my fault," she said, looking him over demurely. "I forgot this was a public room."
"I am sure it was mine," said Lemuel, hastily. It was all rather strange and sudden, and yet he decided at once that she was a wellbred young

"Because you are Mr. Springer of Saint-Matthewin-the-Park."

He bowed, remembering with a bit of conceit that a lot of people doubtless know him whom he didn't know from Adam or Eve.

"I need a clergyman," she said.

Now at this astounding statement Lemuel stared his atter astonishment. Did she need his spiritual advice? She looked a bit worldly.

"That is rather a surprising statement," she added.
"I don't know," he said, hopelessly.
"I mean," she said, "I want an escort to Greenwich, and with a clergyman there can be no question."
"I don't know," said Lemuel again.
"You must think me strauge."

He looked at her for a moment, and made a very worldly reply:

He looked at her for a moment, and made a very worldly reply:
"I think you delightful."
"You will let me go with you then?"
"Why of course, if you ask me," he said; and why in the world did he say

and we must be started be

added quickly.

And dismounting, she dragged her added quicary.

And dismounting, she dragged her
wheel after her into the bushes.

"You stay there," she called. "If
he asks if you have seen me, you must
say you haven't." And she disap-

say you havent. And she wouldn't it?"
"That would be a lie, wouldn't it?"
"I have no patience with a man who can't lie when it's necessary," came back the answer. And all was still, save for the rural noises of the sunny May day. But at last about a turn came a wheelman. He was young and well groomed. Seeing Lemuel, he paused.

sir?"
"What sort of a young lady?" said
Lemuel, avoiding the lie direct.
"Wheeling."
"A half dozen, I think," said Lemuel

"A half dozen, I think," said Lemuel truly, breathing a sigh of relief.
For our young gentleman was in his saddle and tearing on.
Five minutes passed; but presently a face appeared in a leafy trame—a laughing, tantalizing face—when she followed dragging the wheel.

"He didn't see me."
"Now what does this mean?" Lemuel asked rather angrily.
"Is your patience worn out?" said she demurely.
"Yes, I think it is. What's your name?"

man."
"Yes, I have heard of girls like

"No, I don't."

"Well, you are not so elever as I thought. But to return to this girl—"
"Angela?"

"Yes, she was Angela, if you will. Angela encourages the man—"

"The man who just passed?"

"Ton, we'll call him."

"Yes, Angela encourages Tom; and Tom succumbs—"
"Do you think and the second seco