

Best Hood's Sarsaparilla

Results prove Hood's Sarsaparilla the best blood purifier, appetizer and nervetonic. In fact Hood's Pills cure all Liver ills. 25 cents.

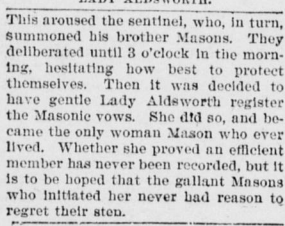
THE ONLY WOMAN MASON.

She "Peeked," and Being Caught Was "Initiated"

There has been just one woman Mason. She "peeked," was caught in the act and forthwith initiated as the one means by which to keep her silent. She was Lady Aldsworth.

An authentic portrait of her Ladyship hangs in the Masonic Temple in New York among the rows of bearded men who have won Masonic distinction. She was painted in the very act of laying her hand upon the "book" and swearing eternal loyalty to the Masonic vows. Lady Aldsworth's brother, who was the son of an Irish nobleman, entertained his lodge on an evening that is vaguely located in the last century at his home, Demarite Castle.

His sister, who was not free from the vice of her sex, crept to the corridor outside the room where the meeting was being held and watched the ceremonies until she became so overcome by the sense of her transgression that, woman-like, she shrieked and fainted.

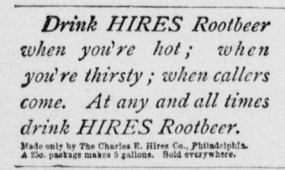


LADY ALDSWORTH.

This aroused the sentinels, who, in turn, summoned his brother Masons. They deliberated until 3 o'clock in the morning, hesitating how best to protect themselves. Then it was decided to have gentle Lady Aldsworth register the Masonic vows. She did so, and became the only woman Mason who ever lived. Whether she proved an efficient member has never been recorded, but it is to be hoped that the gallant Masons who initiated her never had reason to regret their step.

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 well-being, so will the woman be, and so will her children be also.



Compound is the sure reliance in this hour of trial. Thousands have found it the never-failing power to correct all irregularities and start the woman on the sea of life with that physical health all should have.

Womb difficulties, displacements and the horrors cannot exist in company with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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

ONE BOUGHT A MACHINE THAT WOULD DO THE WORK OF SEVEN. STEADY WORK. P. N. U. 30 96. OPIUM and WHISKY habit cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. R. M. WOOLLEY, Atlanta, Ga. FRANKLIN COLLEGE, NEW ATHENS, O. Total cost 140 yr. Thorough, Cheap, Catalog free.

A SWEET SINGER.

THE MOST POPULAR SONG WRITER IN AMERICA.

Career of Stephen C. Foster, Author of "My Old Kentucky Home," "Swanee River" and Other Well-known Melodies.

"SWANEE RIBBER" and "My Old Kentucky Home," which were sung with such effect by the colored delegates to the Republican National Convention, shows the extent of the recent revival in popularity of these famous old Southern melodies, says the New Orleans Picayune. Hand in hand with this announcement comes the news that a National fund for the erection of a monument over the neglected grave of their talented composer, at Pittsburg, Penn., is to be made. It already extends throughout Pennsylvania.

Forty years ago no name among American song writers was so well known as that of Stephen Collins Foster. As the writer of comic songs he had no superior, and the songs that he wrote at the dawn of the Civil War, in the dialect of the colored man, who was then working among the cotton and the cane in the far South in slavery, caught the popular fancy and made Foster a name that will live for time immemorial. Nilsson, Patti and all the greatest singers of the day have won their laurels through rendering some of his compositions, and his name stands pre-eminent among those of Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," and other leading composers.

This is the fame and the reputation of a man whose grave to-day occupies an unfrequented spot in the old Allegheny Cemetery at Pittsburg, which the sexton could scarcely point out to me. Although his friends and acquaintances live all about him, yet they might visit the cemetery every day with never a thought that in part of it lay the remains of him who was once so famous. For what man or woman or man or child in the country to-day but can "carry the tune" of "Old Folks at Home," which, however, may be better known as "Way Down Upon the Swanee Ribber," or has heard the plaintive notes of "Old Black Joe," or laughed at the humor in "O, Susanna, Don't You Cry for Me," which are only a few of the many things which came from the facile pen of this man.

The songs which were written by Foster always found a prominent place in the campaign issues of the day, and some of his songs, which were rewritten and used in the political battles of half a century ago, will be used in the campaign, and will continue to be used so long as the United States remains a free country.

During his career as a song writer, Foster wrote so many compositions that no complete record of them has been kept. It is estimated, however, that 150 of them became famous, which list includes such popular ditties as "My Old Kentucky Home," "Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming," "Good Night," "Old Uncle Ned," "O, Susanna, Don't You Cry for Me," "Way Down South," "Old Folks at Home," "Willie, We Have Missed You," "Open Thy Lattice, Love," "Old Black Joe," "O, Lemuel," "Old Dog Tray," "And Times Come Again No More," "Maggie at My Side," "Jennie With the Light Brown Hair," "I See Her Still in My Dreams," and "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground."

Foster was born in that portion of Pittsburg known as Lawrenceville, on July 4, 1826. This patriotic birthday was in keeping with the services rendered the country by his illustrious grandfather, William Barclay Foster, founder and for a long time the owner of Lawrenceville. His vast estates included the present site of the United States arsenal, for which the Government paid him a sum of \$100,000. The house in which the future song writer was born is still standing, and is situated between Thirty-fifth and Thirty-sixth streets, on Penn avenue.

At the age of thirteen Foster was sent to Towanda, Penn., to school, and two years afterward to Athens, Ohio. At both places he gained the reputation of being the quietest and most modest boy in the school. These traits clung to him through life, and his friends in Pittsburg remember him as being as "gentle as a woman." He completed his education at Jefferson College, Canonsburg, where he graduated with credit. Foster then displayed an aptitude for mercantile life, and was sent to Cincinnati, where he secured a position as clerk. Here he remained for some months, but after the success of his first song, he returned to Pittsburg and remained until his departure for New York, in 1850. He was a resident of the latter city until his death, on July 13, 1864.

Foster manifested his musical bent early in life. When hardly able to walk he displayed a keen enjoyment of all kinds of music, and as he grew older was quick and correct in catching tunes. While at Towanda he wrote his first musical composition, "Tioga Waltz," which was published before the youthful author had reached his fourteenth birthday. For this he received the munificent reward of twenty-five copies of the piece for distribution among his friends. While clerking in Cincinnati he wrote his first song, "Open Thy Lattice, Love," which was published for him by a Baltimore house in 1842. A few months afterward "Old Folks at Home," his greatest success, made its appearance. It achieved such instant popularity that Foster was paid \$500 by one Thomas McNally to first produce it on the minstrel stage. It spread like wildfire through the South and in a short time the song was whistled and sung by almost every

BAD KING RIFF.

EARTH'S CRUELEST MONARCH REIGNS IN NORTH AFRICA.

His Pirates Live by Plundering Helpless Vessels Near Their Shores—He Lives in a Cave in Barbic Splendor.

THE cruelest monarch in the world is again making himself felt. King Riff, King of the Riffs, ruler of the Errif country, has taken advantage of the troubles of his neighbors, England and Spain, and is again ruling the high seas of the Mediterranean after his old policy.

The Riffs began their depredations a thousand years ago. Then they had no name, but as their course lay then along the Riviera, Italy, the name Riviera was shortened to Riff. This was in the Morocco dialect, and it clung to them.

The kingdom of the Riffs is that part of the Mediterranean opposite the Rock of Gibraltar. It extends back into the Atlas Mountains, and completely fills the low-lying hills and up-jutting peaks of the coast. The name Errif Mountains was long since bestowed upon these hills, wherein no white man dares to go.

The Riffs have settlements which they call towns or villages, and here they live generation after generation with their wives and families. Their homes are mixtures of barbaric splendor and squalor. They have what they capture on the high seas, but they lack the simplest elements of civilized life.

The principal possessions of the Riffs is a small boat, called a felucca, holding not more than ten men. It has no sails, and is taken along swiftly by oars. Upon the waters of the Mediterranean you see these felucca lying peacefully about, with large nets between them and the sailors engaged in fishing. This craft is also used by the honest shore folk, and there is nothing in the outside appearance to indicate whether the occupants be these or the dangerous Riff pirates.

Only a short time ago the Dutch brigantine Anna set sail from a port on the Adriatic Sea with a cargo of oil bound for a port on the coast of Brittany. She was manned by a crew of six. The Anna sailed safely along until she reached Ceuta, which is the point directly opposite Gibraltar. There a calm fell over her, and she lay seven miles from shore. All around were these felucca fishing.

One of the crew of the Anna noticed a felucca pulling toward her. In the boat were ten dark, ugly Moors, armed with knives, clubs and rifles. Their faces had a savage look, and their heads were the bullet shape of the Moor-Riffs.

The leader called to the Anna to lower sail. The Anna's crew refused. A shrill whistle brought up another felucca, and another, and soon the Riffs stood aboard the Dutch boat, with the Captain lying on the deck fatally wounded, and the crew cowed.

When the Riffs left the Anna the oil was gone; so was the bedding, the side-lights, cooking utensils, ship's implements and everything that could be carried away, except the sails, for which the Riffs had no use. The crew they stripped, and left them tied to the deck. When wind filled their sails and drifted them over to the European shore it was a sorry cargo that the Anna landed.

The European Powers have taken turns stamping out the Riff pirates. Spain, after the Malilla war, started to exterminate the Rifians, and would probably have done so had not the British interfered. John Bull became jealous of the riches of the Morocco coast, and warned Spain to keep her hands off. A few months later the British ship, the Virgin delos Angeles, was attacked and completely looted of all possessions. The crews escaped by offering everything, even to the shoes on their feet.

By the time England had sent her warships to the Mediterranean the Riffs had apparently withdrawn, and only a few peaceful fishermen were to be found.

The Riff settlements are presided over by a king, who takes his name from his band. So much was found out by Duveyrier, an adventurous Frenchman, who, in disguise, traveled through Errif Mountains. He found there forts with armaments of 6000 guns. He found cannon, rifles, bayonets and even dynamite. He found swords, knives, clubs and the savage weapons of barbarians, and he found, too, an interesting collection of skulls and cross-bones, which the Riff pirates of old days used to carry at the peaks of their vessels.

The religion of the Riff pirates, for they are a race of long established ancestry, is a mixture of Mohammedanism and Christianity. They are Moors, and they are the Barbary Rangers who were famed as long ago as stories were written. "Water devils" they were called by the peaceful dwellers of Southern Europe and the citizens of Morocco. But there they have lived for hundreds of years, never adding to their number from outside their own clans, and never intermarrying with other races, until now they have the most powerful savage kingdom on the globe. Their worship is partly a fire worship. Yet they have a reverence for the crucifix, and in their rude homes there are church ornaments, crosses, and beads carefully treasured from the looting of the ships. Their business is that of plunder, and to their barbarian way of looking at it is a legitimate means of livelihood.

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"OLD STATE OF PIKE."

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

St. Louis Republic, January 7, 1903. One of the largest institutions in this state is the Stark Brothers' Nurseries and Orchards company in Louisiana, Mo., and Rockport, Ill. The trade of the firm extends not only throughout the United States, Canada, Germany, France, Italy, Hungary and other foreign countries, but it has a number of customers in New Zealand and Australia.

Early years ago these came from Kentucky to Pike county, the late Justice Stark, then a young man, came from the hills of New Orleans, and he started the nursery and plant business in the year 1842. In the state having the largest number of trees in the world, it is not surprising that the Stark Brothers' Nurseries should be established in the state. The firm has more than 100,000 trees on the place, and has been successful in raising the most beautiful and best quality of trees. It is well known as a fact that several million trees.

FITS stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Nervousness, Tremble and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 601 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Albert Burch, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. Lutz, 1365 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1891.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, soothes the throat, and is the best remedy for all the ailments of infancy.

St. Vitus' Dance. One bottle Dr. Fennel's Specific cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y.

How Old are You?

You need not answer the question, madam. 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



"Cut Down Expenses."

Battle Ax PLUG

A woman knows what a bargain really is. She knows better than a man. "BATTLE AX" is selected every time by wives who buy tobacco for their husbands. They select it because it is an honest bargain. It is the biggest in size, the smallest in price, and the best in quality. The 5 cent piece is almost as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade brands.

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 will improve farms for \$8 to \$20 an acre. Fifty of them is only \$400. No droughts. Neither too hot nor too cold. Climate just right. Northern farmers are getting every week. If you are interested, write for FREE prospectus and ask all the questions you want. A pleasure to us to answer them.

SOUTHERN HOMESSEKERS' LAND COMPANY, Somerville, Tenn.

"The Best is, Aye, the Cheapest." Avoid imitations of and Substitutes for

SAPOLIO

The Prince of Wales receives from the British people \$200,000 every year.