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Than in any other. Be sure to get only Hood's. Hood's Pills cure biliousness, indigestion.

The Brooklyn directory has this year 243-691 names.

Buy 25¢ worth Dobbins Floating-Barber 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.

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W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years. Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain; cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

We think Pleso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs—JENSEN'S DICTIONARY, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, 1904.

Two of a Kind.

A literary anecdote is told in the Bookman of a young lady in Providence, B. I., who was asked the other day by her uncle to make some purchases for him, of which he gave her a written list. The first item was "Scott's Emulsion" and, after glancing at it, the intelligent young woman made straight for a certain large book-shop, where she was received by an equally intelligent salesman. "I want a copy of Scott's Emulsion," said she, casually. "Scott's what?" said the clerk. "Scott's Emulsion," replied the maiden. "Oh, yes," was the answer; "well, you see, we don't sell Scott's works except in complete sets."

The bicycle thief hasn't far to look for a wheel, and when he selects one he is immediately equipped for flight. This case in getting hold of somebody else's property makes the theft of a wheel a crime that should be severely punished.

WOMEN DISCOURAGED.

GOOD AND SUFFICIENT REASONS FOR THE BLUES.

Doctors Fail to Understand Symptoms That Are Danger Signals.

A marked trait in woman's character is to place implicit confidence in her physician.

A man must work entirely from theory in the treatment of female diseases, for unfortunately facts based upon actual knowledge, belong to the female sex alone. Many women who periodically suffer with attacks of faintness, dizziness, extreme lassitude, "don't care" or want-to-be-left-alone feeling, do not at first realize that these are the infallible symptoms of womb trouble and the forerunners of great suffering.

Soon they grow to feel that the doctor does not understand their case. Then they remember that "a woman best understands a woman's ills," and turn to Mrs. Pinkham.

The following letter is but one positive illustration of this fact:—

"Four years ago I began to suffer with great weakness of the generative organs. My womb was prolapsed; I suffered with continual headache and all the other pains that accompany that weakness. I tried doctor after doctor, had operations. The final operation after which I became a total wreck, was scraping of the womb. A friend, one day, recommended to my husband your Compound. He bought me a bottle. The relief I experienced after taking it, was wonderful. I continued its use, and I am glad to say my recovery is a perfect surprise to everybody that knows me."—Mrs. B. BLUM, 4940 San Francisco Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

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FISO'S CURE FOR COUGHS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Clears Coughs, Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION

A SONG OF LOVE.

The earth below, and the heaven above: Let us live, my dear, let us live and love; We know not all that the blue skies mean, But the beautiful lilies loll and lean; And here is the sunshine, and meadows of green.

And rivers with silvery ripples between— The earth below, and the heaven above: Let us live, my dear, let us live and love! Let us live, my dear, for a breath of love; We know not the meaning of stars and skies—

We only see heaven in Love's glad eyes: We give him our sorrow—our sighs and our sighs, And a red rose is born for each red rose that dies!

Oh, the earth below, and the heaven above! Let us live, my dear, let us live and love! Let us live, my dear, in the lonely lands, For a kiss, a tear and a clasp of hands; For whatever blessings a soul may miss, There is nothing in heaven as sweet as this Love's kiss, Love's lingering, first sweet kiss With the earth below and the heaven above! And a life, my dear, that is lived for love!

—F. L. Stanton.

THE TRAMP.

ALL health, combined with faded crimson cheeks, placed William and Mary Charlton upon the hands of charity.

Now charity in some places is not by a good deal what it is in others.

So William, who had seen "better days," who had cultivated a manly degree of independence, for the love of it, would have died—and he did see his lovely Mary die, and he followed her the same day—rather than petition his proud and wealthy neighbors, when he knew that they were aware of his helplessness, yet kept back their alms, waiting, not an opportunity, but a solicitation, to do good.

Henry, their only son, aged twelve, brought up as he had been, accustomed to little and expectant of less, how did he know "pap" and "mam" were dying?

He had always been accustomed to that pinched, cadaverous look; he had often held his mother's thin hand between his eyes and the fire, and seen her thin, bony fingers turned to threads of jelly, and her hands were always cold.

But he had never seen such wild expressions upon his parents' faces as that evening when he came home from fishing, with his bass "for mam," which his mother would never need.

One was before the fireplace on the floor, the other on what passed for a bed; their eyes were staring blankly, cold and clammy; their lips were apart, and when Henry spoke they did not answer.

He knew nothing of death, save that he had seen poor Leo, the dog, hanged to save even what the poor dog ate; and now they looked like Leo did.

Poor boy! his heart knew no grief; he knew nothing but poverty, misery, hunger and toil. Born to his condition, irresponsible for his existence, never yet awakened to the responsibilities of entity—oh, what experiences, bitter to the verge of bitterness, awaited this child of misfortune! "I was better that he did not realize it."

"I'll tell Squire Johnson; I believe they are 'swung' like Leo was," he said to himself, as he started toward their two miles-off, though nearest neighbor.

He, as children oftentimes do, had substituted the cause for the effect. Knowing that poor Leo had been hanged, and now seeing them stiff, cold and dead, he reasoned as he did.

"Squire, they are swung—pap is, and—"

"Now, boy, none of your simpering impudence! If you want anything, tell that squire, you are 'swung,' like Leo was, and I can't make 'em talk, or wake 'em up; they are cold, and their eyes are open, and—"

"They are dead, then," said little Thomas Johnson.

Squire Johnson, moved more by curiosity than by pity, mounted his horse and rode down to William Charlton's, finding the lady's story only too true.

This, then, was the mute appeal of the dead to charity. These people must be buried. The squire notified some of his poor neighbors to attend to the affair, and he'd foot the bill, and said:

"This boy, Henry, may stay with my gardener for a few days, and then he must hunt work."

And this is the cry of the tramp, "I am hunting work," and proud, rich Squire Johnson put this cry into the mouth of Henry Charlton and started him out a tramp.

form of a young man just in the first blush of blooming manhood, so far as age was concerned; but the wan cheek, pallid brow and cadaverous look, bespoke that all the elements of manhood were wanting in that hollow frame.

Had his past life, from early boyhood, been such as to have given nature but half a chance, the vigor of both body and mind would have challenged the admiration and won the respect of his fellow-beings.

But Henry Charlton had enjoyed none of these favorable circumstances conducive to a vigorous growth either of body or mind.

He had "hunted work," and faithfully, too, ever since Squire Johnson had started him out a tramp.

After his few days' stay at the gardener's, that worthy informed him that he must "hunt some employment."

Whether was he to go? His weak looks and attenuated form were a barrier to his being employed.

"You can't stand it to work," they said.

So it was, day after day, the poor boy had trudged along, traveling in miles, kicked and cuffed, receiving harsh words and scornful looks everywhere.

He stepped out from the haystack, looked toward the town in an undecided way, for he had begged at every house on the previous evening, receiving only a few cold buckwheat cakes, from an old colored woman. As if involuntarily, he started toward the house of the farmer, by whose stack he had passed the night.

"I can chop wood, or husk enough corn," he thought, "to pay for breakfast."

"What is it?" said Farmer Midman. "Want to chop wood, eh? Well, yes, some of your stripe asked to do that same thing, one morning last week, and when I went into my breakfast, he ran off with my axe."

"O, let a starving man do something for his food!" said Henry.

Farmer Midman was moved by the sad, pathetic pleading, and being thus moved, turned the stream of Henry's life into smoother channels forever.

"John, bring this man a basin of water, soap and towel. Come into the porch, I will try you. I will give you something to eat, and plenty to do."

There was a vein of kindness in the farmer's tone, which almost made Henry think he was dreaming one of those haunting dreams which only those subjected to great hunger dream.

"When did you have as much as you could eat, young man? You must be careful for a few days."

The smoking "fatty bones" and seething sanges, with other substantial, so bountiful on the farmer's board, did seem, indeed, to justify his caution to the half-famished wretch.

Henry soon increased in health and spirits, as much from the farmer's kindness as from being bountifully fed.

His father had successfully implanted in his youthful mind the principle of doing thoroughly whatsoever he undertook. So Henry pleased the farmer by his willingness and thoroughness in his work.

It is needless to trace his progress in the farmer's favor; suffice it to say that he was soon the trusted foreman on the large stock and grain farm of Jacob Midman.

"She is very seriously hurt, sir—indeed you may prepare for the worst."

These were the words of the doctor, pronounced over the still, deathlike body of Belle Midman, who had been galloping over the fields, when her red nubia, flopping in the breeze, had attracted the attention of one of her father's fine Darhams, which pitched suddenly at her horse from out a dense thicket.

The horse, coming to such a sudden halt, threw Miss Belle over his head into the very horns of the enraged bull!

This served as a taunt to the enraged beast, which now rushed madly upon her, pawing and stamping her little form into the yielding soil.

Young Charlton, who was passing near by, flew to Belle's rescue, when the animal pitched at him so unexpectedly that he was terribly gored before his trusty revolver had done its worst.

Poor Charlton was now unable to walk, much less take care of unconscious Belle; but the field hands in an adjoining inclosure, being attracted by the firing, came and bore the injured persons to the house.

Miss Belle was so horribly tramped that she died, and Henry came near following her; but nature, aided by the best nursing, combined with the best medical skill in the State (for Mr. Midman spared no expense for him who had risked his life for that of Belle), triumphed, and after six weary weeks they announced that he would live.

But Jacob Midman did not long survive his daughter—the shock was too much for his naturally weak constitution—and he, the last of the name, soon went to meet his daughter and her angel mother.

But before he died he did not forget Eery. In his will, after a few minor bequests to servants, Henry was made the principal heir.

When fully convalescent, after spending a few years in Europe, Henry came back to Midman homestead; and thinking how best to invest his accumulative surplus, he resolved to found an asylum for those who were truly "hunting work."

This he did, and one day, while riding in his carriage, just approaching the asylum grounds, he met a poor, blind basket-maker, led by a niece, a lass small, though about nineteen years of age.

Something in the girl's face seemed

familiar, and she looked so pretty, withal, that he instantly warmed toward her, resolving not to take them to the asylum, but to his own house—at least for a time.

"Do you wish to sell your baskets?" he said, by way of opening the conversation.

"Oh, sir, if we only could sell one! Poor Uncle Jonas has had nothing to eat since yesterday evening, and I am so tired of being ordered away from people's doors!"

"Uncle Jonas!" thought Henry. "It must be Delia."

Fellow experiences, as well as fellow feelings, make us wondrous kind, though Henry was kind by nature.

"I'll buy all of your willow," he said. "Come, get in here, you and your uncle. I'll feed you, and you need never wander any more."

Half dizzy with joy, the dull, heavy eyes of the maiden sparkled with delight as she whispered a few hasty words to the old man, who nodded assent.

Two years later, Henry Charlton made his way, one bright, frosty morning, down to the millyard, when Delia Lester, now a symmetrical beauty, was superintending the milking.

"Delia, I am the little Henry who used to play with you and your brother Tom in Squire Johnson's hill orchard, away down in Virginia. You have never suspected that I was that Henry, but Uncle Jonas and I have talked the matter over. I even knew you were my own Delia two years ago, when I brought you here."

She blushed when he said "my Delia," but was too confused to speak.

He went on:

"You know Tom used to play preacher, and marry us beggar children. Delia, will you act your part over again in real earnest?"

That was a year ago. Now little Jacob Midman Charlton sits in a nice basket crib, and is watched and rocked by good old Uncle Jonas, and never is a tramp turned away from that house united.

Mrs. Delia Charlton pays frequent visits to the Midman Asylum, and all the inmates seem to know her cheerful step, while they are always better for her coming.—Saturday Night.

"Barisal Guns."

Travelers in passing through the delta of the Ganges, India, have occasionally heard dull, subdued sounds, not unlike the reverberation of distant artillery. As these sounds have been heard when it was positively known that no artillery practice was being carried out, this mysterious phenomenon, which is known as the "barisal guns," has given rise to much curiosity and speculation. A similar phenomenon occurs in two different countries in Europe, regarding which, in a letter upon the subject to Professor G. H. Darwin, M. Van der Broeck, conservator of the Museum of Natural History, of Belgium, writes:

"I have constantly noticed these sounds in the plain of Limburg since 1880, and my colleague of the geological survey, M. Rutot, has heard them very frequently along the Belgian coast, where our sailors call them 'mist puffers,' or 'fog dissipators.'"

The keeper of the lighthouse at Ostend has heard these noises for several years past; they are known near Boulogne, and the late M. Houzeau spoke of them to my friend M. Lancaster. More than ten of my personal acquaintances have observed the fact.

The detonations are dull and distant, and are repeated a dozen times or more at irregular intervals. They are usually heard in the daytime when the sky is clear, and especially toward evening after a very hot day. This noise does not at all resemble artillery, blasting in mines, or the growling of distant thunder."

M. Van der Broeck attributes these noises to "some peculiar discharge of atmospheric electricity." M. Rutot thinks they are "internal to the earth," and might be caused by "the shock which the internal fluid mass might give to the earth's crust."

Similar unexplained noises have been heard among the Dartmoor Hills, England, and in Scotland.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

According to Dr. G. Schatt, who has been making a special study of ocean waves, their speed in a moderate breeze is 16.8 miles per hour.

Russian scientists report that the white poplar tree acts as a natural lightning conductor, as the discharge seeks it in preference to other trees.

The tooth of a mastodon in an almost complete state of preservation has been recently found. It weighed over fourteen pounds, and is pure ivory.

A meteor weighing nine pounds fell the other day on the grounds of a citizen of Alliance, Ohio. Local scientists say that it is composed of meteoric iron.

A new cure for insomnia has been discovered by a French physician. It is simply to raise your feet higher than your head—to have the pillows, not under your head, but under your feet.

John M. Miller, a Chicago engineer, has a scheme for providing a perpetual spring and summer for Montana, North Dakota and Minnesota, by building a wall from the Rockies to the head of Lake Superior.

At the industrial exhibition in Zurich is shown an air-testing machine which automatically registers the fact, if the air in the room in which it stands has become foul and unfit for breathing.

In an interview with a representative of the Paris Gil Blas, Dr. Pronst has confirmed the report that a great advance had been made by science in the search for a means of inoculation against cholera. He declared that conclusive experiments had been made. The discoverer of the new treatment was, he said, a Frenchman, but he declined to divulge his name.

Mr. E. D. Fridlander, B.Sc., recently gave an account of some observations of the amount of dust in the atmosphere made at various places during a voyage round the world in 1894-95. The experiments, which were made with a form of Aitkin's pocket dust counter, showed that there are often considerable variations in the number of dust particles in a very short space of time. Dust was found up to an altitude of 6000 feet or 7000 feet among the Alps, and also in the open ocean so far away from any land as to preclude the possibility of artificial pollution.

PERSONAL.

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If your dealer will not supply you we will.

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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 only remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, 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 physician, 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.



HORSE OWNER

ought to think enough of his animal to wish to be able to care for it properly in health and sickness. His money out of his pocket if he does not. To accomplish this result we offer our One Hundred Page Illustrated Horse Book for 25 cents. It teaches you to pick out a good horse, know imperfections and see defects against fraud; detect disease and effect a cure when same is possible; tell the age by the teeth; how to call the different parts of the animal; how to shoe a horse properly, etc., etc.

All this and other valuable information can be obtained by reading our One Hundred Page Illustrated Horse Book, which we will forward, post-paid, on receipt of price in stamps.

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