

First Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be sure to get Hood's, only Hood's

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness.

THE MACHETE.

The Deadly Weapon with Which Cuba Is Working Out Her Independence.

Cuba's national weapon, the machete, is a terrible instrument of destruction. One of the horrible features of a field of battle where machetes are used is the number of partly beheaded and fearfully mutilated bodies that are found lying all around, which present a ghastly sight even to the sturdy soldiers who have survived the conflict.

The machete has played no small part in the history of all uprisings in the Spanish-speaking provinces, but in Cuba it has done such execution that if the island should win her freedom the machete ought to be included in the coat-of-arms of Cuba Libra. It is the tool of the Cuban workingman. With it he earns his living cutting the sugar cane. With it he cuts the firewood for his own use. Indeed, it is hatchet and knife combined for him. Every man in Cuba possesses a machete, no matter what else he does not own.

The mode of using the machete is entirely different from that which is usual with the sword. The thrust is not employed at all. The aim with the machete is to cut and slash. The insurgents ordinarily carry the weapon in a scabbard at the left side of the belt or dangling from a chain attached to the right wrist. In any case the weapon is not held in position for use until the lines are within a few yards of each other.

When the word is passed the machete is pulled from the scabbard with an upward stroke diagonally to the right, with the long sharp edge toward the enemy. The stroke is aimed at the abdomen of the person attacked, with the intent of wounding the body below the waist. Then, with the weapon raised to the full length of the right arm, the wrist is simply turned over and the machete makes a stroke back to the left, so as to slash the victim's neck, and, if possible, partially behead him. With one more turn of the wrist the edge of the machete strikes downward, cleaving the body again.

This is done with wonderful dexterity, and these strokes are easiest to learn of all made with edged weapons. In the hands of the insurgents, habituated to the use of the machete, and who are very strong, these blows are frightfully effective, and a machete wound is usually fatal. The battle of Balra, in which so many Spaniards were decapitated, and which was the bloodiest in Cuban history, was won by machetes against the best American Springfield rifles in the hands of the Spaniards. The Cubans, however, have purchased a number of Remington and Moser rifles, and are making every effort to encourage their countrymen in the use of guns.

American Girl Who Surprised Paris.

The fete recently given by the Countess Castellane, formerly Miss Anna Gould, was one of the most elaborate ever seen in Paris. Three thousand invitations were issued, and the cost of the fete was not far from \$100,000. The event was planned to reproduce the Versailles on the occasion of the marriage of Louis XIV. with Marie Theresa of Austria. An army of workmen were employed for a week preparing fireworks and transforming the grounds of the residence in the Cercle des Acacias, on the avenue du Bois de Boulogne. The fete opened with a dinner, accompanying which was a series of surprises. On a raised platform 600 copyists, chorus men and women and the musicians of the opera, reproduced the choruses and dances of the 17th century. After the fireworks there was dancing, and the entertainment closed with a grand supper.

A Towel of Blotting Paper.

The most curious use to which paper is to be put is that suggested by the recent patenting of a blotting paper towel. It is a new style of both towel and blotting paper, consisting of a full suit of heavy blotting paper. A person upon stepping out of his morning tub has only to array himself in one of these suits, and in a second he will be as dry as a bone.

MY SICK SISTERS.

"I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. For twenty years I had suffered with loss of appetite, nausea, constipation, palpitation of the heart, headache and pains in nearly all parts of my body. My physician said I was indigestion, but his medicine did not help me any. I began the Pinkham Remedies, particularly Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I have taken four bottles, and now those troubles are cured."

"I cannot praise it enough, and our druggist says the medicine is doing a world of good among his customers."—BELLE S. THOMPSON, New Bedford, Mass.

RECOMPENSE.

They say the rarest flowers That unfold within the brain Owe their beauty to conditions Of ill health, of sorrow, pain!

They say the sweetest song of homo Was his whose fireside Was his lonely heart, which knew No other hearth beside.

They say the great achievements, The successes we call sweet, Are the swiftly following footsteps On the heels of sad defeat.

Ill health, defeat and loneliness Thy greatest boon may be, Grasp well the nettle; though it stings, Its pain may strengthen thee.

—L. W. Rountree, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A JOURNEY FOR LOVE.

NEW YORK City, that Mecca for American genius, is filled to overflowing with ambitious men and women, who flock there with high hopes and beating hearts and who, once lost in the city's struggling mass of humanity, drift lower and lower and finally seek occupation in the most humble and bitter paths of life. Such creatures of misfortune were the tenants of a small, shabby structure in lower New York, a building that had so outgrown its usefulness and decent appearance that it was known as "The Ruins," which name was most significant when one considers the financial condition of the old house's occupants.

We lived in "The Ruins," Tom and I, peering away at our pictures and praying for that blissful day when fame and fortune would come, when we could shake the dust of "The Ruins" from our feet and journey away to some delightful spot beyond the reach of bill collectors and out of the prosaic sound of vegetable carts and coal wagons. It was this thought of coming wealth that kept us on our feet, that buoyed our sinking spirits and made us laugh when our hearts were crushed under a load of sorrow.

Were we unhappy? No, for we had each other, and the love of man and woman is a healing balsam in times of misfortune. To be sure, each grieved to see the other in want of those little luxuries which make life worth the living, but had we not each other's inspiring words of hope to cheer the way and make the rough places less sharp and painful? Had Tom been alone, had I been alone, the dreary forsakenness and the agony of unceasing disappointment would have been beyond all human endurance and—well, who can tell what fate would have been ours? It is a harrowing thought, and a foolish one, but women are wont to dwell on "what might have been," even if it makes them miserable.

Our neighbors, the other tenants of "The Ruins" were conditioned like ourselves. Like us, too, they wore shabby clothes and run-over shoes and supplied the wants of the "inner man" by buying articles of food at the corner grocery and cooking them over the blaze of a smoky grate fire or an ill smelling sputtering oil stove. There were six or seven of them, our neighbors, and every week or two one would disappear, no doubt to go into cheaper lodgings, while a new face and an unfamiliar but equally shabby figure would take his or her place. We saw little of the other tenants, meeting them only in the dusty, bleak hallways or on the creaking, unsteady stairs.

Sometimes they would murmur good morning or we would exchange a growl of hatred for the "landlord" of the crumbling "Ruins," but more frequently we passed in silence, slinking hurriedly along as if ashamed of our parcels of provisions or our three-season garments. This had been the condition of our social affairs until one gloomy April day, when there came a timid knock on our door, which I answered with no great feeling of happiness, fearing an unlooked-for visit from the un congenial landlord.

My apprehensions were groundless. It was the little German governess who lived in a cheerless back room on the floor above.

"I have but two pupils now," she explained. "One I am teaching French, the other German. But two pupils—they bring me hardly enough to pay my rent and to buy fuel and provisions. I cannot hold out much longer—and I thought perhaps you could tell me where I could get work. I have tried everything—everything!"

I promised to help her even while doubting my ability to secure employment for her, for I knew that hope never fails to warm the heart and that encouragement is pleasant even to the doomed. She said goodby and went up the dark, creaking stairs. As she took my fingers I noticed that her eyes looked strange and restless.

After hearing that poor girl's story I almost fancied myself a millionaire, so much better and happier was my lot than hers. The old furniture appeared less awkward and scratched, the faded curtains seemed to brighten, even the old cook stove to brighten, when I fussed over him in a way that made him say:

"Dear, I'm always afraid of you when you act like this; it's sure to foretell a quarrel." And then we laughed. The idea of Tom in a quarrel was really too funny.

As we sat down to the little supper I had prepared I told Tom about my visitor, and we immediately began to lay plans as to how we could best offer her assistance. As Tom remarked:

steps. Oh, this America, it is awful—it is terrible. I think sometimes I shall die. I think sometimes that I can live no longer in this vault, where people are neither dead nor alive. If only I had more money, if only I could earn more money and get a little more room somewhere in the fresh air and get where I can see trees and green things. And this noise—this endless roar of wagons and clanging of street car bells! Ah, I fear I am going mad—that my brain is ill—"

It was the same old story—little or no work, wretchedness of heart and a desperate lack of money. I pitied her and felt that strong sympathy which only one woman can have for another. How much richer was I, I thought, than this poor, friendless woman alone in a foreign country. How could I complain after that?

She told me her history; her crimson cheeks grew brighter as she continued and her hands moved nervously as if she were ill.

Her mother, it seems, had been a widow of considerable wealth and moved in the best society in Berlin. When she, my visitor, was fifteen years old, her mother married again. The stepfather, having the usual old country view of woman's incapacities in business affairs, promptly relieved his wife of the care of her money and thereafter positively refused even to consult her as to either its use or its disposal. He entered into several enterprises which failed miserably; then he began to speculate, with the usual results. In four years the widow's little fortune had drifted away and her husband plunged into dissipations that soon brought his earthly career to an end. Mother and daughter struggled along as best they could, giving French and music lessons and doing what sewing they could beg from their rich friends.

During this time of poverty and distress a manly young German had fallen in love with the hard working daughter and they became betrothed. He, too, was battling with hardships and one day he came to his little sweetheart and told her that he was going to America, that place of freedom where opportunities for work and advancement are to be had for the asking. He would send for her soon, he said. She and her mother were to come to him, to a little home that he would have ready and waiting on the other side of the great ocean.

She smiled bravely when he left her, but as she watched his broad figure disappear in the soft evening twilight despair seized her heart and strange forebodings made her tremble with fear and distress.

What an age it was until his first letter arrived! The waiting for it so filled her thoughts that she failed to notice that the dear, frail mother was growing weaker and paler each day. Before the second letter reached Berlin the mother was dead.

For six months the young girl breast the storm of poverty. Then, to her great joy, her lover in far away America wrote that she was to come to him at once. She gathered up the small belongings and heirlooms that, although worthless in a money sense, were of such priceless value to her and with these she sailed away to her new home.

When the great boat landed her in the noisy city of New York she found her way to an address that her German sweetheart had sent her, expecting to find there a friend of his who would put her on a train that would take her to the small town in Pennsylvania where he had secured work. There he would meet her at the station and, after saying over the holy words that were to make them husband and wife, take her to the little home he had prepared. The plan was a good one but something was wrong somewhere. At the address in New York there lived no person by the name which he had written in her letter and the poor girl was in despair. She found lodgings, and the next day journeyed on to the little Pennsylvania town, where she was unable to discover the whereabouts of her betrothed. With but a few dollars left she returned to New York and by some miracle immediately secured employment as a governess. In another week she was on her way to Mexico, having in her charge two small children of a wealthy Gothamite.

Then came two years of hard work, during which she went from one situation to another and finally became our neighbor in "The Ruins."

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"We never hear of any one who wants lessons in painting; they're always on a mad tear after languages." And so we bethought ourselves of several persons to whom we would recommend and advertise the talents of our downcast neighbor.

I did not see her the next day, but the following morning I tiptoed along the creepy corridor to her room, carrying a little breakfast dainty in my hands and hoping that she would accept it in the same sisterly spirit that it was offered. I knocked several times on the door, but no answer came. Then I fancied that I heard some one moan. Back I ran to Tom, who returned with me, and after satisfying ourselves that the girl was there and ill we broke open the door.

What a room it was! A bare little garret with bed and table and several decrepit chairs and footstools. The one semblance of elegance was a large oil painting of a beautiful woman with snow white hair and exquisitely shaped hands, which I immediately surmised was a portrait of the girl's mother. On the bed lay the room's occupant, burning with fever and talking wildly of "this terrible, terrible America, where people have no hearts," and sometimes breaking into a strange German love song.

We did what we could for her. Tom went for a doctor, who came and said she had brain fever. He advised sending her to a hospital, and after considerable red tape preliminaries we had her installed in one of the large institutions of New York. She had been there less than a week when the kind nurse told us that such a person as our little invalid was wanted by some one who had been long searching for her, who had left word with city officers to notify him at once in case she was found. How my heart leaped when I heard the good news. How happy I was for her. I rushed home to Tom and cried all over his shabby old coat and he scolded me for being "such an emotional little woman."

But just the same, he had to put on a pretty bold front to keep me from noticing that his voice was unusually husky.

Well, unlike the more "artistic" stories of the present moment, this one ends happily. The German governess recovered, and when her mind awakened from its troubled illness her sweetheart was the first on whom her pretty brown eyes looked. Tom and I were there, but she did not see us, and we hastened into another room, so as not to intrude upon a scene too sacred for other eyes.

It was easy to untangle the complications that before had been inexplicable. Her betrothed had in some way given her a wrong address. When too late he discovered the mistake and hastened to New York to meet her as she left the steamship. Again there was a mistake and he missed her. Then his search began. As she had gone to Mexico almost immediately after her arrival in New York he could get no clew of her whereabouts and when at last he found her he had given up all hope and was on the verge of utter despair.

They went to their home in Pennsylvania and every letter that I received from her—it is years since last I saw her—brings news of greater happiness and deeper content.

We don't live in "The Ruins" now—in fact, "The Ruins" is laid low, and in its place stands a massive office building that towers high above its fellow structures. Tom has a little studio in our Harlem flat and is busy as can be imagined with his magazine and newspaper sketches. I help him occasionally, but not as I used to during our more unfortunate days. You see, "little Tom," who is now three years old, is such an "enfant terrible" that it takes all my time to fulfil his youthful majesty's demands.—Chicago News.

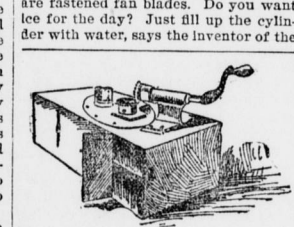
Just as the hoof of the horse is the remnant of an original five toes, just as the pineal gland in man is now said to be the survival of a prehistoric eye on the top of the head, so, perhaps, this levity in regard to particular ailments (in others) may be the descendant of an aboriginal ferocity in man.

It is a well-known theory that what we call humor arose from the same source; that the first human laugh that ever woke the astonished echoes of gloomy primeval forests was not an expression of mirth, but exultation over the misery of a tortured enemy. There is, to this day, something terrible in laughter. The laugh of madness or of cruelty is a sound more awful than that of the bitter lamentations. By means of that strange phonograph that we call literature, we can listen even now to the laughter of the dead; to the hearty guffaws or cynical titterings of generation after generation of bygone men and women; and if we are curious in such matter we can probe into the nature of the changes that have passed over the fashion of men's humor. For it has been said, not without the support of weighty cumulative evidence, that, as we penetrate further into the past we find the sense of humor depending always more obviously and solely upon the enjoyment of the pain, misfortune, mortification or embarrassment of others. The sense of superiority was the sense of humor in our ancestors; or, in other words, vanity lay at the root of this, as of most other attributes of our bumpkins species. Putting ear to our phonograph we catch the echoes of a strange and merry tumult; boisterous, cruel, often brutal, yet with here and there a tender cadence from some solitary voice, and presently this lonely note grows stronger and sweeter, as we travel slowly towards our own time, until at length, through all the merriment, we can hear the soft undercurrent of pity. Does the picture not seize the imagination—the long laughter of the ages which begins in cruelty and ends in love.—Westminster Gazette.

MAKE YOUR OWN ICE.

Chemicals Are Used, a Crank Is Turned for Fifteen Minutes.

The invention of a miniature ice machine has caused the kings of congealed water to tremble in their boots. Mr. J. P. O'Brien is the inventor, and the ice machines are to be put on the market in the very near future. The affair consists of a box about the size and shape of an ordinary ice box. Down the center of the box runs a cylinder for the water that is to be turned to ice, and around this cylinder are cells, in which are placed the chemicals whose action freezes the water. On the top of the box is a crank like the handle of a street piano. This handle is connected with a shaft on which are fastened fan blades. Do you want ice for the day? Just fill up the cylinder with water, says the inventor of the



MINIATURE ICE MACHINE.

new style ice box, turn the crank for fifteen minutes, giving yourself just enough exercise to make the blood circulate and to sharpen an appetite for breakfast. The fan acts on the chemicals, the chemicals act on the water. At the end of the prescribed time take out your cylinder, and presto! there you have a round block of glistening ice.

The cost of ice produced by this process, it is claimed, will be \$1.40 a year. This is the amount the company to be formed for the sale of the boxes will charge for chemicals sufficient to last a year. There is to be no other expense. The freezer will contain compartments for the storage of household supplies that are usually kept in the ice box. The freezers are to be made to sell, at the household size, for \$15 each, and will last for ten years, by renewing the chemicals once a year. These chemicals will be furnished by the freezer company only. The company will keep the freezers in order and the chemicals in good condition.

THE MODERN WOMAN.

Versatile, Brilliant, and an Improvement on Her Grandmother.

"No one denies," said clever Miss B., "that the nineteenth century woman is a most agreeable creature. Dead languages and higher mathematics have disciplined her mind, general culture embellished it. She is versatile, brilliant, witty, and charming, a stimulus and a recreation to man; but he must at times, I think, sigh for the old type of gentle, reposeful femininity, she who worshipped without criticism, adored with blind loyalty, and—" "Was the happier for her delusion," interrupted Mrs. X. "My dear, you needn't tell me that my grandmother, with her fourteen children, few social advantages, and burden of household, hadn't an easier time in one sense than we restless modern women, though we have generally but a clerk or two apiece, a minimum of domestic care, and no end of amusements."

"Women are naturally maternal and domestic. I'd live to dandle in my nursery and coddle my babies half the day, but whenever I do I feel hanging over me a weary round of social duties. Then there are the new books and reviews and one's charity organizations and college settlements, and it's all not exactly frivolous, and one doesn't know where to stop."

"There is a hubbub if one's accomplishments are dropped after marriage, and with the standard so high one's voice and fingers must have professional training and constant practice. Then men talk on subjects which require time and thought, one has to know something about the Roentgen theory, and Tasmania, and Italy's status in the triple alliance; and as for dress, it is a fine art and takes no end of time and thought. My husband may sigh for the old-fashioned, wifely type of placid repose; I assure you I could weep for the conditions which would make her possible."—New York Tribune.

Clear Case.—"Do you ride a wheel?" asked the eldest of the doctors on the Insanity Commission. "Yes," answered the subject. "What make?" "I never noticed." The verdict was unanimous—dementia.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

There is no mystery about

Sunlight Soap

It is simply a clear, pure, honest soap for laundry and household use, made by the most approved processes, and being the best, it has the largest sale in the world. It is made in a twin bar for convenience sake. This shows

The Twin Bar

Use will reveal

The Twin Benefits:

Less labor
Greater comfort

Lever Bros., Ltd.,
Boston & Harrison Sts., New York.

Perennial Wheat Plants.

There are several plants of the wheat family which are perennial, and reap in the same fields or localities from year to year indefinitely.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one cured disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only remedy known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution. It is a natural process in doing its work. The only case that it fails to cure, is when the proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHERRY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 50c per bottle.

TELLS YOUR FORTUNE. With picture of your future husband or wife. Send for date of birth. ASTROLOGER, Box 172, Boston, Mass.

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

To salute with the left hand is a deadly insult to Mohammedans in the East.

To Cleanse the System

Effectually, yet gently, when constive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently overcome habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

The vote of the Populist party in New York state at last year's election was only 6,900.

Robbing Floating-Borax is too per cent. pure and don't turn yellow or curd. It is not an imitation of anything, but better than any other floating soap made. Be sure above name is on each wrapper and cake. Red wrappers only.

For headache, bathing behind the ears with hot water often proves of immense benefit.

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

Pink's Cure is a wonderful cough medicine.—Mrs. W. PICKETT, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '91.

Our I's and Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook." It kills doubts and cures doubters. Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

"It's a Good Thing. Push it Along."

Battle-Ax

PLUG

Why buy a newspaper unless you can profit by the expense? For 5 cents you can get almost as much "BATTLE AX" as you can of other high grade brands for 10 cents. Here's news that will repay you for the cost of your newspaper to-day.

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. Property of \$500 to \$1000 of them. No droughts. Neither too hot nor too 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 HOMESEEKERS' LAND COMPANY, Somerville, Tenn.

"East, West, Home is Best," if Kept Clean With

SAPOLIO

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.

Classes, Letters, Science, Law, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering. Thorough Preparatory and Commercial Courses. Eccelesiastical students at special rates. Rooms, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Greek, St. Edward's Hall, for boys under 15. The 16th Term will open September 8th, 1894. For further particulars apply to Very Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., President.

MEXICO. For a full description of 8,100,000 ACRES OF LAND for rent at 25 cts. per acre and upward, or for sale at \$2.50 per acre and upward; suitable for Coffee, Ginger, Vanilla, Tobacco, Oranges, Lemons, Rubber, etc. Apply to W. H. SLOAN & SONS, 110 N. W. 4th St., St. Paul, Minn.

W. H. SLOAN & SONS, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WELL Drilling Machines for any depth.

Late Improvements. All Money Makers. LOMIS & NYMAN, Timm, Ohio.

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

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WINSLOW'S CURE FOR COLIC, CHOLERA, DIARRHOEA, AND ALL CASES OF ACUTE GASTRO-ENTERIC AFFECTIONS. Use in time. Sold by druggists.