

Take Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1.
Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

Cataract and Colic Relieved in 10 to 30 Minutes.
One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

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

St. Vitus' Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenner's Specific cures. Circular, Freehold, N. J.

To Cure Headaches.

"A hot bath, a stroll in the fresh air, shampooing the head in weak soda water, or a timely nap in a cool, quiet room will sometimes stop a nervous headache," writes Dr. B. F. Herrick, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "When over-fatigued from shopping or sight-seeing a sponge dipped in very hot water and pressed repeatedly over the back of the neck between the ears will be found exceedingly refreshing, especially if the face and temples are afterward subjected to the same treatment. Neuralgia is caused not only by cold air, but by acidity of the stomach, starved nerves, imperfect teeth, or by indolence combined with a too generous diet. Heat is the best and quickest cure for this distressing pain. A hot fomentation, passed rapidly and deftly over several folds of flannel laid on the affected spot, will often give relief in less than ten minutes, without the aid of medicine. Hot fomentations are of equal value; though when the skin is very tender it is more advisable to use dry heat, nothing being better for the purpose than bags of heated salt, flour or sand, which retain warmth for a long time. Cold water, applied by the finger tips to the nerves in front of the ear, has been known to dispel neuralgic pains like magic. When caused by acidity a dose of charcoal or soda will usually act as a corrective. Sick headache is accompanied by various symptoms, and attacks usually come on when the person is overtired or below par physically. This is a disease of its own kind, and often stops at its first accord after middle age. A careful diet is imperative in every case, sweetmeats and pastry being especially pernicious. "Eating heartily when very tired, late dinners, eating irregularly, insufficient mastication or too much animal food, especially in the spring or during the hot weather, are frequent causes of indigestion, causing headaches by reflex action."

SACRED CONFIDENCE.

NO WOMAN'S LETTER PUBLISHED EXCEPT BY REQUEST.

Mrs. Pinkham's Tender Relations With the Suffering of Her Sex—Women Who Cannot Hide Their Happiness.

There is a class of women who, from their own experience, sympathize with their suffering sisters, and in order that such suffering may be lessened, not only put aside false modesty and in a spirit of gratefulness publish to the world whatever woman should know.

Mrs. W. L. Elliott, Liscomb, Iowa, is one of those women, and has requested us to publish the facts in her case, otherwise it would not be done, as all such evidence is treated in sacred confidence, unless publication is requested by the writer.

She says to Mrs. Pinkham:—"I wish you would publish the circumstances of my case, in order that other women may be benefited by my experience. "I doctored nearly all the time for two years. I spent several hundred dollars without receiving much benefit. Last June I wrote to you and described all my aches and pains. Such a long list as there was: headache, backache, bearing-down pains, terrible soreness, constipation, dizziness, feeling of extreme lassitude, irregularity and nausea; but you answered my letter and told me just what to do. I followed your advice.

"After taking eight bottles of the Vegetable Compound and three bottles of Blood Purifier, I am glad to write you that I have not enjoyed such good health for years, and I am able to do all my own work. I can surely sound the praises of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and a number of my friends are taking it upon my recommendation."—Mrs. W. L. ELLIOTT, LISCOMB, IOWA.

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

SMILES AND TEARS.

The smiles that light some kindred face,
To cheer us when by sorrow bowed,
Are like the glory beams that chase
The darkness from the summer cloud;
Dear, radiant gleamings of the soul,
The sunshine of affection's sky,
They lift the heart from grief's control
And wipe the tear from sorrow's eye.

The tear-drops on some kindred cheek,
When joy is mingled with despair,
Our spirits' gloom can lift and break,
And leave joy's light unclouded there;
Can lift and thrill the trembling heart,
And soothe us in life's saddest hours,
And sparkle on the soul as clear
As dew that sleep on fainting flowers.

Love's holy smile and pity's tear,
Like angel footprints from the skies,
They lift us o'er the mortal sphere,
And give us glimpses of Paradise.
Oh, Smiles and Tears, by these alone,
I had no higher rapture given,
The heart might hope for glory's zone—
The soul might wing its way to heaven.
—C. D. Stuart, in Ledger.

BATTERSBY'S FORTUNE.

HE High street of Moxford was interested this June day in the funeral of old Carmel Battersby, whose picturesque hobble and long gray locks would never again enliven the street.

He had kept the curiosity shop for about fifty years. The old spinning wheels, sparrow-legged chairs, carved oak bureaus, china, of all sorts, war medals, watches, coins, etc., would, no doubt, now go to the hammer. Moxford would miss the attractive window of No. 59 almost as much as the quaint form of its late owner.

Peter Battersby and Mrs. Peter were early on the scene, in decent black. They had extremely comfortable expectations. To be sure, for the last ten years they had not interchanged many words with the late Carmel, who was Peter's only brother; but as Mrs. Peter remarked when the news of her brother-in-law's death arrived, "he couldn't for shame leave his money to any one else."

Young Walter Battersby, Mr. and Mrs. Peter's only son, did not conceal his joy in his uncle's demise. He told his boon companions at the Hen and Chickens that he was in for a good thing.

"Blood, you know, as the saying is, is thicker than water," he said, as he drained his fourth pint on the evening of his avuncular bereavement.

Nor was the three daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Peter without discreet maidenly elation. Their uncle, while he lived, was such a figure that they never called to look at him. Besides, he hadn't a very civil tongue; liked to be caustic about their high-heeled shoes and extensive bonnets and hats, and to be very rude with his inquiries why three Mr. Bights did not press for the honor of their small gloved hands.

It seemed unlikely indeed, that a single tear would be shed for the old curiosity man.

Of course, there was his little servant girl, Joan Smith. But she was only "a workhouse hussy," to borrow Mrs. Peter's elegant expression.

With his usual eccentricity, old Carmel had taken a girl from the Moxford Union after the death of his elderly housekeeper, Mrs. Roberts. Joan was that servant, and she had served him truly for the last six years, being now but twenty-two. A quiet, shrinking, dark-eyed little creature, who had never her dead master quite unaccountably, and devoted herself to him heart and hand and soul. Save for Seth Perry, who worked for the Moxford tin plate company, she had had no one else to care for.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter found No. 59 nicely prepared for the funeral. There was also a rather clumsy wreath of wild hyacinths and buttercups on the coffin.

"The idea of such a thing as that!" exclaimed Mrs. Peter, touching the wreath with the tip of her parasol.

Joan was near at the time. She burst into tears at these words.

"Please, ma'am," she said. "I should so like it to go with him. I picked them all myself."

"It shall do nothing of the kind, then; and your place is in the kitchen, not in the parlor," retorted Mrs. Peter.

Joan retired, crying bitterly; and Mrs. Peter flung the wreath into a corner.

"The hussy ought not to be allowed to leave this house, Peter," she said severely, "without being searched. The idea of her being with all these valubles—all alone, too."

But Peter was not as cruel as his wife.

"Cameron says she is entirely to be trusted," he replied, "and it's for him to act as he pleases, he says."

Mr. Cameron was the Moxford lawyer who had charge of the old curiosity man's affairs.

Two or three others now arrived, including the lawyer, Mr. Hurst, the Methodist New Connection minister, and old Craven, the silversmith.

Then the High street enjoyed its little sensation as the hearse and three coaches solemnly passed along it to the cemetery on the hill.

Joan viewed the start from the back entry with tearful eyes. She was periodically convulsed with sobs. She watched the procession as long as ever she could. The void in her life was immense.

So much so indeed, that even the soothing voice of Seth Perry, who had come upon her unawares, had no effect on her at first.

"Never you mind, lass," said Seth "things'll all come out right."

She answered him only with tears. "He's bou'n' to ha' left you summat, Joan, my lass, to remember him by; and, whether or no, you've only to speak the word, and there's one as'll be proud to have you."

"Seth, I can't talk with you now," she said, showing him her damp face and bright eyes.

"Nor come home and take your dinner with my mother, Joan?"

"No, no. I musn't go yet. They'll turn me out soon, I know; but I must stay till then."

"Well, lass," said Seth, "you know best; but I'm fair aching for you, and this night as I'll fetch you to home."

He took her in his arms in the passage, up which so many antique articles had traveled during the last half century, and kissed her wet cheeks.

"And now I mun get back to work," he said.

It was a hot day even for June, and when the funeral party re-entered the house, Mrs. Peter's face was extremely red.

Here they were met by Walter Battersby and the three girls.

"This was Mrs. Peter's arrangement. 'The more witnesses there are the safer it'll be,' she had said, alluding, of course, to the reading of her brother-in-law's will. 'Besides,' she added, 'they may hear something nice for themselves.'"

As young he was concerned, however, young Walter had fully intended to be present, even if his father and mother objected.

Joan continued alone in the kitchen. The tramp of strange feet in the room over her did but make fresh tears well up from the bountiful source inside her.

And so the funeral party and the others sat round old Carmel's table and waited for Mr. Cameron to begin. The lawyer did not keep them waiting. He smiled rather dryly and drew forth the paper from its official blue envelope.

Never was there, in Mrs. Peter Battersby's opinion, a more horrid and disgraceful last will and testament.

Certainly, her husband was to receive a fourth of the proceeds of the sale of the deceased's goods; but what was a mere fourth?

The other three-fourths were left—of all things—to the Moxford Union, to help them to train up more girls like Joan Smith. "Those were the very words."

To the three girls of Mr. and Mrs. Peter the three largest mirrors in the establishment of No. 59 were bequeathed without comment. Mr. Walter Battersby was not even mentioned, nor was Mrs. Peters.

Mr. Cameron received a hundred pounds, and so did the deceased's old friend, Mr. Craven.

Lastly, Joan was mentioned. She was to have a year's wages, all the furniture of her own bedroom, and the old scrap book for which she had so often plied scissors and paste, and which contained curious items of newspaper intelligence during the last thirty years.

"There, gentleman and ladies, that is all," said Mr. Cameron; "and now you must excuse me. I leave you with my co-trustee, Mr. Craven."

"One moment, sir," interposed Mr. Peter, to whom his wife had whispered much. "What's become of all his money in the bank? He must have had thousands."

"The balance to his credit on May 31," answered Mr. Cameron, referring to a note, "was just £45 8s, 10d. After the funeral expenses are paid—"

"What's he done with it?" cried Mrs. Peter, redder of face than ever.

"I cannot tell you, madam. Good morning," said the lawyer, who then wisely left them to fight the matter out among themselves. But before he went he, with his own hands, carried to Joan in her kitchen the unwieldy old scrap book, and told her that it was her property as well as the furniture of her room.

"Come, cheer up, my girl," he said at parting. "Your master was fond of you, and he would rather see you bright than downcast. And remember that I am your friend if you should happen to want one."

Joan thanked Mr. Cameron, and then, having reverently kissed the old book, put it one side.

Mrs. Peter, before she parted, thought well to trespass in the kitchen and say some cruel things to Joan. But somehow the girl did not mind them very much now.

Then Seth looked in again, and said she was to come up to his mother's that evening. If she didn't he should fetch her. And to make sure of having her he carried off the big scrap book.

Mrs. Peter Battersby did something else before she left No. 59.

Together with her disappointed son and darling Walter, she climbed the stairs to Joan's little attic, and took a hammer with her.

"It's the very kind of spiteful thing he'd be likely to do," she said, "but I'll not stand it—robbing his own flesh and blood for a workhouse brat."

Mr. Peter left her to her own devices. He, Mr. Craven, and the three vexed (indeed, insulted) girls went away together.

Then Mrs. Peter staidiously searched Joan's attic from wall to wall. She turned out the girl's one tin box, looked in the drawer of the washstand, ripped up the palliasso and outrageously and threw the straw all about and treated the bolster with equal brutality.

There was also a handsome old oak wardrobe that would have graced even a royal bedchamber. This was for Joan's three or four poor frocks.

It was quite laughable to see how mother and son tapped and probed this antique piece of furniture. They even knocked off the head of a lion in relief at the top of it, to see if there was a secret cavity behind the head.

But the wardrobe taught them no

more than the palliasso and the bolster.

"Well, I'm off to the Hen and Chickens," said Walter Battersby at length. "I've had enough of this."

So, too, had Mrs. Peter, for there was not an article in the room that she had not thoroughly tested.

The sun was still well above the cemetery hill when Seth called at No. 59, in his workaday grime and his workaday grease.

"Art ready, my lass?" he inquired of Joan.

The girl began to make excuses.

"It's not right, Seth, to leave the house with no one in it. He wouldn't have liked it," she said.

"It's not right, Joan, to make a promise and not keep it," retorted Seth. "Come, now, I'm not going to leave you to mope your eyes out. Do you mean to make me marry you?"

She was persuaded with difficulty. Then it was a revelation of character to see how she locked one door after another and pocketed the different keys.

"Anybody 'ud think the things were all yourn, Joan," said Seth admiringly.

"It's the same to me as if they were," she answered, with the tone of fresh tears.

But Seth hurried her off before she could break down again, and soon had her in the little red brick cottage he shared with his mother.

Old Mrs. Perry had, in her younger days, been a servant herself. She had a true woman's sympathy for Joan, and discernment enough to know that her son might do far worse than marry such a girl.

It was as comfortable a meal as any in Moxford, with the cat purring on the hearth all time.

Afterward the talk turned solidly upon old Carmel and his singular bequests to Joan.

"The money and the furniture 'll be useful to you, child," said old Mrs. Perry; "but the idea of leaving you a thing like that!" pointing to the scrap book.

"I used to be so fond of it," stammered Joan. "The times we've sat together, him pasting and me cutting what he'd marked!"

She rose and lifted the big book on the table, untied its strings, and opened it.

"Why, what's this?" exclaimed Seth, as a bank note for £100 appeared.

Joan turned pale as she took it up. It was endorsed on the back: "Pay to Joan Smith and no one else."

Ere they had finished looking through the book they found twenty-one other notes of exactly the same kind.

"They are certainly yours, my girl," said Mr. Cameron, when Joan called on him in the morning; "and I shall have great pleasure in telling Mrs. Peter Battersby what has become of the money to her brother-in-law's credit at the bank."—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

The Care of Spectacles.

An experienced oculist says that a great many people injure their eyesight by not keeping their glasses bright and highly polished. They allow dust and perspiration to accumulate upon them, then they are dim and semi-opaque and the eyes are strained with trying to look through them.

It is not an easy matter to keep glasses in perfect order, especially in warm weather, and just what is best to clean them with has long been an unsettled question. One man has put himself on record as declaring that the only cleaner he has found satisfactory was a bank note of large denomination. Whether the size of the note or the quality had to do with the efficacy of it did not transpire.

A lady has used a Japanese paper napkin with most pleasing results, and says she buys paper napkins by the dozen and keeps them on hand for this purpose.

Another lady, who must be very particular about her glasses, keeps on hand bits of mosquito netting thoroughly washed and rinsed in clear water and ironed, and pronounces them in every way better than anything else she has ever tried. The ordinary pocket handkerchief, being not a practical glass cleaner, her suggestions are given for what they are worth.—New York Ledger.

An Enterprising Organ-Grinder.

The grinder of the street piano is never at a loss for a new attraction. For some time a couple of little girls have been following one of these marvels of technique and dancing on the sidewalk each time it stopped to play, but these performances have been eclipsed. I have seen the pianist down town lately. His partner turns the handle and he does a song and dance; rather, a song or a dance, as the music requires. He has not a bad tenor voice and he soars way up on the small notes of "Arrahgovanagh, Ye're Only Fooling," then comes a quick step of some kind and he trips the light fantastic with a trained bear-like motion. "Oh, Don't You Remember Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," comes in somewhere, and he sings it with a trill or two in effective places. He succeeds in drawing a crowd, and between the tunes he passes his hat.—Albany (N. Y.) Journal.

Irving's Wigs.

Shortly before Sir Henry Irving went to America he exhibited the wig he wore when he played Bill Sykes, a wretched thing with broken springs, imitation hair and badly made. It was made thirty years ago. The hair alone of his new Macbeth wig is worth \$15.

Clarkson, the famous English theatrical wigmaker, says that for Sir Henry's recent American tour he supplied no less than 1100 wigs. The wig which Mr. Tree procured for his Svengali in "Trilby" cost \$50. The dearest wig Clarkson ever made cost \$200.

HIDE AND SEEK AT SEA.

Torpedo-Boat Practice with the Great White Cruisers.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll describes "The Tricks of Torpedo Boats" in St. Nicholas. After telling what the boats are like and what they can accomplish, Mr. Ingersoll says: But to insure all these fine results, both officers and men must be taught how to manage and maneuver them to best advantage, as well as how to discharge the torpedoes they carry. Constant drilling is necessary; and lately one of these boats in our navy, the "Cushing" (so suitably named after the young hero of the civil war who destroyed the rebel ram "Albatross" by means of a rude torpedo-boat—one of the first actually used) has been attached to the naval station at Newport, Rhode Island, in order to carry on this practice. One set of officers and men after another is instructed in handling her, and in the making and firing of her torpedoes; and they have plenty of fun along with the schooling.

The headquarters of this work is Goat Island, which separates Newport harbor from the outer waters of Narragansett Bay.

There is a searchlight which commands the harbor entrances and a wide circle of the bay. One or more warships are always there. Those searchlights also can be swung in any direction. Yet the Cushing arrived one night and first announced herself by suddenly blowing her whistle within pistol-shot of the inner wharf of the island—and it was not a dark night, either. A few afternoons later she went down the bay, and challenged every eye to be alert to see her return in the evening. It was bright moonlight—a time in which no such boat would attempt a serious attack—yet Lieutenant Fletcher, the Cushing's commander, crept within a third of a mile of the shore before he was detected. It would have pleased you to see her that night, as she came plainly into view—a long, low streak gliding silently and swiftly athwart the moonlit sea, rolling a silvery furrow back from her plow-like bow, and seeming more like some great fish with its back fins out of water than any sort of steamship.

But it is on dark and stormy nights that the practice becomes exciting. Groups of officers stand upon the rampart of Fort Wolcott, or upon the bridge of each monitor or cruiser, and strain eyes and ears to obtain some inkling of the torpedo-boat's presence, the long white beam of the electric searchlight sweeping right and left, up and down, and every man gazing along the path it illuminates for some glimpse of the little enemy. A swing of the beam southward brings out the grim walls and numerous cannon of Fort Adams, and shows every yacht and fishing-boat at anchor inside of Brenton's Point. The main channel, the Dumplings, the far away shore of Conanicut Island, Rose Island and its ruined old fortifications, the upper bay dotted with lazy sloops and schooners slipping down with the tide, are revealed one after another, as the powerful rays are turned slowly westward and northward until at last they are shining again in the Naval War College and Training School, and on the clustered shipping and wharves of the picturesque old town.

Look Out for the Voice.

You often hear boys and girls say words when they are vexed that sound as if made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often expresses more than the heart feels. Often even in mirth one gets a voice or tone that is sharp, and it sticks to him through life. Such persons get a sharp voice for home use and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere. I say to all boys and girls, "Use your guest voice at home. Watch it day by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you than the best pearl in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to a heart and home. Train it to sweet tones now and it will keep in tune through life."

Unconscious Humor.

It is not always safe to resort to set phrases when wishing to compliment. A story is told of a certain lawyer, extremely studious, but in conversation notoriously dull, who was showing off his newly built house. The bookworm prided himself especially on a sanctum he had contrived for his own use, so secluded from the rest of the building that he could pore over his books in private, quite secure from disturbance.

"And this is capital," exclaimed the visitor, with unconscious irony. "You can read and study here all day, and no human being be one bit the wiser."

At a Glance

anyone can see the difference between the twin-bar of clear, pure

Sunlight Soap

and other laundry soaps, but you'll know the difference when you use it because it cleanses with

Less Labor Greater Comfort

Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson & Harrison Sts., N. Y.

At a Glance

anyone can see the difference between the twin-bar of clear, pure

Sunlight Soap

and other laundry soaps, but you'll know the difference when you use it because it cleanses with

Less Labor Greater Comfort

Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson & Harrison Sts., N. Y.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, etc.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The German trade returns for June show a large increase in imports and exports.

Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap costs more to make than any other floating soap made, but consumers have to pay no more for it. It is guaranteed to be 100 per cent. pure and the only floating soap made of Borax. Wrappers in red ink.

A lady in Japan, during a slight illness, and 423 physicians in attendance.

Pisco Cure cured me of a throat and lung trouble of three years standing.—E. CADY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

Only 2 per cent of the Siberian run

always escape with their lives.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Company, printed near the bottom of the package. For sale by all responsible druggists.

Tasmania boasts what is probably the first lodge for female Old Fellows.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 601 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook, "A story of cures told by the cured," 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



"Check it!"

Battle Ax

PLUG

If he had bought a 5 cent piece he would have been able to take it with him. There is no use buying more than a 5 cent piece of "Battle Ax." A 10 cent piece is most too big to carry, and the 5 cent piece is nearly as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade tobaccos.