

Look

Sharply to the condition of your blood. At this season peculiar perils assail the system. There are sudden changes in temperature; fogs and dampness, chilly nights, lowering clouds, drenching rains. These sudden changes bring on colds, fevers, pneumonia, bronchitis and other ailments. Keep the blood pure, rich and full of vitality and you will be well. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—In fact the One True Blood Purifier
Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, and d'eat on 'em.

Drifted Four Thousand Miles.

On one of the coral reefs off the Marshall group, far away in the South Pacific, there rests a large railway transfer barge, which was carried by winds and currents from some point on the California coast to its present resting place. Its ownership, home port and the date of its loss are unknown. John Crowley, mate of the missionary brig Morning Star, saw the barge. Speaking about it recently, he said: "We ran into the Marshall group in September last in the course of our tour through the islands, and our intention was attracted to this huge barge resting on a reef. I made a careful examination of it, but the only marks of identification on it were the word 'Transfer' and the abbreviation 'Cal.' The rest of the name and the port had been obliterated. "There were narrow gauge tracks on it, and a couple of big cranes still intact and very well preserved. The barge itself was pretty badly weather beaten, but it was still in very good condition. It was about 150 feet long, built of heavy timbers. The bottom had been copper covered, but the natives had stripped that off. They had made an attempt to break the craft up, too, but that was beyond their power. "The experiences of that barge would be hard to conjecture. It may have drifted the 4,000 odd miles which divide our coast and the Marshalls in a very short space of time, or it might have taken a remarkably long period. "Inquiry among shipping men as to the identity of the strange craft failed to throw any light upon the subject. There is no record of the loss of any such barge, and the general impression is that it was probably swept away from one of the lower coast ports by a storm, and carried out to sea, to be guided by wind and sea to the Marshalls.—San Francisco Chronicle.

It hurts your feelings for people to say that you are fickle, but you bet you are.

Every man claims to read both sides, but no man does.

TIRED SALESWOMEN.

EMPLOYERS SHOULD BE MORE CONSIDERATE.

Interesting Statement by a Young Lady in Brooklyn.

In the vast retail establishments of large cities, many women are employed as saleswomen.

Men formerly held the positions that



women now hold, and while women's organization is less strong than men's they are expected to do the same work. Their duties compel them to be on their feet from morning to night, and many of them, in a short time, contract these distressing complaints called "female diseases."

Then occur irregularities, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, indigestion, leucorrhoea, general debility and nervous prostration. They are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues and hopelessness.

In such cases there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. The following is a sample:

"My dear Mrs. Pinkham—After writing you, and before your answer came, I was too miserable to go to the store, and so lost my position. That was five weeks ago. I am now back again in my old place, and never felt so well in all my life. The bearing-down pains and whites have left me, and I am not a bit nervous or blue. Life looks brighter to me. I don't get tired, my temper is real sweet, and I could scream right out sometimes for joy.

Your Vegetable Compound is my stand-by. You don't know how thankful I am to you for saving me from suffering. Every woman in my position should know of your wonderful remedy. I never saw you, but I love you for being so good to me."

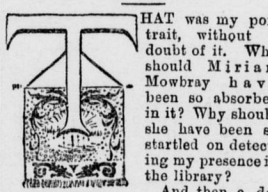
FOURTH—W. 6th Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

LIVING.

We only live once; and death's terrors With life's bowers and roses entwined, And our lives would be darkened by errors Did we even, 'tis cats, possess nine!

Let the lives that we live be worth living, Let the days that we spend be well spent; Let us save for the pleasure of giving, And not borrow at fifty per cent.; Let us never cease loving and learning, And use life for its noblest ends; Then when dust to dust is returning, We shall live in the hearts of our friends.

MY CHUM KATE.



That was my portrait, without a doubt of it. Why should Miriam Mowbray have been so absorbed in it? Why should she have been so startled on detecting my presence in the library?

And then a delight—oh, blissful feeling shot through me. I staggered for a moment like one intoxicated—intoxicated with my own happiness. I said to myself a few minutes since that if I could but detect the portrait on which Miriam's attention had been fixed I would be master of her secret.

Was that so? I had found the portrait. Had it really made me the master of her secret?

I panted as I put to myself the question, and drew a deep breath. Then I strove to answer it with other questions. The master of her secret! Was that secret love and was it love for me?

Yes, I felt sure of it. What other answer could there be? She had loved me all along. She had "let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek." I was in the seventh heaven of delight. Mine, after all, would be the privilege of breathing that potent word which would start my Galatea into life.

I descended to the drawing room and found that not only had the argument ended, but that irascible old Mowbray had departed—and, of course, Miriam had departed with him.

"The old bear!" I exclaimed. "That's the animal he is, and not an antelope. He would be a libel on the vegetable kingdom! By Jove, Miriam must have a lively time of it, one way or the other. I must change all that by and by."

I was already beginning to regard her as my wife, and was mentally engaged in the prospective duty of clipping my father-in-law's wings, when a hand was softly thrust into my arm, and, waking from my dream, I saw the bright eyes of Kate looking up into mine. They were usually dancing with a mischievous light, but they were serious now.

"Well, Bob," she asked, "how did you get on? Have you said anything to Miriam? You have given me the right to ask you, you know."

"To tell the truth, Kate, I have scarcely spoken two words to her."

"Oh, then I was not guilty when I came upon you in the library of interrupting an avowal. I felt very uncomfortable at that time, for Miriam looked awfully conscious and still more awfully scarlet, and you looked—well, I don't know how you looked, Bob. It was a sort of expression—shall I say?"

"Please, Kate."

"Well, it was the sort of expression you would expect to find on the face of a man who had just picked up a parcel and wasn't quite sure what was inside."

I laughed.

"Your keen eyes don't miss much, Kate. You have guessed somewhere near the truth. When you came upon me in the library I had made a discovery, but it was only a partial discovery. I had found out that Miriam Mowbray was greatly interested in a portrait. I could not at the time make out whose it was. I have since extended my knowledge."

"Well," she asked eagerly.

Mowbray was so greatly interested. Will you have the kindness to hand me over that slip of paper?"

Kate did not answer, but first looked at me and then at the portrait. Then she closed the album and looked again at me.

There was a look in her eyes such as I had never seen there before. It was of wonder and yet of pity—pity for me, who considered myself the happiest man on earth!

But that was the way with Kate. If she's a woman of resource, she's a woman of surprises as well. With her it is usually the unexpected that happens.

"I have performed my part of the bargain, Kate. I have satisfied your curiosity. Will you now have the courtesy to perform yours? You have written a certain name upon a piece of paper. Will you have the kindness to hand it to me?"

"I cannot, Bob—I cannot."

I caught a distinct tremor in her voice as she said it.

"How so? You decline to show me that paper?"

"I promised to give it to you after you had shown me the portrait, but I did not say immediately after. You shall see it some day; I promise you."

"A sheer evasion, Kate, and not like you. However, it is a matter of little consequence, as you say."

"Of little consequence, as you say." "The one important thing is that I have made a great discovery all through that album. You guess what it is, Kate?"

"That—that—" she stammered. "That Miriam Mowbray loves me!" I said triumphantly.

She glanced at me again with that look I had just before seen in her eyes—half pity, half wonder; then she said tremulously:

"You—you will speak to her tomorrow, will you not?"

"Yes, Kate. You are the only one to whom I have whispered my secret; and—and I know you wish me good luck in my wooing."

"In that and in all things, Bob?"

The sweet eyes looked straight into mine, as she held out her hand; I held it for a moment; then she withdrew it hastily and escaped from the room.

The next day I visited the Mowbrays. The time was opportune. Mr. Mowbray was out, but Miss Mowbray was in.

I hurry over that disastrous interview. I urged my suit with that eloquence I could command. My proposal was at first received with chilling silence, and then came the crushing intimation that it was declined.

I will do her the justice, however, to say that she let down a fellow as gently as the circumstances would permit.

"Indeed, I didn't!" I might have added, that, next to seeing Kate, his was the most welcome face I could have seen.

"Come, Bob," he said, taking me by the arm in the old familiar way of our college days, "I have much to say to you."

He took me to the room—the library—where I had my last interview with Kate. How often I had since recalled it.

"We are old chums, Bob," he said, "and I am going to speak to you frankly. I am far from a spiritualist, hypnotist, or anything of that kind; but there must be a community of spirit between us, for I find that, though so far separated from each other, we have been on the same track."

"The same track," I repeated, scarcely knowing what to make of this strange preliminary.

"Yes, on the same track. First, answer me one question—are you still enamored with Miriam Mowbray?"

I was staggered by the question. How should he know that I had been enamored with Miriam Mowbray? He was searching me with his eyes as he spoke. Apparently satisfied with the scrutiny, he put into my hands a letter to him, dated three months back, from his sister Kate.

I can scarcely tell you the astonishment with which I read it. It was the beginning of it; I was the end of it.

It set forth the confessions I had made to her of my love for Miriam Mowbray; it magnified a thousandfold the little service I had done for Guy in the past; and it ended by an appeal to him to give me a fair field in trying to win Miss Mowbray's hand. Was there ever such a letter penned from sister to brother?

"I cannot understand it. I am altogether mystified," I answered.

"Just so. Let me throw a little light on the situation. You did not know, because it was a secret, but before I left England for South Africa—before, in fact, the illness through which you helped to nurse me—I was the fortunate lover of Miriam Mowbray; fortunate in one sense, but unfortunately in another, since Mr. Mowbray would not at that time acknowledge me because I had not made a position for myself. Now do you see why Kate wrote to me?"

"I—I understand," I stammered.

"My answer to the letter was—'Oh, you needn't say, Guy. I see it all,' clasping him by the hand. 'Your answer to that letter was 'Let my old chum go in and win,' but I have lost, and you?'"

"Can I say that I have won, old fellow?"

"Yes, Guy; yes; I am not afraid of hearing the truth. My illusion is quite gone. I can only wish you that your noble sister wished me—good luck in your wooing. By the bye, would you mind handing me that album at your elbow?"

Guy handed it to me in some surprise at my sudden request.

"Thanks," I said. "Parson me one moment."

I quickly turned over the pages again. I need not have done so except to further convince myself that I was an ass.

I saw at once the portrait in which Miriam Mowbray was absorbed on that night when I was deceived into believing that she loved me. I had put the pencil mark on the page at which the album was open, but I had left entirely out of the question the portrait on the opposite side, which was the portrait of Guy Brand.

As old chums we had been placed in the album facing each other. Kate had, of course, seen my mistake, but rather than wound my feelings or my vanity—which was it?—had not hinted a suspicion of the truth.

SERVANT GIRLS IN LONDON.

They Have Their Grievances the Same as in This Land of the Free.

It is probable that London servant girls of fair intelligence will not long consent to spend their days in cellar chambers and their nights in such inhuman attics as we have described; nor yet remain without an opportunity for business-like improvement, owing to the incapacity of mistresses to teach them. Women of the middle class who need domestic help had better, therefore, become wise in time; and, first, they should reduce the style of their establishments and raise their character. The present state of things is evil and absurd; it tends to make the public in their sections mutually contemptuous instead of universally respectful, and it thus becomes a means and cause of social degradation. The outcry of our Londoners about bad trade is a result of feebleness and want of clear discernment. There is, in fact, excess of trade in unproductive vanities, diverting capital from reproductive work, and people in the main are living much above a prudent scale of outlay. A few save their money and invest it; but the majority seek merely to appear perhaps a quarter richer than they actually are, and thus they make themselves at once ridiculous and impoverished.

Were they to rid themselves of half their foolish furniture and duly scrub their floors they might live decently without dependence upon ill-conditioned servant girls, and might also multiply deposits at the bank. What we have now declared is no new thing, no first discovery. Some forty years ago a London preacher found it needful to exhort his congregation to a general abatement of their annual expenditure and style of living. The advice, like much advice of value, firmly given, without vanity, was taken in good part, and the result was good. Why cannot other ministers in London do the same? Economy in habits of life, in family and personal expenditure, is the foundation of a multitude of virtues, and especially of individual self-respect and of financial liberality.—Quarterly Review.

A Forcible Stimule.

"Your honor," said a lawyer in a recent trial in England, "the argument of my learned friend is lighter than vanity. It is air; it is smoke. From top to bottom it is absolutely nothing. And, therefore, your honor, it falls to the ground by its own weight."

ALMOST A MIRACLE.

THE RESTORATION TO HEALTH OF A PROMINENT MAN.

Worn Out by Exposure and Broken Down in Health He Was in Misery for Months—Is Now a Well and Happy Man—Read the Story.

From the News, Clarkburg, W. Va.

In the interest of common humanity, your reporter has the honor to send you an interesting and profitable interview had with one of Harrison County's most highly esteemed citizens, concerning his narrow and miraculous escape from death. The person referred to is Mr. Floyd E. Barnett, of Jarvisville, West Virginia, who is well known throughout Harrison County and other sections of the State.

Mr. Barnett's narrative is as follows: "I live at Jarvisville, West Virginia, was born and raised there, and am thirty-nine years of age. I am a farmer by occupation, and the exposure and hardships incident to this life finally overcame a strong constitution, and in the month of May, 1894, I was seized with what the medical fraternity pronounced acute rheumatism.

"The disease was first felt in the hip and soon became severely painful. Within a short time the whole lower extremity was affected and became terribly swollen, and at times the pain which was almost unbearable extended up into the shoulder. I consulted the best physicians and specialists in the country, some of whom treated me sometimes, but to no successful purpose. I used various patent medicines and liniments of wide recommendation, but none of them gave relief. I worried along this way for some months, being unable to work and at times unable to move. I became restless at night and could not sleep. The disease seemed to affect my heart and it was utterly impossible to lie on my left side on account of the seriousness of the pain at the heart.

"My condition seemed a hopeless one and I was much discouraged, when by chance I happened to read an account in the Wheeling Independent of the wonderful cure of a person afflicted like myself, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had effected. This was some time in the month of December. I immediately procured a box and began to use them. A change commenced at once.

"I continued to take the pills until I felt entirely cured. To-day I am a well and sound man. The pills not only cured my rheumatism, but drove that troublesome pain from my heart as well. For more than a year now I have not been troubled in the slightest with either malady, or any other for that matter. I am as strong a man and perform as much manual labor as any farmer."

Mr. Barnett is a man highly respected for his services. His statements are corroborated by his neighbors and his recovery is ascribed to those of Dr. Williams' Pills. As he talked to your reporter, he showed every sign of being a man in excellent health and only too glad to tell the simple story of how his life was saved by the use of the pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a gripp, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

W. J. CHERRY & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

WALDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Didn't Know It Was Loaded.



McScorcher—My baby has had the wind colic for two days.

Sickleface—What caused the trouble?

McScorcher—The poor kid tried to cut its teeth on my pneumatic tire.

Asparagus is the oldest known plant that has been used as food.

Ever since 1865 there have been women (more each year) who claim that there is no soap half as good, or as economical as Dobbin's Electric. There must be some truth in their claim. Try it, see how much. Your grocer has it.

The average duration of a regiment's stay in India is 16 years.

FITStopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of DR. KLEIN'S GREAT NERVE-RESTORER. Free 50c trial bottle and treatment. Send to Dr. Kline, 315 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A new species of giraffe has been discovered in Africa.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of the lungs by Fink's Cure for Consumption.—LUCISA LINDMAN, Hethersay, Mo., Jan. 8, '94.

Canterbury Cathedral is 525 feet long, 178 feet wide and 230 feet high.

A big wash looks discouraging.

But when you have the right weapon to attack the great stack of soiled clothes with, the battle is half won already.

Less Labor Greater Comfort

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



Gladness Comes

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 one 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 physicians, 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.

P. N. O. 4196

HORSE OWNER ought to think enough of his animal to be able to care for it properly in health and sickness. It is money out of his pocket if he does not. To accomplish this result we offer our One Hundred Page Illustrated Horse Book, which tells the age by the teeth; what to eat; the different parts of the animal; how to shoe a horse properly, 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. Accurately the Horse is too good a friend to man to be neglected for want of knowledge which can be procured for only twenty-five cents. Book Publishing House, 154 Leonard St., N. Y. City.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. 3 yrs. in last war, 10 adjusting claims, 57y. since.

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

WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION



"How happy could I be with either Were the other dear charmer away."

Battle Ax PLUG

The ripest and sweetest leaf and the purest ingredients are used in the manufacture of "Battle Ax," and no matter how much you pay for a much smaller piece of any other high-grade brand, you cannot buy a better chew than "Battle Ax."

For 5 cents you get a piece of "Battle Ax" almost as large as the other fellow's 10-cent piece.

"One Year Borrows Another Year's Fools." You Didn't Use

SAPOLIO

Last Year. Perhaps You Will Not This Year.