

Fall Medicine

Is fully as important and beneficial as spring medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs and prevalence of fevers and other diseases. Danger may be avoided by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills assist Digestion and cure Constipation. 25 cents.

Wood Engraving.
The invention of wood engraving, like that of gunpowder, has been claimed for the Chinese, whose books have certainly been printed for ages from engraved blocks. It has even been asserted that the art of cutting figures in relief and printing impressions of them on paper was known and practiced by that nation as early as the reign of the renowned Emperor Wu Wang, 1120 B. C. There is no doubt that wood stamps were used by the ancient Egyptians and Romans for stamping bricks, and other articles made of clay; and that wood and metal stamps of monograms, etc., were used in various European countries for attesting deeds and other documents, at a very early period, when writing was considered an extraordinary accomplishment, even for princes. It was not, however, until the beginning of the fifteenth century that any evidences of wood engraving, as understood at this day, were found. The earliest print of which any certain information can be obtained is that discovered in one of the most ancient convents of Germany, which represents St. Christopher carrying the infant Saviour across the sea, and is dated 1423. This art was employed in illustrating many of the early editions of the Bible, and with rapid strides has at length reached a degree of perfection which is truly wonderful, as may be seen by reference to numerous works to be found in libraries or books, the lights and shades and other minutiae of the engravings comparing favorably with those done upon steel or copper.

Tough Luck for the Czarina.
Women who have suffered at the hands of dilatory and inefficient dress-makers will learn with joy that royalty itself cannot always command even its coronation robes. For many months the most skilled workers of embroidery in the Russian convents were hard at work, embroidering, in delicate gold and silver, on white satin the coronation train of the Czarina. As it was so enormously long, it had to be worked in separate pieces and sent to St. Petersburg to be pieced together. Judge of the consternation of the court mistresses when the precious parcel was unwrapped. All the beautiful silver threads had turned black! Not X-ray-rays, but corrosive acid in the wrapping paper had caused the calamity, and the Empress of all the Russias had to be crowned in a comparatively plain frock.

A Prediction Verified.
Wicks—Do you believe in presentiments?
Wicks—Yes; something told me only a little while ago that I was going to meet a bore.—Somerville Journal.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

It Should Be of Interest to Every Thinking Woman.

Women who reason well know that no male physician can understandingly treat the complaint known as "female diseases," for no man ever experienced them.

This Lydia E. Pinkham taught them twenty years ago, when she discovered in her Vegetable Compound the only successful cure for all those ailments peculiar to the sex. Many women have a fatal faith in their physician, and not till they can suffer no longer, will they think and act for themselves.

The following testimony is straight to the point, and represents the experience of hundreds of thousands of now grateful women: "For six years I was a great sufferer from those internal weaknesses so prevalent among our sex. After having received treatment from four physicians of our city, and finding no relief whatever, I concluded to try Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has proved a boon to me. It can truly be called a 'Saviour of Women.'—MRS. B. A. PERHAM, Waynesboro, Pa.

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SILVER! BRYAN AND SEWALL
Bannerette,
250 CIGARETTES.
Lithographed in Five Colors on Net Work.
A Novelty for Every Home.
A Necessity for Every Office.

10 Cents by Mail.
AGENTS WANTED. LIBERAL TERMS.
TOM EVANS, 34 Park Row, New York.

COULD WE BUT SEE.

Could we but see the flowers fair,
That bloom around us everywhere,
And with their perfume fill the air,
We would not rush so fast along
To mingle with the frantic throng
That crush with wanton haste
The roses by the way, intent
On phantom pleasures, not content
With present joys by heaven sent
And life's best treasures waste.

But, halting off beside the way,
At fancy's promptings we would stray
Where lulling brooks 'mid arbors play,
Or daily 'mong the spreading trees,
With brow bared to the soothing breeze,
And rest awhile and dream
'Neath retrospection's shaded bow
In tender blade and budding flower,
Of nature's book, at noontide's hour,
We'd wonder well the theme.

Thus far from all that sears and blights
We'd learn to know those pure delights
That raise the soul to nobler heights.
Thus, far from all the blare and noise
Of jostling crowd, illusive joys
And empty honor's quest,
Ever pausing off beside the way,
In peace we'd journey day by day
And at life's end, content, we'd lay
Us calmly down to rest.
—Emile Pichard, in Detroit Free Press.

THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.

BY GEORGES OHNET.



As she entered the room at the General's soirées smiling, fresh, a murmur of admiration went up from the groups of officers crowded into the doorways. She was followed by her mother, a little over-dressed, as is usual with women who have always lived in the provinces, who shook her white curls with pride as if to say: "This is my daughter." Next came the Colonel of the 123d, pleasant, modest, intent on keeping off the trains of the ladies.

Scarcely was the girl seated when a platoon of Lieutenants and Captains in their dress uniforms, with mustaches brown and blond, eyes modest or bold, made an assault upon her list of names. There in the dazzling light, to the sound of sweet music, she danced, light and graceful.

All were eager to please her. Her desires were commands; her caprices, laws. A Colonel's daughter! Well they knew that when the lists for promotion were made out a careless son-and-so from her, as, "Ah! Lieutenant So-and-So; such a charming officer and delightful waltzer!" might decide a career.

She was just twenty-two and her life had been all gala days, traveling over France with the garrison, with banners flying and bugles sounding. Her mother began to grow impatient; she wanted her daughter to marry. But between the girl and her admirers a formidable barrier arose upon which was written the inexorable word, "Portionless." And the officers flinched, laughed, danced, but never seemed to think of marriage.

To please the Colonel's daughter for the sake of present enjoyment was well enough. To carry matters as far as marriage was another song whose air not one of them seemed disposed to learn, at least not one who was received with favor. For about a year the girl had had a timid, shrinking admirer whom she openly ridiculed after the fashion of coquettes.

This lover was a large, boyish fellow with a red mustache and blue eyes, a native of Lorraine and educated at the Saint-Maxent school. He had joined the army at the age of eighteen, had been wounded at the battle of Colmiers, and wore a medal. The other officers looked upon him as an inferior because he had not been trained at Saint Cyr. Of peasant parentage, he was robust and sturdy, little inclined to talk, though well informed. Brilliant on the field, he felt out of his element in a drawing room. He scarcely knew how to dance. The fear of appearing impolite had once induced him to ask the young lady for a dance. But he had so mixed up the figures of the cotillon by his lack of skill that he never attempted it a second time. He would more willingly have faced a battery in action than all those mocking smiles.

Hidden in a window recess, for hours he watched his adored one walking with vivacity and grace. Sometimes he was bold enough to approach the mother and engage in conversation. This was the extent of his advances.

With feelings of bitter envy he saw his comrades hovering around the girl, each trying his best to secure favor. He said to himself: "Some day I shall hear that she is to marry some of these favored ones; then all will be over." In the desolate silence of his chamber he gave up to his despair. He tried to reason with himself. How foolish he was to even think of this spoiled child of fortune, suited only to luxurious surroundings. She was not intended for a poor officer.

But in spite of himself his thoughts flew toward her. He saw her in his dreams smiling and whirling in the dance. She seemed to beckon to him with irritating coquetry. He thought, "Who knows; she might accept me!" At the thought his heart beat so fast that he was nearly stifled.

At last he could contain himself no longer. His life became unendurable. He went to the Major, who had always taken an interest in him, and begged him to sound the Colonel on the subject of marriage with his daughter, without making a formal proposal. He passed that day on the borders of the Swiss lake in the garden at Versailles, watching the carp jump in the

sun, and the future looked very dark before him.

That evening the Major took him aside and said briefly:

"I have seen the Colonel; he was courteous itself, and here is his answer: 'Your protégé has not a cent; my daughter has no dowry; it would be to unite hunger and thirst.' He was right. Forget the young lady. If you feel disappointed, console yourself with studying military tactics."

The Lieutenant thanked him, but he did not try to console himself. As officers were needed to go to Tonquin, he offered his services. The following week he embarked at Brest. And while with a bursting heart he was borne away from France on the heaving waves of a stormy sea, the young girl, happy and thoughtless, danced in the bright light, careless of all but her joy.

Two years had passed away. The General still gave brilliant fetes at his elegant home, but the young girl who had formerly turned all heads was seen there no more. The Colonel of the 123d had died suddenly, just as he was about to receive his stars. A monotonous life had succeeded the gay one led by his wife and daughter. All the brilliant officers who had hovered around had disappeared with the pleasure and gaiety. The new Colonel also had a wife and daughter; these new rulers received all the attention, while for the old ones was reserved the distant bow in the streets, then the sudden passing on.

The widow and her daughter exchanged a bitter smile on these occasions as they continued their walk. They went into the park to enjoy the sunshine of a fine autumn which gilded the marble statues and the turning leaves of the great horse-chestnuts. They sat down, and listening to the military band seemed to see a gleam of their lost happiness. It seemed to them as if nothing had changed, and as if they might hear behind them any moment the Colonel's voice saying: "Good afternoon, ladies; to-day the 123d is giving the concert; its music does not equal ours."

But the shouts of children playing on the grass near by was the only sound they heard. The mother, with a sigh, tried to read the paper through glasses dimmed by tears, while the daughter cast a longing glance toward her former admirers, who scarcely knew her now. She was nearly twenty-five, but her face refined by sorrow was more beautiful than ever. She was like a flower refreshed and purified by a storm. She had lost all that had made her so capricious and disquieting. Grave and sweet, she seemed to be doing penance for her past.

One day she saw a new face among the officers who promenaded past, smoking, chatting and laughing. In a moment she was transported to the General's ballroom, and she saw again her timid lover motionless in a corner, devouring her with his eyes.

"Mamma, there is the Lieutenant!" He saw her too, for he grew pale, and with kopi in hand came up to her. The widow hastily folded her paper and, pointing to a vacant chair, said, with a kindly smile:

"Ah! is that you, Lieutenant? What a long time since we have met. We are truly glad to see you. But pardon me; I called you Lieutenant, but I see you have a third stripe on your sleeve."

Then blushing he related how at the end of a six months' campaign he had been promoted to a Captaincy after the affair of Nam-Dim. After that he had been shut up in Tuyen-Quau with his commander. This terrible siege lasted five weeks, and they had to constantly beat back the furious Chinese, whose living waves dashed against the walls of the ruined fortress. He had been wounded the last day in a supreme effort; then from afar, above the clamor of the yellow hordes, he had heard the bugler of the French sounding a deliverance. Oh, the joy of that moment! He saw the enemy flee, the tricolor appear, then he sank down without regret.

His condition appeared so serious that he was sent back decorated with the cross. During the voyage he had rapidly recovered, and on his arrival he found that he had been recommended for promotion to the rank of Major. The ladies listened in silence. The mother, with her knowledge of the profession, knew that he was ten years in advance of his former comrades. The daughter looked closely at the young man and found him scarcely recognizable; his pallor gave him a decidedly distinguished air. Was it possible they had ever disdained this brave soldier who, paying for his honors with his blood, had returned to an assured future?

He too looked critically at the girl. Could the serious, reflective woman before him be the frivolous, capricious girl he had once known? She was a thousand times more attractive to him in her new guise. She was all he had ever dreamed of and he was filled with a wild delight. Their eyes met, and his were filled with such adoration that the girl's lids drooped in embarrassment. When evening came the women arose, and the officer accompanied them to their home. They met regularly in the park on the days that followed. The mother read the papers and the young people talked. As autumn advanced and the yellow leaves covered the walks it was too chilly to sit, so they promenade up and down the deserted park, happy in each other's company.

December passed in an intimacy daily growing more tender. Still at times the Captain seemed nervous and worried. One day, losing his usual self-control, he pressed the girl's arm which was passed through his, and the expression of his eyes made her believe that he was about to declare his love. He was silent, however, and fell into a gloomy meditation.

His agitation increased as the new

year approached. He made frequent trips to Paris and neglected the ladies. They feared they had been deceived as to his intentions, and could not account for his behavior.

At six o'clock on the evening of December 31, the widow sat reading the papers which contained a list of the promotions in the army. Suddenly she exclaimed:

"Here is his name. He has been promoted!"

At the same moment hurried footsteps were heard in the hall. The door was thrown open and the one so long expected entered the room. He smiled, flushed with pleasure. He paused before the two women. The widow said, extending her hand:

"My dear boy, so this is what worried you so."

In reply he turned towards the girl and said with loving pride:

"Mademoiselle, I have a future now to offer you. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

She grew pale at the remembrance of her first refusal; then thinking of all this brave boy had done to deserve happiness she went close to him, laid her head on his shoulder, and with her lips pressed against the rough gaiter so valiantly earned, she wept for joy.

—Short Stories.

How Coffee Was Discovered.

The following is given as the original discovery of coffee: Near the middle of the fifteenth century a poor Arab was traveling through Abyssinia, and, finding himself weak and weary from fatigue, he stopped near a grove. Then, being in want of fuel to cook his rice, he cut down a tree which happened to be covered with dead berries. His meal being cooked and eaten, the traveler discovered that the half-burned berries were very fragrant. He collected a number of these, and, on crushing them with a stone, he found that their aroma increased to a great extent.

While wondering at this he accidentally let fall the substance in a can which contained his scanty supply of water. Lo! what a miracle! The almost putrid water was almost instantly purified. He brought it to his lips. It was fresh, agreeable, and in a moment after the traveler had so far recovered his strength and energy as to be able to resume his journey. The lucky Arab gathered as many berries as he could and, having arrived at Aden, in Arabia, he informed the musti of his discovery. That worthy divine was an inveterate opium smoker, who had been suffering for years from the influence of that poisonous drug. He tried an infusion of the roasted berries, and was so delighted at the recovery of his own vigor that, in gratitude of the tree, he called it Cahwah, which in Arabia signifies force.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Giant Balloon Fish.

Who has ever heard of a balloon fish? Not the little, puffing fellows that are so annoying to modest anglers fishing from a dock or small boat, but a huge monster that plows the seas far away from land, and one who is a worthy compeer of the great unknown and highly-respected sea serpent.

Captain Slocum, of the schooner Saladin, out from Jacmel, Hayti, while in latitude twenty-six degrees north, longitude seventy-five degrees west, described to the eastward an object which at first he supposed to be the wreck of a small vessel. Altering his course, he ran down to the supposed wreck, a distance of about five miles. The following extract from the ship's logbook will explain the adventure:

"Time, 7:30 a. m., June 4, at 6 a. m. the object was first seen—weather murky—and at 7 a. m. we came up to it. It proved to be a large and vicious looking sea monster, such as I had never seen or heard of at any time. The body appeared to be about forty feet long and the tail about sixty feet, with forked ends, each fork about four feet long. It had two feet, or fins, not unlike those of a sea serpent. The creature stood about twelve feet high out of the water, and was fully forty feet in breadth."—New York Journal.

Facts About Human Life.

There are 3064 languages in the world, and its inhabitants profess more than 1000 religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of life is about thirty-three years. To 1000 persons only one reaches 100 years of life; to every 100 six reach the age of sixty-five, and not more than one in 600 lives to eighty years. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Of these 33,033,033 die every year, 91,824 every day, 3730 every hour, sixty every minute or one every second. The married are longer-lived than the single, and above all those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to fifty years of age than men have, but fewer afterward. The number of marriages is in the proportion of seventy-five to 1000 individuals. Those born in the spring are generally of a more robust constitution than others. Births are more frequent by night than by day; also deaths. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one-fourth of the population.

New Houses Are Damp.

Sanitarians give warning that new houses should not be occupied for several months after they are completed. There is a large amount of water incorporated with the building materials, and this should be given ample time for evaporation. Ventilation is imperfect when the walls are filled with moisture. The lack of ventilation and the dampness of such dwellings are causes of much sickness.

RAISED UNDER SPARTAN RULE.

The Life of the Kaiser's Children Is Not One of Idleness.

In the Spartan upbringing of his children the Kaiser rivals his ancestor, Frederick Wilhelm, of Prussia. The life of the royal children at Berlin is not sweetened by hours of inactivity.

In their years of infancy the Kaiserin ministers to almost all their wants, spends a good part of the day with them, and enters into all their amusements. When the princes arrive at the age of 9, things are changed, and it is all work. They are then allowed about an hour and a half out of their waking hours to themselves; all the rest of their day is spent in study and physical training. Even in holiday time their tutors accompany them to superintend their studies. Here, for example, is an ordinary day's work for the crown prince and his two brothers:

In summer the happy dreams of childhood are disturbed at 6 o'clock, in winter at 7. Breakfast, consisting of one cup of tea and a roll, is served at 7:30. From 8 till 9:30 they are hard at work at lessons, to help the digestion of which they are supplied with a second breakfast of bread, with water tinged with red wine. Immediately afterwards they start on their books again, but mental exercise is mixed with physical, and an hour is spent in gymnastics and horse exercise, which lasts till 11:15. Thereupon they accompany to dinner the military and civil governors of the castle, and, following this, they have a brief breathing time to themselves. But the happy moments soon flee away, and again they have to be at their exercises—this time science and music, till 6 o'clock. Then supper is served, and by 8 o'clock they are all snug in bed.

In sport and other manly exercises they are proficient, and can ride as well without a saddle as most people can with. Their military education is also pushed to the utmost, and that they should understand the principles of war thoroughly, a miniature fortress has been built for them of solid masonry; the walls are nine feet high, and in revolving towers the beleaguered have the opportunity of repelling hostilities by means of miniature Krupp guns and all the latest implements of modern warfare.

A part of their education is also devoted to the gentler arts of peace. In the royal gardens each child has a plot of ground, and each is his own gardener and is responsible to headquarters for the maintenance of the said plot. After a riding lesson, too, they are not allowed to throw the reins of the ponies to a groom and then walk off. Every prince has to take his pony to its stall, unsaddle it, and put everything in its proper place before leaving.

The Best.

It has long been a moot point whether single or married men make the best soldiers. Some maintain that the lack of wife and family tends to make a man more reckless of his life, therefore a good soldier. Others say that the married man is almost a veteran when he enters the ranks, being inured to combat, therefore a good soldier. In the recent Tunisian campaign a French colonel was questioned upon this point. "Both are right," said he. "Look yonder. Do you see that battalion of happy, devil-may-care fellows? They are all single men, and they would take their lives in their hands. But look again. Do you see those taciturn, sombre, gloomy-looking men there? They are all married, and in a hand-to-hand fight they are terrorists." "What is the name of the battalion?" asked the enquirer. "They are called," said the Colonel, gravely, "The Children of Despair."

How to Speak of Birds.

The correct names of the assemblages of birds are as follows: A covey of partridges; a nyx, nidder nest of pheasants; a heard of swans; an exalting of larks; a watching of nightingales; a team of ducks; a muster of peacocks; a berry of quails; a flight of doves, a flock of gangle of geese; a spring of teal; a fall of woodcocks; a pack of grouse; a sedge of herons; a shoal of rocks; a trip of widgeon; a wisp or walk of snipe.

Pink's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. HANDY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 94.

Of the natives of India about 2,000,000 can now read English.

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

The regulation step of the British army is 29 to the minute.

Don't Rub Your Clothes
to tatters in a vain attempt to clean them with poor soap. Save your time and health by using

Sunlight Soap

It makes home brighter.
Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson and Harrison Sts., New York.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one cure for disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon 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 and assisting nature in doing its work. 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. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

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Do not stop free and permanently cured. No fee after first day's use of DR. KANE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free 23 trial bottles and treatise. Send to Dr. Kane, 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Fig, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well-informed.

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The Ins and Outs of It.

If you get best wear out of a coat, best work must have gone into it. You can't get good bread out of poor flour.

Moral: You can't get the best out of anything, unless the best is in it; and the best has to be put in before it can be taken out. Now, we have a rule to test those sarsaparillas with a big "best" on the bottle. "Tell us what's put in you and we'll decide for ourselves about the best." That's fair. But these modest sarsaparillas say: "Oh! we can't tell. It's a secret. Have faith in the label." . . . Stop! There's one exception; one sarsaparilla that has no secret to hide. It's Ayer's. If you want to know what goes into Ayer's Sarsaparilla, ask your doctor to write for the formula. Then you can satisfy yourself that you get the best of the sarsaparilla argument when you get Ayer's.

Any doubt left? Get the "Curebook!" It kills doubts but cures doubters.
Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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