Good

Blood is what gives strong nerves, vigor, vitality. Good blood and good health come by taking

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Be sure to get Hood's and only HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic.

A WONDERFUL GUN.

Pull the Trigger and It Fires Eight Shots in Succession.

What is claimed to be a most remarkable weapon and one which is as great an improvement over the ordinary revolver for military purposes as was the revolver over the old-time horse-pistol, has been brought out by a Berlin firm. The construction of this latest development in firearms manufacture is upon entirely new lines, so far as regards small arms. The cartridges, which are eight in number, are contained within a magazine in the grip. The action of the piece is so rapid that the eye cannot follow the movements, and the whole eight shots can be fired before the first shell ejected has struck the ground.

The cartridges are brought to the front of the breech lock, when the latter is moved to the rear in opening the breech, and closing the breech places the cartridge in its proper position in the firing chamber. The recoil at firing drives the barrel and breech machanism to the rear, the three friction rolls of the rear link strike against the curved butt and are forced downward, the middle joint of toggle is raised and the breech block recedes, taking with it an empty shell by means of the extractor, until the ejector strikes the shell from below and throws it out, and the surplus momentum of the recoiling parts is taken up by the recoil spring against which the friction rolls impinge.

As soon as the recoil, which is so eased as to be scarcely noticeable to the hand, is spent, the spring draws the toggle link forward and downward, the breech block pushes the upper cartridge into the barrel and the firing bolt is arrested and held cocked by the sera.

The safety piece prevents accidents when the arm is not in action, otherwise the pistol is always cocked and ready for service.

The pistol weighs two and three-quarter pounds, with a six-inch barrel, and two and four-fifths with a seven and a half inch barrel. The projectile weighs eighty-five grains and is projected by the cartridge at about 1,200 feet per second.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Once for all, girl," he hissed, "once for all, will you marry me?" "Yes," she said, "I'll marry you, but I don't know about the once for all part of it. I guess you haven't lived here long enough to catch the sipirt of our enterprising city."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

HESITATE NO LONGER.

Modesty in women is natural. It is one of women's chief charms.

No one cares for one who really lacks this essential to womanliness.

Women have suffered fearfully because of over-sensitiveness in this direction. They couldn't say to the physician what they ought to say to someone. Mrs. Pinkham has received the confidence of thousands. Women open their hearts to her. She understands their suffering, and has the power to relieve and cure.

In nearly all cases the source of women's suffering is in the womb. In many cases the male physician does not understand the case and treats the patient for consumption—indigestion—anything but the right thing.

It is under such circumstances that thousands of women have turned to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and opened their heart and lives—woman to woman—and received her help.

You ask how she can tell if the doctor cannot? Because no man living ever treated so many cases and possesses such vast experience.

Displacement, inflammation, torpid action, stagnation, sends to all parts of the body the pains that crush you.

Lydia E. Pinkham's "Vegetable Compound" is the sure cure for this trouble. For twenty years it has done its grand work and cured thousands.

"My Profits Doubled from the day I took your advice and bought your 'ADVANCE' MACHINE." "I wish I had taken it sooner!" One of the successful Well Drillers who uses our machinery and tools for Drilling Wells in Ohio made this remark a few days ago. He did over **$6000 worth** of Drilling in 10 months last year. **LOOMIS & NYMAN.** TIFFIN, OHIO.

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OPIUM and WHISKY habit cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, Atlanta, Ga.

P N U 36

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

THE LOVE LIGHTS OF HOME.

The bird to the nest and the bee to the comb,
When the night from the heavens falls dreary,
And Love to the light in the windows of home—
The light of the love of my dearie.
And Love to the light, like a swallow in flight,
When the storm blows the stars from the blue of the night;
And a kiss from the red rose, a smile from the white,
In the gardens that bloom for my dearie!

The ships to the harbor from over the foam,
When the way has been stormy and weary,
And Love to the light in the windows of home—
The light of the love of my dearie.
And Love to the light, like the bloom from the blight,
When the spring suns weave wonders of red and of white,
And the darkness of winter is kissed to the bright
In the gardens that bloom for my dearie.

The bird to the nest and the bee to the comb,
And never a night shall fall dreary
While the lights in the beautiful windows of home
Are lit by the love of my dearie!
And Love to the light, like a bird from the night,
Where angels in lilies Love's litanies write,
And a kiss from the crimson, a smile from the white
In the gardens that bloom for my dearie!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Harper's Bazar.

A "SAFE" AFFAIR.

MR. PHILLIP Marsden, senior partner of Marsden & Rylotty, bankers, sat alone one evening in his counting house. The season had been a very heavy and prosperous one, for much money had exchanged hands through the unsettled state of the public mind, occasioned by bank failures and the explosions of public companies; but Marsden & Rylotty's bank had stood unshaken, for it was conducted upon a sound financial basis with a large capital, and had become quite an old established institution.

In consequence of the aforesaid failures, the receipts at Marsden's had expanded enormously, and Mr. Phillip, whose heart and soul were in the lifelong work which his great-grandfather founded, frequently drove across and stayed behind for an hour or so of late to glance through the transactions carefully and quietly. It was perhaps a little indiscreet so far as his health was concerned, for Phillip was traveling toward the "sundown" of life, having passed his three-score years and ten. His medical adviser had frequently enjoined him to avoid mental or physical exertion, his constitution being far from strong now; but when the banker laughed and pooh-poohed the idea the doctor, with a merry twinkle in his eye, prophesied that Marsden would assuredly die in the harness.

The latter almost believed it, too, while admitting that his intellect was not so keen, his judgment and discriminating faculties not quite so clear, nor his strength what it was some forty years back. He had been a masterly financier in his earlier days at the bank, conjuring with monetary problems as boys do with marbles, and giving the strictest attention to the work and to the secure custody of the documents and cash within its walls. Some very ingenius devices in the construction of the building and its rooms were attributable to his foresight, artifice and care. Marsden was a dear old gentleman, genial, happy and exceedingly kind to the staff in his employ, who, in return, performed their duties to the very letter, knowing the esteem in which their services were held and substantially recognized.

The moments wore on, and Mr. Marsden, with a yawn, rose from his seat, and was just about to depart when a knock at the side door of the office demanded his attention. Upon opening the door a police sergeant and two stalwart officers in plain clothes confronted him.

"You are Mr. Marsden, I believe, sir, the head of the bank?" inquired the sergeant in an anxious undertone.

"That is so. I am Mr. Marsden."

"I have some most important evidence to communicate, if you will grant us a few minutes in private, sir."

"Indeed! Certainly. Step inside. And these two gentlemen, who might they be?" asked the banker, turning on his heel.

"Two detective officers engaged upon their duty," replied the sergeant, and the trio were quickly ushered into the private sanctum of the banker.

"I am staying rather later than usual to-night; it is fortunate I had not gone."

"Very fortunate, for our visit concerns you most seriously."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Phillip, opening his eyes widely and popping his gold-rimmed spectacles up on his forehead.

"Yes sir, from information which has come into our possession, and which I must ask you in the interest of the public justice not to divulge, but to afford us what assistance you can, I have to inform you that a daring robbery is contemplated upon your bank to-night."

"Never!" said Mr. Marsden, staring aghast. "Why, these premises are proof agaist anything."

"You may think so; but you don't know these men. To go into this matter, sir, it came about in this way: We were on the scent of a notorious little gang of three expert bank robbers and safe breakers a short time since, and thorough smart fellows, too. But unfortunately, we only succeeded in running one to earth—the others eluded us. The prisoner was convicted and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude; but, like similiar cases we have known, it subsequently came to his knowledge that his confederates had since his incarceration not acted up to their promise in making provision for his aged mother out of their ill-got gains, so he, in a spirit of revenge, peached upon them, and furnished them with full information concerning their whereabouts and future intentions. From this point these two other officers can better explain than I."

"Great heavens! you astound me!" said the aged banker, who became further agitated.

"Do not alarm yourself, sir; they will fall into their own trap, rest assured," continued one the of detectives, taking up the thread of the narrative. "Yes, acting on the statement made by the prisoner, my colleague and I instituted careful and, I might say, cunning inquiries, for these wily fellows are difficult to track. We have been unable to come upon the two individuals themselves; but after indefatigable efforts from a roundabout source—a woman as usual at the bottom of it—we have learned that they intend forcing Marsden & Rylotty's bank to-night, and leaving by the boat express to-morrow for the Continent."

"The scoundrels!"

"But they will just be deceived, sir. We have hit upon a plan, and ask you to acquiesce in our carrying it out."

"Most certainly, whatever you think best. What do you suggest?"

"Well, we want to catch them red-handed as it were, and ask your permission to secrete ourselves upon the premises for the night, so as to fully be prepared and waiting for our men."

"Yes, yes. I presume you have a written authority?"

"Certainly, sir."

And the plain clothes gentlemen drew from their breast pockets the authorized official document bearing the name of the chief of the department, which was quite satisfactory.

"After consulting with our superiors," continued the officer, "we think that the plan we have suggested, with your permission, the most likely to insure success. We should like you to furnish us with your private address so as to communicate with you during the night, should your services be required?"

"Yes, of course. 'The Hollies' 15 Winstanton crescent—"

"Well known, sir. That will be sufficient, thank you."

And the officer jotted it down quickly in his pocketbook.

After pointing out a ponderous iron safe, which he hoped the villians would not turn their attention to, Mr. Phillip Marsden bid them good evening, requesting them to let him know the instant he might be wanted.

He departed in a feverish state of anxiety, wondering, naturally, what the night would bring forth.

Now, directly the old gentleman had left the real character of the pseudo-police officers was apparent. It was quite true that a notorious "little" gang of bank robbers contemplated an attack on the bank that night, and those scoundrels were actually none others than themselves! Their warrants were forgeries and the sergeant's uniform the perfection of imitation to the last button. No time was to be lost. From the coat tail pockets of the sergeant came some of the finest tempered steel drills and other implements for forcing and boring iron safes as ever graced the person of the most experienced crib cracker. Deftly manufactured skeleton keys for picking the best and most complicated locks were brought forth; in short, everything needed for a thorough, daring and successful burglary.

"We've got a long night's work, Charlie, I'm afraid," said one. "It's now 9 o'clock, and if we get through this safe under ten hours we're lucky. We must set to work with a will."

Accordingly the "sergeant" speedily turned his attention to the back premises with a view to a hurried escape should they be disturbed, while the two others directed theirs to the huge iron safe spoken of by the banker. Drills were quickly applied behind the hinges of the door, and boring commenced in real earnest, for these "gentlemen" burglars knew pretty well everything worth knowing as to the construction of most safes in use.

Progress was very slow at first, but the men never ceased. Drill, drill, drill, on went the work almost in silence. Now and then just a short spell for a "breather." Midnight arrived, and a little better progress, for they labored harder than ever. One, 2, 3 o'clock, and now the huge iron door began to yield and creak a little.

"Tough work, Jim. But it'll pay us in the end, old fellow. Keep it up. We must finish it by 6 o'clock, for perhaps some blessed office cleaner may be here, or people be moving outside"

Four o'clock and a good aperture was made. Five o'clock and they were perspiring like blacksmiths at a forge in July, and they worked like demons with their drills and levers. Presently, with a united and terrific effort, the outer door was loosened from its sockets.

"Good!" muttered one, as they gradually, yet laboriously, lowered the mighty piece of metal to the ground. "The inner compartment is very short work, chummie."

And so it proved, for with the utmost dexterity one pried the lock as the other, with a thin chisel as hard as adamant, started forcing the door.

"One more wrench, Jim, and then for the spoil!" And he rubbed his hands with glee.

Clang! And open flew the door. But what?

Foiled! Frustrated! Baffled! The safe was empty?

The scoundrels, who had instantly dived their hands into the interior, shrank aghast, swearing and pouring curses upon the old banker's head.

"Bah! the old blackguard! He has done us, Jim! And who'd have dreamed it?"

"There's no time to lose," blurted his confederate, smashing anything he could lay his hands on in sheer wantonness. "It's striking 6 o'clock and work people are about."

Tools were hurredly collected and pocketed again, and the "sergeant," with a disappointed growl, suggested that they should go out by the door they came in by, as nobody was stirring much, and the back way meant scaling walls and roofs. This they did, but immediately on emerging into the street they were met by Mr. Marsden in company with three constables. The old banker had experienced a sleepless night and risen early, calling at the police station, innocently enough, to ascertain the news, if any, and he was there astonished to learn that they believed it to be a bogus affair, as they knew nothing of it.

There was a desperate effort on the part of the burglars to escape, but one or two passing workmen at the cry of "Help!" rendered assistance, and the "police officers" were strongly secured.

Mr. Philip Marsden, on stepping into the bank, although greatly unnerved and agitated at the state of affairs, could scarcely suppress his laughter on finding his "decoy," as he called it, had given so much trouble, and thoroughly done them, although he was quite ignorant of the plot he had unintentionally laid for them.

The "decoy," an old, insecure safe, which was always purposely kept empty, was one of Mr. Marsden's ingenius ideas for throwing burglars off the scent, being fixed in a prominent position to attract notice, while other safes containing the valuables were far away from the rooms in ordinary use.

The pseudo-detective officers are in safe custody now. They have their regular "drills" and instead of picking locks, pick oakum.—Liverpool Mercury.

Mourning Garb Rented.

Persons who are forced to undergo a sudden change of clothing because of the death of relatives, and who haven't the ready money to buy outright an entire outfit of black for brief use, have found a welcome assistance in their embarrassment in a man whose business is obscure, comparatively, and of recent origin, but who has an active trade.

The office of this man, in Eighth avenue, has a funeral aspect, filled as it is with heaps of sombre garments, but its proprietor is anything but grave. He was, until lately, a dealer in old clothes, and was dismayed at the amount of competition. Everybody seemed to him to be dealing in that commodity.

A friend, short of cash, whose father died, borrowed a mourning outfit from him one day, paying a small sum for the loan. This transaction suggested to the dealer the idea of hiring out mourning dress as a business. He tried it, and soon found his peculiar trade well patronized.

He began to read death notices in the newspapers, and to send his agents to visit those whom he considered were not in extra good circumstances. Seven agents now act for him, being paid in commissions. Each has a regular circuit of streets marked out for his canvass.—New York Herald.

A Girl Snake Killer.

Miss Mabel Buttz, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Christian Buttz, a farmer living near Belvidere, N. J., has distinguished herself as a champion snake killer. Her father's farm is infested with snakes, and last summer her little brother was bitten by a copperhead pilot and almost died.

On Sunday Mabel was out near the barn and opened the door leading into the threshing floor. She was horrified for a moment at seeing a number of snakes lying flat on the floor, evidently asleep. The creaking of the door aroused them, and one of them prepared to strike her. Quick as a flash she closed the door and secured a long pole. Returning, she made war on the reptiles, and soon had a half dozen slain. One bolder than the rest flew at her, and had it not been for her dog, a big mastiff, it would no doubt have sunk its fangs in her.

The dog caught the snake in his jaws and crushed the life out of it. Miss Buttz was so overcome that she fainted and was carried to the house.

The snakes were examined and were found to belong to the deadly copperhead family.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

A Queer Effect of Thunder.

A lobster greatly dreads thunder, and when the peals are very loud and heavy it "drops" its claws and makes for deep water in great fright. This claw-dropping operation is most peculiar, the creature actually amputating its great claws so as not to be impeded in its flight when it makes its headlong rush to escape from the thunder god. Any great fright will induce lobsters to drop their claws, but as new ones commence to grow almost immediately their temporary loss does not occasion much inconvenience.

Guile in the Gills of Fish.

The gills of a freshly-caught fish are red. The gills of a fish that is not freshly caught are paler in color, or of a dark purple. Dealers sometimes put fresh beef blood on the gills of fish to give them an appearance of freshness.—New York Sun.

Herrick's Love of Music.

It has been remarked by Mr. Gosse that Herrick "is alive as no poet before or since to the picturesqueness of dress," and the statement, though sweeping, is correct. He takes note of each fold in Julia's gown, he writes lines upon the ribbon round her waist, he describes the rustling of her walk, and is in fine as quick to perceive the beauty that lies in dress as to comprehend the splendor of a full-blown rose.

Music, too, did not go without appreciation from him. It would have been difficult to imagine Herrick dull to the influence of music, although some of our poets have been credited with inability to distinguish one tune from another. But on the other hand, there are many musical poets—Milton, Gray, Browning, and a host of others. Speaking of Milton, reminds us that Herrick addresses one of his poems to Harry Lawes, who was the subject of one of Milton's sonnets. Lawes wrote the music to "Comus," and received from the poet the praise that he

"First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not so scan
With Midas' ears, committing short and long."

Both Herrick and Milton seem to have been on familiar terms with the musician, as both address him in their verse as Harry. Some of Herrick's songs were set to music by him, and on his death Herrick wrote:

"Some have thee called Amphion, some of us
Named thee Terpander, or sweet Orpheus;
Some this, some that; but all in this agree,
Music had both her birth and death in thee."

The difference between Milton's praise and Herrick's is very marked. The greater poet's more considered eulogy was well deserved and discriminately bestowed; Herrick's is spoiled by its extravagance.—Gentleman's Magazine.

A Wise Word to Mothers.

When the school days are finished and the home-coming over, many girls are more or less discontended in the home because there seems no special place for them to fill. In school they have had duties and occupations, and have become accustomed to regular hours of employment.

Wise is the mother who at this trying time is willing to make a place in the house for the little would-be reformer, or the enthusiast who would like to put into practice some way her ideas of house keeping and home-making. Let the new ways and the new ideas be tried, and show some hospitality to them and some sympathy to other views than your own.

A division of labors and responsibilities is a happier way of meeting the difficulty than a giving up and over of one's ideas and domain to the perhaps overzealous young woman who should have gained tact and sympathy and some knowledge of how to live happily with others if her school days have been of any value. Encourage her to use her gifts, not only in her own home, but for others. The New York Evening Post says that the girl who has plenty of room for expansion in her own home is usually the least anxious to try home-making under another roof.

Fish Stop a Tug.

The sea tug Thomas J. Smith, of Philadelphia, was rendered almost helpless for a time the other day by getting into a tremendous school of bluefish. She could not steer, and when her propeller was worked ahead or astern, the blood of the fish slashed by its sharp blades spouted up, coloring the water all about the tug's hull. The middle of the school was held together by the outer edges pushing toward the center. As the tug got into the thickest part of the school she almost stopped, and it was impossible to handle her. Hundreds were ground up by the propellers. Suddenly, as daylight dawned, they dispersed, and their fluttering in the water was visible for miles.—New York Tribune.

Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap has not one atom of adulteration in it. It is 100 per cent. pure. Try it once. Be sure you get the genuine. Your grocer has it, or will get it for you. Wrappers printed in red.

In the year 1700 over one-half the city of Edinburgh was destroyed by fire.

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 60 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, Tonsilitis and Deafness. If your druggist has-n't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

A SUNLIGHT EFFECT.

The clear morning sunlight brings with it gladness and renewed energy, and

Sunlight Soap

drives into the background, like a dark shadow, that old bugbear "wash day," and does its work quickly, easily, perfectly. Use Sunlight Soap, and you will realize that "Sunlight" has come into your life.

It Makes Home Brighter.

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

In 1212 the central districts of London were totally destroyed by fire.

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.

An egg beaten up in tea or wine will be found very strengthening for invalids.

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.

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

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Sanskrit language is said to have about 500 root-words.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Send to DR. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

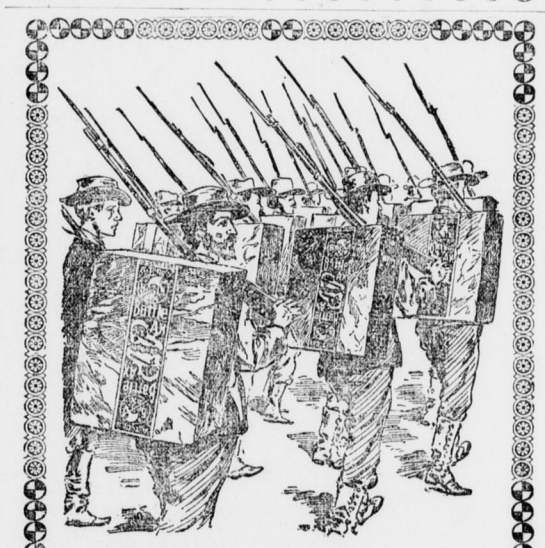
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain; cures wind colic. 25c a bottle

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. F. DIETER, 67 Throop Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Nov., 14, '94.

Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of Ayer's sugar coated pills. They treat the liver as a friend, not as an enemy. Instead of driving it, they coax it. They are compounded on the theory that the liver does its work thoroughly and faithfully under obstructing conditions, and if the obstructions are removed, the liver will do its daily duty. When your liver wants help, get "the pill that will,"

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.



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APOLLO IRON AND STEEL CO., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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