

# More Hood's Sarsaparilla

Medicinal value, more skill, care, expense, more wonderful cures and more curative power in Hood's Pills cure biliousness, indigestion.

The Brooklyn directory has this year 243,691 names.

Buy 60 worth Dobbins' Flower-Rose Soap of your grocer, send wrappers to Dobbins Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa. They will send you free of charge, postage paid, a Worcester Pocket Dictionary, 200 pages, bound in cloth, profusely illustrated. Offer good until August 1st only.

Dried locusts are eaten with bread in Africa.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years, Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 70c.

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

We think Pils' Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for COUGH, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, 1894.

Two of a Kind.

A literary anecdote is told in the Bookman of a young lady in Providence, R. I., who was asked the other day by her uncle to make some purchases for him, of which he gave her a written list. The first item was "Scott's Emulsion," and after glancing at it, the intelligent young woman made straight for a certain large book-shop, where she was received by an equally intelligent salesman. "I want a copy of Scott's Emulsion," said she, casually. "Scott's what?" said the clerk. "Scott's Emulsion," replied the maiden. "Oh, yes," was the answer; "well, you see, we don't sell Scott's works except in complete sets."

The bicycle thief hasn't far to look for a wheel, and when he selects one he is immediately equipped for flight. This case in getting hold of somebody else's property makes the theft of a wheel a crime that should be severely punished.

## WOMEN DISCOURAGED.

GOOD AND SUFFICIENT REASONS FOR THE BLUES.

Doctors Fail to Understand Symptoms That Are Danger Signals.

A marked trait in woman's character is to place implicit confidence in her physician.

A man must work entirely from theory in the treatment of female diseases, for unfortunately facts based upon actual knowledge, belong to the female sex alone. Many women who periodically suffer with attacks of faintness, dizziness, extreme lassitude, "don't care" or want-to-be-left-alone feeling, do not at first realize that these are the infallible symptoms of womb trouble and the forerunners of great suffering.

Soon they grow to feel that the doctor does not understand their case. Then they remember that "a woman best understands a woman's ills," and turn to Mrs. Pinkham.

The following letter is but one positive illustration of this fact:—

"Four years ago I began to suffer with great weakness of the generative organs. My womb was prolapsed; I suffered with continual headache and all the other pains that accompany that weakness. I tried doctor after doctor, had operations. The final operation after which I became a total wreck, was scraping of the womb. A friend, one day, recommended to my husband my Compound. He bought me a bottle. The relief I experienced after taking it, was wonderful. I continued its use, and I am glad to say my recovery is a perfect surprise to everybody that knows me."—Mrs. B. BLUM, 4940 San Francisco Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

We Pay Cash Weekly and want men every where to sell S-P-A-R-K. It is proven "absolutely best" and "superior" to every other system. STARK BROTHERS, Louisville, Mo., Rochester, Ill.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Office. 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, etc., since.

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PISONS' CURE FOR COUGHS, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, CONSUMPTION.

Best Cough Syrup. Treatise, 6c. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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## A SONG OF LOVE.

The earth below, and the heaven above: Let us live, my dear, let us live and love! We know not all that the blue skies mean, But the beautiful lilies loll and lean; And here is the sunshine, and meadows of green,

And rivers with silvery ripples between— The earth below, and the heaven above: Let us live, my dear, let us live and love!

The earth below, and the heaven above: Let us live, my dear, for a breath of love; We know not the meaning of stars and skies—

We only see heaven in Love's glad eyes: We give him our sorrow—our songs and our sighs,

And a red rose is born for each red rose that dies! Oh, the earth below, and the heaven above! Let us live, my dear, let us live and love!

Let us live, my dear, in the lonely lands, For a kiss, a tear and a clasp of hands; For whatever blessings a soul may miss, There is nothing in heaven as sweet as this

Love's kiss, Love's lingering, first sweet kiss With the earth below and the heaven above! And a life, my dear, that is lived for love!

—F. L. Stanton.

## THE TRAMP.

ALL health, combined with faded countenance, placed William and Mary Charlton upon the hands of charity.

Now charity in some places is not by a good deal what it is in others.

So William, who had seen "better days," and who had cultivated a manly degree of independence, for the love of it, would have died—a d—d he did see his

lovely Mary die, and he followed her the same day—rather than petition his proud and wealthy neighbors, when he knew that they were aware of his helplessness, yet kept back their alms, waiting, not an opportunity, but a solicitation, to do good.

Henry, their only son, aged twelve, brought up as he had been, accustomed to little and expectant of less, how did he know "pap" and "mam" were dying?

He had always been accustomed to that pinched, cadaverous look; he had often held his mother's thin hand between his eyes and the fire, and seen her thin, bony fingers turned to threads of jelly, and her hands were always cold.

But he had never seen such wild expressions upon his parents' faces as that evening when he came home from fishing, with his bass "for mam," which his mother would never need.

One was before the fireplace on the floor, the other on what passed for a bed; their eyes were staring blankly, cold and clammy; their lips were apart, and when Henry spoke they did not answer.

He knew nothing of death, save that he had seen poor Leo, the dog, hanged to save even what the poor dog ate; and now they looked like Leo did.

"Poor boy! his heart knew no grief; he knew nothing but poverty, misery, hunger and toil. Born to his condition, irresponsible for his existence, never yet awakened to the responsibilities of entity—oh, what experience, bitter to the drugs of bitterness, awaited this child of misfortune! 'Twas better that he did not realize it all."

"I'll tell Squire Johnson; I'll leave them as 'swung' like Leo was," he said to himself, as he started toward their two-miles-off, though nearest neighbor.

He, as children oftentimes do, had substituted the cause for the effect. Knowing that poor Leo had been hanged, and now seeing them stiff, cold and silent, he reasoned as he did.

"Squire, they are swung—pap is, and—"

"Now, boy, none of your simpering impudence! If you want anything, tell that; if not, go on home!"

"I say, squire, they are 'swung,' like Leo was, and I can't make 'em talk, or waken 'em up; they are cold, and their eyes are open, and—"

"They are dead, then," said little Thomas Johnson.

Squire Johnson, moved more by curiosity than by pity, mounted his horse and rode down to William Charlton's, finding the lad's story only too true.

This, then, was the mute appeal of the dead to charity. These people must be buried. The squire notified some of his poor neighbors to attend to the affair, and he'd foot the bill, and said:

"This boy, Henry, may stay with my gardener for a few days, and then he must hunt work."

And this is the cry of the tramp, "I am hunting work," and proud, rich Squire Johnson put this cry into the mouth of Henry Charlton and started him out a tramp.

It was autumn, and the approach of winter had already been heralded by his white errand boys—the hoar-frosts of the middle latitudes.

Night had passed; another clear, crisp, frosty morning had dawned upon the sons of men, ushering in another glorious day, fraught to some with dazzling delight and unfeigned happiness; to others, with only black despair, disappointment and death.

From beside a hay stack, whose friendly shelter he had sought the evening before, to break the chilly air and to prevent the frost from gathering upon his body, crept the wasted

form of a young man just in the first blush of blooming manhood, so far as age was concerned; but the wan cheek, pallid brow and cadaverous look, bespoke that all the elements of manhood were wanting in that hollow frame.

Had his past life, from early boyhood, been such as to have given nature but half a chance, the vigor of both body and mind would have challenged the admiration and won respect of his fellow-beings.

But Henry Charlton had enjoyed none of these favorable circumstances conducive to a vigorous growth either of body or mind.

He had "hunted work," and faithfully, too, ever since Squire Johnson had started him out a tramp.

After his few days' stay at the gardener's, that worthy informed him that he must "hunt some employment."

Whither was he to go? His weak looks and attenuated form were a barrier to his being employed.

"You can't stand it to work," they said.

So it was, day after day, the poor boy had trudged along, traveling miles and miles, kicked and cuffed, receiving harsh words and scornful looks everywhere.

He stepped out from the haystack, looked toward the town in an undecided way, for he had begged at every house on the previous evening, receiving only a few cold buckwheat cakes, from an old colored woman. As if involuntarily, he started toward the house of the farmer, by whose stack he had passed the night.

"I can chop wood, or husk enough corn," he thought, "to pay for breakfast."

"What is it?" said Farmer Mildman. "Want to chop wood, eh? Well, yes, some of your stripe asked to do that same thing, one morning last week, and when I went into my breakfast, he ran off with my axe."

"Oh, let a starving man do something for his food!" said Henry.

Farmer Mildman was moved by the sad, pathetic pleading, and being thus moved, turned the stream of Henry's life into smoother channels forever.

"John, bring this man a basin of water, soap and towel. Come into the porch, I will try you. I will give you something to eat, and plenty to do."

There was a vein of kindness in the farmer's tone, which almost made Henry think he was dreaming one of those haunting dreams which only those subjected to great hunger dream.

"When did you have as much as you could eat, young man? You must be careful for a few days."

The smoking "fatty bones" and seething sages, with other substantial, so beautiful on the farmer's board, did seem, indeed, to justify his caution to the half famished wretch.

Henry soon increased in health and spirits, as much from the farmer's kindness as from being bountifully fed.

His father had successfully implanted in his youthful mind the principle of doing thoroughly whatever he undertook. So Henry pleased the farmer by his willingness and thoroughness in his work.

It is needless to trace his progress in the farmer's favor; suffice it to say that he was soon the trusted foreman on the large stock and grain farm of Jacob Mildman.

"She is very seriously hurt, sir—indeed you may prepare for the worst."

These were the words of the doctor, pronounced over the still, deathlike body of Belle Mildman, who had been galloping over the fields, when her red nubia, flopping in the breeze, had attracted the attention of one of her father's two Durhams, which pitched suddenly at her horse from out a dense thicket.

The horse, coming to such a sudden halt, threw Miss Belle over his head into the very ferns of the enraged bull.

This served as a taunt to the enraged beast, which now rushed madly upon her, pawing and stamping her little form into the yielding soil.

Young Charlton, who was passing near by, flew to Belle's rescue, when the animal pitched at him so unexpectedly that he was terribly gored before his trusty revolver had done its work.

Poor Charlton was now unable to walk, much less take care of unconscious Belle; but the field hands in an adjoining enclosure, being attracted by the firing, came and bore the injured persons to the house.

Miss Belle was so horribly tramped that she died, and Henry came near following her; but nature, aided by the best nursing, combined with the best medical skill in the State (for Mr. Mildman spared no expense for him who had risked his life for that of Belle), triumphed, and after six weary weeks they announced that he would live.

But Jacob Mildman did not long survive his daughter—the shock was too much for his naturally weak constitution—and he, the last of the name, soon went to meet his daughter and her angel mother.

But before he died he did not forget Henry. In his will, after a few minor bequests to servants, Henry was made the principal heir.

When fully convalescent, after spending a few years in Europe, Henry came back to Mildman homestead; and thinking how best to invest his accumulative surplus, he resolved to found an asylum for those who were truly "hunting work."

This he did, and one day, while riding in his carriage, just approaching the asylum grounds, he met a poor, blind basket-maker, led by a niece, a lass small, though about nineteen years of age.

Something in the girl's face seemed familiar, and she looked so pretty, withal, that he instantly warmed toward her, resolving not to take them to the asylum, but to his own house—at least for a time.

"Do you wish to sell your baskets?" he said, by way of opening the conversation.

"Oh, sir, if we only could sell one! Poor Uncle Jonas has had nothing to eat since yesterday evening, and I am so tired of being ordered away from people's doors!"

"Uncle Jonas!" thought Henry. "It must be Delia."

Fellow experiences, as well as fellow feelings, made us wondrous kind, though Henry was kind by nature.

"I'll buy all of your willow," he said. "Come, get in here, and you need never wander any more."

Half dizzy with joy, the dull, heavy eyes of the maiden sparkled with delight as she whispered a few hasty words to the old man, who nodded assent.

Two years later, Henry Charlton made his way, one bright, frosty morning, down to the milkyard, when Delia Lester, now a symmetrical beauty, was superintending the milking.

"Delia, I am the little Henry who used to play with you and your brother Tom in Squire Johnson's hill orchard, away down in Virginia. You have never suspected that I was that Henry, but Uncle Jonas and I have talked the matter over. I even knew you were my own Delia two years ago, when I brought you here."

She blushed when he said "my Delia," but was too confused to speak.

"You know Tom used to play preacher, and marry us beggar children. Delia, will you act your part over again in real earnest?"

That was a year ago. Now little Jacob Mildman Charlton sits in a nice basket crib, and is watched and rocked by good old Uncle Jonas, and never is a tramp turned away from that horse united.

Mrs. Delia Charlton pays frequent visits to the Mildman Asylum, and all the inmates seem to know her cheerful step, while they are always better for her coming.—Saturday Night.

## "Barisal Guns."

Travelers in passing through the delta of the Ganges, India, have occasionally heard dull, subdued sounds, not unlike the reverberation of distant artillery. As these sounds have been heard when it was positively known that no artillery practice was being carried out, this mysterious phenomenon, which is known as the "Barisal guns," has given rise to much curiosity and speculation.

A similar phenomenon occurs in two different countries in Europe, regarding which, in a letter upon the subject to Professor G. H. Darwin, M. Van der Broeck, conservator of the Museum of Natural History, of Belgium, writes:

"I have constantly noticed these sounds in the plain of Limburg since 1880, and my colleague of the geological survey, M. Rutot, has heard them very frequently along the Belgian coast, where our sailors call them 'mist puffers,' or fog dissipators."

"The keeper of the lighthouse at Ostend has heard these noises for several years past; they are known near Boulogne, and the late M. Houzeau spoke of them to my friend M. Lancaester. More than ten of my personal acquaintances have observed the fact."

"The detonations are dull and distant, and are repeated at dozen times or more at irregular intervals. They are usually heard in the daytime when the sky is clear, and especially toward evening after a very hot day. The noise does not at all resemble artillery, blasting in mines, or the growling of distant thunder."

M. Van der Broeck attributes these noises to "some peculiar discharge of atmospheric electricity." M. Rutot thinks they are "internal to the earth," and might be caused by "the shock which the internal fluid mass might give to the earth's crust."

Similar unexplained noises have been heard among the Dartmoor Hills, England, and in Scotland.

## A Dog Fights a Bee.

A swarm of bees caused considerable excitement among pedestrians over in Jamaica last Friday. It was a big swarm and alighted in a big tree near the Long Island Railroad depot. After buzzing about for awhile they settled, but a big bulldog, owned by one of the residents in the neighborhood, happened along, and one of the innocent honey-makers, who was evidently in a bad temper, flew into the canine's direction. A lively but short scene then followed. The way the dog jumped and tumbled about the ground as the bee continued to sting made people suppose that he had gone mad. The dog finally succeeded in beating the troublesome insect, but the tassel had made the latter so furious that he continued to bite long after there was not enough left for even a creature to recognize.—New York Recorder.

## Credit to the Wrong Sifter.

Ex-Governor Flower went down to Creedmoor one day to see the boys shoot. He was persuaded to try his own skill as a marksman, and aimed at the distant target. There was a commotion in the gravel fifty yards away, but "bull's-eye!" was called. The Governor tried again, and again the flying gravel in the foreground and the cry of "bull's-eye" in the distance. After a few such successes the Governor handed the rifle to a young lady and she fired, with the same result, whereupon some one was heard calling to the man who examines the targets: "What's the matter with you? The Governor ain't firing now!"—Judge.

## SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

According to Dr. G. Schott, who has been making a special study of ocean waves, their speed in a moderate breeze is 16.8 miles per hour.

Russian scientists report that the white poplar tree acts as a natural lightning conductor, as the discharge seeks it in preference to other trees.

The tooth of a mastodon in an almost complete state of preservation has been recently found. It weighed over fourteen pounds, and is pure ivory.

A meteor weighing nine pounds fell the other day on the grounds of a citizen of Alliance, Ohio. Local scientists say that it is composed of meteoric iron.

A new cure for insomnia has been discovered by a French physician. It is simply to raise your feet higher than your head—to have the pillows, not under your head, but under your feet.

John M. Miller, a Chicago engineer, has a scheme for providing a perpetual spring and summer for Montana, North Dakota and Minnesota, by building a wall from the Rockies to the head of Lake Superior.

At the industrial exhibition in Zurich is shown an air-testing machine which automatically registers the fact, if the air in the room in which it stands has become foul and unfit for breathing.

In an interview with a representative of the Paris Gil Blas, Dr. Proust has confirmed the report that a great advance had been made by science in the search for a means of inoculation against cholera. He declared that conclusive experiments had been made. The discoverer of the new treatment, he said, a Frenchman, but he declined to divulge his name.

Mr. E. D. Fridlander, B.Sc., recently gave an account of some observations of the amount of dust in the atmosphere made at various places during a voyage round the world in 1894-95. The experiments, which were made with a form of Atkin's pocket dust counter, showed that there are often considerable variations in the number of dust particles in a very short space of time. Dust was found up to an altitude of 6000 feet or 7000 feet above the Alps, and also in the open ocean so far away from any land as to preclude the possibility of artificial pollution.

## Prompt People.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study—whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely; then to the next thing, without letting any moments drop between. It is wonderful to see how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it is as if they picked up the moments which the dawdlers lost. And if ever you find yourself where you have so many things pressing upon you that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret: Take hold of the very first one that comes to hand, and you will find the rest all fall into file, and follow after, like a company of well-drilled soldiers, and though work may be hard to meet when it charges in a squad, it is easily vanquished if you can bring it into line. You may have often seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he had accomplished so much in his life. "My father taught me," was the reply, "when I had anything to do, go and do it." There is the secret—the magic word now! Make sure, however, that what is to be done ought to be done. "Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day" is a good proverb, but don't do what you may regret.—Merchant Sentinel.

## A Few First Things.

The first American railroad was laid in 1825. It was three miles long, from the granite quarries of Quincy, Mass., to Napaonset River.

The Erie Canal in New York was the first artificial waterway begun in this country. Ground was broken for this enterprise July 4, 1817.

The first American college was Harvard, which was opened to receive students in 1638, at Newton, Mass., now called Cambridge.

The first newspaper is said to have been the Boston News Letter, first issued in 1704. It was a half-sheet, 12 by 18 inches.

Gas was first used as a street illuminant in Baltimore, gas lamps being introduced in that city in the year 1816.

The first glass made in this country was manufactured at Jamestown, Va., by the English colonists in 1609.

The first telephone wire was stretched between Boston and Somerville, a distance of three miles, in 1877.

The first stage line was between New York and Philadelphia, and bi-monthly trips were first made in 1730.

The first postoffice in this country was that of New York, established by act of Parliament in 1710.

The first iron nails made in this country were hammered into shape at Cumberland, R. I., in 1777.

## The Human Voice.

The range of the human voice is quite astounding—there being about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,515 different sounds; thus fourteen direct muscles alone or together, produce 16,383; thirty indirect muscles ditto, 173,741,823, and all in co-operation produce the number we have named; and these independent of different degrees of intensity.

It is not allowable for a man or woman to marry in Russia after they have passed their eightieth year, and no person is permitted to marry more than five times.

## Personal.

ANY ONE who has been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, will receive information of much value and interest by writing to Pink Pills, P. O. Box 1602, Phila., Pa.



## 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.

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.

## HORSE OWNER

ought to think enough of his animal to wish 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, he should purchase One Hundred Page Illustrated Horse Book for 10 cents. It teaches you to pick out a good horse; know imperfections and guard against them; detect disease and effect a cure when same is possible; tell the age by the teeth; how to call the different parts of the animal; what to shoe a horse properly, etc., 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. Assuredly 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 PUBLISHED BY HARRIS, 154 LONDONDERRY ST., N. Y. CITY.

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