Take great buildin dicine and the

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills the best family cathartic

Had the Last Word. rain-boy had a bad ey Had the Last Word. The train-boy had a bad eye and a most unmelodious voice. His yell sent a shudder through the entire car. It was, as a matter of course, the fate of the irritable man to select this par-ticular train for his Journey. Every time the train-boy howled he jumped and looked at him with an expression of reproach which gradually became malignant and then ferocious. "Peccea.ch.es! A.a.a.a.p.l-e.s! Cheey-u-u-u-ing gum!" he vociferated, as he pushed the frond door shut with aslam after holding it open long enough to fill the car with smoke and cinders. He was just about to repeat his cry when he came to the nervous man's set.

when he came to the nervous man's seat. "Want any p-c-c-a-c-h-e-s, a-a-p---" "Shut up, will you'r exclaimed the nervous man. "What do you mean by keeping up that infernal racket?" "Does that bother you, mister?? "Of course it bothers me. Every time you come along you whoop into this ear till it feels as if it were going to eplit."

time you come along you whoop into this ear till it feels as if it were going to split." "You mean this left ear that's next to the aisle?" "Yes, I mean my left ear." "Don't you worry, mister. I'm sorry you didn't mention that before. We're the most accommodatin' people in the world on this road. All you have to do is to say you don't like something and we make other arrangements right away. I'll have the whole thing fixed up for you in no time at all." "How are you going to fix it?" "Till go out and get the brakeman to come an' turn yer seat around so ye kin ride the other way. That'll bring yer right ear ter the alse an' give yer left one a vacation." And for the remainder of the trip the only one of the two who spoke was the boy who yelled with even more anima-tion than before: "P-e-e-a-ch-e-s! A-a-a-p-l-es! Chee-y-u-u-ing gum!"

y-u-u-ing gum!" The People of Seville. The people were as gay as the town: too gay, too commercial, too modern, M. Maurice Barres thought Seville. But, fortunately, I was quite prosaie enough to delight at the time in its constant movement and noise and life. The Sierpes during the day was the center of their galety—Seville's Corso or Broadway or Plecadily. It was here the hottest hours were spent. Under its awaings it was like a pleasant tourt; for, though peasants might pass with their donkeys, no cart or carriage could ever drive through. In the clubs on each side, their facade nothing but one open window, rows of chairs were always turned toward the street, and always held an audience as entertain-ing as it was willing to be entertain-the same people who in the evening filled the Plaza Nueva, there to listen to the music, sauntered in and out of the shops, where you could buy the attest French novel or the photograph of the favorite matndor. But of this muititude of loungers none seemed to have anything to do except to become violently interested the minute J, tried to sket.-Century.

If a summer girl is really popular, she is worked as hard as a farmer in the harvest field.

BRAVE SPIRITS BROKEN.

How often w appy, the day

norming cheerful mined to do so m ends, and yet:--Before the mo ing is very old, th dreadful BACK-ACHE appears, the bravespirit matter hard shes gles, the "clutch" strug is upon her, she falls upon the couch, cr couch, cry-ing:—" Why should I suf-fer so? What can I do?" Lydia E. me from a deranged in the womb blott he sun at midday to

o as many oth

LOVE'S WAY Where Love builds his,nest, dear, Where his steps incline, Rosy east or west, dear, That sweet way be thine. That sweet way, Where dwells the May– That sweet way be thine.

Where Love reaps the blooms, dear, Where his bright stars shine, Sheltered from the glooms there, That sweet way bo thine. That sweet way, Until God's day--That sweet way bo thine.

And still for thee, the light, dear, Though never light be mine; And thank God for the night, dear If morning's rose be thine, And Lovo's dear way, Until God's day-And Lovo's dear way be thine, Pank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitu

MY OWN DECEASE. LTHOUGH undoubt LTHOUGH undoubt-edly I had been very ull, I am by no means eertain of my facts at about this time; so whether I was the viotim of a lively im-gaination, or of a hypnotic trance, I really cannot say. Any way, one morning I seemed to be com-cions that I was talk-ing with a demon, who sat by my bedside. He was a very pleasant sort of fellow and not bad dooking, but somehow I knew he was demon.

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not one of them entertained that re-spect and affection for me of which I had imagined they were all possessed. Now I fully realized the truth of my friend, the demon's, words. It was a dreadful penalty to pay, a sad morti-faction to hear what they said of me, and to see myself as others saw me. "Well, of course," my cousin Ver-non said, responding to some remark in a virtuously deprecetory tone. "Of course, de mortuis mil nisi bonum, and all that sort of thing, you know, but I can't help saying that Crawley was always mean-horribly mean!". Confound the fellow! And this was a man to whom I had left £500, forgiv-ing him all the money he owed me, which was as good as doubling the leg-acy! "No. no: not mean." Tom answered. hegan vociferously expounding Mr. Gladstone's policy, quite oblivious that my gesticulations were unseen,

began vociferously exponding Mr. Gladstone's policy, quite oblivious that my gesticulations were unseen, "Good job for yourself you are dead," said the demon. "You're just the sort to got into a , joly row with red hot politicians!". The cemetery was soan reached, and. I looked down and saw my coffin low-ered into the open grave. "Earth to earth-" "A few lumps were thrown, and fell upon the lid with a grewsome rattle, and--" I awoke with a 'start, and my area

which was as good as doubling the leg-acy! "No, no; not mean," Tom answered, and I blessed him for those words, but the spoiled it all by adding, "A bit careful, you know." "Ah, I should think so," says Pris-cilla. "You will hardly believe it, but it's a fact he never allowed me monoy enough to keep house decently." Of course, this was not true, as you may imagine. She was always wanting more money, and yet never succeeded in purchasing anything remarkable. And this was my sister Pris, whom I had always thought so affectionate, so entirely devoted to me. Oh, it was too horrible. These three were my principal

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bow-els. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c. The big crop of apples in Maine is an usiness lively for the railroads. SWE BE EASY! Use Sunlight Soap asiest Soap in the World. It does all the work; you Don't have to Rub or Seri ir clothes wonderfully too on Sts., N. 3mile

A GENT to sell Lettuce Cre Seller, Liberan Sonp to c

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ETTS stopped free and permanently cured. No Ats after first day's use of DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVERESTORER. Free \$2trial bottle and treat-ise. Send to Dr. Kline, \$\$\$ Arch St., Phila., Pa

fafflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Tho on's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25eper bot

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The Pill that Will. "The pill that will," implies the pills that wort. Their name is legion. The name of "the pill that will" is Ayer's Cathartic Pill. It is a pill to rely on. Properly used it will cure con-stipation, biliousness, sick headache, and the other ills that result from torpid liver. Ayer's pills are not designed to spur the inver into a momentary activity, leaving it in yet more incapable condition after the immediate effect is past. They are compounded with the pur-pose of toning up the entire system, removing the obstructing conditions, and putting the liver into proper relations with the rest of the organs for natural co-operation. The record of Ayer's Pills during the half century they have been in public use establishes their great and permanent value in all liver affections.

Deafness Cannot be Curel

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.-Rev. D. BUSCHMUEL LER, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '94.

WHEN billions or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, sure guaranteed, 10c., 25c.

by local

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.





main lessons he will be gone. A Mince Pie. The mince pie of to-day is round. Four centuries ago to eat a round mince ple would be to stigmatize yourself as a Jew or a hereite. The orthodox shape is a long oval. It was doubtless meant to represent the cradle in Bethehem, and tradition further asserts that the strange mixture which makes the mince represents the fruits and spice with which the three kings in the legend filled the cradie.

ins' Floatinz-Borax Soap is the only z soap that contains Borax. For toilet or y use it is incomparable. A perfect soap for s. Try it once. You'll use it always. Order grocer. Red wrapper.

St. Vitus' Dance. One bottle Dr. Fennen's pecific cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y.

There have been enormous captur mackerel in the southwest Irish waters



Period Was Restored to Sight, In the little Cantdian town of Pem-brook, not far from Kingston, there lives a man, who, after sixty years of blindness, has had his sight restored. He was born with a cataract over each eye and in those far off days such was incompleted.

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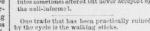
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SIXTY YEARS BLIND.

reverse and in those tar of days such was incurable. Two years passed—sixty years pass-ed, and still he sat and walked in the darkness. Then the news penetrated to Pembrook that there were cases of blindness that could be circd. Some of his friends persuaded him to see a doctor. He let the doctor examine him, but had no hope, even when they told him that only a very simple operation was necessary, that he would soon be able. Even when they examined him he was not especially interested. He did not know what it meant to see. But they got the best available surgical skill and after a few weeks the light was gadually admitted. After a day or so spent in the semi-darkness of a darkneed room, where he first made out tho faces of those who had been about him eaching blin in the darkness for so many years, they let him go out into the twilight of a beautiful June evening. The old man looked about him and those who saw him say there never was anything like the expression of his face. He looked and looked again, and then burst into tears. He was soon gazing again. He saw that the light was slowly fading; that the darkness was coming on. He had never seen a sunset. He put his hands over his eyes and cried out: "My Gold! I am going back into the darkness gala. My eyes are going out!" All they said failed to re-assure him. But presently the moon roker and he was filled with a zew wor-der and was convinced. He refused to go to bed that night. He sat there outil morning. He say the sun rise and the tears rolled dow his checks. It will be many weeks be-fore here every finn the keenellight. For so far as this individual man is concerned, the new world was as noth-ing to the eyes of Columbus as com-pared with the panorama of day and uight as it unfolds itself to the old dama. He is gradually learning perspective. To his new eyes every thing seems close at hand—the moon no further away than the arm of his chair. Knowledge of relative distances comes only by ex-perience. He has to learn his surround-ling because his ignor

That Joyful Feeling

That Joyful Feeling With the exhilarating some of renowed health and strength and internal cleantiness, which follows the use of Syrap of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old-time melicines and the cheag substi-tutes sometimes offered but never accepted by



A lump of sugar saturated in vinegar i fficacious in most cases of hiecough.