

One

Fact is worth a column of rhetoric. It is a fact established by the testimony of thousands, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, catarrh, and other diseases and affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite and gives strength to every part of the system. Get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

His Word.

The Rev. Dr. James McCosh, lately the president of Princeton College, was a man who dared always speak a word "in season" or out of season; for the result, he would trust the good chances of life. Before Doctor McCosh came to this country Lord Dufferin frequently invited him to his mansion, Clarendon, near Dublin, where he was making improvements upon his estate, and entertaining much company; but this was not enough to satisfy the doctor.

One day as the two were riding in the park, they loosened rein and went slowly, and the clergyman mustered what he afterward called either "the courage or the impertinence" to say to his host:

"My lord, I fear you are not fulfilling the end of your life."

Lord Dufferin turned to him somewhat imperiously and asked: "What do you mean?"

"I mean that you have talents and accomplishments. You have great influence, both in your descent and your property, and something good and great is expected of you."

"But what," said his lordship, "do you expect me to do?"

"I expect you to devote yourself to statesmanship," was the reply.

"Do you think," said Dufferin, thoughtfully and earnestly, "that I have the talent for this work?"

Dr. McCosh assured him that he did think so, and the conversation continued as they rode slowly homeward.

No one can now say whether this talk had any influence on Lord Dufferin's conduct, but it was not long before he was deep in political matters, where he succeeded in quelling a disturbance, or as he afterward said, "pacifying Syria as the sand of the desert is pacified, till the next breeze."

But his public career did not end there, for since then he has been governor-general of Canada, viceroy of India, and ambassador to France. It may be that Dr. McCosh's little word was the influence that led him to begin his long and brilliant public service.

SOME AUSTRALIAN PESTS.

Rabbit Catchers Who Earn as High as \$75 a Week.

The average annual cost of the rabbit in Australia is computed at \$3,500,000. Until rabbit proof fencing was adopted, this checking further inroads of the pest, it was not uncommon to see 100 rabbiters employed on a single property, whose working average was from 300 to 400 rabbits a day. As they received five shillings (British) a hundred from the station owner and were also able to sell the skins at eight shillings a hundred their profession was a lucrative one. Seventy-five dollars a week was not an unusual wage and many an unfortunate squatter looked with envy upon his rabbiters, who were heaping up modest fortunes, while he himself was slowly being eaten out of house and home.

Another pest that the squatters have to contend against is the foxes. Some years ago two of these were imported from England and they have so multiplied that they devour immense numbers of sheep and worry others to death.

The Scotch thistle is still another of Australian pests that is especially obnoxious to the farmer, while the English watercress, which grows in Australia to a length of a dozen feet, is blocking up watercourses.

German Cavalry Regiments.

The total strength of a German cavalry regiment is twenty-five officers, 867 men and 792 horses, sixty-two of which are officers' chargers.

A woman doesn't mind growing old, if providence is kind enough to keep her looking younger than her husband.

A CRY OF WARNING.

"I suffered for years and years with womb and kidney trouble in their worst forms.

"I had terrible pains in my abdomen and back; could hardly drag myself around; had the 'blues' all the time, was cross to every one; but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has entirely

cured me of all my pains. I cannot praise it enough, and cry aloud to all women that their suffering is unnecessary; go to your druggist and get a bottle that you may try it anyway. You owe this chance of recovery to yourself."—Mrs. J. STENARD, 2218 Amber St., Kensington, Phila., Pa.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

How the Monkey Won.

A race was proposed between a monkey and foxhound. As the hound claimed the selection of the ground, the monkey stipulated that any method of arriving at the goal should be deemed fair.

"This," said the monkey, "is necessary, as it is well known that I cannot maintain one steady gait, like a dog."

The judges said that the monkey should be allowed his way, and that any method of arriving at the end of the race should be allowed. When all was ready, and the signal given, the monkey sprang nimbly upon the dog's back, clasping him tightly around the neck, at the same time spurring him on.

When near the end of the racing ground the monkey suddenly jumped to the ground, and with one bound reached the goal and won the prize. Wit often is more than a match for muscle.

A Business Rooster.

"Bob" is a rooster which drums up trade for his owner. He belongs to a San Francisco poultry dealer, and besides being a business bird is a great fighter. He will attack a man, horse, dog or cat with equal disregard of the odds against him, and he is particularly combative when a stray dog happens along.

Bob came to his master with a number of other chickens to be sold, but there was something about Bob which attracted the poultry dealer and he

was spared. One day when the door of his coop had been left open accidentally Bob walked out.

Instead of trying to escape he walked calmly down the aisles of the market, stopping every few feet to crow lustily. A dog came along, and Bob at once attacked him, and to the great delight of the market men drove him away.

Then Bob returned to his coop, and jumping up on top of it, flapped his wings and crowed again and again. From that moment he has been permitted to go and do as he pleases. When business is dull Bob steps out on the sidewalk and attracts attention to his master's stall by crowing at the top of his voice.

But the cleverest thing Bob does is to take one of his master's cards in his beak and strut up and down the market with it. In this way he draws many customers to his owner, for scores of people follow Bob out of pure curiosity.

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der the tree quietly munching the fruit

and cracking the pits between their Having consumed all the plums on the ground, one old hog that seemed to be the leader went up to the tree, and giving another "Ugh! ugh!" rubbed his body against the trunk of the tree, and shook down another supply.

I watched this performance for some time, and then informed my father about it. It is needless to say the pigs were promptly turned out of the meadow.—Chicago Record.

Useful Black-and-Tan.

Black-and-tan dogs are not expected to earn their own living, any more than dolls and other such pets; but the Indianapolis Sentinel reports an interesting exception to the rule. As the story goes, the mistress of the dog is also a keeper of hens. One of these was sitting upon a "clutch" of thirteen eggs, and Don, the black-and-tan, soon became very curious to know why she stayed in the barn so closely.

The dog, as it appears, had formerly been given to teasing the hen, snatching her food away from her, and otherwise making himself a torment; but this intercourse had gradually turned into friendship, and the two would sometimes be seen lying and squatting side by side in the sun, on a bit of carpet in the back porch.

During the three weeks that the hen sat on her eggs, Don used to pay daily visits to the barn, and sometimes would stay with her by the half-hour.

Then the chicks came out of their shells. Don was intensely interested. All day long he scarcely left the barn. The next morning, when the hen stepped off the nest and with a cluck called her brood after her, Don followed.

The hen fell to scratching, and the fluffy chicks darted hither and thither, picking up the tidbits which the mother had uncovered.

"Good!" said Don to himself; "I can help in this business," and to the terror of the chickens he ran in among them and began turning up the soil at a lively rate. Then he sat down and waited.

The mother hen called back the chicks to the newly scratched earth, and soon they picked it clean. Then the dog took another turn. And so the good work proceeded, to the great delight of all the parties.

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They say that when Congress meets They will take up the theater hat. They may neglect other affairs, But they never can overlook that.—Washington Post.

"I do not believe that I have a true friend in the world." "So you have been trying to borrow money, too, have you?"—Truth.

"Madge, why do you always buy your books at a dry goods store?" "Because—it doesn't give me such a shock when the clerks know nothing about them."—Puck.

Unmarried Sister—Do you think Jack's yacht will be becalmed? Married Sister—I could tell you better if I knew that women were on board, my dear.—Pick-Me-Up.

"What would you do, dear, if I were to die?" asked Mrs. Darley, fondly. "I don't know," replied Darley, thoughtfully; "which is your choice, burial or cremation?"—Judge.

"I really think that the 'bike' was the cause of MacNab marrying Miss Smithers." "That's odd." "Not at all. You see, they were thrown so much in each other's society."—Judge.

His Way of Putting It—"Is there one fountain pen better than another?" "Well, no; I should say, however, that there are a good many fountain pens worse than others."—Chicago Record.

He pined upon his overcoat— That sneering Johnny Power— A big chrysanthemum and said: "That's what I call a flower."—Chicago Tribune.

"I wonder if that diamond Mudge has is of the first water?" "I doubt it. It has been soaked so many times that it must be of the tenth or eleventh water by this time."—Indianapolis Journal.

"See here, waiter! Those eggs are not cooked properly." "I know it, sir; but you said they were for your wife, and I knew if the lady was your wife she couldn't be very particular."—Yonkers Statesman.

"All I ask," said the man with the business glint in his eye, "is that they will give me plenty of rope." Then it was that they recognized him as a manufacturer of campaign cigars.—Indianapolis Journal.

"See how clean of snow Brown's sidewalk is and look at Jacobson's, next door." "Yes, but you don't understand." "What?" "I saw Brown borrow Jacobson's snow shovel two hours ago."—Chicago Record.

Mr. Hepect (anxiously)—Can I bring proceedings in court, Mr. Blackstone, to set aside my wife's will? Lawyer—Why, your wife isn't dead, man, is she? Mr. Hepect—No; that's just the trouble.—Somerville Journal.

Mrs. Snaggs (who was a school teacher before her marriage)—The scientific name of the turkey is Meleagris Gallopavo. Mr. Snaggs—We will abbreviate that name to "Dennis" for the time being.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Father," said the small boy, "what makes piano players wear their hair long?" "Don't bother me, Johnny." "But, father, I wish to know." "Oh—it's so the public won't be able to see how much their heads have swelled."—Washington Star.

Mrs. Lightly—You used to call me "dear" before marriage, you never do now. Mr. Lightly—Before I married you I thought you dear; now I know you are dear, very, very dear, more dear to my purse than my heart.—To Date.

Youth (with incipient beard)—I want a bottle of face lotion. Druggist—Do you want something to use after shaving? Youth (confidentially)—No! You see I'm raising a beard, and I want the face lotion for my fiancée.—Philadelphia Record.

"What on earth have you been doing, my child?" exclaimed Fannie's mother as the little girl came into the room with her hair all awry and her dress torn in a dozen places. "Playin' shoppin', ma'am" was the reply.—Yonkers Statesman.

"I was much interested," remarked the young lady cannibal, "in what our missionary told us to-day about the burning of the early Christians." "Ah, yes," rejoined her steady company, "they must have had pretty bun cooks in those days."—Detroit Tribune.

"You are worth your weight in gold to me, darling!" he murmured. "Then do go home early, George, dear," she replied, wearily. "I've lost ten pounds since we became engaged, just sitting up with you. We can't afford such extravagance."—Harper's Bazar.

Lad of 10—I say, pa, what is the meaning of these numbers at the bottom of every picture? Look at this one: Shakespeare, 153. Perplexed Father (who has never been in a gallery before)—Oh—ah—I expect that is his telephone number.—Humorist's Blatier.

"I love to hear you talk, my dear," said Mr. Bickers to his wife, when she paused to take breath at the end of the second column of a certain lecture, "but your volubility is really a reflection on my wisdom." "How so?" "Because a word to the wise is sufficient."—Judge.

Simpson—Jones has more self-restraint than any other man I know. Thompson—Has he? Simpson—Yes; he advised me not to buy that stock, and when he learned, afterward, that I had dropped five thousand on it, he never made the slightest allusion to the matter.—Puck.

Growing Violets in Greenhouses.

In order to understand how continuous is the work of growing violets take, for example, a greenhouse holding 10,000 plants. It is 400 feet long with a centre bed and two side beds. The plants, grown from last year's runners, are renewed every summer. As soon as they are in the houses they must be constantly watered and shaded by screens when the sun is powerful. Every plant is carefully examined and the runners, side shoots and bad leaves are cut off. When the entire 10,000 have passed through this examination it is time to begin all over again. If green flies or red spiders make their appearance the plants must be sprayed. As cooler weather approaches the sashes must be lowered and raised to suit the temperature. Violets like best a temperature of from forty-five to fifty-five degrees.

Toward the end of September or the beginning of October the blooms begin to appear. At first they are small, later on they grow to the size of a silver half-dollar. They are fit to send to market in October; the season lasts until May, and is best at Christmas and Easter. The blooms are put up in bunches of fifty each. During the season the wholesale prices vary from fifty cents to \$3 for 100 flowers. A good plant should yield over 100 blooms, but as all plants are not equally good, the average yield will not be more than half that number. One grower in Connecticut, who has contracts to deliver a given quantity of violets daily to certain wealthy New York families, receives payment, it is said, at the rate of \$1 a hundred flowers the season through.

The greenhouses are heated by steam or hot water, and in winter it becomes necessary to have a man stay in the houses all night to look after the fires and watch the thermometer at least every two hours.—New York Post.

The Need for Sleep.

By far the most important compensation for all effects of fatigue is sleep. Everybody, even the man mentally most inert, develops when awake a mass of mental effort which he cannot afford continuously without suffering. We need, therefore, regularly recurring periods in which the consumption of mental force shall be slower than the continuous replacement. The lower the degree to which the activity of the brain sinks, the more rapid and more complete the recovery.

The mental vigor of most men is usually maintained at a certain height for the longest time in the forenoon. The evidences of fatigue come on later at this time of day than in the evening, when the store of force in our brain has been already considerably drawn upon by the whole day's work. If no recovery by sleep is enjoyed, or it is imperfect, the consequences will invariably make themselves evident the next day in a depression of mental vigor as well as in a rise in the personal susceptibility to fatigue. The rapidity with which one of the persons I experimented upon could perform his tasks in addition sank about a third after a night's journey by railway with insufficient sleep. Another experimenter could detect the effects of keeping himself awake all night in a gradual decrease of vigor lasting through four days. This observation was all the more surprising, because the subject was not conscious of the long duration of the disturbance, and was first made aware of it incidentally by the results of continued measurements on the causes of manifestations of fatigue.—Popular Science Monthly.

A New Fish Discovered.

Scientists are startled when they find a new fish weighing twenty pounds. On September 18, 1895, while fishing on the banks some twenty-eight miles southwest of Cape Flattery, in the schooner Wenoma, Captain Jacobson caught a strange and uncommonly beautiful fish in eighty-five fathoms of water. The fish is twenty-six and a half inches long, seventeen inches deep and about four inches thick. It weighs twenty pounds, and in high coloring surpasses nearly every other fish of the ocean. The top of the head is a brick red, the back is a metallic blue, shading to an aluminum color on the under side. The dorsal line is strongly arched and marked by a series of large scales. The whole fish is covered with pure white round spots. The fins are strongly spined and extend nearly the whole length of the fish. The long spine of the dorsal is ten inches in length. The tail is lanceate. The color of the fins is bright vermilion, edged with sulphur yellow. The mouth is small and toothless, the lower lip protruding and of a vermilion color. The eyes are large and round.

None of the books on fishes in the libraries of the University of Washington or the Young Naturalists' Society give any description of this new visitor of the finny tribes.—Seattle (Wash.) Post-Intelligencer.

Money.

The word money owes its very existence to the Latin goddess Juno Moneta, in whose great temple was struck the first Roman coinage. The Korin took its name from Florence, in which city it was struck about the thirteenth century. Ducats were especially struck for circulation in the duchy of Apulia in 1140 and bore a beautiful inscription.

Novel Tunnel Lighting.

A novel way of illuminating a tunnel has been devised in Paris. Reflectors throw lights from many electric lamps sixteen feet above the rails to the sides of the tunnel, where it is again reflected by burnished tin, a soft and agreeable light. The train automatically turns the current on and off in entering and leaving the tunnel.

A Cougher's Coffers

may not be so full as he wishes, but if he is wise he will neglect his coffer while and attend to his cough. A man's coffer may be so secure that no one can take them away from him. But a little cough has taken many a man away from his coffer. The "slight cough" is somewhat like the small pebble that lies on the mountain side, and appears utterly insignificant. A fluttering bird, perhaps, starts the pebble rolling, and the rolling pebble begets an avalanche that buries a town. Many fatal diseases begin with a slight cough. But any cough, taken in time, can be cured by the use of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

More particulars about Pectoral in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages. Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Not Interested.

The Philadelphia American gives an amusing story of a distinguished English officer, who at one time was stationed in India. He was noted for his hobbies, one of which was amateur gardening.

One morning early the general was taking a stroll when he saw three or four private soldiers raking about the compound. Much pleased, he remarked:

"Well, men, nice thing gardening is, isn't it? I see you are taking an interest in it."

"Do we, indeed?" growled one of them in reply. "That's all you know. We've got an old fool of a general here who is mad on gardening, and we are sent here on fatigue to scrape this gravel about in case he should pass this way!"

In Poker Terms.

"If I could but call this little hand mine," he said, carelessly. "What would you do with it, Jack?" she said, playfully.

"Stand pat," he replied, "and wait for a good chance to bail your father's."—Philadelphia North American.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded 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 known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by