Poisoned Blood

come from pol-malaria warshy land and from decaying to matter, which, breathed into ge, enter and poison the blood, are blood pure by taking Hood's arilla and there will be little danger night. The millions text

Hood's Sarsa-parilla The best-in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills easy to operate. Sec.

"I just hate that old Mr. Browne,"

"I just hate that old Mr. Browne," said the Newest Girl.
"Really?"
"Really." We girls are going in for hunting, you know, and when I told him how I had killed a dozen birds he only said, 'Oh, that wasn't so bad, but I've got a dog that killed thirty rats in thirty minutes.' Hateful old fogy!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

At the Zoo.

Little Else (looking at the giraffe at the Zoo)—Oh, mammal. They have made that poor thing stand in the sun, haven't they?

Mamma—Why do you say that, my

Quar?Little Elsie—Look at all his freckles.Philadelphia Times.

The Way to Do It,
"What I want is to achieve fame at a
single bound,"
"Then go to Cuba and lose yourself,"
- Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Terrier's Revenge.

This dog story was told to a New York Mail and Express reporter by a lady who vouches for its accuracy. Remarkable as it is, she affirms that it is the truth, the whole truth and nothing

markable as it is, she affirms that it is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

An up-the-State family had two dogs, a buildog and a black-and-tan, between which there existed every evidence of deep friendship. The family went into the country some sixteen miles from home. They took the black-and-tan with them, but left his companion at home. They had not been established in their summer quarters more than a few days before the small dog bad managed to pick a quarrel with a neighbor's buildog, in which the black-and-tan got much the worst of the argument—so much so that when he disappeared after the battle his owners were much worried. They searched high and low, but no trace of that small dog could be found.

The next morning there were seen coming up the road, side by side, the black-and-tan and his faithful companion, the buildog from home. The two marched straight past the hotel where the family were staying and halted in front of the home of the

panion, the buildog from home. The two marched straight past the hotel where the family were staying and halted in front of the home of the black-and-tan's enemy. In some unknown manner the country buildog was summoned, and immediately his city contemporary fell upon him. The struggle was severe and prolonged, but the issue was never in doubt. The country buildog was completely conquered and retired in as good order as possible under the circumstances. The victor, once his task completed, wheeled about and without a stop retraced the sixteen miles home. The black-and-tan crawled into the hotel with every indication of complete satisfaction on his diminutive.

A pure, permanent and artistic wall-coating ready for the brush by mixing in cold water. FOR SALE BY PAINT DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

GET RICH quickly; send for "300 invegtions When billous or costive, eat a Cascarett Wanted." Eboan Tark & Co., 246 B'way, N.Y. candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 100., 200.

WEIGHTY WORDS

AYER'S PILLS

A Crawling Rug.

Among the first "instruments" to be used toward the education of the little son of the Duke and Duchess of York is a crawling-rug, designed by Miss Emma Windsor, who is famous for her intelligent-interpretation of the Froebel idea of education.

Froebel, she says, constantly urged upon mothers the necessity of the infants' education beginning at their mothers' knee, and thinking of this has led me to the invention of the babies' crawling rug. It is a large floor-picture of animals, birds and domestic figures, made of real skin, swansdown, and other materials sewn on to flannel, and is quite in harmony with Froebel's idea.

and is quite in harmony with Froebel's idea.

For as soon as baby is put on the rug the first thing that the mite does is to begin to kick and streeth out its limbs; then it begins to roll over and look about, and tries to clutch at the pretty animals on the rug. Then baby finds it beyond its reach, and the first attempt to crawl is after puss, or some other qually familiar form which it sees on the rug.

The kicking the stretching out the

the rug.

The kicking, the stretching out the hand, the observation, the crawling, and so on, are all what Froebel calls education.

and so on, are all what Froebel calls education.

As baby grows older it learns, with the help of mother and nurse, to imitate the different sounds which the animals make, to pick out one from the other, and to learn their names.

Then baby should be taught to stroke each animal gently, and to speak its name in tender tones. Then the infant will early learn that love of animals calls forth the love of mankind.

It is a good plan to teach the baby to notice pictures of animals in children's books, and to call its attention to living animals and their actions. As the child grows older its delight in its zoological carpet increases; and children of seven years of age are known to greatly appreciate them.

The place for the rug is the nursery, the drawing-room, the beaside, and on shipboard.

A BOY'S OWN RAILROAD.

Built the Locomotive, Laid the Track, and Operates It Himself.

and Operates It Himself.
Robert M. Tyler, the son of William
M. Tyler, has built a perfectly equipped railroad, with rolling stock and lo-comotive, on the farm of his father at Buck's Hill, a suburb of Waterbury, Conn.

ped railroad, with rolling stock and locomotive, on the farm of his father at Buck's Hill, a suburb of Waterbury, Com.

He built the locomotive himself. He surveyed the line, decided upon the grades and curves, and, aided by ordinary labor, made the roadbed, laid the rails, and now runs the engine. It is a real railroad and not a toy—a railroad over which the engine, built by the boy, runs daily, hauls stones, lumber and other materials and farm products, and has an existence with a definite and profitable purpose. Hunters found ailed with their dogs take Tyler's road to get a lift toward the hunting grounds, and lots of people have been delighted with an excursion trip over the line.

It was manifest that profit as well as fun awaited the success of a miniature railroad running over Buck's Hill. Tyler, who went to work at it in a very crude, small-boyish way at first, soon compelled his elders to have faith in him as a civil and mechanical engineer and road constructor. Then the necessary cash capital was forthcoming a fast as it became necessary for Tylet to invest in material.

The boy engine-builder very sensibly refrained from attempting to follow the lines of drive-wheel locomotive. Tyler was indifferent to appearances, but bent on practical results. The boy's sensible aim was to save and make money, and not to expend it extravagantly. The engine and boiler and the car on which these are mounted cost not less than \$500. The further equipment of Buck's Hill line consists of two cars, each four-wheeled and each having a capacity of 1,500 pounds.

In running the line the boy surveyor humored the topography of the region with which he had to deal, and did not contract for any steep cuts or for any rock work. The stony, gravelly surface was ensily converted into a solid bed. The rails used were of steel, and the cross ties were of chestnut. The gauge is twenty-six inches. The grade in its steepest part is 370 feet to the mile. The casistile were of seet, and the cross ties were of chestnut.

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

Somewhere, I know that the kisses wait For which we languished in days gone by, And smiles will greet us alert, elate. For which we waited in years that dle. The words unspoken come loud and clear, The words withheld in the dim, sad past Shall fill with rapture our list ning ear. The heart's best bulses beat sweet and fast,

Somewhere the chaplet shall ne'er grow see Nor loss prove vietor o'er laggard gain The glory be real that one was dream. The mountain be leveled to vale below, And a bridge shall span the ilerest stream Our feet no longer be half nor slow.

Are trilling music that ne'er can die.

-Hamilton Jay, in the Florida Times-Union.

A FLOOD THAT HELPED.



RANDMOTHERS

Melton lighted the kitchen lamp and set it in the middle of the table and the set in the middle of the table and the set in the middle of the table and the set in the middle of the table and the set in the middle of the table and the set in the middle of the table and the set in the middle of the table and the set in the middle of the table and the set in the middle of the table and the set in the middle of the table and the set in the middle of the table and the set in the table and the set in the middle of the table and the set in the table and the set in the table and pointed at the flow, and the whole and ministed boating and the set in the set i

the house.

"The levee's broken," said Polly, in a scared, awed voice. "Do you think we'll be washed away?"

At that moment something bumped against the side of the window, peered out, and found that a big log land washed down against the building.

boat should bump into something and be broken up. If this happened they escape.

Quite scaddenly they felt the building principle of the window, peered out, and found that a big log land washed down against the building.

"Well, we're anchored," said Fred.

"Well, we're anchored," said Fred.

plate and her eyes followed the direction indicated by Fred's finger. Polly sat still and gazed at the other two, wondering what it all meant.

There on the floor, crawing from the crack under the door, was a dark wriggling object. At first Fred had taken it to be one of the swamp rattlers so common to the Mississippi bottoms, and his first inpulse was to spring for his father's rifle which stood in the corner.

"It's the flood," said Grandmother Melton when she could get her breath. By this; time the black ribbon of water was spreading, slipping into the cracks and creeping out over the floor toward the table. Polly broke into a cry of terror. Even Grandmother Melton seemed uncertain what to do. Fred suddenly roused himself. He remembered that he was the man of the house, and that he must watch over and protect it in his father's absence. So he sprung from his seat and threw open the door, not without a throb of fear. It was dark outside, and the rain came down in torrents. Curling up over the step they could see the muddy water, and they could hear the sound of it slapping against the house. It stretched away into the darkness in all directions as far as Fred could see. He knew that already it must be a foot or more high around the house.

"The levee's broken," said Polly, in a scared, awed voice. "Do you think we'll be washed away?"

At that moment something bumped Against the side of, (the Bonise with

"Do you think we have reached Memphis?" asked Polly, auxiously.

To Polly it seemed as if they had been dri'ting for hours.

For a long time they remained almost still. Occasionally they joined their voices in a great shout, but there was no answer. Fred said the water roared so loud that no one could hear it, anyway, but'it eased their spirits to be doing something.

At last they started again with a jerk and a shiver, as if some of the timbers of the building had given away. They bumped on for what seemed an endless time, and then, after scraping along for some minutes, they again stopped. By this time the rain had ceased and the moon shone out faintly through the clouds.

"There's lights," cried Polly, joyfully.

Sure enough on the hill not such a

"There's lights," cried Polly, joy-fally.

Sure enough, on the hill, not such a great distance away, they could see many lights gleaming out over the water. Nearer, there were other lights moving about, as if in boats.

"It's Memphis," said Polly, and then they all shouted at the top of their voices.

But no one heard them. The water roared too loudly. So they sat for hours and hours—it seemed to them—until the gray light of morning began to break in the east. They strained their eyes as it grew brighter and looked off across the gray flood of water with its scattering heaps of wreckage to the town on the hill.

"It thought Memphis was a bigger city than that," said Polly.

"It isn't Memphis," said Fred, with a little joyful ring in his voice that made Polly and her grandmother look around quickly; "it's Springville."

And Springville it was. They could see the little weatherbeaten church on the hill, and the red brick schoolhouse, and Judge Carson's home, and a great many other familiar places, although some of the buildings that had stood near the river had disappeared.

"But haven't we come only four miles?" said Grandnother Melton, looking greatly surprised.

Half an lour later two boats came alongside and the castaways were carried ashore. On the bank Polly found herself in the arms of her father crying and laughing all at once. Father Melton looked old and worn and worried. He had given up his family for lost, and he was bravely helping the other people in the work of rescue.

After the flood was subsided the Meltons went down to look over their home. Father Melton hardly knew what to do, but Polly spoke up quite promptly.

"I tell you, father, let's leave it right here and live in it; Fred and I won't have so far to go to school."

And what do you think? That is, just what Father Melton hardly knew what to do, put Polly spoke up quite promptly.

"It tell you, father, let's leave it right here and live in it; Fred and I won't have so far to go to school."

And what do you read the Melton didd. He straight

flood helped two persons at least—Polly and Fred.—Chicago Record.

How Flowers Fascinate Insects.

Professor F. Plateau, of the University of Ghent, has for many years carried on a series of observations on the mode on which insects are attracted to flowers, the results of which are published in the bulletin of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Belgium. His conclusions are not in accord with those of Darwin, that the bright color of the corolla acts as a beacon to attract insects. He believes that they are attracted chiefly by some other sense than that of sight, probably that of smell. In the case of the dahlia (single) and other species of Composites, the removal of the conspicuous ray florets have but little effect on the visits of insects; nor had the removal of the conspicuous part of the corolla in other flowers, as long as the nectary remained. On the other hand, says Nature, the artificial placing of honey on otherwise scentless flowers resulted in their being immediately visited by numbers of insects. Where the same species varies in the color of the flower, as between blue and white, or red and white, insects visit quite indifferently flowers of different colors belonging to the same species.

The Compass Plant.

The Compass Plant.

What is known as the Compass plant, Pilot weed, and Polas plant in different localities, is quite curious, and in former days, when there were no railroads, was of great value in guiding travelers. The leaves invariably point north and south. Mungo Park has immortalized it as he says he was guided by it, when otherwise his way would have been lost and he would have perished on the dry plains. The peculiar faculty of thus pointing to the north and south attempted to be explained by the fact that both surfaces of the leaves display equal susceptibility to light whereas the upper surface of the leaves of plants, in general, is more sensitive to light than the lower; hence the vertical position of the Compass plant, as unerring as the mariner's compass. Professor Asa says of it 'on the wide open prairies the leaves are said to present their faces uniformly with the north or south '— American Gardening.

Victoria's Double.

Her majesty the Queen has a double in the person of an elderly lady who occupies—or occupied—a position in the Middlesex Hospital, where she was known as the "Queen of Middlesex." She is the exact age of the Queen, and became a widow in the same year that the Queen lost her consort.

moment something bumped, the side of the window, if the dishes rattled, a jolt, it came to a standstill. They could hear the timbers strain and creak at an angle; if properly tempered they recommended the work of the window, and then a big log hed down against the build about it, but it did not more. "Well, we're anchored," said Fred. "I suppose we're out somewhere on a sandbar in the Mississippi."

PHYSICIANS BAFFLED.

Prof. R. S. Bowman, Instructor of Natural Science in Hartsville College, Cared of a Severe Illness by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People After Physicians Failed.

From the Republican, Columbus, Ind.
Prof. R. S. Bowman, the able instructor of natural science in the famous Hartsville (Ind.) College, is well and favorably known, not only as an educator, but also as a minister of the gospel, as for a number of years he was pastor of the United Brethren church at Charlotte, Mich., before coming hurch at Charlotte, Mich., before coming to Hartsville.



some time ago he had a severe illness which was cured almost miraculcusly. A reporter hearing of this interviewed him regarding his experience. Prof. Bowman was in the midst of his work when the re-porter called, but he cheerfully gave him a

worse condition. My kidneys were fearfully

middle of winter, and was left in a much worse condition. My kidneys were fearfully disordered, and my digestion became very poor. I was indeed in a bad condition.

"A minister in conference learning of my condition advised me to tried Dr. Williams' Fink Filis for Pale People. I had heard much about the wonderful curative powers of this medicine, but it was with reluctance that I was finally persuaded to try it, as i seemed that nothing could do me any good. However, I procured three boxes of pills and took them strictly according to directions. Dy the time the last dose was taken I was almost cured, and in better health than I had been for years. I continued using the pills awhile longer and was entirely cured. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Such was Professor Bowman's wonderful story, which was fully endorsed by the following affidavit:

Hantsville, Ind., March 16, 1897.

I affirm that the above accords with the facts in my case.

R. W. Bowman.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this

facts in my case.

R. W. Bowman.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of March, 1897.

LYMAN J. SCUDDER, Notary Public.

STATE OF INDIANA, ss.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Fits permanently enred. No fits or nervous-

Let the Little Ones Sleep.

"God giveth His beloved sleep," and little children should have plenty of it. It is the tendency of the times to disregard this necessity; hence the increase of nervous diseases among our young men and women. Sleep means growth with young people, and unless there is much sleep there will be no healthy growth.

Nature teaches a little child to lie down and sleep whenever it is weary, and after a bath or after its mid-day meal, and it is only through artificial influences that a little child leaves of the habit of taking a daily nap, and it is generally due to the mother's neglect that it is finally dispensed with. Yet the world often sympathizes with the mother rather than the child when toward night baby grows cross and fretful, while the mother often grows impatient, forgetting the long, tiresome day which the little one has endured. What wonder that these little ones grow up into nervous young men and women, with no constitutions to speak of!

Many grown people are pressed for time to accomplish all that they desire, and in their march for gold or daily bread, find little time to rest, yet ther is ne reason why they should begrudge their children an extra hour's sleep in the morning because they have an inherited idea that it is more healthful for them to rise early, and they fear that if they are allowed to sleep until they naturally awaken, habits of laziness will be formed which will mar their after lives.

A Dead Cinch.

A Dead Cinch.
Cholly—I wonder if your father would fly into a passion if I were to ask him for you?
Adelaide—Not if you tell him first that he looks twenty years younger since he shaved off his whiskers.—Cleveland Leader.

Cleveland Leader.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your groer to-day to show you a package of Grain-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. A?

who try it like it. Grain-O has that rich season pure grains, and the most debteate stomach recives it without distress. One-quarter the price of coffee. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocors.

At Frederick, Md., on the B. & O., is freight station that was built over sixty years ago, to see the top contains an old bell rain was sighted. In those days horses were he motive power.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, linkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

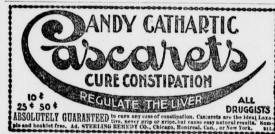
The fly lays four times each summer and eighty eggs each time. No-To-Bac for Fitty Cents,
Over 40,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobaccod Saves money, makes health and manhood.
Cure guaranteed. 50 cents and \$1.00 at all drugs size.

The female fly is always larger and lighter in color than the male.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe: 10a.

Flate Into Your Shees
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It
curse painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instandy takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of
the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitouter for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-lay. Sold by all druggists
and shoe stores. By mail for idee in stamps.
Trial package I likk. Address, Allen S. Olmteet, Le Roy, N. 1.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the fin



THE CLEANER 'TIS, THE COSIER 'TIS. WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT

SAPOLIO



Here It Is!

