

IT IS TRUE

That Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all other medicines fail to do any good whatever. Being peculiar in combination, proportion and process, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative power. It absolutely and permanently cures all diseases originating in or promoted by impure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills—the best family cathartic and liver stimulant.

Try a Text Roll.

The Evening Post tells of "a mother who could hear in the next room every morning her small son of nine talking to himself as he spelled out the words and added figures, crosswise, up and down, and in every possible way, of a large calendar that hung directly in front of his bed, who throughout herself of furnishing him better occupation. She took down the calendar and put up in its place a good print of the "Madonna della Seggiola," this with no word to him of the change. The next morning the little one's voice was still, but a noiseless peep into the room showed his eyes glued rapturously to the picture, while about his lips the hint of a smile betrayed that his absorbing interest was a pleased one. Since then at intervals his morning picture is changed, not too frequently, for a child demands reiteration, until the boy has become a small connoisseur in famous paintings, and his occasional short visits to an art gallery are a great delight to him because of his matric studies. The first ten minutes of a child's day are a most valuable receptive period. The young brain is refreshed by sleep, unexcited by any of the day's occupations, eager for impressions, and peculiarly responsive to their influence."

Fishermen of St. Pierre and Miquelon
Near the west coast of Newfoundland are the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. They are the last relics of the once great possessions of France in North America. They have a French governor and a uniformed French police. Many French fishermen make their headquarters on these islands. These Frenchmen "sail their trawls." Their fishing vessels are much larger than ours, and include even bark. Instead of dories they carry sail boats. The vessel comes to anchor, and near her each boat drops its first trawl-keg overboard. Then one boat will set a zigzag trawl by tacking against the wind, another will run a straight-away course, so that the trawls, while all converging toward the vessel, do not interfere with one another. Then, too, the fishermen can in foggy weather get back to the vessel by simply underrunning their trawls. Our fishermen set theirs where they think they will hook the most fish, and the vessel, instead of coming to anchor cruises about where she put the dories over.—St. Nicholas.

MRS. PETERSON'S STORY.

I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb.
The doctor wanted me to take treatments, but I had just begun taking Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and my husband said I had better wait and see how much good that would do me. I was so sick when I began with her medicine, I could hardly be on my feet. I had the headache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything.
I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me.—Mrs. JOSEPH PETERSON, 513 East St., Warren, Pa.

Heat in the Body.

An important source of heat in the body is due to the friction of the blood as it circulates in its vessels. All of this resistance, which is overcome by the heart, is transformed directly into heat. We may calculate the amount approximately. If we suppose that 180 ccs. of blood are expelled from the left ventricle at each stroke, under a pressure of one third of an atmosphere, this would correspond to .6192 kilogramme-metres at each stroke, and at 72 strokes a minute, this would give 44.3124 kilogramme-metres per minute. If we suppose that the right heart does one-quarter the work of the left, or about 10 kilogramme-metres per minute, we have for the total work per minute 54.312 kilogramme-metres, which corresponds to 128 calories per minute.

This is perhaps a rather high estimate for ordinary conditions, but where the heart is forced to pump a much larger quantity of blood in order to maintain the normal temperature, this estimate is probably much exceeded at times. Since this friction takes place largely in the most constricted portions of the circulation, it would be natural to expect that the blood which had been driven through the capillary system of a gland would issue much warmer than it entered, and such we find to be the case. Thus the blood of the hepatic vein has been observed to be 40.73, while that in the right heart was 37.7. In the muscles no contraction can take place without an increased flow of blood through them with a simultaneous constriction of the capillaries, which would naturally give rise to a considerable production of heat—a fact constantly observed.—Sanitarian.

The Sequence Car.

Freight car numbered 12345 of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad passed through Darlington, Pawtucket, one day last week on the branch railroad. What that car contained, where it was from, or where it was going is of no consequence. The number of the car, 12345, is all that is of special interest.

This number on freight cars is the fortunate number to find. A few years ago, and perhaps until to-day, commercial travelers and whoever else was traveling much, or was much about the railroad, were all the time looking for this magic number, in the belief that to see it was a good omen, and wonderful were the stories told of the good fortune which fell to those who were so happy as to see it. It is a simple matter, and yet it is not often a car with this number comes into view. It is very likely that had any other particular number been chosen it would have been as difficult to find it.

A gentleman who saw this car last week had been looking for it continually for more than half a score of years, and during that time had traveled thousands of miles, but his eye had never been blessed with a sight of it until Tuesday. He is not so superstitious as to fancy that his fortune is to change because he has seen the car with this number, but his curiosity is gratified after so long a search.—Providence Journal.

A Famous Pistol.

Capt. Wm. P. Hogarty, of Kansas City, Kan., has in his possession an old dueling pistol which was originally owned by Josef Maria Graf von Dann, who was commander-in-chief of the Austrian army during the Seven Years' War, and one of Austria's greatest heroes. The pistol is in an excellent state of preservation, although it has been little used since its owner in 1757 drove Frederick the Great from Prague and forced him to evacuate Bohemia.

Josef had two of these pistols, and after his death one passed to each branch of his family. William Theodore Maria von Dann, a grandson, who was banished from Austria in 1848, brought one of them to America, and before his death at Quindaro, a few years ago, he gave it to Capt. Hogarty. It is inlaid with gold and silver and artistically carved. Capt. Hogarty prizes it very highly. He is himself something of a military hero—having been decorated by Congress for his distinguished bravery in the battles of Antietam and Fredericksburg—hence it is a pleasure to him to own a pistol which character as Josef Maria Graf von Dann.—Kansas City Star.

The Louest Point yards of the B. & O. are completed and that ocean terminal at Baltimore now has a capacity for 300 cars. During the past few weeks the wisdom of making the improvement has been amply demonstrated. Thousands of cars of export grain were handled without a single blockade and with such celerity and ease that the old timers were greatly astonished.

THE LITTLE ONE AWAY.

World ain't like it used to be—colder skies in May;
Summer ain't so sweet to me: The little one's away!
With the birds a-singing could reach the ones that roam;
With the sweet bells ringing could ring my darling home!

Sit here in the sunshine, solemn-like, and see
Morning-glories peeping in where once she used to be;
They loved her little window, with the blossoms and the lights;
Gave her glad good mornings, kissed her sweet good nights.

Sit here in the darkness, when no winds the maples stir,
And hear the Silences singing a sad, sweet song of woe;
I know the lilies dream of her, with her roses room,
And sunflowers shine like stars of gold and lead to light her home.

World ain't what it used to be—skies are cold and gray;
Summer ain't so sweet to me: The little one's away!
With the sweet birds singing could reach the ones that roam;
With the glad bells ringing could ring my darling home!

F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

RHODY KIRBY

THINK fate must have decreed it. One day I wrote thus:
TO LET—A frame cottage, containing nine rooms, subdivided into parlor, reception and dining room, library, kitchen and four bed chambers, with broad halls. The house is enclosed by a veranda and situated in a grove of about three acres extent. Well and cistern on the premises; stable and outhouses. Three squares to station and about half a mile car line, now in course of construction, and which will pass place. Rent \$55 per month. Apply on the premises, Clover-ville, St. Louis County.

I am not a college-bred man, just a plain "readin' writin' rithmetic" sort of a mortal, not given to beating about the bush, but trying with all my heart to speak and write so as to be plainly understood. And so, when, after writing this advertisement, I looked it over, it seemed to express in a fairly intelligent way the desire that moved me to its composition and the subsequent expenditure of coin necessary to secure its publication in the Republic. I desired to secure a tenant for my property. The premises and the location were described with sufficient attention to detail and accuracy to enable the reader to arrive at a decision as to whether that was such a place as he or she might have in view for residential purposes. The rental was set out as distinctly as my knowledge of the English language would permit me to state in words or figures. These preliminaries disposed of, there remained for me nothing to do but reflect upon the bereavement by which I, a confirmed bachelor, found myself in possession of something for which I had no earthly use, and to trust to the power of the press for a measure of assistance in the preservation of that possession or its disposition in a manner satisfactory from a financial and personal standpoint.

It was plain that city raised as I had been I could not reside contentedly in such a place. I was ignorant of the management of a house or the control and guidance of a corps of servants. The location was against my taking up my abode there. It was too retired and quiet, decidedly. The ten days I had spent there while the carpenters, painters and decorators were putting the place in shape, were the most lonesome and dismal in all my experience. The nearest neighbor was about two blocks distant, but had been next door it would not have relieved the isolation, for he and his family extinguished the lights and retired at 9 o'clock, "leaving the world to darkness and to me."

In an old-fashioned rocker I would sit for hours, my reverie only disturbed by the rattle and roar of a passing train and the accompanying bark of every dog on the circuit, these dying away and intensifying the solitude and loneliness.

I have said that I was a plain-speaking man and a plain-writer. Perhaps, in the interest of truth, I should qualify that statement by adding that I thought I was until the results of my rushing into the vast columns of a metropolitan newspaper disabused my mind of the idea. My appeal to house hunters met with a generous response. They came singly, in pairs and quartets, in crowds. Every train bore a delegation of them. Not all house-hunters are demented, not by any manner of means. But a goodly percentage of those who favored Cloverside with their presence on that beautiful Sunday just a year ago to-day were, I am bound to think, weak mentally. Either this, or there was a gigantic conspiracy among the guild to harass and annoy me, and thus add to the embarrassment of the predicament in which I found myself through this sudden acquisition of landed property. To particularize: The first person to call was a pudgy, red-faced gentleman, who, after he had toiled up the hill and relieved himself of a snort or two, requested to be shown over the place. When we had returned from the inspection my caller protested that there was no sewer connection.

How under the shining sun there should be such a thing with the nearest sewer five miles away is beyond my feeble comprehension, but that he did expect it and came out there purposely to realize his expectations, the manner in which he mopped his bald head and grunted left no margin for doubt. As he bade me good day and waddled down the hill to take the next train cityward I fancied I could detect phantom sewer connections in the heated atmosphere above his head. The next train landed half a dozen cranks, who jostled each other in their anxiety to reach me. As they wedged their way through the gate and along the gravel walk there was fire in their eyes.

Another tour of inspection and then the jargon commenced. An old fellow in glasses expressed his astonishment

of the discovery that the house was a frame and not a brick structure; a man who snapped his words with a metallic rattle was startled because there was no city water; another, with a blood-red scarf and green shoes (I would not have had him for a tenant under any circumstances), mourned the absence of gas; still another was sorely disappointed because there was no street car line within easy walking distance. During that and the succeeding four days they came out, trotted me through the inspection racket and then completed the torment by firing their alarming discoveries and objections at me.

Summarized, I learned that the place was decidedly objectionable, because the rent was too high; there were no speaking tubes in the house; the cellar was not cemented; the house had been built to be heated by furnace, and was therefore beyond the reach of those of moderate means; there was not room enough; there was too much room; the rooms were too large and would require acres of carpet to cover the floors; the grounds were so extensive that the employment of a man to care for them would be necessary; there was no sidewalk; trains were not sufficiently numerous; it would all be nice enough for summer, but when winter comes what's a body to do?—and so forth. Of course the advertisement expressly described this as a frame house of nine rooms, the grounds of about three acres in extent, the water supply as coming from a well and cistern, the railway station as three blocks away, and the rental as \$55 a month. And yet scores of men and women who were in search of a brick house of six rooms, with city water, sewer connections, speaking tubes, gas and bath, on the line of a street railway, came out to inspect my property and annihilate me with their objections to it. I thought I was a plain-speaking, plain-writing man. I am not.

The week passed and the house was still in my hands. It was Saturday, and I had reached the conclusion that I would lock up the place that evening, return to my bachelor apartments in the city, and let some agent sell the property to the first bidder and relieve me from a strain that was fast putting gray hairs into my head. I had disposed myself in the rocker on the veranda when I noticed that the early afternoon train deposited three persons on the station platform, who immediately took the path leading up to the stretch of grassy hillside and terminating at my gate. As they drew nearer I was able to distinguish that one was an elderly gentleman with snowy hair and mustache, another a man in middle life with a sandy beard and mustache and the third a lady of about twenty. They came direct to the gate, passed through it, and were moving slowly up the walk when I advanced to meet them. The young lady was the spokesman. At least she opened the interview by referring to the advertisement as the moving cause of their visit. I cannot for the life of me explain why I thought so, but instantly it fixed itself in my mind that my tenants stood before me.

I was just a bit nervous, but I gathered myself together, and in five minutes' time we were walking together through the house and talking pleasantly about its arrangement, conveniences and such like, and then made a tour of the grounds. When we returned to the veranda I tendered the rocker to the young woman, while the gentlemen, one as I learned, her father, the other her brother—and myself sat on the steps. There would be no train to the city for an hour, and we had ample time to discuss the object of their visit and, incidentally, such personal affairs as are wont to develop under such circumstances. It was thus that I learned that the old gentleman was a Virginian, upon whom the results of the war had fallen rather disastrously, and whose troubles from this source had been augmented by the death of his wife. His son was a member of one of the professions and amply equipped mentally and financially to provide for the family, while the daughter, reared in true Virginia fashion, was to be housekeeper or general charge d'affaires. We agreed upon terms, and it was arranged that Colonel Kirby was to assume possession on the following Monday. I accompanied the party to the station, gave them a cordial goodbye (I confess it was a reluctant goodbye I gave the young lady), the train sped away toward the smoke-wreathed spires of the city, and left me to my rocker and my reflections.

Bright and early Monday morning a procession of vans invaded Cloverside and while the sturdy help was busily engaged in the work of transferring the contents to the house the Colonel and his daughter reached the place by train. An exchange of a few compliments pertinent to such an occasion ensued when I abdicated and left the quiet country cottage to resume life in town. At the end of a month I

made my debut as a landlord. There was a noticeable improvement in the appearance of the place. The grounds looked clean, and flower beds at odd places and bordering the walk, gave evidence of womanly attention. The house wore a home-like, hospitable air, and just where I had left it sat the old rocker. These things I noticed at that first call, a brief one. Subsequent visits gave opportunity for more extended observations, which only emphasized my first impression that a model housekeeper was directing matters in a certain habitation in Cloverside. Gradually I became conscious that a change had taken place in myself.

Town life was fast losing its attractiveness; my thoughts turned with an indefinable longing to woods crowning the uplands through whose leafy branches the Southern breezes played, to rivulets springing from groves, playing along the slopes awhile, prattling into groves again and dancing away in the shaded distance. And I philosophized, too. No man is a bachelor from choice. Either his lonely condition is a case of it-might-have-been, or he has not yet looked into eyes that have answered his heart. Love is magnetism. The eyes have it. When the ordained eyes meet, then and there the bachelor ceases to exist and one more township is added to Paradise. I made this discovery when my eyes met those of Rhody Kirby, and though I have looked into those same dear eyes thousands of times, and though they have been my inspiration, my very life, yet to save me from perdition I cannot describe them. I know the regal rose, the modest violet the loyal sunflower, but to attempt a description of either would be a task entirely beyond me. And so with Rhody's eyes. I only know they are the most beautiful this side the shining stars, that she herself fills up the gracious mold of modesty and that I am desperately in love with them.

I developed an extraordinary interest in my property in Cloverside, so that it was not unusual for me to drive out there every week. My pretext was that the place needed looking after, the fences and buildings requiring a deal of attention to save them from falling into decay. Miss Rhody was my companion over the grounds, making suggestions here and there and filling me with a fear that I should one day drop dead at her feet from an attack of heart palpitation. But all things must have an end, and I resolved to talk seriously with Rhody when next I put foot on the place. It was the first day of June and early morning. The budding roses were bathed in dew, the birds twittered tunefully in the trees, the air was soft and deliciously fragrant, and Miss Rhody was as delightfully sweet and captivating as it is given to any mortal to be. We walked about the place, our conversation confined to matters commonplace, and my stay had been prolonged to a length where I could find no propriety in longer detaining her. As I was about to take my leave I said: "I am not going to call any more for the rent." There was an enormous lump in my throat.

"Have you placed the property in an agent's hands?" she inquired.
"No, Rhody—Miss Kirby."
"Then you have disposed of it?"
"Not exactly; I think I am on the point of doing so, however."
"We shall feel very grateful," she said, "if it passes into the possession of so kindly and considerate an owner as yourself."
"I am satisfied," I said slowly, "that the new owner will prove my superior in that regard. In fact, Rhody, that person is to be no other than your own sweet self. Since I first saw you every day has increased my admiration, until I find love takes the place of admiration. I have discovered that it is possible for a woman to possess sense without vanity, and beauty without affectation." I had taken her hand in mine while I spoke.
"May I ask you to take this place and with it me into your dear keeping for life?"

She was a sensible woman. Observation had impressed me with that idea, and my numerous visits confirmed that impression.
"I cannot pretend to indifference," she said, "and therefore own that what you have told me makes me extremely happy."
That settled it. I was in an ecstasy of joy. Did I kiss her? I am a man given to plain speaking, plain writing. I did. Could I have done otherwise? She said other things; so did I, but it is not necessary to repeat them here. She is to-day the owner of the place in Cloverside, with all the appurtenances thereunto belonging, including myself, and as I sit in the old rocker on the veranda and write these lines, I am the happiest man on this whizzing ball.—St. Louis Republic.

How Stolen Rice Thrived.
Senator Vest recently told his story of the origin of South Carolina's greatest industry. "Jefferson, while Minister to France, visited Italy, and, finding there a very superior quality of rice, filled the pockets of his Virginia overcoat, the old-fashioned Virginia coat, with capsules to it, which our grandfathers wore—with it, and to use plain language, smuggled it out of the country. He carried it to Paris, put it up in small packages of five and ten grains, and sent it to Charleston, S. C., and that was the basis of the South Carolina rice, the finest now in the world."

Martin Luther's Body.
It has recently been ascertained that the body of Martin Luther, contrary to general belief, was never removed from the palace church at Wittenberg, where it lies seven or eight feet below the floor of the nave, in a coffin of wood lined with tin. Close by is the coffin of Luther's friend and associate, Melancthon.

A MOTHER'S EFFORT.

A Mother Sees Her Daughter in a Pitiful Condition, but Manages to Rescue Her.

From the New Era, Greensburg, Ind.
The St. Paul correspondent for the New Era recently had an item regarding the case of Mabel Stevens, who had just recovered from a serious illness of rheumatism and nervous trouble, and was able to be out for the first time in three months. The letter stated that it was a very bad case and her recovery was considered such a surprise to the neighbors that it created considerable gossip.

Being anxious to learn the absolute facts in the case, a special reporter was sent to have a talk with the girl and her parents. They were not at home, however, being some distance away. A message was sent to Mr. Stevens asking him to write up a full history of the case, and a few days ago the following letter was received from Mrs. Stevens:
"St. PAUL, Ind., Jan. 20, 1897.
Editors New Era, Greensburg, Ind.
"DEAR SIR: Your kind letter received and I am glad to have the opportunity to tell you about the sickness and recovery of Mabel. We don't want any newspaper notoriety, but in a case like this where a few words of what I have to say may mean recovery for some child, I feel it my duty to tell you of her case.

"Two years ago this winter Mabel began complaining of pains in her limbs, principally in her lower limbs. She was going to school, and she would walk about quarters of a mile each day, going through all kinds of weather. She was thirteen years old and doing so well in her studies that I had to take her from school but we had to do it.
"For several months she was confined to the house, and she grew pale and dwindled down to almost nothing. Her legs and arms were drawn up and her appearance was pitiful. Several doctors had attended her, but it seemed that none of them did her any good. They advised us to take her to the city and have her treated by a specialist, but it seemed that she could not afford it, although we finally managed to get her to the Martinsville baths. Here she grew suddenly weaker, and it seemed that she could not stand, but she became better, and it seemed that she was being benefited, but she suddenly grew worse, and we had to bring her home.

"She lingered along, and last winter became worse again, and was afflicted with a nervous trouble almost like the St. Vitus' dance. For some time we thought she would die, and the physicians gave her up. When she was at her worst a neighbor came in with a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and wanted us to try them as they were advertised to be good for such cases, and her daughter had been so nervous with such good results that she thought they might help Mabel.
"We tried them. The first box helped her somewhat, and after she had taken three boxes she was able to sit up in bed. When she had finished a half dozen boxes she was able to be out and about. She has taken about nine boxes, but times were so hard on us as well as ever, and going to school every day, having started in again three weeks ago. Her cure was undoubtedly due to these pills."
(Signed) Mrs. AMANDA STEVENS.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and freshness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatitis, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of a grippa, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. The Pink Pills are sold by all good druggists. Present post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.—They are never sold in bulk or by the 100; by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for free literature to Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

It Stood the Test.

A Public Worker had a partition wall fixed up in his study and ordered the carpenters to make it in such a way that no sound could penetrate through it.

"The best thing will be to fill it in with shavings," said one man, and set to work.

When he had finished, his employer went and stood on one side of the partition and called out to the man who was on the other side:

"Do you hear me, Jantke?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Dr. J. C. Chamberlain's Catarrh Remedy is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHAMBERLAIN & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer 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. All who try it like it. Grain-O has that rich smell of browned malt or java. It is made from pure grains, and the delicate stomach receives it without distress. One-quarter the price of coffee. 25 cents and 50 cent per package. Sold by all grocers.

E. Tremlett Carter, a celebrated electrical engineer, recently inspected the latest electrical equipment of the B. & O., at Baltimore, as the London Underground Railway has adopted the style of motors, etc. used in the Baltimore tunnel. At the conclusion of his inspection Mr. Carter said that it was the most complete and economically handled plant he had ever seen and that he had never been in a tunnel that was so absolutely free from smoke.

Pico's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. A. Pico, 121 West 10th St., and Blake Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1894.

The B. & O. has a coal chute at West Fairmount, W. Va., that fills a tonner of a locomotive with coal in eight seconds.

DRUNK

ARDS can be saved without their knowledge by Anti-Jag the marvelous cure for the drunk habit. Write for the book. Write to WATSON E. COLEMAN, Solicitor of patents, 102 F. Street, Washington, D. C. Full information (in plain wrapper) mailed free.

INVENTORS!

Don't waste money advertising "No patent no pay." Prizes, medals, great riches, etc. do a regular patent business. For free literature and forms, write to WATSON E. COLEMAN, Solicitor of patents, 102 F. Street, Washington, D. C.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS.

JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 2 yrs. last war, in supervising claims, etc. Bureau. Cans. Patent, Cincinnati, Ohio.

CANCER CURED AT HOME!

Send for Dr. J. B. HARRIS & CO., 745 Pa. Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PISO'S CURE FOR GOUT

Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in all cases of Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough, etc. Write to WATSON E. COLEMAN, Solicitor of patents, 102 F. Street, Washington, D. C.

Cool, Bracing Days, These—
Just the kind of weather to get the full benefits of cycling. Columbias are the wheels you can ride the year round, no matter the weather. 5% Nickel Steel tubing makes them the strongest, direct tangent spokes do not break, and many other improvements give them unequalled strength and beauty.

1897 COLUMBIAS
\$75 To All Alike.
Standard of the World.

Hartford Bicycles, better than any, \$50, \$45, \$40
except Columbus.

If you cannot pay all cash, pay by the month.

Cautions: The Columbia Photographic Contest closes October 1st. Terms of competition may be obtained of any Columbia dealer, or will be mailed by us upon application.

POPE MFG. CO.,
Hartford, Conn.
Catalogue for one-cent stamp. If Columbus are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DOCTOR

By J. Hamilton Ayers, A. M., M. D.
This is a most valuable book for the Household, teaching as it does the easily-distinguished symptoms of different diseases, the causes, and means of preventing such diseases, and the simplest remedies which will alleviate or cure.

598 PAGES, PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.
The book is written in plain everyday English, and is free from the technical terms which render most Doctor Books so valueless to the generality of readers. This book is intended to be of Service in the Family, and is so worded as to be readily understood by all.

60 CTS. POST-PAID.

(The low price only being made possible by the immense edition printed. Not only does this book contain so much information relative to Diseases, but very properly gives a Complete Analysis of everything pertaining to Courtship, Marriage and the Production and Rearing of Healthy Families; together with Valuable Recipes and Prescriptions. Expansions of Botanical Practice. Correct use of Ordinary Herbs. New Edition, Revised and Enlarged with Complete Index. With this book in the house there is no excuse for not knowing what to do in an emergency. Don't wait until you have illness in your family before you order, but send at once for this valuable book. **ONLY 60 CENTS POST-PAID.** Send postal notes or postage stamps of any denomination not larger than 5 cents.

BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE 134 Leonard Street, N. Y. City.

"Don't Hide Your Light Under a Bushel." That's Just Why We Talk About **SAPOLIO**

WEIGHTY WORDS FOR Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"I can sincerely say that I owe my life to Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For seven years I suffered, with that terrible scourge **Scrofula**, in my shoulder and my arm. Every means of cure was tried without success. I had a good physician who tried in every way to help me. I was told to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I immediately began its use and after taking seven bottles of this remedy the scrofula was entirely cured."—Mrs. J. A. GENTLE, Fort Fairfield, Me., Jan. 26, 1896.