People.

re are thousands of people who have cured of nervous trouble, scrofula rheumatism, dyspepsia, catarth and diseases by purifying their blood Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great dae will do the same good work for fyou will give it the opportunity, I tone up your system, create an apand give sweet, refreshing sleep.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take

Is Family Pills are the oest.

Baltimore sun is authority for the nent that probably the oldest station is a constant of the probably the probable station is A. Gary, the Postmaster General of nited States. He was appointed agent berton, Howard county, Md., on the B. Raliroad, some 44 years ago, and his still appears on the pay-rolls of the idia of the Capt. Charles W. Harvey, at tt. City, Md., and John W. Howser at t. They have each been in the service rs. The B. & O. has also, in actual sert, who has run trains between Baltimore umberland for 47 years.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

A MONSTER BELL.

the Biggest in the World that Is in Ringing Order.

in Ringing Order.

On the principle that a living dog is better than a dead lion, a bell that is whole should be better than one that is cracked, even though the latter be the bigger of the two. For some time past there has been a sort of dead-heat between the two biggest bells in the



Poor Eyesight in Schools.

In the public schools of France more than 24 per cent, of the pupils are near-sighted; in those of Germany, 35 per cent; in those of the United Kingdom, 20 per cent.

dom, 20 per cent.

A New York newspaper, in speaking of the Spanish-prisoner fraud which has been practiced so often, says that it has been confined to Europe for its victims until a New Hampshire man was swindled with it the other day. This is a great mistake and one which no New York newspaper should make. It has been practiced in this country for many years, and it has been tried more than once within eighteen months upon New York men with more or less success. It began to find victims as early as 1895, and the swindle has continued ever since, in spite of the publicity which has been given to it. To the police it is as common as the gold brick trick.



was a maniae.

I am not a coward, yet even now the thought of that moment makes me shudder. There I was, in a remote part of the ship, alone with a madman of twice my strength, without a chance of escape, or means to give an alarm, and being unarmed, quite at his mercy.

and being unarmed, quite at his mercy.

I had heard of other somewhat similar cases, and, though a tyro in the profession, had had some experience among the insane. I knew, therefore, that resistance would be of the least service to me, and that apparent acquiescence would be best. All this quickly flashed through my mind, and accordingly, feigning the utmost in difference I could, I sald:

"Ah, yes, Mr. A.—, to be sure. It won't take long, will it?"

"Oh, no; the job is quite a light one."
Here he poured out a glass of wine and begged me to drink it. As I did so an idea struck me, and I said:

"By-the-by, Mr. A.—, your knife doesn't look very sharp; the trachea is tough, you know, and will want some cutting."
He looked hard at me, as if to read my thoughts, but after a time, convinced that my suggestion was a good one, and examining his knife more closely, he said:

"Yes, doctor, I think you are right. A little grinding will do no harm, so, if you don't mind waiting, I will just run to the carpenter's shop."

This was exactly what I wanted, as feeling sure he would not lock the door after him, I thought my escape would be easy. What was my dismay, then, on his departure, at finding that it was locked as securely as before!

I passed up and down in despair, tore at the door, flung open the porthole window, and shouted with all my might, but all without avail.

Time went on, minute by minute, and he could not be long now. In the frenzy of despair I groped about, from corner to corner, in search of some weapon of defense, but no, not even the mercest stick, not the smallest thing upon which to lay hands. And then I heard the footsteps approaching in the distance.

I felt any pulse quicken, my brow brow hot. Impulsively I flung off my coat, gpt to the farthest end of the room, and, standing as defensively as possible, resolved to fight to the last.

the room, and, standing as defensively as possible, resolved to fight to the last.

I remember then the door bursting open, and the cry of A—, not alone, as I thought, but securely pinioned, and attended by two of the ship's crew, in charge of the second offleer.

The relief of the moment was so great that it completely prostrated me, and my nervous system was much shaken for some time, while the intensity and reafity of my situation often now makes me feel something akin to what the condemned, about to be langed, must experience.

I learned afterward that the peculiar and excited manner of the maniac, the large knife in his possession, and his anxiety to sharpen it, drew suspicion on him, which, with the fact that I had been called to see him, induced the officer to secure him and come to his cabin.

For the remainder of the voyage he was kept securely confined, and watched day and night, and on arriving at New York was handed over to the proper authorities, who, on investigating the case, found that the man had escaped from a private lunatic asylum near Liverpool, and had by I strategy and cunning eluded the vigilance of his keepers and taken passage in our vessel. He was, I believe, transferred to England again, though, happily, not under my care.

[A Farmer Has a Terrible Experience.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE, THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Alone on Shipboard With a Maniae Beat on Murder-Quick With and Self-Possession Save the Intended Victim's Life-A Farmer Has a Terrible Experience in Murder Hand of Michael Prover a foot from the condon News, and we were amusing ourselves on deck when a message was brought to me to say that Mr. A—would like to see me in his cabin.

I had no difficulty in finding his room, and was met at the door by Mr. A— himself. He shook hands very cordially, and invited me to enter and take a chair. No soomer had I done so than he carefully locked the door. Thinking this rather strange, I in quired as to his illness. He did not reply for some time, and then said:

"I mun of ill. I sept for you, 'laying his hand on a large kinfe, "to cut your throat."

He was a man I had not before particularly noticed, but now, as I looked up, I fully made up my mind that he was a maniae.

I am not a coward, yet even now the thought of that moment makes me shudder. There I was, in a remote and of twice my strength, without a chance of the thinking this mand on a large kinfe, "to cut your throat."

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A Lateky Escape.

In our camp on the Gnameo river, Montreal Herald.

A Lateky Escape.

In our camp on the Gnameo river, Montreal Herald.

"Yan, did that editor return your mont of the more strength. When he is buggy, and, to his horror, realized that he was a terrific one. The horse, wild with terror.

STORIES THAT

through the thick forest, leveling the trees close to the ground, presenting a scene of the utmost destruction.

A Lucky Escape.

In our camp on the Guanuco river, on the coast of Venezuela, says a returned traveler, a little Irishman named McCarty had a thrilling experience. He was a reckless fellow, and, rising one morning before the rest of us were awake, he thought he would take a swim. Running to the edge of the high bank, he dived without first looking about him, far out into the water. As he came to the surface in the middle of the narrow river, and shook the water from his eyes, the first sight that met his gaze was two jaguars on the opposite bank, looking at him and sunffing inquisitively. He turned, only to see on either side—and altogether too near—an alligator regarding him with marked attention; while under the bank from which he had leaped, lying with its tail in the water, was coiled a big boa, that he must have passed directly over in diving. The situation was too much for McCarty, and he yelled for help. A this outcry all of us in camp jumped to our feet, grabbed shotguns and rifles, and ran to the bank. There we saw McCarty "treading water" out in the river withlight his unwelcome company about gazing at him with growing interest. They clearly had been taken aback by the suddenness with which he had appeared among them, but as their surprise wore off they seemed disposed toward closer acquaintance.

We shot one of the jaguars and the boa; the other jaguar ran away. Then we peppered the alligators with bullets and shot so hotly as to keep them away from McCarty while he swam to the shore. It was a fine sight to see him clawing his way up the steep bank, slipping back in the wet clay almost as fast as he climbed, until he got near enough for us to give him a hand. He had a lucky escape and a practical illustration of the wisdom of the saying, "Look before you leap."

Thrilling Adventure of a Boy.

An Iowa boy recently passed through an experience which he will not force.

illustration of the wisdom of the saying, "Look before you leap."

Thrilling Adventure of a Boy.

An Iowa boy recently passed through an experience which he will not forget if he lives to be 100 years old. He is only five years old, and one day when his father went to the wheat field to drive the harvester he took him along and perched him on the nigh seat at his side. For a time the little fellow watched the yellow wheat lop over as it was cut in a wide swath, and the tall arms sweep it back and bind it, and finally the fat bundles being tossed aside one by one. For a time all this was very interesting, but presently the little fellow grew tired and began to squirm and complain. And then, just as his father was leaning over to look more closely at some of the machinery, off tumbled the little fellow on the conveyor. He shrieked just once, and his father tried vainly to stop the shorses. But before he could even slack the speed the boy had been driven before he had been driven before he and the same with half a bundle of wheat, the binding twine had twisted swiftly around his neck and legs, and he was rolled out on the wide carrier, securely bound in a wheat bundle. He was almost choked and there was a tiny bit of skin torn from his shoulder, but otherwise he was unhurt when his father cut the string and helped him up again. But a worsefrightened boy would have been hard to find.

Copperheads in His Cellar.

been hard to find.

Copperheads in His Cellar.

Albert Knapp, a farmer living at Fishkill Village, N. Y., had a desperate fight on a recent night with five copperhead snakes. Knapp went into his cellar with a light to draw a pail of cider for a party of friends, and saw a large snake coiled on a board.

Knapp secured a long-handled hoe and prepared to kill the snake, when he was horrified to see four others come from under a large ice box in the corner.

'Nan, did that editor return your

anuscript?"
"Yes; the mean old thing! Why,
poured a whole ounce of the best
olet extract on the story."—Puck.

Both Right.
Mrs. Janson said to Mrs. Lammis in perfect confidence: "Do you know mine is the prettiest baby in the world?"
"Well, really, now, what a coincidence," said Mrs. Lammis. "So is mine."—Boston Traveler.

Pacified.

"Is that province pacified?" asked the Spanish General.

"Yes," replied the officer. "Now that the inhabitants have whipped us for the third time they seem quite contented."—Washington Star.

"My wife w...
"Why? Are you going?"
"No; but I'm being talked to death
by men who want to borrow money to
get there."—Montreal Herald.

"Ah, well! that's better than some husbands, you know, who scarcely go to bed in time to get up."—Harper's Ragar

yet."
Scribbler—"Yet, when I brought
the book to you, you assured me that
you would lose no time in reading it."
Scather—"So I did, and I have lost
no time in reading it yet."—Boston
Traveler.

most dilapidated wheels. This is true so long as the roads are muddy. But nowhere in August will the roads remain wet very long. The previous thorough wetting which the wheels have had during the recent wet weather has swollen the woodwork, which shrinks all the worse for this when exposed to sun and winds. It pays to paint the woodwork of wheels once a year, doing it when the wood is thoroughly dry. If the wheel has ab application of linseed oil when dry, much of it will soak in the wood, and the painting will last longer without renewing.

renewing.

When to Handle Bees.

To handle bees with the most satisfaction, select the warm, bright days, when the bees are flying most. The fact is, the warmer the day, the less danger of stings.

Avoid as much as possible working with them on cool, cloudy days, as they will be always found more irritable on such days. Also avoid handling them early in the morning and late in the evening, for the same reason.

reason.

Bees ablor being molested at night, and no work can be performed with them at that time with any satisfaction.

They are always the most peaceable when they are gathering honey, and may be haudled as safely as a brood of chickens.

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"Yes," replied the officer. "Now at the inhabitants have whipped us the third time they seem quite contented."—Washington Star.

Horrors of the Gold Fever.
"My wife will be the first Klondike idow."
"Why? Are you going?"
"No; but I'm being talked to death y men who want to borrow money to et there."—Montreal Herald.

Mile no kind of grain as feed can supersedecorn in cheapness and value, sorghum is a formidable rival to it for fodder, especially when put up in the silo. It stands drough better, which is likely to make it popular in the arid portions of the West, where corn often fails. The sorghum has too tough a stalk to feed green, but when cut and put in the silo there is enough fermentation to soften the stalks so that they can be eaten. The sweetness of the sorghum furnishes carbonaceous nutriment, just as does the starch of corn grain, and in even more palatable form. Wherever cane sugar is made in the South the workmen who attend the grinding always grow fat from the sugar they eat.

Muck Overestimated.

A Honeymoon Spoiled.

Miriam—"I hear that Ferdinand and Alberta are quarreling already."

Mileont—"Well, I'm not surprised, there were sixteen cycles given them as wedding presents and every wheel was of a different make."—Puck.

A Serious Complaint.

Bing—"Yes, that's old Spriggins, Half a dozen doctors have given him up at various times during his life."

Wing—"What was the trouble with him?"

Bing—"He wouldn't pay his bills."—Puck.

Self-Evident.

"There," said the teacher as she concluded the demonstration of a mathsmatical problem; "do I make myself plain?"

"Yuh don't have tuh, Mum," galantly replied little Willie Bion "udge.

Many people still think that black, mucky soil must necessarily be very rich. But the fact that it remains without fermentation shows either that it has little nitrogenous value, or that it is so saturated with water that it has become sour. Yet we have known many city people buy black muck from the sede of the oracl, with much less vegetable matter, would be much better. Most muck, especially from swamps, lacks mineral fertility. It is easy to handle and to work in, and this is what makes it popular. But it needs both ammonia and potash to give the best results.

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An Ear Mark.
Editor—"You have not been in this business very long?"
New Reporter—"No. I am almost a novice at it."
Editor—"That's what I supposed when in your report of the conflagration of Blones's stable last night you failed to call fire the red-tongued demon."—Tit-Bits.

To Be Sure.

"But I thought your husband was such an active man?"

"Active! If it weren't for me, I don't believe he'd get up in time to go bed."

"Ath, well! that's better than some lusbands, you know, who scarcely go

"Drying Wet Grain.

boed."

'Ah, well! that's better than some husbands, you know, who scarcely go to bed in time to get up."—Harper's Bazar.

Proverb For Proverb.
Parson—"John, I have not seen you at church for a few Sundays."
John—"Noa, zur, but I've bin goin to the chapel."
Parson—"Remember, John, a rolling stone gathers no moss."
John—"Nye, zur, but it takes a tethered sheep a long time ter get fat."—Sketch.

No Time Lost.
Scribbler—"When is that review of my novel coming out, Scather?"
Scather (professional critic)—"Well, to tell the truth, I have not read it yet."
Scribbler—"Yet, when I brought the book to you, you assured me that you would lose no time in reading it."
Scather—"So I did, and I have lost no time in reading it yet."—Boston

Waste of Sweet Carn Stalks.

lappily, not under my care.

[A Farmer Has a Terrible Experience.
A Jasper (Fla.) dispatch to the Cincinnati Enquirer relates the following: Bud Harvey, a farmer, living about ten miles out in Big Turkey Hammock section, started for town Monday, in the midst of a driving rain. Soon the wind increased to the snakes, but was nearly exhausted when he came from the cealer and told of his terrible straggle with two mones reptiles. Farmers in the neighbor host of the snakes have been so numerous as the serted house, he stopped, as if tog one should be borded cannot remember when poison in Saddenly a terrific roar was heard behind him. Looking back, he sayed, as large stables and the wind grain for the tops of in. Saddenly a terrific roar was heard behind him. Looking back, he saped, as if tog one in the wind and a splintering across each other, while the noise was appalling.

It was rushing rapidly in his direction, and, seeing his peril, he whipped up his horse. The latter, a thorough the results of the tops of the trees. He could see big, tall pines falling in every direction and splintering across each other, while the noise was appalling.

It was rushing rapidly in his direction, and, seeing his peril, he whipped up his horse. The latter, a thorough a cannot be reflected to the cow of horse in the world. The largest House in the world. The largest House in the world with the rapearance. More than 400 groups, divided in the world with the rapearance was come from the cealer and told of his terrible straggle with the variable when he came from the cealer and told of his terrible straggle with two comes to set to the stable to the seather—"Then you're right, Pa. Mr. Penrose is awful pencorious when he came from the world. The largest House in the world is in done let weather is substituted. The largest House in the world is in done let the variable when he came from the cellar and told for the stable penceins. The penceins Brother—"Then you're right, Pa. Mr. Penrose is awful penceins and the wind is in the world wit

One of the largest electric light plants in the world is being made in New York for Southern Brazil, 15,000 lights.

The receting and repair shops of the R. & C. at Mt. Clare in the city of Baltimore, which are the oldest shops in the United States, have been completely modernized. The locomortive erecting shop has been rebuilt and is supplied with two 3-ton electric crates we them to any point as though they weighted but a ton. The compressed air appliances are of the latest pattern and the cost of making the improvements will be saved in two years, as the new machinery accelerates the work, at less expense than in times gone by.

Indignant.

"He merely kissed my hand. I could not speak for indignation."

"Yes."

The must have thought me deaf and jumb."

But even in such a contingency, was it to be assumed that the hand was to perform all of the mutiplex functions that usually devolve upon the lips?—
Detroit Journal.

Thomas Jefferson.

The story that Thomas Jefferson was a descendant of Pocahontas, though often repeated, is not credited by his most reliable blographers. It probably arose from the fact that the Randolph, Bolling, Fleming and other influential families of Virginia, with some of whom the Jefferson family was allied by marriage, were descended from Thomas Rolfe, the son of Pocahontas.

NEGLECT IS SUICIDE.

Plain Words From Mrs. Pinkham, Corroborated by Mrs. Charles Dunmore, That Ought to Bring Suffering Women to Their Senses.

Women to Their Sensos.

If you were drowing and friendly hands shoved a plank to you, and you efused it, you would be committing suicide!

Yet that is precisely what women are doing if they go about their homes almost dead with misery, yet refuse to grasp the kindly hand held out to them! It is suicidal to go day after day with that dull, constant pain in the region of the womb and that bloating heat and tenderness of the abdomen, which make the weight of your clothes an almost intolerable burden to you. It is not natural to suffer so in merely emptying the bladder. Does not that special form of suffering tell you that there is inflammation somewhere?

fering tell you that there is in somewhere?
Shall I tell you what it is?
It is inflammation of the womb!
It is goes on, polypus, or tumor, or eance Commence the use of Lydia E. Pinkham Compound. Thousands of women in this co cured by it. Keep your bowels open with Mrs. Pinkham if you want further advice, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, freely all your symptoms—she stands ready and willing very best advice. She has given the helping hand to ring justilite yourself, many of whom lived miles away from Her marvelous Vegetable Compound has cured y thousands of women. It can be found at any setable drug store.

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