

"A Good Name  
At Home

Is a Tower of Strength Abroad." In Lowell, Mass., where Hood's Sarsaparilla is made, it still has a larger sale than all other blood purifiers. Its fame and cures and sales have spread abroad, and it is universally recognized as the best blood medicine money can buy. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla  
Never Disappoints

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 25¢ trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 631 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25¢ a bottle. Boston banks paid out \$20,000,000 in dividends on July 1. New York banks are said to have paid ten times that.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

FRANCE'S TARDY REPARATION.

Countries Like People Cannot Do Wrong With Impunity.

France has tried to comfort herself with the reflection that the life of one Jew is unimportant, and that her interests may best be served by an act of possible lawlessness, says the Spectator. But her hopes are doomed to disappointment and all her casuistry is of no avail. Piece by piece the truth has been uncovered, and though France has opposed discovery with added deceit she has today no chance of going backward. She will be forced to perform with an ill grace a common act of reparation, which some years ago might most gracefully have been performed. But she cannot for half a century undo the evil which her unrighteousness has caused. Discredited throughout Europe, she stands sullied among the nations, finding no confidence in her institutions, and inspiring nothing else than distrust. And the moral of it all is that nations, no more than individuals, may stamp upon the elementary rules of right and wrong. The morality which governs peoples is not precisely the same as governs men in the conduct of their lives; a country has not the same high obligation of truth and outspokenness as is laid upon separate citizens. But countries, too, have their truth, and while they may simulate before rivals, they must exact within their borders a love of justice. No deflection may pass with impunity; when once the sense of duty is obscured disaster is certain; for there always remains one taper of light to illumine the dim places. Had M. Zola never pierced the darkness then France might have had the satisfaction of keeping forever under lock and key a man who she knew had been illegally condemned; she might still have declared with infinite scorn that her action was an affair de cuisine and that a Jew had no right to a generous protection. And though she would have suffered in herself, when the moment of battle came she might for a while have escaped the notice of Europe. But M. Zola was not to be extinguished; he revealed to the whole world his country's injustice and made an ultimate reparation necessary. The national confidence in the army will presently be re-established, and with it a proper sense of patriotism.

Game of Town Whoop.

The good old game of town whoop seems to have fallen into disfavor, or to have been forgotten. We have all played late and hounds. But have you ever played town whoop? This is the way we did it: In the first place we met at some special place—say the old town hall, and our route was carefully mapped out—from the town hall to a certain lane, up the lane to the dead elm, from the elm to a brook (probably a mile away), and so on, but our last point had to be the place from which we started, also each stopping point was carefully noted.

Ten Wise Maxims.

- 1. Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today.
- 2. Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.
- 3. Never spend your money before you have it.
- 4. Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.
- 5. Pride costs more than hunger, thirst, or cold.
- 6. We seldom repent of having eaten too little.
- 7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
- 8. How much pain the evils have cost us that have never happened.
- 9. Take things always by the smooth handle.
- 10. When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry, a hundred.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 78,465]

"I was a sufferer from female weakness. Every month regularly as the menses came, I suffered dreadful pains in uterus, ovaries were affected and had leucorrhoea. I had my children very fast and it left me very weak. A year ago I was taken with flooding and almost died. The doctor even gave me up and wonders how I ever lived.

"I wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's advice at Lynn, Mass., and took her medicine and began to get well. I took several bottles of the Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and can truly say that I am cured. You would hardly know me, I am feeling and looking so well. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me what I am."—MRS. J. F. STRECH, 461 MECHANIC ST., CAMDEN, N. J.

How Mrs. Brown Was Helped.

"I must tell you that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than any doctor. "I was troubled with irregular menstruation. Last summer I began the use of your Vegetable Compound, and after taking two bottles, I have been regular every month since. I recommend your medicine to all."—MRS. MAGGIE A. BROWN, WEST PR. PLEXANT, N. J.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Valley of Makebelieve.

There's an old covered wagon,  
Rusty rattle and gray,  
That stands 'neath an elm tree  
Just over the way;  
And it goes on a journey,  
On each pleasant day,  
To the beautiful valley of Makebelieve.

They don't charge you fare  
On this wonderful trip;  
Each passenger goes with  
A smile on his lip,  
Like a bee buzzing round  
For honey to sip;  
To the beautiful valley of Makebelieve.

It's a queer, sweet land they  
Are bound for today;  
It's the home of the goblin,  
And land of the fay;  
And though you won't see them,  
You'll hear them they say,  
All about in the valley of Makebelieve.

Bright Fancy and Youth are  
The winged steeds that draw  
This magical coach to  
That fair land before.  
Now see how they're prancing,  
And see how they paw,  
And it's ho! for the valley of Makebelieve!

The way is quite plain for  
The young and the gay,  
But you never will find it—  
You old ones, and gray—  
For the path leads back through  
The years to the day  
When you played in the valley of Makebelieve.  
—Douglas Zebriskie Doty.

A Bird's Nest In School.

A country school was surprised one morning by the announcement from a Jenny Wren that she meant to neighbor with them. One shutter chanced to be closed, and she hopped through a broken slot with a twig in her mouth. After turning her head from side to side, and eyeing the entire school through the glass, she decided that that window sill was the very place she wanted for her nest. For her to decide was to act, and within two weeks Jenny was sitting on a nest full of eggs. She became the pet of the happy school. Under the teacher's good guidance, she scattered crumbs upon the windowledge, so that her daily bread came without much toil. Of course, the shutter was never moved; but, as the pleasant acquaintance lengthened and the warmer days came on, the window was raised, and Jenny looked upon the bright faces with full content. When the little birds were all hatched—one, two, three, four—it was hard to tell which was the prouder, the mother wren or the school. When feeding time came, that nest full of mouths was the centre of interest. Teacher and pupils were helped in their work by the nearness of this happy family. —Primary Education.

A Live Doll Show.

I saw a live doll show last winter—dressed up live dolls, and a nurse all dressed up with white apron and cap. At least, she called them dolls, and they behaved very much like dolls, moving only at her touch. They had evidently been taught that "children should be seen and not heard," all but the "squeaking" doll and the "proverb grandma," which will be described in their turn. The exhibition was gotten up by a girls' club that was organized for "sweet charity's" sake. The C. W. B. M. ladies were giving a social, and one room had been converted into a nursery for the dolls. They charged five cents admission, and they intended to spend the money in making somebody happier at Christmas. The most of the dolls were jointed, and when the nurse pressed a spring in the back of their necks, they would bob their heads in a little courtesy. A lady standing by one said that she thought people made courtesies with their bodies. "Oh, but dolls do not, you know," answered the nurse. "And, sure enough, they don't." The biggest doll of all was a rag baby, which was thrown carelessly in a rocking chair. She behaved beautifully, though every one who passed her took hold of her head to see if she was jointed, and they would ask if she was filled with sawdust. She never once smiled, till a little boy, in passing out, said, "Good night, Miss Rag." All the dolls laughed at that. But they all did splendidly, and I know the nurse was proud of them. There were three paper dolls, Tina, Tess and Tot, dressed in plaited wall paper dresses and quaint paper hats. Their arms only were jointed. The china doll wore a dark dress and a white apron. The little Esquiman, when wound up, would stomp across the floor. Then the nurse would turn her round, wind her up again, and she would trot back. She was dressed in white furry-looking stuff. The young-lady doll wore her big sister's dress, and looked quite stylish. The Scotch lassie was equipped for sport, dressed in plaid, with her skates slung over her shoulder. A man offered the nurse ten cents for the "squeaking" doll. When pressed in the chest, she would say "Papa" or "Mamma" in a squeaky voice, very much like a doll. Poor thing! Every one over and over again. She, the nurse said, was a present from Mrs. McKinley. "Ponchontas" was like a veritable Indian, with her red (candy-painted) cheeks and long straight black hair. She sat on the floor beside a Japanese lady, who wore a gay-colored dress and carried a Japanese umbrella. A sweet-faced nun, "sister Marguerite," stood guard by a high-chair in which sat a curly-haired baby doll. The "baby" was jointed, and could make her little curtsy, like the others. They were all remarkably polite dolls, owing, perhaps, to the presence of the "proverb grandma." When wound up, she would jerk out, in slow succession, these three proverbs: "Penny wise, pound foolish," "Spare-rod, spoil-child," and "All's-well-t'ends-well." The "proverb grandma" is the minister's daughter, and when the nurse, in describing her, said she was very energetic, her papa said: "What's that you say? Active is she?" Then everybody laughed. Quite a jolly lot of dolls they were, who were transformed in a trice into fourteen hungry girls as they were invited to the dining room. Their tongues were soon loosened, and in a few minutes they went home, happy that they had given others pleasure. —Sunday School Times.

Sir John Lubbock's Pet.

No mortal man ever had stranger pets than Sir John Lubbock, and every reader who knows what it is to have a wasp's sting on the nape of the neck will be astonished to hear that the well known banker once kept a wasp as a household pet—a wasp, too, which became so tame that when it reached its allotted span, it laid down and died in its owner's arms, so to speak. Sir John caught this remarkable wasp in the Pyrenees, and immediately made up his mind to tame it. He began by teaching it to take its meals on his hand and although the tiny creature was at first shy of going through its table d'hote on such an unusual festive board, in a very short space of time it grew to expect to be fed in that way. Sir John preserved this pet with the greatest care. True, it stung him once, but then, it had every excuse for doing so. Sir John was examining it while on a railway journey and the door being opened by a ticket collector, he unceremoniously stuffed it into a bottle, and the outraged Spaniard, not feeling quite at home during the process, gave him a gentle reminder as to the proper way to treat a guest. The wasp was a pet in every sense of the word, and became so fond of the owner that it allowed itself to be stroked. It enjoyed civilization for just nine months, when it fell ill, and although Sir John did all he could to prolong its life, it died. Many wasps have been under Sir John's ob-

OUTGROWN.

I sometimes fear they'll turn her head  
And make the lassie vain,  
Because her cheeks are rosy-leaf red;  
Her eyes like sun-blit rain;  
To me she once would run for praise  
Or sympathy when sad,  
But I'm nobody nowadays,  
I'm only just "her dad."

She's been to school until she knows  
Far more than I; 'tis true,  
She says she's a duchess when she goes  
Out walking with some youth,  
With me she once trod leafy ways,  
Nor cared for any lad,  
But I'm nobody nowadays,  
I'm only just "her dad."

'Twas all in vain I undertook  
Some talk of frocks and trills  
And so in silence now I look  
With reverence on the bills.  
I treasure still the old-time phrase—  
She says it's form is bad.  
I'm so old-fashioned nowadays!  
I'm only just "her dad."  
—Washington Star.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Edith—"Chippie is wearing a look of importance." Lena—"Yes, and it's a horrible misfit."—Life.

"What did Finnerty give the bride?" "Two fire-escapes and a jumping net."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"I thought you were going to have your cellar made water-tight?" "I was, but I found a canoe was much cheaper."—Life.

"So old Yabsley is dead, eh? Well, well! Did he leave anything?" "Yes. It broke his heart to do it, but he left everything."—Tit-Bits.

Timid Guest—"Is this hotel fire-proof?" Transient—"Give it up. You see, they have never had a fire here."—Philadelphia North American.

You say that ruin must occur,  
Oh! tell us, gentle seer,  
Are you a great philosopher  
Or just a plain dyspeptic?  
—Washington Star.

Customer—"What is the meaning of that sign, 'Painless Barbers'?" Barber—"The barbers in this shop are not allowed to talk while shaving."—New York Journal.

There was an old girl in New Guinea,  
Who thought short was remarkably skuaime,  
In the season of drought  
She never went out,  
Just stayed home and looked sweet and played snuaime.  
—Yale Record.

Miss Toppot—"Isn't it too bad about this look?" Miss Fanhandle—"Why, what is the matter?" Miss Toppot—"Why, I didn't discover until I had finished it that I had read it before."—Detroit Free Press.

"William, wake up; there's some body pounding on the back door." "Don't be scared, Susan. I ordered our new stepladder delivered at midnight so the neighbors wouldn't find out we had one."—Chicago Record.

"The gentleman from Squedunk is a thief, a liar, and—" "Bang!" went the gavel, and the presiding officer exclaimed: "The gentleman will please address his remarks to the chair."—Philadelphia North American.

"What does M. C. after a gentleman's name stand for?" inquired the foreign visitor. "Oh," replied the man who considered himself a wag, "that can stand for a lot of things—'Mighty Conversational'—for instance."—Washington Star.

"You break our engagement because I am poor," she said, scornfully. "If I were worth a million you would insist upon an early marriage." "Certainly, for then I could support you in a style worthy of the woman I love."—Detroit Free Press.

An old Cornish woman, who had prospered from small beginnings, was asked how she had got on so well. "Ah! you see, sir," said she, "most people be allus thinking of what they can do with—"

How Wilhelm Helmed Rhodes. There is a capital story of Mr. Rhodes and the German Emperor in To-Day. It may be too good to be true, but it is certainly good enough to repeat. To the Emperor William Mr. Rhodes was heard to say: "And why did you send that telegram? That telegram was the saving of me. Every one thought I was ruined. I thought I was ruined. Then your telegram came and saved me." "But why," said the Emperor, "were they so excited about it?" "Oh," replied Mr. Rhodes, "it was just like boys at school. When they are whacking a boy very often every one will join in the cry against him; but they wouldn't let a boy from another school join in. More likely it would create a reaction in favor of the offender. You were the boy from the other school, you see." To-Day adds that, so far from being offended by this plain speaking, the Emperor appears to have been much impressed by it.

Proved the Dog's Intelligence. Sir Walter Scott was a great lover of dogs and always had fine ones around him. One day, in conversation with a friend, he said: "These dogs," pointing to two hounds lying on the bench, "understand every word I say." To prove it, he took up a book and apparently read this sentence: "I have two lazy, good-for-nothing dogs that lie by the fire asleep and let the cattle run my garden." Both dogs instantly sprang up and ran out of the room, and finding no cattle in the garden, returned and laid down by the fire. Again Sir Walter read the sentence, and again they ran out and returned, disappointed. The third time their master told the story the dogs looked up in his face, whined and wagged their tails, as much as to say, "You have fooled us twice; you can't do it a third time."

A Case of Poetic Justice. Poetic justice has been dealt to a British sportsman, who died of blood poisoning brought about by the scratch of a wild rabbit he was letting loose for the hounds in a coursing match.

Are There Four Tastes. Experiments recently performed give reason for believing that most so-called sensations of taste are little more than combination of reports to the brain made by the nerves of sight, smell and touch, says Science. A large number of persons tested, few could distinguish, when their eyes were covered and their noses closed, between weak solutions of tea, coffee and quinine, and even those who were most successful made frequent and ludicrous mistakes. Still great difficulty was found in discrimination by means of the unaided tongue between meats as unlike as pork and turkey, especially when the meat was first finely divided. The experiments indicated that there are at most only four real taste sensations, namely, sour, sweet, bitter and salt, and it is doubtful if there are more than two—sweet and bitter. This may suggest to folks of frugal mind that a lot of money might be saved by going to table blindfold and with nose put temporarily out of commission. One could then call viands and liquids whatever one chose, and tradesmen's bills could be materially reduced by the employment of a judicious imagination. In the course of the said tests a woman of great repute as a cook said raw potatoes chopped were acorns, roast pork she called boiled beef, raw turnip chopped she called cabbage sweetened, raw apple was grape juice, roast turkey was called beef, and horse radish she said was something she had never tasted.

The Sweet Girl Graduate. "My graduation essay will be just dreadful," said the sweet girl. "Why do you think so, Ethel?" "Well, Aunt Jane wanted to help me, so I am writing her write while ma and I worry about my gown."—Detroit Free Press.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn? Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes Tight or New Shoes Feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Aching and Sweating Feet. Sold by All Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25¢ Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lenoix, N. Y.

There are over 70 miles of tunnels cut in the solid rock of Gibraltar. After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Pilo's Cure.—RALPH ERIEG, Wilmington, Pa., Nov. 22, 1880.

The number of penniless men in the Klondike is placed at 3,000. Beauty Is Blood Deep. Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

A Chicago street beggar who died a few days ago left a fortune of \$40,000. To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Englishmen may now spend a fortnight in Paris or Switzerland for \$35 or enjoy a Norwegian tour for \$50.

Englishmen may now spend a fortnight in Paris or Switzerland for \$35 or enjoy a Norwegian tour for \$50.



"You see, madam, Ivory Soap is really the most economical. The cake is so large that it easily divides into two cakes of the ordinary size. There is twice as much soap as you get in the usual cake of toilet soap. Then it is very economical in use, for although it lathers quickly, it is always firm and hard, even in hot water. As it floats, you can not lose it or leave it to waste in the bowl. We sell it to all of our best trade for general use."

PRIMITIVE CHRONOLOGY.

In Mexico Months Are Named After the Arrival of Birds. The most primitive method in chronology is that which enables man to orient himself in the world of time by associating particular durations with vicissitudes of weather, with seasonal aspects of vegetation, and with the constantly changing sights and sounds of the animal world, says Popular Science Monthly. In the calendar of the Creeks, for example, we find such designations as "duck-month," "frog-month," "leaf-moon," "berries-ripe month," "buffalo-rutting moon," "leaves entirely changed," "leaves in the trees," "fish-catching moon," "moon that strikes the earth cold," "coldest moon," "ice-thawing moon," "eagles-seen month." So in the calendars of Central America and Mexico the months are named variously after the arrival of birds, the blossoming of flowers, the blowing of winds, the return of mosquitoes and the appearance of fishes. The Greeks constantly used the movements of birds to mark the seasons; the arrival of the swallow and kite were thus noted. Hesiod tells us how the cry of the crane signaled the departure of winter, while the sitting of the plectades gave notice to the plowman when to begin his work. The Incas called Venus "the hairy," on account of the brightness of her rays, just as the Peruvians named her the "eight-hour torch," or "the twilight lamp," from the time of her shining.

Bonded to Be Married.

Gallant Man (aside): "At last I have her all to myself. Now I can tell her how much I love her and ask her to be mine. How shall I do it, I wonder? Gentle Maid: "It is surely common. I am so nervous and frightened! I know he is going to be terrible dramatic. I do hope I shan't have to help him up off his knees. Goodness! why doesn't he say something? I must break this horrible silence." (Aloud, recklessly: "Have you ever been abroad?" Gallant Man (smilingly): "No, I'm saving it for a wedding trip." Gentle Maid (demurely): "Why, how funny! So am I." Gallant Man (innocently): "Then why shouldn't we take it together?" Gentle Maid (innocently): "Possibly your wife and my husband might object to going in such a crowd." Gallant Man (brilliantly): "The crowd would be objectionably large if your husband and my wife were husband and wife." (Further conversation disjointed and indistinct.)

Regarding Red Headed People.

Red-headed people, as is well known, are less subject to baldness than others. A London doctor explains the matter thus: The hair of the red-headed is relatively thick, one red hair being almost as thick as five fair or three brown hairs. With 30,000 red-hairs the scalp is well thatched, whereas with the same number of fair hairs one is comparatively bald. It takes 100,000 fair and 100,000 brown hairs to cover adequately an ordinary head.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. All druggists.

A good ironer in a London laundry earns from \$2 to \$2.50 daily.

Wanted—A Case of Bad Health.

Wanted—A case of bad health that H. P. A. N. S. will not benefit. Send 10¢ to R. J. Bryan, Chemical Engineer, New York, for 10 samples and 100 testimonials.

RHEUMATISM CURED—Sample bottle, 4 days.

RHEUMATISM CURED—Sample bottle, 4 days. In this case, no treatment, postal, 10 cents. Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

PAINFUL CURE FOR CURE WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use in time, sold by druggists.

"A Handful of Dirt May Be a Houseful of Shame." Keep Your House Clean With

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