

# Straight Road To Health

Is by the way of purifying the blood. Germs and impurities in the blood cause disease and sickness. Expelling the disease removes the cause. Hood's Sarsaparilla does this and it does more. It makes the blood rich by increasing the vitality of the red globules and gives power to transmit to the organs and muscles the nutriment contained in the digested food.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

At a recent sale of seal fur skins in London extraordinary prices were realized.

**What Do the Children Drink?** Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is nutritious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more GRAIN-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. GRAIN-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee, but cost about 1/2 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c and 25c.

The South African winter begins toward the end of April and lasts until September.

**What Shall We Have For Dessert?** This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it today. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla and healthy dessert. It is a delicious, hot, boiling, no baking, simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry at grocers. 10c.

Eleven millions of people said to belong to the great Chinese Society of Boxes.

**Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?** It is the only cure for Swellings, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Hot, Sweaty Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Cures when you walk. At all Drug Stores and Shoe Stores. See Sample sent FREE. Address: Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

It will require over 52,000 men to take the 1900 United States census.

Throw physic to the dogs—if you don't want the dogs; but if you want good digestion chew Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

Smoking tobacco is practically unknown in Cuba.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'Brien, 332 Third Ave., N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 9, 1900.

A Moscow hospital employs 900 nurses.

**Cartier's Ink Is Used Exclusively** by the schools of New York, Boston and many other places, and they won't use any other.

Switzerland has 60 macaroni factories.

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

On the 110 square miles of London's area 1,000 tons of soot settle yearly.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.** Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVES'S SIGNATURE IS ON EACH BOX. 50c.

**Sir C. Warren's Bath.** There is something extremely English in the story of Sir Charles Warren "doing trimbles," as Boucher expressed it, in the open air on the battlefield of Vaal Kranz. Sir Charles, under no circumstances, interrupts his morning bath. On the occasion of the battle of Vaal Kranz, Sir Charles found it impossible to leave his post, so when day broke on the battlefield he ordered his servants to bring his bath with sponge, towel, and then and there, in the air, Sir Charles Warren, commander of the Fifth division, proceeded to his bath, sublimely indifferent to the fire of the enemy. The enemy was perhaps, too much astonished at the British eccentricity of bathing at a public fashion, to attempt any violent interruption.—London Daily News.

# The Turn of Life

This is a critical period in the life of every woman and no mistakes should be made.

The one recognized and reliable help for women who are approaching and passing through this wonderful change is

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

That the utmost reliance can be placed upon this great medicine is testified to by an army of grateful women who have been helped by it.

Mrs. Pinkham, who has the greatest and most successful experience in the world to qualify her, will advise you free of charge. Her address is Lynn, Mass. Write to her.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CURBS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.** Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. 15c a bottle. In time. Sold by druggists.

**CONSUMPTION**

## THE BRIGHT COUNTRY.

The country's joy in smiling from the mountains the sun is the Lord, whose love is over it, would ever have it all. The gardens rich in roses, and the meadows and meadows, and all the great pastures just a-tinkling with the rain.

It's great to just be living in a world so near the blue. You can feel the benediction of the rain-bows over you! The country—she's just glorious by any night or day. And Love o'er life's victorious, and we're singing on the way!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

# The Despised Pink Frock.

STORY OF GRADUATION DAY.

BY CATHERINE JEWETT.

From my youth I took naturally to the science of mathematics. Even as a little child I "did my sums" without a conscious effort. Indeed, it was my well-known "knack at figgerin'" that induced Deacon Dudley, the supervisor, to bestow upon me the much-sought Centre school. It was the largest in town, the hardest and the best paid. I was only 18 at the time, but family misfortune, followed by the sickness and death of my father, made the necessity for employment urgent and imperative.

Heavily handicapped by youth and inexperience, my first term was a succession of disappointments and disillusionments.

Gradually, as I became acquainted with my pupils and accustomed to my duties, I acquired the faculty of adjusting myself to my surroundings, after which my work became much easier and more satisfactory. Term after term passed, until I felt my position to be assured. For six years I labored, ciphering annually through my pupils and the satisfaction of their parents. Being a district school, there could be no real graduation, but gradually the day had taken upon itself the dignity and importance of an annual celebration.

A first I had been one of its most enthusiastic supporters, believing that its coveted successes would not only stimulate ambition and reward industry, but would also tend toward the establishment of a much-needed free high school. Yet I now realized, with pain that it had failed to be a culmination of jealousy, unkind emulation and envious extravagance.

The leader in every extravagant device was, naturally enough, Muriel May, only daughter of the richest man in town. Born to command, she held her own against all opposition, until the subject of dress was broached.

In her case the important gown was to be a beauty creation of white lace and satin, therefore she decreed that her classmates should likewise drape themselves in white.

"That is not fair," protested Laura Hale, who delighted in gay fabrics and vivid coloring. "I am sure I don't want to accentuate my natural ugliness."

"It won't make any difference on me size," said Muriel, with careless indifference.

After this experimental tilt, as no further opposition was hazarded, the white dress rule was supposed to be settled. That evening Dolly came to me, her pretty face all aglow with her young arms loaded.

"Dolly," I divined her trouble, "you are a creature, studious and refined, not exactly popular among the young ladies. She was poor, undisciplined and unambitious. She lived with her widowed mother and an aged woman known as Aunt Marty, who with the slightest possible claim had burdened them for years. With puerile snatching her in the face she had fed for matter to Mrs. Kempton, who was herself in straitened circumstances. The connection between them was of the slightest, and entailed neither legal nor moral obligation; yet she cared for the poor soul kindly, so stretched her meagre income that it covered the bare necessities of life for the three—herself, her daughter and their perennial guest."

Knowing the circumstances, I could well understand that a perplexing question graduating expenses must be in that pined household; but I was hardly prepared for the solution which Dolly's big bundle contained. She opened it, spreading before my astonished eyes a garment quaintly beautiful in color and texture, but grotesque in figure and design. An ancient treat of white silk tissue, gayly brocade with huge garlands of pink roses and green leaves. The fabric itself was exquisitely fine and delicate, the groundwork time-yellowed into the soft ivory tint; but, alas, the passing years had wrought no such refinements upon the overblown roses and overgrown leaves running riotously over the scant skirt and low neckline of this impossible gown.

"Dear Miss Deacon," said Dolly, with a little nervous laugh that had in it a hint of tears, "do you think an circumstance or combination of circumstances could make it one's duty to wear that for a graduating dress?"

I looked at her in astonishment.

"Mother wants me to wear it," she went on, "and indeed I want to, after a fashion; yet all the same my soul abhors those ancient roses. You see, it was Aunt Marty's wedding gown, and her eyes as fine and valuable as ever. Through all the shifts and changes of her most unhappy life she hung to this sole relic of happier days. I fancy that after her husband's death his people made much of her. Her father was wealthy, and she was always the chance of the family; but as one by one her relatives were ignored and her letter turned unopened this possibility grew less and less, until, after the

family moved east, it ceased altogether. She was never strong or smart or capable, and little by little everyone's patience gave way, until even our home, with its many privations, seemed a very haven of rest to her. This afternoon Mrs. Mason called and talked of nothing but the necessary expenses of the coming occasion. She left poor auntie nearly frantic and absolutely determined to throw herself upon the town. She has felt it her duty ever since she became so helpless with rheumatism. Nothing but the fact that she had rather die than live with Mary Ann Biggs has kept her with us for the last year. Poor old soul, she would have a hard time with that rough woman in that great barn full of paupers. We have made ourselves out perfect Vanderbilts to keep her quiet; but today she would not be pacified, and after nearly crying herself sick wrote to the selectmen. Before she sent the letter, however, she thought of this dress. The idea of it came as a sort of reprieve. If she provided my graduating dress she might venture to stay a little longer. If not, she is going at once. You see why I would like to wear the dress, and besides a few dollars saved is really an object with us; still, those dreadful roses—do you think I ever, ever can?"

The roses were dreadful. I almost doubted Mrs. Kempton's skill in their behalf, and I pitied the girl, shrinking with all her heart from a mortifying ordeal, but I knew there was only one answer to her question.

"Yes, my dear," said I, "I think you can and will. It takes a deal of pluck to have a tooth out, you know, but the sharp, relieving pain is far easier to bear than weeks of dull, wearing anguish. It is going to take real grit to wear that flowered dress, but the discomfort of an hour is not to be compared to the remorse of a lifetime."

"Just what mother told me," said Dolly, bundling up her unwelcome possession.

I did not see the dress again, but I heard a deal about it before the important day arrived. I wanted to explain matters, but Dolly positively forbade anything of the kind, and so her flowered gown was regarded by some as a necessary concession to poverty, by others as a sign of open insubordination against the white-dress rule.

Graduation day dawned bright and clear. The church was crowded. The expected governor arrived in excellent season, bringing with him a visiting senator, and everything seemed harmonious with the exception of one rosy-looking dress among a half-dozen white ones.

The exercises passed off with what might be termed "great eclat." The young ladies were graceful and winning, their parts well prepared, their enunciation clear and distinct. The young gentlemen were less awkward than usual under such circumstances. The pink dress was so modernized that it could not be called conspicuous; still I saw the consciousness of its vivid roses stamped on the flushed cheeks of its wearer when she stepped forward to read her essay.

It was a very unambitious effort, simply a prose version of the story of Evangeline. Yet I saw with surprise that Senator Borden, a scholar as well as politician, gave the short reading of the most profound and marked attention.

After the exercises the eminent visitors held an informal reception, shaking hands with everyone, and good-naturedly giving their autographs to all petitioners. Dolly, however, took no part in this bit of impromptu festivity, but, anxious to divert herself from her obnoxious fiery, hurried at once from the church.

When the crowd had nearly dispersed Senator Borden surprised me by asking, with an expression of real interest, for the young lady in pink. I told him her name and volunteered the information that she had gone directly home.

"I am sorry," said he. "I wanted to meet her. Her face, her voice, her gestures, all seemed wonderfully familiar. I cannot place the resemblance, but it moved me strangely. Her name tells me nothing, and yet her face, her dress, some trick of voice or manner, took me back half a century. Ah!" with a sudden start. "I have it now; it was my sister she recalled. She wore just such a rosy gown the last time I ever saw her. Poor Marty! Pardon me, Miss Deacon, but do you know anything of her family history? The resemblance may be purely accidental, but it interests me."

Something of his interest had communicated itself to me with his voluntary exclamation of "Poor Marty!" the girl who wore just such a rosy gown the last time he ever saw her.

"Mr. Borden," said I, eagerly, "might it not have been the noticeable dress, instead of the girl's personality, that impressed you? Thirty years ago it belonged to Martha Paget; was, in fact, her wedding gown."

"Martha Paget!" cried he, "that was my sister's name. She was older than I, and very beautiful, but she disobeyed my father. He never for-

gave her, and while he lived I never heard her name mentioned. Since his death I have searched for her long and unavailingly."

"I think your search is ended," said I, "and that you will find her living with Mrs. Kempton in this village."

"Is it far from here? Would you show me the way?" questioned he, eagerly; and the next moment we were hurrying down the broad elm-shaded street.

As we neared the Kempton cottage I saw Mrs. Paget sitting on the tiny, vine-wreathed piazza. Her soft, white hair shone in the sunlight; her painstaking hands lay idly on her lap; her cotton gown and stiffly-starched apron were clean and spotless; but her face, sorrow-seamed and time-defaced, bore no trace of bloom or beauty.

"And yet," said my companion, seeming to divine my thoughts, "it is Marty herself; the very image of our mother as I saw her last." He went swiftly up the little gravelled path, his face growing visibly paler as he walked.

Just in front of her he stopped, and for a moment's space no word passed between them. Then the woman arose, her worn face working, her faded eyes brightening, her hands appealingly extended.

"Father," she cried, "father, forgive me!"

"Father died years ago," answered Senator Borden, gently, "and ever since I have been searching for you, my sister!"

"Bennie! Bennie!" she screamed, flinging herself toward him. The scene that followed was too sacred for stranger eyes to look upon, and so I quietly withdrew, going back to my delayed duties.

That afternoon I was "a personage" in the village. Over and over again I told the story, fairly revelling in the first bit of romance that had ever stirred the monotony of my quiet life.

Of course there were a few ill-natured souls who declared that Mrs. Kempton had known all along which side her bread was buttered on, but as this idea seemed to be confined exclusively to those who had beforetimes pronounced her quixotic and imprudent, and it did not greatly affect public sentiment.

Senator Borden made immediate arrangements to remove his sister to his own home. But she, poor soul, in a brief fear of her august sister-in-law, clung to the dear second cousin who had so brightened the years of her adversity.

A compromise was at last effected, Mrs. Kempton selling her little home and removing to Anderson, where Mr. Borden lived, and where the famous Anderson seminary was located. To attend this school had long been Dolly's highest ambition—an ambition which the grateful brother's liberality made it perfectly possible to gratify.

In a few days the little ripple of excitement that attended their departure died away, leaving in its place only a memory.

I missed Dolly sadly, feeling sure that the duties and pleasures of her new life would soon blot out all interest in her older and less favored friends.

I realized my mistake when, weeks afterward, I received a letter from her which wrought in my life a delightful change.

"One of our teachers," she wrote, "has resigned, and Senator Borden has secured the position for you. He knows how you helped and encouraged me through the pink-dress ordeal, and he is very glad of this opportunity to show his appreciation of your good sense and kindness."

A day or two later this delightful news was officially confirmed, and I at once set about my modest preparations for departure. Just before I left I called upon old Deacon Dudley and found him not only sympathetic but fairly jubilant over my improved prospects.

"I gave you your first chance," said he, "and I presume to say I helped you to your second one. I talked quite a spell with the senator when he was here, and I gave you a first-class 'recommend.'" She is young," said I, "and no great things to look at, but she is a master hand at figgerin'."

I thanked the old gentleman for his doubtful compliment with becoming gratitude. Not for the world would I have pained his kindly heart by the knowledge that anything so frivolous as a pink frock had far more to do with my good fortune than his unique and well-earned "recommend."—Chicago Record.

The Army in the Field.

The laymen cannot easily realize the vast amount of material as to food and ammunition demanded by an army in the field. A few facts and figures as to this may aid to make it more tangible. Each man requires, at a minimum, three pounds and a half of food per day. Each animal should have at least 20 pounds of food in countries where grazing is not abundant. If we take, for purposes of estimate, only 15 pounds required to supply each animal, leaving five pounds to be gathered from the country, by grazing and otherwise, we assume a quantity that may be considered a minimum. An army of 150,000 men would require about 50,000 animals for transportation of artillery, camp equipment, ammunition, food, hospital and medical equipment. There should not be less than 30,000 cavalry. There should not be less than 10,000 animals available at all times to supply losses. This makes a total of 90,000 animals to be fed. With this as a basis, we see that the daily demands would be for the men 525,000 pounds, and for the horses, 1,350,000 pounds, or an aggregate of 1,875,000 pounds. This is equal to something more than 836 tons per day.—Captain Zalinski, in Harper's Weekly.

## BARRIE IN POLITICS.

James Matthew Barrie, whose reputation as the author of "The Little Minister" has become world-wide in extent, is a candidate for election to parliament as the representative of Edinburgh and St. Andrew's universities. Though Mr. Barrie is chiefly



JAMES M. BARRIE.

known through the work of his pen in the field of letters, he is not without peculiar gifts which specially qualify him for participation in public affairs. He began his career as political editor and leader man on a Nottingham paper. Then he became a London journalist, and was a keen student of politics and parliamentary activity for some years, trumpeting his views on political economy and legislation through the columns of St. James Gazette, the National Observer, the British Weekly and the Speaker. He wrote his first book in 1887, and that was not a novel, but a satire on London life, entitled "Better Dead." The creator of "The Little Minister" is not a tyro in politics. Besides, he is said to be very popular with the university commons. Of late Mr. Barrie's reputation has been considerably enhanced by his two recent creations, "Sentimental Tommy" and "Tommy and Grizzell."

## SITUATION OF WHISKERS.

The Mustache Is an Ancient Ornament.

From "Robinson Crusoe." "My beard I had once suffered to grow until it was about a quarter of a yard long, but as I had both scissors and razors sufficient, I had cut it pretty short, except what grew on my upper lip, which I had trimmed into a large pair of Mohammedan whiskers, such as I had seen worn by some Turks at Sailee, for the Moors did not wear such, though the Turks did; of the mustachios, or whiskers, I will not say they were long enough to hang my hat upon them, but they were of a length and shape monstrous enough, and such as in England would have passed for frightful." From Wilson's "History and Antiquities of the Dissenting Churches." "Joseph Jacob, an independent preacher at Turner's hall, Philpot Lane (in the beginning of the last century, made a church of his own. He passed an order obliging the whole of the congregation to stand during the time of singing. This, though by no means an uncommon thing in the present day, was then looked upon as a great novelty. In this reformed church all periwigs were discarded, the men members wore whiskers upon their upper lips, in which Mr. Jacob set them an example." From "Hunter's Travels in 1792." "They (the Hungarians) shave their beards, except the upper lip, which is generally adorned with a pair of huge whiskers."

## Jell-O, the New Dessert.

Plenishes all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers. 10c.

Inoculations for the plague are made in Bombay at the rate of about 5,000 a week.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVES' TARTARIC CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Cuba's postal service employs 750 people.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Vienna's municipal railway is in operation.

A 200-Page Illustrated Book of Information and Recipes for the Farmer and the Farmer's Wife. 25 CENTS IN POSTAGE STAMPS.

And every other man and woman who is desirous of benefitting from the experience of those hearty and patient souls who have been experimenting and practicing the results of those experiments, generation after generation, to obtain the best knowledge as to how certain things can be accomplished, until all that valuable information is gathered together in this volume, to be read broadcast for the benefit of mankind at the popular price of

# THE HOUSEHOLD ADVISER.

25 CENTS IN POSTAGE STAMPS.

The low price is only made possible by the enormous number of the books being printed and sold.

It treats of almost everything in the way of Household Matters, including RECIPES FOR FAMILY USE, Covering all the Common Complaints and giving the Simplest and most Approved Methods of Treatment.

COOKING RECIPES, including all kinds of Plain and Fancy Dishes for Breakfast, Dinner and Supper.

CARE OF CHILDREN, in the most rational way from birth to the time they are old enough to Take Care of Themselves.

Too numerous to mention—a veritable Household Adviser. In an emergency such as comes to every family not containing a doctor, this book is worth many times its low price.

Sent Postpaid for 25 Cents in Stamps.

## BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE,

134 LEONARD STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

An Exception to the Rule.

"We ought to put more personal warmth in our letters." "Oh, I don't know. A man I knew once put a lot of personal warmth in some letters, and it got him into court in a breach of promise suit."—Indianapolis Journal.

Gold Medal Prize Treatise, 25 Cts.

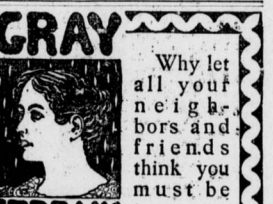
The Science of Life, Self-Preservation, 365 pages, with engravings, 25 cts. paper cover; cloth, full gilt, \$1, by mail. A book for every man, young, middle-aged or old. A million copies sold. Address the Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., the oldest and best institute in America. Prospectus Vade Mecum free. Six cts. for postage. Write to-day for these books. They are the keys to health, vigor, success and happiness.

It is estimated that the people of England spend £250,000 a day in furniture-moving.

J. S. Parker, Frodoia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the \$100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Turkey bought \$243,325 worth of American flour last year.

**GRAY** Why let all your neighbors and friends think you must be twenty years older than you are? Yet it's impossible to look young with the color of 70 years in the hair. It's sad to see young persons look prematurely old in this way. Sad because it's all unnecessary; for gray hair may always be restored to its natural color by using



# AYER'S HAIR VIGOR

For over half a century this has been the standard hair preparation. It is an elegant dressing; stops falling of the hair; makes the hair grow; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for over 20 years and I can heartily recommend it to the public as the best hair tonic in existence."

Mrs. G. L. ALDERSON, Editor, Tex., April 24, 1899.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the Vigor, write the Doctor, Boston, Mass.

Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

My neighbor's child was given up, the family had contracted the child recovered—GLEN HITCHCOCK, Near Zanesville, Ohio. 25 cents at Druggists, country stores or by mail. E. & N. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

**FREY'S VERMIFUGE,** and over 100 worms were expelled. To the parents' joy the child recovered—GLEN HITCHCOCK, Near Zanesville, Ohio. 25 cents at Druggists, country stores or by mail. E. & N. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

**YOUR COW'S PRODUCTION** will be increased 20 per cent. by using our aluminum Cream Separators and up-to-date churns. \$4 per 10 days trial. Catalogue free. Address, Gibson-Stewart Mfg. Co., Gibsonia, Pa.

**DENSION JOHN W. MORRIS,** Washington, D. C. Successful Protective Glycerine. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 1575 in civil war. 15 adjudicating claims, attorney.

P. N. U. 14, '00.

**RHEUMATISM** positively cured by "Rheumato" 1213 E. RHEUMATOLOGICAL CO., 80 W. 104th St., New York.

**DROPSY** NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and "Dropsy" treatment free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.