Old Put's Plow.

The most valuable and unique historical relic in Connecticut, perhaps, is Gen. Israel Putnam's old plow, which a hardware dealer uses for a sign in front of his place of business in the village of Danielsonville, Windham County. It is the identical plow, the merchant says, that "Old Put" left in the furrow when the news reached him that the British had attacked the Americans at Lexington. Putnam unhitched his horses and drove them to his barn, unharnessed one, mounted its back, and rode away to Boston. He got there in time to lead the continentals when the British stormed Bunker Hill. The plow is a clumsy old implement. Its frame and mold board are of wood, it is plated with scraps of iron, and it has a joint and cutter of forged iron.

An hour glass is made smallest in the middle. It shows the waist of time.

I Had Goitre

or swellings in the neck since I was 16 years old; am now 32. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla recently and the swelling has entirely disappeared. It has been very troublesome. When I began I was feeling so discouraged with the goitre and rheumatism I felt that I would as soon be dead as alive. MRS. SUTHERLAND. Whenever I caught cold I could not walk two blocks without fainting. Now I am free from it all, and I can truly recommend

Hood's Sarsaparilla

MRS. ANNA SUTHERLAND, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills. They assist digestion and cure headache.

DR. KILMER'S **SWAMP-ROOT**

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism, Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflamation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver, Impaired digestion, gout, billious-headache. SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, *La Grippe*, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

Impure Blood, Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility. Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund to you the price paid. At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size. "Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free. DR. KILMER & Co., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

"I am not Well Enough to Work."

This is a daily event in mills, shops, factories, etc. It is the point where nature can endure no more. Then the poor sufferer, worn with toil and broken in health, stands aside to make room for another. "*Quick Consumption*" they call it. To this class of women and girls we proffer both sympathy and aid. When those distressing weaknesses and derangements assail you, remember that *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* will relieve them. We have on record thousands of such cases that have been restored to vigorous health.

All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Yours for Health *Lydia E. Pinkham*

S.S.S.

CURES SCROFULA

Mrs. E. J. Rowell, Medford, Mass., says her mother has been cured of Scrofula by the use of four bottles of S.S.S. after having had much other treatment, and being reduced to quite a low condition of health, as it was thought she could not live.

S.S.S. Cured my little boy of hereditary scrofula which appeared all over his face. For a year I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use S.S.S. A few bottles cured him, and no symptoms of the disease remain. INHERITED SCROFULA

MRS. T. L. MATHERS, Matherville, Miss.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery

Takes hold in this order:

Bowels, Liver, Kidneys, Inside Skin, Outside Skin,

Driving everything before it that ought to be out.

You know whether you need it or not.

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To Young Mothers

Makes Child Birth Easy. Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain,

Endorsed by the Leading Physicians. *Book to "Mothers" mailed FREE.* BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO. ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

HEARTS OF GOLD
—OR— THE HEIRESS OF MAPLE LEAF FARM

BY GENEVIEVE ULMER.

CHAPTER III.

A STARTLING ACCUSATION.

"Something's wrong!"

Paul Dalton uttered the words more than once upon the day that preceded the meeting of two precious rogues at the Ridgeton tavern.

The field hands repeated them as they cast askance glances at their master.

Farmer John was "out o' sorts," "in the dumps," with a temper "exceedingly contrariwise," and a face that lowered like a rain-fringed cloud.

All that day he barely spoke to Ruth; he treated Dalton with gruff incivility; and woe betide the laborer whom he caught shirking his duty.

"Wheat's gone down."

"No; he's been caught on a bad horse-trade."

"Mebbe it's Dalton. He's getting rather spoony on the girl, and you know Farmer John has set his heart on a match with Ralph Prescott."

These and like gossipy explanations floated on the air—all very far from the true solution to the mystery of Farmer John's bad temper, however.

Meantime, with Ralph Prescott nursing and developing his spite, and Farmer John storing up wrath for a near explosion, there were two happy, unconscious souls that saw only gold in the dazzling sunshine, and fancied the songs of the birds the sweetest music, in harmony with hearts vibrating to new and delightful emotions.

They loved, these two, Ruth and Paul; they had loved long and purely, but in unexpressed fervor. Now, with the revelation of the white violets, their eyes spoke; a tell-tale flush, an ardent glance, a murmured term of endearment brought them to the threshold of life's sweetest, holiest experience.

If a memory of a false position and a mysterious past shadowed the lover's heart momentarily he drove it away.

If a thought of the stern will of the erratic grandsire, of her stubborn father, with eyes blinded to the deficiencies of Ralph Prescott, came to Ruth's mind she blotted it out with a realization of the great bliss that had come into her life to overshadow it all.

So these two golden hearts, with unseen barriers already placed between them, glided on to the bitter fate that man's subtlety and the workings of a stern, merciless destiny were weaving for them.

"I'll not speak," muttered Farmer John as he entered the house for supper, "I'll not make a mistake and accuse an innocent man. I'll wait once more. I should miss a penny the way I have fixed things, and I'll watch again. The next thief who visits my room gets caught."

He was silent and unsocial all the evening meal. Had he been less absorbed in his grim suspicious thoughts of those present, however, he would have noted the lurking figure of Ralph Prescott as he stole into the house and then stole out of it again.

The meal over, with a quick glance at Ruth, Paul Dalton left the room.

The farmer supposed he had gone to his own apartment and sat down to read the weekly newspaper.

At his task—for it was such that evening, with his mind torn with conflicting doubts—Farmer John moved restlessly, lay down the paper, took it up again, pondered, dozed and finally fell into a nap.

He was aroused at out nine o'clock by the entrance of Paul Dalton, apparently from up stairs.

A minute later Ruth appeared, her cheeks flushed, her eyes vaguely questioning the keen glance her father fastened upon her.

About to ask her if she had been to visit a girl friend on the next farm, John Elliott was interrupted by the entrance of two farm hands.

They had decided to leave his employ with the morning, and, according to agreement had come for their pay.

"Better stay in a comfortable home for the winter, boys," spoke Elliott, always considerate to his help.

No, the men were obdurate. They had quite a little store of savings, and their ambition was to try the attractions in the way of money-making of the great, magnetic city.

"All right. What do I owe you?" queried the farmer.

"He'll tell, he's got it all down in black and white," returned one of the men, with a nod to Paul, whose figures never made a mistake in their admiring conviction.

Paul got down the books and stated the amount. Farmer John took out his keys, and, lamp in hand, proceeded to his room up-stairs.

Those below heard a startled cry a minute later. Then the angry tramp of a hurried man's feet, and John Elliott re-entered the room.

His face was white with passion, his eyes were terrible. Absorbed with some overwhelming emotion, he seemed on the verge of choking.

In one hand, he bore the lamp, in the other, a roll of bank-notes. Placing the lamp on the table, trembling like a leaf, a pent-up volcano of rage, he counted out several of the bills, and extended them to the wondering Paul Dalton.

"There's your month's pay," he said, in a tone that grated on Ruth's alarmed ears until she shuddered. "Take it, pack your traps and go!"

"Mr. Elliott!" cried Dalton, in dumfounded bewilderment, "what does this mean?"

"Go!" snapped the farmer, savagely. "Be wise, young man, don't tempt me to speak! You know why. I've found you out. Go, while you may, before I forget that you were once honest, once a help to me. Go!"

"Father, are you mad?" cried Ruth, advancing to Elliott's side.

"This ain't your place to speak," interrupted the farmer sternly, putting her away with his hand. "Paul Walton, I have no time to waste on you. You've heard me—go!"

"Not until I know what this extraordinary accusation means," responded Walton firmly, and flushing with indignation.

"What does it mean!" fairly roared Elliott, losing all control of himself. "You will have the truth, will you? You won't leave matters as they are? What does it mean? Dare you ask me, ingrate, hypocrite?"

Ruth Elliott turned frightfully pale, but an indignant flush appeared on either cheek.

"Father!" she cried reproachfully. "Do not forget that Mr. Walton is a gentleman."

"A gentleman!" blazed out Farmer Elliott. "No, I call him—a thief!"

CHAPTER IV.

DENOUNCED.

The scene that ensued to the wild declaration of Farmer John was a startling tableau.

Somewhere back in Paul Walton's life there had been a time when that proud spirit of his would have sprang to arms in a flash, at the touch of the goad of injustice.

Then, with superb control, and remembering that his accuser was the father of the woman he loved, the young man folded his arms calmly and said, in clear, steady tones:

"Mr. Elliott, you will regret those unjust words. You are laboring under some honest mistake. I am no thief."

John Elliott tried to crush the speaker with a single look of utter incredulity and contempt.

Then, firm in the conviction that audacious hypocrisy deserved its fate, with merciless roughness he told his story.

He had missed various sums of money for a month past, first a trifle, then quite a large amount.

Some one was in the habit of feloniously entering his room and rifling the cabinet in which he kept his money.

At six o'clock that evening he had visited his room, assured himself of the exact contents of the cabinet, and had locked it securely.

Since then, no one had gone into the upper portion of the house except the accused.

At this statement, Dalton's lips moved as if to speak. Then with a start and a glance at Ruth, he allowed it to go uncontradicted.

When he went up stairs to obtain the money for the men, Farmer John perceived to his amazement, as he opened the cabinet, that two packages of bank-notes, representing nearly four hundred dollars, were missing.

He had entertained grave suspicions of his superintendent before. Impulse drove him to enter his room. A disarranged pillow on the bed directed a search. Beneath it he had found—one of the packages, the one now in his hand.

More than that, on the floor of the room he had picked up a key. It fitted to the cabinet. Paul Dalton was an accomplished thief.

"You entered my room to-night," was the unwavering accusation; "you stole the money."

"He is innocent!"

A wild, convincing cry, expanding with the certainty of proof, sentient with the trustfulness of a loving woman's heart, the words rang forth from Ruth Elliott's lips.

She knew! Oh! with happy, fervent delight she realized the frail rock of certainty upon which her prejudiced father had erected a stupendous fabric of suspicion.

"Girl!" scowled Elliott angrily, "I told you once that this is no concern of yours."

"No, it is mine alone," interrupted Walton quickly. "Ruth," he whispered tumultuously, "silence! To reveal the truth, in his present mood, would invoke his deepest anger."

With a moan Ruth Elliott sank to a chair, her face colorless, her heart fluttering like an imprisoned bird.

Paul Walton had spoken truly. He was innocent; she knew it. He had not been near his room that evening. A loving tryst at the moonlit glade had filled in those two precious hours, and her lips were sealed, because he had bade her be silent.

But he was innocent. Oh, the joy of it! Standing there, accused, mute for her sake, her heart went out to him in strengthened love.

"You can give up the other package of money or not, as you choose," spoke Farmer John. "I shall not have you arrested on account of your past services, but you must leave this house tonight; you must go at once."

"Innocent or guilty?" murmured Walton.

"Innocent? Does the key show it? Does hidden plunder show it?"

"I never saw key or money before. Some one placed them in my room, some enemy——"

"Bah!" scornfully interrupted Elliott, "you have heard my decision—go!"

"He shall not go."

Trembling all over, yet with resolute face, Ruth stole to the side of her accused lover.

She caught his hand in her own. Love, unmistakable, unhidden from all the world, spoke in her words and attitude.

"Are you crazy?" exclaimed her father, staring vaguely at her glowing face. "Girl!" in a terrible tone of suspicion, "what does this mean?"

"It means that I know him to be innocent—that, in one word, I can prove it. He did not steal your money because he was not in the house to-night—he was was not in the house to-night——"

"Ruth—Ruth, silence! Do you not see that this will anger him——"

"I will speak! He was not in the house, because he met me at the stile. He met me there because our troth is plighted, and I love him against all the world, against all your cruel unjust accusations."

She flung herself into his arms as she spoke, and then, woman-like, her strength, resolution, and defiance vanished, and she burst into tears.

Into the amazed face of John Elliott blazed a furious rage.

With a cry more like a roar than anything else, he tore Ruth from the clasp of her lover.

Roaring like a madman, he confronted Paul Dalton, menacing him, anathematizing him, ready to crush him with uplifted hands.

"Thief! Miscreant! Hypocrite!" he fairly choked out. "Oh! I could forgive a thief of money, but this—you serpent, with your smooth, wily ways, to steal my girl's heart—go, I warn you, or I will do you harm!"

The two astounded laborers, well knowing Farmer John's ungovernable temper, pressed Dalton toward the door.

With a last look at the crushed and weeping Ruth, the accused turned upon her father.

"John Elliott," he spoke firmly, almost sadly, "some day you will regret your unjust accusation—the truth concerning that will come to light soon. As to Ruth, a heart of stone could not help loving her. You drive me from your door, ruined in reputation and happiness. I will never darken its threshold again until I can stand before all men, by your own words proven innocent of the hideous charge you bring against me."

"That will never be. Don't be in a hurry, Mr. Paul Dalton. I have something to say to you."

The impressive tableau was rudely disturbed by the jeering, bantering words.

The door had opened, and, his face flushed with drink and excitement, his malevolent eyes glowing with the certainty of a mean and crushing revenge, Ralph Prescott entered the room.

"What's this?" thundered Farmer John, his brows knit frowningly.

"I've heard your talk from the outside," explained Prescott, glibly. "I've heard this highly indignant gentleman's high-flown talk, too. He's innocent, is he? Then he's changed from what he once was. Time to find him out, Mr. Elliott—time to get him out of the house where he's lurked, a hypocrite, a serpent, so long."

"What do you mean?" demanded Farmer John, dubiously.

"I mean," replied Prescott, his face aflame with concentrated delight and malignity, "that Paul Dalton is worse than a thief!"

"Worse than a thief!" repeated Elliott, excitedly.

"Yes, I charge him—and I dare him to deny it—with being an ex-convict!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT OF THE WEATHER

HOW THE QUESTION IS ANSWERED IN ADVANCE.

Night Scenes at the Signal Office—Curious Cipher Dispatches—Making the Forecasts—How the Reports and Weather Maps Are Prepared and Distributed.

Uncle Sam's Prophets.

UNCLE SAM employs three professional prophets, says a Washington correspondent. Their occupation is somewhat like that of the African rainmakers. They foretell the weather, predicting wet and dry spells, hot waves and cold waves, floods and gales. So long as their predictions turn out correct nobody pays much attention. If they make a mistake howls of derision and indignation arise. People have no use for prophets who exhibit fallibility like ordinary mortals.

Prophesying about the weather is always an anxious business. It is very different from running an oracle after the Delphic pattern, dispensing ambiguous replies to fool questions. If the rainmaker of the Congo promises a shower and it fails to arrive he is discredited as a fraud. It is much the same way in the Signal Office at Washington.

The weather reports, which come by telegraph to the Signal Office at 9 o'clock every night, are curiosities in themselves. Here is an actual specimen, illustrating the style:

BOSTON, March 14.—Bashful barmaid damnable bony hirsute pirate.

It is wonderful what a lot this means. "Bashful" signifies that the barometer is 30.12 and the temperature 30 degrees Fahrenheit. "Barmaid" tells that the wind is from the north and that fifty-two hundredths of an inch of rain has fallen during the last twenty-four hours. "Damnable" says that the velocity of the wind is twenty-two miles an hour and that the highest temperature during the day was 42 degrees. "Bony" declares that the sky is covered with cirrus clouds. "Hirsute" makes it known that the observations were made at 8 p. m.; that the dew point is 80 and that the local prediction is for fair weather. "Pirate" communicates the fact that the highest wind velocity during the day was fifty-two miles an hour. Each letter in every word means something, and in this way it is possible to condense a deal of information within a brief space, each observer having his own key to the cipher for making up dispatches.

These dispatches begin to pour in at 9 o'clock in the evening from 150 signal stations all over the country. As fast as they arrive they are translated by an expert into ordinary English. He reads them aloud in a sing-song tone, while four skilled men at desks close by jot down the information they convey on as many outline maps of the United States. On each map the 150 signal stations are indicated by as many small circles, in which the facts noted are penciled with symbols and figures. One operator records the condition of the clouds and the direction of the wind at every point. If it is clear at Chicago, for example, he leaves that circle unmarked. Supposing that it is cloudy, he marks lines across it. If partly cloudy, he shades only one-half of the circle. Rain is indicated by the letter "R," snow by the letter "S." The point from which the wind blows is shown by an arrow. By equally simple means the second operator records changes of temperature, and the third puts down barometric changes. The fourth registers the temperature and barometer at the time the observations were made, the velocity of the wind and the amount of rainfall during the past twenty-four hours.

These maps, when finished, present a complete picture of the meteorological conditions at 8 p. m. all over the United States. Upon their showing the prophet—only one of the three is on duty at any given time—bases his predictions. Meanwhile, however, other things have been going on.

Two swift compositors, sitting on tall stools at cases near by, set up in tabular form the data given in the dispatches as fast as the translator reads them off. Instead of single letters they have type words and figures in their boxes, decimals to indicate barometer heights, etc. Thus they are enabled to do the work with surprising rapidity, and so accurately is it performed that no reading of proofs is necessary. The table made in this way is to be printed in the right-hand lower corner of the weather map published for the next day.

At the same time still another expert sits in front of a brass plate exactly the size of a weather map of the United States. The plate is perforated with 150 square holes, corresponding in position to the signal stations. They are not labeled in any way, but he knows them all by location perfectly, so that when the translator of the dispatches calls off Sacramento or Minneapolis, he fits a little slug of lead into the right hole without a moment's hesitation. The slug bears an arrow crossing a circle, and the way in which it is set to point indicates the direction of the wind. If you will look at a weather map you will see these arrows scattered all over it, and will also notice that the circle through which each passes shows the state of the weather at that station. Supposing that it was clear at the hour of observation, the circle will be white; if rainy, it will be black. The usefulness of this brass plate will be presently seen.

The Prophet Gets in His Work.

At this stage of the performance, when the contents of the 150 dispatches have all been noted on the maps, recorded upon the brass plate, and set up in type, the prophet steps in.

He has been keeping an eye upon the situation all the while, but now the time has come for him to analyze the present situation and forecast the future for one day, two days, three days ahead. No wonder that he passes his hand through his hair, while his eyes assume a glassy look, premonitory of a prophetic duck fit, as he feels the afflatus of inspiration coming upon him. Turning to a clerk at his side, he begins to dictate in a low voice, saying:

"For New England, fair weather, westerly winds, followed by increasing cloudiness and probably light snows."

And so on until the prospect for the entire country has been declared in detail. The clerk writes the forecasts with a stylus in manifold, one copy being handed at once to the printers, who set it up in type. All the words necessary for the purpose are cast entire in separate types, so that it is quick work; but the case containing them has no less than 1,050 boxes, and that is a good many for the compositors to keep in mind. The other copies of the manifold are passed over to clerks, who telegraph the predictions to the press associations and to observers in different parts of the country. The copy in type is to be printed in the left-hand lower corner of the weather map.

Before uttering his predictions the prophet has drawn lines of equal temperature and barometric pressure—you may see them on any weather chart—upon the map which has been already prepared with data noted down respecting these matters. Also, he draws a line circumscribing the area in which rain is falling. The map is then laid on the brass plate, the type slugs in which have been duly inked, and a sort of press is shut down upon it, transferring all the arrows and circles to the map. Thus prepared, the map goes to another room, where the lines and arrows are transferred by rapid processes to a lithographic stone. Copies from the forecasts and tables of figures set up by the compositors are likewise added upon the stone, and plain maps of the United States are used to print the result upon, producing in this manner the completed weather charts. Predictions and weather charts are issued every twelve hours.

Maj. Dunwoody is senior prophet; the two others are Prof. H. A. Hazen and Lieut. Glassford. The Major makes a better average of accuracy in the forecasts than either of the others, although he relies much less than they upon rules. Inspiration goes a long way in the business of prophecy. Incidentally, it is worth saying that the most important office of the signal service is not to make predictions, but to study meteorology, for the benefit of farmers chiefly. The advantage to them of being able to obtain the fullest information respecting climatic conditions in any locality, so that they can know where to settle and what crops to expect success with, is obviously incalculable.

SHOT BY HIGHWAYMEN.

Train Robbers Resort to Murder and Flee Without the Plunder.

One of the most daring attempts at train robbery that ever occurred in Florida took place at 1:30 o'clock the other morning on the Jacksonville, Tampa, and Key West Road, just north of Monroe Junction, four miles from Sanford, Fla. The West India fast mail, which left Tampa carrying two express cars, the United States mails and some passenger coaches, was boarded at Monroe Junction by four men. When just north of the junction and while the train was running at about five miles an hour, two of the men got on the engine and presented revolvers at the heads of Engineer Dumas and his fireman, ordering them to keep quiet at the peril of losing their lives. The engineer and fireman being taken by surprise could do nothing but obey, as he determined action of the desperadoes showed they meant what they said: The two other men entered the express cars, which were occupied by Messenger W. N. Saunders and Special Agent I. M. Cox, and attempted to overpower them. The two expressmen, although taken by surprise, made a desperate resistance and the robbers then deliberately shot Saunders, two balls taking effect in his breast and head, killing him instantly. Mr. Cox had his man at bay and was about to subdue him, when the other robber, after killing Saunders, fired at Cox twice, one ball hitting him in the arm and the other hitting him in the face, the ball penetrating to the left eye. His nose also was shot nearly off. The desperate villains then hurriedly and without securing any booty jumped from the car, fearing that the noise of the firing would bring the train hands to the rescue, and fled to the woods, which are particularly dense is that section. There was between $35,000 and $40,000 in the safe.

Railroads in India.

Railway travel in India may be made very cheap, for although first-class fare is three cents a mile, the second-class is but a cent and a half, and third-class only a half cent. One has little trouble with his baggage at the stations. As soon as the train stops, says the author of "Indiaka," he has only to go to the door of his compartment and call out, "Kuli hai?" which means, "Is there a porter about?" and the question will be answered by one or perhaps half a dozen barefooted natives.

At the time of the decennial pilgrimages, thousands of natives take the train, crowding in with such persistency that there is no withstanding the pressure. Sometimes the railroad officials stand near the cars, and with great bamboo rods beat away the pilgrims, pounding them over the head and shoulders with all their might, in order to prevent the dense crowd from overwhelming the train.

The pilgrims and the ordinary natives use the third-class carriages, but Europeans are taking to them very rapidly. When Bishop William Taylor was making his four years' evangelistic tour through India, he succeeded in setting that economical fashion. It was not then considered respectable to adopt such humble means of travel, and he was asked:

"Why do you ride in third-class cars?"

His reply came on the instant.

"Because there are no fourth-class cars!"

Since then, it has been respectable for Europeans to travel by any class.

Business Instinct.

When the "street" says of a man, "He has a long head for business," it credits him with an instinct for discovering a profitable investment or scenting a bagain. An illustration of this "long head" was given by the late Judge Pratt, of Oregon, at the beginning of his business career. Mr. Bancroft relates the anecdote in his "Chronicles of the Builders."

During a trip from Portland to San Francisco Mr. Pratt and Captain Crosby, the commander of the vessel, conversed about the probable price of lumber in San Francisco. Pratt thought the vessel's cargo would bring at least $25 a thousand feet.

"I wish you would guarantee me that figure," said the captain.

"Well," rejoined Pratt, "there is no reason why I should guarantee you any sum, but it seems to me that lumber ought to bring that price there," and he gave his reasons.

"Will you buy my cargo, laid down at San Francisco, at $20 a thousand?" asked the captain.

"I will," and a contract was at once drawn up and signed by both parties.

As the vessel entered the harbor of San Francisco she was boarded by a purchasing agent of the United States government, who offered $250 a thousand for the cargo. The offer was declined: the vessel went up to the city, where the lumber was sold for $400 a thousand. Mr. Pratt cleared $10,000 by his venture.

Running Wild.

Some thirty years ago several farmers put two small flocks of sheep on Monhegan, a bleak and rocky island off the entrance to Penobscot Bay, believing that sheep could take care of themselves almost anywhere. Since then the flocks have increased to an aggregate of two hundred and fifty head, running wild and receiving no attention whatever. Once a year men have gone to the island and driven the sheep into a pen, sheared them, and marked the lambs. The sheep are now owned by half a dozen persons, some of whom have not seen the stock for twenty years.

Self-Destruction.

Statistics prove that the French commit more suicides than any other people on the face of the earth. A curious thing about it is that half the whole number in France belong to the northern portion of the country. Russia stands lowest of all countries. It is one of the jokes among Frenchmen that the fogs of England were responsible for the great number of suicides. It is a fact that most of those which occurred in France were committed in the brightest and sunniest portions of the year.

WHAT is claimed to be the plow which General Putnam left in the furrow, up in Connecticut, when he rushed to the defense of his country, 116 years ago, is exhibited in front of a hardware store in Danielsonville, Windham County, Conn., near his old home. The antiquity of the relic seems to be unquestioned, but the Hartford Courant betrays a doubt as to whether "Old Put" ever guided it through the soil.

Waves Mountain High—

Or somewhat less—threaten, during a storm, to engulf the venturous voyager on the tempestuous Atlantic. Sometimes he is torn with deep despair at such a juncture, sometimes he is rather glad of it. The latter condition of mind obtains when he is sea sick. The diabolical qualms which he has undergone, and which are now aggravated ten fold by the pitching of the ship, render him in a measure indifferent to his fate. This picture is scarcely exaggerated, as people who have been violently sea sick will assure you. Travelers and tourists by sea and land should always be provided with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a means of counteracting sea sickness and the nervous disturbance or stomachic trouble begotten of uncomfortable transit by land or water, or unwholesome food hastily swallowed at railway stations. Emigrants should supply themselves with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a family safeguard against malaria, stomach, liver and bowel complaints, kidney trouble and rheumatism.

National Colors.

The colors of Great Britain are red and blue; of the United States, stars on the blue with white and red stripes. The Austrian colors are red, white, and blue; the Bavarian, red; those of Denmark, red with a white cross; those of France, blue, white, and red; of the Netherlands, red, white, and blue; of Portugal, blue and white; of Prussia, white; of Russia, white, with a blue cross; of Spain, black, yellow, and red; of Switzerland, red, with a white cross; of China, yellow; of Mexico, green, white, and red.

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

NOT until the tenth day is the Zuni child put into the cradle. The baby's arms are placed by its sides, and it is so strapped in its cradle that it cannot move a hand. These cradles have hood-shaped tops, and over the whole thick coverings are placed, and it is a wonder the child does not smother.

100 PER CENT, BETTER.

Editor Rowell Talks Common Sense—People Need Good Medicine—Hood's Sarsaparilla Supplies the Demand.

"There is to me no cause for doubt that every one living in our variable climate, particularly as we Americans live during the winter, eating meat, especially fat meat, needs something to cleanse the system and *free clogged liver* in the spring. The question then resolves itself into decision as to what's the best thing to take. For one, I have solved the question to my own satisfaction that Hood's Sarsaparilla completely fills the bill. After taking two or three bottles I always feel a hundred per cent. better and might say without exaggeration five hundred per cent. better. The brain is clearer, the body in better condition for work, *sleep is sweeter*, and the little troubles of life pass by untouched. I can heartily and honestly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to any one." A. S. ROWELL, Editor Lancaster Gazette, Lancaster, N. H.

EVERYONE may not know that the Bank of England notes are made from new white linen cuttings—never from anything that has been worn. So carefully is the paper prepared that even the number of dips into the pulp made by each workman is registered on a dial by machinery.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS, OR SAMPLES FREE.

R. C. BROWN, who went to Colorado in 1859 without a dollar, has now nearly completed at Denver the finest hotel west of the Mississippi, which will cost him $1,500,000. A quarter section of land, which he entered thirty years ago for $200, is to-day worth $5,000,000.

Nothing Like It.

For seven long years I suffered more or less with Kidney and Liver Complaint, and during that time doctored with a number of Physicians, who stated that my case was beyond cure. I found no Remedy like Swamp-Root and to-day, thank God, I am a well woman.

MRS. A. WHELCHEL, Ollo, Ind.

IT is when straws are made up into hats that they show which way the wind blows.

I FEEL it my duty to write you in regard to the benefit your Bradycrotine has been to my wife. Ever since a child she has been subject to the most dreadful headaches, usually several times a month. She has tried doctors from Maine to California, but none could prevent these spells running their course. Bradycrotine has not failed to effect a cure in a single instance, one dose usually being sufficient. Oscar F. Frost, Monmouth, Maine. Of all Druggists. Fifty cents.

IT is better to give than to receive, especially in a personal encounter.

SICK HEADACHE, chills, loss of appetite, and all nervous, trembling sensations quickly cured by Beecham's Pills, 25 cents a box.

A SOUND education can only be obtained from a music teacher.

ANY book in "Surprise Series," (best authors), 25 cent novels, about 200 pages each, sent free, postpaid, by Cragin & Co. of Philadelphia, Pa., on receipt of 20 wrappers of Dobbins' Electric Soap. Send 1 cent for catalogue.

A MAN must be going slowly when he lets old age overtake him.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.0 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

WOMEN will always confess their sins, but I never knew one to confess her faults.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

No Sense of Realism in Her.

Mrs. Jones — Why, Tommy, have you got tired already playing with your little sister?

Tommy—Yes, I don't want to play with her any more.

Mrs. Smith (a visitor)—Why not, Tommy?

Tommy—Because she is too mean for anything. She won't fight a bit like you and papa. She just sulks.—Brandon Buckshaw.

The Magnetic Mineral Mud Baths,

Given at the Indiana Mineral Springs, Warren County, Indiana, on the Wabash Line, attract more attention to-day than any other health resort in this country.

Hundreds of people suffering from rheumatism, kidney trouble, and skin diseases, have been cured within the last year by the wonderful magnetic mud and mineral water baths. If you are suffering with any of these diseases, investigate this, nature's own remedy, at once. The sanitarium buildings, bath-house, water works, and electric light plant, costing over $150,000, just completed, open all the year round.

Write at once for beautiful illustrated printed matter, containing complete information and reduced railroad rates. Address F. Chandler, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo., or H. L. Kramer, General Manager of Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana.

THE magnificent gift of Mrs. Hotchkiss, the widow of the inventor of the machine gun, to Yale College includes a building fund of $150,000 and an endowment of $300,000 for the establishment of a preparatory school.

COUGH AWAY IF YOU WANT TO, but if not, use HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. PIRE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS Cure in one Minute.

MOST men are anxious for long life, but the lawyer enjoys a brief existence.

Don't be a spider and *crawl* in these days! Why not keep up with the nineteenth century? *You* would not buy a steam engine made like those of a century ago. Then why should you buy the old-fashioned, big, drastic pills that gripe and debilitate your system?

As great improvements have been made in pills as in steam engines. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are tiny, sugar-coated granules, or pills, are easiest to take, and never gripe or shock the system.

They are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless.

One little Pellet's a laxative, three to four are cathartic. They regulate and cleanse the liver, stomach and bowels—quickly, but thoroughly. They're the *cheapest* pill, sold by druggists, because you only pay for *the good* you get. They're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, every time, or your money is returned. That's the *peculiar* plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on.

Can you ask more?

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

Rather Be Without Bread. XI

BISHOP'S RESIDENCE, MARQUETTE, Mich., Nov. 7, 1890.

The Rev. J. Kossbiel, of above place, writes: I have suffered a great deal, and whenever I now feel a nervous attack coming I take a dose of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic and feel relieved. I think a great deal of it, and would rather be without bread than without the Tonic.

Will Do What It Purports to Do.

SOMERSET, Ohio, Nov. 11, 1890.

My wife was troubled with nervousness, which so affected her mind that I became very much alarmed, as a mental derangement was hereditary. After using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic *one day* she could sleep soundly, her lamenting ceased, and I can say that her mental condition is very much improved.

JOSEPH A. FLAUTT.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN,

CURES

RHEUMATISM, BACKACHE, SCIATICA, SPRAINS, BRUISES, BURNS, WOUNDS, SWELLINGS, FROST-BITES, NEURALGIA.

The hypophosphites of lime and soda combined with cod-liver oil in Scott's Emulsion improve the appetite, promote digestion, and increase the weight.

They are thought by some to be food; but this is not proved. They are tonics; this is admitted by all.

Cod-liver oil is mainly a food, but also a tonic.

In Scott's Emulsion the cod-liver oil and hypophosphites are so combined as to get the full advantage of both.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

PILES ANAKESIS gives instant relief, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Price, $1; at druggists or by mail. Sample free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2418, New York City.

"August Flower"

"For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said my stomach was worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food. On the recommendation of a friend I procured a bottle of August Flower. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained strength and flesh rapidly. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has cured me." Jas. E. Dederick, Saugerties, N.Y.

Tutt's Tiny Pills act as kindly on the child, the delicate female or infirm old age as upon the vigorous man.

Tutt's Tiny Pills give tone and strength to the weak stomach, bowels, kidneys and bladder

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC

THE ONLY TRUE

Will purify BLOOD, regulate KIDNEYS, remove LIVER disorders, build strength, restore appetite, restore health and vigor of youth. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, that tired feeling, absolutely eradicated. Mind brightened, brain power increased, bones, nerves, muscles, receive new force.

LADIES suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex, using it, find a safe, speedy cure. Returns rose bloom on cheeks, beautifies Complexion. Sold everywhere. All genuine goods bear "Crescent." Send 2c stamp for 33-page pamphlet. DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed, *Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.*

No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is del