Husband and Son

Impure Blood, Boils, Carbuncles, Rheumatism

"My husband was afflicted with boils for eight years. Last spring his neck was nearly covered with little boils, which grew in number and size until they turned to carbuncles. Everything the doctors did seemed to

Aggravate the Disease.

He at last bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and when he had taken half of it his neck was well and he has had but one pimple since. The remainder of the medicine I gave to my twelve-year-old boy, Willie Massey, who had been afflicted with Rheumatism from his infancy. After he had taken a half bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla it seemed to do him so much good that we concluded to give it a fair

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

trial in the spring. My husband purchased four bottles, and together they have been taking it for over a month. Now my boy, instead of creeping around and crying with pain in his legs as he used to, can plow all day or run and play as lively as any children." MRS. JOHN ALTSTATT, Ozark, Arkansas.

Hood's Pills are hand made, and perfect in proportion and appearance. 25c a box.

Hard Times for Buzzards.

"A sight so strange I could hardly credit my own eyes," said Justice John W. Streaker of Jonestown, at the court house to-day, "was that of a red fox surrounded by a multitude of buzzards, which had evidently determined to devour the little animal. The birds with their wings raised as if to do battle, seemed about to close in on the fox. He was very much alarmed, and as soon as I scared his tormentors away he made off on a double quick. His troubles were not yet ended, however, for away in the distance I observed a flock of crows fly down at him and peck him unmercifully, but he finally escaped to the woods"—Baltimore Sun.

His Experience Account.

"When I lose anything," says a well-known Maine business man, "I charge it to the account of experience. You may think it strange, but I believe the good-sized sum I have already entered under that head is the most profitable money I ever spent. Adversity is the great teacher if we but heed her lessons. I lost $500 once in a transaction that gave me information and a proper respect for matters I had deemed of little account, from which I afterward made $5,000. I would not sell my experience account, at my age, for five times what it has cost me, for I shan't live long enough to get sharpened up again."—Lewiston Journal.

Electric Wires.

Some writer very aptly likens the nerves to electric wires, and the general working of their system to that of electric cars. A man who "slips his trolley" like Mr. Jeremiah Eney, 1812 W. Lombard St., Baltimore, Md., will need something better than even a galvanic battery to set him all right. Mr. Eney found that something in the following way. "I suffered" he says, "a long time with neuralgia in the head. I gave St. Jacobs Oil a fair trial and am entirely cured." In this way the great remedy acts as a mortorman to restore broken wires, and set the system to perfect action.

Kossuth and His Mother.

One of the most painful trials of Kossuth's exile was his inability to be present at the deathbed of his mother. She lived in poverty in Brussels, and she expressed a desire to see her son once more before she died. The Belgian Government of that day would not grant his request to visit her unless he consented to be accompanied wherever he went by an officer of police. He might have concented to this degrading condition, says one biographer, for her sake; but no sooner did his mother hear of it than she herself forbade him to come to her, and she expired in the last days of 1852, blessing him with her dying breath.

Cautioned.

When Rome was under the Papal power, a play was once submitted to the prelate charged with the revision of manuscripts for the press. In the first scene, an actor is represented as sitting at a table and calling: "Waiter, a beefsteak." The scrupulous censor wrote in the margin: "Note—When the piece is played during Lent, the actor, instead of calling for a beefsteak, will order an omelet."

"DON'T neglect your education, Johnnie," said the lad's aunt: "who knows but what you may be a Senator some day?" "Education nothing!" said the youth scornfully. "I kin play ball better'n de Senators now."

IF a woman has a trouble, she accumulates another one by taking it to a man for consolation.

It Don't Cost Much

To get well.

Only a dollar or two and a little faith.

The case of Mrs. Lillie Meyer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is an example.

MRS. LILLIE MEYER.

Some time ago she began to feel sharp pains in her abdomen, with bearing-down feeling and pains in her back. She tried doctors, and got no relief.

At last, a friend told her of *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*, and, after using it, the pain left her, and menstruation now comes without suffering.

Your druggist will tell you what a great medicine this is, and the price is only one dollar. You see, it don't cost much to get well. It will expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

—OR—

Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO.'S

Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

KORONG.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

He drew a whistle from his side and whistled once. There was a moment's pause. Then Tu-Kila-Kila spoke in a loud voice again. "The King of Fire!" he exclaimed, in tones of princely authority.

From within the hut there came forth slowly a second stalwart savage, big built, and burly as the great god himself, clad in a long robe or cloak of yellow feathers, which shown bright with a strange metallic gleam in the ruddy light of a huge pile of li-wood.

"The King of Fire is here, Tu-Kila-Kila," the lesser god made answer, bending his head slightly.

"Fire," Tu-Kila-Kila said, like a monarch giving orders to his attendant minister, "if any man touch the newcomers on the reef before I cause my sun to rise to morrow morning, scorch up his flesh with your flame, and consume his bones to ash and cinder. If any woman go near them before Tu-Kila-Kila bids, let her be rolled in palm-leaves and smeared with oil, and light her up for a torch on a dark night to lighten our temple."

The King of Fire bent his head in assent. "It is as Tu-Kila-Kila wills," he answered, submissively.

Tu-Kila-Kila whistled again, this time twice. "The King of Water!" he exclaimed in the same loud tone of command as before.

At the words a man of about forty, tall and sinewy, clad in a short cape of white albatross feathers, and with a girdle of nautilus shells interspersed with red coral tied around his waist, came forth to the summons.

"The King of Water is here," he said, bending his head, but not his knee, before the greater deity.

"Water," Tu-Kila-Kila, said with half-tipsy solemnity, "you are a god too. Your power is very great. But less than mine. Do, then, as I bid you. If any man touch my spirits, whom I have brought from my home in the sun in a fiery ship, before I bid him to-morrow, overturn his canoe, and drown him in lagoon or spring or ocean If any woman go near them without Tu-Kila-Kila's leave, bind her hand and foot with ropes of porpoise hide, and cast her out into the surf, and dash her with your waves, and pummel her to pieces."

The King of Water bent his head a second time. "I am a great god," he answered, "before all others save you: but for you, Tu-Kila-Kila, I haste to do your bidding. If any man disobey you, my billows shall rise and overwhelm him in the sea. I am a great god. I claim each year many drowned victims."

"But not so many as me," Tu-Kila-Kila interposed, his hand playing on his knife with a taint air of impatience.

"But not so many as you," the minor god added, in haste, as if to appease his rising anger. "Fire and Water ever speed to do your bidding."

Tu-Kila-Kila stood up, turned toward the distant flame, and waved his hands round and round three times before him. "Let this be for you all a great taboo," he said, glancing once more toward his awe-struck followers. "Now the mysteries are over. Tu-Kila-Kila will sleep. He has eaten of human flesh. He has drunk of cocoanut rum and of new kava. He has brought back his sun on its way in the heavens. He has sent it messengers of fire to reinforce its strength. He has fetched from its messengers in turn with fresh fire to Boupari, fire not lighted from any earthly flame: fire new, divine, scorching, unspeakable. To-morrow we will talk with the spirits he has brought. To-night we will sleep. Now all go to your homes: and tell your women of this great taboo, lest they speak to the spirits, and fall into the hands of Fire or Water."

The savages dropped on their faces before the eye of their god and lay quite still. They made a path as it were from pyre to the temple door with their prostrate bodies. Tu-Kila-Kila, walking with unsteady steps over their half-naked forms, turned to his hut in a drunken booze. He walked over them with no more compunction or feeling than over so many logs. Why should he not, indeed? For he was a god, and they were his meat, his servants, his worshipers.

CHAPTER IV.

THE GUESTS OF HEAVEN.

All that night through—their first lonely night on the island of Boupari—Felix sat up by his flickering fire, wide awake, half expecting and dreading some treacherous attack of the unknown savages. From time to time he kept adding dry fuel to his smouldering pile: and he never ceased to keep a keen eye both on the lagoon and the reef, in case an assault should be made upon them suddenly by land or water. He knew the South Seas quite well enough already to have all the possibilities of misfortune floating vividly before his eyes. He realized at once from his own previous experience the full oneliness and terror of their unarmed condition.

For Boupari was one of those rare remote islets where the very rumor of our European civilization has hardly yet penetrated.

As for Muriel, though she was alarmed enough, of course, and intensely shaken by the sudden shock she had received, the whole surroundings were too wholly unlike any world she had ever yet known to enable her to take in at once the utter horror of the situation. She only knew they were alone, wet, bruised, and terribly battered: and the Australasian had gone on, leaving them there to their fate on an unknown island. That, for the moment, was more than enough for her of accumulated misfortune. She came to herself but slowly, and as her clothes dried by degres before the fire and the heat of the tropical night, she was so far from fully realizing the dangers of their position that her first and principal fear for the moment was lest she might take cold from her wet things drying upon her. She ate a little of the plantain that Felix picked for her; and at times, toward morning, she dozed off into an uneasy sleep, from pure fatigue and excess of weariness. As she slept, Felix, bending over her, with the biggest blade of his knife open in case of an attack, watched with profound emotion the rise and fall of her bosom, and hesitated with himself, if the worst should come to the the worst, as to what he ought to do with her.

It would be impossible to let a pure young English girl like that fall helplessly into the hands of such bloodthirsty wretches as he knew the islanders were almost certain to be. Who could tell what nameless indignities, what incredible tortues they might wantonly inflict upon her innocent soul? Was it right for him to have let her come ashore at all? Ought he not rather to have allowed the more merciful sea to take her life easily, without the chance or possibility of such additional horrors?

And now—as she slept—so calm, and pure, and maidenly—what was his duty that minute, just there to her? He felt the blade of his knife with his finger cautiously, and almost doubted. If only she could tell what things might be in store for her, would she not herself, prefer death, an honorable death, at the friendly hands of a tender-hearted fellow-countryman, to the unspeakable insults of the man-eating Polynesians? If only he had the courage to release her by one blow, as she lay there, from the coming ill! But he hadn't: he had't. Even on board the Australasian he had been vaguely aware that he was getting very fond of that pretty little Miss Ellis. And now that he sat there, after that desperate struggle for life with the pounding waves mounting guard over her through the live-long night, his own heart told him plainly, in tones he could not disobey, he loved her too well to dare what he thought best in the end for her.

Still, even so, he was brave enough to feel he must never let the very worst of all befall her. He bethought him, in his doubt and agony, of how his uncle, Major Thurstan, during the great Indian mutiny, had held his lonely bungalow, with his wife and daughter by his side, for three long hours against a howling mob of native insurgents: and how, when further resistance was hopeless, and that great black wave of angry humanity burst in upon them at last, the brave soldier had drawn his revolver, shot his wife and daughter with unerring aim, to prevent their falling alive into the hands of the natives, and then blown his own brains out with his last remaining cartridge. As his uncle had done at Jhansi, thirty years before, so he himself would do on that nameless Pacific island—for he didn't know even now on what shore he had landed. If the savages bore down upon them with hostile intent, and threatened Muriel, he would plunge his knife first into that innocent woman's heart: and then bury it deep in his own, and die beside her.

So the long night wore on—Muriel pillowed on loose cocoanut husk, dozing now and again, and waking with a start to gaze round her wildly, and realize once more in what plight, she found herself. Felix crouching by her feet, and keeping watch with eager eyes and ears on every side for the least sign of a noiseless, naked footfall through the tangled growth of that dense tropical underbrush. Time after time he clapped his hand to his ear, shell-wise, and listened and peered, with knitted brow, suspecting some sudden swoop from an ambush in the jungle of creepers behind the little plantain patch. Time after time he grasped his knife hard, and puckered his eyebrows resolutely, and stood with bated breath for a fierce, wild leap upon his fancied assailant. But the night wore away by degrees, a minute at a time, and no man came; and dawn began to brighten the sea-line to eastward.

As the day dawned, Felix could see more clearly exactly where he was, and in what surroundings. Without, the ocean broke in huge curling billows on the shallow beach of the fringing reef with such stupendous force that Felix wondered how they could ever have lived through its pounding surf and its fiercely retreating undertow. Within, the lagoon spread its calm lake-like surface away to the white coral shore of the central atoll. Between those two waters, the greater and the less, a waving palisade of tall-stemmed palm trees rose on a narrow ribbon of circular land that formed the fringing reef. All night through he had felt, with a strange eerie misgiving, the very foundations of the land thrill under his feet at every dull thud of the boom of the surf on its restraining barrier. Now that he could see that thin belt of shore in its actual shape and size, he was not astonished at this constant shock: what surprised him rather was the fact that such a speck of land could hold its own at all against the ceaseless cannonade of that seemingly irresistable ocean.

He stood up, hatless, in his battered tweed suit, and surveyed the scene of their present and future adventures. It took but a glance to show him that the whole ground plan of the island was entirely circular. In the midst of all rose the central atoll itself, a tiny mountain-peak, just projecting with its hills and gorges to a few hundred feet above the surface of the ocean. Outside it came the lagoon, with its placid ring of glassy water surrounding the circular island, and separated from the sea by an equally circular belt of fringing reef, covered thick with waving stemps of picturesque cocoanut. It was on the reef they had landed, and from it they now looked across the calm lagoon with doubtful eyes toward the central island.

As soon as the sun rose their doubts were quickly resolved into fears or certainties. Scarcely had its rim begun to show itself distinctly above the Eastern horizon, when a great bustle and confusion was noticeable at once on the opposite shore. Brown-skinned savages were collecting in eager groups by a white patch of beach, and putting out rude but well-manned canoes into the calm waters of the lagoon. At sight of their naked arms and bustling gesture, Muriel's heart sank suddenly with her. "Oh, Mr. Thurstan," she cried, clinging to his arm in her terror, "what does it all mean? Are they going to hurt us? Are these savages coming over? Are they coming to kill us?"

Felix grasped his trusty knife hard in his right hand, and swallowed a groan, as he looked tenderly down upon her. "Muriel," he said, forgetting in the excitement of the moment the little conventionalities and courtesies of civilized life, "if they are, trust me, you never shall fall alive into their cruel hands. Sooner than that—" he held up the knife significantly, with its open blade before her.

The poor girl clung to him harder still, with a ghastly shudder. "Oh, it's terrible, terrible," she cried, turning deadly pale. Then, after a short pause, she added, "But I would rather have it so. Do as you say. I could bear it from you. Promise me that, rather than that those creatures should kill me."

"I promise," Felix answered, clasping her hand hard, and paused, with the knife over ready in his right, awaiting the approach of the half-naked savages.

The boats glided fast across the lagoon, propelled by the paddles of the stalwart Polynesians who manned them, and crowded to the water's edge with groups of grinning and shouting warriors. They were dressed in aprons of dracaena leaves only, with necklets and armlets of sharks' teeth and cowrie shells. A dozen canoes at least were making toward the reef at full speed, all bristling with spears and alive with noisy and boisterous savages. Muriel shrank back terror-stricken at the sight, as they drew nearer. But Felix, holding his breath hard, grew somewhat nervous as the men approached the reef. He had seen enough of Polynesian life before now to feel sure these people were not upon the war-path. Whatever their ultimate intentions toward the castaways might be, their immediate object seemed friendly and good humored. The boats, though large, were not regular war canoes: the men, instead of brandishing their spears, and lunging out with them over the edge in threatening attitudes, held them erect in their hands, at rest, like standards; they were laughing and talking, not crying their war-cry. As they drew near the shore, one big canoe shot suddenly a length or so ahead of the rest: and its leader, standing on the grotesque carved figure that adorned its prow, held up both his hands open and empty before him, in sign of peace, while at the same time he shouted out a word or two three times in his own language, to reassure the caseways.

Felix's eye glanced cautiously from boat to boat. "He says, 'We are friends,'" the young man remarked in an undertone to his terrified companion. "I can understand his dialect. Thank Heaven, it's very close to Fijian. I shall be able at least to palaver to these men. I don't think they mean just now to harm us. I believe we can trust them, at any rate for the present."

The poor girl drew back, in still greater awe and alarm than ever. "Oh, are they going to land here?" she cried, still clinging closer with both hands to her one friend and protector.

"Try not to look so frightened!" Felix exclaimed, with a warning glance. "Remember, much depends upon it: savages judge you greatly by what demeanor you happen to assume. If you're frightened, they know their power: if they see you're resolute, they suspect you have some supernatural means of protection. Try to meet them frankly, as if you were not afraid of them." Then, advancing slowly to the water's edge, he called out aloud, in a strong, clear voice, a few words which Muriel didn't understand, but which were really the Fijian for "We also are friendly. Our medicine is good. We mean no magic. We come to you from across the great water. We desire your peace. Receive us and protect us."

At the sound of words which he could readily understand, and which differed but little, indeed, from his own language, the leader on the foremost canoe, who seemed by his manner to be a great chief, turned round to his followers and cried out in tones of superstitious awe, "Tu-Kila-Kila spoke well. These are, indeed, what he told us. Korong! Korong! They are spirits who have come to us from the disk of the sun, to bring us light and pure, fresh fire. Stay back there, all of you. You are not holy enough to approach. I and my crew, who are sanctified by the mysteries, we alone will go forward to meet them."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Plea of Self-Defence.

When Judge Underwood of Georgia, had charged the jury, it was exceedingly dangerous for the defendant's counsel to ask for an additional charge. William Glenn had been defending a big, strapping town-boy, who was charged with an assault and battery upon a smaller boy. The big boy had been imposing upon the little fellows, and one of them hit him with a switch and ran. The big boy pursued him, threw a stone at him, cut a big gash in his head, and laid him up for a week or two. The grand jury found a true bill, and, after the closing speech by the solicitor, the Judge charged the jury very fairly, and then asked if there was any other charge that counsel desired. Glenn, rose, and with some tone of apprehension, said:

"I believe your Honor omitted to charge that self-defence may justify an assault."

"Yes," said the Judge, as he straightened up—"yes, gentlemen, there is such a law, and if you believe from the evidence that this great, big, double-jointed, big-fisted young gentleman was actuated by fear and self-defense when he ran after that poor, little punny, tallowed-faced boy, and, because he couldn't overtake him, picked up a rock big enough to knock down a steer and threw it at him and knocked him senseless, then you can find for the defendant. Any other charges, Brother Glenn?"

"I believe not," said Glenn.

A Cluster of Bats.

Not long ago a bat was discovered in a cozy corner of a barn with four little ones firmly attached to her wings: in this condition madam bat sailed through the hay loft with her live pendants swaying, heads downward in the air. She was captured and deposited in a basket, where, in a semi-dormant condition she was contented to pass the day, and made no objection to a frequent exhibition of herself and progeny. All save one remained firmly attached to the maternal wings.

Goldsmith was evidently familiar with their habits when he wrote the words: "Silent bats in drowsy clusters cling." The detached member clung as effectually for a time to a bit of paper. The cover of the basket was left ajar and, true to her instinctive habits, madam bat waked up at nightfall and was, to all appearances, trying to bang her brains out against the ceiling: but in reality she was only catching flies with unerring precision, as a little watching plainly showed. A gas jet was turned on in the room and the bat soon dropped to the floor She had no youngsters with her on this trip; she was a careful mother and had hung them all up by their heels, in a row on one side of the basket for safe-keeping.—American Agriculturist.

Warming Rooms.

In warming a room by low pressure steam one square foot of plate or pipe surface will heat from forty to 100 cubic feet of the enclosed space The range from 40 to 100 feet is to meet the different exposures of rooms. A room in the corner of a block is necessarially colder than one intermediate, and rooms at the top of the house have sometimes an advantage. The medium is about seventy-five feet, and the rule will apply when the temperature in the open air is 10 degrees below zero. This will illustrate the difficulty sometimes in sufficiently warming the apartment houses, the landlords being too economical in giving sufficient radiating surface to the pipes.

A Good Horse.

The following is an ancient description of a good horse. "A good horse," says Julia Berners, in a tract on hunting, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496, 'Shoide have fifteen good propyrties and condycions: that is, to wyte, three of a man, three of a woman, three of a foxe, three of a haare, and three of an asse. Of a man, boled, prowde, and hardye; of a woman, fayre-breasted, fayre of heere, and easy to move, of a foxe, a fayre taylle, short eeres, and a good trotte; of a haare, a grete eye, a dry heed, and well rennying: of an asse, a bygge chynn, flatt legge, and a good hoof."

The Ostrich.

The shells of the ostrich egg are converted, in South Africa, into water-flasks, cups, and dishes. Bush girls and Batalaban women, who belong to the wandering Bechuana tribes of the Kalahan desert, may often be seen coming down to the fountains from their remote habitations, sometimes situated at an amazing distance, each carrying on their back a kaup, or network, containing from twelve to fifteen ostrich egg-shells, which have been emptied by a small aperture at one end: these they fill with water, and then cork up the whole with grass.

ALL the good advice people need is supplied by nature.

Memorial Service.

An exchange tells the following story of the pie-shop in London before which Charles Dickens used to stand when, as a child, he drudged in a blacking factory, Every day, on the way to and from his work, he paused to devour the viands with his eyes, and sometimes he pressed his tongue to the window pane, as if by so doing he got a taste of the good things which were so near and yet so far."

An American railroad man who admires Dickens hunted up this pie-shop when in London in order to gratify his curiosity and his sentiment. It proved to be a mere box of a place in a poor quarter of the city, but the original business was still carried on there. As the traveller peered into the shadowy interior, a voice was heard at his elbow:

"Please, sir, will you buy me a weal pie?"

The owner of the voice was a small, dishevelled person, with whom a pie of veal, or anything else of a "hearty" nature, would have agreed right well.

"How many boys do you think this shop will hold?" asked the American.

"I dunno. About fifteen or sixteen, I should think."

"Well, go and get fifteen boys, and bring them back here."

The boy studied the man's face for a moment, as if to make sure that he was in the enjoyment of his senses, and then with a yell hurried into a side street. Hardly a minute elapsed before he returned at the head of a procession of sixteen gamins, of assorted sizes, unanimous in appetite and hope.

This ragged battalion assembled close behind its benefactor and followed him into the shop, where he announced that he was going to give all the boys all the pie they wanted. They wanted a great deal, as it proved: their capacity for "weal pie" was something marvellous. But their benefactor was as good as his word, and sixteen happy and satisfied boys left the shop singing his praises.

Saved by Pure Nerve.

Some time ago I was camping with a party on the shore of Lake Erie, not far from Ashtabula. Shortly after we had retired one morning, I heard a peculiar whirring sound, which I recognized at once.

"There is a rattlesnake in camp!" I exclaimed. "I am going to get up."

"Hush," came the word, slowly hissed through the teeth from a companion near me. "The snake has crawled into my shirt bosom."

This was said very softly, and we were almost paralyzed with fright at the prospect. We were afraid to stir for fear the reptile would take alarm and strike its victim. It crawled over his body good-naturedly, evidently enjoying the warmth, for the night was a little raw.

At times the snake's head was close to his face, and he told us afterward he feared the motion of his chest up and down in breathing would stir up the reptile, and he tried hard to breathe as little as possible. Finally the snake crawled toward the fire, and in an instant the whole camp was up. One seized a club and broke the reptile's back before it could make a spring. It measured nearly five feet.

The man who had the terrible experience collapsed like a rag after it was over. During the ordeal we were all surprised at the coolness and nerve he displayed. With all danger passed he fell into a faint, but soon revived.

A NO-TO-BAC MIRACLE

PHYSICAL PERFECTION PREVENTED BY THE USE OF TOBACCO.

An Old-Timer of Twenty-three Years' Tobacco Chewing and Smoking Cured, and Gains Twenty Pounds in Thirty Days.

LAKE GENEVA, Wis., May 5.—Special. The ladies of our beautiful little town are making an interesting and exciting time for tobacco-using husbands, since the injurious effects of tobacco and the ease with which it can be cured by a preparation called No-To-Bac have been so plainly demonstrated by the cure of Mr. F. C. Waite. In a written statement he says: "I smoked and chewed tobacco for twenthree years, and I am sure that my case was one of the worst in this part of the country. Even after I went to bed at night, if I woke up I would want to chew or smoke. It was not only killing me but my wife was also ailing from the injurious effects. Two boxes of No-To-Bac cured me, and I have no more desire for tobacco than I have to jump out of the window. I have gained twenty pounds in thirty days, my wife is well, and we are indeed both happy to say that No-To-Bac is truly 'worth its weight in gold' to us."

The cure and improvement in Mr. Waite's case is looked upon as a miracle—in fact, it is the talk of the town and county, and it is estimated that over a thousand tobacco users will be using No-To-Bac within a few weeks. The peculiarity about No-To-Bac as a patent medicine is that the makers, the Sterling Remedy Company, No. 45 Randolph street, Chicago, absolutely guarantee the use of three boxes to cure or refund the money, and the cost, $2.50, is so trifling as compared with the expensive and unnecessary use of tobacco that tobacco-using husbands have no good excuse to offer when their wives insist upon their taking No-To-Bac and getting result in the way of pure, sweet breath, wonderful improvement in their mental and physical condition, with a practical revitalization of their nicotized nerves

Bogus Barber Shop Bay Rum.

The fluid that the barber applies to the face and neck of the customer, after shaving is supposed by many to be bay rum, but in the majority of cases it is only a base imitation. The article has an odor much like bay rum and that is all. Modern chemistry has evolved a great number of fakes, and a liquid from coal tar that resembles the oil of the bay leaf is one of them. With one ounce of the bogus material a barber can convert one gallon of water into the favorite face wash.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Potato Diet and Knock-Knees.

The City of Glasgow, in Scotland, has a multitude of bow-legged and knock-kneed children, made such by an almost exclusive diet of potatoes, they not getting bread, which contains the elements that stiffen and strengthen bones: and the same lack occasionally produces the painful specimens of rickety hunchbacks to be found in American tenements.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer $100 reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Not Marble but Stucco.

Most of the so-called marble houses of the Rome of Augustus were not such in reality. The plasterer's art had then reached a high state of perfection, and gave to stucco the appearance of the finest marble.

ATTEND the Fort Wayne Business College

A BUCKWHEAT cake and a home run depends largely on the batter.

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

"He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last."

A young British soldier was conducting a party from the United States over the citadel at Quebec. One member of the party was a small maid of 9, and to her the young soldier devoted most of his attention. She was a saucy child, full of enthusiasm and blessed with the earnest, aggressive patriotism of extreme youth.

"Here," said the soldier, as they stood before two worn brass cannon, "are two guns we took from your people at the battle of Bunker Hill," and he smiled in triumph.

Nonplussed for a moment, the child was still, then she looked up. "Come home with me," she said softly, "and I'll show you a whole country we took away from your people about the same time."—Life.

A Remarkable Plant.

The kobea scandens is a most remarkable annual of late becoming popular with lovers of plants. It runs up a house like a lightning rod if permitted to have its own way, but may be made to branch and spread so as to form an excellent screen. One of the Central Park gardeners finds that the plant may be transferred to the greenhouse upon the approach of winter and made to keep on growing indefinitely. A kobea is now growing in one of the propagating houses of the Central Park nursery, and the gardener in charge says that it could be easily made to serve instead of whitewashed glass to temper the sun's rays to delicate young plants.—New York Sun.

A Long-Sought Material.

The production of a new glass having the valuable property of supporting sudden variations of temperature has been announced by two German chemists, Winklemann and Schott. Retorts and other laboratory utensils made of this glass could be exposed without any precaution to flame of a Bunsen burner or even of a blowpipe. This means, to the chemist at least, a great economy, for much heat is lost by the ordinary process of interposing wire gauze between the flame and the utensil, and it is claimed that liquids can be heated in the new glass with less than half the time and gas necessary by the usual method.—Boston Herald.

Did You Ever Meet a Truly Good Man?

No doubt you think you have, but we'll wager a dime or so he did not have the rheumatism. If he did, he swore occasionally, and no man can be truly good who swears occasionally. Health, nerve tranquility and morality are apt to go hand in hand. Painful spasmodic diseases like rheumatism and neuralgia ruin the temper, make one morose, peevish and rebellious. This is a sad fact, but it is none the less true. Drive away the pain, mollify the temper, restore tranquility of mind in cases of rheumatism and neuralgia with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an anodyne and tonic of comprehensive range and effect. It healthfully stimulates the kidneys, bladder, stomach, liver and bowels when inactive, and induces sleep and appetite. A very quieting effect, not an unnatural, stupefying one like that of an opiate, is produced by a wineglassful before retiring. It is incomparable in malarial disease.

The Doctor Was There.

Among some old papers in an Arkansas probate court was found a doctor's account for medical attendance during the last illness of the deceased. On the back the administrator had made the following indorsement: "This claim is not verified by affidavit as the statute requires, but the death of the deceased is satisfactory evidence to my mind that the doctor did the work. W——S——, Adm."

The Decline of Sailing Yachts.

While large sailing yachts are steadily going out of fashion, and builders have almost ceased to construct schooners, the number of auxiliary steam craft is being rapidly increased, and tonnage which a few years back would have been deemed phenomenal is now becoming common The latest order which has been placed is by Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox for the construction of a steal auxiliary vessel of upward of 500 tons, from designs by G. L. Watson. Lord Algernon Gordon-Lennox's new boat is to be specially adapted for foreign cruising.—London Telegraph.

WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION

Will be of value to the world by illustrating the improvements in the mechanical arts and eminent physicians will tell you that the progress in medicinal agents, has been of equal importance, and as a strengthening laxative that Syrup of Figs is far in advance of all others.

AFTER a man reaches the age at which he is ready to settle down, and stop giving his wife trouble, his sons have reached the age to begin.

IN 1850 "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Colds, Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparelled.

IT requires only a few years for a youth's elder sister to become younger than he.

$4 to California.

This is our sleeping car rate on the Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions from Chicago to Los Angeles or San Francisco, via the scenic route and Ogden. You can go with Phillips, the best of all excursion managers, for he has each party accompanied by a special agent who goes the entire trip with patrons. These personally conducted excursions leave Chicago twice a week, Tuesday and Thursday.

We have also a daily tourist car service, via our Southern route, through the beautiful Indian Territory and Fort Worth to Los Angeles and San Francisco. The tourist car rate via this route, the same. Apply at Rock Island ticket office, 104 Clark street. John Sebastian, G. P. A., C., B. I. & P. Ry., Chicago.

AN eat compliment—"What a good appetite you have."

The melody of music is divine, but it is no more enchanting than a young girl's face made supremely beautiful by the use of Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00.

Lovely Complexion.

Pure, Soft, White Skin.

Have you freckles, moth, black-heads, blotches, ugly or muddy skin, eczema, tetter, or any other cutaneous blemish? Do you want a quick, permanent and absolutely infallible cure, *FREE OF COST* to introduce it? Something new, pure, mild and so harmless a child can use or drink it with perfect safety. If so, send your full Post-office address to

MISS MAGGIE E. MILETTE, 124 Vine Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

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

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Pain in the Back

Joints or hips, sediment in urine like brick-dust frequent calls or retention, rheumatism.

Kidney Complaint

Diabetes, dropsy, scanty or high colored urine.

Urinary Troubles

Stinging sensations when voiding, distress pressure in the parts, urethral irritation, stricture.

Disordered Liver

Bloat or dark circles under the eyes, tongue coated, constipation, yellowish eyeballs.

At Druggists, 50 cents and $1.00 size.

"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.

DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

MY WIFE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT AND PAY FREIGHT.

$14 Buys our 2 drawer walnut or oak high arm Stager sewing machine with finely finished, nickel plated, adapted to light and heavy work, guaranteed for 10 Years; with automatic Bobbin Winder, Self-Threading Cylinder Shuttle, Self-Setting Needle and a complete set of Steel Attachments; shipped any where on 30 Day's Trial. No money required in advance. 75,000 now in use. World's Fair Medal awarded machine and attachments. Buy from factory and save dealer's and agent's profits. FREE Cut This Out and send to-day for machine or large free catalogue, testimonials and Glimpses of the World's Fair. OXFORD MFG. CO. 342 Wabash Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH. PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

Those Pimples

Are tell-tale symptoms that your blood is not right—full of impurities, causing a sluggish and unsightly complexion. A few bottles of S. S. S. will remove all foreign and impure matter, cleanse the blood thoroughly and give a clear and rosy complexion. It is most effectual, and entirely harmless.

Chas. Heaton, 78 Laurel St., Phila., says:—"I have had for years a humor in my blood which made me dread to shave, as small boils or pimples would be cut thus causing shaving to be a great annoyance. After taking three bottles of my face is all clear and smooth as it should be—appetite splendid, sleep well and feel like running a foot race, all from the use of S. S. S.

S.S.S.

Send for Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO, Atlanta, Ga.

From away up in British North America comes the following greeting to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. Mrs. Allen Sharrard, of Hartney, Selkirk Co., Manitoba, whose portrait, with that of her little boy, heads this article, writes as follows: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for 'falling of the womb.' I was troubled with bearing down pains and pains in my back whenever I would be on my feet any length of time. I was recommended to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which I did with happy results. I feel like a new person after taking three bottles of it."

As we have just heard from the frigid North, we will now introduce a letter received from the Sunny South. The following is from Mrs. J. T. Smith, of Orkfuskee, Cleburne Co., Ala. She writes: "I was afflicted and suffered untold pains and misery, such as no pen can describe, for six years. I was confined to bed most of the time. I expected the cold hand of death every day. I was afflicted with leucorrhœa—with excessive flowing—falling of the womb—bearing down sensation—pain in the small of my back—my bowels costive—smarting, itching and burning in the vagina, also palpitation of the heart. When I began taking your medicine I could not sit up, only a few minutes at a time, I was so weak. I took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription three times per day, I also took his 'Golden Medical Discovery' three times per day and one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets every night. I have taken seven bottles of the 'Discovery,' seven bottles of the 'Prescription' and five bottles of the 'Pellets.' I took these medicines seven months, regularly, never missed a day. These medicines cured me. I feel as well as I ever did in my life. Four of the best doctors in the land treated my case four years. They all gave me up as hopeless—they said I could not be cured, and could not live. Through the will of God, and your medicines, I have been restored to the best of health." Yours truly,

Mrs J. T. Smith

Mrs. W. O. Gunekel, of No. 1461 South Seventh Street, Terre Haute, Indiana, writ