That Tired Feeling

"I cordially recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who may be suffering with indigestion or impure blood, no appetite,

Run Down

feeling, or generally out of order. It will surely help any who give it a fair trial, if there is any help for them. I have found it of great benefit for

Rheumatism.

We have used Hood's Sarsaparilla two years and have no sick headache spells, pains or tired

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

feeling." W. N. BARNES, Hartford City, Ind.

Hood's Pills give universal satisfaction.

While Milking the Cows.

Charles Dudley Warner tells a story of how, when a boy, he used to repeat Bryant's poem "Thanatopsis" while he milked the cows.

"I learned that poem when I was a small boy," he says. "I liked it because I was a farmer boy and the poem was all about nature.

"I remember well how ashamed I was when a cousin of mine told me how he found me in the barn milking and repeating the poem. He had crept into the barn when I was not looking and stood at a door watching me while I worked and talked away to myself. Then I was a small, barefoot boy, sitting on a milking stool and saying over the verses of Bryant's great poem.

"The cousin thought it all a great joke, so that night at the tea table he told the whole story, while I felt my face grow crimson with shame.

"But I like the old poem still. Whenever I say it over I think of the old milking stool and the cows in the barn at home."

Bearing-Down Feeling.

The portrait presented here is that of Mrs. J. M. Bender, who lives on the old York Road at Nicetown, Pa. She has been for many years in very poor health.

She had falling of the womb, causing that bearing down feeling and other forms of female weakness, with headache, severe backache, pains all over her body, and serious kidney trouble.

Her blood was in such a bad state that physicians said she had dropsy. Nearly discouraged, she tried *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*, and to her great surprise it made her a well woman. She now wishes to tell women all over the world to take the Vegetable Compound and be well.

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KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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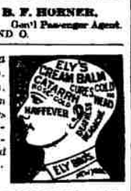
Since 1861 I have been a great sufferer from catarrh. I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and to all appearances am cured. Terrible headache from which I had long suffered is gone.—W. J. Hitchcock, Late Major United States Volunteers and A. A. General, Buffalo, N. Y.



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A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents, at druggists or by mail.

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Morse Bros. Props. Canton, Mass.

KORONG.

A Tale of the Sandwich Islands.

By Grant Allen.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

Ula smiled again. To say the truth, that was precisely the interpretation she herself had put on that terrific omen. The parrot had spilled Tu-Kila-Kila's sacred blood upon the soil of earth. According to her simple natural philosophy, that was a certain sign that through the parrot's instrumentality Tu-Kila-Kila's life would be forfeited to the great eternal earth-spirit. Or, rather, the earth-spirit would claim the blood of the man Lavita, in whose body it dwelt, and would itself migrate to some new earthly tabernacle.

But for all that," she dissembled. "Great God," she cried, smiling a benign smile, "you are tired! You are thirsty! Care for Heaven and earth has wearied you out. You feel the fatigue of upholding the sun in heaven. Your arms must ache. Your thews must give under you. Drink of the soul-inspiring juice of the kava! My hands have prepared the divine cup. For Tu-Kila-Kila did I make it—fresh, pure, invigorating!"

She held the bowl to his lips with an enticing smile. Tu-Kila-Kila hesitated and glanced around him suspiciously. "What if the white-faced stranger should-come to-night," he whispered, hoarsely. "He may have discovered the Great Taboo, after all. Who can tell the ways of the world, how they come about? My people are so treacherous Some traitor may have betrayed it to him."

"Impossible," the beautiful snake-like woman answered, with a strong gesture of natural disdain. "And even if he came, would not kava, the divine, inspiriting drink of the gods, in which dwell the embodied souls of our fathers—would not kava make you more vigorous, strong for the fight? Would it not course through your veins like fire? Would it not pour into your soul the divine, abiding strength of your mighty mother, the eternal earth-spirit?"

"A little," Tu-Kila-Kila said, yielding, "but not too much. Too much would stupefy me. When the spirits, that the kava-tree sucks up from the earth, are too strong within us, they overpower our own strength, so that even I, the high god—even I can do nothing."

Ula held the bowl to his lips, and enticed him to drink with her beautiful eyes. "A deep draught, O supporter of the sun in heaven," she cried, pressing his arm tenderly. "Am I not Ula? Did I not brew it for you? Am I not the chief and most favored among your women? I will sit at the door. I will watch all night. I will not close an eye. Not a footfall on the ground but my ear shall hear it."

"Do" Tu-Kila-Kila said, laconically. "I fear Fire and Water. Those gods love me not: Fain would they make me migrate into some other body. But I myself like it not. This one suits me admirably. Ula, that kava is stronger than you are used to make it."

"No, no," Ula cried, pressing it to his lips a second time passionately. "You are a very great god. You are tired: it overcomes you. And if you sleep, I will watch. Fire and Water dare not disobey your commands. Are you not great? Your Eyes are ever, where. And I, even I, will be as one of them."

The savage gulped down a few more mouthfuls of the intoxicating liquid. Then he glanced up again suddenly with a quick, suspicious look. The cunning of his race gave him wisdom in spite of the deadly strength of the kava Ula had brewed too deep for him. With a sudden resolve, he rose and staggered out. "You are a serpent, woman!" he cried angrily, seeing the smile that lurked upon Ula's face. "To-morrow I will kill you. I will take the white woman for my bride, and she and I will feast off your carrion body. You have tried to betray me, but you are not cunning enough, not strong enough. No woman shall kill me. I am a very great god. I will not yield. I will wait by the tree. This is a trap you have set, but I do not fall into it. If the King of the Rain comes, I shall be there to meet him."

He seized his spear and hatchet and walked forth, erect, without one sign of drunkenness. Ula trembled to herself as she saw him go. She was playing a deep game. Had she given him only just enough kava to strengthen and inspire him?

CHAPTER XXVIII.

WAGER OF BATTLE.

Felix wound his way painfully through the deep fern-brake of the jungle, by no regular path, so as to avoid exciting the alarm of the natives, and to take Tu-Kila-Kila's palace-temple from the rear, where the big tree, which overshadowed it with its drooping branches, was most easily approachable. As he and Toko crept on, bending low through that dense tropical scrub, in deathly silence they were aware all the time of a low, crackling sound that rang ever some paces in the rear on their trail through the forest. It was Tu-Kila-Kila's Eyes, following them stealthily from afar, footstep for footstep, through the dense undergrowth of bush, and the crisp fallen leaves and twigs snapped light beneath their footfall. What hope of success with those watchful spies, keen as beagles and cruel as bloodhounds, following ever on their track? What chance of escape for Felix and Muriel, with the cannibal mangod's toils laid round on every side to insure their destruction?

"Let the great spirit itself choose which body it will inhabit," the King of Fire murmured in a soft, low voice, glancing toward a dark spot at the foot of the big tree. The moonlight fell dim through the branches on the place where he looked. The gibbering bones of dead victims rattled lightly in the wind. Felix's eyes followed the King of Fire's, and saw, lying asleep upon the ground, Tu-Kila-Kila himself, with his spear and tomahawk.

He lay there, huddled up by the very roots of the tree, breathing deep and regularly Right over his head projected the branch, in one part of whose boughs grew the fateful parasite. By the dim light of the moon, straggling through the dense foliage, Felix could see its yellow leaves distinctly. Beneath it hung a skeleton, suspended by invisible cords, head downward from the branches. It was the skeleton of a previous Korong who had tried in vain to reach the bough, and perished. Tu-Kila-Kila had made high feast on the victim's flesh; his bones now collected together and cunningly fastened with native rope, serves as a warning and as a trap or pitfall for all who might rashly venture to follow him.

Felix stood for one moment, alone and awe-struck, a solitary civilized man, among those hideous surroundings. Above, the cold moon; all about, the grim, stolid, half hostile natives; close by, that strange, serpentine, savage wife, guarding, cat-like, the sleep of her cannibal husband; behind, the watchful Eyes of Tu-Kila-Kila, waiting ever in the background, ready to raise a loud shout of alarm and warning the moment the fatal branch was actually broken, but mute, by their vows, till that moment was accomplished. Then a sudden wild impulse urged him on to the attempt. The banyan had dropped down rooting offsets to the ground, after the fashion of its kind, from its main branches Felix seized one of these and swung himself lightly up till he reached the very limb on which the sacred parasite itself was growing.

To get the parasite, however, he must pass directly above Tu-Kila-Kila's head, and over the point where that ghastly, grinning skeleton was suspended, as by an unseen hair, from the fork that bore it.

He walked along, balancing himself, and clutching, as he went, at the neighboring boughs, while Tu-Kila-Kila, overcome with the kava, slept stolidly and heavily on beneath him. At last he was almost within grasp of the parasite. Could he lunge out and clutch it? One try—one effort! No, no: he almost lost footing and fell over in the attempt. He couldn't keep his balance so. He must try farther on. Come what might he must go past the skeleton.

The grisly mass swung again, clanking its bones as it swung, and groaned in the wind ominously. The breeze whistled audibly through its hollow skull and vacant eyesockets. Tu-Kila-Kila turned uneasily in his sleep below. Felix saw that there was not one instant of time to be lost now. He passed on boldly, and as he passed, a dozen thin cords of paper mulberry, stretched every way in an invisible network among the boughs, too small to be seen in the dim moonlight, caught him with their toils and almost overthrew him. They broke with his weight, and Felix himself, tumbling blindly, fell forward. At the cost of a sprained wrist and a great jerk on his bruised fingers, he caught at a bough by his side, but wrenched it away suddenly. It was touch and go. At the very same moment the skeleton fell heavily, and rattled on the ground beside Tu-Kila-Kila.

Before Felix could discover what had actually happened, a very great shout went up all around below, and made him stagger with excitement. Tu-Kila-Kila was awake, and had started up, all intent, mad with wrath and kava. Glaring about him wildly, and brandishing his great spear in his passion and despair: "Where is he, the Korong? Bring him on, my meat! Let me devour his heart! Let me tear him to pieces. Let me drink of his blood! Let me kill him and eat him!"

Sick and desperate at the accident, Felix, in turn, clinging hard to his bough with one hand, gazed wildly about him to look for the parasite. But it had gone as if by magic. He glanced around in despair, vaguely conscious that nothing was left for it now but to drop to the ground and let himself be killed at leisure by that frantic savage. Yet even as he did so, he was aware of that great cry—a cry as of triumph—still rending the air. Fire and Water had rushed forward, and were holding back Tu-Kila-Kila, now black in the face from rage, with all their might. Ula was smiling a malicious joy. The Eyes were all agog with interest and excitement. And from one and all that wild scream rose unanimous to the startled sky: "He has it! He has it! The Soul of the tree! The Spirit of the World! The great god's abode. Hold off your hands, Lavita, son of Sami! Your trial has come. He has it! He has it!"

Felix looked about him with a whirling brain. His eye fell suddenly. There, in his own hand, lay the fateful bough. In his efforts to steady himself, he had clutched at it by pure accident, and broken it off unawares with the force of his clutching. As fortune would have it, he grasped it still. His senses reeled. He was almost dead with excitement, suspense, and uncertainty, mingled with pain of his wrenched wrist. But for Muriel's sake he pulled himself together. Gazing down and trying to take it all in—that strange savage scene—he saw that Tu-Kila-Kila was making frantic attempts to lunge at him with the spear, while the King of Fire and the King of Water, stern and relentless, were holding him off by main force, and striving their best to appease and quiet him.

There was an awful pause. Then a voice broke the stillness from beyond the taboo-line:

"The Shadow of the King of the Rain speaks," it said, in very solemn, conventional accents. "Korong! Korong! The Great Taboo is broken. Fire and Water, hold him in whom dwells the god till my master comes. He has the Soul of all the spirits of the wood in his hands. He will fight for his right Taboo! Taboo! I, Toko, have said it."

He clapped his hands thrice.

Tu-Kila-Kila made a wild effort to break away once more. But the King of Fire, standing opposite to him, spoke still louder and clearer. "If you touch the Korong before the line is drawn," he said, with a voice of authority, "you are no Tu-Kila-Kila, but an outcast and a criminal. All the people will hold you with forked sticks, while the Korong burns you alive slowly limb by limb, with me, who am fire, the fierce, the consuming. I will scorch you and bake you till you are as a bamboo in the flame. Taboo! Taboo! Taboo! I Fire, have said it."

The King of Water, with three attendants, forced Tu-Kila-Kila on one side for a moment. Ula stood by and smiled compliance. A temple slave, trembling all over at this conflict of the gods, brought out a calabash full of white coral-sand. The King of Water spat on it and blessed it. By this time a dozen natives, at least, had assembled outside the taboo-line, and stood eagerly watching the result of the combat. The temple slave made a long white mark with the coral-sand on one side of the cleared area. Then he handed the calabash solemnly to Toka. Toka crossed the sacred precinct with a few inaudible words of mttered charm, to save the Taboo, as prescribed in the mysteries. Then he drew a similar line on the ground on his side, some twenty yards off. "Descend, O my lord!" he cried to Felix; and Felix, still holding the bough tight in his hand, swung himself blindly from the tree, and took his place by Toka

"Toe the line!" Toko cried, and Felix toed it.

"Bring up your god!" the Shadow called out aloud to the King of Water. And the King of Water, using no special ceremony with so great a duty, dragged Tu-Kila-Kila helplessly along with him to the farther taboo-line.

The King of Water brought a spear and tomahawk. He handed them to Felix. "With these weapons," he said, "fight, and merit heaven. I hold the bough meanwhile—the victor takes it."

The King of Fire stood out between the lists. "Korongs and gods," he said, "the King of the Rain has plucked the sacred bough, according to our fathers' rites, and claims that which of you two shall henceforth hold the sacred soul of the world, the great Tu-Kila-Kila. Wager of Battle decides the day. Keep too to line. At the end of my words, forth, forward, and fight for it. The great god knows his own, and will choose his abode. Taboo, Taboo, Taboo! I, Fire, have spoken it."

Scarcely were the words well out of his mouth when, with a wild whoop of rage, Tu-Kila-Kila, who had the advantage of the rules of the game, so to speak, dashed madly forward, drunk with passion and kava, and gave one lunge with his spear full tilt at the breast of the startled and unprepared white man. His aim, though frantic, was not at fault. The spear struck Felix high up on the left side. He felt a dull thud of pain: a faint gurgle of blood. Even in the pale moonlight his eye told him at once a red stream was trickling out over his flannel shirt. He was pricked, at least. The great god had wounded him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLY-CATCHING MICE.

Their Uses and Antics in a Drug Store Show Window.

For something new in the way of a fly-trap look into the window of the drug store at the corner of Tremont and Eliot streets. There, is at almost any hour of the day and night, from one to four rodent quadrupeds can be seen prancing over bottles of tooth powder and syrup of squills and tincture of turpentine and sweet spirits of rhubarb and the other useful articles usually displayed in such places in a wild attempt to capture the musca domestica. The mice are simply out fly-fishing. A card has been placed in the window in self-defense which reads: "Fly Trap, Not for Sale." This was done after the door-step had been worn half way through by a line of people coming in to inform the clerks that the window was full of mice. The mice have been in the window for three years, says one of the clerks who has seen that length of service for the druggist; and he doesn't know how much longer. In the winter they get a living by gnawing off all the labels in the store that are glued on with starchy paste.

The mice by this time have become quite tame, but they never leave the window except when the store is closed. They have proved themselves to be real conveniences. When the store gets unpleasantly full of flies, the clerks drive them into the window, and then the mice have luncheon. People gather at these times just as they do at the circus when the animals are fed. The best fun comes when the mice make after a house-fly: there is a great race, and once caught the mice tear the flies' wings off and bolt everything else. In this way a great pile of wings have accumulated. The mice can eat glass, considering blue-bottle flies a luxury. The recreation of these mice consists in running up and down the curtain cord at a lightning pace, causing the residents of the neighboring saloons to rub their eyes and finally to avoid that side of the street altogether. The druggist long ago threw away his cat, and speaks of the manufacture of fly paper as a lost art.—Boston Transcript.

A Note of Kindness.

An English woman living in the town of Bergen in Norway during many years, was in the habit of preparing every Christmas an English dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, to which she invited all of the English sailors who happened to be in the port at that time.

The sailors ate, drank, and were merry, and we hope went on their way better men, as everybody should be better for the touch of kindness given to cheer the hours of life.

But that was not the only result of her gentle deed.

An American woman happened to be in Bergen on Christmas, heard of this dinner, and coming home to America gave an account of it to some of her friends.

They all listened with pleasure; but one said, "why cannot we do likewise?"

They were all ready to follow. They all lived in a large seaport town. When the next winter came they formed themselves into a Scandinavian dinner club, and gave much time to the concoction of hitherto unknown dishes.

They sought out all the Norwegian, Swedish, and Danish sailors in port, and invited them to a home dinner on Christmas day. The room was gaily decorated with evergreen and their national flags; the band played their own music and on the table were their own home dishes, chief among which were Risgreynsgrot (rice porridge), and Leit fisk (codfish).

It was not costly hospitality, but it was given and received with hearty good will. The men who probably would have spent the day drinking in taverns were reminded of their homes, their wives, and children, and of the holy purpose of the day.

It is not the song of one bird that cheers the summer morning, but it is the song caught up and echoed from every field and forest, until the air is turned into music.

This little note of kindness has been echoed once. Can it go farther?—Youth's Companion.

The Girl of To-day.

Every few days some apology for manhood with more brass than brains jumps up with an essay on girls. This abominable class of literature always begins with a sneer and ends with a kick. A distinct flavor of sourness permeates it. The genuine girl is absolutely unessayable. Nobody understands her; she doesn't understand herself. She is a delightful bundle of contradictions. As wise as a serpent, she is as innocent as any sucking dove. She is modest as a violet and sweet as a barrel of molasses. She is as rosy as a winter apple and as plump as an Indian summer partridge. She knows something about the piano and lots about making biscuit. She is tender with her sweetheart and sets the dog on the other fellow. She is an armful of delights, and blessed is the youth she takes into partnership in wearing out the sofa. She is a daisy and a dumpling, and in all God's created creation there is nothing worthy to be named in the same breath with her. Them's our sentiments, and the man who differs with us has treason in his soul and bile on his liver.—Glasgow Times.

Old Age and Hard Work.

Old people make a great mistake when they give up work. Many men who have made a competency in business and feel entitled to retire from active work, find themselves declining in health and becoming prematurely old for want of occupation. In most aged persons the vital functions continue in active exercise under normal conditions, but if the regularity and moderation of business life are departed from trouble will surely follow. On the other hand, the Lancet held that "if in any direction it is allowable for competitors in the race of life to dispense with self-control, it would appear that they may, to a great extent, use this liberty with respect to physical and mental exertion." In other words, we must not eat too much or drink too much, but we can study hard and take plenty of exercise not only without harm, but with the best results, and if old people wish to live out all the days they should find plenty to do for both mind and body.—London Lancet.

After a man passes forty, it takes him until noon every day to get his limbs limbered up in working order.

Fatal Chewing Gum.

A mystery of the morgue, which was supposed to involve an unaccountable suicide by morphine, has been solved by the discovery that death was caused by chewing gum, says the San Francisco Examiner.

The victim was a young medical student, and the father remarkable case is made more noticeable by the fact that the boy of 18 years who came to his death through an inordinate passion for gum was buried the other day in potter's field.

Hubert E. Perry died quiet suddenly and unexpectedly in an upstairs room at No. 1321 Mason street.

An autopsy was performed, and it revealed only a hard clogging of the intestines at one place. The stomach was sent to H. E. Miller for analysis, and the chemist went to work. He went through all his elaborate tests for various poisons without finding trace of any. He did find something unusual in the stomach though, and that was a half teacupful of gum pellets.

The young man had evidently been in the habit of chewing gum and then swallowing it. Nearly all gum is paraffine mixed with some flavoring and coloring substances, and paraffine is an absolute neutral body, insoluable in anything and affected by nothing except mechanically. The wads of gum were exactly as when swallowed. It became plain that the gum, so strangely disposed of, had accumulated and clogged the digestive organs. It had caused some pain, and finally a sudden congestion of the lungs and other organs, which quickly proved fatal.

Best Number at a Dinner Party.

A well-known and popular dinner-out, as popular with one sex as the other, was asked what he considered to be the best number for a dinner party. His characteristic reply was: "Two: or if not, four, three of them being ladies." He then conceded that eight was the outside limit diners should reach. It offered advantages all round, socially and domestically speaking. Socially, because the eight guests could be chosen to form a perfect octave as regards knowledge of each other, reciprocity of tastes; personal regard and the rest; domestically, because the household staff would be equal to the demands made upon it and no outside element need be introduced to disturb the precision and order of the whole.—St. Louis Republic.

A DETROIT BUILDER.

HE TELLS A REMARKABLE STORY OF HIS LIFE.

CAME TO DETROIT ABOUT FORTY YEARS AGO.

Levi Elsey's Experience Worthy Serious Attention.

(From the Detroit Evening News.)

Away out Gratiot avenue, far from the din and turmoil of the business center, there are many attractive homes. The intersecting streets are wide, clean and shaded by large leaf-covered trees, and the people you meet are typical of industry, economy and honest toil. There are many pretty residences, but none more inviting in its neatness and home-like comfort than that of Mr. Levi Elsey, the well-known builder and contractor, at 74 Moran street, just off Gratiot. Mr. Elsey is an old resident of Detroit, having moved here about forty years ago. He has erected hundreds of houses in different parts of the city, and points with pride to such buildings as the Newberry & McMullan and Campau blocks, in which he displayed his ability as Superintendent.

"I have seen Detroit grow from a village to a city," he observed yesterday, in conversation with the writer, "and I don't think there are many towns in America to-day equal to it in point of beauty. I know almost everybody in the city, and an incident which recently happened in my life has interested all my friends.

"It is now about eight years ago since I was stricken down with my first case of illness. One cold, blustering day I was down town, and through my natural carelessness at that time I permitted myself to get chilled right through. When I arrived home that evening I felt a serious pain in my left leg. I bathed it that night, but by morning I found it had grown worse. In fact, it was so serious that I sent for my family physician, and he informed me that I was suffering from varicose veins. My leg swelled up to double its natural size and the pain increased in volume. The agony was simply awful. I was laid up and never left my bed for eight weeks. At times I felt as though I would grow frantic with pain. My leg was bandaged and was propped up in the bed at an angle of 30 degrees, in order to keep the blood from flowing to my extremities.

"I had several doctors attending me, but I believe my own judgment helped me better than theirs. After a siege of two months I could move around; still I was on the sick list, and had to doctor myself for years. I was never really cured, and suffered any amount of anguish.

"About two years ago I noticed an article in the Evening News about my friend, Mr. Northrup, the Woodward avenue merchant. In an interview with him he stated that he had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and that they cured him. I knew him very well, having built his house out Woodward avenue, and I thought I would follow his suggestion. I must confess I did so with marvelous success. From the time I began to take the Pink Pills I felt myself growing to be a new man. They acted on me like a magical stimulant. The pain departed, and I soon was as strong and healthy as ever. Before taking the Pink Pills I had used any amount of other medicine without any noticeable benefit. But the Pills cured me, and I was myself again.

"When a person finds himself relieved and enjoying health he is apt to expose himself again to another attack of illness. Some three months ago I stopped taking the Pink Pills, and from the day I did so, I noticed a change in my condition. A short time since I renewed my habit of taking them with the same beneficial results which met me formerly. I am again nearly as strong as ever, although I am a man about 51 years of age. I tell you, sir, the Pink Pills are a most wonderful medicine, and if they do as well in other cases as they did in mine they are the best in the world. I freely recommend them to any sufferer."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

When people see your name constantly in the paper they begin to believe they know you; and it is but a short step from acquaintance to patronage.

The Subject of Immoral Literature.

The whole subject of immoral literature and pictures is a queer and puzzling one and full of inconsistencies. Some books that are practically harmless are excluded from the mails in this and other countries, while other books that are really vile go scott free. Pictures that are almost spiritual are rejected from art galleries, while prints in the highest degree suggestive may be seen displayed in Chestnut Street windows. What one considers ideal and grand, another looks upon as degrading and vulgar, and the place of any particular book or picture appears to be largely a matter of opinion or favor. One of the most popular and refined illustrators—a woman—has drawn the pictures for a French book that is as broad as anything in print. In Melbourne they have been debating whether Sarah Grand's "Heavenly Twins" should be excluded from the mails. At Ocean Grove, a religious resort, the flashiest novels are sold in stacks from the news-stand counters. There is hardly a prominent news stand in this country where you may find a republication of a book that many years ago created a sensation and was tabooed everywhere as grossly and dangerously immoral.—Philadelphia Times.

Look Toward the Light.

In a sick room there was a little rose-bush in a pot in the window. There was only one rose on the bush, and its face was turned full toward the light. This fact was noticed and spoken of, when one said that the rose would look no other way save toward the light. Experiments had been made with it; it had been turned away from the window, its face toward the gloom of the interior, but in a little time it would resume its old position. With wonderful persistence it refused to keep its face toward the darkness and insisted on ever looking toward the light. The rose has its lesson for us.

We should never allow ourselves to face toward life's gloom We should never sit down in the shadows of any sorrow and let the night darken over us into the gloom of despair. We should turn our faces away toward the light and quicken every energy for braver duty and truer, holier service. Grief should always make us better and give us new skill and power; it should make our hearts softer, our spirits kindlier, our touch more gentle; it should teach us its holy lessons, and we should learn them, and then go on with sorrow's sacred donation upon us to new love and better service.

But They Were Paid the $1,400.

Some odd things happen in connection with the fire insurance business, and one of these occurred when a Chicago office paid out $1,400 on a risk which had been partially destroyed. The husband was unable to write his own name on the receipt, and the wife, with her daughter, brought the policy to the office to secure the money. She announced that her husband was unable to write his name, but that he had given her power of attorney. This was looked up and found to be correct, and then the agent asked the wife to sign. At that the daughter stepped forward and took the pen. "Why, your mother must sign this," said the agent. "Yes, but mother can't write," the girl replied. So the mother made her mark with the power of attorney, and the daughter did the writing.

Execution of a Prince.

A great sensation was caused in the Caucaset a few weeks ago by the execution of Prince Rikodze in the market-place at Tiflis. The Prince entered the station at Tiflis recently in an intoxicated condition and picked a quarrel with a police officer on duty in the building. In the course of the quarrel the Prince drew a dagger from his pocket and stabbed the officer so severely that he died a few hours later. A trial was held and Prince Rikodze was condemned to death. An appeal was made to the Czar to pardon the aristocratic murderer, but he declined to interfere. He belonged to a wealthy and influential family.

"Hail to the Chief!"

This is half the title of an old song. The balance is, "Who in triumph advances." The public, the press and the medical profession chant this refrain as especially applicable to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, chief among American remedies and preventives for malaria, constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, nervousness, unquiet sleep, rheumatic twinges, and the troubles incident to advanced age. It is also universally recognized as a reliable tonic and appetizer. As a family medicine particularly suitable to emergencies it has no equal. The nervous, the feeble seek its aid, and the happiest results follow. The convalescent, the aged and the infirm derive infinite benefit from its use. Against the influences of impure air, bad water, unaccustomed food, overwork and exposure it is a genuine preventive.

Old Time Hunting.

One of the most cherished treasures of the Duc d'Aumale is the old Chantilly game-book, which was stolen from the chateau after the murder of the Duc de Bourbon and recovered only a few years ago. It is a valuable and interesting relic of the days of Prince de Conde, and is bound in red morocco, clasped with gold. Considering that in those days only flint-locks were used, the bags were marvelous. In October, 1785, a party of fourteen guns killed 4,216 head in two days, the bag including 2,580 partridges, and 1,595 hares.

Tit for Tat.

The Saracens burned the Alexandrian library and the great library of Matthew Corvinus, King of Hungary, which contained 400,000 volumes. When Granada was taken Cardinal Ximenes retorted in kind by destroying all the Korans and Moorish books to be found in the city.

The trans-Atlantic steamship which succeeds in smashing the record may have jeopardized the lives of all the passengers, but, in view of the many thousand dollars' worth of free advertising it secures, the owners probably consider the jeopardizing is justified

The Convalescent's Friend.

Such is the name given Dr. J. H. McLean's Strengthening Cordial and Blood Purifier. It gives strength to the tottering limbs, it whips up the flagging heart, it restores warmth to the body just snatched from the icy grasp of death, it infuses life into the half empty veins, and new vital force into the limp and exhausted nerves.

England has cut the Nicaraguan business, and frostily says that we must cut the canal if it is made at all. Thanks awfully, John; we thought you wished to cut us out.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

is taken internally. Price 75 cents

The man that thinks for himself thinks for many.

A Bright Eye

is a sign of good health, and if the stomach is not in the best of condition the eyes will show it. Ripans Tabules will make the stomach right and keep the eyes bright and clear.

The man who knows it all has everything to learn.

The price of Dobbin's Electric Soap has just been reduced in order to put it in the reach of everyone. Quality same as for 30 years. Insist upon your grocer keeping it. Premiums given for wrappers. Try it.

Only sublime courage can face invalidism.

THE HIGHEST AWARD.

Royal Baking Powder in Strength and Value 20 Per Cent. Above Its Nearest Competitor.

The Royal Baking Powder has the enviable record of having received the highest award for articles of its class—greatest strength, purest ingredients, most perfectly combined—wherever exhibited in competition with others. In the exhibitions of former years, at the Centennial, at Paris, Vienna and at the various State and Industrial fairs, where it has been exhibited, judges have invariably awarded the Royal Baking Powder the highest honors.

At the recent World's Fair the examination for the baking powder awards were made by the experts of the chemical division of the Agricultural Department of Washington. The official report of the tests of the baking powders which were made by this department for the specific purpose of ascertaining which was the best, and which has been made public, shows the leavening strength of the Royal to be 160 cubic inches of carbonic gas per ounce of powder. Of the cream of tartar baking powders exhibited at the Fair, the next highest in strength thus tested contained but 133 cubic inches of leavening gas. The other powders gave an average of 111. The Royal, therefore, was found of 20 per cent. greater leavening strength than its nearest competitor, and 44 per cent. above the average of all the other tests. Its superiority in other respects, however, in the quality of the food it makes as to finness, delicacy and wholesomeness, could not be measured by figures.

It is these high qualities, known and appreciated by the women of the country for so many years, that have caused the sales of the Royal Baking Powder, as shown by statistics, to exceed the sales of all other baking powders combined.

Hidden Treasures in Genoa.

For centuries it has been the belief of the common people of Genoa that treasures were hidden in the bed of the Feicavera, a stream that runs by the city. Recently a carter in digging for sand in the bed of the dried-up torrent, came upon hidden treasure, of which, so far, coin of the face value of 60,000 francs has been found, and the supply is not yet exhausted. By the Italian law half of this goes to the State and half to the finder. The value of the coin is far above the sum mentioned; many of them are rare and of great artistic value; they are chiefly gold and belong to the period between 1460 and 1550, that is, the reigns of Louis XI., Charles VIII., Louis XII., and Francis I., and are all either French or Genoese. The Genoese ducats are especially rare and will fetch high prices. The search for treasure is going on under police supervision.

White Horses Barred.

White horses are to be barred from military service in Germany. The Emperor has ordered that no more be purchased for the army, and those now in use are to be sold. He thinks that in war white horses would be especially conspicuous because of the use of smokeless powder, and would afford an easy mark for the enemy.

THE MODERN BEACTY

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant liquid laxative Syrup of Figs.

A smart man is one who gets rid of worry whenever it is possible. A smart man is one who refuses to worry over trifles that are natural to life, but saves his energy for more important affairs.

Attend the Fort Wayne Business College.

Vulgar ornamentation obscures the divinity of form.

"How seraphic!" exclaimed a young gentleman as an angelic creature swept by. The heavenly glow on her cheeks was due to the use of Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

The live merchant hurrahs loudest in hard times.

WEARINESS in women, that nervous, aching, worn-out feeling, comes to an end with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It restores your strength; it puts new life into you; it brings you back into the world again.

It is a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, especially adapted to woman's delicate wants. It regulates and promotes all the natural functions, and builds up, invigorates, and cures.

Creston, Iowa.

Dr. R. V. Pierce: Sir—My wife improved in health gradually from the time she commenced taking "Favorite Prescription" until now. She has been doing her own housework for the past four months. When she began taking it, she was scarcely able to be on her feet, she suffered so from uterine debility.

I can heartily recommend it for such cases.

H. H. Snyder

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. $4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. $3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. $2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE. $2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES $3.$2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any