

Nerves and Blood

Are inseparably connected. The former depend simply, solely, solidly upon the latter. If it is pure they are properly fed and there is no "nervousness." If it is impure they are fed on refuse and the horrors of nervous prostration result. Feed the nerves on pure blood. Make pure blood and keep it pure by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

Had a Legal Mind.

There is a story told of the late Judge Strong's boyhood which shows that from the beginning his mind had a legal bent. Young Strong, it seems, purloined a piece of cake from the table spread for some festival occasion. No one discovered it until the family and guests were seated at the table, and then nothing was said. When every one had gone and the father was alone with him: "Don't you know, my son, in taking that cake you broke one of God's commandments?"

"Question 82," responded the boy, "had the catechism at his tongue's end. "Is any man able perfectly to keep the commandments of God?" Answer 82. No mere man since the fall is able in this life to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed." It is not recorded what the reverend father said, but it must be admitted that the boy won his case.

Like a Venomous Serpent

Hidden in the grass, malaris but yachts our approach, to spring at and fasten his fangs on us. The serpent which is man's antagonist to its venom which renders it powerless for evil. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is this acknowledged and world-famed specific, and it is, besides this, a thorough curative for rheumatism, dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation, la grippe and nervousness. In convalescence and age it is very serviceable.

A Day with the Girl.

"Talk about a night with the boys. It isn't with a day with the girls!" exclaimed a fair maid the other day.

"Look at me," she continued, "I'm a perfect wreck. I've been dragged all over town to every bargain counter in New York by those cousins from the country. They are absolutely indefatigable, and so they've pulled and yanked me in and out everywhere until I'm ready to drop. They got lots of lovely bargains, though—scarfs, head rests, photograph frames and every blessed thing they didn't need—and now they haven't got a cent left for the very frock they came to buy. All I've got to show for it is my silk petticoat torn out of the gathers, a splitting headache, a lame back and a pair or 49-cent gloves that are not mates!"—New York Mercury.

Bad for Both.

The following example of Irish wit is contributed by the Richmond Dispatch:

Patrick's face was so homely that, as he used to say, it seemed an "offence to the landscape," and he was as poor as he was homely. One day a neighbor met him, and said:

"And how are ye, Pat?"

"Mighty bad," answered Pat. "It is shtartation that is shtarin' me in the face."

"Is that so?" said the sympathetic inquirer. "Sure and it can't be very pleasant for ayther of ye."

Matilda Enham, Columbia, Pa., says:

That Bearing-Down Feeling
and dizzy, faint, gasping attacks left me as soon as I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was sick with womb troubles so long I thought I never could get well."

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.
Has discovered in one of our common pastures 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 bed-time. Sold by all druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

FOE TO RATTLESNAKES.

The Little Kingsnake Always Tackles the Venomous Serpent.

No matter what the size of the Arizona rattlesnake, a little, harmless two and a half or three foot kingsnake will tackle these monsters and vanquish them sooner or later. He not only seeks the king of venomous serpents, but also destroys all other poisonous kinds whenever he has an opportunity. For this reason people of that region, black or white, who have lived in the territory for any length of time, will never kill a kingsnake knowingly or willfully. Soldiers in camp always welcome his presence, for as they never do any harm themselves it is a sure thing that no poisonous snakes will ever venture in camp while kingsnakes are around. The extreme length of this serpent is seldom more than four and a half or five feet. His body is slender and lithe, evidently built especially for constricting; in color he is a bright pea green, mottled with white and black spots, and quicker even than the coachwhip.

A citizen of Tucson, of undoubted veracity, a year ago described to the writer a fight that he and his wife had witnessed between a kingsnake and a black water moccasin while camping on a stream of water over the line in Chihuahua, Mexico.

"I was sitting," said he, "on a fallen cypress which extended some distance into the water, catching perch for supper. I noticed a large water-moccasin sunning himself on a level bank of dry mud that formed a part of the bank near me. I watched him for half an hour, when suddenly I heard a slight rustling on shore and saw the moccasin start for the water at double quick, but he was too late. Like a green flash, a beautiful kingsnake about four feet long came darting through the grass and placed himself between the moccasin and the water. Then began one of the most singular and interesting contests I ever witnessed. The moccasin, finding his retreat cut off, instantly threw himself into a coil, and, with his head raised about a foot above his body and swaying to and fro, his eyes glittering with an angry fire and his forked tongue flashing back and forth, gathered all his energies for defence in the deadly conflict which he knew was bound to follow.

"His smaller and more active adversary eyed him for a moment and then began to run with great rapidity around him in a gradually narrowing circle, keeping his own head raised a few inches above the earth and apparently watching for an opening. The moccasin always turned slowly in his coil, so as to always face his assailant. Once or twice he led viciously at the latter's head, but recovered in time to prevent a 'counter.' This went on for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes, when suddenly—and far too quickly to be followed by the eye—there was a flash of green and white in the air, and then a confused mass of writhing, twisting serpents rolling over and over on the ground, resembling the magic-lantern display of colored wheels.

"Presently the mass began to take definite shape, and then it was seen that the kingsnake had caught its big adversary by the left lower jaw and was holding on with bulldog grip, while he wrapped his own body around that of the moccasin like a cord around a pole. Then the squeezing process began, and soon the huge moccasin began to straighten out, while the folds of the kingsnake were drawn so closely as to almost bury themselves in his body. Finally the moccasin grew quiet except for a slight wriggling of the tail, and after lying still for some ten minutes or more the kingsnake, still holding his grip by the jaw, gradually unwound himself from the body of the other until they lay side by side on the ground.

"He waited in this position some minutes longer, apparently to assure him that his opponent was really dead, and then let go his hold, took one or two farewell trips around the body, and disappeared in the brush."

This experience is somewhat similar to one I had near Benson Springs two years ago. I was climbing a hill hunting for millipedes when suddenly I came upon a very big rattlesnake and a very small kingsnake engaged in a deadly combat. The fight had no doubt been in progress for some time, as both combatants were nearly used up, so to speak. I watched them with interest, saw the little green fellow had his favorite jaw grip, and that he was also slowly but surely squeezing the life out of the big Crotalus horridus. The latter's eyes were bulging from the terrific pressure, while his adversary seemed pretty well worn out in drawing his coils tighter and tighter. They were sunk into the rattler's body in great ridges, and were so reduced from the awful tension as to resemble a small coil of whipcord around a piece of large rope. When the rattler was dead the poor little kingsnake was so far gone as to be unable to uncloak himself. I performed this kind office for him, and after cutting nine rattles from the big one's tail I placed the conqueror in a small jar, and now have preserved him in alcohol for all time to come, in honor of his great and glorious victory.

Wildcat Whipped By Tabbies.

A wildcat was killed in Farmer Ephraim Staynor's barn, at Wheeler's Farms, Conn., one night recently, in rather a remarkable way. Mr. Staynor has a family of nine pure Maltese cats, of which he has always been very proud. People from all over this region have heard of their rats killing accomplishments, and tried to buy some of the kittens, but he would never part with one. They are of an unusually short-legged, heavily built breed, and though not large, are extremely strong. They seem to fear nothing, and two or three good sized prowling dogs have been killed by them within the last year, and a farm hand who kicked one was set upon by the whole family of cats and barely escaped total blindness, receiving very severe injuries about the face and arms. Rats, mice, weasels, and skunks have been practically extinct within the limits of the Staynor farm since the arrival of the Staynor cats.

Discovery of the Mammoth Cave.

The most plausible and reliable date for the discovery of the Mammoth Cave, says Elder Thomas B. Howe, is 1806. During that year a crippled hunter named Hutchins pursued a wounded bear into it and shortly afterward announced his discovery.

look around the stable door, and seeing a big wildcat crouched in the furthest corner ready for a spring, he slammed the door and ran to the house. Mr. Staynor's wife and son Ben were the only ones at home, and the latter got his revolver and proceeded to the stable. There he found the savage lynx engaged in mortal combat with the whole tribe of Maltese. The snarls, spittings, hissing and growls were frightful, he says, and when the wild cat saw him she attempted to leap for the door. He closed it all but an inch, thrust his revolver through the opening and waited for a chance to shoot. When he got it he hit only one ear of the beast, but that was fatal, for when the great cat raised her head a moment to see whence the blow came, Dinah, the old mother Maltese, sprang in and curled around her neck, sinking two rows of teeth in the jugular vein. A second of fierce struggle, of vain attempt to fling off the tame puss, and then the wild one gave up the ghost. She weighed fifty-one pounds, and is the biggest wildcat ever taken in this vicinity.

A Winged Kentucky Snake.

Jackson Watson, the well known Parksville merchant, has discovered a new specimen of the serpent family. While hunting in the knobs back of Parksville, Ky., yesterday, his attention, writes a correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer, was attracted by a peculiar whirring sound in the air near him. Quickly turning his head he was amazed at the sight of a snake flying through the top of the bushes along the roadside.

Mr. Watson being an experienced hunter, was not so overcome by fright or astonishment that he could not fire his gun.

Taking care and deliberate aim he fired at the monstrosity with a load of bird shot. It fell. Hastening to the spot Watson found that he had not killed, but simply wounded the thing, which had somewhat recovered its power of locomotion and had begun to wriggle away in true serpentine fashion. Mr. Watson grabbed a forked stick near at hand and succeeded in capturing his prize, which is now the wonder of the village of Parksville.

Robert Smith, who lives near the ground on which the snake was killed, says the snake was about eighteen inches in length and near an inch and a half through its thickest part. It appears to be of the black snake variety, and aside from its wings bore no other peculiar marks. The wings were attached on each side and about midway of its body, and were somewhat of the color and con-

struction of the wings of a bat.

Child Finds a \$1,000 Draft.

At Steven's Point, Wis., Little Mabel Ennor, while cleaning her doll's house a day or two ago, found in an old mathematical treatise a \$1,000 draft on the Adams Express Company.

The draft was obtained by her grandfather, Thomas Woodward, in 1851, in San Francisco, and is payable at sight in Chicago through the private banking firm of G. H. Smith & Co.

Mr. Woodward was an eccentric Englishman, at one time a member of the British House of Commons. He made a fortune in California during the gold craze in '49, but had a profound distrust of banks, and several times lost large sums of money by secreting them in odd places.

The draft is still good, despite its age and the stains of time. It will be taken to Chicago next week and presented to the officers of the Adams Express Company for payment by Judge Cate, attorney for Mrs. Woodward.

The Great American Desert.

"Within a few years the Great American Desert will be transformed into one of the most fertile spots in creation," is the prophecy of Col. W. H. Beardsley, of Phoenix, Arizona, "and all this will be due to the work of irrigation. Already the Salt River Valley is a blooming bower, with its earliest and sweetest oranges, vegetable and fruit products of all varieties, and surprising combinations in the propagation and elevation of many vegetable grades. A movement is now under way to dam the Agua Fria River in the highlands west and northwest of Phoenix and bring thousands of acres of arid land within cultivation. This entire country, at one time unproductive of anything but cacti and sage brush, will soon be considered highly valuable and worthy of attention."

Odd Scarecrows in Trees.

The stuffed calico cats made of print cloth stamped with the picture of a tabby and stuffed with cotton in to quite a lifelike counterpart of the animal, which were a common toy with children a few years ago, have been put to a novel use lately in Lincoln County, Mo. The farmers have fastened the calico cats up among the branches of their fruit trees, and it is said they most effectually scare away predatory birds. It would seem the idea could be extended into the making of lifelike stuffed calico huntresses for use as scarecrows in cornfields and melon patches.

Discovery of the Mammoth Cave.

They live in the barn, granary and stables, and never come into the house. The hired man, Patrick Nolan, hearing a fearful disturbance in the cowstable about twilight, ran in, pitchfork in hand, to see what was the matter. He merely took one

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Hats and Gendarmes.

The attachment of the French to familiar insignia, costumes and decorations has been shown lately in many picturesque ways. It has been proposed to abolish the red pantaloons which have been the distinguishing mark of French soldiers for many years. Statistics prove that these conspicuous uniforms cause troops to suffer a larger fatality than troops clad in sober blue.

But the attachment of the French people to these gaudy garments is so great that the military administration has been no more able to get rid of them than the British War Office has been able to substitute another color for the scarlet in which the British infantry have fought for more than a century and a half.

More recently still an order has been issued depriving the French gendarmes—a sort of military police—of the big hat which has been its joy and pride, and putting in its place a smaller and more convenient headgear. This, too, has raised a storm of opposition.

A witticism has been going the rounds of the French press which represents the state of the public mind on this subject.

"To abolish the gendarmes' hats!" exclaims an indignant citizen. "How stupid! Better leave the hats and abolish the gendarmes!"

Evening Dress.

A child's admiring descriptions sometimes surpass anything that the most gifted grown-up humorist could invent.

For instance, an exchange relates that little Annette, who had been taken to an evening concert for the first time in her life, was asked by her aunts, on her return home, to give her impressions.

"O, aunties," she exclaimed, "there was a lady who screamed because she had forgotten her sleeves, and a waiter was playing on the piano all the time!"

To Our Lady Readers.

Nine-tenths of the women of the world are afflicted with some of the complaints familiarly known as "Female Diseases," or "Womb Troubles." There is scarcely a family but has an idolized daughter, a cherished sister, or a dearly loved mother who suffers agonies that are endured in silence to protect her modesty. Proper treatment is postponed from month to month by dread of a physician's humiliating examination, or surgeon's knife. Most of these dangerous diseases can be successfully treated at home, but their widespread ignorance among even the most intelligent classes of women regarding their natural functions and organs of generation, owing to so little information having been published in regard to this subject and a modesty that shrinks from investigating such a disagreeable matter.

The Wine of Cardui treatment of female diseases cures thousands of cases of this kind of troubles every year. It can be used successfully in the privacy of the home and is cheap and effective. Ask your druggist for McElree's Wine of Cardui.

It is a very rare g'rl who does not in some way spread the information that she is generally admired.

ASK agents of the Nickel Plate road to Michigan and Wisconsin are offered by agents of the Nickel Plate road until Nov. 15.

DON'T step over one duty to perform another. Take them as they come.

PEOPLE who live in decollete dresses should not throw stones at the ballet.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cure. Treatise and \$10.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 50 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

LOVE will always do its best to bless and help.

"I firmly believe that Piso's Cure kept me from having quick Consumption."—Mrs. H. D. DARLING, Beaver Meadow, N. Y., June 18, 1895.

THERE is a certain kind of heroism in paying the fiddler without whimpering, but it is rarely met with.

Mrs. Winstow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething: softens the gums, reduces inflammation, relieves pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

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"I have used RIGO'S FOOD the past six months, and find it just as recommended. In fact, would not be without it."—Miss DORA N. DAVIS, Rockford, Ill.

SEE to WOOLRICH & CO., Palmer, Mass., for "Healthful Hints." SENT FREE.

RIPANS TABULES

Under date