

Platin Speaking.
The amount of plain speaking that people will bear from one of whose good will they are assured is sometimes a surprise to others. In "Recollections of My Mother," Susan Lesley says that her mother had the greatest affection for both David Lee Child and his wife, the gifted Lydia Maria, but was often much tried with the amount of time, hard labor and money, which Mr. Child expended on schemes, after scheme, none of which ever succeeded. One day Mrs. Child came in to spend a quiet afternoon with my mother. They sat with their sewing and knitting at the west window, while I sat with one or two friends in the hall near the open door. There had been a long silence, when we heard my mother say:

"Mrs. Child, can you tell me what is the last thing that your husband is engaged in?"

An amused smile played over Mrs. Child's face.

"Yes, Mrs. Lyman, he is carting stone for the new railroad."

"O-o-h!" said my mother. Another pause; then Mrs. Child, how much do you suppose you can load on every load of stone he carts to the railroad?"

Another amused look on the dear Lydia Maria's face, and she answered cheerily, "Well, Mrs. Lyman, as near as I can compute it, he must lose about 10 cents on every load."

"Oh—well—now—Mrs. Child," said my mother, in the bravest and most cheerful tone, "if your husband has got hold of any innocent occupation by which he only loses 10 cents on every load, for heaven's sake encourage him in it!"

She had little patience with people who backed down in emergencies, and considered it her duty to stiffen them up a little. She never had to go far to find an illustration "to point her moral and adorn her tale." Some good neighbor's example would instantly come to mind.

"Look over the way at my neighbor Hunt's front yard," she would say; "see that splendid hydrangea, that elegant smoke bush, that buckhorn hedge, all in the most perfect order, and all kept so by her own hands. Always she has sickness, sorrow, death; at every turn something sad and unexpected. But who ever dreamed of Mrs. Hunt's abdicating? She couldn't do it."

In Torment.

Surely if there are no unhappy sufferers on earth upon whom the angels look down in pity, it is the people agonized with rheumatism. They are in torment the year round, with little or no respite. Now, there is no evidence to which publicity has been given in behalf of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters more concurrent and convincing than that in behalf of the remedy in incipient rheumatism, and since rheumatism and rheumatic spots are among the most obstinate complaints to which this admirable remedy is adapted, and since they all have a fatal tendency to attack the vital organs, the availability of an early use of the Bitters, when they manifest themselves, must be apparent. Efficacious, and more signally so, are the Bitters, too, in malarial disease, kidney and bladder troubles, indigestion, dyspepsia, liver complaint and nervous ailments.

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Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption. It is the best cough cure. 50 cents a bottle.

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—a dose of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Sick Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly and permanently cured.

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Dear Sir:—Two years ago I was pale and emaciated, food refused to touch me. A physician pronounced my case "Catarrh of the stomach," but I could not help me. I tried to eat without solid food for a month without success. I began taking Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and in two weeks I was decidedly better, and now in good health and never felt better in my life. I have a better color, more energy, and have lost weight after eating having gained thirteen pounds since I began taking them.

Yours truly, MARY ANGLIS.

The Plan of Selling Medicine Through Dealers.

ON TRIAL, PIERCE'S SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME.

Dropsical Swelling, Cold as Ice. LIFE WAS A BURDEN.

"Swamp-Root" saved my life after I had suffered everything but death.

I send you my photograph and this description of my case, and you can use it if you wish.

My hands were as cold as ice; they would not warm themselves. Dropsical swellings of the lower limbs; I could not button my shoes. Excretion completely exhausted my strength. My death seemed very near. The swelling has gone and my trouble has disappeared. My health is better now than it has been for years.

"SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME."

Tell doubting ones to write me I will tell them all about it.

Jan. 1, 1898. MARIETTA, Shelby Co., Ind.

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For over two years my little girl's life was made miserable by a case of Catarrh. The discharge from the nose was large, constant and very offensive. Her eyes became inflamed, the lids swollen and very painful. After trying various remedies, I gave her the first bottle of Catarrh Cure. The first bottle seemed to aggravate the disease, but the symptoms soon abated, and in a short time she was cured.

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CURES WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS. Cures Catarrh of the Bladder, Uterus, etc. in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

AT WAR WITH HERSELF.

The Story of a Woman's Atonement, by Charlotte M. Braeme.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

All preparations were completed then, and Crown Leighton had never looked so magnificent, never even in those days when kings and queens had reigned in the great apartments.

Lady Charnleigh's vivid imagination had been allowed to riot; every beautiful combination of flowers, lights, velvet hangings, and marble statuary which it was possible to imagine was there. Nothing was wanting. There were endless vistas of light and blossom; fountains, the silver spray of which reflected manifold hues; perfume so sweet that it seemed to fill one with ecstasy; music so clear, so harmonious, so assistive and attentive, rejoiced in this return of olden times.

All the elite of the country had been invited, and Lady Charnleigh remarked with pleasure that scarcely one invitation had been declined. As she went upstairs to dress, satisfied with the four of inspection she had made, she met Lady Fanshawe.

"I must express my surprise, Leonie," said that lady, with an amiable smile. "I have never seen anything in better taste; the decorations are superb. My dear child, where have you learned to arrange all these things? I have no wish to flatter you, but you were indeed 'born to rank.' It would have been a thousand pities if such talents as yours had been lost to the great world."

"And Lady Charnleigh, well pleased, passed on to her dressing-room, where her maid, with a most anxious face, awaited her. There lay the superb costumes ready for the charades and the ball; jewels gleamed from their cases in the drawers, lace, velvet, and glistening silk lay in picturesque disorder. Lady Charnleigh glanced round with a smile of content. All this was hers. The proud feeling of possession swelled her heart as it never had before. All this was hers to give and to take, to do with as she would. This brilliant festival had sprung from one word of hers; these people, the aristocracy of the county, were all assembled at her bidding and to do her honor.

Presently her eyes fell on the two bouquets, both placed on the toilet table, and a slight shade of perplexity crossed her beautiful face.

"Divide those flowers," she said to her maid; "I shall wear some of each. If Bertram brought me a bouquet, I will wear the bluebells; she added to herself, "I would rather have them than exotics from a king's garden, but I cannot make Paul unhappy to-night."

A magnificent toilet, in which was every requisite, had been prepared; it could be changed afterward for the charade costumes.

"I have never seen you look so well, my lady," said the maid, when the arduous duties of the toilet were completed; and Lady Charnleigh, looking in the glass, felt satisfied.

Her dress was of fresh white, glistening silk, covered with silver net, and trimmed with green leaves; with this she wore the Charnleigh diamonds, known by connoisseurs as the finest in the world.

As she descended the stairs she saw Sir Bertram; he approached her very humbly.

"Do not be angry because I have delayed you," he said. "I could not rest until I had seen my queen. Oh, Leonie, how lovely you are! Your beauty dazzles me."

"If it pleases you, Bertram," she said, gently, "I am pleased to be beautiful."

His response was one that brought a vivid flush to her face, and sent Lady Charnleigh into the drawing-room looking more radiant than ever.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The festivities of that night were not soon forgotten. It was as though all the beauty and elite of the county were gathered together; and the queen of the brilliant assembly was Leonie, Countess of Charnleigh.

It was perhaps the happiest, certainly the most brilliant, evening of her life. The golden glamour of first love was strong upon her. She knew that one glance from her beautiful eyes would bring a man she best loved on earth to her feet; she saw the bravest and noblest in the land gathered at her bidding to do her homage. The charades were most effective; people were eloquent in their expressions of admiration. The lights and flowers, the gleaming jewels and shining dresses, the rippling fountains, the banks of brilliant blossoms, rising one above the other, the superb hangings, the statues half hidden in the foliage, all presented a scene of beauty as dazzling as if it was a novel theater, with its pretty stage, was much admired. Lady Charnleigh was surrounded by admirers; her guests seemed never to weary of praising her tact and graceful management. Several times Sir Bertram tried to approach her, but she held up a white finger as though to warn him away.

Captain Flemmyng looked around on the scene of magnificence and splendor. Lady Charnleigh was standing where the light from one of the large chandeliers fell upon her; there was a smile on her radiant face, for the chief magnate of the county, the Duke of Burdon, was complimenting her; and Leonie was young enough to enjoy flattery as a duke.

"She looks like a queen among her courtiers," said the young soldier to himself. "I say from my heart that she reigns here far better than I should."

Some softening thought had evidently passed through his mind, for he smilingly invited him to join her, and he thought she preferred his society to that of Sir Bertram Gordon.

Then the brilliant company went in long procession through the broad, fragrant corridor to the theater, where everything was prepared for them. A pretty little greenroom had been fitted up for those who were to join in the tableaux and charades. One after the other each beautiful picture was received with great acclaim, the two favorites being Miss Deane as Elaine and Lady Charnleigh as Marie Stuart.

There was a general demand before the tableaux came to an end that the ladies should wear the same picturesque costumes for the ball.

The music was well chosen. The band had been sent from London, and the first strains of a dreamy German waltz seemed to float away from the flowers and lights. The procession from the theater to the ballroom was even more brilliant than the former one, owing to the picturesque dresses of the ladies.

"My costume is not complete," said Lord Holdene to the young countess; "I want a pair of silver shoe-buckles—those of the regular old-fashioned type."

Lord Holdene had been one of the most efficient actors in the charades, and Lady Charnleigh was very desirous to please him.

"I must dance this first waltz," she said, "when I will see that some are found for you."

The first waltz was with the Duke, and before she could attend to Lord

Holdene's request she had to dance with Sir Bertram. Never while the sun shone and the flowers bloomed did Lady Charnleigh forget the happiness of that hour. The lights, the flowers, the fragrance, all seemed to bewilder her. His arm was around her, his eyes were lingering on her sweet face. He was thinking to himself, "She will be mine to-morrow she will promise to be my wife."

When the dance was ended, and the last sweet strains had died, Lady Charnleigh turned to him.

"I am going to the housekeeper's room," she said, "to send Mrs. Fearon in search of some silver shoe-buckles."

He was pleased to linger a few minutes longer at her side.

"I will accompany you," he said; and they left the ball-room together.

She gathered up the sweeping train of purple velvet and threw it over her white arm.

"I wonder if queens ever felt inclined to run," she said; "it is to be hoped that they are not always on rein. One of my childish fancies was that they sat all day with a crown and scepter. How many more of my girlish fancies are but delusions, I wonder?"

Before he could reply they had reached the housekeeper's room, and Mrs. Fearon was made acquainted with the difficulty about the shoe-buckles.

"There are sure to be plenty of them, my lady," she replied, "in the large wardrobe in the oak room."

"Then let one of the maids go for them at once," said Lady Charnleigh.

Mrs. Fearon smiled.

"I do not think, my lady, with all due submission, that any of them will dare to go; I will go myself the instant I have finished here."

"I cannot wait. Why will you no one dare to go, Mrs. Fearon?"

"There is a belief, my lady, that the oak chamber is haunted; none of the servants will enter it. I am obliged to attend to it myself."

Patience was certainly not one of Lady Charnleigh's virtues. The color flushed in her beautiful face, and the white, jeweled fingers flung back the violet velvet train.

"I will go myself. If I wait until you find a sensible maid-servant, or until you have finished with the wardrobe, I will not have my buckles to-night—that is certain."

The housekeeper was far too wise ever to contradict her imperious young mistress.

"As you please, my lady. Shall some one carry a taper for you?"

"No, I will carry it myself. The next time you engage any maids, Mrs. Fearon, take care they have no absurd fancies."

If Bertram had stood by, an amused spectator of the little scene; he admired Leonie's impetuous spirited manner, and thought her more beautiful than ever when she was impatient. Mrs. Fearon provided a silver candlestick and a wax taper.

"Pray, let me go with you, my lady, to carry this," she said.

"No, I will not take you from your employment. Is this the key?" For the housekeeper with great solemnity had unlocked a small iron chest and taken from it an antique key.

"This will open the wardrobe, my lady. It used to be a rule of the house that no one should ever open it except the mistress of the house."

"What does it contain—anything very precious?"

"Old-fashioned court dresses and ornaments, antique jewelry, valuable point lace, and other things."

"I wonder that I never thought of looking in it before. Make haste, Mrs. Fearon. The key is in my hand, and I will walk quickly through the corridor with Sir Bertram by her side."

"I am very much afraid," she said, laughing, "that my manners have not that respect which stamps the class of Vere de Vere. How impetuous I am! I could have carried that good Mrs. Fearon off in a whirlwind because she was not quick enough."

"Let me carry the light to the room," he said; but she, in her graceful, imperious way, refused.

"Then let me wait here until you return," he begged; and to that she agreed.

Suddenly Sir Bertram took the taper from her hand, and set it down on one of the broad window ledges, and took both her white jeweled hands in his.

"Leonie," he said, "you look beautiful enough to-night to bewilder any man. You ought to have been a queen; that diamond crown and those royal robes suit you well. Oh, my queen, do you not know that I have loved you so long, and have never even dared to touch those soft sweet lips? Your beauty has bewildered me; blame that—not me."

He stooped down and kissed the fair white brow. She was not angry, but she drew back with a quick, sudden movement that made the light in her jewels shine like scattered flames all round her.

"What shall I find those buckles, Sir Bertram? Let me go now, and wait here until my return."

She gathered up her violet train, threw it over her arm, and went up the stairs. When she reached the top, she turned round and smiled on him, the light gleaming in her jewels, crown and in her fair face; and then she passed from his sight, leaving him more deeply in love than ever. As he saw her then, he never saw her afterward, for the same light and brightness never shone upon her face again.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Lady Charnleigh walked on quickly until she reached the door of the oak chamber. She did not remember ever to have entered that room, which for so many old days had been the sleeping-chamber of the mistress of Crown Leighton. The last Lady Charnleigh had died there, and for some untold reason a rumor had arisen that her spirit was still resting in that night she might be seen wandering there, and wearing bitter tears. None of the servants cared to go near the place after sunset.

Lady Charnleigh looked round with some curiosity; she placed the silver candlestick on the toilet-table, and glanced with wonder at the beautiful ancient room; and while she stood there quite silently the sound of the distant music seemed to float nearer and nearer.

There were four large, lofty windows in the room, and they were hung with dark velvet, bordered with golden fringe. The bedstead resembled a huge hearse more than anything else; the furniture, all made of solid oak, was heavy, massive and magnificent; the great wardrobe reached all across the room. This last was wondrously carved and had huge wings; and near it stood a large mirror in an antique silver frame.

She went to the wardrobe, but stood for a few minutes before the mirror; she still wore the royal dress of Marie Stuart, a robe of violet with a long train, and the famous Charnleigh diamonds, which had been formed into a crown. As she stood before the mirror, the light seemed to center on her dark, gloomy oak room lay all in deepest shade. She was like a vision of light and radiance, "every inch a queen." She looked at her image shining there so fair and bright, and a pleased smile came to her own loveliness.

"It is good to be fair," she said; and

her fancy amused itself by picturing life as it must be for a queen. So she thought it must be for a queen.

She unlocked the wardrobe. It was one of unusual size, and on the shelves lay wonders of dress, antique jewelry and ornaments.

On the very first wet day that comes I will look at all these things," thought the young countess to herself.

She saw dresses of damask, silk velvet trains, ostrich feathers, all the latest fashions, and then her attention was attracted to what seemed to be old-fashioned court suits, such as gentlemen might have worn.

"I shall find some buckles here," she thought, lifting up a velvet coat richly embroidered. She was right; there were several pairs of silver shoe-buckles of great value, and she chose the prettiest. When she had done so, she replaced some of the velvet garments, and there fell from amongst them an old dressing-gown made of quilted crimson satin. It fell to the ground, and Lady Charnleigh, with a little murmur of impatience, stooped to pick it up. She held it carefully in her hand, and as she did so there dropped out of one of the capacious pockets a large parchment carefully folded and sealed.

There was no warning, no foreboding of the truth as she bent her fair face wondering over the document. Presently she unfolded it, and to her horror, her face grew white even to the lips, as she read what was written there.

She tore open the parchment—her lips trembled—her hands shook. This was the meaning will—the will to find which that old mansion had been searched and searched in vain. With dim eyes, full of horror, she read:

"I, Ulrich, Earl of Charnleigh, being of sound mind, make this my last will and testament. I give and bequeath to my dear daughter, Lady Charnleigh, and also Fleming, my estate and fortune. I bequeath to him all the property of which I am possessed—the mansion and estates of Crown Leighton, together with all the other estates belonging to me, farms, mills, woods, carriages, horses, books, without reserve; and this I do, not because he is nearest of kin, but because he is the son of the only woman I ever loved; and I wish him to give suitable legacies to all my servants, but I absolutely forbid any division of the monies or lands left to him."

The witnesses to the will were Harriet Simmons and James McCarthy. The parchment fell from her trembling hand, and she stood for a moment as if in a dream. It was a scene that would have made the countess of an artist—the grand, gloomy room, with its magnificent carvings and furniture, lying in deep Brandt-like shadows; the silvery light of that one taper falling on the jewels and the shining from it an antique key.

She fell from her hands, and she was half crouching, half bending over it, a wall of unutterable misery issuing from her white lips.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ISLE OF THE BLESS.

A Little Colony Where Poverty, Crime, and Doctors Are Unknown.

A little island, one of the Lipari group, lying to the south of Italy and between it and Sicily, is the happiest land beneath the sun. It is known to the world as Paros. Within its borders there is neither poverty, crime, nor tobacco, nor tea merchant; and yet the people are not unocial nor happy, for each family wins from its own plot of ground enough grain, vegetables, oil, and wine for home consumption, and of the two latter products sufficient is exported to procure the necessities for the island. Their simple clothing, which the housewife makes up in complete independence of the sea, yields them all their animal food, except a few chickens for great occasions, as a christening or a wedding. In the whole island there is no carriage road, and few have ever seen a horse.

This idyllic state of affairs is largely due to the work of a single priest, a sort of Catholic Oberlin, a personal epitome of the Civic Church. When Captain Paul Fleming, son of Charles, no poet, no school, no church, no anything but a verdant and fertile island, and a people, not savage nor bad, but utterly illiterate. He has remained there until this day, devoting himself to the raising of the island. Father Damien to his lepers, baptizing, teaching, and growing old serenely in his consecrated service. Thanks to his untiring efforts, Paros has now a little port, a commodious harbor, a telegraph, a submarine telegraph to Sicily, a school, and a commodious church, where 365 mornings of the year and fifty-two afternoons there is service. All the public offices are united in one person. Father Michelangelo is priest, mayor, harbor-master, and postmaster of the marine telegraph, and in the last named office, however, by his widowed niece.

Royalty and Life Insurance.

The reigning families of Europe are large customers of the various life insurance offices. The late prince consort's life was insured for close upon \$6,000,000, which Victoria has now in her possession, and her life, again, is largely insured for the benefit of her younger children, mainly for Princess Beatrice. The late Emperor Frederick of Germany was also insured for a very large amount—in the neighborhood of \$4,000,000—and he was regarded as a splendid risk until the sudden and startling discovery, only two years prior to his death, that he was afflicted with cancer. The reigning families of Denmark and Sweden, as well as those of Saxony, Wurtemberg and Italy, are likewise good customers of the insurance companies; and so, too, is the Emperor of Spain, who has his life insured for a very large amount in behalf of her two little daughters.

The use of oil as fuel at the World's Fair demonstrated its superiority to coal in many ways. The heat which it furnishes is absolutely uniform; there is no smoke and no ashes. Fewer men are necessary about boilers fired with oil, and the services of firemen or stokers and men to handle ashes is unnecessary. The ratio between coal and oil was found to be that for 133 gallons of oil to the ton of coal, that is, 60,000 gallons of oil consumed daily in furnishing power and heat to the Fair was equivalent to 450 tons of good lump coal. Averaging coal at 15 tons to the carload, the expenditure on management would have had to handle 30 carloads of coal per day. There would have been, besides, about 10 carloads of ashes to handle.

The first arctic expedition on record was Noah's.



IN EVERY Receipt that calls for baking powder use the "Royal." It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

"We recommend the Royal Baking Powder as superior to all others."—United Cooks and Pastry Cooks' Association of the United States.

Uncle Bob's Lesson.

Madame Betsey Patterson Bonaparte, the sister-in-law of an emperor, was born in Baltimore, and, after living many years abroad, returned to her native land, where she passed the last years of her life. She was a woman of great beauty, but of an ungovernable temper. A writer in the Boston Transcript tells how her sense of humor enabled her to accept a reproach graciously.

One of the old lady's crack stories in her latter days was of a lesson in etiquette given her by the black butler of her host. At breakfast she motioned to him and handed him her cup, wishing second cup of tea. Uncle Bob, instead of taking the cup to his mistress at the head of the table, put it down with a great flourish on the sideboard.

"But I wanted another cup of tea," said Madame Bonaparte.

"Did you, mum?" blandly asked Uncle Bob. "You see, mum, you put your spoon in de saucer, an' that means you doan' want no mo' tea. When you wants some mo' tea, de c'rect way is to put de spoon in de cup—like dis heah."

And Uncle Bob gravely illustrated the correct method of procedure.

The family were on thorns, expecting an outbreak from the sister-in-law of an emperor, although there is no doubt that a black butler in his own ballroom could face an emperor himself; but Betsey was only amused, and laughed heartily.

After fifty years of money-getting and money-saving, she realized in the latter part of her life how futile it was, and exclaimed, grimly, "Once I had everything but money! Now I have nothing but money."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.

By local applications, or by any other means. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you hear as if through a curtain, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

Deafness is usually cured by a course of treatment, but in some cases it cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Nutmeg Poison.

Cases are not infrequently reported in which children and sometimes grown persons are poisoned by the free use of nutmegs, it not being generally known that this article of common household use is really a deadly poison. This is true, in fact, of most common condiments; but when misused these articles, such as pepper, capsicum, etc., are so obnoxious to the taste, excepting when taken in very minute quantities, that the consumer is warned in a very positive manner before he has had an opportunity to do himself serious injury. This is not the case, however, with the nutmeg. This nut, which contains a poisonous principle of a very deadly character, may be consumed without incurring any of the usual titles sufficient to produce fatal consequences, and it is surprising that death occasionally occurs from its use, but that deaths are not more frequent. A fatal case has been recently reported in which a boy of 8 years fell into a comatose condition after eating two nutmegs and died within twelve hours.

Electric Fire Engines.

Frank Irvin, a Passaic (N. J.) electrician, is at work on the model of an electric fire engine. He claims that it is practicable to build an engine which will propel itself over the streets to the scene of a fire and there work the pumps. His idea is to substitute a storage battery for the furnace and boiler now in use on steam fire engines.

Glass Labels.

For sticking labels on drawers the best cement to use is a thick solution of shellac in benzene, in which gull percha in the proportion of 1 in 12 has been dissolved.

Have You Asthma?

Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., will mail you a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure free to any sufferer. He advertises by giving it away. Never fails to give instant relief in worst cases and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address for a free trial package.

The bird of greatest endurance is the albatross. One has been known to follow a ship for sixty-four days without once being seen to rest on the water.

GIVE ATTENTION to the first symptoms of a Lung Complaint, and check the dreaded disease in its incipency, by using Dr. D. J. Ryan's Expectoant, a safe, old-fashioned remedy for all Affections of the Lungs and Bronchia.

THE only woolen mill in South Africa is at Natal. It produces an average of 1,800 yards of cloth per month.

SEE "Colchester" Spading Boot ad. in other column.

Catarrh is a Constitutional Disease And Requires A Constitutional Remedy

Like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, permanently cures Catarrh by eradicating the impurity which causes it, and promotes the health of the system, and makes you feel renewed in health and strength. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

PATENTS THOMAS P. KILPATRICK, Washington, D.C. Write for Inventor's Guide.

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