

Proposed Ferris Wheel for London.
It is reported that a "Ferris wheel" larger than that at the World's Fair will be erected in London this year. The accounts are rather hazy, but it is said that the wheel will be 300 feet in diameter, the whole structure standing 320 feet high. The number of carriages is to be forty. The axle will be a steel tube 50 feet long and 7 feet in diameter. The standards which support it will be in the form of quadrilateral towers, with two of the legs inclined toward the wheel, the style being substantially similar to that employed by Mr. Ferris. These towers will have four floors, on which will be restaurants and other rooms for the public. Hydraulic elevators are planned to provide access to these floors. It is intended to operate the wheel by two electric motors of fifty horse power each, turning a drum driving large wire ropes, which will run in grooves on the periphery of the big wheel. —Western Electrician.



Mr. John R. Lockary

Real Merit in Hood's

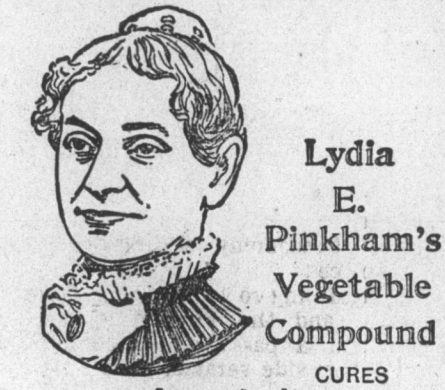
Rebellious Stomach—Heart Palpitation—Hot Flashes

"I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine ever offered to the public. From the very first dose I felt its merit. I did not dare to eat any meat or anything greasy for the past four years, as I was sure to get on my stomach and come up within an hour after eating it. Many nights I have been frightened on retiring, for as soon as I would lie down my heart would

Commence to Flutter, and then all of a sudden it would, seemingly, stop beating. How painful my body and legs. I was in a bad condition.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
but after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, I am thankful to say I feel as sound as ever in my life." JOHN R. LOCKARY, Roxbury, Ohio.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, indigestion, headache, indigestion.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound

Irregularity, Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility, Kidney Complaints, etc., either sex. Every time it will relieve.

Backache, Faintness, Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues." These are sure indications of Female Weakness, and every derangement of the Uterus, or

Womb Troubles. Every woman, married or single, should own and read "Woman's Beauty, Peril, Duty," an illustrated book of 30 pages, containing important information that every woman should know about herself. We send it free to any reader of this paper.

All druggists sell the Pinkham medicine. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM, MEDICINE, 100 N. BROAD ST., LYDIA, MASS.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills, 25 cents.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

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 humors). 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.

STEAM ENGINE BARGAIN!—AT A—

\$50 A Two-Horse-Power Racine Boiler and Engine, \$50. This machine is second hand, but has been overhauled. Don't write unless you have the cash. Address CHICAGO NEWSPAPER UNION, 93 S. Jefferson St., CHICAGO.

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

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C., Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. Given in last war, 1864-1865, and since. SECTION THIS PAPER FOR 25 CENTS.

\$37.50 FOR A FIRST-CLASS PNEUMATIC SAFETY BICYCLE. J.E. POORMAN, 5 W. 5th, Cin. O.

PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands of cases. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere.

CONSUMPTION.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

THIS IS THEIR DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER.

Quaint Sayings and Cute Doings of the Little Folks Everywhere, Gathered and Printed Here for All Other Little Ones to Read.

"If I Were You."
If I were you and had a friend Who called a pleasant hour to spend, I'd be polite enough to say, "Ned, you may choose what games we'll play."

That's what I'd do If I were you.
If I were you and went to school, I'd never break the smallest rule. And it should be my teacher's joy To say she had no better boy.

And 'twould be true If I were you.
If I were you, I'd always tell The truth, no matter what befell. For two things only I despise— A coward heart and telling lies— And you would, too, If I were you.

If I were you, I'd try my best To do the things I here suggest. Though since I am no one but me I cannot very well, you see, Know what I'd do If I were you.

Five Little Chickens,
Said the first little chicken,
With a queer little squirm,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm."

Said the next little chicken,
With an odd little shrug,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little bug!"

Said the third little chicken,
With a sharp little squeal,
"Oh, I wish I could find
Some nice yellow meal!"

Said the fourth little chicken,
With a small sigh of grief,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A little green leaf!"

Said the fifth little chicken,
With a faint little moan,
"Oh, I wish I could find
A fat little worm!"

"Now, see here," said the mother,
From the green garden patch,
"If you want any breakfast,
You just come and scratch."

Something Needed, Sure.
"Mamma, I want some water in a bowl. I am going to christen my doll."

"No, little dear; that would be trifling with a sacred subject."

"Then give me some wax to wax-nate her with. She's old enough now to have something done to her."

The Man in the Moon.
"There's the home of the man in Man in the Moon," said her guide.

As they came near, she saw in front of a large hole in the side of the mountain, shaped like a door, an enormous man. Elsie thought he must be at least fifty feet high. He was dressed in a long, brown coat, which reached to his knees; on his legs were long blue stockings, and purple trunks; his shoes were ornamented with buckles, his cap was blue and cut to a point in front, while a long amber-colored feather which floated up from it showed that he was a little bit vain of his personal appearance. His head was very, very large, forming at least one-third of his whole height. The face was round and full and very jolly-looking, a slight droop to the left eyelid giving his eyes such a quaint, shy look that nobody who looked at him could possibly help laughing.

He was sitting down on a great head of cheese, having his dinner; and (to show you what a very extraordinary man he was) he was eating the front of his own house!

"Hullo!" he shouted, when he saw our little traveler, "hullo! What brings you here? It isn't often that I have pleasure of speaking to any Earth-children. Come here and let me shake hands with you."

He stooped down and took Elsie's hand in his mighty fist and shook it warmly.

"Sit down, sit down, little one; here is a nice seat. Of course you wish to ask questions. I never knew an Earth-child who did not. Go right on, and I will tell you all you wish to know."

Elsie settled herself comfortably on the soft cheese seat, ready to enjoy herself.

"In the first place," she said, "I'd like to know about some of the things you have seen from here, and why do you look so jolly, please? I should have thought that you would feel more like crying all the time, for you have to work so hard making the new moons. Then I have read and heard so much of the misery that there is in the world, and which you must see every night. I can't understand it how you manage to look so happy about it."

While Elsie spoke, the Man in the Moon looked very serious, and as she finished he buried his face in his hands. When he uncovered it the smiling, happy look had gone.

"My little girl," he said, "you have asked me questions which would take me a lifetime to answer. This, though, I can say—that I have seen a great deal of trouble, misery, and wretchedness down upon the earth, but I have seen also a great number of things to rejoice at, and to make me glad. Long, long ago, I found that to sit down and make myself miserable about things that I could not help, did me no possible good; and that one who does so only cripples his powers for usefulness. By being bright and cheerful I have made many people happy, and kept my own heart young. You—and others—must remember this."

"As for my working so hard making the new moons, I can tell you that the very best help toward making a contented mind is to work—work. Not, certainly, to toil on forever with no rests for play or pleasure, but to do something every day. I have always found that when I sit down to rest with the knowledge that I have accomplished something, I am always the happier for it and enjoy myself much better."

"And as for the things I have seen, I could, as you may well believe, tell you more stories about the things that have happened under my light, than you could get into the biggest story-book that was ever written."—St. Nicholas.

Give the Boys a Trade.
Go where you will, you will find youths entering manhood without any equipment for the struggle before them.

Tens of thousands of them hope to become merchants, when they have no aptitude whatever for commercial affairs, and are doomed to lives of bitter toil and grinding poverty. This ought not to be. Everybody in America is justly entitled to a trade, and he ought to have the chance to master one. Many sons of poor parents and many orphan boys are compelled to forego the inestimable benefits of apprenticeship, and these ought to be assisted by wise philanthropy; but very many more fail to improve the great opportunity of becoming skilled workers, and so drift into the laboring army, to become helpless victims of poverty all their lives. Boys in town or country, learn a trade. It will be your surest and best friend through life. Parents, in whatever else you can, don't fail to see to this matter. You will be insuring the happiness and comfort of your sons, the welfare of those who come after them, and discharging a solemn duty you owe to society and the country.—Farm and Fireside.

AN IDEAL GREAT MAN'S WIFE.

Mrs. Gladstone's Tact in Watching Her Husband's Many Moods.

The watchful care which Mrs. William Ewart Gladstone continually exercises over the health and comfort of her distinguished husband is the subject of frequent comment among her intimates. Possessed of a forceful intellect and strong womanly sympathies, she uses these characteristics in such a way as to make the ex-premier think her the cleverest

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MEN WHO WEAR CORSETS.

The Inquirer Will Not Find Very Many Except Among the Military.

At intervals the subject of corsets for men comes up for discussion in the daily papers, and more or less profound homilies are written upon the vanity of men. As a matter of fact, however, corsets are practically unknown among Americans, as they are among men of every other country except those in which the military forces are of the foremost importance.

Men are born with a tendency to weight just as they are with a tendency to grow tall or to remain short, and even the most profound efforts on the part of fat men do not result in reducing them to the proportions demanded by military custom. Hence the stays which are a portion of the outfit of many officers in the French, German, and Austrian armies.

A Frenchman in civil life, however, who wore stays would be looked upon with as much contempt in his own country as here.

Some of the heavy military dandies in London wear stays, but as a rule the athletic work of the average English officer involves such severe training and constant exercise that he does not need any artificial compression for his waist.

OLD LOADSTONE MAGNET.

Its Exceeding Age Testifies to Its Excellent Workmanship.

The picture of the old-time loadstone magnet shown below is from the Electrical Engineer. It is composed of a piece of loadstone with soft iron pole pieces fitted to it. One of the bands which holds the parts together is silver. On this band is engraved: "Melnert (one side not shown) A Paris, 1753," and on the pole pieces the letters N and S indicated the polarity. This polarity is, according to the French custom, marked S on the north-seeking pole. The

magnet weighs two pounds three and a half ounces and will sustain more than its weight.

The magnet was brought to America about 1775 by Dr. John Francis Vacher, a French physician who was educated at the college of Montpellier. He joined one of the American regiments as surgeon, and served for some time. He was a member of the Cincinnati, and is buried in St. Paul's churchyard, in New York. It has been the plaything for his and his descendants' children for over 100 years, and its survival shows its good construction. It is now in the possession of the family of the late Hon. Robert Gilchrist.

SHEPHERDS ON STILTS.

How the Frenchmen in the Sandy "Landes" Tend Their Flocks.

On the barren, sandy "Landes" in the south of France the sheep and pigs do not live in clover, nor does the shepherd fare luxuriously. The people are full of queer notions. They assert that potatoes cause apoplexy, that milk is unhealthy, that wheat bread spoils the stomach, and that onions, garlic and rye bread a week will ruin a healthy diet. The shepherds walk on stilts, eat on stilts, and if they do not sleep on stilts they rest on stilts for hours together by means of a stick, having a crescentic curve at the top to fit the back. Thus with the stilts stretched out to right and left, and this stick in the rear, they are well braced. The stilt-walkers manage to go through the deep and shifting sands at the rate of six and

seven miles an hour. The dress of the shepherd is rough and quaint. He wears a sheepskin with the wool on, in the form of a loose hooded coat.

Residential Hotel Life.

Fifty years ago residential hotel life was comparatively unknown, says the Hotel Gazette. Servants abounded, rents were reasonable, political bosses gave kindly treatment to taxpayers, and housekeeping was a la mode. Hotel life half a century ago belonged to the tourist, the visitant and the bachelor who loved to take "mine ease in mine own inn." Electric bells in hotels were as unknown as electric lights. He who has slept in New York's luxurious hotel temples of to-day, who has patronized hostleries in the British, French and German capitals, and even battled with Egyptian fleas in the celebrated hotel at Cairo, and who has partaken of hotel hospitality in many other American cities, can sympathize heartily with the usually apathetic Briton who recently declared that even the second-rate hotels of New York surpass in comfort and manage any others in the world.

She.—"I wonder if he has a ghost of a show now." He.—"Who?" She.—"P. T. Barnum."—Life.

CORRESPONDING.

Below is a Good Plan for Chums to Follow.

A writer in Harper's Young People tells of an ingenious scheme devised by a class of young ladies at school together a few years ago. One of them, an English girl, thus explains it:

"There were nine of us in the class, and we were all promising to write to each other continually, but in our hearts we knew that such a correspondence could never be kept up. Finally one of the girls suggested a circulating letter, and the idea pleased us all."

"At the expiration of one month from the time we parted, the first girl wrote a letter telling what she had been doing and everything about hers. If which would be likely to interest the others. This letter was sent to the second girl, who, after reading it, wrote her own letter, and sent the two to the third."

"The third, fourth, fifth, and all the others in turn added their letters, until the ninth on the list sent them all to the first. Then the circuit was complete, and we had the circulating letters fairly under way."

"Now, of course, the envelopes always contain nine letters, and each girl, when it comes to her, takes out her own letter, writes a new one telling what she has been doing in the meantime, and starts it on its travels again. In this way we have no idea how interesting it is to receive the letter, and how anxiously we wait their arrival when our turn comes. We have kept it up for nearly four years, and each time the letters come round the pleasure of reading what all the girls have to say seems to increase."

Why Chinamen Change Signs.

A Washington street Chinaman changed his sign the other day, name and all. Every one has the sign fever nowadays, and he thought he would be in line with the Mei-ammen. One of his customers, the sign had been changed, stopped in to see if a new Chinaman had taken possession of the place. He found the same laundryman as had been there for a good many months.

"What did you charge the name on your sign for?" was asked of him.

"Oh, that's nothing." Only sign name. That's all.

"Why don't you put your own name on the sign?"

"Oh, see! If I sell places can't I sell sign, see? Any name good sign. That's all."