

## Makes the Weak Strong

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla tones and strengthens the digestive organs, creates an appetite, and gives refreshing sleep. Remember

Is the one True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. No.

Nice Gruel.

A missionary's wife, Mrs. Paton, had been very ill on a lonely island in the Pacific, and when she recovered sufficiently to write to her friends at home she thus described one of her experiences:

When I was able to take an intelligent view of my surroundings, this is what I first remember seeing:

John (her husband) sitting by my bedside with an old straw hat on the back of his head and a huge tin basin between his knees half full of what tasted like very thin, sweet porridge, with which he was feeding me lovingly out of the cook's long iron spoon!

He assured me that it was water gruel; that he had got into the way of making it nicely now; but that he could not find a clean dish on the premises to put it in!

He was so proud of his cooking that I asked for the recipe, and you have it here: Equal parts of meal, sugar and water—a cupful of each for one dose; boil all together till there is a smell of singeing, whereby you know it is sufficiently cooked!

From the Four Winds.

A wholesale dry goods merchant of New York recently gave a supper to twenty of his friends engaged in the dry goods business in the city. As one of the guests happened to speak of the State in which he was born, the host made inquiry into the nativity of the others, and it turned out that the twenty men were born in twenty different States of the Union. Five were natives of New England States, four of Southern States, seven of States running from New Jersey to the Mississippi, two of States beyond the Rocky Mountains, one of Nebraska, and one of New York. The host of the occasion was a Harlequin by birth.—New York Sun.

## I AM A WORKING GIRL.

I Stand Ten Hours a Day.

(SPECIAL TO OUR LADY READERS.)

"I have suffered terribly with bearing-down pains, giddiness, backache, and kidney trouble. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given me new life. I feel all."—MAGGIE LUKENS, Thirteenth and Butte Streets, Nicetown, Pa.

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 for such 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 of them 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 necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

Beecham's pills are for biliousness, sick headache, dizziness, dyspepsia, bad taste in the mouth, heartburn, torpid liver, foul breath, sallow skin, coated tongue, pimples, loss of appetite, etc., when caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them.

One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world, especially of women; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book, free at your druggist's, or write B. F. Allen Co., 365 Canal St., New York. Pills, 10¢ and 25¢ a box. Annual sales more than \$500,000 boxes.

## BRIDGE'S FOOD

THE BABY'S LIFE depends on the food it gets. Inefficient nourishment is the cause of much of the fatality among infants. Improper food brings on indigestion. If the food is right the digestion will be good, and "Bridge's Food" is the best. There is nothing "just as good" or "nearly as good." It is the best in the whole world. Have you a baby? Its life depends upon how it is fed.

Sold by Druggists. 35¢ up to \$1.75.

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## KILLS THE HOPPERS.

MACHINE THAT SLAUGHTERS 8,000 BUSHELS A DAY.

Minnesota Scientists Tackle the Farmers' Terror in a New Way—Canvas and Kerosene Send the Pests to Death.

"Hopper-Dozers." Minnesota scientists have tackled the grasshopper pest in a new way. Canvas and kerosene is the combination before which the tiny hoppers go down to their death. Out there is known as "hopper-dozer." The State pays the expenses of the slaughter, and the slaughter is terrific. Think if you can, of 8,000 bushels packed with hoppers. That would be the average of a day's work, and would be enough to fill a car.

Dr. Otto Luger, Minnesota's expert on bugs, is the man who utilized the curious "hopper-dozer," says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Why he calls it by that name is not very interesting to know. Perhaps it is because it sends the hoppers to their last sleep. He was invited to do something to rid the farms of their voracious brigades of hoppers early this summer. He found evidences of enough of them to kill all the crops in Minnesota. The rains helped to kill off some of them, but science had to do its share in the extermination. In the neighborhood of Taylor's Falls Dr. Luger found a grasshopper-infested district covering fifty or sixty square miles. The insects were descendants, he thought, of a previous generation which had made trouble in 1890. They were of the so-called pellicid or California variety.

There happened to be a State appropriation for killing hoppers, and this was turned over to the executioner. "I had 200 hopper-dozers built after the most approved fashion," said Dr. Luger to a correspondent, "and purchased sixty barrels of kerosene oil. All we asked of the farmers was that they run the machines. That they were anxious to do this is shown by the fact that there was a fight for the machines. Every farmer in the section wanted one and wanted it once. We could not get them built fast enough to supply the demand. The same thing was done at Rush City, Duluth and other points, although there were not as many of them furnished at these places. I estimate that these machines killed about 8,000 bushels a day during the time they were running. I do not think that this is exaggerated in the least, as there were over 400 of the machines, and at the end of a day's work from three to ten bushels could be taken out of each machine with a shovel. Just about one hopper in ten that dies does so in the machine, so you can see that my estimate is not a large one by any means."

"What is the nature of the machine?" he was asked.

"It is something of the nature of an overgrown dustpan, and is made of tin. It is about eight feet long by two feet wide, runs on three small runners, and is drawn over the ground by a horse. At the front of the machine is a trough filled with coal oil, and behind this, at right angles, a piece of canvas rises to a height of three or four feet. As this machine is drawn over the ground the hoppers jump into it, the canvas preventing them from jumping over. They fall into the oil and that is the end."

"Some of them strike the oil head first and die instantly. Others only touch it with their feet or bodies and are able to jump out again. It makes little difference in the end, however, as they cannot live over three minutes if they have even the smallest drop of the oil upon their bodies. The fact that only those which get into the oil head first die instantly is the reason that such a small percentage of them are found in the pan at the close of the day's work."

"Of course the hopper-dozers are only a makeshift. I am conducting experiments now which I hope will show me a much better way of getting rid of the pests than the very clumsy one of gathering them up on a dustpan. A little while ago I read in some paper that in certain counties in Colorado the hoppers were dying in great numbers with some sort of a disease. I sent to the postmasters of a number of towns in that State asking them to send me some of the insects that were diseased. I received a large number, and there is no doubt in my mind that they are really afflicted with a disease that is contagious in its nature. We are trying to find out if the insects which we have in this State are liable to this disease. If so we will then know how to deal with them in a scientific manner."

BARRED BY A RAILROAD.

Illinois Central Refuses to Allow Chicagoans to Cross Its Tracks.

Actual conflict between citizens and armed officers of the Illinois Central Company on the Chicago lake front because passage to and from the lake front was denied to the people has brought the question of rights to a decisive issue. Mayor Swift declares the crisis has been reached. He proposes to protect the people against a repetition of the outrage of exclusion. John Dunn, assistant to the president of the company, announces he will not budge from the determined stand taken by his force of men with revolvers.

He says citizens were denied right to cross the tracks out of regard for their lives and intimates the corporation will fight any opening of streets. In short, the company's position is construed by city officials to be a determination to stick to alleged vested rights. This earnestness on the part of both contestants makes any more conferences and consequent agreements impossible.

Chicago's lake front on Wednesday was in the possession of fifty armed men, hired by the Illinois Central Railroad Company to blockade passage to the harbor from Randolph to 12th streets. They had clubs in their hands and revolvers in

## TWO SHIPS GO DOWN.

AT LEAST TWENTY-SIX LIVES ARE LOST.

British Vessel Prince Oscar Strikes an Unknown Boat—In Ten Minutes Both Go to the Bottom—One Entire Crew and Six of Another Lost.

Horror in Mid-Ocean. The British steamer Cape, from Valparaiso, brought to Philadelphia Thursday night seventeen shipwrecked mariners and the news of a terrible disaster that occurred on July 13 a short distance south of the equator. The mariners are the survivors of the crew of the British ship Prince Oscar, which was sunk after collision with an unknown vessel, which also went down, but with all hands on board. Six of the Prince Oscar's crew were drowned soon after they left the sinking ship by the capsizing of the small boat into which they scrambled. From the size of the unknown vessel it is thought she carried a crew of at least twenty men. The seventeen survivors were huddled into one small boat, with neither food nor water, but were fortunately picked up by the British ship Dharwar, from Melbourne, Australia, for London. From that ship they were transferred to the steamer Cape, and, with other money or clothing, they were landed. Captain Clipperton, the English consul, will care for them until they can be sent to their homes.

Midnight Disaster. The disaster occurred shortly after midnight in latitude 9°30' south, longitude 28°20' west. The Prince Oscar, which was bound from Shields, which port she left May 27 for Iquique, laden with coal, was going at a clipping gait on the port tack before a brisk wind and with all canvas set. It is estimated by the crew that she was making about six and a half knots an hour when suddenly there loomed up directly under her bows a four-masted vessel. The mate asserts that the stranger had no lights burning, and after she was sighted it was impossible to alter the course of the Prince Oscar.

The iron hull of the latter struck the unknown full amidships, knocking her almost on her beam end and crashing through the woodwork until her prow was more than half buried. The stranger went over almost on her beam ends as the Prince Oscar backed away from the rebound. As the crew of the Prince Oscar were ordered cut adrift, and the men were told to jump and swim for their lives. They all went overboard and with the exception of two unfortunate reached the small boats. Captain Henderson, who was the last man to leave the ship, went over in his night garments and swam fully two miles before he was picked up.

Three Days of Hardship.

Both boats hovered about the scene of the wreck until daylight came, when they headed they knew not where. Twenty-four hours later a heavy sea struck the boat commanded by the mate and capsized it. The occupants, eight in number, were thrown into the sea, and the already overcrowded craft which Captain Henderson commanded put quickly to the rescue. They were successful in getting four of them aboard. The rest were drowned.

There were now seventeen men in the small lifeboat, with nothing to eat, nothing to drink and barely room to stretch their weary limbs. The sun was broiling hot, and their hunger and thirst were almost unbearable. Toward evening of the second day one of the crew discovered a small can of fish oil stowed away in the boat. This was dealt out to the survivors in small doses, and they used it to moisten their parched lips and tongues.

For three days and nights they floated thus on the bosom of the South Atlantic, and just as they were about to abandon hope they sighted the ship Dharwar from London, bound for Melbourne. They succeeded in attracting the attention of those on board and were soon on her decks.

SUPREME JUDGE DIES.

Justice Howell E. Jackson of Tennessee Passes Away.

Howell Edmunds Jackson, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, died at his residence at West Meade, six miles west of Nashville, Tenn., at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon of the 64th year of his age, of consumption.

Judge Jackson was appointed by President Harrison in 1890. He had been in failing health for the last four years, but it has been only in the last eight or nine months that the progress of the disease began to cause his family and friends uneasiness. Quite lately he seemed to improve slightly. He went to Washington

to sit in the second hearing of the income tax cases. He stood that trying trip only fairly well, and after his return home appeared to lose strength rapidly.

Judge Jackson was twice married, the first time to Miss Sophia Malloy, daughter of David B. Malloy, a banker of Memphis, who died in 1873. To this union were born four children, as follows: Henry, Mary, William H., and Howell Jackson. Henry Jackson is at present Soliciting Freight Agent of the Southern Railway, with headquarters at Atlanta, Ga.; W. H. Jackson is District Attorney of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad at Cincinnati; Howell E. Jackson is manager of the Jackson cotton mills at Jackson, Tenn. In 1870 Judge Jackson married Miss Mary E. Harding, daughter of Gen. William G. Harding.

Sparks from the Wires.

Twenty residences were burned at Berlin, Md., Loss, \$200,000.

Miss Stella Dye was burned to death in her father's house at Arlington, Ind.

N. C. Narramore, a well-known Los Angeles statesman, was killed by robbers on his California ranch.

Charlotte Neilson, well known to the American stage, was quietly married at the chapel of the Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York to Joseph H. Neil, a wealthy planter of Guatemala, Central America.

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

ABSOLUTELY PURE

# Royal Baking Powder

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He Struck the Ex-President.

Gus Butterworth, the popular boniface of the Ridgeway House, is probably the only living man who, literally speaking, struck a president of the United States and received thanks instead of a term in jail for it. Mr. Butterworth once gave to Benjamin Harrison in the neck and he lives to tell the tale. It was while President Harrison was living in his Cape May cottage. Mr. Butterworth was running a hotel not far from the executive residence. One day while enjoying a ride on a trolley car Mr. Butterworth, who happened to be sitting behind a short, thick-set man with gray hair and beard, noticed a very large, healthy mosquito getting its bloody work on the back of the thick-set man's neck. Acting on a very natural impulse, Mr. Butterworth raised his right hand and brought the palm of it down on the back of the man's neck with a resounding slap. The man turned quickly around and Mr. Butterworth saw that he was the President of the United States.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Butterworth, "but there was a mosquito on your neck."

"Thank you very much," remarked the chief executive, cordially. "Judging from the force of your blow I don't think the insect will give me any more trouble. I don't use slang very often, but this is the first time I ever got it in the neck—at least in that fashion."

Then Mr. Butterworth plucked the dead mosquito from the President's neck, and he and Mr. Harrison entered into a pleasant chat on general topics. Mr. Butterworth has that mosquito yet.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Her Kind Act.

My friend Mrs. B.—is one of those good-natured women who are always wanting to make other people comfortable. She happened to be in the railway station the other day when a man she knew came in. He said he was going to Pittsburgh. Now, it happened that Mrs. B.—whose husband is a director, knew the conductor of the Pittsburgh train. He passed through the waiting room just then, and Mrs. B.—called to him. "Conductor," she said, "this is my special friend, Mr. Smith. He is going on your train, and I want you to show him every attention possible." The conductor of course said he would, but when he went away Mr. Smith turned to Mrs. B.—with a sickly smile. "I did intend to go to Pittsburgh to-day, and I was in an awful hurry, but, on the whole, I think I'll wait for the next train." And he handed the kind-hearted woman a slip of paper. It was a pass, but it was made out to one Jones.—Washington Post.

A Ghastly Spectre.

Disease is ever, but in no form is it more to be dreaded than in that of the formidable maladies which attack the kidneys and bladder. Bright's disease, diabetes and gravel may alike be prevented, if inactivity of the kidneys is rectified in time with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, sovereign also in cases of rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation, malaria, biliousness and nervousness.

"Too Thin" Is Shakespearean.

Alexander H. Stephens may have used the phrase "too thin," but he was not the author of it, as has been asserted. In Shakespeare's "King Henry VIII." it occurs as follows: "Come not to hear such flattery now, and in my presence; they are too thin and bare to hide offenses."

Tobacco Tattered and Torn.

Every day we meet the man with shabby clothes, shabby skin and shabby feet, holding out a tobacco-paished hand for the charity of the passer-by. Tobacco destroys manhood and the happiness of perfect vitality. No-tobacco is guaranteed to cure just such cases, and it's charity to make them try. Sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

A King's Plaything.

Playing cards were introduced into Europe by a crusader about 1390 to amuse Charles IV., king of France, who had fallen into a gloomy state of mind, bordering on madness. The cards were originally called Caesars, and were designated to represent the ecclesiastics.

Wheat, 48 Bushels; Rye, 60 Bushels.

Those are good yields, but a lot of farmers have had them this year. You can have them in 1896 by sowing Salzer's Red Cross of the North winter wheat, monster rye and grasses. Sow now. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., send catalogue and samples of above free, if you send this notice to them.

A Candid Opinion.

When an old woman sees a new woman she exclaims, "For pity sake!"

Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

Falsehood always endeavored to copy the mien and attitude of truth.—Johnson.

Pier's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs. Rev. D. BUCHMUELLER, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, 1894.

We reform others unconsciously when we walk uprightly.—Mme. Swetchine.

Fair Sailing through life for the person who keeps in health. With a torpid liver and the impure blood that follows it, you are an easy prey to all sorts of ailments. That "used-up" feeling is the first warning that your liver isn't doing its work.

That is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, to repel disease and build up the needed flesh and strength, there's nothing to equal it. It rouses every organ into beautiful action, purifies and enriches the blood, braces up the whole system, and restores health and vigor.

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