

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

Three men rode out to the wide, wide world;
(Sing hey, sing hey, for the merry, merry way.)
And the first joined the war, where the banner was furled;
(Sing hey, sing ho, where the skulls lie low.)
And the second had a post in the court of a king;
(Sing hey, sing hey, for the bribe and its pay.)
But he crowed too high, for the throne he tried to sing;
(Sing hey, sing ho, where the gallows winds blow.)
And the third, he married a fine bonny wife;
(Sing hey, sing hey, for the merry marriage day.)
For she spent his money, and led him such a life;
(Sing hey, sing ho, to the funeral go.)
Such were the ways of these three merry men.
(Sing hey, sing hey, at the world's sweet way.)
Some trifling pleasure, a hope and then—
(Sing hey, sing ho, for the grave below.)
—Temple Bar.

THE STUDY OF WOMAN

"No," said I, with puissant positiveness, to my friend Bascom; "no, sir, I shall not accompany you into the haunts of the unmarried woman."
"But, my dear Marston," argued Bascom, "you ought to go. Of course, you are a bachelor of 50—"
"Touch lightly on that point, please," said I.
"Society might make a fad of you as a novelty."
"And again, my dear Bascom, it mightn't."
"However, whether it does or not, I want you to get out of the rut of bachelorhood and go with me."
"You are very kind."
"For a variety old man. Will you go?"
"As I said in the beginning, I now repeat, 'No, sir.'"
Bascom had been married for several years and I had his frequent assurance that his entire married life was nothing more or less than a path of silver sunshine, through a golden garden of roses. It was a charming metaphor, but it fell upon unappreciative ears, for I knew that Bascom had written poetry in his youth, and, in addition to that, he was married, and I knew what all married men had to say to bachelors of matrimony, as they had found it. It was simply sugar spread upon an uncertain condition in order to catch such unwary flies as might be attracted thereby.
"Well, well," he said, "have it your own way. I am sure I can stand it if you can, but, say, will you join me over Sunday at my own house? I've told my wife about you and she is so anxious to see you that she commissioned me to invite you out for Sunday."
"Bachelor or no bachelor, I could not afford to be a boor, and to slight such an invitation as this was inexcusable. So I began to hedge a bit.
"My dear Bascom," I said, apologetically, "why didn't you tell me you wanted me to go to your house?"
"Well, it hadn't just occurred to me, I guess," and he laughed.
"Of course," I went on, "it is quite a different thing to go there than to go—"
"Then you'll go," he interrupted, with such an interest that I became suspicious.
"Are there to be any of the gay and giddy throng about?" I asked.
"Summer girls and such?" he replied.
"Mostly."
"Then I'll be frank with you and say there is not one on the place."
"Under these circumstances, then, I'll go."
"Good for you, old man!" he exclaimed, clapping me on the back. "I'll go and telegraph my wife that you will come up with me Saturday evening."
Then he went out of my office to send his dispatch.
It was about 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon when he reached his home in the country, three hours earlier than his usual time of arrival, as he had taken me out at that hour so we might have a little loafing spell before dinner, and as the day was unusually fine in the country and as it had not been pleasant in the heated town I was glad enough that he had been so thoughtful.
It was delightful under the big trees of his dooryard—he objected to calling it a lawn—and when he brought out a couple of great, juicy mint juleps and we sat there browsing upon them I don't think I ever felt more at peace with the world than I did at that very moment.
Later Mrs. Bascom, a dainty little woman, with three as pretty children as children can be pretty to a bachelor of my proclivities, joined us and with her came her sister, Mrs. Hilman, a matronly woman of 35, to whom I was formally presented.
I confess to an admiration of Mrs. Hilman as soon as I saw her; not that Mrs. Bascom wasn't admirable, but that her sister was older and more substantial to my mind. In fact, Mrs. Hilman was of that pleasing roundness of person which seems to appeal to an unromantic man of 50, while Mrs. Bascom was rather spirituelle and reminded one more of angels than of good housekeepers. In addition to her other attractions, Mrs. Hilman was of the laughing, jolly kind of women, who seem to carry a surplus of sunshine with them for general distribution, and I always had a kind of sneaking fondness for that kind of woman.
I went to bed early, as is the custom in the country, and though I was in good sleeping trim and my conscience was in perfect order somehow I lay

awake thinking what a lonesome sort of life a bachelor's life was and how much cozier and pleasanter a woman could make a man's life, even if she hadn't more than half the chance.
After a long time I slept and dreamed dreams in which there were summer girls and other disturbing elements, and when I awoke in the morning, in response to Bascom's knock, I was my old self again and laughed at the very idea of a woman as a life companion.
During Sunday I had several very interesting talks with Mrs. Hilman, and by night again I was worse than I was the night before, and began wondering why it was that some men were so much luckier than others, and also whether there was much chance of Mr. Hilman departing this life and being laid to rest with his fathers. I knew of a number of pleasant churchyards where I thought Mr. Hilman might be accommodated with quarters indefinitely, and I felt that I could attend his funeral with much pleasure, though, as a rule, I abhorred funerals.
"Well, old man," said Bascom, as we took the train for town Monday morning, "I hope you enjoyed yourself."
"I never had a pleasanter outing in my life," I answered, with such sincerity that he actually blushed, "and you have my thanks in all their amplitude."
"I'm glad you liked it, for more reasons than one," and he smiled rather curiously.
"Oh, yes, I know," I said, with a laugh. "You think that after my experience of the last forty-eight hours my views on the woman question will undergo a radical change?"
He nodded and smiled at my profundity of observation.
"Fess up, now, Marston," he said, "haven't your views changed somewhat by what you have lived in for even so short a time?"
"Well," I replied, picking my way carefully, "I am willing to say that as far as your household is concerned, the prospect is more pleasing than I thought it could be."
"And would you say the Hilman household were any less pleasing than mine?" This with a nudge and a chuckle that I thought quite unbecoming in view of the fact that Mrs. Hilman was a married woman, and I had no right to express undue admiration for her or her household, and which made the blood rush into my face.
"Of course, that must be included," I said, trying to laugh off my embarrassment. "And still," I continued, "that is only two, and there are millions which one wouldn't care to praise."
"What are they to do?" he retorted. "You are not hunting for the millions, but the one."
"Apparently I am not hunting one with a great degree of success."
"But you should, and now that you have positive proof that the life is not as black as it is painted."
"It's very easy for you to talk," I contended, warmly. "You have called a lucky turn and so has Hilman. But you have exhausted the supply. Now, if I could get such a woman as Mrs. —" But I stopped short, for I was about to make a discrimination which was hardly complimentary to my host, and I didn't want to do that.
"Go on," he urged, good-naturedly. "I don't care if you say Mrs. Hilman. Anybody could see that you had a leaning that way. Even my wife wasn't at all envious of her sister."
"Very well," I submitted, "say Mrs. Hilman. If I could find such a woman as Mrs. Hilman, I am not at all sure that my mind would not undergo a change, and that I could not be persuaded to throw off a few of the trammels of bachelorhood."
Bascom let off a guffaw that not only startled me, but it shocked me as well, for I thought I had said something I should not have said.
"What's the matter, man?" I asked, much alarmed.
"That's it," he continued to laugh. "What's the matter with Mrs. Hilman?"
I was much more disturbed than ever at this queer inquiry.
"What do you mean?" I asked, taking him by the collar.
"Why, old fellow, if Mrs. Hilman is your ideal and you think you could be happy with that kind of woman, why don't you avail yourself of your opportunities and take Mrs. Hilman?"
"Wha—wha—wha—why—why—" I stammered, utterly upset.
"Oh, there isn't any Mr. Hilman, if that's what you are trying to say. He has been in the quiet churchyard for a long time, many years, and Mrs. Hilman has been living with us the last twelve months, and I am positive that she is heart-whole and fancy free, and what is more to the point, she is just a little bit tired of living with us. See?"
Possibly I saw, and possibly I didn't. Whether I did or not, I spent the next Sunday with Bascom and incidentally with Mrs. Bascom and Mrs. Hilman.
The next Sunday I spent principally with Mrs. Hilman.
And there are others.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Gold Find in Montana.

A rich gold discovery is reported from Flint Creek, in the Georgetown district, Montana. Nine weeks ago Sam Snider, a destitute and hungry Butte prospector, trailed a deer over the hills, and accidentally discovered a fabulously rich ledge, which he has been working since alone and in secret. He came to town a few days ago with thousands of dollars' worth of gold and the reports of men who have since inspected the prospect say that Snider has \$1,000,000 in sight, although his prospect hole is only about fifteen feet deep. The vein is only eight inches wide, so far as developed, but is yellow with virgin gold.

More love affairs originate in an occupied mind than in the heart.

VENEZUELAN CHOCOLATE.

Best in the World, but Adulterated for Foreign Use.
The people of Venezuela, writes W. E. Curtis, in the Chicago Record, claim that their chocolate is the best in the world. The cocoa or chocolate bean is found to be a more profitable crop than coffee, and its price is almost as fixed as that of gold. In some portions of the country cocoa beans are still used as legal tender.
Coffee was introduced into Venezuela from Arabia by the Franciscan monks, but cocoa was indigenous to the soil and was used in large quantities by the Indians for food at the time of the discovery. It was not liked by the Spaniards at first, but was introduced in France by the Franciscans, who were always enterprising, and the French cooks at once adopted it into great favor. Cardinal Richelieu is said to have been the first chocolate drinker of any fame, and to have set the fashion of using it.
There are two kinds, the native cocoa, called el criollo, and an imported plant called el trinitario that was brought from Trinidad and other of the West India islands. The former is of greatly superior quality and is scarce. Not more than 5,000 or 6,000 bags are raised annually, and it is worth from \$32 to \$35 gold per bag of 110 pounds. Of the Trinidad variety about 100,000 bags are raised, and it sells for \$18 or \$20 a bag. The native plant requires peculiar soil and care and grows best in the hottest and most unhealthy regions, so that there is not much comfort in its cultivation. The cocoa plantations are found all along the coast of Venezuela, and are more profitable than coffee on account of their requiring less attention, as well as because of the greater value of the crop.
While coffee can be successfully cultivated under a minimum temperature of 60 degrees F., the cocoa tree, for proper development and remunerative crops, requires a temperature of at least 80 degrees F.; hence the area of the cocoa belt is comparatively restricted. Besides the conditions of temperature, this crop needs a moist soil and humid atmosphere, and so the lands along the coast of the Caribbean Sea sloping from the mountain tops to the shore, bedewed by the exhalations from the sea and irrigated by the numerous rivulets that course down the valleys, are found to be in all respects well adapted to the profitable cultivation of cocoa. And while the lands in the interior, possessing facilities for irrigation, may be said to be equally as good for the purpose, yet the absence of roads and the consequently difficult transportation of produce on the backs of donkeys over rugged mountain paths materially reduces the profits of the crop before it reaches the market.
A cocoa plantation is set in quite the same manner as a coffee orchard, except that the young stocks may be transplanted from the nursery after two months' growth. No preparation of the soil is deemed necessary and no manures are applied. The young trees are planted about fifteen feet equidistant, which will accommodate 200 trees to the acre. Between the rows and at like spaces are planted rows of the bucare tree, that serve to shade the soil as well as to shield the young trees from the torrid sun. Small permanent trenches must be maintained from tree to tree throughout the entire length of the rows, so that, at least once in each week, the streams descending from the mountains may be turned into these little channels and bear needful moisture to trees and soil. At the age of five years the plantation begins to bear fruit, and annually yields two crops, that ripening in June being termed the crop of San Juan, and that maturing at Christmas being known as the crop of La Navidad. The average age to which trees attain under proper care may be estimated at forty years, during which period they will give fair to full crops of fruit; but of course it must be understood that, as in our fruit orchards, a new tree must be set from time to time to replace one that may be decayed or blighted. After careful inquiry it may be safely stated that the average crop of the cocoa plantation at ten years of age and under a proper state of cultivation will amount to 500 or 600 pounds an acre.
The fruit or seed of the cocoa, in form, size and color, is quite similar to the almond. These seeds, to the number of sixty or eighty, are incased in a pod that, except in color, is the counterpart of a young muskmelon, being elongated and ribbed in the same manner. Its color when green is like that of the egg plant, but on ripening it assumes a reddish hue. A peculiarity of the cocoa is that it bears fruit "from the ground up," the trunk of the tree yielding fruit as well as the branches. Upon ripening the pods are gathered from the trees and heaped in piles on the ground, where they are left for some days to ferment, after which they burst open, when the seed must be shelled out. After a light exposure to the sun, during which time great care must be taken to protect them from the rain, they are sacked and ready for the market.
The good people of Venezuela say that all the best cocoa goes to Europe, and not a pound of the el criollo to the United States. It is a fact that you can get chocolate at the high-priced retail stores for about half the money that is charged at the Caracas factories. They sell the best for 80 cents a pound, and the retailers charge about \$1 for it. You can get a superior article for 60 and the ordinary for 50 cents a pound. None can be had for less than that, while in the United States it can be bought at almost all the grocery stores for 25, 30 and 40 cents a pound.

Troubles of the Messenger Boy.

A telegraph messenger probably sees as much of the other side of human nature as a doctor. One told an Atch-

ison Globe writer recently that a woman never opened a telegram without turning pale, and, when the message was not alarming, they looked disappointed. He delivered about two death messages a day, four birth messages, a great many business messages, and once in a great while a love message that makes him tired to carry. He carried one recently to a young man in town that read: "How are you to-day, darling?"
The answer went promptly back by the boy and was to this effect: "I am better, love." He once carried a message of death to a colored woman, and after reading it, her emotions overcame her to such an extent that she caught the messenger in her arms and soundly boxed his ears. Another colored woman refused to open or sign for a message, but walked the floor and beat her breast, and screamed, supposing it announced death. When all the neighbors had come in, one more venture—more than the rest read the message. It was simply a notice that the woman's sister would come up from Leavenworth that evening to see her.

CANNIBALISM AT SEA.

Desire to Eat Human Beings Stronger on the Ocean than on Land.
Then it comes to pass, when the moment of keenest agony is reached, that the starving man begins to eye his companion with the wolf-glare of a beast of prey. His pangs become paroxysmal. During their greatest intensity there springs up within him a fierce impulse to slay his neighbor that he may feed on his flesh and slake his thirst with his blood. This terrible prompting to cannibalism, it may be noted, is, however, rare, save in cases of famine from shipwreck.
Although it is customary to regard it as a common feature of starvation, and to make thrilling statements of the frequency with which even mothers will, under the goad of hunger, kill and eat their children; and though startling assertions to this effect have been made by historians of great sieges, yet it ought to be said that, as a general rule, well-authenticated cases of cannibalism among civilized people will be found to occur only at sea. They are very rarely found on land. And what is more curious still, whenever famished, shipwrecked men set foot on shore, no matter how desolate and barren may be their rock of refuge, they seem as if by magic at once to banish from their minds the very idea of anthropophagy, or man-eating, and that, too, though they might have been resignedly contemplating it as an imperative necessity a few hours before.
In the case of Ensign Prentiss, of the Eighty-fourth Regiment, and his companions, who were wrecked on the barren island off Cape Breton in 1780, the difference between famine on shore and on sea is curiously exemplified. Prentiss records that they were able to endure the most fearful pangs of hunger without ever so much as a thought of resorting to cannibalism for relief, so long, however, and only so long as they kept on land. But when they took to their boats—and it was not once merely that they experienced this—in order to escape from their rock-bound prison, though they were not a whit worse off for food than they were on land, yet the moment they put to sea with one accord they began to think of killing and eating one of their number. On the other hand, when they found their attempt to escape futile, and put back to shore, whenever they landed the horrible idea of cannibalism seemed to vanish.—Science for All.

New Device of Thieves.

This is the latest fad among house thieves—you would better look out for the fraternity.
The door bell rings, and Molly, the maid, responds trippingly. A man stands in the vestibule.
"Is Miss Howlett in?" he asks.
Molly may say "yes," or "no." If she hesitates he continues, hurriedly: "She ordered some goods from —" and the clerk made a mistake in the bill in our favor. We find that Mrs. Howlett paid us \$2.45 too much. I have come to return the money. Will you kindly tell her?"
He fumbles in his wallet, and Molly, leaving the door wide open, rushes to inform her mistress. Mr. Honest Man slips into the house, helps himself and departs. The next day we have a story of another robbery.—New York Press.

Moon Dogs in Canada.

Persons who were abroad at an early hour in Toronto recently witnessed a beautiful lunar phenomenon. The moon herself was the center of a brilliant white cross, while on either side, at a distance of about sixteen degrees, were what might not inaccurately be called great prismatic parunions, or moon dogs. Beyond the radius of these and at the opposite points of the lunar cross there were rainbow-colored crescents with their convex sides toward the moon, while all about the sky was "hazed" with ever-shifting swarms of ice particles shimmering in the moon rays.

White and Red.

A white object of any size may be seen in sunlight at a distance of 17,250 times its diameter; that is to say, if it is a white ball a foot in diameter it can be perceived at a distance of 17,250 feet. A red object is not nearly so visible at a distance as one of white. A red globe a foot in diameter can be perceived clearly only at a distance of 8,000 feet, and a blue globe a little further.

Camel's Flesh as Food.

Camel's flesh is the latest addition to the Parisian bill of fare, Algerian butchers undertaking to provide the supply. The meat is said to taste like beef, though white like veal. The hump is considered a great delicacy by the Arabs.
The most objectionable feature about love is the poetry that accompanies it.

"The Wooden Hen."

The illustration shown herewith is small in size, but really large when we consider that the "Wooden Hen" is no larger than a live hen, yet has double the capacity. It weighs only 15 pounds; has a capacity of 28 eggs, and while not a toy, is just as amusing, besides being instructive as well.
We suggest that every reader of this write Mr. Geo. H. Stahl, Quincy, Ill., and ask for a copy of his handsome little booklet "C," describing the "Wooden Hen;" also his large catalogue of the Model Excelsior Incubator. All sent free. Mention this paper.

COMMANDS A SHIP AT 18.

Joseph H. York Is the Youngest Full-Fledged Sea Captain Afloat.
The youngest sea captain that ever entered the port of New York in charge of a vessel, and probably the youngest commander in the world, is Captain Joseph H. York, of the tree-masted schooner Charles J. Willard. Captain York is eighteen years old. He is a native of South Portland, Me., and his father is Captain George York, his grandfather is Captain J. C. York, and his brother is Captain Franklin C. York, all masters of vessels owned in Portland and well known in New York.
Young Captain York went to sea in 1893, serving before the mast of the schooner he now commands. The vessel was then in charge of his brother, F. C. York, who was promoted to a larger vessel.
Young York made but one trip before the mast. He noted every movement of his superior, and soon learned how to work the schooner. On the next trip he was made first mate, and before he had been on the vessel a year he was promoted to master. His first voyage, after he was given command of the Charles J. Willard, was to Porto Rico, and it was most successful. All last summer and fall he was in the Atlantic coastwise service, and one of the quickest trips between Richmond, Va., and New York, in a sailing vessel, was made by young York. He covered the distance between the ports named in the remarkably short time of forty-one hours.
Captain York is six feet tall, weighs 175 pounds, has very broad shoulders and a handsome, clean-cut face. The next trip of Captain York will be from Portland, Me., to the West Indies.
Young York from early babyhood had a taste for the sea, and devoted much of his time in building toy boats and sailing them on ponds adjacent to his home.
When he was ten years old he accompanied his father on an extended voyage to South American countries. It is his ambition to command one of the big liners, and he is thinking of entering the service of some of the transatlantic companies.

Lawyers in Congress.

Of the 80 Senators now holding seats, 63 are lawyers. Of the 356 Representatives, 225 are lawyers. Tennessee's Senators and 10 Representatives are all lawyers. Of Ohio's 2 Senators and 21 Representatives, both of the former and 19 of the latter are lawyers. Texas has 2 lawyers in the Senate and 10 out of a possible 13 in the House. New York gets along with 1 lawyer in the Senate and 15 out of 34 in the House. Massachusetts has 2 lawyers in the Senate and only 4 in the House, 9 of her Representatives being merchants and manufacturers. Maine has 2 lawyers to represent her in the Senate and 3 in the House, Capt. Boutelle being the only Representative she has who is not a lawyer. Mr. Dingley, however, has not practiced law for many years.

A Philadelphian's Queer Fad.

For a few days in every year the street cars of Philadelphia are decorated with selections from the Bible. The verses are printed on the same sort of cards as those used by advertisers and appear in the same rack. The quotations are put in 1,500 cars at an expense of \$30 a day and run about a month. Who is it that thus advertises scriptural verses has never been discovered.
If the hair has been made to grow a natural color on bald heads in thousands of cases, by using Hall's Hair Renewer, why will it not in your case?
That which seemeth most casual and subject to fortune is yet disposed by the ordinance of heaven.
Sufferers from coughs, sore throat, etc., should be constantly supplied with imitations.
He who has not a good memory should never take upon himself the trade of lying.
For lung and chest diseases, Piso's Cure is the best medicine we have used.—Mrs. J. L. Northcott, Windsor, Ont., Canada.
Hope without action is a barren under-
doer.
When an article has been sold for 31 years in spite of competition and cheap imitations, it must have superior quality. Dobbins' Electric Soap has been constantly made and sold since 1855. Ask your grocer for it. Best of all.
FITS. All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$50 trial bottle free to all who send for it. Dr. Kline, 239 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Married by Her Mother.

A very odd wedding occurred a few days ago at the residence of Rev. Mary T. Whitney, in Boston. The groom was Rev. Carl G. Horst, the pastor of the Second Unitarian Church of Athol, Mass. The bride was Miss Emily Aitken, of Boston, and the officiating minister was Rev. Martha C. Aitken, mother of the bride. Cases where a father marries his daughter are not infrequent, but this is, perhaps, the only instance on record where a mother has married her daughter.

Don't Be Too Late for the Steamer.

And don't omit when you are packing up your effects preparatory for the voyage, to include among them a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the great remedy for sea sickness. Travelers for pleasure or business seeking foreign climes, or who locomote by steamboat or train, besides yachtsmen and mariners, testify to the remedial and preventive efficacy of the Bitters, which is incomparable for nausea, headache, dyspepsia, biliousness, rheumatism, nervous and kidney trouble.

The Land of Eternal Cheapness.

A person can be a nabob in Japan for twenty-five dollars a month. This includes rent of a comfortable house, salaries of two servants, and a larger stocked with the "fat of the land." This is the nation that is going to send over twelve-dollar bicycles next season "as good as the best."

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
WEST & BUCK, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O., WALKER, REXAS & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Texas Immense Wheat Fields.

The wheat-growing lands of Texas are in the region northwest of Fort Worth, and the average crop about 8,000,000 bushels. It is said that the frequent and abundant rains that have fallen since the growing crop was seeded give excellent promise for the yield of 1896.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the West. Send 25c in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams street, Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

Cost of a London Fog.

It has been computed that a fog costs the city of London from £50,000 to £100,000 a day. A large proportion of this is borne by the railway companies.

Free to Comrades.

The latest photograph of Hon. I. N. Walker, Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. Write to F. H. Lord, Quincy Building, Chicago, and you will receive one free.

The truest self-respect is not to think of self.—Beecher.

Spring

Is the season for purifying, cleansing, and renewing. The accumulations of waste everywhere are being removed. Winter's icy grasp is broken and on all sides are indications of nature's returning life, renewed force, and awakening power.

Spring

Is the time for purifying the blood, cleansing the system and renewing the physical powers. Owing to close confinement, diminished perspiration, and other causes, in the winter, impurities have not passed out of the system as they should, but have accumulated in the blood.

Spring

Is therefore the best time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because the system is now most in need of medicine. That Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and Spring Medicine is proved by its wonderful cures. A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla now may prevent great suffering later on.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills

cure Liver Ills., easy to take, easy to open, 25c.

THE AERMOTOR CO.

does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/10 of what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Hoisting, Galvanizing, and all kinds of work. Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Box Saws, Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish most January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tankwheels and pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

DENSION JOHN W. HORTON'S

Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Is a Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last year's adjudicating claims, 400 cases.

SORE EYES DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

"A Handful of Dirt May Be a Houseful of Shame." Keep Your House Clean with

SAPOLIO