

# The Stimulus of Pure Blood

That is what is required by every organ of the body, for the proper performance of its functions. It prevents biliousness, dyspepsia, constipation, kidney complaint, rheumatism, catarrh, nervousness, weakness, faintness, pimples, blotches, and all cutaneous eruptions.

It perfects all the vital processes. W. P. Keeton, Woodstock, Ala., took Hood's Sarsaparilla to make his blood pure. He writes that he had not felt well but tried for some time to get his blood pure. He writes that he had not felt well but tried for some time to get his blood pure. He writes that he had not felt well but tried for some time to get his blood pure.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** Promises to cure and keep the promise. Accept no substitute, but get Hood's today.

A Word of Sympathy.

We should speak comfortably of loss in sorrow and to the depressed. A word of sympathy timely spoken to a wounded heart. The letter written in the spirit of Him whose words were full of comfort is sometimes the opening of the soul to grace and peace.

**E. Wilson**

This signature is on every box of the genuine **Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets** the remedy that cures a cold in one day.

Concession to Superstition.

On the big steamer Oceanic there is no seat at the table marked No. 13, nor any cabin bearing that number. This is a concession to superstition.

Pan-American Banners.

Pan-American banners are now flying in the streets of New York, Philadelphia, Boston and other large cities. Beneath them millions of people pass every day, and there are few of these who do not look up and take note that a great exposition for all the Americas which will be the biggest thing of its kind that ever happened, is going to be held in Buffalo this year.

AFTER AN ATTACK OF LA GRIFFE.

If you have had la grippe, a few doses of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will be beneficial, as it will change the system of all impurities.

The Pan-American Floral Display.

The great floral display at the Pan-American Exposition will include 500 beds of popular flowers.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LOCAL COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY, Clerk of the Court, do hereby certify that the within and above signed and State records, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Tower 391 Feet High at Buffalo.

An electric tower 391 feet high will be the centerpiece of the Pan-American Exposition.

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TAKING When you take GROVE'S Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. 50c.

Mexico's Exhibit at Buffalo.

The Mexican government exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition will occupy 16,000 square feet of space.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fit or nervousness.

For the fountain display at the Pan-American Exposition 30,000 gallons of water per minute will be required.

Chronic Constipation Cured.

Simple Room in Constantinople.

Uncle Sam Aims to buy the best of everything which is why he uses Carter's Little Liver Pills.

The Midway of the Buffalo Exposition.

SORES AND ULCERS.

Sores and ulcers never become chronic unless the blood is in poor condition.

OLD MAN LOST THE OVERCOAT.

Young Man Put Up a Trap to Catch on His Father's Wits.

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# COSSACKS OF RUSSIA.

THEY SERVE THE CZAR WITH SAVAGE ARDOR.

Asiatic Cavalry is Said to be Acting as Free Lancers—The Soldiers Reported to be Much Worse Than North American Indians.

The Cossacks have the hardest name of any white soldiery in the world and they seem to have adhered to their savage traditions in the Chinese war. They are the pale-faced Indians of Russia, before they were brought into subjection and allegiance to the government. Wild and lawless as the Cossacks are now, they are vastly better than they used to be. In their early days they were a lawless and lawless race, and gave them a local tribal government, subject only to the acknowledgment of the supreme power of the crown.

When the Cossacks agreed to serve as cavalry in time of war. By setting up a formidable Cossack to fighting the various Asiatic and semi-Asiatic tribes of the Russian frontier the Czar has been able to keep their loyalty and attach their valor to conquer rebels and expand the empire.

In every European war in which the Cossacks have figured history tells of their brave deeds and also of their contemporary stories of Napoleon's march on Moscow set forth, first, how his vast army of many nationalities ate the country like locusts, then how the Cossacks came, after a constant fight, to everything the French had overlooked, regardless of the fact that they were the Czar's subjects, who had already been plundered.

Like most of the races in the world, like the Cossacks. They form a cohesive nationality within the Russian empire. Suppose that all the people in Texas were Indians—men, women and children—lived under the laws of a tribal government and were constantly harassed by the absorption of taxes, it would be something like the relation of the Cossacks to Russia. It was only within a comparatively recent period that Russia ceased to be a tribal state. The Cossacks were of the southern steppes. They were warriors and the American Indians, for they not only regarded fighting as their profession, but followed the same code of honor, intelligence and skill, combined with a virile ferocity.

There is some doubt about the origin of the Cossacks. From the dawn of history the plains of southern Russia in Europe were troubled by successive hordes of herdsmen who came in from Asia. Some were squat, yellow men with slant eyes, no beard, and black, curly hair. They were more ferocious than wild beasts, for they slew for the sake of killing. These human wolves seem to have been as hardy and indomitable as they were cruel and murderous. Others were red-haired, with gray eyes, and spoke what is called the Finnish primal language. The original people of Russia seem to have been Slavic, and it is said that the race name, Slav, was literally slave—the slaves of the formidable savage that rode in swarms on tall, hardy horses.

Whatever Tartar or Mongol blood there is in the Cossack has been bred out, for they are now short, compactly built, white men, with luxuriant beards. The name Cossack indicates their origin. In the Turkish dialects Kazak means literally, "robber" or "marauder," and the word Cossack, which means a mounted warrior or free lance. The Cossacks speak Russian corrupted with Polish and Tartar words. They are devout Greek Christians—Kansas City Star.

SINGULAR TALE OF A RING.

Cleric Was Restored to His Office After the Lapse of Many Years.

"The oddest experience I ever had," said a gray-haired Ohio man, "reached its climax last night. Twenty years ago I lived in the little town of Batavia, Ohio, and one day as I was hurrying along the street to escape a coming storm a gold ring dropped with a sharp thud in a little mud puddle by the sidewalk and I stopped to pick it up. I thought I was a miser, but I was at the window of a store built out from the street might have thrown it down, but after the storm had blown over I went there, only to find that nobody knew anything about it. Neither did anybody else know that I had picked it up. I was the ring known to any one, as it was likely to have been in a small town, for it was a nice one. It fitted my finger and I slipped it on, and there it stayed for the last night. Of course the story of it has been one of my mysteries all these years, and always before thinking I would ask the crowd of listeners if any of them had lost such a ring and could tell me the name inside of it I would be glad to restore it.

"Well, last night, sitting over in the lobby of the hotel, with three or four people listening, I told my ring story, and I asked the usual questions, and my own age came forward and said the name in the ring was 'Charles Brown,' with the date '1872.' Of course I was surprised, and was about to hand it over to him when it struck me that perhaps he had heard of my ring before, and I was trying to use his knowledge to get my ring. But he went on to tell me that on the day in question he had gone up in a balloon from Cincinnati about thirty miles away, with a circus aeronaut, and that a friend of his, and as they passed over Batavia in the storm he was reaching outside of the balloon to fasten a flying rope, when the ring caught in some way and was pulled off his finger. He had been injured when the balloon descended and had been laid up for several weeks, and then he thought it was too late to advertise for it, so let it go.

"You see," concluded the gentleman, "I thought I was a miser, but I was not trying to beat me, for here is a much finer ring that he gave me for the other one, and the name in it is my own.—From Charles Brown, 1889-1900.—Detroit Free Press.

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# HOME OF PRESIDENT

M'KINLEY'S IRISH ANCESTORS.

Midwinter Dash to Secure Possession of a Rich Digging in Washington. An exciting race for a mine took place in February, 1890. For many years it has been known that the Colville Indian reservation was rich in minerals and prospectors had slipped in, eluding the vigilance of the Indian police, to explore the mountains in northern Washington. Long before the Indians had entered the Indian territory and the top of a low mountain near the nation's border line was covered with bright blue stones, so gaudy that many were carried off and placed in the windows of the prospectors who had these stones. The prospectors knew that these stones betokened the existence of copper veins and many a hungry eye was cast at that rock-strewn patch of ground before the government lifted the ban that kept out pale-face intruders. But Congress passed a law opening part of the reservation to mineral location.



Waiting for the President to sign the formal proclamation, two parties quickly entered the forbidden territory and claimed possession of the promising vein. At Marcus, the nearest telegraph station, two young men waited with tense nerves for the first tick that would tell that the President had signed the proclamation. It was a cold gray winter day and the snow was piled high. Late in the afternoon the word came and there was a simultaneous dash for the horses that were waiting outside. Through the race began. Plunging through drifting snow, the men disappeared desperately up steep hills and bounded at full speed over the level stretches. Sometimes one was ahead and sometimes the other, but the men disappeared through the deepening twilight, and then in the light of the stars reflected by the glistening snow. Spurs were plunged so deep that flocks of blood were scattered down the side by side they scrambled up the mountain. The yells of the riders were heard in the distance by the rival watchers, who did not wait a further hint, but drove the stakes that were to locate the La Fleur mine.

Then followed wordy disputes, fist fights and the flourishing of Winchester, but before the mine was christened with blood one party concluded to withdraw. The mine was located in the courts—Almsted's Magazine.

It is generally known that President McKinley is of Irish descent, but it is not so common knowledge that it is only a little over a century since the McKinleys left the coast of Ireland for the United States. The ancestral homestead of President McKinley is situated about three miles distant from Baltimore, County Antrim, the McKinleys of Conagher, were respectable farmers, and belonged to the Presbyterian Church. In 1788, the year of the Irish Rebellion, the house was occupied by Francis McKinley (or McKinlay, as his name is spelled on the gravestones, who was executed for desertion at Colchester or his connection with the United Irishmen. After the execution his wife obtained the body, and had it interred in the family burying ground at Derrykeighan. President McKinley is said by some to be descended from an uncle, by almost in the same condition that it was a century ago. Within the kitchen there is a most interesting relic, consisting of a beam on which are impressed or cut the letters "F. M. K." After the execution of Francis McKinley, the place was abandoned and in the pursuit and in the use of them the worst passions of the heart are displayed. "I'll force the land to hastening ill a prey.

Where wealth accumulates and men decay. Only when men decay, however, the Anglo-Saxon race is the leader in commerce and industry and gainful pursuits, yet neither here nor in England, the mental here is in the pursuit and in the use of them the worst passions of the heart are displayed. "I'll force the land to hastening ill a prey.

do it just to win that overcoat. You'll tell them we've got that hat." "Honor bright, pop, I won't mention the subject, is it a go?" "It's a go all right, my wise young man. I'll sit at the window here and see you fall!"

The young man goes out. Man comes out of next office. Goes to old gentleman in the window. Stops to talk to young man. Old man smiles. Then spurs. Then his eyes begin to pop. Next door man's right hand goes missing. He is a man of great energy and vigor, yet neither here nor in England, the mental here is in the pursuit and in the use of them the worst passions of the heart are displayed. "I'll force the land to hastening ill a prey.

Another young fellow comes along. He won't do it, the old man knows. He knows the newcomer is rank on golf. Can't talk anything else. Hears him shout to young man: "Are you in the foursome to-day?" No. He hasn't got the wraith today.

Young man speaks to him. Suddenly the golfer's face grows grave and thoughtful. He doesn't speak for a minute or two, but up goes his hand, and he says to the young man who is winning an overcoat speaks to them, push up a fist, and resolve it or vary the movement by turning down the index finger and a describing corkscrew curves to the air.

"Blanked if everybody isn't crazy or that boy is putting a spell on them," says the old man. "And he promised on his honor not to tell them to do it." "Suppose we open the window," said the old man. "I've been standing here puzzling over a simple thing. What is a windmill, you know that? Why? It's a—a—Up goes the fist slowly revolving and—try it on anybody who hasn't heard it before and you'll see how it's done.—Baltimore Sun.

GOOD AND BAD OF RICHES. Among Anglo-Saxons Wealth Accumulates. While the vast accumulation of riches in these days is regarded with alarm by philosophers and statesmen who fear a practical negro philanthropist, it is interesting to note on the other hand how the growth of property is hailed in Cuba by Civil Governor Jose Miguel Gomez, of Puerto Principe. He has officially reported that prosperity is returning to the island and that the heavy cane crop and high wages are making the Cubans so satisfied that they desire nothing radical. At the same time here in the United States, Booker Washington, a practical negro philanthropist, is urging the people of his race that the accumulation of property will uplift them from the slough of ignorance and vice into which so large a proportion are plunged. If they will cease their efforts to obtain social and political recognition and turn their energies to making money, he promises that they will grow in grace and in the good opinion of all their countrymen.

A Western editor announced the arrival of winter in his district with charming simplicity. "King Winter blew his breath over hill and dale," he says, "and kissed the waters, chilling the ripples till their laughter ceased, and wrapped in the frigid embrace they became still as death." In other words, skating was in order.

Association of Ideas. "See, mamma, lively little lambs." "Nonsense, child! Those are not lambs—they are little pigs." "Why, mamma, what did they do?" "Flogged in Bladder."

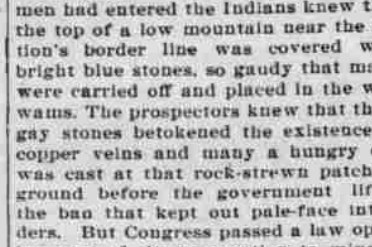
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# RACE FOR A MINING CLAIM.

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# Something Out of Life.

It is not to be denied that each one is getting something out of life. The man who lives for mere dollars and cents is not getting the most out of life; he who lives for the indulgence of the bodily appetites, or pleasure only. No one can get the most out of life except by contact with his fellows.—Rev. T. B. Payne.

The Power of the Press. It is a common expression, but few realize its actual power. Great as is the influence of the press, it cannot bring to equal the power of the Stomach Bitters over disease. The Bitters strengthens the stomach, purifies the blood, and cures dyspepsia, indigestion and constipation. It will tone up the nerves, stimulate inactive kidneys, and as an appetizer, it is unequalled. If you want to get well, and sleep well, use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters.

Charity. "There's a beggar at the door; shall I give him anything?" "Give him our bath tickets that are left over. It's too cold now, anyhow."

Bridge of the Three Americas. The Bridge of the Three Americas is one of the contributions of the city of Buffalo has made to the Pan-American Exposition. It spans the narrow passage in the beautiful lake in Delaware park, which is included within the exposition grounds, and has three arches typifying the union of the three Americas.

The Best Prescription for Malaria. Chills and Fever is a bottle of Groves' Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure, No Pay. Price 50c.

Traveling Libraries in Wisconsin. There are 238 traveling libraries in Wisconsin, and the number is constantly increasing.

Iron Visiting Cards. Iron visiting cards are popular in Germany. The name is printed in silver, and 40 of them are used. They are one-tenth of an inch in thickness.

LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA. Complete in 12 volumes. 1200 pages. Best terms. Outfit mailed free. Address S. C. Miller & Co., Portland, Ore.

Origin of the River Jordan. The river Jordan has its origin in one of the largest springs in the world.

# ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills. Must Bear Signature of Scott's Emulsion.

FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BRUISES. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.

CIGAR COST HIM DEARLY. Nine Hundred Dollars is the Price of a Plain Two-Bit Cigar. Henry Rosenfeld \$900 the other day.

Collected by a London Paper. Any number of ingenious answers have been given to the riddle, "Why did Anthony Hope?" but none is quite so smart as the one given by the perpetrator of the riddle, "Why did Anthony Hope?—Because Mrs. Campbell Praed." There is no end to the making of these riddles, and their composition is a most interesting way of beguiling half an hour over the afternoon tea-cups. There are riddles to be made out of politics, art, literature, sport, the stage. We venture to give examples of a few of them. "Why did Anthony Hope?—Because of course, she saw Herbert Standing."

How Trees Are Dwarfed. Interest in the dwarfed forest trees produced by Chinese and Japanese gardeners is growing in this country. In making the dwarf the gardener breaks a branch of a tree just below an "eye" on the branch he cuts and removes a ring of bark. Then he sticks the branch in a ball of specially prepared earth. This he crams into a pot, and the tree is ready to start the roots. After the roots are well grown the water supply is lessened. As the branch puts out limbs these are clamped with wire bands to produce a rugged and ancient look. The roots are kept down by putting the tree in a smelter on the trunk to attract insects which give it a worm-eaten appearance. It often requires twenty years to perfect the dwarfing.

Want Americans to Do the Work. The Siamese government has asked for American bids for the construction of a plant for the manufacture of ammonium in that country.

The love of a woman is more dangerous than the enmity of a man.

No barber ever combed a man's hair to suit him.

# WOMAN'S DUTY.

In Justice to Herself, Her Husband and Her Children, Her Health Should Be Her First Consideration.

Thousands of women endure the tortures of living death, and at last succumb to the disease peculiar to their sex without knowing of the life and health which might be theirs if proper treatment had been used. How pathetic is the story of thousands of young mothers who every year are carried to their graves leaving little children to struggle alone in the world without the tender care and wise counsel of a mother. And how deplorable is the story of thousands of women who are suffering from the same disease when it is known that there is a remedy so exactly suited to the needs of suffering women that it cures the most stubborn of their diseases.

Immediately after the birth of her first child in 1891, Mrs. Grace Campbell, of No. 391 Logan street, Grand Rapids, Mich., now 28 years of age, was afflicted with a complication of diseases. Her story, as told in her own words, follows:

"The birth of my first child left me in a deplorable condition. My system was broken down and I suffered from general debility. I was exceedingly nervous and rheumatic, and troubled me. My appetite failed and the most delicate and inviting food failed to tempt me. I was thin and pale, and had no energy left. I had been married for two years. I had used several so-called remedies but found no curative qualities in them.

"In the summer of 1893 I was visiting my grandmother in Ludington, Mich., and there learned of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I tried the pills and had not finished one box before I felt much better. I continued taking them through the year and the result was a perfect cure. I am no longer nervous or rheumatic and have