

**"You May Bend the Sapling  
But Not the Tree."**

When disease has become chronic and deep seated it is often difficult to cure it. That is the reason why it is best to take Hood's Sarsaparilla when disease first shows itself. In long-seated, tenacious cases, Hood's Sarsaparilla is also wonderfully successful.



**Those Absurd Names.**  
"What ridiculous names they have over there in the Philippines," said the man who had just walked up to the counter and been assured by the clerk that he could have the best room in the hotel. "There's Calumpit, for instance. That name would make a horse laugh. Who ever heard of anything so absurd as to give a town such a postmark as that?"  
Then he took the pen that the clerk had been holding out toward him and wrote upon the register:  
"J. Crawford, Weonocket, R. I."—Chicago Evening News.

**Very Busy.**  
May and Edith are sisters, four and five years old respectively. May had been very naughty, and mamma had taken her over her knee to administer corporal punishment, when Edith suddenly pushed the door ajar and peeped in. Turning her chubby face as far round toward her sister as her peculiar position would admit, May said very gravely:  
"Go out, Edie, don't you see I'm busy?"  
It is needless to add that mamma granted a respite.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

**A Philanthropist.**  
Lady of the House—I should think a big, strong fellow like you would rather work than go around begging.  
Sleepy Sim—I would if it wasn't for one thing.  
"What's that?"  
"I ain't got no family meself, and I'm afraid if I went to work I might crowd out some poor chap wot has little ones to support."—Chicago Evening News.

**Joke of the Heartless Man.**  
"Here is an article on 'The Right Kind of a Wife,'" she said, looking up from her paper.  
"I suppose," returned the heartless man, "it refers to the one a fellow doesn't get."—Chicago Post.

**Very True.**  
Mistress—It isn't the clothes that make the man, you know, Mary!  
Cook—Perhaps not, mum; but it's the clothes that makes the policeman!—Puck.

**More Information.**  
Tommy—Paw, what do they put water in stock for?  
Mr. Figg—To soak the investors with, my son.—Indianapolis Journal.

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.**  
As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.  
Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**That Dull, Awful Pain!**  
It's a sick headache. Cure it? Avoid it! Cascarets Candy Cathartic give quick relief and prevent headaches if taken in time. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

In the last three years the United States has sold abroad \$1,300,000 more than it has bought.  
Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Florida, Sept. 17, 1895.

In a rock quarry in Virginia where dynamite was used three more lives have been blasted.

**FITS** Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$3.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 930 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Washington Soldiers' Monument Association has been incorporated.

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.  
25 CTS.

**His Typewritten Proposal.**

**T**AP, tap, tap! went the typewriter, as under the nimble fingers of the operator the typewords flashed up and down with lightning-like rapidity.  
It's a warm day, too—very warm, and no doubt that ill-fated instrument felt it, but yet each and all of those tall-collared, clean-shaven clerks, who kept throwing languishing eyes in the direction of the fair operator, would have willingly changed places with that reeking, squeaking, jerspiring machine.

But Amy Northcote did not seem in very good form on this particular morning, for gradually the rattle of the machine got slower and slower, and at last stopped altogether.  
As a matter of fact, little Miss Northcote was in a very peculiar frame of mind. She was extremely romantic, and spent one-half of her time in reading novelettes, and the other half in thinking about them.

Tales of love and devotion, of heroism and martyrdom, King Arthur and his table round, Lancelot and Guinevere, errant knights and ladies fair—every legend she had ever read, and dozens of others she had made for herself, crowded in upon each other in wonderful confusion.

The long train of courtly knights and serenading gallants floated leisurely before her, and more came, and still more, and yet all of them, though so different in apparel, had the same face.

And what a handsome face it was, too! What a tall, commanding figure! How graceful it looked in the robes of Romeo, and how glorious in the armor of Lancelot!

Suddenly her reverie was interrupted by a quiet voice that descended from some distance above her.

"Good-morning, Miss Northcote!"  
She looked up with a start, and there stood her Lancelot before her. He seemed to have discarded his armor and donned an ordinary black morning suit and a very white collar, "whereof," as the office boy once remarked, "the height and stiffness were marvelous great."  
"Good-morning, sir," she said, in a half-frightened voice, and then, as the junior partner disappeared into his room, she bent over her work with a very red and very hot face.

Then the typewriter clicked again, but not so merrily as before, and frequent errors occurred. Presently a bell in the office rang twice. This was the signal for Miss Northcote to go into Mr. Norman's room and take the morning letters, for this young lady was also shorthand writer to the firm.  
The door closed and she was alone with the handsome young partner. Jack Robertson returned to the office, and as he climbed sadly on to his lofty stool, a universal groan went around the room. Eight stiff white collars cracked simultaneously as eight heads dropped sorrowfully over their respective invoices and bills of lading.

The morning letters were soon finished and the young lady rose to go.  
"One minute, Miss Northcote, please. I have a private letter I wish you to write. It is a rather delicate matter, and I certainly ought to write the letter

give it a fair consideration, and if you will consent to be my wife my whole life shall testify my gratitude and constancy. I leave my future happiness in your hands. Until I know your decision I shall have none. Meanwhile, I remain, yours forever,"  
That afternoon seemed a very long one to the little typewriter. She copied the letter perfectly, and delivered it to Mr. Norman, who posted it himself. She then went on with the ordinary letters.  
At last the long day came to an end, and Miss Northcote prepared to go home. The office boy brought her hat and cloak, and Jack Robertson helped her on with them. He would have liked to escort her home, but dared not ask, so he wandered slowly to the Lyric Theater, and wept copiously enough through the whole performance.

Meanwhile the object of his thoughts walked pensively down the busy Strand, still dreaming of her noble Lancelot. But, somehow, this time it was not Lancelot and Guinevere, but Lancelot and Elaine.

She stopped in front of Whitehall and gazed in admiration and awe at the gigantic figures of the two lifeguards on their passive horses. How grand they looked! How strong and handsome! Just as Lancelot must have appeared to Elaine. Then one of those noble warriors winked at her in a very unromantic manner, and she hurried on, feeling very much disappointed, and vaguely wondering whether Lancelot winked at his Guinevere like that.

She let herself quietly in, and went upstairs to her own room, in order to have a good cry, which she had been promising herself all the day.

On the stairs her little sister handed her a letter, which she took into her room with her.

She laid the letter on her table, with the intention of having her cry first; but catching sight of the address as she was putting it down, she snatched it up again. The envelope was in Mr. Norman's handwriting.

In a tremendous hurry she proceeded to open it, and of course took about three times as long as usual.  
The first few words were enough.  
"Dear Madame—in such a matter as this—"

She knew every word of it—every tap. It was the very letter she had written herself; and with a little cry of half-frightened joy she flung herself on her bed, and had even a longer and more passionate cry than she had promised herself.

In these degenerate times the Imperious Lady Norman flaunts and flourishes in her baronial halls, loved by her tenants and adored by her husband.  
But it is whispered among the servants that her ladyship will often retire to a little private room, where she has sometimes been seen shedding tears of happiness over the bones of a poor, rusty, rheumatic old typewriter.—London Evening News.

**Cause of the Kettle's Song.**  
People often wonder what makes the high note of a smirging tea kettle, but the explanation is simple. As the water heats little bubbles of steam are formed at the bottom of the kettle. These rush upward and, being attracted to the sides of the kettle, they make a commotion which sets the metal in vibration and the kettle "sings."

that is the most suitable word, Miss Northcote?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Yes, yes, I think so, too. Now, then—that I love you most ardently. Perhaps the nature of our intercourse has kept me from disclosing my regard for you, but I sincerely trust you will not allow this to influence your decision. Our formal acquaintance prevents me from expressing my deeper thoughts and feelings. Let your gentle heart plead for me rather than this cold letter, which I am painfully conscious is more like a business letter than I intended it to be. At least, let me implore you to

**Modern Cave Dwellers.**  
Cave dwellers, or, to be exact, earth or rock dwellers, are not yet extinct. A traveler who visited the prehistoric cave dwellings near Halberstadt, in the Harz mountains, found in the nearby village of Langenstein ten cages hewn in the rock and occupied by 40 persons. This little settlement is built on the slope of a rocky hill near the village. The fronts of the dwellings were made by cutting a vertical face in the rock. Each "house" has a door and one window. The first house was constructed only 40 years ago by a young married couple who were too poor to pay their rent in the village. The rock houses are warm in winter and cool in summer. They are quite healthful, according to the testimony of their inhabitants, whose stout limbs and red cheeks vouch for the truth of their statements.—N. Y. Herald.

**Confession of a Millionaire.**  
A millionaire confessed the secret of his success in two words—hard work. He put in the best part of his life gaining dollars and losing health, and now he was putting in the other half spending dollars to get it back. Nothing equals Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for restoring health. It cures dyspepsia and indigestion.

**Once Was Enough.**  
This is one of General Miles' stories. In the confederate army Longstreet's corps was making a night march. About 4 o'clock in the morning, when everyone was worn out, a Georgia regiment stopped. A Georgia soldier put his rifle up against the tents on the other side of where Longstreet was. "Well," he said, "this is pretty hard—to fight all day and march all night. But I suppose I can do it for love of my country." He continued: "I can go hungry. I can fight. If need be I can die for my country, because I love my country. But when this war is over I'll be blown if I'll love another country."—Woman's Journal.



"THE ENVELOPE WAS IN MR. NORMAN'S WRITING."

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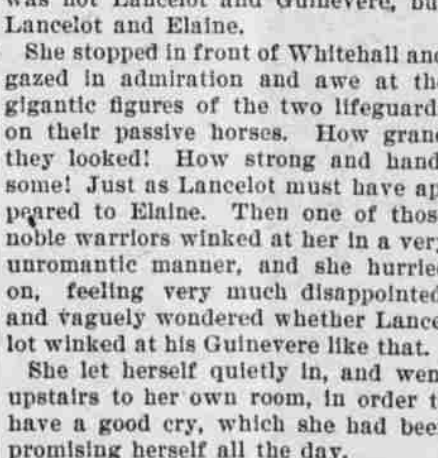
The value of the fruit consumed in Great Britain every year is estimated at \$50,000,000.

There was a young man from Lenore, Who boldly went off to the war; The "beef" made him sick, He recovered quite quick By the prompt use of old Jesse Moore.

Canada sells us farm products valued at \$5,326,000, but buys of us other goods worth \$78,000,000.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

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In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

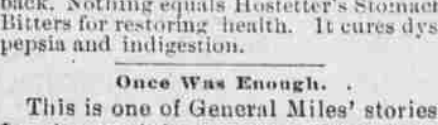
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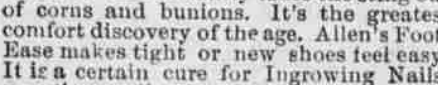
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