

X-Rays

Of test and trial prove Hood's Sarsaparilla to be unequalled for purifying the blood because...

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

COURTING A QUAKER MAID.

The Agreement Entered Into by Two Ardent May Quaker Friends. The later "assemblies" of Annapolis, Marlborough, and Chestertown were hardly more "in vogue" than the yearly meetings of the Eastern Shore Quakers. Their curious quaintness, and the picturesque contrast they presented to the radiant attire and libertine manners of the world's people, who ministered and courted in manor-houses, and carousals, and ruffled, in cockpits and bowling-grounds, drew Romanists and "English Catholics" to the doors of their sober conventicle, and filled its leafy approaches with profane chariots and chairs, and prancing stepphichers and side-saddled paltries. So it happened that to the yearly meeting held at Third Haven, near Talbot Courthouse, in the year 1799, there came by opposite ways, through groups of booths erected by the graceless and irreverent for the sale of trumpery and tippie, a Quaker maiden mounted on a pillion behind her father, and two plumed and rapturous cavaliers gaily courting. The winged maid, whose overbearing charms still bloom in tradition, was Sarah Covington of Somerset, and the prancing cavaliers were the brothers Edward and Philemon Lloyd, sons of Madam Henrietta Maria aforesaid. Immediately the pretty lady, with a sudden equal passion, loved the timid maid, and yearned for her; and each conceived a cunning purpose, the proper to the country and the time, and shrewdly held his peace. When the meeting was over the brothers, each taking his cunning scheme in hand, mounted and galloped away, taking different ways, and they rode hard, laughing as they rode, for joy of their boyish artifice. After lingering for a while in places remote from the highway, where was no fear of discovery by any chance acquaintance, and so that the slower Quaker folk might have time to regain their homes, they rode on into Somerset, and met at their chamber's gate. First they swore, then they blushed, and then they laughed loud and long. Phil said: "Let her be for whichever, you or I, did see her first," and Ned, the elder and the heir, assented. Then said Phil: "No sooner had I taken my place in the meeting than I beheld the girl, and loved her." And Ned said: "I passed the night before the meeting at the 'Peach Blossom' farm; and at the foot of the hill, turning into the gate at the water-mill, I saw this girl on a pillion behind her father, and they inquired the way to the meeting-house; and I loved her." Then Phil rode back to Talbot, and Ned dismounted at the gate, and led his horse to the porch. Thus in 1793 Sarah Covington became the wife of the heir, and mistress of Wye House. She it was who in 1733 built with "English" brick the house of "Readbourne" in Queen Anne's County, that typical colonial mansion, still in excellent preservation, and showing an imposing pile fitted with materials brought over from England, where the noble hall and the broad stairway of the period confer a characteristic distinction.—Century.

THE DAY I CARVED THE DUCK.

I went to dine the other day. With my mother-in-law-elect. And just thereby my fiancée. So my future hopes are wrecked. We'd reached the roast, when, woe is me (I never did have luck) The hostess asked me pleasantly If I would carve the duck. With confidence born of youth I hastened to comply. And little thought that fowl forsooth Could make a fortune fly. Nor did I deem so small a bird As my goat could be. I gazed some points I had not heard The day I carved the duck. I drove the fork up to the hilt Within its bosom browned, And sought to see how it was built, But not a joint I found. I saved it here and jabbed it there, With perturbation pluck; Oh, deep was my desire to swear The day I carved the duck. A cold dew peared my forehead fair. As I chased it round the plate; It could not, built on wheels, I swear, Have struck a livelier gait. The table was a sad-sounding sight, As if by lightning struck; You'd never have dreamed the cloth was white The day I carved the duck. The hostess cast a gorgon glance, Rose over a ghastly smile; As sprouting round that bird did dance, In most satanic style. I pinned it down—it upward soared And to my bosom struck; There were pallid cheeks around that board The day I carved the duck. Then, seized with rage I could not still And hate I could not hold, From me I hurled that bird of ill, With fury uncontrolled. These from that scene I fled away Like one who runs amuck; And I've never seen my fiancée Since the day I carved the duck.—Twentieth Century.

TRAPPED BY TELEGRAPH.

There have been a great many stories about attacks on lonely stations in the West. Here is another, which is perhaps one of the best on this well-worn subject: While in a small town in Wyoming Territory I learned that a lady living there had been the heroine of a thrilling adventure with train robbers, and curiosity and love for the brave induced me to call on her to tell me the story. When I went to her house I was welcomed by a handsome man, and in response to my earnest request for this one chapter of her life, she related the following: "In 1873, when but a girl of 18, I left my home in Omaha and came out to fill the lone position of night operator at a small station on the Pacific Railroad in this territory. It was a dreary, desolate spot in the midst of a desert. The only buildings at the station, aside from the depot, were the section house, occupied by a track foreman and a few Chinese laborers; a water tank, and a coal shed. The day operator and agent, a mere boy, slept at the section house, 200 yards distant, so that during the long, dreary nights I was alone in the depot. "No. 4 express train, bound east, was due at 2:15 in the morning, but it never stopped unless signaled, and as this was the only train during the latter portion of the night, you can imagine my lonely situation upon the desert with only a lamp and a guitar for companions, and passed much of the time reading, and when the doleful howling of the wolves were borne to my ears from the distant sand hills, I would pick up my guitar and endeavor to drown their cries with music and song. "The superintendent of the division, a buoyant, light-hearted young gentleman, came over the road at frequent intervals and cheered me up with promises of a better position when a vacancy should occur. He often found me on the very brink of despair, almost on the point of resigning my position and returning to my humble home, and the mother who depended on my salary for the necessities of life, but his promises, his genial conversation and words of encouragement drove away the gloom and I came to look for his visits with a sense of the keenest pleasure. I began to regard him with a sisterly affection, he was so kind and understanding and solicitous for my welfare and comfort. "One night shortly after midnight, as I sat at my table reading a late novel, I thought I heard a shuffling footstep on the depot platform, but as it was not repeated I concluded it was a wolf more daring than his cowardly fellows and resumed my book. A few moments later I heard a new knocking at the door, which I always kept locked, and a strange feeling came over me. During my several weeks' stay at the station I had never had a visitor, and the sudden knock, so low, yet so startlingly clear in the stillness of the night caused my form to tremble and my cheek to blanch. "My first thought was of Indians, and then I reasoned that it might be some tramp desiring shelter. While I sat there in affliction the knock was repeated louder than before, and mustering all my courage I approached the door and asked: "Who's there? "A gruff voice replied: "A traveler who desires to take the east-bound train." "It was my plain, unmistakable duty to admit him, and with trembling fingers I drew the bolt. "Instantly the door was pushed violently open, and I sprang back to the table and sank into my chair in terror when seven burly men wearing cloth masks on their faces and armed to the teeth entered the office. One of them, evidently the leader, walked up to me, and pointing a huge revolver at me, said in a low, firm voice: "Get up, we don't want to hurt you, but if you make a suspicious move or scream or give any alarm so that any of the men in the section house hear you I'll spit the looks of that party fure with a bullet. Be quiet and sensible and behave yourself and you shall not be hurt. What's your red signal lamp?" "What would you do? I gasped. "None of your business. We don't want to hear any unnecessary back talk nor no impertinent questions. What's the red lamp?" "A chill of horror swept over me when the truth burst upon me that I was in the hands of a band of desperate train robbers, whose evident intention was to signal the train and rob the express car at my station. What could I do? It was yet three hours until the train was due, but I could not elude my captors to rouse the section men, and I knew by the ugly gleam in the leader's eyes through the holes in his mask, that if I made the least outcry he would not hesitate to carry out his threat and murder me. I knew they could find the lamp easily by search-

ing for it, and in a trembling voice I told them it was hanging just inside the door of the freight room. One of the men got it, and, after examining it to see that it was in order, the rough hand took seats to await the incoming train. "The leader lit his pipe and, looking at me sternly for a few moments, said: "Young girl, we've got some work for you. An official duty, as you might call it. You must get out there on the platform and signal the train to stop as it takes some first-class passengers. An' looker here, if you make a suspicious move, or don't swing the red lamp in the proper way, we'll just ventilate that graceful body with bullets, and jump on our horses and get. Do you understand?" "A desperate resolve had been taking shape in my bewildered brain. I replied that I fully understood him, and, with a piteous cry, 'Oh, you will make a murderer of me!' I threw my arms and head down on the table and began to cry as if my heart was breaking. Had he seen my face he might have noticed a total absence of tears. I was crying for a purpose. "When my arms dropped upon the table I allowed my head to fall upon the armature of the telegraph instrument, so that I could hold it to prevent it from ticking, while my right hand rested upon the key. Sobbing, so that any slight creaking the key might make would not reach the robbers, I opened it and slowly made the telegraphic characters: H E L P. "These I repeated several times, hoping they might reach the ears of some operator on the line. I slowly and distinctly wrote these words, still sobbing violently. "Who—hear—this—for—heaven's—sake—report—to—train—dispatcher—at—Laramie—quick—that—I—am—in—the—hands—of—several—robbers—"

I might myself be killed. I almost fainted with fright. The blood seemed to freeze in my veins, and I grasped the chair or I would have fallen to the floor. One-fourty! There came a fearful crash of glass and the black mists of a perfect cloud of rifles were thrust through the windows and pointed directly at the robbers. Then a voice cried out: "Men, throw up your hands! I am the sheriff and in the name of the law demand your surrender. Make but a move and I'll order my men to fire." "You little cat!" hissed the leader, glaring at me savagely as the band suddenly held aloft their hands. Then the sheriff and three men entered and disarmed and handcuffed the robbers, and I saw the superintendent look at me and heard him say: "What a debt I owe you, my brave girl," and then I felt falling into his arms. "When I regained consciousness I was lying in my bed in my room at Green River, with several ladies around me, and was told that seven days had elapsed since the capture of the robbers. I was suffering from brain fever brought on by the terrible strain I had passed through, and had been unconscious for that long period. For many days thereafter I hovered on the borders between life and death, and the superintendent was at my bedside several times every day, cheering me up with words of encouragement and doing all in his power to alleviate my suffering. "I finally recovered and when called into court to testify against the desperate gang I will never forget their fierce glances toward me as I told how I had entrapped them, or how, in spite of the efforts of the judge and court officers to suppress it, the crowd cheered me as I left the stand. The men were sent for long terms to an Eastern prison, and I have never heard of them since. "And did the company reward you for saving the train?" I asked.

NOTHING IN JOURNALISM.

An Exacting Employment in Which the Rewards Are Small. It is the fashion to call Journalism a profession, but it is subject to none of the conditions which would entitle it to the name, says the Forum. There are no recognized rules of conduct for its members, and no tribunal to enforce them, if there were. The most despicable of men may without challenge call themselves "journalists," no less than the most worthy. There is no more exacting and exhausting work than that which constitutes the daily routine of a newspaper office. It grinds the youth of a man with great rapidity, and in stealing his physical elasticity robs him also of certain finer impulses that are harder to recover. And yet it has a charm of its own to which the most wearied of its bondsmen never become quite insensible. To a young man fresh from college, possessing the knack of composition, and not troubled with literary fastidiousness, it seems the ideal career. As a newspaper man he can become a personage in a wayward career, what space of time, and can at a bound attain what seems to him the secure independence of \$25 a week. He may be making twice this amount and be known to most of the men-about-town before his classmate who went into law is making enough to pay his board bills, or the one who took to medicine has ceased to be a charge on his parents. But as the years roll by he begins to discern the difference between an established reputation and one that has to be made fresh every day. Work, unending and ceaseless, is the badge of all professions, but the work of a newspaper man at 45 is not necessarily better paid work than that of the same man at 25. Twenty years of what is called successful devotion to his calling has probably brought him to a sense of security in his ability to earn a living, and a consequent indifference to the incessant changes of the little world which bounds his sphere of activity, but beyond that sense of personal independence he has gained but little. Whether West, or a writer on a staff, or not, he cannot keep step with the profession is thrust aside or walks out. The law of the survival of the fittest reigns here in all of its brutal vigor, but what may be the enduring type of work or worker, to which all the stress and struggle of the men who make the daily press are converging, is beyond the reach of my conjecture.

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Congressman Powers Enthusiastic Over Paine's Celery Compound, the Greatest Spring Remedy.



Judge Powers, who today represents Vermont in congress, entered the national house with a magnificent record as lawyer and judge of the supreme court of Vermont. He is a fine type of the careful, learned, New England lawyer. Though but 56 years of age, he was a member of the Vermont legislature a third of a century ago, and again in 1874, when he was speaker of the house. He has been state censor, a member of the constitutional convention of the state senate. In 1874 he became judge of the supreme court of Vermont, and remained on the bench until 1890, when he took his seat in congress. Judge Powers presided at many of the most notable trials in the history of the state, and is the author of many of the most important opinions to be found in Vermont reports. No judge on the supreme bench in any of our states has a reputation for more clearly and unambiguously expressing his opinions. His unqualified endorsement of Paine's celery compound in the following letter is as straightforward and concise as any one of his thoughtful charges to a jury: House of Representatives, U. S. Washington, D. C. Feb. 19, 1894. I have for several years been acquainted with the medicinal qualities of Paine's celery compound, and can enthusiastically endorse as a specific in many cases for which its use is recommended by its proprietors, H. HENRY POWERS, 1st Dist. Ver. By far the best use that any tired or ailing person can make of these precious spring days is to purify the blood and regulate their nerves with Paine's celery compound. It is plain to any observant person that the best remedy for neuralgia, persistent headaches and such like indications of low nervous vigor, is the one that most rapidly and completely nourishes the worn out parts. It is not in the power of any other remedy to do the vigorous work of Paine's celery compound in strengthening the jacket system, and in bringing it back to an energetic, healthy condition. The real danger that stares sick people in the face is the putting off attending to sickness and disease, and letting slip these health-inviting spring days, when everything so strongly favors getting well. This greatest of all spring remedies is doing an astonishing amount of good these days among sick people and those semi-invalids who are "run down" by the long, trying winter, or worn out and afflicted by disease. The soul and life of sound health is a well-nourished nervous system. Paine's celery compound repairs the worn, nervous system as nothing else can do. It is the one certain and permanent cure for sleeplessness, hysteria, nervous debility and exhaustion, rheumatism, neuralgia and the various manifestations of an unhealthy blood condition, such as fainting, nervousness, heart palpitation, loss of flesh and mental depression. With Paine's celery compound, returning strength and cheerfulness soon show that one is undoubtedly on the right road to health. Paine's celery compound is the one real spring remedy known today that never fails to benefit. Get Paine's celery compound, and only Paine's celery compound if you wish to be well.



"I MADE THE TELEGRAPH CHARACTERS, 'HELP.'"

who will compel me to flag—No. 4.—Send help—quick. "Then I signed name and office call. "I released the armature, and the instrument clicked out: "Hear—up—little—girl—I—hear—you.—H.—" "H" was the train dispatcher's call. With a fierce shout the leader sprang forward and rudely snatched me away from the table, and asked: "Gal, what's that?" "Only a distant office asking for orders for a freight train," I responded. "None of yer 'lins,' you little imp," he roared. "Get up to some trick!" "No," I replied, "I am not. If I was doing that my fingers would be on the instrument. Don't you see I am not touching it, and yet it works. It is only an order to a freight train away down at Medicine now."

How New Gripeps Are Broken In.

The new gripemen on the cable cars usually come from the country. The fellows who are raised on cigarettes and beer in the city don't seem to have the muscle necessary to throw on the brake and stop the train on a down grade. Then, again, a countryman is mighty careful about going through the streets. He's afraid that every man he sees step off the pavement is going to be run over, and he is absolutely certain that every team that comes out from a cross street is going to collide with him. It takes him about two years to get over this fear, and then as he becomes a little bolder he has a few accidents that smash up fenders and take the paint off the coaches, and then he gets fired and the road is ready to break in another countryman. It takes about a week to get the shiver off, and during that time a regular gripeman runs with the new man, keeping a sharp lookout. Then the new man, after his week, goes to the Superintendent and has to pass an examination. The superintendent has all about the signals, and where other cars cross, and where the "dead men" are—"dead men" a block you strike if you don't let go the cable where you have to, and if you ever strike a "dead man" your job is gone, no ifs and no buts. He's afraid of all about the street, and so on. The new man passes the examination he gets \$8 a day, and they give him a certificate, and he can go up and put that up for a uniform and an overcoat, and there you are—he's a gripeman, ready for twenty degrees below zero and 100 degrees above zero, and his little old \$2 a day.—Kansas City Star.

The Old Tar Could Not Read.

A pretty story comes across the water of an old tar's tact and chivalry, which shows the heart of a gentleman may beat under the oilskin coat of a rough, illiterate sailor. A sea captain, engaged to marry a certain lady, sent a message to her by the hand of one of his crew. The sailor, having delivered the letter, stood gazing in silent admiration upon the face of the lady, for she was very beautiful. "Well, my room man," said she, "for what do you wait? There is no answer." "Lady," the sailor replied with humble deference, "I would like to know your name." "Did you not see it on the letter?" "Pardon, lady, I never learnt to read. Mine has been a hard rough life." "And for what reason, my good man, would you know my name?" "Because," answered the old tar, with gentle and manly courtesy, "in a storm at sea, with danger of death before me, I would like to recall the name of the brightest thing I'd ever seen in life. There'd be a dash in it, even in the thick darkness."—New York Mail and Express.

GOOD OLD QUILTING PARTIES.

They Are Becoming Popular in New York Fashionable Circles. A New York hostess has hit upon a clever idea, to which her circle of intimates are looking forward with a deal of pleasurable anticipation. It is a "quilting bee" of the real, old-fashioned sort. One of the so-called "new women," who is supposed to snuff at the very idea of such a thing, has reform, will exhibit with pride a quilt which "grandmother made." There is one noticeable distinction between grandmother's quilt and that of the present day. The former is of patchwork, while the latter is on a more refined and less laborious scale. In olden days it required months to gather up the odd bits of calico and muslin, and then they were sewed into a piece of "Irish chain," "log cabin," "starburst," "Philadelphia pavement" and "Jacob's ladder," while the modern quilt is of white satin, with a border of colored applique and a quilted center; or, again, the applique patterns are scattered over the entire surface.

RESPONSIVE BOTH TO HARSH AND SWEET SOUNDS.

The nerves are often painfully acute. When this is the case, the best thing to do is to seek the tonic and tranquilizing assistance of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a superb nerve tonic, and one of the best remedies for dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatism, bowel and kidney complaints, with persistent regularity. A bottle of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will bring relief to the most suffering.

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 have discovered, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 25 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.

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SURE CURE FOR FILES

DR. RO-SAN-SAN'S PILLS. DR. RO-SAN-SAN'S PILLS. DR. RO-SAN-SAN'S PILLS. DR. RO-SAN-SAN'S PILLS. DR. RO-SAN-SAN'S PILLS.

An Astute Dealer.

An American who was living in Paris went into a fruitshop one winter's day several years ago to get something for a little breakfast that she was preparing to give to two or three friends. The proprietor showed her three very beautiful hot-house peaches, which he assured her were the only ones to be had in all Paris. She asked the price and was told that they were 50 francs. "Besides that is very dear," she said. "Entirely! I am not at all sure that the flavor is good." "Let us try one, madame," replied the shopkeeper, and before she could prevent him he had brought one of the peaches and was offering her a half, while he himself ate the other piece. "Delicious," was her verdict. "And how much are the other two?" "Forty francs, madame," answered the smiling proprietor. "You see, since we have eaten the third these two remain as so much more than they were before. Now should we try another the last one would be 80 francs." Fortunately she was possessed of an abundance of this world's goods, so she hastily paid her 40 francs, lest they go up in price.—New York Journal.

It is said the shortening of the term of compulsory service in the German army has reduced the number of suicides among troops nearly one-half.

WOMAN FOR YOU

The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S BLENDING FOR YOU. It is the name of Woman's Friend. It is the name of the best thing to do for a woman who is suffering from a headache, neuralgia, or any other ailment. It is the name of the best thing to do for a woman who is suffering from a headache, neuralgia, or any other ailment.

Is this what ails you?

Have you a feeling of weight in the stomach? Have you a feeling of weight in the stomach? Have you a feeling of weight in the stomach? Have you a feeling of weight in the stomach? Have you a feeling of weight in the stomach?

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Fits Cured

From F. J. Cheney of Medicine Prof. W. H. Beeke, who makes a specialty of curing fits, says that he has cured more cases than any living Physician. He has cured more cases than any living Physician. He has cured more cases than any living Physician.

AGENTS WANTED.

In every town, for one of the best selling articles made. Used by every man, woman and child. Frederick's Sanitary Tooth Brush with Touge Cleaning Attachment.

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK

DR. GUNN'S LIVER PILLS. DR. GUNN'S LIVER PILLS. DR. GUNN'S LIVER PILLS. DR. GUNN'S LIVER PILLS. DR. GUNN'S LIVER PILLS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

FOR CHILDREN. FOR CHILDREN. FOR CHILDREN. FOR CHILDREN. FOR CHILDREN.

RESISTANCE FOR

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