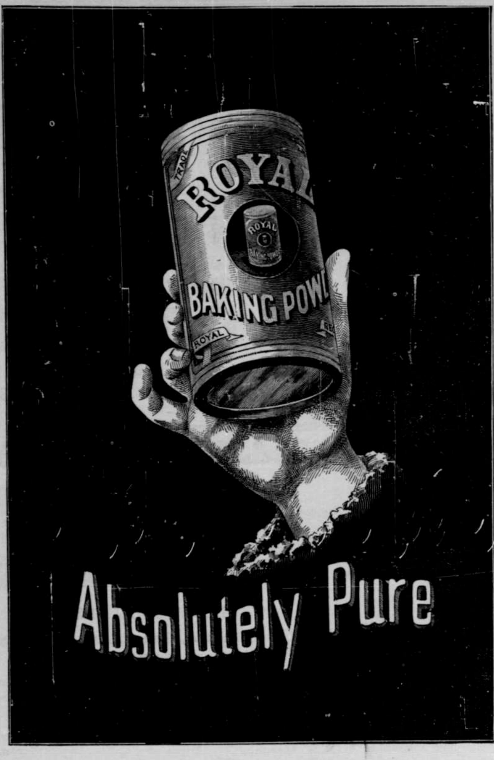


TRIED TO CAST OUT DEVILS.

A St. Louis Woman Created a Sensation at a "Holy Ghost" Meeting.

Wrought up to a high pitch of excitement and overcome by religious fervor, a strange woman created a wild disturbance at the Church of God Tuesday night, says the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. Believing that she was imbued with divine power, she attempted to cast out devils, and because the devils wouldn't go she attempted to throw the other worshipers out.

The Church of God was started by Mrs. Woodward, a traveling evangelist. One of the rules of the church is to hold a service every evening. These services are called Holy Ghost meetings, and at such times the spirit is supposed to be especially present.

THE TWO WOMEN CASTING OUT DEVILS.

At the Holy Ghost meeting on Tuesday evening, when those present had become filled with the spirit, a large, portly German woman suddenly arose in her seat and began to talk and gesticulate.

"Come forward, sister; come forward," said the leader.

She did go forward but on the way she caught sight of Mr. Levi Forgy and insisted that he should accompany her. Seeing that the woman was greatly excited and wishing to avoid a scene, he arose and accompanied her to the altar. No sooner had she reached that place than she turned about, crying:

"Open the doors, while I cast out this devil."

Now, Mr. Forgy isn't a devil. Neither has he the appearance of one. He also objected to having anything cast out of him or being himself cast out and started to return to his seat. This seemed to anger the woman, who turned suddenly upon him and began clawing him in the face. She scratched him until the blood flowed in profusion before he could make his escape. When he did get away, she turned her attention to the other members of the congregation. She walked up the aisle, clawing at every one within reach.

Her action caused great consternation, especially among the women, who made wild attempts to get out of her way. Miss Cora King was knocked down in the wild rush, as was also Mrs. George Malone. To add to the commotion an old negro woman was seized with the spirit, had the "power" and began to shout and gesticulate. The German woman kept on her march, and being decidedly muscular it was some minutes before she could be subdued. She was finally quieted down, however, and the meeting came to a close. Some of the women had crawled under the seats, and a number of men had fled from the building. For a time it looked as though there would be a panic, especially when the negro woman began her antics.

Stanford's Two Palm Trees.

Mr. Stanford was not superstitious, but he believed that his life was linked with that of two palm trees which he had planted in front of his Palo Alto home. He bestowed great care on these trees, and they flourished until a few weeks before his death, when their leaves began to turn yellow. No one noticed this change until one evening the senator called the attention of one of his closest friends to the trees and said he regarded this as a bad omen. He said solemnly, "When those trees die, my life will end." The palm trees are now dead, and Stanford lies lifeless in the shadow of their withered tops.—New York Tribune.

"What Did the Privates Do?"

Pæans of praise have gone up at Admiral Tryon's refusal, with the words "Save yourself," of a life belt offered him. He would have been base indeed had he taken it, and his heroism is simply naught compared to that of the man who had tendered the life belt. Not a single paper has touched on the grand unselfishness of the subordinate, yet—from a woman's point of view at any rate—his offer was a far nobler act than the admiral's refusal.—Cor. Pall Mall Gazette.

**Dr Price's Cream Baking Powder.
World's Fair Highest Award.**

THE POPE AND HIS WORK.

What He Has Accomplished of Unity and What Remains to Be Done.

If Leo XIII were 50 instead of 84, he might hope to change the face of Christendom. His zeal, his faith, his persistent pursuit of unity could hardly fail to leave their mark upon events. Even in the 16 years of his pontificate he has achieved more than it seemed possible for a pope to compass. He has made peace with the French republic and the Russian czar, and if he has not effected a reconciliation with the kingdom of Italy it is because he has satisfied himself that to do so would be premature and inexpedient. He has, in a large measure, the imagination without which no great object is ever attained. What to less hopeful souls seems like a dream is to him a present reality. He looks out over the world, and he is not in the least daunted by the weary spectacle that meets his gaze. He sees dissension and schism all around him, but he sets to work to bring unity out of confusion as cheerfully as though his object were already half attained.

His eyes are turned at one and at the same time on England, on the east and and on the United States. To each in turn he holds out an invitation to come back to his fold; for each in turn he does his utmost to make reconciliation easier. If reunion were purely a question of temper, we should set the greatest possible store by his efforts. But though a soft answer may turn away wrath it is powerless to generate conviction. What stands between the pope and those whom he addresses is difference of belief. What to one is a self evident truth is to the other a contradiction of history. The conception of church authority which underlies the papal appeals is radically different from that which commends itself to the Orthodox eastern, to the Anglican, to the Protestant. The pope hardly understands, however, that before any of these can come as suppliants to his feet they must be sure of something more than a kindly welcome. They must have undergone an intellectual conversion. They must have been convinced by papal arguments, not merely conciliated by papal kindness.—London Spectator.

The Wife of Moses.

We must examine the Talmud and the books of the commentators before we can answer the question of a correspondent: "Did Moses take a negro woman to wife?" We learn from the twelfth chapter of the book of Numbers that certain persons "spake against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman whom he had married, for he married an Ethiopian woman," but it must be remembered that all the people of the extensive region anciently known as Ethiopia were not negroes. The Cushite race lived there in the time of Moses. Perhaps the wife whom the Lawgiver of Israel married was a Cushite or Sabæan. If, however, she was of the negro race, we cannot help it.—New York Sun.

Ivory Ball Making a Slow Process.

It does not look reasonable that 6 to 12 months should be needed to make a billiard ball, but a first class ball cannot be manufactured in less time, owing to the tendency of carved ivory to shrink. If it shrank equally, a ball could be cut and polished in a few hours, but it does not, the shrinkage being greater in the direction of the width than of the length of the tusk. A ball must thus be roughly shaped, then kept for a number of months, until the shrinkage process has been completed, when the fine cutting and polishing may be done.—Chicago Tribune.

A Simple Remedy.

An effectual means of stopping bleeding from the nose is to move the jaws up and down as if going through the process of mastication. If the patient is a child, put some paper in his mouth and tell him to chew it thoroughly. This method is ridiculously simple, yet it has never been known to fail even in the most aggravated cases.—Vulgarisateur.

Confined to the House.

A.—You look very pale and thin!

B.—Yes, I have been in a very bad way. Yesterday I went out for the first time during the last 12 months.

A.—Poor fellow! Pray, what was the matter with you?

B.—One year in jail: that was the matter.—Monarquia.

The author of "Alice In Wonderland," Lewis Carroll, has two hobbies—children and amateur photography. The former may be guessed at from his peculiarly successful children's books, full of the delightful nonsense that children of all growths enjoy.

A GREAT DISCOVERY

REMARKABLE ACHIEVEMENTS IN THE AGE OF SCIENCE.

The Ingenuity and Skill of One Works an Everlasting Benefit to His Fellow Men—An Instance in Point.

Herald, South Bend, Wash.]

It falls to our lot this week to tell our readers, and especially those who are not blessed with perfect health, of one of the greatest and simplest remedies of the century. Personally we enjoy the very best of health year in and year out, but among our friends is J. L. Myers, proprietor of the Broadway Pharmacy, a man who knows his business thoroughly, is entirely wedded to chemistry and hygiene and often "talks shop." One evening the conversation turned on new discoveries in drugs.

He told us that one of our mutual friends, John Wyandt, a locomotive engineer, owed his health to a new medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that Mrs. Lawler, the wife of Patrick Lawler, cooper at the Tannin Extract Works, and well-known in this city, has been raised by them from what her friends thought was her death bed.

Having had our attention called to the matter so particularly we have since found that everybody has a good word for Pink Pills, and especially were we interested in the case of Mrs. Lawler. Finally we called at her home and asked her to tell us if Pink Pills had really done as much for her as had been told. She said they had, and she would repeat the facts to me.

Mrs. Lawler said: "Two years and a half ago I was taken sick. I then lived in Tacoma, and for five weeks was not able to turn myself in bed. My husband and boys lifted me around and cared for me, and they scarcely hoped for my recovery. I could eat nothing, was simply worn out.

"I sent for the Pink Pills and I began taking them. It said in the directions that they should be taken immediately after eating, so I ate lightly, then took the pills and in two days was able to sit up. In two weeks I was up and around, and was able to make the trip of 125 miles by cars to South Bend, where my husband had gone to work.

"Since that time I have been well and have done my own work, and now when I feel worn out or ill I always take Pink Pills and they help me at once. I have in the two years and a half used twenty-one boxes of them, and we all use them when we are feeling out of sorts. I have recommended them to many of my friends, and they always helped them and I can say to all mothers that they will find them a good medicine to build them up, cure headaches, dizziness and the ills which so often beset them."

Mr. Lawler also stated that he had often taken Pink Pills. That he used to be troubled with sick headache and dizziness in the morning, but that Pink Pills had cured him.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Why Simpkins Was Shook.

"Simpkins, you know," said the fat man, "has an idea that he's a wit, and he's all the time springing gags on people he knows. Most of them is chestnuts, but once in a while he gets off a new one. He got off a new one to his girl the other night, and that's why he lost her. It seems that he was up to her house, and they were sitting out on the veranda. She got to telling him about an adventure she had that afternoon when she was down town. It seems that she was coming along Main street up by Tupper, and a little poodle dog ran across the street with a policeman after it. Just as it reached the middle of the street the policeman pulled out his pistol and fired at it. The ball went through the dog's lungs, and it dropped over dead.

"The girl was telling this, and she said: 'When I saw that poor little thing lying there dead, I just couldn't help going over and picking him up. It seemed too bad to have a great big brute of a policeman kill such a lovely little dog, and I told him so.' Right there is where Simpkins got in his fine work. 'You picked him up?' he asked her. 'Yes,' says she. 'And he was shot in the lungs?' he asked again. 'Yes,' says she. 'Well,' says Simpkins with a sober face, 'that wasn't quite the right thing to do, was it?' 'I should like to know why?' says the girl. 'Because,' says Simpkins, 'if he was shot in the lungs, he had a hole in his pants.'

"That settled it with Simpkins," continued the fat man. "The girl shook him then and there."—Buffalo Express.

TRADE ON THE BORDE

Often Conducted With Litt Regard to Revenue Officials.

THE ROMANCE OF SMUGGLIN

The Temptations to "Free Trade" Too Strong For Many Venturesome Spirits Along the Canadian Frontier—A Geographical Disease—Ways and Means.

Smugglers swarm along the Canadian border from ocean to ocean. It may be the track of a solitary sledge on the frozen St. Lawrence, or a fishing schooner beating into a quiet bay where there are no fish, or, if you like, a well dressed woman hiding a small fortune in gems in the rug with which she protects a sick pug from the cold as the train nears the frontier. The methods change from time to time, for in novelty ofttimes there is safety, but the smugglers, like the poor, are with us always

In the great seaports men and women are oftenest caught in an attempt to evade the customs officers as they leave the big transatlantic liners, and the crime is set down by all as serious and properly punishable by heavy fine and long imprisonment. If the job is on a large scale, the community for the moment is shocked

A SOLITARY SLEIGH TRACK.

In the woods and on the waters along the Canadian frontier it is very different. The communities of the border, be they American or Canadian, as surely as they are made up of frontiersmen, born and bred, are inclined to take a lenient view of such matters. From a crime smuggling becomes an enterprise, or, at worst, a sort of geographical disease at which one might be shocked were he alone, but which troubles him little since his neighbors are infected too.

The fact now is just what it has been ever since there has been population enough on both sides of the border to make the evasion of the tariff a paying business for adventurous spirits—Uncle Sam cannot police his long line of border fence, nor indeed do any more than make a poor bluff at it and trust to the moral sense of the people for the rest. And when the fence isn't watched the almighty dollar crowds the moral sense of the people to the wall, and there's an end to it. Give the frontiersman a chance to smuggle, and he will arrange the matter with his conscience. He has the chance, and arrange it with his conscience he surely does, to such an extent indeed that there isn't a heartier, happier chap in all the land.

Along the wooded stretch of the lower St. Lawrence and in the thousand and one sheltered caves of the gulf the "free traders" have long since been most formidable as far as the eastern country is concerned. As for the river itself, there are boats in summer, and there is the ice in winter. The revenue posts are far apart. The revenue cutter cannot be everywhere even in summer. In the winter the smuggler with a little money to earn will go farther in ice and snow, in the dusk of early morning and evening, in the night itself, than the revenue policeman, who, after all, is but human and may earn his salary much as he pleases. If he discovers a solitary sleigh track across the frozen river, he may surmise or he may even watch for the return of the driver. Even then he is hours late and finds, if anything, an innocent traveler with an empty sledge. The innocent traveler's pockets may be heavier, but that is his business.

What is true of the ice is true of the water. Far down in the gulf is the "free" port of St. Pierre. One may land there what he will free of duty. Thus his wares are at the gates of two protected countries and safe as yet from the revenue officials. Will he lose money by entering them through the regular channels? Not he. The "underground passage" is more risky, but it promises great returns. He calculates to a nicety, does the wicked "free trader," the chances of profit and loss. If he carried his goods up the waterway in wholesale quantities, he might have all seized and confiscated at once. He knows better. Big schooners sail from the free haven of St. Pierre richly laden and without a port before them.

FREE TRADERS.

That is the trick. When they have gone far enough, and it is dark enough, down goes the anchor and up goes the quietest of signals. The spot is secluded. The big schooner rides alone, without a light save those carried by the most honest merchantmen. But in the night smaller boats come alongside—sloops, rowboats, any craft of small capacity, and which can float in shallow water. The cargo is distributed quickly until it becomes 100 cargoes. Then the big schooner beats back to the free port of St. Pierre, and the smaller craft take their chances of landing where they may. One or two may be captured and the cargoes confiscated. The majority escape, and the profit on the stuff that is landed in safety easily compensates for the losses and leaves a handsome margin.

The chief article smuggled there is liquor. The Canadians, by avoiding the duty on whisky and alcohol, save an amount which is sometimes as high as $2 or $3 a gallon and profit accordingly.

Whisky, cigars and tobacco, too, together with precious stones, are the things which seem most tempting to the frontiersmen in Maine and New Brunswick. There is many a load of hay that goes over the border with a big jug of whisky hidden within. A load of wood or an apparently empty packing case often serves the same purpose. From Passamaquoddy bay the boundary line runs for 40 miles up the St. Croix river, thence 30 miles through a chain of lakes called the Schoodies, 80 miles through a sparsely settled agricultural region, 60 miles along the St. John river, through Lake St. Francis, and then through a wilderness down to the New Hampshire line.

The geography is a temptation in itself. The old cathedral town of St. Andrews lies but two miles from the Maine border, and a railroad, of which Russell Sage is now the chief owner, connects it with the ports of St. John and Halifax, both of which have steamship connections with England and are constantly receiving English goods. Bustling Calais, in Maine, faces St. Stephen, in New Brunswick, with a toll bridge between them. The towns exchange goods with little regard to the revenue officials. You may walk over that bridge, pay the toll, and unless you are carrying a trunk you pass unquestioned. So, too, many a man drives a decrepit, wornout horse across to the Canadian side and returns, after a proper lingering, with quite a different animal. The officer at the gate has forgotten his identity. If he remembers it, he cannot swear to it probably and credits the vast improvement in the horse to the bracing quality of Canadian air.

The inhabitants of the island and below, of Eastport, Lubec and Campobello, the last a summer resort of growing popularity, enjoy free trade in like fashion if they are so inclined, and many of them are.

Farther up country, where the railroads cross, as at Vanceboro, Me., all baggage is inspected, or is supposed to be, and yet you might well wager that you could carry what you liked in diamonds, silks or opium out of or into Canada and stand to win. A revenue man opens your grip, peers into it, digs down into it perhaps and overturns a few of the articles it contains, then marks it with a bit of chalk and is done. What you or the ordinary immigrant has in his pockets or in his hat, his shoes, or his padded garments is only discovered when the traveler does something which would arouse suspicion anywhere under heaven.

Of course if you began to carry great quantities of dutiable goods across the border they would be noticed and promptly seized, but no one attempts any such thing. The traveler smuggles in a small way in most instances. Only one who is accustomed to make the journey by rail can realize how farcical is the examination at the border.

In the wilder country which lies where the border line is a mere survey line one does as one pleases there. An example is the Megantic region, where Morrison, the Megantic outlaw, so long defied the authorities. To cover such territory would necessitate the employment of an army. It is not worth while, so the smuggler does as he likes, because neither government can afford to go to great expense to stop leaks which are trifling in the aggregate.

A REVENUE MAN OPENS YOUR GRIP.

Even in cases where suspicion has been aroused there are many ways of outwitting the authorities. It was not long ago that a New York jeweler suspected of smuggling jewelry into the United States from Paris through Canada was watched and finally followed. His house had a Paris branch, and it was thought the operations were extensive. Diamonds are admitted to Canada free of duty, and when the revenue detective had followed his man to Montreal and had discovered that he received large packages of precious stones through the Montreal postoffice from the continent he scented a big capture. He waited until the jeweler started for New York and boarded the same train. When they crossed the border, they had a sleeper all to themselves, and the detective, once on United States soil, accused the merchant and demanded the right to search him. The dealer was indignant. The detective insisted. The dealer resisted. The detective was the bigger of the two, and overcoming his man by main force he made a search and found nothing dutiable. He was profuse in his apologies, and the merchant, who might have made no end of trouble over the affair, consented to be mollified. They became friendly, but the detective still wondered about those diamonds.

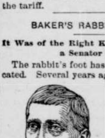
He did not forget them either, and a year later a special treasury agent in New York discovered that the crafty jeweler, instead of attempting to carry the sparklers over the line, had simply shipped them from Montreal to a trusty ally in Windsor, Ont., who "sneaked" them across the river and forwarded them to New York, where they were duly placed on the market.

So it is that some men never worry over the tariff.

BAKER'S RABBIT'S FOOT.

It Was of the Right Kind, and He's Now a Senator Elect.

The rabbit's foot has again been vindicated. Several years ago Lucien Baker, a lawyer of Leavenworth, received one from a colored client, and now Mr. Baker is United States senator elect from Kansas. Many other people have carried rabbits' feet around for years without breaking into the United States senate, but they doubtless failed to carry the right kind. Mr. Baker's mascot, it is to be presumed, is the left hind leg of a graveyard rabbit, shot while jumping over a murderer's grave in the dark of the moon at midnight by a cross eyed colored man, who crawled into the graveyard backward. No other rabbit's foot could have possibly won a United States senatorship for him.



LUCIEN BAKER.

Senator Baker was born in Fulton county, O., in 1846 and obtained a common school education. He removed to Monroe county, Mich., when he was 20 years of age, and after the necessary three years' study in a law office was admitted to the bar. He then entered the Ann Arbor Law school, and after graduation began the practice of his profession in Leavenworth. His knowledge of law and his genial character soon rewarded him with a large and lucrative practice, and he is now said to be worth about $150,000. In 1872 he married Miss Mary Higginbotham, an accomplished Denver lady and a graduate of Vassar. Their son is now attending Ann Arbor Law school and looking for a rabbit's foot of the right kind, and the only daughter is at Vassar, her mother's alma mater.

The year of his marriage Mr. Baker was elected city attorney of Leavenworth, his first office. A year later he ran for county attorney, but was beaten by Hon. L. M. Goddard, now a supreme court judge in Colorado. In 1882 he made an unsuccessful canvass for the congressional nomination, but was beaten by E. N. Morrill, the present governor of Kansas. In 1892 he again entered the political arena and was elected state senator. Mr. Baker is an antiprohibitionist and a Republican. Several years ago he temporarily bolted his party on the prohibition issue. He was a dark horse, compromise candidate for senator and was not in the race until the afternoon of the last caucus. His election was a great surprise to the people of Kansas, none of whom, however, could have been much more surprised than the lucky lawyer himself.

In 1880 the reckless marksmanship of a printer named Tom Thurston, whom Baker had saved from the gallows, resulted in a serious mishap to Baker. Thurston fired at D. R. Anthony, editor of the Leavenworth Times, but missed him, and the 45 caliber ball flew on down the street, passing through Baker's body and causing a serious wound in his liver.

Look Out For the White Horse.

Red hair has "come in" again. The market will soon be flooded with articles for turning your crowning glory from any shade to a rich, deep, glowing red. And then the white horse joke will be revived.

NO SUCH THING.

The quality of endurance of or indifference to what in other men produces shock or repulsion is said to belong to men without nerves. There is no such thing and cannot be. The finer the physical development the keener perhaps is the sensibility to pain. Let neuralgia put on its harness for a raid and get after such men, the nerves will be found all quivering at once. And so this malady works, a creeping, ugly foe to health, bent on torture and misery, until it meets its antipathy, St. Jacob's Oil, which cures and conquers, quickly, surely.

A Fresh Word on Iced Drinks.

"At this season it will be in place," writes a physician in a paper on household chemistry, "to say something as to the wholesomeness of the extremely cold water, tea, lemonade, etc., which are so extensively used in this country. It must be acknowledged that medical men are not in possession of facts sufficient to form a positive conclusion, and many adopt the opinions which agree with their desires. It cannot be denied that one may become a toper in nonintoxicants as well as in intoxicants and that it is easy to create by habit a strong desire for frequent drafts of very cold water.

"With some persons the perspirative function is so active the effect is less serious, but in the majority of cases these abundant cold drafts disturb the stomach, and it would certainly be better if one could learn to be satisfied with water at a temperature of 50 degrees F. rather than 40 degrees and to limit somewhat the amount taken. There is some indication that the medical profession is losing its confidence in the merits of effervescing (carbonated) beverages such as soda water."

An English View of America.

The announcement that an influential syndicate has been formed in Brixton to send an expeditionary force of pickpockets to the World's fair is a little belated. Gratifying to national pride it will be no doubt as showing that English spirit of enterprise still springs fresh and vigorous in the Brixtonian breast. But from the point of view of commercial speculation it is to be feared that the syndicate has been as completely whipped by American firms as have all previous exhibitions by the White City. Considering that the ashes of Christopher Columbus were all but stolen on the very opening day, and that the czar of Russia's jewels and the queen of Italy's lace have disappeared outright, we gravely doubt whether English competition will have much chance. Obviously native talent has every advantage of local knowledge, and though we could see the adventurers cross the Atlantic without a sigh we should advise them in their own interest to confine their operations to the narrower sphere of Brixton.

Smuggled Tobacco In a Pneumatic Tire.

A new system of smuggling was detected recently at Dover. A young man with a safety bicycle, the pneumatic tire of which was inflated with fine Turkish tobacco instead of air, attempted to innocently ride off on his wheel. The customs officer, with the usual suspicion of his class, detected the tobacco, and the "new smuggler" was consequently detained.

Prince Bismarck is determined never to grow bent. When taking his daily walk, he carries a stout cudgel across his back, held between his elbows. This helps him to keep himself erect.

Use words of Saxon rather than of Latin origin whenever it is possible to do so, thus gaining terseness and vigor rather than a large number of syllables with diminished force.

An Eager and a Nipping Wind.

A continuous down pour of rain, inclement weather, generally in winter and spring, are unfavorable to all classes of invalids. But warmth and activity infused into the circulation counteracts these influences and interpose a defense against them. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most thorough and effective of stomachics and tonics, not only enriches the blood, but accelerates its circulation. For a chill, or premonitory symptoms of rheumatism and kidney complaint, particularly prevalent at these seasons, it is the best possible remedy. It is also invaluable for dyspepsia, liver complaint, constipation and nervousness. Never set out on a winter or spring journey without it. Elderly persons and the delicate and convalescent are greatly aided by it.

Figgs They say that Badwun is quite ill. Do his friends have grave fears for him? Fogg—I think their fears extend beyond the grave.

SAFE, QUICK AND EFFECTIVE.

The valuable curative properties of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are due to the employment of the highest medical and chemical skill. They are purely vegetable, and in ingredients and method have never been equalled; safe, quick and effective in their action; they do not burn or blister, but soothe and relieve while curing, and can be worn without causing inconvenience.

All other so called Porous Plasters are imitations, made to sell on the reputation of ALLCOCK'S.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS, the safest purgative known.

"Ef women," said Uncle Eben, "am ez contrary ez some folks' clah's dey is, de bes' way ter git 'em out of wantin' suffrage am ter tell 'em dey gotter vote."

WOMEN'S FACES

—like flowers, fade and wither with time; the bloom of the rose is only known to the healthy woman's cheeks. The nervous strain caused by the ailments and pains peculiar to the sex, and the labor and worry of rearing a family, can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the sallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements and irregularities peculiar to women. The functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for the change. It's a medicine prescribed for thirty years, in the diseases of women, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will cure the chronic inflammation of the lining membranes which cause such exhausting drains upon the system. It *cures* nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faintness, nervous debility and all disorders arising from derangement of the female organs and functions.

MRS. JENNIE WILLIAMS, of *Mohawk, Lane Co., Oregon*, writes: "I was sick for over three years with blind dizzy spells, palpitation of the heart, pain in the back and head, and at times would have such a weak tired feeling when I first got up in the morning, and at times nervous chills.

The physicians differed as to what my disease was, but none of them did me any good. As soon as I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I began to get better; could sleep well nights, and that bad, nervous feeling and the pain in my back soon left me. I can walk several miles without getting tired. I took in all three bottles of 'Prescription' and two of 'Discovery.'"

MRS. WILLIAMS.

A SURE CURE FOR PILES

Itching Piles known by moisture like perspiration, cause intense itching when warm. This form and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to

DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY,

which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philada., Pa.

Pure Blood

Is absolutely necessary in order to have good health. The greatest affliction of the human race is impure blood.

There are about 2400 disorders incident to the human frame, the large majority arising from the impure or poisonous condition of the blood.

The best remedy for all blood diseases is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Its remarkable cures are its loudest praise. It is not what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story.

No remedy has ever had so marked success, or won such enormous sales.

Scrofula in its severest forms yields to its potent powers, blood poisoning and salt rheum and many other diseases are permanently cured by it. For a general Spring Medicine to remove those impurities which have accumulated during the winter, or to overcome That Tired Feeling, nothing equals

"I wish to say that 3 years ago we had a beautiful boy born to us. At the age of 11 months he breathed his last, a victim to impure blood. On Aug. 4, 1891, another boy was born, who, at the age of two months, became afflicted with the same disease. We believed the trouble was constitutional, and not common sore mouth. I procured a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and commenced to give it regularly to both mother and baby. Improvement began at once. We have succeeded in eradicating the scrofulous blood from the system, and to-day we are blessed with a nice, fat baby boy, 18 months old—the very

Picture of Health,

all life and full of mischief—thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am a minister in the Methodist Protestant Church, and it affords me much pleasure to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all as a safe sure remedy. Even my wife, after taking Hood's, became healthy and fleshy, and has the bloom of girlhood again."—REV. J. M. PATE, Brookline Station, Missouri.

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EXTINCT MONSTERS.

Oh, had I lived in the good old days
  When the ichthyosaurus romped around,
When the elasmosaurus swam the bays
  And the sivatherium pawed the ground,
Would I have spent my precious time
At weaving golden thoughts in rhyme?

When the tinoceras snooped about,
  And the pterodactyl flapped its wings,
When the brontops with the warty snout
  Moseyed around for herbs and things,
Would I have bothered myself o'ermuch
About divine afflatus and such?

The dinotherium flourished then,
  The pterygotus lashed the seas,
The rhamphorynchus prospered when
  The scaphognathus perched in trees,
And every creature, wild or tame,
Rejoiced in some rococo name.

Pause and ponder, who could write
  A triolet or roundelay,
While a megatherium yawped all night
  And a hesperornis yawped all day,
While, now and again, the bray sonorous
Of Glyptodon asper swelled the chorus?

If I'd been almost anything
  But a poet, I might have got along;
Those extinct monsters of hoof and wing
  Were not conducive to lyric song.
So nature reserved this tender bard
For the kindlier age of pork and lard.
  —Eugene Field in Chicago News-Record.

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