TRIAL BY FIRE.

THERE are colonels and majors and generals and some old captains who hold that Isabel Hampden was the most attractive woman who ever graced the frontier, and in their time most women seemed attractive because of their scarcity.

She had been brought up in garrisons and large cities, and by the time she was 22 she knew the world rather well. Moreover, she knew men—not girls and women, but men.

Because she had been allowed to live in posts during most of what should have been her boarding-school days, and because she was pleasant to look upon and converse with at an age when most girls are impossible, men had fallen in love with her pretty much ever since she could remember. It was said that she had refused all the bachelors in the frontier regiments. This was not far from the truth.

A woman who had married one of the rejected ones said that refusing was a habit Miss Hampden had formed, and that it began to look as if she might never break herself of it.

In the nature of things this was repeated to the girl. Her good temper was one of her charms. "It is so much beter a habit than accepting them all," she argued, sweetly. Nevertheless, she wondered if there were not some truth mingled with the malice.

But Lieut. Loring was the last victim of her practice. He proposed to her, unfortunately for himself, just after she had met young Ardsley.

"I thought this morning that maybe I would marry you," said Miss Hampden. "But I've changed my mind, some way."

"Weren't you just a trifle prompt in determining my intentions?" he asked.

"Has the event proved me wrong?" she returned.

He lost his temper. "You are spoiled," he said.

"If you knew how often I have heard that! Yet I do not think I am. I am simply sincere, and you are a little too vain, all of you, to grasp the difference. I like you awfully well—no, now, don't misunderstand me. I don't love you. And you are too nice a fellow to be married to a girl who only likes you. No," she repeated, "I do not think I'm spoiled. I have been so placed that men were making love to me at an age when other girls were playing with dolls. It's partly because I am pretty and partly, largely, because there are so few women out here. When I have been in the East I haven't made much

DON'T BE A GOOSE, JACK.

of a sensation. I've grown a bit hardened, perhaps. Custom has dulled the edge—which was fearfully keen and cutting, at first—of being told that I am breaking a heart. But, though I am only 22, I've lived to see dozens of you marry and be happy. You'll do the same."

"O, no, I shall not," moaned Loring.

"O, yes, you will, Jack. And I shan't mind. Now I've promised to dance this with the new Mr. Ardsley, and if we stay out here any longer every one will guess what has happened."

"They'll know when they see me."

"Don't be a goose, Jack. It's only the heart that is trying to take itself seriously that exhibits the pain."

"Don't discuss a subject you know nothing about. You have no heart."

As Miss Hampden walked off with Ardsley, she knew that Loring was wrong; that this tall boy, fresh from West Point, as new in experience of the world as the brass buttons on his blouse, was the man she was going to love. He would love her, of course. It is to be feared that it did not enter her head that he might not. She saw a ring.

"Is that your class ring?" she said.

"Yes," he told her.

"May I see it?"

He gave it to her, and while she examined it he sat and admired her. Miss Hampden raised her eyes and met his. She smiled, but it was like no smile she had ever bestowed on a man before. He looked at her very gravely, and her hand closed tightly over the ring. In a moment she was studying it again.

"I like this. It's unusual," she said.

"I am glad you think so, as I conceived the design." He expected to be told that he was clever.

"Indeed!" was all she said, and that indifferently.

"How cool! I rather thought you'd express surprise, and give me some credit. You are not addicted to flattery, it would seem."

"I am not. But I don't think it would have been flattering to be surprised that you have done it. It struck me as being quite the thing you would naturally do."

"That is very pretty."

"It is perfectly true."

It happened, oddly enough, that Ardsley chanced not to have heard of Miss Hampden's reputation by the next night. He was rudely awakened to a knowledge of it.

There were private theatricals in the hop room, and Miss Hampden was the leading lady. Now the suitor was quite recovered, and he meant to play a joke on those in the audience who were not—and there were some eight or ten, three of them married. He proposed to the heroine in nicely read lines, and was rejected by her with a perfection that spoke her practice. So the audience that; and it laughed.

When the laugh had subsided, the hero arose from his knees. He walked to the footlights and sighed.

"Ah! well," he said, "I have one crumb of comfort. I am not the only man in this place who is in the same fix."

The astounded Ardsley looked about him, and he picked out the entire number by their faces. Miss Hampden dropped her head in her hands and laughed with the rest.

Between the acts, Ardsley made inquiries and learned the truth. He was bitten with a desire to obtain the unattainable, and he was not one to dally. He went behind the scenes.

"Whom are you going home with, Miss Hampden?"

"I fear no one will take me after the light Mr. Graves has put me in."

"May I do so?"

She nodded, and Ardsley went back to his seat.

"So you have refused the entire army?" he asked, as they walked home.

"Not quite."

"The entire department?"

"Well, a fair percentage of it," she admitted.

"Are you going to refuse me?"

"I can't say until you are offered."

"I offer myself now."

"And I accept you now."

"Good enough! Will you announce our engagement to-night at supper?"

"At the risk of being adjudged insane—yes."

"Put on this ring until I can get you

SOBBING AS IF HER HEART WERE UTTERLY BROKEN.

another. It will fit your middle finger. Now I am in earnest."

"So am I," she said.

They were very much in earnest, the event proved; and the garrison derived unmixed pleasure from the total, unconditional, obvious surrender of Miss Hampden. She was as open in her infatuation as she had always been in everything else. And Ardsley was equally infatuated.

He took back the class ring and gave her a diamond which cost him three months' pay. They were altogether happy. So, just a fortnight before the day arranged for their wedding, the gods demanded the first payment on their loan.

Ardsley was ordered off on a scout. Miss Hampden clung to Ardsley and cried like a little girl, and did not behave in the least like a woman who had seen countless scouts. And she let him go to the wars remembering her standing with her arm against the wall and her head upon her arm, sobbing as if her heart were utterly broken.

Ardsley did not come back from the scout. He was in a fight on what should have been his wedding day. Others were killed and their bodies were recovered and buried, but Ardsley's body was never found.

There was a tale that a fire had been seen on the battlefield the night after the encounter, and in the midst of the fire a tree with a form which might have been that of a man against it. There were Indians grouped around it. Miss Hampden never heard the story. She never even guessed at what had happened until twenty years afterward.

She was the superb and spiritless wife of a mighty general, and she was accompanying her husband on a tour of inspection in the West. They were at an agency one day, and were visiting the tepees. It was the agency of the Indians that young Ardsley had fought two decades before; and the General's wife was nerving herself not to show that she remembered this.

The General was examining the trinkets that hung on a string around the neck of a half-blind squaw.

"Here is a West Point class ring!" he exclaimed.

His wife repeated her words of twenty years past.

"May I see it?" she asked, coolly.

She took it in her hands and turned it about. She could make out the design, though it seemed to have passed through some heat that had melted it. There was no doubt in her mind.

Nevertheless, she looked inside. The heat had not affected it there, and the initials were quite plain even yet.

"D. A.," she said; "it was David

"MAY I SEE IT?" SHE ASKED COOLLY.

Ardsley's ring. The fire did not touch the letters. I understand now why they never could tell me which was his grave."

The General broke the string and picked up the class ring from among the scattered baubles. The squaw was chattering and whining and clawing around on the earth. The General held the ring out to his wife. She raised the dark eyes that had been so bright and happy the last time it had been held out to her.

"Can I have it?" she asked.

The General put it in her hand, and the hand closed over it.

"Thank you," she said.—Utica Globe.

A Matter of Doubt.

The facetious man ambled gingerly over the icy pave.

"These are times that try men's soles," he called to a passing friend. He threw a heavy emphasis on the "soles," and the friend smiled.

At that moment the punster's feet flew from under him, and he came down with a resounding thwack.

"I see," said the passing friend, with much gravity, "that the exact seat of the soul is still a matter of doubt."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WILL MEASURE DEW.

Little Attachment for the Wind Gauge at Weather Bureaus.

Hereafter the gentle dew cannot descend at night nor a flake of snow fall without being registered on the Minneapolis weather station rain gauge. William Carlisle, a member of Weather Observer Outram's staff, has just perfected a little adjunct to the rain gauge registration machinery, which will hereafter make it possible to register absolutely so small a precipitation as a thousandth of an inch. In fact the minuteness of its registration is only limited by the delicacy of the scale-maker's art.

Mr. Carlisle has frequently noticed that short and gentle, but perfectly appreciable rainfalls have occurred without showing any registration. On the other hand he has noted that slight registrations are sometimes made when there is no moisture falling. The registration is effected by means of an electrical connection between the scales of the exposed rain gauge and a graphic representation device in the office below. The rain gauge jar rests on one arm of a pair of delicately balanced scales. Rain falling in the jar disturbs the balance, the jar side settles and thereby closes an electrical circuit which causes the registering device to record a certain amount of rain. At the same time the balance is automatically restored. Mr. Carlisle ascertained that at times the pressure exerted on the bottom of the jar by wind eddies had exactly the same effect as the weight of the rain. It was obvious that what was needed was a device that would distinguish between wind and rain.

After much experimentation Mr. Carlisle hit upon the scheme of introducing in the electrical circuit some additional clock work, the effect of which is to delay the graphic register five seconds. That is to say that if a certain amount of rain is caught by the gauge receptacle it will be five seconds before it is recorded. If the pressure exerted on the scales was really that made by collected water it would still remain at the end of that period. If on the other hand the disturbance of the scales was momentary and due to wind pressure, they would regain their equilibrium during the five seconds and no record would be made. The machine can be adjusted to any length of time.

Mr. Carlisle's attention is now attached to the official rain gauge and works admirably. It is probable that the invention will be applied to all government rain gauges.—Minneapolis Journal.

Give the Stupid Boy a Chance.

Here is a lesson and perhaps encouragement for parents who have a stupid boy, for no doubt there are a few stupid boys in the world, even amid the lights of this closing century. It is said that when Isaac Barrow, one of the greatest of English preachers, was a boy, his father thought him very stupid, and used to say if it pleased God to take from him any of his children he hoped it would be Isaac. But Isaac was not taken; he grew to be one of the greatest preachers of England, a professor in the University of Cambridge and a teacher of Sir Isaac Newton. It is well to remember that a boy is not necessarily stupid because he is pronounced stupid. He may be stupidly judged. The fire of intellect may kindle slowly; it may seem to be smoldering under a heap of ashes, hopelessly suppressed. Genius does not always shoot up like a skyrocket. It may come like the rising of the sun to meridian splendor, slowly, steadily. Do not be discouraged by the apparent stupidity of the boy or girl. Give him or her a fair chance. The first movements of the great sea-going vessel are apparently awkward and hesitating, as she tries to turn to get out of the harbor. But watch her graceful, splendid movements as she plows the ocean or weathers the storm.

Moreover, a stupid judgment of a boy is damaging to him. To call him a dunce, a blockhead, an idiot, is very unwise as well as unkind. It may discourage him, may for a long time paralyze his efforts, may even permanently affect his character. Give the stupid boy a chance, and it will be known ere long whether he is really or only apparently stupid.—Baptist Courier.

The First Watch in the World.

At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights, and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward I. had "one larum, or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummets of lead."

The first watch may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution.

The first great improvement—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1560. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand, and, being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than within fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The dials were of silver and brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost more than $1,500, and after one was ordered it took a year of slow, laborious effort to make it.—Saturday Evening Post.

Doctor Barrow and Lord Rochester.

Among other instances of Dr. Isaac Barrow's wit, the following set-to between him and the profligate Lord Rochester is related, in which the doctor certainly had the best of it: These two gentlemen meeting one day at court, while Barrow was king's chaplain in ordinary, Rochester, thinking to banter him, accosted him with a flippant air and a low, formal bow, saying, "Doctor, I am yours to my shoetie." Barrow, perceiving his drift, returned the salute with, "My Lord, I am yours to the ground." Rochester, improving on this, quickly returned it with, "Doctor, I am yours to the center;" which was as smartly followed up by Barrow with "My Lord, I am yours to the antipodes." Upon which Rochester, piqued at being foiled by one he called "a musty old piece of divinity," exclaimed, "Doctor, I am yours to the lowest pit of the nether world;" upon which Barrow, turning on his heel, archly replied, "There, my Lord, I leave you."

Pithy Appeal.

A certain reverend gentleman in London, having to preach a charity sermon, said nothing on the subject until the sermon was ended. He then told the congregation that this was a mere matter of business, and as such he would talk of it. They knew as well as he that they had certain poor to provide for, who looked to their purses. He then read the text, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," and added, "If you approve of the security, down with your money."

The pleasure in receiving a letter lasts no longer than it takes to break the seal. After that, comes the worry of answering it.

Rural Mail Delivery and Good Roads.

There is prospect that the national government may get behind the good roads movement in a peculiarly effective way. If the price of free mail delivery to the farmers is to be the construction and maintenance of macadamized country highways it is believed that the thrifty agriculturists will not hesitate to pay it.

If the experiments in free rural mail delivery to be inaugurated by the postal department are a success, they will establish a basis of co-operation and reciprocity between the government and the farmers that will lead to a general movement in the building of interurban highways all over the country.

With the view of testing the efficiency of different styles of roadbed Postmaster General Gary has authorized the opening of routes for free rural mail delivery through portions of New Jersey and Pennsylvania, which embrace macadamized, gravel, clay and common dirt roads. The routes are intended to be experimental, and will show relatively upon what character of roads the best results can be obtained in the way of prompt and efficient service.

There is little doubt that free mail delivery is just as practicable in many of our more thickly populated rural communities as it is in England. The continuance of the service, if successful, should be dependent upon the proper maintenance of the roads. If the farmer wants his mail delivered at his door he must contribute his share to the building of passable highways.—Chicago Times-Herald.

To Vote for Free Roads.

The people of Jefferson County, Kentucky, are asking for an election to decide on the question of free turnpikes, which may be secured in the following way:

The roads can be either leased, given to the public, or purchased. The magistrates and the county judge are the officials to appoint appraisers to value the respective roads; these appraisers must be residents and property owners on the road to be valued by them. Bonds may be issued for the purchase of the roads at the price agreed on by the appraisers. These bonds will be spread over a term of thirty years.

All taxes, which cannot exceed 25 cents on each $100 worth of taxable property, must be used to keep the roads—turnpike, gravel and all others—in good repair; to pay interest on the bonds issued, and to provide a sinking-fund for the redemption of the bonds.

Why Business Is Stagnated.

"The worst drawback of this section of country," says the Clifton (Ill.) Comet, "at the present time, is the exceedingly bad roads we must contend with at wet seasons of the year. As has been the case the past few days, farmers cannot market their products, and on this account they do little buying of the merchants, and business is stagnated at the very season when it should be the liveliest of any season of the year."

Keep the Mud Off.

They are making an effort to keep mud off the new macadam roads in Pennsylvania by paving for fifty feet or more each side road or lane that joins the stone roads. Mud soon rolls off wagon wheels when they strike a hard surface, and the intention is to have wagons get rid of it before the main roads are reached.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Early Belies About the Great Lakes

W. S. Harwood writes of "The Great Lakes" in St. Nicholas. The author says: All that region to the north of the lakes and immediately skirting them from Quebec to Lake Nipigon, and around to and beyond old Fort William, was the exploring ground of the French. It was their new country—the place where they were to found a mighty empire, their "Nova Francia," or New France. The French explorers and the French priests believed, and their belief was strengthened and supported by the tales of the Indians, that away beyond the Kitchi Gummi, or Big Lake—our present Superior—there was a vast salt sea. It is hardly possible in these days to understand how little they knew of that region. They talked about a northwest passage to Cathay; and they not only talked about it, but they wrote learned and laborious treatises, and spoiled many valuable reams of paper, and made very many amusing volumes, in their efforts to prove that just beyond the head of Lake Superior there was a great and short river, whose mighty course led to a mighty sea, which was certainly not more than 1,500 miles from Japan.

Tell Reporters the Truth.

In his address at the New Orleans Press club recently Cardinal Gibbons said:

"If I had one piece of advice to give a public man more than another it is, be frank with the reporter. It has been my privilege and pleasure to come in contact with and to know a great number of reporters. I have steadfastly adopted a policy of absolute frankness with them, and I have yet to have a confidence betrayed. They have never proved themselves unworthy of the estimate I placed on them as gentlemen. It is the public man who conceals, whose very act of concealment is perceived by the reporters (for in the very nature of their business they must be quick to perceive), it is this very concealment which induces the reporter to further conduct his investigations and often to get wrong what, had he been in the confidences of the man whose manner provoked investigation, he would have understood and written intelligently about. And it is in this very manner that much of the complaint against the reporter originates. Tell the reporters the absolute truth. Never deceive them."—Baltimore Sun.

Long Fast of a Hog.

A hog belonging to Fred Hancer was shut in under a driveway during a heavy snowstorm, and when Mr. Hancer missed his porkship he made a search of his own premises and made inquiries of his neighbors, but was unable to learn anything as to what became of the hog. Twenty-two days after the storm Mr. Hancer heard the muffled grunting of a hog under the driveway, and, shoveling away the snow, found the missing hog. The hog was very thin, but after light feeding it became as lively as the other hogs, which had been well fed during its long fast.—Merrill (Iowa) Record.

This getting married is like renting a door for the purpose of keeping a wolf from it.

Love may laugh at locksmiths, but it never giggles at the plumber.

Blood
Is Life
Pure Blood
Is Health.

Without blood circulating through your veins you could not live. Without pure blood you cannot be well. If you have salt rheum, scrofula sores, pimples, boils or any kind of humor, your blood is not pure. If you take Hood's Sarsaparilla it will make your blood pure and promptly relieve all these troubles.

"I wish to add my praise for the merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured me of a lung trouble and fluttering of the heart, and since I began taking it my weight has increased twenty pounds, and I can now enjoy my meals and eat with comfort. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as the best medicine that it is possible to find."—C. W. Carey, Prineville, Or.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is America's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Get only Hood's.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ANIMALS AS MODELS.

Some of the Experiences of an Artist in Sketching From Life.

"Leaves from the Sketch Book of an Animal Artist," is an article by Meredith Nugent in the St. Nicholas. Mr. Nugent says: There was an elephant in the Jardin-des-Planets that would not pose unless he were paid for it, and paid in advance. Then he took payment in buns and pie, but if these were not forthcoming, he would deliberately walk to the farther end of the enclosure and turn his back. The only way to get a drawing of this big fellow was to engage some one to feed him meanwhile. In the same gardens I saw an unusually interesting sight one morning. A little sunbear with a large marrow bone in his shaggy paws was resorting to all sorts of bear devices to get the sweet marrow. Suddenly he lay down on his back, placed one end of the bone in his jaws, and with his hind paws tipped the other end of the bone so high up that the choice morsel slipped into his mouth. If the animal could only have understood the shouts of approval that greeted this performance, I think it would have turned his head. In one of the sketches you will see how this feat was accomplished. As a rule I find the models very good natured. True, they keep a sharp eye on me for the first few days, but after that are generally quite friendly. Of course, there are some parts of the business they do not like. The oriole never was happy when I held him in my hand for close inspection, but a beautiful cat which rebelled when I first placed her in a bird cage—to keep her in front of me—grew so fond of being there, and after I finished my drawings she cried and cried to be put back into the cage. Intense curiosity is the great characteristic of animals when in the studio. They are as much interested in you and the surroundings as you are in them. This is especially the case with birds. Leave the studio but a few minutes, and these two-legged fellows are hopping into everything. Of course they inspect the paper on which you have been drawing, and the paints, and the brushes, and occasionally vary these proceedings by taking a bath in the water bowl.

* THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

The twentieth century will begin on Jan. 1st, 1901, and end with 2000. People did not begin to reckon time from A. D. 1, but waited until about the 550th year of the Christian era. People who begin to take the great health restorative, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, immediately after the first outbreak of dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatism, constipation, nervousness or kidney trouble will date their cure immediately from them.

Draughting compasses are being made with a flexible rubber suction cup of one end to fasten to the paper and hold the instrument while the circle is being drawn.

In the spring cleanse your system by using Dr. Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier.

Bad Roads Are Costliest.

When once the fact gets firmly established in the minds of the farmers of the United States that it is more expensive to maintain bad roads than to make and keep in condition good roads they will take active interest in the question and an era of road building will begin which will add to their wealth, prosperity and comfort, and benefit the country at large as much as has the laying of railroad tracks and the advance of the steam locomotive. Let those engaged in agriculture study such figures as those recently issued by the supervisor of New York, wherein he shows that it costs half as much to haul produce three miles by wagon as it costs to haul it 500 miles on the railroad. The supervisor figures out that with a system of good macadam roads the farmers would save an amount each year equal to the interest on from $10 to $30 an acre, according to the crop raised, and would increase the value of their land either to sell or hold by a like amount.

Police as Shark Catchers.

Among the multifarous duties which demand the attention of the Calcutta police the capture of sharks in the Hooghly finds a place. During the past 20 years rewards have been paid for the destruction of these marine maneaters, and recently the Bengal government laid down a scale for these payments.—N. Y. Sun.

It is stated that 55 English towns and cities are now burning their garbage and solid refuse, using an average of about 10 furnaces each. Steam is generated and used for electric lighting and other purposes.

For many years Theodore S. Parvin, of Cedar Rapids, Ia., has been gathering works on masonry, and now has a collection of them numbering over 30,000 volumes.

Spain's Underground River.

The Guadiana, a Spanish river, after flowing for 30 miles overhead, vanishes underground, and for the next 30 miles pursues its course as an underground river, only appearing at intervals in the shape of lakelets, the ogos or eyes of the Guadiana as they are called. This is the largest underground river which has been fully traced.

Little Africa a Man.

Little Africa, a lithe, petite dancer, sprang into popularity at Detroit a few weeks ago, and through a shrewd manager, became a drawing card at private "dinners" given by the "nice" young men. Two weeks ago the Detroit light guard gave a "smoker," and one of the attractions was the mysterious Little Africa.

The Seeley dinner dance was reproduced in all its interesting details. The little "wiggler" was recalled again and again, and each time responded with a new movement. Glasses clinked to her honor, she was showered with bouquets and coins, and every effort was made to discover her identity. Since that two "quiet" stag parties have been given by Detroit select young men, and Little Africa, the clever little dancer, as nearly costumed a la Eve as was consistent with proper entertainments, has been idolized.

Society was scandalized, and Little Africa supplanted many a sweetheart in the affections of some fast young men. Her admirers have been searching the city to do her homage, and the scandalized members have been searching for her to make her trouble.

It has now been discovered that the dancer was Frank Bruesser, a well-known costumer, who has been having fun at the expense of his friends. Bruesser's form has a remarkable resemblance to that of a woman.

A CHEAP TRICK.

To manufacture a cheap kalsomine stuck on the wall with glue, claiming it to be the "same thing" or "just as good" as the *durable* Alabastine, or to buy and sell such goods on such representations would seem a cheap trick. Some resort to it. To be safe, buy Alabastine only in packages and properly labeled.

One of the heaviest locomotives of ordinary pattern ever made is now running over the Great Northern railroad. It weighs 95 tons, exclusive of the tender.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A treacherous wretch in Flemington, N. J., entered the stable of Solomon Gale and poured nitric acid upon the eyes and ears of a valuable horse.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES.

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for chilblains, sweating, damp, callous and hot, tired aching feet. We have over 10,000 testimonials of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Indications multiply that the gold fields of Alaska will turn out to be richer than those of the Klondike region.

HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. *"Tea Garden Drips"* is made from Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO. All genuine *"Tea Garden Drips"* have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

"Sammy Snaggs," asked the teacher, "what part of speech is the word 'malediction?' "Noun," replied Sammy. "What gender?" "Masculine gender." "Indeed?" "Yes'm. If it was feminine it would be 'femalediction.' "—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark.

I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look Carefully at the wrapper and see that it is *the kind you have always bought*, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

According to the computations of Prof. Hamy, the black race embraces about one-tenth of the living members of the human species, or 150,000,000 individuals.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, LTD., 930 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Before 1886 the average number of labor strikes of all kinds in this country was about 500 a year. Since that date the average has been 1,500.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., March 26, 1895.

Coal mined in China is being exported to California, and it is said that in a few years the Flowery Land will supply the whole Pacific coast.

After being swindled by all others, send us stamp for particulars of King Solomon's Treasure, the ONLY renewer of manly strength. MASON CHEMICAL CO., P. O. Box 747, Philadelphia, Pa.

Every Day a Month.

The gradual change in the day and the month now taking place proceeds continuously until the duration of a rotation of the earth is prolonged to 55 of our present days. At the same time the month, or the time of a revolution of the moon round the earth, will also occupy 55 of our days. Since the month here means the period of the return of the moon to the same place amongst the stars, and since the day is to be estimated the same way, the moon must then always face the same part of the earth's surface, and the two bodies must move as though they were fastened together by a bar. The outcome of the lunar tidal friction will accordingly be that the moon and the earth will go round as though locked together in a period of 55 of our present days, with day and month identical in length.—Prof. George H. Darwin, in Atlantic.

Use only *one* heaping teaspoonful of *Schilling's Best* Baking Powder to a quart of flour.

You must use *two* teaspoonfuls of other baking powder.

600

Church Built of Coral.

A church built of coral is one of the curiosities of the Isle of Mahe, one of the Seychelles islands in the Indian ocean. The Seychelles islands, which are supposed by many to be the site of the Eden of Old Testament history, form an archipelago of one hundred and fourteen islands, and are situated about 1,400 miles east of Aden and 1,000 miles from Zanzibar. They rise steeply out of the sea, culminating in the Isle of Mahe, which is about 3,000 feet above the level of the ocean, and is nearly the center of the group. All these islands are of coral growth. The houses are built of species of massive coral hewn into square blocks, which glisten like white marble, and show themselves to the utmost advantage in the various tinted green of the thick tropical palms, whose immense fern-like leaves give pleasant and much-needed shade. These palms grow as high as 100 feet and more, overtopping both the houses and the coral-built church. They line the seashore and cover the mountains, forming in many places extensive forests.

Babies Named After Leiter.

So much has been written about Joseph Leiter and his wheat operations that his name has become familiar to everyone who reads the papers. Farmers talk about him at their gatherings, and think that he has done more for them than any speculator that ever lived. He made wheat sell at $1 and over. They are naming their baby boys after him, and Mr. Leiter frequently receives a notice that a 12-pound boy has been christened "Joseph Leiter Smith," or "Joseph Leiter Jones." A member of a leading shipping house, who returned from England last week, said the people there speak of Mr. Leiter as "Leeter," and say that he is a great man.

The people have every confidence in him outside of the speculative classes. There is hardly a day that his mail does not contain letters with money, asking him to make trades for them. Their money is invariably returned with a polite note that they had better keep it, and that he is not in the commission business.

The egg of the queen bee is about one-sixteenth of an inch long, and as large around as a fine cambric needle.

The magnetic clock was invented by Dr. Locke, of Cincinnati, in 1847-48.

The name of Nebraska is an Indian word, which means shallow water.

MOTHERHOOD.

Mrs. Pinkham Declares No Woman Need Despair.

There are many curable causes for sterility in women. One of the most common is general debility, accompanied by a peculiar condition of the blood.

Write freely and fully to Mrs. Pinkham. Her address is Lynn, Mass. She will tell you, free of charge, the cause of your trouble and what course to take. Believe me, under right conditions, you have a fair chance to become the joyful mother of children. Mrs. LUCY LYTLE, 255 Henderson St., Jersey City, N. J., certainly thinks so. She says:

"I am more than proud of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and cannot find words to express the good it has done me. I was troubled very badly with the leucorrhœa and severe womb pains. From the time I was married, in 1882, until last year, I was under the doctor's care. We had no children. I have had nearly every doctor in Jersey City, and have been to Belvin Hospital, but all to no avail. I saw Mrs. Pinkham's advertisement in the paper, and have used five bottles of her medicine. It has done more for me than all the doctors I ever had It has stopped my pains, and has brought me a fine little girl. I have been well ever since my baby was born. I heartily recommend Mrs. Pinkham's medicine to all women suffering from sterility."

Timidity of an Elephant.

Riding along a road in India, I saw the following instance of a big elephant's timidity, which I venture to send to you: The elephant, ridden by a mahout, was followed by a small Maltese terrier which, intent on its own affairs, trotted beside its master, making occasional instinctive investigations by the roadside after the manner of dogs, without particularly noticing other travelers. From the first moment the elephant set eyes on the dog he never lost sight of him, turning from side to side always with an eye on the small animal, and hurrying out of his way whenever he approached. The timidity of the one and the confidence of the other were irresistibly amusing.—London Spectator.

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WRITE if you are aware of any trouble. DO NOT DELAY. Call on Dr. Ratcliffe to-day. If you cannot call, write him. His valuable book free to all sufferers. CONSULTATION FREE and confidential at office or by letter.
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N. P. N. U. No. 17, '98.

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