

Eat in Haste

And suffer at leisure. When your abused stomach can no longer efficiently and properly perform its duties, a few doses of Hood's Sarsaparilla are like fresh water to a parched plant. This medicine tones the stomach, restores digestive strength, creates an appetite and with a little care in diet, the patient is soon again in perfect health. Try it and you'll believe it.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is America's Greatest Medicine.
Hood's Pills cure constipation. 25 cents.

New French Microphone.
A new microphone is being exhibited before the French Academy of Sciences. It detects at a great distance the approach of a ship, whether an armored vessel or a torpedo boat, and gives its warning with great clearness. It is to be subjected to tests at Cherbourg. Some years ago Commander Banaro proposed an instrument which he called a hydrophone and by which he was able to hear at a distance of a mile or a mile and a half vibrations produced by a screw of a torpedo boat, or the more regular beat of the screw of a large battleship. It consisted of a water-tight box, the vibratory plate being inside to prevent the pressure of the water from acting upon it too directly. The wire from the transmitter was carried first to a float to make sure the transmitter would be continually immersed; from the float the wire was carried to a receiver on a ship or on the shore. Thus with two or three miles of wire it becomes possible to receive warning of the approach of a vessel from four to five miles distant.

Steel Sleepers in Switzerland.
The St. Gothard Railway Company, in Switzerland and Italy report very satisfactory results from the use of steel sleepers on their lines. In 1882, when the road was opened, it was laid with wood sleepers, but as these have had to be replaced, it has been done with steel instead, and at the present time 70 per cent of the line is laid on steel ties. The sleepers weigh 163 pounds each, are 8.50 feet long. The cost, when new, with attachments, is \$1.95, which, allowing for the value of the old material and the cost of laying, is reduced to \$1.25 per sleeper, which is a saving of 7 per cent over the wood sleepers. The line is a heavy one, and the trains are hauled at express speed. The engines weigh 100 tons each. The cost of steel ties in the end is less than that of wood. In tunnels, wooden ties are preferred, as they are not so liable to rust, but in other places the deterioration due to rust is absolutely insignificant.

Cool-Looking Bits of Green.
Ferns and other delicate greens grouped here and there on brackets and tables will give a daintiness and coolness to any room more effective than the most elaborate of summer furniture. These ferns and small pots of delicate greens may be kept attractive and fresh by planting them in a tin pan placed into it a glass bowl. The pan should be well perforated below the earth is put into it, and the ferns planted. They must be kept moist to keep them in a thrifty condition, and perfect drainage will be necessary to carry off the surplus moisture and keep the soil from souring. With an occasional watering the pan may be kept perfectly bright, and when placed in the glass bowl the tin will sparkle like silver. The glistening bowl and ferns are not only suitable for the dining table, where they are usually found, but for ornamenting any room.

A Spanish inventor produces from grasshoppers a fatty substance which is declared to be the finest soap yet manufactured.

There is a curious superstition in Venice that if a stranger dies in a hotel the number of his room will be lucky at the next lottery.

A record in British deep sea diving was created on the Clyde, when Diver Walker descended 186 feet and was under water for 40 minutes.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1863—J. R. Madison, 240 4th Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

The production of what is known as silk worm gut for fishing lines is a curious industry that has followed the decline of silk culture in the vicinity of Murca, Spain.

TO MRS. PINKHAM
From Mrs. Walter E. Budd, of Patuxent, New York.

Mrs. Budd, in the following letter, tells a familiar story of weakness and suffering, and thanks Mrs. Pinkham for complete relief:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I think it is my duty to write to you and tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I feel like another woman. I had such dreadful headaches through my temples and on top of my head, that I nearly went crazy; was also troubled with chills, was very weak; my left side from my shoulders to my waist pained me terribly. I could not sleep for the pain. Plasters would help for a while, but as soon as taken off, the pain would be just as bad as ever. Doctors prescribed medicine, but it gave me no relief.

"Now I feel so well and strong, I have no more headaches, no more pain in side, and it is all owing to your Compound. I cannot praise it enough. It is a wonderful medicine. I recommend it to every woman I know."

WHEAT
Make money by successful speculation in Chicago. We buy and sell wheat on margin. Write for full particulars. See evidence given. Several years experience on the Chicago Board of Trade. Send for our free reference book. DORRIS & CO., 100 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill. HOPKINS & CO., Chicago Board of Trade Brokers, Offices in Portland, Oregon and Seattle, Wash.

WILL & FINCH CO.'S SPRING EYE CREAM
BAG NEEDLES.
Plates or with Cutlery. Write for full particulars. Used by all sick persons. For sale by all druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CHILLS WITH ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, etc. Sold by druggists.

WILL & FINCH CO.,
220 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

25 CENTS
PISO'S CURE FOR
CHILLS WITH ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, etc. Sold by druggists.

MISCELLANY.

A DREAMER IN THE GRASS.

Far away the tollers ring,
In the shadows and the gleams
Whispers are slung me to sleep.

And the river, as it streams,
In the shadows and the gleams
Ripples music through my dreams.

Far away the noisy town,
Where the clouds of traffic frown;
Here the blossoms bending down.

Here the winds sweep o'er the plains;
Here the bees hum low and faint;
Here the tinkle of the rain.

Here the waters, as they pass
By the dreamer in the grass
Are the lily's looking glass.

What's a city? Bricks and towers
Where they toll the heavy hours
Here's a kingdom in the flowers!

Here forever let me be
Where the river sings to sea,
With God's blue sky covering me!
—Atlanta Constitution.

MARY HALIBURTON'S CHANCE.

WONDER if this is a chance," mused Mary Haliburton. The cases of the day were over, and she sat alone in her tiny city room. She was very tired of being a clerk—something her employers would have been very sorry to know, and she sat alone in her tiny city room. She was very tired of being a clerk—something her employers would have been very sorry to know, and she sat alone in her tiny city room. She was very tired of being a clerk—something her employers would have been very sorry to know, and she sat alone in her tiny city room.

"Where is Round Top Farm?" she asked of a fellow-clerk. "So you have seen it, too, have you?" said Nettie Ruchard.

"Yes," said Mary. "Where is it? Do you know? I thought it might be a chance to get out of the city for the summer."

"Well," answered Nettie deliberately, "it may be a chance, but it's not the chance I'm looking for. I've known about Round Top Farm for several years. It's about fifty miles out, and they say it's a beautiful place."

"Then," began Mary. "Wait," said Nettie, holding up her hand. "There's everything on that farm, and everything is first-class," she said impressively.

"The eggs are larger and fresher, the fowls are fatter, the butter is better grade than you can find anywhere else," went on Nettie. "And the fruits and vegetables are just what you need."

"Mary looked puzzled. "The eggs are larger and fresher, the fowls are fatter, the butter is better grade than you can find anywhere else," went on Nettie. "And the fruits and vegetables are just what you need."

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these fields! And the rail fences—how much better they are than the barbed wire ones I saw from my car window!" "Decidedly, on a stock farm," replied Mrs. Patrick. "Think of one of my beautiful Jerseys mangled on a barbed wire!"

Rail fences were old-fashioned, but because Mrs. Patrick liked them, they were not to be tampered with in good repair. The house, almost hidden among trees, was old-fashioned, too, but Mrs. Patrick liked it, and Mr. Patrick was grateful for that liking. It was his boyhood's home, and he would have been sorry to see it changed, and after that stylish.

Now, before Mary's arrival, Mrs. Patrick had said to herself, "This is an experiment. I shall not set her, whoever she is, to do anything. I shall simply wait to see what her ideas of things are. And if this experiment shows successful, I shall not try a similar one again."

There was abundance of tired help on the farm for both outdoor and indoor work. The work was hardly less than regular tasks assigned to Mary. The girl, quick to perceive, saw that and felt it in the atmosphere of the farm before she had been there twenty-four hours.

"I hope Mrs. Patrick's offer was not a delicate way of being charitable," she said to herself anxiously. "I should not wish to accept charity."

It was June, and there were berries of all kinds to be picked and taken care of. Mrs. Patrick, who had been a berry, the very earliest and latest varieties known to horticulture. Mary offered no morning to go out and pick. "No, my dear," was the kind but positive reply. "You have small physical strength, but I should judge you have skill." And then she gave Mary a smile.

"Not much skill," answered Mary, "except in selling silks and ribbons. But I believe I can develop some skill. I will not think me pushing and presuming."

"Push and presume all you like," said Mrs. Patrick, cordially. "Only don't waste yourself on a task I can hire a child to do."

So Mary began to "push and presume." She was determined to make herself useful on the farm. She sorted and packed eggs for market, and, owing to her painstaking, the Patrick berries stood a little higher, if possible, in the estimation of buyers. She helped with the canning and preserving for the winter, and one day Mrs. Patrick said, "I declare, Mary, I think putting that advertisement in the Evening Herald was the most fortunate thing I ever did. You seem to belong here."

Behind the glad look that answered her in Mary's eyes, a certain anxiety and nervousness shone out. And it set Mrs. Patrick thinking. But she did not at once formulate her thought, if that could be called thought, which was a passive opening of her mind to all that concerned Mary and her work on the farm.

Mary and her work on the farm. She noticed that all the Jerseys loved her; that when she stepped out toward their yard the chickens crowded to welcome her; that the sheep were always ready to follow her; and that the fowls seemed to thrive under her touch; that the farm was a little more like a home to her.

"Shut up a girl like that in a store!" exclaimed Mrs. Patrick to herself one morning in August. "A girl that has sense enough to enjoy living close to nature! For she does enjoy it. She's gained in every way since she's been here."

Yes, Mary did enjoy it. There was time every day for her to read and rest, and plenty of reading on hand. How could she stand it to be so close to nature? For she does enjoy it. She's gained in every way since she's been here."

"Don't see," exclaimed Nettie. "What first-class down to the smallest detail man, but that Mrs. Jennie Patrick is particular—cranky, as you might say? I wouldn't go there for fifteen minutes to make myself useful, let alone all summer." And with a positive nod she turned from Mary to wait upon a customer who had just come in.

Now the word "particular" had no horror for Mary. She was particular herself and came of a line of particular people. As far back as she had heard of her family, and that was for three generations, she had heard stories of this one and that one being hard to suit. Long ago her grandmother had said to her, "There's two kinds of particular: the fault-finding kind of people who like to make trouble, and the kind of particular people who want things right, even if it does make trouble. All our folks are of the last kind."

All morning Mary thought of these things; and when she went to lunch she said to herself: "I believe I'll try Round Top Farm."

A week later she went to try it. And Mrs. Patrick, having had notice of her arrival, was the train to meet her. For Mrs. Patrick had suddenly developed what was a new phase of philanthropy for her.

"I am a busy woman," she had replied when the minister had come to her to solicit board and lodging for some unfortunate child of the city. "I cannot have a child here—I don't understand children."

The minister had seemed disappointed. Seeing which, she had repented of her decision, and a little later she had said to herself, "Put me down for nothing," she had said, "and then, if I see my way clear to do anything I will do it in my own way. I suppose a child of the city might be of almost any age?" she added, interrogatively.

The minister smiled. He knew that this "busy woman" was like Dorcas of old, "full of good works and almsdeeds which she did," and he answered cordially. "To be sure, Mrs. Patrick. Any age, any age." And he rose to go, quite satisfied.

A week later the advertisement that had caught Mary's eye appeared in the Evening Herald.

"We shall see," said Mrs. Patrick. "I believe in helping, first of all, those who are willing to help themselves. We shall see who comes. I fancy I shall not have many applicants."

On that hot summer morning when the train rolled in to the little station, deposited Mary and her luggage and then rolled out again, Mrs. Patrick stood waiting on the platform. Her strong face lighted with pleasure as she looked at the girl's erect, slender form, the delicate, sensitive face and the plain but tasteful dress.

"She'll do," she thought. And the next morning she was leading the way to her light road wagon, into which the station agent was already bouncing a horse that Mrs. Patrick drove, and they were soon off at speed on their way to the farm. Mary, who had no self-consciousness, looked about her with enjoyment and responded readily to all Mrs. Patrick's conversational advances, so that the two were like old friends when the hill came in sight.

"Ah! Now I see the meaning of Round Top Farm," cried Mary. "What a pretty background the hill makes to these fields! And the rail fences—how much better they are than the barbed wire ones I saw from my car window!"

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It was his boyhood's home, and he would have been sorry to see it changed, and after that stylish.

But Nettie, when she heard of it, could not understand. She could only wonder what Mrs. Patrick had done to "get around" Mary and make her stay on "a home old farm."

As for Mrs. Patrick, seeing from month to month Mary's contentment and proficiency, she said to herself, "The only true way to help anybody is to let him do what he belongs to. I've an idea that Nettie Ruchard belongs in the store. But Mary—Mary belongs here!"—Wellspring.

SOME PASSPORT RULES.

The Exceeding Strictness Observed by the Police Authorities of Russia. There are few countries in which travelers now require passports in order to promote their convenience and security. In Russia and Venezuela a passport must be shown to the officials before one is allowed to leave the country for a foreign port. This is a vexatious measure, enforced apparently for the sake of enabling a few officials to collect small fees. In the case of passports produced whenever travelers arrive or depart. This precaution is considered necessary in view of the political condition of unrest prevailing in the island.

In Russia passport regulations are enforced with great strictness. No traveler is allowed to enter the empire until he has obtained a passport and a consular officer at the port through which he is to pass. The question of a passport is a serious one, and it is designed to provide against the entry of either of these two classes. When the traveler arrives at a Russian port, a passport which has been properly issued and stamped at a consular office, it is critically examined by a police officer and duly registered. At the entrance of the hotel another police officer takes possession of the document, and, in the course of twenty-four hours, returns with a permit for a limited residence in the country.

When the traveler departs for another city in the empire he must have the passport countersigned by the police. This process continues until he reaches the frontier, where he cannot cross without the passport has been stamped by the police. Not infrequently tourists are stopped at the frontier and subjected to serious inconvenience because they have neglected to comply with the police regulations respecting passports.

All this red tape causes annoyance and irritation among tourists, who are apt to overlook the fact that Russians as well as foreigners are compelled to obtain a passport in order to travel. It is the business of the police to deal with where everybody lodges. A permit is required if a native removes from one quarter of a town to another. Everybody is registered by the police when he arrives or departs, and foreigners who are in the country are kept on equal terms with permanent residents.—Youth's Companion.

WHAT THE LAW DECIDES.

The right of one who has given a check to prevent the application of future deposits thereto is denied in *Gage Hotel Company v. National Bank* (Ill.), 30 L. R. A. 479, on the ground that in that State the check when presented to the banker is an absolute appropriation of money on deposit against which it is drawn.

An officer of a foreign corporation who does no business in the State and has never done any business there, is held in *Carstens v. Ledigh and H. L. Company* (Wash.), 30 L. R. A. 548, when he was only casually and temporarily in the State, not subject to service of process as to give jurisdiction to render judgment in a personal action against the corporation.

A bank which takes a check instead of cash, without authority, on selling stock, and notifies its principal of the deposit of the check to his credit and allows it to be cashed, is held in *Carstens v. Ledigh and H. L. Company* (Wash.), 30 L. R. A. 548, when he was only casually and temporarily in the State, not subject to service of process as to give jurisdiction to render judgment in a personal action against the corporation.

An ordinance prohibiting competition for a street paving contract by requiring the use of asphaltum, which can be obtained only from private owners and controlled by one private corporation, is held in *Fishburn v. Chicago* (Ill.), 30 L. R. A. 482, to be void, as against public policy in creating a monopoly, although there is a provision for letting the contract to the lowest bidder.

An ordinance declaring the emission of dense black or thick gray smoke to be a nuisance, without any limitation as to the time of emission, or as to the quantity of smoke, or providing any inquiry as to these matters, is held in *St. Louis v. Edward Heitzberg and P. Company* (Mo.), 30 L. R. A. 551, to be invalid, as it is not sufficiently certain. With this case is a note on municipal control over smoke as a public nuisance.

The man that bumps the drum. I would not be an angel with a harp with me in my hand. I want a better instrument the time I join the band. I would not from my violin give song melodious flight. Though I cut your ear exclusive hair and be the girls' delight. Nor yet for name or wealth or fame would I please drum. But oh, I want to be the man that bumps the big bass drum.

With its "plung, plung, plung" As down the street they come. The clarionets full shrilly call. The trombones sing "pomp, pomp!" The brass band thrives in glee. The cornets make a merry hum. But oh, the man, the happy man, That bumps the big bass drum!

You hear him in the city street above traffic's roar. His pulse beats full clear and sweet and strong. Then she comes along. Though far away the land may play and distance beat the sound. His music clear will reach four car with flying feet. There is no shout will drown him out though all the brass be dumb. And oh! I want to be the man that bumps the big bass drum.

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Chronic Rheumatism.

From the *Industrial News*, Jackson, Mich.

The subject of this sketch is 56 years of age, and actively engaged in farming. When 17 years old he hurt his shoulder and a few years after came on to have rheumatic pains in it. On taking a slight cold or the least strain, sometimes without any apparent cause whatever, the trouble would start and he would suffer the most excruciating pains.

He suffered for over 30 years, and the last decade has suffered so much that he was unable to do any work. To the frequent occurrences of dizzy spells were added, making him almost helpless invalid.



In all sorts of weather.

He tried the best of physicians, but without benefit, and he used several specific rheumatic cures, but was not helped. About one year and six months ago he read in this paper of a cure somewhat similar to his which was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and concluded to try this remedy.

After taking the first box he felt somewhat better, and after using three boxes, the pains entirely disappeared. He is now able to do his work, and has now for over a year been entirely free from all his former trouble and enjoys better health than he has had since his boyhood.

He is loud in his praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and will gladly corroborate the above statements. His post office address is Lorenzo Neely, Horton, Jackson County, Michigan.

The elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves are contained in a condensed form, in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. All druggists sell them.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Wisconsin has 9,000 Indians of various tribes.

Eight million eggs have been found in the roe of a