

Wasted Advice.

"If you stay in Washington another year," his doctor told him, "you will lose your health altogether."

"I am not here for my health," coughed Senator Graphter.

England's Army and Navy.

It was recently stated that England's army and navy is inadequate to properly defend herself from a sudden onslaught. England is, in this instance, like the individual who allows disease to creep into his system through a stomach too weak to properly digest the food taken into it. To strengthen the stomach there is nothing better than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It cures dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, liver and kidney trouble, and as a tonic is incomparable.

Scientific Penetration.

"Professor, how did you come to propose to me in the face of my continued indifference?"

"I proceeded on the general proposition that whatever a woman seems to be she isn't."

BLOOD WAS THIN

PATIENT TREATED FOR HEART DISEASE AND CONSUMPTION.

But the Diagnosis Was Wrong—When the Blood Was Enriched the Symptoms Disappeared.

From Presbyterian Journal, Phila., Pa.

After years of patient and intense suffering, Miss Gertrude Gilbert, of 3201 Dauphin street, Philadelphia, Pa., has recovered her lost health, and is today a rosy and blooming specimen of young womanhood. To a reporter she gave the following account of her case:

"I had been sick for a long time, when a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Previous to this three doctors had treated me. They diagnosed my trouble as heart disease, together with consumption, and prescribed accordingly. All this medical treatment did not benefit me in the least. I was in a terrible condition. There was scarcely any blood left in my body. My chief trouble was weakness, and after laborious efforts to get up stairs I almost went into a faint and on several occasions thought I was going to die.

"So little blood had I that my ears were almost transparent, and my complexion was as white as a sheet. I can scarcely describe my sensations, but after repeated treatment by my physicians I became thoroughly discouraged.

"It was at this time that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were recommended to me, and I procured a box. Before I had finished it I began to feel the benefit to my health. This gave me encouragement, and I began a systematic course according to directions.

At the end of the seventh or eighth box, in addition to having a sufficient quantity and a better quality of blood in my veins I was relieved of that shortness of breath and quick heart action which had been my chief trouble. My appetite returned, and I was enabled to do my daily duties with a cheerfulness which I had never before experienced. I always, as a preventive, keep a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my room. They are all they are represented to be, and to them, and to them alone, do I owe my restoration to health."

Signed, GERTRUDE GILBERT.
At all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y. Price, 50 cents per box; 6 boxes, \$2.50.

Well Meaning, But—

Puffer—For goodness' sake! What's happened to my meerschaum pipe?

Mrs. Puffer—Why, dear, I noticed it was getting awfully brown and discolored, so I put a coat of that white enamel paint on it.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent.

Easy to buy, easy to take, easy in action, easy in results—Cascarets. Candy Cathartic. Ideal liver regulator and intestinal tonic. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Insanity in Great Britain.

For the last 10 years there has been an increase of 2,000 annually in the number of Great Britain's insane.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or laxative, is dangerous. The most pleasant, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips, 10c, 25c, 50c. Write for free sample, and booklet on health. Address: Sterling Remedial Company, Chicago, St. Paul, New York, etc.

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

FOOT & POWER LATHES
MACHINE & SUPPLIES
DAYTON, OHIO

Science AND INVENTION

The water of the larger Norwegian fjords, or rock bays, though in direct communication with the sea, are so saltless as to be drinkable.

At a high altitude, where the air is rarefied, water boils at a lower temperature than it does at a lower place. Tea and coffee cannot be made, nor can vegetables be cooked by ordinary rules, because the water boils at such a low temperature it will not cook the food. Water must boil at the temperature of 212 degrees F. to do the work.

Prof. R. T. Fessenden, of the United States Weather Bureau, is making experiments with wireless telegraphy on the southern coast. Stations will be established at Capes Hatteras and Henry and at other coast points north of Cape Hatteras. It is the Government's intention to communicate storm warnings to vessels at sea off this dangerous locality. It is also intended to send storm signals to life-saving stations when the wires are disabled. If the tests are successful the entire coast will be similarly equipped.

L. E. Dudley, the United States Consul at Vancouver, reports that experiments are being made on the coast of British Columbia with an automatic system for warning ships of their approach to dangerous rocks and shoals when the weather is so bad that neither lights nor fog horns can avail. The principle is that of wireless telegraphy, and the operation is automatic. From a metallic conductor, fixed at an elevation on or near the point of peril, electric waves are transmitted over a zone several miles in width. Any ship provided with a proper receiving instrument, and coming within this zone, is immediately warned of the proximity of danger, and the direction and distance of the concealed peril are automatically recorded.

One of the most curious of storm phenomena is the formation of hail. It is known that this frozen rain falls from clouds at high levels, where the temperature is low enough to crystallize the water. Thus thousands of tons of hailstones may be discharged from a mass of cloud within a few minutes. On May 9, 1865, near Catelet, in France, a quantity of hailstones estimated at twenty-one million cubic feet fell in a space a mile and a quarter long and two thousand feet broad. Such ice crystals of extraordinary size have been observed occasionally. The largest hailstones on record fell in southern France in October, 1844, one weighing eleven pounds being picked up. Doubtless, however, these exceptional hailstones are agglomerations representing many crystals fused together.

A well-known critic of art in France, M. Arsene Alexandre, studied the exhibit of railway locomotives at Paris last summer from a new point of view, and drew some interesting conclusions. One of his most surprising inferences was that the genuine art of to-day was exhibited not in the museum of paintings, but among the locomotives. The latter showed beauty of line and proportion and true originality of treatment. National character was clearly marked in them. The American locomotive combined elegance, practicality, convenience and power, betokening a race which takes its ease in working. The English locomotive was more trim, snug and smaller, but without loss of power. The French was lighter and finer in line, but less powerful and effective. The other nations showed similar distinctions in their work.

GOOD FORTUNE FOR TWO MEN.

They Are Both Named Thomas, but They Never Had Doubts.

When Fate has slammed a man down hard and upset his opinions or turned them inside out, she sometimes takes compassion on him and sets him up in business as a millionaire. That was the way it was with Tommy Cruise of Helena, Mont., and that is the way it has turned out with another man. Tommy Cruise located the famous Drum Lummon mine at a time when he was a near neighbor to starvation. His hard luck had been persistent for years and his credit was worn out. His friends were as scarce as the proverbial hen's teeth. But Tommy had a good thing in the Drum Lummon and he knew it. So sure was he of the fact that he refused to sell when the money was shoved at him, although he was so hungry at the time that he could have eaten his bootlegs with relish. Tommy took a great fortune out of the Drum Lummon in a few years and then he sold the mine to an English syndicate for \$2,000,000.

The other man who has reached the end of his hard-luck streak is Thomas Cooney. For a long time he was a land agent in Helena for the Northern Pacific Railroad. Then he branched out for himself, and everything went wrong so fast that when the Spanish war came along Cooney was glad to volunteer and go to the front. He went in a lieutenant and came out a lieutenant, although he had counted on finishing up his career on the battlefield. When he got back to Montana Cooney

was "stone broke." As a last chance he took a turn at mining. He had a prospect known as the Blue Grass up in the same district as the Drum Lummon and he went there and fell to work with pick and shovel and drill in the hopeless fashion characteristic of men who have been on the down grade financially for a long time.

One day he struck what is known as a contact lead. It widened into a beautiful shute of ore, and when Cooney had it assayed he was astonished to find that the ore clear across the lead "sampled" \$100 a ton in gold. Then Cooney began to examine his lead more carefully. Almost in the center of the vein he found a streak six inches wide that was just studded with "free gold." The lead was all "pay ore," but that streak was a fortune in itself. Various assays made of it gave returns of from \$2,000 to \$2,500 a ton.

Cooney had prospected his lead far enough to make certain that he is an immensely rich man. He could borrow \$500,000 on the Blue Grass mine. But only a week before the "strike" half a dollar looked as big as a balloon to him. Now he doesn't need to borrow money. He can dig out a few hundred pounds of quartz when he runs short and convert it into cash. He believes, and so do many experts, that the Blue Grass mine will make him richer than the Drum Lummon made Tommy Cruise.

FOUND DEATH IN A CAVERN.

Skeletons of Old Spanish Invaders Have Been Entombed Four Centuries.

While prospecting for quicksilver in the Chicos mountains near the Rio Grande, seventy-miles southwest of Alpine, Tex., a party of Americans discovered a large cave in which were lying side by side the skeletons of twenty-six men. Further explorations of the cave revealed several copper and stone utensils and crude mining tools. Stamped or cut into one of the stone jars was the name "Narvaez" and the figures 1526.

This discovery has awakened the greatest interest among the people of this section who are familiar with the early history of this part of the country and it is considered almost conclusive proof that the skeletons are those of members of the historical Narvaez expedition, which was shipwrecked on Malhado island, near Galveston island, about 1535.

Narvaez and eight men came to the new world from Spain on an expedition of exploration and in search of gold. He and many of his followers perished in the vicinity of Galveston island and the remainder of the party, led by Cabeza De Vaca, started westward in the fall of 1535, and four of them, including Cabeza De Vaca, finally reached California.

Bancroft and other historians have differed widely as to what route Cabeza De Vaca, and his party followed on their trip to California, but the discovery of the skeletons, together with the relics bearing the name of Narvaez and the date 1526, is almost conclusive proof that they belonged to the ill-fated expedition and that they went to California by the southern route.

The skeletons are in a remarkably good state of preservation and several of them have been brought to Alpine. The cave will be further explored in the search for other historical relics. It is supposed that the men either died of hunger or were massacred by Indians. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Why He Let Her Go.

A certain shopwalker in one of the large drapery establishments in the west end of London was noted for his severity to those under him.

One day he approached a junior assistant, whose counter a lady had just left.

"You let that lady go out without making a purchase?" he asked, severely.

"Yes, sir, I—"

"And she was at your counter full ten minutes?"

"Doubtless; but then, you see—"

"Exactly. I saw that, in spite of all the questions she put to you, you rarely answered her, and never attempted to get what she wanted."

"Well, but—"

"You need not make any excuses. I shall report you for carelessness."

"Well, I hadn't what she wanted."

"What was that?"

"Six shillings! She's a book canvasser, selling 'The Life of Napoleon the Great!'"

The shopwalker retired crestfallen, amid the audible titters of all the assistants in the department, who greatly enjoyed his discomfiture. —London Tit-Bits.

A Little Sermon on Habit.

This is what a minister has to say about habit, etymologically:

"Habit" is hard to remove. If you take away the first letter, "a bit" is left. If you take off another letter, you still have a "bit" left. While if you take off another the whole of "it" remains. If you remove another it is not "it" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to get rid of a bad habit you must shake it off altogether.

After all there appears to be only one way in which to prepare for trouble, and that is to save your money.



He—I always say what I think. She—I notice you are extremely reticent.—King.

"I suppose rum brought you here," remarked the prison visitor. "Yes, ma'am, an' a patrol wagon," replied the prisoner.

A Wisconsin newspaper refers to a man who was caught by an eight-foot cave-in of snow as "a little bit under the weather."

She—"Why do they always speak of 'the sad sea waves?'" He—"I suppose because they usually look blue." —Harlem Life.

Mrs. Keyboard—Why do you always sit at the piano? You can't play a note. Old Stokes—Neither can anyone else while I'm there.

"You ask for the hand of my daughter! What expectations have you?" "Why—none at all." "Neither has my daughter. Take her and be happy."

He—And now, darling, when do you think we would better announce our engagement? She—Oh, there is no hurry, dear. Any time within the next twenty-four hours.—Harper's Bazar.

"Yes, she wouldn't speak to the editor when she met him." "Had he offended her?" "I should say he had. His society reporter called her one of the last century's buds."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Only One Theory: "How in the world did she ever come to marry a man with one leg?" "I don't know, unless it can be traced to her strong liking for damaged goods that come cheap."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Tourist—I understand that you have relics of the war for sale, my little man? "We did have," replied the boy, "but they have bought us out, an' the swords daddy buried last week won't get rusted 'fore summer."

Exposure: "Where are you rushing so fast?" "Up to the health office to get vaccinated." "Eh! Been exposed?" "Yep. Telephone girl this morning gave me the pest-house number by mistake."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Diner—"Come, tell me straight. Is it any real advantage to a man who gives you a tip?" Truthful Waiter—"Honestly, I can't say that it is; but it is apt to go hard with the gentleman that doesn't tip me."—Boston Transcript.

Awe-struck Visitor—It must be very difficult to produce such an exquisite work of art. Dealer—Nonsense. Almost anybody can paint a picture, but finding a victim to buy it after it is painted is where the art comes in.—Tit-Bits.

"What's all that crowd of women over there at Bargen's?" "Shoppers who read Bargen's 'ad.'" "But that's an unusually large crowd for so early in the morning." "I know, but the 'ad' said: 'Come early and avoid the crowd.'"—Ex.

Tainted: "I hear you want to sell your dog, Pat. They tell me he has a pedigree." "Shure, an' Ol' niver noticed it, sor. Anyhow, he's nothin' but a puppy yit, an' Ol' m' thinkin' as how he'll be afther outgrowin' it, sor." —Philadelphia Bulletin.

"I am sorry for you, my boy," said the old man. "I feel certain you are about to wed a woman that does not know how to cook." "It might be worse, father," answered the young man. "She has promised never to try to learn."—Indianapolis Journal.

"What can I do for you?" asked the druggist, who had been aroused from his sleep by the violent ringing of the night bell. "Why, m' fr'en," said De Kanter, "I want look atyer city directory, an' shue what my 'dresh ish, sho I can go home."—Philadelphia Press.

Cause of the feud: Mr. Meddergrass—"Hi Slocum an' Bill Hocorn ain't speakin' now." Mrs. Meddergrass—"Do tell! What's up?" Mr. Meddergrass—"Hi claims his thermometer averages ten degrees lower'n Bill's in winter an' fifteen degrees higher in summer."—Baltimore American.

"No, I can make you no contribution; I don't believe in sending out foreign missionaries." "But the Scriptures command us to feed the hungry." The man of wealth shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, I'd feed them something cheaper than missionaries," he rejoined, with the brusqueness that characterizes his class.—What to Eat.

"Charity, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I am going to turn over a new leaf." "In what connection?" "I'm going to quit being superstitious. I have always disliked to begin anything on Friday." "Yes. It is very silly of you." "Well, your arguments have convinced me. You know that new dress I was talking to you about?" "Yes, yes." "Well, I'm going to start out and buy the material on Friday, just to show I'm not afraid." —Washington Star.

500,000 WOMEN

Have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Their letters are on file and prove this statement to be a fact, not a mere boast. When a medicine has been successful in curing so many women, you cannot well say without trying it—"I do not believe it will help me."



Is a positive cure for all those painful Ailments of Women.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life.

Your medicine cured me of terrible female illness. MRS. M. E. MILLER, 1A Concord Sq., Boston, Mass.

Backache.

It has cured more cases of Backache and Leucorrhoea than any other remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors.

Your Vegetable Compound removed a Fibroid Tumor from my womb after doctors failed to give relief. MRS. B. A. LONNARD, Westdale, Mass.

Bearing-down Feeling

Womb troubles, causing pain, weight, and backache, instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water.

Backache left me after taking the second bottle. Your medicine cured me when doctors failed. MRS. SARAH HOLSTEIN, 3 Davis Block, Gorham St., Lowell, Mass.

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruations, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility.

It is a grand medicine. I am thankful for the good it has done me. Mrs. J. W. J., 76 Carolina Ave., Jamaica Plain (Boston), Mass.

Dizziness, Faintness,

Extreme Lassitude, "don't care" and "want to be left alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus.

I was troubled with Dizziness, Headaches, Faintness, Swelling Limbs. Your medicine cured me. MRS. SARAH E. BAKER, Bucksport, Me.

The whole story, however, is told in an illustrated book which goes with each bottle, the most complete treatise on female complaint ever published.

For eight years I suffered with womb trouble, and was entirely cured by Mrs. Pinkham's medicine. MRS. J. L. TOWNE, Littleton, N. H.

Kidney Complaints

and Backache of either sex the Vegetable Compound always cures.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure Constipation, Sick Headache, 25c.

You can address in strictest confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., Lynn, Mass.

An Impossibility.

Col. Glossypate—Alas, my son's extravagance will bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave!

Daughter—Nonsense, papa; you know your dear old head is hopelessly bald.

The Best Prescription for Malaria Chills and Fever is a bottle of Grove's Tasteless Quinine. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No Cure. No Pay. Price 50c.

Different.

Briggs—I hear you have been operating in Wall street?

Griggs—A great mistake. I've been operated upon.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRULAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALKING, KIRKMAN & MARY, Wholesale Drugists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 50c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills at the best.

London's Army of Maid-Servants.

There are 320,000 maid servants in London. That is to say they are nearly equal in number to the whole population of Sheffield.

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Write to HATHAN BICKFORD, Washington, D. C., they will receive quick replies. B. 24th N. H. Vols. Staff 20th Corps. Prosecuting claims since 1878.