

Bank

President Isaac Lewis of Sabina, Ohio, is highly respected all through that section. He has lived in Clinton Co. 75 years, and has been president of the Sabina Bank 20 years. He gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and what he says is worthy attention. All brain workers find Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiarly adapted to their needs. It makes pure, rich, red blood, and from this comes nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength.

"I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a very good medicine, especially as a blood purifier. It has done me good many times. For several years I suffered greatly with pains of

Neuralgia

in one eye and about my temples, especially at night when I had been having a hard day of physical and mental labor. I took many remedies, but found help only in Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me of rheumatism, neuralgia and headache. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself a true friend. I also take Hood's Pills to keep my bowels regular, and like the pills very much." ISAAC LEWIS, Sabina, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents.

LES ROSES DE SADI.

This morning I would I would bring thee my roses. They were thrust in the band that my body inclosed. But the breast knots were broken, the roses withered. The breast knots were broken; the roses to scatter. Flashed forth on the wings of the wind and the weather. And they drifted afar down the streams of the sea.

And the sea was as red as when sunset unclosed. But my raiment is sweet from the scent of the roses. Thou shalt know, love, how fragrant a memory can be.

—Andrew Lang.

AT THE OLD TRYING PLACE

The dead leaves rustle at my feet. The moon is shining brightly. Something has softly dimmed my eyes. Across the path one shadow lies. The path too tread so lightly.

It was upon a night like this Love left me only sorrow. I held her little hand in mine. That parting is to me divine. Then there was no tomorrow.

Since I have learned life's lesson well Hearts are not easy broken. Tonight all joys I have forgot. There's something sacred in this spot. Where sweet goodbyes were spoken.

I'd feel less lonely with myself If I were broken hearted; Would I could live that night again. With all its sadness sweetened pain. When love from love was parted.

—Lippincott's.

WHAT IS POETRY?

It is music in the cathedral of the human heart.

Poetry is music in the cathedral of the heart. Deep in the human breast there towers a noble structure. It stands apart from the beaten paths of the mind in a silent, hidden valley. The ordinary thoughts and passions hurry past the portal and know it not. They have not learned the "open sesame." Ego himself, ruler of the kingdom of the intellect, does not know the sacred spot. It is the mission of his life to find it, and having once found it he cannot remember the route by which he journeyed. He cannot return to it at will. Fate guards the way and rarely grants an entrance, yet every man at some time of his life happens upon it, and the fortunate reach it often. Though they are blundered by the way, their eager feet learn to tread the labyrinth. They are the poets of mankind, whose fancy gives light to their feet.

At some unexpected moment a fair open, and man enters the cathedral of his heart. Sometimes it is a strain of music of searching, thrilling sweetness that points the way. Sometimes it is a royal sunset. Sometimes it is a rapt and self forgetting prayer. Sometimes it is the hand of love, but oftentimes it is a sorrow. It is a stately temple. Its dome is as broad as the heavens, toward which the many fingered spires point. Its windows make of each sunbeam a rainbow. Its aisles are silent. Its priest is peace. With hushed heart and reverent step man enters and is at rest. All that is material of him he leaves behind. Quiet and lonely possess his soul, and he floats in an inspiring dream. He listens, and now for the first time falls on his instant ear an occasional note in the harmony of the universe.

Half lost in distance, he hears the chorus of the morning stars, the birds, the waterfall, the trees. He feels a beauty and a purpose in the universe the mind cannot conceive. He feels alone, about, within him a majestic kingdom to which his soul is kin. Almost he grasps the secret of creation. For one swift instant exaltation draws aside the dark, impenetrable curtains that has led skeptical man. "There is the end." He sees beyond a marvel too great for his still human mind. It passes, but it leaves with him awe, peace, hope, but it feels that somewhere there is a celestial key that makes of the puzzle of life a kingdom where all is harmony, perfection, an infection. The great organ of his soul, tuned into speech by the master hand of beauty, bursts into melody.

And this is poetry. —Exchange.

A HOROLOGICAL WONDER.

The Complicated Time Keeping Oddity Invented by a Russian Pole.

The prize wonder in the shape of a clock is the invention of a Russian Pole named Goldfaden. The inventor is a clockmaker of Warsaw and boasts that he worked over 2,000 days on this time keeping oddity. The clock represents a railway station, with waiting rooms for travelers, telegraph and ticket offices and a very pretty and natural platform, well lighted and having in its center a flower garden and a spouting fountain. There are also signal boxes, lights, switches, water tanks—in fact, everything used in conjunction with a well regulated railway station. There is a dial in the center tower, which shows time at New York, Peking, Warsaw and London. Every quarter of an hour the station begins to show signs of life. First all of the little figures of telegraph operators begin to work their machines, the head automaton going through the form of sending a dispatch to the effect that "the line is clear." Then the door opens, and upon the platform appear the station master and his assistants. Next a long line of little figures file up to the miniature ticket office.

After this the porters appear, carrying luggage, the bell rings, and instantly a miniature train dashes out of a tunnel and halts before the platform of the station house. While the train is waiting a miniature figure tests the wheels and axles with a tiny hammer, another pumps water into the tank of the engine, while a third busies himself stowing away small lumps of coal in the silver plated tender. There is one signal of the bell, whereupon the door of the single coach opens, and the little figures slide in on an almost invisible wire, the opening closing after them. A second tap of the bell is the signal for the wheel tester, waterman and fuel carrier to retire into the station house.

After the third signal the whistle gives two toots, and the train quickly disappears in a tunnel opposite to the one from which it emerged five minutes before. When the train is out of sight, the station master and his assistants leave the platform, the doors close behind them, and they all retire to the other side of the station house, where, at the expiration of 15 minutes, the train again appears, and the passengers file out and seat themselves in the building preparatory to taking another trip around the station house.—St. Louis Republic.

When the Women Vote.

They were discussing a proposed entertainment when the caller asked: "Have you invited Miss de Veroy?" "Oh, dear, no!" replied the hostess. "I couldn't think of it for a moment."

"But, my dear child, she is a charming conversationalist and a splendid dancer. She is wonderfully attractive in the ballroom."

"I know it," admitted her hostess, "but you see she is an offensive partisan."

"Really?"

"Yes, indeed. Why, she tried to get me to vote the Republican ticket, and I couldn't for a moment think of giving her an opportunity to make converts at my dance. I've had to leave her out."

"Naturally, under those circumstances, I acquiesced the cellar. But how about Mrs. Wilkins?"

"She's a suitable person to invite, my dear. She's not in our set at all."

"I hadn't heard of that. What's the matter?"

"How thoughtless of you! Why, she doesn't even vote in our ward."—Chicago Post.

The Difference Slight.

"What's this?" demanded the guest, pointing to one of the side dishes the waiter had brought.

"Sausages, sir," answered the waiter.

"I didn't order any."

"I thought you did, sir."

"I ordered sauce. Can't you tell the difference between sauce and sausages?"

"Yes, sir," said the waiter, gathering up the rejected dish with unflinching dignity. "Between sauce and sausages there is merely a difference of ages. Wish coffee, sir?"—Chicago Tribune.

I'm getting up a wedding trousseau, think how many women are tired out. Dress-makers, seamstresses, milliners—all hard-worked and weary over it; to say nothing of the young ladies themselves. Sitting or standing all day is the hardest kind of work; it gives you no healthy, well-balanced exercise; part of the body is overworked, and the rest of it is under-worked. The system grows sluggish; the appetite is poor; the stomach is out of order; the bowels are constipated; you have headaches and dizzy spells. It's impossible for you to take as much out-of-door exercise in the daylight as you need. The best help you can have in the circumstances is a simple laxative medicine like Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They will, as nearly as any medicine can, supply the want of free exercise which is lacking in all in-door work. They cure dyspepsia, biliousness and constipation in a pleasant, gradual, natural way. There is no griping or weakening effect with the Pleasant Pellets; they act surely but gently; they promote liver action, and give tone and strength to the stomach and intestines to do their own work. When you become regular the "Pellets" can be stopped. You need not have to take them forever. The cure is permanent.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are small sugar-coated granules; agreeable to take. Children like them. If the druggist wants to sell you some other pills that pay him better, just think of what pays you. You will receive a sample package free if you will send your name and address to the

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CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know

that Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

Do You Know that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

Do You Know that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

Do You Know that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

Do You Know that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle?

Do You Know that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Mitcher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

Do You Know that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Mitcher and his assigns to use the word "Castoria" and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

Do You Know that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be absolutely harmless?

Do You Know that 35 average doses of Castoria are furnished for 35 cents, or one cent a dose?

Do You Know that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

Well, these things are worth knowing. They are facts.

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