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S.S.S. ERADICATES BLOOD POISON AND BLOOD TAINT.

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DYSPEPSIA.
RIGA, Mich., Gents: I now write to let you know that I have been using your Burdock Blood Bitters, and also to tell you what they have done for me. I have been troubled with dyspepsia for years. I commenced the use of your Burdock Blood Bitters and they have brought me out all right. The use of three bottles conferred the great benefit, for which I feel profoundly grateful. I will never be without it.
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Sixty more prizes than any other Company.
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A STORY FROM INDIANAPOLIS.

A Terrible and Eventful Ride on a Boat Hauled by a Huge Cat Fish.

The Ananias club welcomed Patrolman Brady back from New Orleans as he walked into the clubroom the other night.

"New Orleans is a right smart place," said the patrolman, "and has undergone many changes since I last saw it. I visited New Orleans about seventy years ago. I was only 30 years old then, but I remember everything relating to my trip with great distinctness. We didn't have any mills a minute vestibule trains, nor did we have any smash ups or rotten trestles nor jumping off of tracks on bad curves. My first trip was made down the river on a flat boat called the 'Duke of Orleans.' She was a square bowed flat bottom craft that was capable of great speed, but was so confounded lazy that about three miles an hour was the best she would do in a high wind and fast current. We were floating down the Mississippi one bright summer day. I was steering on the front end of the boat. Suddenly I perceived something ahead of us directly in the channel.

"'What's that, Jack?' I yelled to one of the men forward. Without looking he shouted back:

"'A snag,' responded Jack. 'Throw your tiller hard to larboard and you'll miss it.' Just then the supposed snag disappeared for an instant and then bobbed up again a few hundred feet down the river. I was not satisfied, and calling one of the lazy loafers to the 'sweep' I went to the bow of the boat. I saw at once what the object was. It was coming directly for the boat.

"'Lend us a hand here, boys!' I shouted.

"'What is the matter, Jim?' asked one of the crowd.

"'Catfish,' was all I said. That was enough. The crew, with pale faces, began handling our life preservers, for a collision with a catfish while a Mississippi river ball could be a trifling affair. I could not stand to give up our boat without trying a little, so I ordered the crew to throw the monster. I saw the bullet soon had mailed back and fell on the surrounding body water. The fish was lashing the water into foam, and I fastened with a wildness that the frail craft. There was the crew to lose. After a minute I was sure I would be lost. Then I thought of something. The fish was within hearing of our boat. Shouting the motto of Dewey at the approaching terror, I made my way to the lower deck. Fastening the end of the line to the boat, I let it go. I knew that it was something like a mile to the fish attached to the other end. I was not disappointed. The fish did not stop but the flakes raced in the water and leaping half way out of the water the huge fish started down the stream. Quick as a flash I cut the anchor rope. Once freed, we started with a "sampson post," and, in fact, everything we began to move through the water with great speed. The monster fish had made for deep water, and we were in tow. We were going down the river at a rate of speed that made us dizzy. The yellow cabin was soon a foam from the water. The waves rolled up in the wake of the old swell. A mile down the river our craft was moving through the water in a manner that was astonishing. We would sail through a wave 20 feet above us, and then would be 20 feet below. Talk about your fast vessels, we had the fastest craft that ever was built compared to us they were standing still. We went past Memphis so fast that the boiling river took the steam for all the factories in town for an hour. I think I can safely say that we were towed by that human fully fifteen hours.

"It was the most wild ride I ever took, and I have had my share of that in my time. As I say, we were towed along for about fifteen hours, when suddenly the monster rope broke. When it snapped it sounded like the explosion of a gun, and we, upon on a Fourth of July morning. Relieved of his drag we got the fish started ahead and was soon out of sight. Our boat had such headway that she ran two hundred miles before stopping. A fortnight, not more, I do not filled up with water, and we had no way of checking her speed until the momentum was exhausted. It is a matter of history that for us that the rapid current, if it had not parted we would have been carried to death, sure. The heavy timbers of oak planks out of which the boat was built were worn down to the thinnest of tissue paper. We were going so fast that the water acted just like a jackplane on the wood. A few hours longer and the boat would have been a mere bunch of shavings, and in the boiling water we would have suffered a horrible death."—Indianapolis News.

The Material for Towels.

Shall our towels be huck or damask? That, too, is a matter of taste, but it is also a matter of complexion. The skin needs vigorous rubbing with a somewhat rough surface to keep the pores open, and whatever false notions some girls and older persons may have, cleanliness and open pores are the first requisites of a good complexion. Huck a-back seems best for general use, then; but a few damask towels are a nice possession.—Good Housekeeping.

Mixed Coal and Petroleum as Fuel.

Some experiments made with a mixed fuel of coal and petroleum on an Italian man-of-war at Spezzia are well worth attention. The vessel, which never before surpassed fifteen knots an hour, reached almost seventeen with the new combustible. The engineers complain that the high heat generated injures the boilers.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Place for Him.

Weary Pilgrim—I feel that I am of no earthly use whatsoever.

Observing Citizen—I know of just the calling for you.

"What is it?"

"Janitor of an office building or flat."—Chicago Times.

CONCERNING HOBBIES.

Good Results from the Oscar Wilde Furor, and Even from the Dude.

The natural tendency to run after fads is a constant source of ridicule, and if it were not for the constant influence of such ridicule society would be kept in a state of absurd extremes by the freaks of fashion. As it is, these fads often subserve useful ends and on the whole do good. They accentuate ideas, and by their very exaggeration are educational in effect.

A few years ago Oscar Wilde came among us with his Little Lord Fauntleroy hair and knee breeches. His dress was grotesque, his manner open to criticism in many ways, and intellectually he was little better than a pretender. The furor over him was one of the most absurd fads that ever swept the public from moorings of common sense. But even that fad had its uses. The fellow provided himself with a small quantity of Ruskin's ideas of art, more especially in their application to household adornment. A great many people with more money than culture listened to his suggestions, or, more likely still, received them through what might be called atmospheric pressure. The result was wholesome. Some American crudities were eliminated. A little more attention is now paid to harmony in color and the other rudimentary principles of decorative art. This country is no doubt better for that visitation, even though it did serve to expose our people to ridicule.

There is no end of fun made of the dude. He is a preposterous specimen of humanity, but he is less harmful than the old fashioned prodigal son. Better that his father's surplus money should be squandered on clothes than on whiskey, and the general influence is less baleful. The average young dude is not in much danger of being lionized. On the contrary, he can stand a good deal more of it and still not have his manliness injured.

But is not only an impossible and absurd fad, but from its influence on a general influence that is productive of good of manners. He is an exasperation, and when tested down to genuine is a gentleman. The dude is not out from dealing in high life is altogether bad and contemptible.

A fad is the most shifting of the sands of time. The gregariousness of human nature makes for itself new channels of thought for a time, and it is no doubt better for that the bubbles of fancy have their bright side, their influence on the whole good.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Bird Caught by a Clam.

Harvey Cody, of Sand Lake, tells a story of a bird caught by a clam in Chaumont bay. He has lived on these waters, so he says, for many years, but I never saw anything like what I saw a few days ago. It was nearly sunset when I saw a gull flying over the water with a large clam in its bill. The bird was flying very low, and I could see the clam plainly. The bird was evidently trying to get to some place where it could open the clam and feed on the fish within it. The clam was evidently too much for the bird, for it could not rise high enough to drop the clam on the rocks, and I thought it would be a good joke if the bird should be drowned by a clam. The bird was evidently much exhausted by its long flight with the heavy clam