Your Happiness

Depends upon a healthy body and a contented mind.

Your Health

Is seriously in danger unless your blood is rich, red and pure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier Prominently in the Public Eye.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headaches. 25c.

Paternal Advice.

"Ben," said the old colored deacon to his son, "you's a-gwine out now inter de great en wicked worl'."

"Yes, suh!"

"En you wants ter heed my exwise."

"Yes, suh!"

"Well, dis is erbout all I got ter say ter you: Don't go in de poultry business when de moon is shinin', en always be sho' en keep in de front part er de mule!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Parker's Ginger Tonic is popular for its good work. Suffering, tired, sleepless, nervous women find nothing so soothing and reviving.

Pens of hardened gutta-percha have been repeatedly tried in this country and England, but have not met with success.

What a sense of relief it is to know that you have no more corns. Hindercorns removes them, and very comforting it is 15c. at druggists

In 1950.

Mr. Pneuwoman (with conscious pride)—Helvetia, darling, I cooked dinner to-day.

Mrs. Pneuwoman—You did, Amos; all of it?

Mr. Pneuwoman—Yes, darling; every bit of it while you were out for a spin.

Mrs. Pneuwoman (resignedly)—Very well, Amos; tell the servant to bring it in and then telephone for the doctor.—Exchange.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

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

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

Lack of Time.

"Too late."

Her eyes were sad and ever sadder grew.

"Too late," she sighed.

He was going to say good night, had she not reminded him that it was too late.

There was not time.

It was now 11:55 o'clock and the milkman always called promptly at 4. —Detroit Tribune.

No Sign of It.

Cadley—He says he has just returned to the city from a three months' vacation.

Hadley—I don't believe a word of it."

Cadley—You don't? Why?

Hadley—He's too fat and healthy looking.

Realism.

Critic — Here you have left the heroine with her face buried in her handkerchief.

Playwright—Yes.

Critic—Are you going to leave it there or have it exhumed. — Detroit Tribune.

POCO CAMERAS

Are the smallest and most complete made. All Adjustments.

WE ORIGINATE — Catalogue Free.

ROCHESTER CAMERA MFG. CO., 2 Aqueduct St., Rochester, N. Y.

A Full Line of POCO And Other CAMERAS, Dry Plates, Printing Out Papers and PHOTOGRAPHIC SUPPLIES, For Professionals and Amateurs.

A Complete Camera for $5.00.

NORTHWESTERN HARDWARE CO. ST. PAUL, MINN.

BAR LOCK VISIBLE WRITING TYPEWRITER

AGENTS WANTED.

Four Cardinal Points. Visible Writing. Perfect Alignment. Automatic Action. Ease of Operation.

NORTHWESTERN HARDWARE CO., 417-419 Wabasha St., St. Paul, Minn.

LAND FOR SALE ON CROP PAYMENT PLAN.

BY GRAVESAND VINTON COMPANY. (Agents wanted.) ST. PAUL, MINN

"JONES HE PAYS THE FREIGHT."

Farm and Wagon SCALES.

United States Standard. All Sizes and All Kinds. Not made by a trust or controlled by a combination. For Free Book and Price List, address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y., U. S. A.

ALLEN'S IRON TONIC BITTERS

The most elegant Blood Purifier, Liver Invigorator, Tonic and Appetizer known. It builds up and fortifies the whole system, invigorates the liver, aids digestion and cures dyspepsia. The first Iron Tonic Bitters ever advertised in America. Get the genuine.

J. P. ALLEN, Druggist and Chemist, ST. PAUL, MINN.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

WANTED—Any lady wishing to make some money quickly and needing steady employment should work for me selling medicated wafers. Address A. M. Dam, M. D., 213 Columbus ave., Boston.

N. W. N. U. No. 44—1895.

The Percentage of Poor Eyes.

Only one person in fifteen has both eyes in good condition, and in seven cases out of ten one eye, generally the right, is stronger than the other. It is found that just as people are right or left-handed, so they are right or left-sighted, and while apparently looking with both eyes, they often really use only one. Out of twenty persons whose eyes were tested by a German doctor, two only were found to be left sighted. The reason of the greater strength generally possessed by the right eye is not altogether understood, but probably the natural tendency to the greater use of the right side of the body has something to do with it. In using weapons, for instance, mankind has been taught to assume for ages attitudes in which the right hand and side have most exercise, and this discipline has undoubtedly had its effect on the eye. Old sea captains, after long use of the telescope, find their right eye much stronger than the left—the direct effect of exercise. This law is confirmed by the experience of aurists. If a person who has ears of equal hearing powers has cause to use one ear more than the other for a long period, the ear brought into requisition is found to be strengthened, and the ear not used loses its hearing in a corresponding degree.

It Will Come in Handy.

Mrs. Chase (returning home after four months at a fashionable summer resort)—Ah, well! after all, there is no place like home.

Mr. Chase (rushing from the room)—One minute, Mary! One minute!

Mr. Chase (returning a few minutes later)—Have I got the words right?

Mrs. Chase (reading) 'After all, there is no place like home.' Yes, but what of it?

Mr. Chase (eagerly)—You just sign it, that's all. I want to show it to you next spring.—Puck.

A Remarkable Offer.

The Publishers of The Youth's Companion have just made a remarkable offer to the readers of this paper. New subscribers who will send at once their name and address and $1.75, will receive free a handsome four-page calendar, 7x10 in., lithographed in nine colors, retail price 50 cents, The Youth's Companion free every week to Jan. 1, 1896, the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers free, and The Youth's Companion 52 weeks, a full year, to Jan. 1, 1897. Address The Youth's Companion, 199 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Hadn't Time.

Lady (to impecunious workman she is employing for sweet charity's sake) —I hope you will come early to-morrow and finish this job promptly.

Public Spirited One—Really, mum, that would be impossible. I should like to oblige ye, but tomorrow I walks wid de unemployed.—Judge.

An Amazonian Catastrophe.

"What!" exclaimed the king of Dahomey. "Say you that the arms of my troops have failed them in action?"

"Yes, sire," rejoined the orderly, "hardly a sleeve in the corps was not crushed in the first onset."—Detroit Tribune.

Should Not See Them.

Wife—Does it hurt your skin when I pull a gray hair out of your beard?

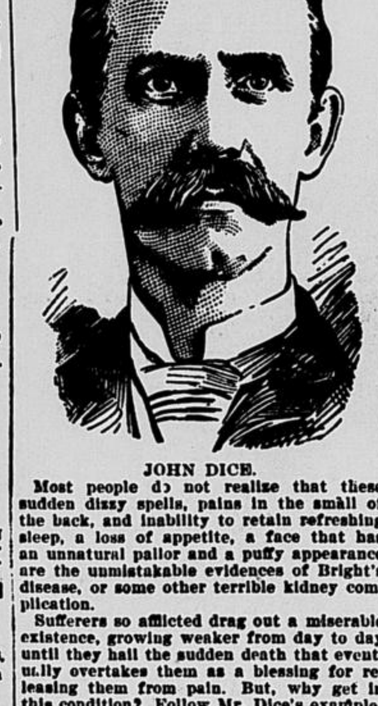
Elderly Husband (bluntly)—No; but it hurts my feelings.—New York Weekly.

JUST IN TIME.

A Terrible Catastrophe Averted. How Mr. Dice almost passed the portals of death. Restored to health in a manner that seems miraculous.

There are thousands of people in the world that are dying daily, who even a few hours before the end were in no worse condition than was Mr. John Dice of 2629 W. 3rd Street, Duluth, Minn. His sufferings, from his own account, must have been terrible, afflicted as he was with severe kidney and stomach trouble; but perhaps it would be best to let him describe his sickness and how he was restored to health by the use of Kickapoo Indian Sagwa, in his own words:

"I have suffered greatly from trouble with my kidneys and stomach. In rising after bending down I would become very dizzy; everything would look black to me. I knew that I was threatened with Bright's disease. I tried many physicians and different remedies, but all failed to help me. I gave up ever being well again. I tried Kickapoo Indian Sagwa a few weeks ago, and am now on my third bottle, and I can thankfully say all traces of the disease has left me, and I know I am a well man today."



JOHN DICE.

Most people do not realize that these sudden dizzy spells, pains in the small of the back, and inability to retain refreshing sleep, a loss of appetite, a face that has an unnatural pallor and a puffy appearance are the unmistakable evidences of Bright's disease, or some other terrible kidney complication.

Sufferers so afflicted drag out a miserable existence, growing weaker from day to day until they hail the sudden death that eventually overtakes them as a blessing for releasing them from pain. But, why get in this condition? Follow Mr. Dice's example; with the first symptoms take Kickapoo Indian Sagwa, that most wonderful and effectual of all remedies for the cure of all derangements of the stomach, liver and kidneys, and the greatest blood purifier known to medical science.

Thousands of testimonials similar to the above are continually reaching us. Add yours to the list; you surely will when you find that this great remedy has saved your life. Remember, though always effectual, it is absolutely harmless, containing no poisonous ingredients whatever. It has been used by Indians for centuries and their long life and freeness from such troubles as described above make them living examples of its wonderful power.

Great Possibility Opens.

In a prohibition district.

First Wheelman — Say, pardner, what's the matter with your machine, anyhow?

Second Wheelman (puffing)—You'll keep mum?

"Sure."

"These tires are pumped full of 'red eye,' and I've got straws till you can't rest!"—Chicago Record.

germ-life

The doctors tell us, now-a-days, that disease germs are everywhere; in the air, in the water, in our food, clothes, money; that they get into our bodies, live there, thrive and grow, if they find anything to thrive on.

Consumption is the destruction of lung-tissue by germs where the lung is too weak to conquer them. The remedy is strength—vital force.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, means the adjustment of lung strength to overcome germ-life. It is fighting the germ with the odds in our favor. These tiny little drops of fat-food make their way into the system and re-fresh and re-invigorate it. Whether you succeed with it or not depends on how good a start the germs had, and how carefully you can live. The shortest way to health is the patient one The gain is often slow.

50 cents and $1.00 SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists. New York

A Troublesome Girl.

By THE DUCHESS.

CHAPTER VI—(Continued.)

"For instance, if he only came last night, how did you know he was in the country?"

"Why, that is the simplest part of it all. He wrote me word of his intended return last week. From Paris he wrote, I think."

"You correspond, then!" His face is white now, and there is of curious expression on his lips. "Does your grandfather know that, too?"

"I don't know," nonchalantly, "I daresay not. You can tell him."

Colonel Dalrymple, catching her by her arm, swings her lightly round so as to face him.

"Once for all," says he, "you are a girl, I know, and I am a man, but understand at once, that you shall not insult me."

"What a temper you are in," says she, shaking herself free of him, with a little rapid movement, "and all because you lost that game at tennis."

"If that was all the loss I am ever to endure!" says he in a voice now low and subdued, but very sad. He seems ashamed of his late violence.

"Still, you don't like it," says she. "You hated having to play with me, for one thing, because you know I am uncertain with my balls. Yes; I quite understood what you meant by 'that depends' when Dicky called out to you, and said that he would give you a 'licking.' You wanted to play with Mary."

"I really don't believe I gave the matter a thought," icily.

"However well you play tennis, you certainly play the lover badly," says she with a scornful little laugh. "If you had been sensible, you would have given me a thought. Not that I wanted it. I much prefer Dicky as a partner—but still it would have been more graceful than to show openly what a bore you thought me."

"Did I show that?"

"Well, I leave it to yourself. Of course, I know Mary plays beautifully, and that I am inferior to her in every way, but there is a certain amount of courtesy, that—I think," she says quickly, perhaps at heart a little ashamed of using her best friend as a medium for her desire to torment her cousin, "I think Mary is the sweetest thing alive."

"Miss Sylvester is charming, as all the world allows," says Dalrymple with warmth. The warmth has its principal source from the anger that is still burning hot within him; and is so pronounced that involuntarily Nell turns her eyes to his. It is not the answer she had expected, and somehow—for a moment—it startles her. How, or why, she could not have explained.

"Yes, all the world," says she, slowly, "and—you."

"It is realy a matter of no importance to her," says Dalrymple; "but she certainly stands very high in my estimation."

"When she marries," says Nell, still staring at him, "I shall lose my best friend."

"I hardly see that," says he, "but if you do lose her, she will be, I should think, a real loss to you."

"You admire her very much," says she slowly, yet with much vehemence.

"As I have said," shortly.

"Well, You can't marry her either!" cries she, with all the careless anger of a spoiled child. "Because she is going to marry John Amory!"

"Nell!" says Colonel Dalrymple, sharply, as if shocked, as indeed he well ight be. "Don't speak to me like that." He lays his hands upon her shoulders and presses her back from him, and as she thus looks into his eyes, something in them should have touched her—but it doesn't. "I have no desire to marry Mis Sylvester, or any one—unless"——

"Ah! there we are equal!" interrupts she quickly, not heeding the end there might be to his sentence. "That just how I feel. We are companions in this one thing at least. I don't want to marry any one, either.'

"Don't you?" says he. "Well, but I do; so we are not such close companions as you thought. And yet, all my desire lies that way. For, as you are tired of hearing no doubt, I would be your companion always."

"Don't make me quite hate you," says she, with a fierce little wrench that leaves her free of his grasp.

Dalrymple, as though effectually silenced, walks on beside her without a word. It seems to him, that if he was ever so eager to pursue the argument, no language is left him in which to do it. She has killed within him all spontaneous thought. A dreadful chill seems to have fallen into the heat of the summer day, and indeed as he looks round him in a half hearted fashion, it occurs to him that day is gone, and evening is already here. The warmth, the vigor of life has faded, only the ashes of it now remain. And so with his life.

As if in passionate protest against this mournful decree, he throws up his head and compels himself to enter once again into conversation with the wilful beauty walking in stuborn silence by her side. He will talk generalities to her—anything—everything—if only to show her that he is not altogether slain by her bow and spear.

"Warm day," says he, making this brilliant remark with all the force that it requires.

"Warm evening," corrects she, sweetly.

"Dull in the country, isn't it?"

"Is it?"

"Seems absurd, the monotony, after the incessant change of town."

"I'm afraid you are very unhappy. Why stay here? I'm sure grandpapa will excuse you if you return to the sweet, shady side of Pall Mall."

"Oh, no, thanks; my solicitude was all for you. As for me; I like monotony—and all the rest of it."

"Am I the rest of it?" She laughs provokingly as she says this, and, plucking a flower next to her, holds it up before him, and then second by second advances it, until it right under his nose. "You are cross," says she, with a tilt of her chin; "and with me. Give it up. What good will it do you?"

"None. None," says Dalrymple, an inward groan and much conviction. "Why I let you triumph over me as you do I can't imagine. But what I can imagine is, the folly of your caring for so cheap a victory. Why not let me go?"

"Good heavens! One would think I was holding on to your coat tails," says the spoiled child, with a little laugh. "I'm not, anyway. You can go, when and where you please."

"Is that man going to play your accompaniments to-night?" asked Dalrymple, abruptly.

"What man?"

"You know very well—Dartford."

"I don't know him very well, as it happens. But—yes—I dare say he will."

"You must know him uncommonly well to be on letter-writing terms with him."

"What an extraordinary sentence! 'Letter-writing terms!' Why not say 'as you correspond with him?'—so much prettier!"

"You are very clever at evading an accusation," he says with a sneer.

"And who attempts to accuse me?" demands she, hotly, stung by his tone. "You? And why, then? Where lies your claim?"

"I am your cousin, at all events. After your grandfather your nearest relative. I have no intention of standing idly by and seeing you make a fool of yourself."

"Really, Noel," says she as calmly as possible, although she is positively choking with indignation, "permit me to say that you go sometimes too far. There is a line that must be drawn. A joke is a joke, and I presume you were attempting one when you called me a fool, but one can be sometimes too funny."

"It was no joke,'" gloomily.

Somehow this reply, which should have increased her anger, touches in an odd way her versatile nature, and compels her to laughter.

"It was not, indeed," says she, giving way to mirth. "Well, don't do it again, that's all, or I shall not let you off so easily. Oh, there's Mcfarlane—"

"Stay, Nell—stay one moment. I don't often ask a favor of you, but—don't let Dartford play your accompaniments to-night."

"And if I say 'yes,' who will play them—will you?"

"You know I can't," says the young man, reproachfully.

"You know what you would have," says she, disdainfully. "You would have me give up music altogether! You hate that precious violin of mine. You would break it into a thousand pieces if you dared. Come, deny all that if you can."

"I can't," says he, slowly. In truth, wise and able man as he is, he would gladly wreak his vengeance on that harmless instrument. Not even Dartford—though latterly he has begun to think of him with deep suspicion—is so dangerous a rival in the path that leads to the heart of this capricious maiden as the violin she so dearly loves.

"Good boy! Go up one! The truth before all things! Well, you shall not demolish it, be sure of that, so long as I'm alive. And as for Lord Dartford —I beg you will not demolish him either until I can get a substitute. I don't think he has got an understudy ready, and in himself he is so incomparable that I can't afford to let him go."

"I see," says Dalrymple, with a strange glance at her. He is evidently on the point of saying something more—a good deal more—but by a supreme effort controls himself. Presently he says, quite quietly, "You like him?"

"Why not? He is a good musician—he understands me."

"He understands you!" almost violently.

"My playing, at all events. Concede so much to him!"

"I concede nothing to him."

"You are, as I have said, illiberal; you would deprive me of my friends, and of my art. You would leave me —only—"

"What?" defiantly.

"You!" with even greater defiance.

He is silent, staring at her, wondering perhaps a little at her audacity and a great deal at her beauty. Good heavens! What an insolent, mischievous, adorable creature; with a heart that might contain so much love and yet not hold one small grain for him.

"I confess it would be a poor change," says he at last, in a giving-up sort of tone. I'm not worth the quarter of it—but," his strength returning to him, "neither is he—not a half quarter! A despicable fellow, to whom one would be ashamed to hold out the hand of friendship."

"I saw you shake hands with him at Ascot," says she, mildly.

"A man might go so far, but I can not bear to think that you should regard him with even the barest civility. It is very hard to speak," says he, desperately; "but if you knew all"—

"If I knew 'all 'about everybody, I dare say my acquaintance would be limited."

"That is true, of course. But Dartford is on a worse footing than most. There are people—in your own set," speaking with difficulty, and feeling how much easier it would be to put her on her guard were he not so entirely heart and soul her slave, "who have refused to receive him."

"What nonsense! You are imagining evil against him. Why, he was the most petted guest at the Darnly-Staines last autumn."

"Ah, but those girls are so old—and, of course, he has money."

"It doesn't seem to cover his sins," with a short little laugh."

"He hasn't enough for that. It would take a Croesus to live down his reputation."

"He talks very kindly of you when he talks of you at all," says Nell, gently.

Having delivered this stinging little compliment, she moves on more briskly, and coming up with McFarlane, dismisses Dalrymple with a cool nod, and carries off the old Scotchman in triumph to the Rose House.

CHAPTER VII.

A Fresh Element.

"Amid the golden gifts which Heaven
Has left, like portions of its light, on earth,
None hath such influence as music hath."

The room is rapt in a soft silence; the old man, Lord Carbyne, is drawing in deep, long sighs of contentment; great savage as he is to his domestics and those dearest to him, music hath charms to soothe his breast—and beyond all other music, that of his grandchild. She is now standing beside the piano in a careless, unstudied attitude, with a pretty flush upon her cheeks, and at all events, part of her heart in the sweet strains she is drawing from her violin. Now, most sad, most mournful they run, and now, wild with glad mirth, and now again, filled with a martial meaning that stirs the souls of those who listen.

Yet to Dalrymple, who has made her a study, unconsciously, for the past twelve months, it is plain that she is but coquetting with her violin; making use of it, as it were, to get through the present movement, with a view to another movement further on, rich in promise. His jealousy but too plainly points to Dartford as the one who is to bring that promise to perfection.

And presently, even as he is brooding unhappily over this suspicion, the music comes to an end, and Miss Fairfax, with a pretty word or two of thanks to the pale young man who had very inefficiently accompanied her on the piano, and an ill-suppressed sigh of relief, moves lightly across the room to where Mary Sylvester is sitting beside a very lean young woman, got up like a mediaeval saint. This latter she has indeed managed to acquire for public occasions and an expression not to be matched for melancholy resignation, and is now shaking her short, tangled, flaming locks in Miss Sylvester's rather bored face. Eleanor, bearing down upon her, drops on one knee beside the saint and most irreverently chucks her under the chin.

"What's the latest craze, Sally?" asks she, gayly.

"Oh, not Sally, dearest, I implore!" cries Mrs. Mountby-Maugre, with a despairing moan. "Sarah—that beautiful old name. Not, not that terrible—"

She appears on the point of fainting, and gropes blindly for the vinaigrette that hangs by a long silver chain from her girdle.

"Why, it was Sarah last month," says Eleanor, unfeelingly.

"A month! What an eternity nay lie in a month!" breathes Mrs. Mountby-Maugre. "How you talk of time! Precious Time! How much may not be accomplished in thirty-one days."

"A good deal, certainly," says Eleanor, springing to her feet with all the adorable elasticity of youth. "It has enabled you to get christened all over again!"

Somebody laughs as she says this, and, turning her eyes quickly, she finds Lord Dartford at her elbow; a slight, spare man, with a dark complexion, heavy mustache and light-gray eyes. A man outwardly polished, inwardly dingy to a degree. Not vulgarly dissipated in appearance, but unmistakably so for all that. An excellent musician; a good talker; ever with a good-humored word upon his lips, or a jest, becoming or otherwise as his company shifts itself; without a particle of heart, and no character whatsoever.

That he is notoriously epris about Miss Fairfax, is a fact now accepted by his set. Where she goes, he goes, as often as is practicable—throwing himself in her path on all occasions. To the girl herself, he is nothing more than the most excellent interpreter of her favorite composers, and an invaluable ally when she wants some one to aid her in her musical triumphs. To the blase man of the world, accustomed to take things as they seem, the pleasure she displays in his society has but one meaning, that she has given to him her young heart's first love, and is pining to receive from him the assurance that the battered and hideous remains of what he is pleased to call his love has been graciously laid before her to pick up and cherish in her innocent bosom.

"You are cruel!" whispers he to her now, drawing her a little away from the affronted saint, who has now conjured up a martyred air. "And not only to her." This with distinct meaning; but Miss Fairfax misses it.

(To be Continued.)

DINING IN PALESTINE.

Guests Have to Sit on the Floor and Eat Off a Low Stool.

A man just back from the Holy Land tells a very interesting story of dining in Palestine. A very large circular tray of tinned copper, placed on a coarse wooden stool about a foot high, served as a table. In the center of this stool another big tray, with a mountain of pilaff, composed of rice boiled and buttered, with small pieces of meat strewn through and upon it. This was the chief dish, though there were other similar dishes, both meat and vegetable. Ten persons sat around the table, or rather squatted on the carpet, with their knees drawn up close to their bodies. Each had before him a plate of tinned copper and a wooden spoon, which some used without the plate. Most, however, preferred to use the fingers of the left hand, several dipping their hands together into the dish, as the Disciples did at the last supper. As soon as any one had finished he rose and went into another room to have water poured over his hands to wash them, and the vacant place at the table was instantly filled by a newcomer. The bread was laid on the mat under the trap, so as to be easily reached, and a jar of water, the only beverage used during the meal, stood within reach. Besides rice, stews of beans or cracked wheat with thick soup or sauce poured over them in the great central bowl are also in fashion. Spoons, though sometimes provided, are often wanting—pieces of thin bread, doubled, served instead. Knives and forks are unknown; and as there is no special dining room there is no furniture suited for one. Hence tables and chairs are never seen. So far, indeed, are Orientals from thinking it strange to dip their fingers into a common dish that it is a special act of politeness to grope in it for the visitor and lay nice morsels before him, or even to insist on putting them into his mouth.—Boston Advertiser.

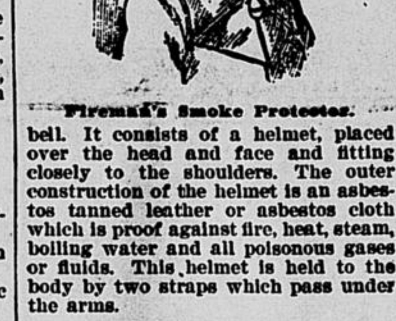
TO PROTECT FROM SMOKE.

Chicago to Put Curious Helmets on Her Firemen.

Chief Swenie, of the Chicago fire department, has found a new form of protection for his firemen, the property of citizens endangered by conflagrations and the lives of human beings imperiled by smoke and flames.

Hitherto firemen in such a fire have had the use of a simple nose-protector and mouth cover, which, while better than nothing, has really operated so that a fireman could not breathe through his nose, while, at the same time, he received air surcharged with gases and far different from what his lungs were accustomed to. Another machine, an improvement on the nose muzzle, has been invented, which is operated through the use of chemicals, but it has been found that these chemicals were unreliable when effectiveness was most desired.

The apparatus adopted by the Chicago department and which is to supplant all others looks like the headgear of a diver when he is preparing to descend into the waters with his bell. It consists of a helmet, placed over the head and face and fitting closely to the shoulders. The outer construction of the helmet is an asbestos tanned leather or asbestos cloth which is proof against fire, heat, steam, boiling water and all poisonous gases or fluids. This helmet is held to the body by two straps which pass under the arms.



Fireman's Smoke Protector.

DO THEY CHALLENGE?

Conduct of a Deer That More Than Astonished a Hunter.

Some years since, in company with five beside myself, I was still-hunting deer in Arkansas. On the morning we were to break camp I shouldered my Winchester to take a farewell tramp over the grounds we had hunted for two weeks. I had walked about one and one-half miles, and was standing near the end of a prairie. Behind me was a briery slough. I had been standing several minutes when I heard three successive sounds or noises that were much louder and coarser than the whistle or snort of any deer I had previously heard. At first I thought it some other animal, but presently he was in sight, and when within about 200 yards of me he ran into a flock of turkeys.

He would single out one and chase it away, then another, until he had chased off nine or ten, likely all of the flock, when he returned to the line or track he was following and came on, part of the time trotting and part of the time walking, but all the time traveling as if he were tracking something. When within eighty yards of me he came on my track and stopped, turning half around, giving me a fine shot. He was only a three-point buck and rather small for a three-pointer, but he seemed to be on the war path, judging by the way he chased the turkeys, and he seemed to care very little for me. Now, I have frequently heard deer whistle when frightened, and have heard them snort from the same cause, but this deer made altogether a louder and different noise from either.—Forest and Stream.

A SMART WOMAN.

How She Frightened Away a Persistent Tramp.

While a woman of New Brunswick was alone in her house recently, a tramp knocked insolently at the door and demanded refreshments.

"I'm looking for work," he said, "and I want something to eat at once or there will be some trouble."

"I have fed three big, strong fellows like you to-day, and I think that is sufficient," she answered.

"Well, if you don't give me something I will stay here all day," and the hobo coolly sat on the stoop.

The lady got an alarm clock and wound it up. Then she went into the front room where her voice could be heard by the tramp. Causing the alarm to ring, she shouted:

"Hello, central! Give me police station, please."

The tramp was all attention. Then he heard the following counterfeit conversation:

"Is this the police station? Please send an officer to my house at once. There is a tramp here who refuses to leave the yard. What? Yes; he ought to be in prison. All right."

The tramp started for the street in double quick time.—Jewelers' Review

Goose-Bone Weather-Signs.

The goose bone weather prophet is with us again, and as he finds that the goose bone is nearly all white this year he does not hesitate to predict that snow will lie on the ground from early in December until late in April Those incredulous persons who may not be convinced by the whiteness of the goose bone are referred to the fact that corn husks are unusually thick this year. This is a dead sure sign of a long, cold winter and furious storms, and such prediction is further confirmed by the fact that woodchucks and chipmunks are already fat enough to kill.—Troy Times.

IT TAKES CAPITAL

To Develop the Iron Mines of Minnesota.

A Duluth correspondent of the Minneapolis Tribune thus epitomizes the work on the Mesaba range:

The total output of the Mesaba range for 1895 is estimated at 3,000,000 tons, which is a most wonderful and gratifying growth. In 1892, the first year when there was any shipment, but 4,245 tons were produced. In 1893, 613,620 tons; in 1894, 1,778,447. These figures speak more forcibly than any comments I can make of the rapid development of that region, and at the same time it can be said in justice to the men who have furnished the money for this development that they have as yet realized only prospective profits, and by prospective profits I mean the beginning of a development which in the future may reward them for their risk and enterprise. Hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended at the Adams Mountain Iron and Lake Superior mines, and employment given to thousands of men at the highest wages, given, too, at a period when the entire country was depressed and laborers in many sections were without any employment whatever. This money has all been expended in Minnesota, and not a dollar has been paid in dividends upon the enterprise or a dollar sent outside of the state except to meet the fixed interest charges.

It is said by those close to headquarters that the Rockefeller interest, for instance, so far from deriving profit from the consolidated mines, of which they are large owners, have actually advanced about a million and a half to the mines during the present season.

No one can visit the Mesaba range without feeling that the capitalists who have furnished the money to make this great development have been public benefactors. It is beyond question that the amount of production will always hold in check the prices received and that the competition with other sections of the country will never enable them to secure excessive profits.

NILE OF THE NORTH.

A Great River Discovered in the Province of Quebec.

Prof. Bell, of the geological survey, who returned to Ottawa, Ont., reports having discovered a large river in the province of Quebec. Shortly after his party crossed the Height of Land they followed an unknown river, which gradually widened until it assumed great size. They followed the river to St. James' bay. The river had three large branches, one of which has its source north of Three rivers; another in the Lake St. John region and the third near Lake Mistassini.

This new river, for which the Indins have no name, is much larger than the Ottawa, and Dr. Bell affirms it to be the sixth of the great rivers of the world. Its average width is considerable more than a mile. It flows through a level, clay country, is very deep and may be called a new Nile of the North. It is 500 miles long, and great stretches would be navigable for steamers. Towards James bay there are successions of great rapids. The banks are heavily wooded with pine, spruce, tamarack, balsam and white birch.

Something He Couldn't Swallow.

Not long since, when several medical men had met, the conversation ran to the subject of the extraordinary things which a human being might swallow and still live. The familiar stories about swallowing silver coins, sets of false teeth, and so forth, had been related, when Dr. Longbow began to speak.

"Two years ago," he said, "I was called in great haste to attend a carpenter in my town, though the message said that the man was beyond doubt already dead, for he had, while holding a large gimlet in his mouth at his work, suddenly been taken with a fit of hiccoughs and swallowed the gimlet. But when I arrived at the man's house I found him comfortable. The gimlet, gentlemen, gave him no trouble at all to digest."

There was silence for a moment. Presently one of the doctors remarked:

"With you for his doctor, Longbow—the man was lucky that it was only a gimlet that he undertook to swallow."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, if he had tried to swallow one of your stories, it would have choked him to death."

Farewell to Poverty.

The hard times, often starvation, that overtook the workmen in our large cities during the financial panic of 1893 and the great strike, have evidently taught them a lesson, for they are leaving the cities in multitudes and going out to till the fields, raise live stock and wrest from Nature the boon of a sure livelihood—a livelihood that is combined with good health, a happy home and contentment.

In no part of the country has this movement been more marked than in Northwestern Minnesota where, within the past two years, mechanics, laborers and others have flocked into the country between St. Paul and Duluth in great numbers and taken up land and are already gleaning prosperity from the tillage of the soil.

The land lying between these great cities is remarkably fertile and is capable of supporting several hundred thousand more people than are now in it. There are at least a million acres of land in this district that are still available for settlement and can be obtained at low prices and on very easy terms.

A finely illustrated and well written pamphlet describing this country will be mailed free to anybody who will send his name and address to Hopewell Clarke, Land Commissioner, St. Paul & Duluth Railroad, St. Paul, Minn.

A Village Without a Clock.

A recent traveler in Alsace writes: "On my return from Belchem I looked upon the beautiful villages of the Lewen valley, and, being a tourist who likes to poke his nose into everything, I turned by chance into the church of Kirchberg. On coming out I took out my watch to regulate it by the clock in the church tower. But there was no clock to be seen. Hence I went into the village inn, and there asked the time. But my host could not oblige me. 'You see,' said he, 'we have no use for clocks. In the morning we go by the smoke rising from the chimney at the parsonage up on the hill. The parsonage people are very regular. We dine when dinner is ready. At 4 p. m. the whistle of the train coming from Massmunster tells us that the time has come for another meal, and at night we know that it is time to go to bed when it is dark. On Sunday we go to church when the bell rings. Our parson is a very easy-going man; he does not mind beginning half an hour sooner or later.' "—Philadelphia Record.

He Knew His Lessons.

"I was sorry, Willie," said his Sunday school teacher, "to see you keep your seat when the superintendent asked those who wanted to go to heaven to rise. Don't you want to go to heaven?"

"Yes'm."

"Then, why didn't you rise?"

"'Cos he didn't have no right to tell me to rise, ma'am," answered Willie. "He ain't no Angel Gabriel."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Blood and Wealth.

"Yes," she faltered, "I am thine."

As she spoke the rich blood suffused her cheek.

He saw it.

"Rich," he muttered, bitterly, "but plebeian."

Nevertheless he closed the deal.—Detroit Tribune.

His Gray Hairs.

"On the whole," remarked the Horse reflectively, "I can't say that I regret the bicycle. You see, the red haired girl joke was bringing reproach upon my gray hairs. Death before dishonor, don't you know."—Detroit Tribune.

A STAGE TO HOLD AN ARMY.

Largest Theater in the World Completed in London.

London now possesses not only the largest wheel but the biggest theater in the world. Until recently Chicago, with its tremendous Auditorium theater, may be said to have had the largest building, erected solely for theatrical displays; but now Earl's Court, with the Empress theater, goes one better than the American city. The only building in London in which theatrical displays have been given to be compared with the Empress theater is Olympia. As this huge structure was not built expressly for theatrical purposes the claims of the Empress theater still hold good.

Imagine an iron and brick building towering above everything at Earl's Court except the great wheel, almost as long as Trafalgar Square, and nearly as wide! The span of the roof is only beaten by one erection of the kingdom, that, we believe, being the span of St. Pancras Station. This roof-span of the Empress theater is 220 feet, while the height from ground to lantern is no less than 117 feet, or more than half the height of the monument, and only seven feet shorter than the duke of York's column in Carlton house terrace.

As the Auditorium is one of the largest in the country, so, too, is the immense stage. In designing this latter work, Mr. Kiralfy has adopted some remarkable and curious devices. The entire stage can be moved about here and there, and put up in sections in such a mechanical way that it can be made to assume any form called for by the exigencies of the scene.

On this great stage of the Empress theater there is room for at least 6,000 people without undue crushing, and at least 2,000 performers in addition to 500 workmen—carpenters, shifters, property men, etc.—are on it in one scene in the production. When to this main stage is added another 70 feet in depth which can be made to appear and disappear at will, some idea may be obtained as to the hugeness of the place.

To provide for this immense number of performers there are scores of dressing rooms at the rear of the stage. To light this great stage and the auditorium over 30 electric arc lamps are used, while 20 lime lights help to produce the beautiful color effects now seen in every theatrical display. In addition to these greater lights over 3,000 incandescent burners are in use all over the building.

Certainly in the way of a curtain the Empress theater has the biggest in the world. It is a rich and elaborate piece of artistic work, 85 feet high and 260 feet long. A curtain of this kind would hide more than the frontage of the National Gallery and much of the roof of that large building.

Over 12,000 dresses are worn during the production of India, many of the performers wearing three, four and five in the piece. The number of spangles used runs into millions and the sequins on the Indian dresses are almost without number. Nearly as many wigs as dresses are used. Of the number of dancers' shoes which are worn out during a month's performances it would be hard to give an accurate report, but 2,000 would be near the mark.

All the scenery, the curtain, and the stage are moved by steam power, for no human effort alone could build up some of the stage pictures produced. From every point of view this theater probably holds the palm for hugeness and ease in managing it.—Tid-Bits.

Had to Wait His Turn.

In the days of Gen. Sam Houston dueling was much more common than now.

After removing to Texas Gen. Houston happened to give offense to a political opponent, who felt his honor disfigured to such an extent that he sent a challenge to Houston. The bearer of the challenge was received with courtly civility. He handed the written challenge to Gen. Houston, who read it, and, taking up his pen, wrote something across the back of the folded paper and placed it in a pigeonhole of his desk. He then went on to entertain the bearer of the challenge with the pleasant conversation for which he was noted. After a time the man began to grow impatient, and, reminding the general of the challenge, asked him if he was going to reply.

"Oh, yes," said Houston, "I am going to reply."

"Well, are you going to accept the challenge of my friend?"

"Certainly I will accept it."

"Will you fix the date for to-morrow?"

"No, not to-morrow."

"Next day?"

"No, not the next day, either."

"Well, will you fix a date?"

"No, I am not able now to fix a date. You saw me number your friend's note; it is No. 49. There are forty-eight other blanked scoundrels ahead of your friend, and I must take them in turn. As soon as I have killed them off I will attend to your friend; but he will have to wait until his turn comes."

The bearer of the challenge bowed himself out; but, of course, his friend's turn never came, and it is not probable that he was anxious for it to come.—Knoxville Journal.

Tried It on a Dog.

A story comes from the court of Italy. For some time past Queen Marguerite has been much concerned at the extraordinary rapidity with which the hair of King Humbert has been whitening. What could she do? Womanlike, she saw only one remedy—hair dye—and she suggested the idea to the king. But his majesty objected to being rejuvenated by any such process. One of her relatives, a young prince, suggested strategy. He knew, he said, of a splendid colorless dye which she could place on the dressing table of the king and he would use it without thinking as an ordinary hair wash. But his majesty got wind of the affair and laid a counter plot. The queen had a little white dog with long hair. He inveigled it into his dressing room, applied the famous hair dye and turned the dog into her majesty's apartments in a coat of splendid jet black.—Tid-Bits.

Dear Music.

There is a dentist in San Francisco who is noted for his musical tastes and his high charges. His ordinary fee is $15 per hour; his extraordinary fee is unknown. Some time ago a lady was in his chair, and the dentist was conversing with her while her mouth was filled with rubber dams and things. Carried away by his enthusiasm while talking of a certain song, he offered to sing it for her. Taking an inarticulate, rubber-intercepted sound for an affirmative, he skipped lightly to the piano, which stood in one corner of the operating room. There he toyed with the muse of music, doubtless much to his satisfaction, and, turning to the patient, asked how she liked it. "Very much, indeed, doctor," came the reply, in muffled tones, "but it would have been cheaper at a concert, for here it has cost me $3.75."—Argonaut.

Blood and Wealth.

"Yes," she faltered, "I am thine."

As she spoke the rich blood suffused her cheek.

He saw it.

"Rich," he muttered, bitterly, "but plebeian."

Nevertheless he closed the deal.—Detroit Tribune.

His Gray Hairs.

"On the whole," remarked the Horse reflectively, "I can't say that I regret the bicycle. You see, the red haired girl joke was bringing reproach upon my gray hairs. Death before dishonor, don't you know."—Detroit Tribune.

Not Such a Long Word.

Mrs. Cawker (writing a letter about a concert)—Would you say that "Miss Hysee rendered a solo?"

Mr. Cawker (who had heard it)—I think it would be more truthful to say that she rended it.—Judge.

The Oldest Odd Fellow.

Burlington, Iowa, Nov. 17.—W. H. Maro, the oldest living Odd Fellow in Iowa, the oldest past grand master, and Burlington's oldest patriarch, died at the advanced age of eighty-eight last night.

THE DRUG CLERK'S STORY

He Tells of Headaches and Nervousness and Cures Them for Both.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

It was the drug clerk's turn to tell a story of one of his experiences, and the reporter, expecting something good, as usual, settled himself comfortably in a chair prepared to give his undivided attention to the speaker. The latter was Henry Maier, who resides with his parents on Aqueduct Street, Newark, N. J., and who hands out medicine over the counter of Dr. Andrew F. Burkhardt's drug store at 271 Orange Street, this city.

"Perhaps I can do nothing better," he began, "than to tell you the secret of my good health. It is a story that I have told to many, recently, and as it resulted in good in each case, it may be worth your while to listen to it. To begin with, I was not always strong and robust, as I am now. Long hours of work and hard study had left me in a wretched condition. Frightful lingering headaches found me a ready victim, and at times I was so nervous that the dropping of a pin would cause me to give a violent start, and then I would be seized with a fit of trembling that was, to put it mildly, exceedingly bothersome. Well, I began to doctor myself. Now I flatter myself that I know something of medicine; but with all my knowledge, I could find nothing that would cure those terrible headaches or put an end to my extreme nervousness. When I picked up a bottle my hand would shake as though I had the chills, and if it was a powder that I was handling I stood a good chance of sprinkling it all over these black trousers. Things went from bad to worse, and I soon realised that a man of my physical condition had better not attempt to mix any medicine.

"'Try a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills,' said Dr. Burkhardt, one day; and as you know the doctor's advice is always worth following, I got the Pink Pills and began to take them. Would you believe it! Before I had taken the contents of one box my headache began to give me a day off occasionally, and soon it left me entirely. How about my nervousness? Well, the pills put an end to that with almost startling abruptness. You see I know enough about the business to appreciate the importance of following the prescribing physician's directions, and by paying strict attention to those given by Dr. Williams with each box of his Pink Pills, I was soon another fellow. Look at me now! A picture of health, eh! Well, that is what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do for a man, or a woman either. See, I can hold a glass of water out now without spilling a drop, but I couldn't do that two months ago and—"

"What is it ma'am?" he asked as a neatly dressed woman came up to the counter. "A box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." "Yes, ma'am, fifty cents please. Thank you."

"These Pink Pills are great things," said Mr. Maier as he turned to the reporter again, and the latter, after all he had heard, thought so too.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

The Right Kind of Steers.

A writer in Farmer's Advocate (Man.) has this to say as to the best quality for feeding steers: "It appears to us that it would be profitable to farmers having damaged wheat, to put up as many steers as could be properly handled and feed them for next spring's market. And we might just add a word here: Great care should be taken in selecting steers to feed; don't select old oxen, or big, raw-boned, slab-sided, three-year-olds, with the hope of having something big. Of course, such stock would be a big granary for damaged wheat, but it is not the animal that can put the most wheat out of sight that will return the most profit. Select nice, smooth, uniform two-year-olds, with good backs and quarters, whose appearance shows that they have some breeding in them. Such steers will make far better use of the food given them, and will return more profit, even if they cost more money at first."

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve."

Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Culinary Extravagance.

He—That's a very extravagant cook you've got.

She—Yes; she seems to think we have victuals to burn.—Yonkers Statesman.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Conscientious.

Bire—Why didn't you tell me, when you sold me that house, that I'd have mosquitoes here by the million?

Seller—Well, because I make it a rule always to give my customers more than they expect.—Detroit Free Press.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine. The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, &c. C. G. Clark Co., N. Haven, Ct.

Not What He Sought.

"Katydid, katydid."

The shrill voice of the persistent insect pierced the umbraguous solitude.

"Katydid."

Only for an instant paused the decadent poet.

He was looking for the woman who didn't, and pressed feverishly forward. —Detroit Tribune.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.

A Gloomy Outlook.

"Iron horse," snorted the locomotive, pettishly. "Iron horse, indeed! Do they take me for a back number?"

The Poet shivered.

For he could think of nothing to rhyme with bicycle except icicle.—Detroit Tribune.

Awarded Highest Honors—World's Fair.

DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER

MOST PERFECT MADE.

A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.

40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

Had the Effect.

It was with much admiration that she gazed at them.

"If these don't turn people's heads when I ride down the street," said she, "I miss my guess."

The effect was truly as she expected.

With the notable difference, however, that the men who were out with their families turned their heads the other way. Judiciously.—Indianapolis Journal.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Two of a Kind.

Mrs. Yerger—What is the matter? You seem to be very much annoyed.

Mrs. Peterby—I have good reason to be annoyed. That addle-pated goose, Mrs. Jones, has been treating me lately as if I were not her equal.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. Frank Mobbs, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

Unnecessarily Gloomy.

"I cannot deceive you," he protested.

"Darling," she murmurmered.

And so they were married.

After that he found he had taken an unnecessarily gloomy view of the situation. He found as a matter of fact he could deceive her with a clove and the old lodge story.

A Big Regular Army.

The mightiest host of this sort is the army of individuals whose bowels, livers and stomachs have been regulated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. A regular habit of body is brought about through using the Bitters, not by violently agitating and griping the intestines, but by reinforcing their energy and causing a flow of the bile into its proper channel. Malaria, la grippe, dyspepsia, and a tendency to inactivity of the kidneys, are conquered by the Bitters.

A Prediction.

"I see that they've nominated Coxey fur governor of Ohio," said one ex-commonwealer.

"Yes," replied another, "but we won't have no such walk-over as we had last summer."—Washington Star.

In the last century geese were raised in Russia and Poland in vast flocks almost entirely for the sake of their quills.

A flowering plant is said to abstract from the soil 209 times its own weight of water.

Uric Acid is Poison.

The Kidneys are supposed to filter the uric acid out of the blood. When they are sick they forget it.

Uric acid is the cause of Rheumatism, Gout, Kidney Troubles and other dangerous diseases. The only way to cure these diseases is to cure the Kidneys.

Dr. Hobb's Sparagus Kidney Pills

cure the Kidneys and help them to filter the uric acid out of the blood.

All druggists, or mailed prepaid for 50c. per box. Write for pamphlet.

HOBB'S MEDICINE CO., Chicago. San Francisco.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Prescribed by Physicians
Relied on in Hospitals
Depended on by Nurses
Endorsed by THE PRESS
The BEST prepared FOOD

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE! John Carle & Sons, New York.

The nervous system is weakened by the

Neuralgia Torture.

Every nerve is strengthened in the cure of it by SAINT JACOBS OIL

STEEL WEB PICKET FENCE.

CABLED FIELD AND HOG FENCE.

Also CABLED POULTRY, GARDEN AND RABBIT FENCE.

We manufacture a complete line of Smooth Wire Fencing and guarantee every article to be as represented. If you consider quality we can save you money. Catalogue free.

De Kalb Fence Co., 121 High Street, DE KALB, ILL.

WIRE NAILS 50c Per Keg Below Market Price.

10d, 20d, 30d, 40d, 60d, 8d, $2.75 per Keg.

Cement Coated. Price subject to market changes. Send Cash with Order.

8d $2.85	3d $3.45	10d case ... $2.85
6d 3.00	10d floor .. 2.91	8d case ... 3.15
4d 3.15	8d floor .. 3.00	6d case ... 3.30

Cement Coated Nails drive easier, will not pull out. They are waterproof.

W. K. MORISON & CO., Hardware, Minneapolis, Minn.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

"I firmly believe that Piso's Cure kept me from having quick Consumption."—Mrs. H. D. DARLING, Beaver Meadow, N. Y., June 18, 1895.

Cures Where All Else Fails. BEST COUGH SYRUP. TASTES GOOD. USE IN TIME. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. 25 CTS.