

## Hood's Cures



More Than Pleased

With Hood's Sarsaparilla—For Tetter and Blood Impurities

Stronger and Better in Every Way.

"I have been more than pleased with Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have suffered with tetter breaking out on my face and all over my body all my life. I never could find anything to do it until I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have now used about half a bottle, and it has done me so much good that I have the utmost confidence in it."

Hood's Pills act easily, gently, promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels.



Knowledge

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embodied in the remedy. Syrup of Figs is due to its pleasant in the most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

## A Natural Food.

Conditions of the system arise when ordinary foods cease to build flesh—there is urgent need of arresting waste—assistance must come quickly, from natural food source.



Scott's Emulsion

is a condensation of the life of all foods—it is cod-liver oil reinforced, made easy of digestion, and almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Borne, N. Y. All druggists.

## The Best Christmas Gift

or the best addition to one's own library is WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY.

The New "Unabridged" 1908 edition, revised, 10,000 new words, 100,000 new definitions, 100,000 new illustrations.

A Grand Edition of the Time of the Year.

Irresistible to the household, and to the student, and to the professional man, or self educator.

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WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

## "German Syrup"

My acquaintance with Boschee's German Syrup was made about four years ago. I contracted a cold which resulted in a hoarseness and cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a physician without obtaining relief I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received quick and permanent help. I never hesitate to tell my experience. Rev. W. H. Haggerty, Martinsville, N. J.

## "COLCHESTER"

RUBBER CO.'S

"SPADING BOOT"

If You Want a First-Class Article.

## DELICATE WOMEN

On Delicate Women, should use BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR.

Every ingredient possesses superb tonic properties and exerts a wonderful influence in toning up and strengthening her system, by driving through the proper channels all impurities. Health and strength guaranteed to result from its use.

"My wife, who was bedridden for eight months, after using Bradfield's Female Regulator for two months is getting well."

J. M. Johnson, Walworth, Wis.

Prepared by Bradfield's Female Regulator Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Sold by druggists at 50c per bottle.

## "OUGHT"

A young man with plenty of dough went out with his girl for a rough. The girl said: "Oh, my, I think we had better not." But the young man replied with a cough: "That he never was given to cough, and would never get that cough. Was safe for a large, and thought they had better be ought."

Then away through the water they ploughed. Though the sea seemed considerably rough. And said: "That the motion was just like the motion."

They came to an arch and went through. Where they had a most beautiful view. Of the great water tower.

And they stayed there as they stayed. (It was late or they might have stayed tough.)

But at last, when they'd rowed quite enough. They tied up the boat by a blough. To the lady's abode.

With a haste that made both of them pough. St. Louis Republic.

## THE WEST PASTURE.

How the Trouble It Caused Was Finally Settled.

The autumn day was closing in a glow of purple and gold; the last rays of the setting sun entered the window of the farmhouse, and shone across the row of shining milk pails, formed a halo of gold around the head of the farmer's daughter, Cecile Grey, as she stood with the full milk pail poised in her hands, and thought seriously, a perplexed pucker between her straight brows.

Pretty she was not, but her fair, calm face, looking placidly out from beneath her crown of really beautiful hair, the envy of all the village girls, was very attractive.

The farm laborers were coming from supper, the day was dying as the sun sank behind the distant trees, and still Cecile stood there, silently, reverie, and unimpaired of what was going on about her.

"A penny for your thoughts, Cecy," spoke out a merry voice.

And Jack Newton appeared at the outer door.

Cecy, turning, came out of her brown study.

"I was thinking of the picnic tomorrow, Jack. No one has asked me to go, and I wondered if I must stay at home after all. That momentous question so occupied my thoughts that I had almost forgotten my duties."

"Will you go with me, Cecy? It is on mother's account that I have not asked you before. But as I was strolling past, half inclined to give it all up, I saw you, and that settled my doubts as to that."

There was a tender light in the young man's eyes as he spoke, and the pretty pink color flushed into Cecile's cheeks.

"Of course I will go, Jack. Why should I not? I will go with you, pleasure?"

"So it is settled? You will come with me?"

"Yes, Jack."

"Well, pleased, the young man went on his way."

The cause of Mrs. Newton's dislike to Cecile was a trivial one.

When she was a little girl, Cecile's mother had given her the deed of a picturesque spot of land called the west pasture, which lay between the Newton farm and that of Mr. Grey.

Two years before our story opens Mrs. Newton had made Cecile an offer for the land. It would complete her east pasture, she said, and fill in the corner, thus making her acres form almost a square.

She had set her heart on having the pasture, and Cecile, who had the place, would not sell it. Mrs. Newton tried by coaxing and liberal offers to gain her point, but the girl was determined. At last, flying into a passion, the elder lady called her daughter a selfish creature, and said that she would never give her the land, and who would never get her Jack, for whom she had set her cap.

And, having thus relieved her mind, she went home.

For two years she had not entered the Grey farmhouse unless she knew the only daughter was absent. Good, motherly Mrs. Grey overlooked the feud, and Cecile, who had been called, paid little neighborly visits to Mrs. Newton, and in every way tried to mend the breach which Jack's mother kept fresh by daily reproaches.

But Jack had gone, and Cecile, who had duties with a light step and a lighter heart. When, at last, everything was done, she sought her pretty room, which was tastefully adorned by her own hands, and, sitting by the fire, looked out over the hills and wondered if the morrow would bring the fair weather the night promised.

Meanwhile Mrs. Newton, her face red with anger, stood listening to Jack, who, with his head bowed, went in and out of the door, and when he had turned as he reached the door, and said: "I must be up early in the morning, mother, for I am going to the picnic. I intend to ask her to be my wife, if she will, in some confusion. She will make you a good daughter, mother; you know you have always longed for one."

"But not for a son," said Mrs. Newton, "you give me," exclaimed Mrs. Newton, "No, Jack! I will never welcome her to this house! If it had been anyone else—but Cecile Grey, never!"

"Mother," said Jack firmly, "why cannot you overcome this foolish prejudice? I shall marry Cecile if she will have me; better accept the inevitable."

And he left the room.

Mrs. Newton was taken by surprise. After awhile she cooled down a little.

"After all," she thought, "if he does marry her, what past will come to us. But I will never give in, not even for that. Jack shall lose the farm if he marries Cecile Grey."

That night, Cecile, in her pretty white bed, dreamed of Jack. At first her dreams were peaceful, but as the night wore on they became disturbed. She felt that she was with the stranger, feeling that her lover was in danger.

Mechanically she arose, and having donned wrapper and slippers went to the window. As she threw up the sash and leaned out across the sill, she saw that a cloudy sky had taken the place of the starry one she had gazed at earlier in the night.

The wind had risen, and blew in fitful gusts around the corners of the house.

A troubled thought of the pleasure she had anticipated came to Cecile, and then all at once, as a stronger gust of wind came to her, she smelled a faint odor of smoke.

Looking quickly at the barn and other buildings she could see nothing unusual. She raised her eyes and looked anxiously in the direction of Jack's house.

"What was that red glow spreading above the tree tops?" she wondered.

And then she realized that the Newton farmhouse was on fire.

Running downstairs she roused her father, then out of the door, and away through the darkness she sped in the direction of the burning building.

All was quiet when she reached the gate, which was locked. What should she do? She looked up at the high pickets with their cruelly sharp points, and then began to climb resolutely up. Bal-

## PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—Dr. Peters, the German explorer of Africa, who is visiting the United States, has written a letter home, a bit of which has got into print. He says that he has enjoyed greatly what he has seen in America, and adds: "Still it is not Europe. America keeps in culture and civilization about the middle of Africa and Europe."

—Dr. Robert Battey, an elderly physician residing in Rome, Ga., has presented to the state about one thousand valuable medical receipts from his private library, asking that they be made the nucleus of a medical reference library in the state capital at Atlanta.

—The state of which he has often realized during his professional career, is not of Europe. America keeps in culture and civilization about the middle of Africa and Europe."

—Prince Komatsu, a near relative of the imperial family of Japan, with his wife, is about to begin a journey to Europe to pay his respects to the various royal houses. In all probability he will also visit this country.

—The prince is a young man, not more than thirty years old, and an officer in the Japanese navy. He was formerly attached to the Japanese embassy in Berlin.

—Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, aged thirteen, has a large collection of dolls, many of which are presents from sovereigns. Among them are twenty dolls representing officers in full uniform—a kindergarten method of teaching the military grades. The other day she expressed a desire to have a female doll, to "look like these officers, because they were dreadfully bored."

—There is a constantly increasing demand in this country for the oriental sacred books. The Koran in cheap form is one of the best sellers, and a volume of extracts from Buddha is extremely popular. The sale of the Zend Avesta is restricted, because it can not be obtained in cheap form.

The purchases of these books are only by mail, and there seems to be an intense curiosity to compare the sacred books of other religions with the Bible.

—News was brought to Seattle a few days ago of the birth of the first white child in the wilderness of the Yukon river. It was born last spring to Mrs. P. Beaumont, wife of the keeper of a small post at the outlet of the Pine River, within the Arctic circle, almost on the eastern border of the Yukon. Mrs. Beaumont is the only white woman that ever crossed the divide of the mountains, and she is a missionary, who took charge of an Indian school at Forty Mile Creek last spring.

—Princess Christian is deeply interested in all good works. One of her prettiest charities is possible to her through her connection with the Society for the Blind, which she has founded in her native land.

—The first unmarried white woman to penetrate any considerable distance up the Yukon was Miss Melton, a missionary, who took charge of an Indian school at Forty Mile Creek last spring.

—The mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask seems to be solved at last. A long letter in cipher, addressed by Louis XIV. to his minister of war, the Marquis de Louvois, which is kept in the archives of the minister at Paris, has, after repeated futile efforts, been deciphered, and proves to be an order to convey Gen. de Bulonde to the fortress of Vincennes, for having raised the siege of the city of Oudenarde.

This happened in 1699. The king directs that the general's face shall be concealed under a "loup," or black mask, and that the king's order of the day shall be given to him in this way: "You are to be in the iron mask in every possible way."—Harper's.

—Every building on the place had been burned to the ground.

"I am glad of it," said Jack. "I intend to build a new house, to which I shall be proud to take my wife. Will you come, Cecy?"

"What will your mother say?" she asked with a touch of playfulness, while her eyes gave him the answer he craved.

"She is more than anxious to welcome you as a daughter."

So it was settled; and Mrs. Newton, as she looks at her daughter Cecile's hands, says: "They are the most beautiful hands in the world to me, if they are so dearly loved."

And the feud of the west pasture is at an end.

Jack and his wife are very happy. They are talking of another year, and the place of the one planned a year ago, and it is to be held in the west pasture.—Drake's Magazine.

## SYMPATHY OF A SHAKERS.

Could Not See a Brother of the Pluck Go Out into the World.

Dark! Dismal! Well, now, I'd say so! So would you, if you'd been there. It was a night's ride from Sabbath Day pond, in New Gloucester, to Gloucester City, where we had stopped at a Shaker Village and bought some sugared olives in a box. Ever eat any? Put up by the sisters themselves, and worth ten times as much as any of your fancy candy.

If our two black horses had not been white the road ahead might not have seemed quite so dark, but as it was we left the Shaker settlement behind us and let the horses take their own way through the dark forest. Some one tells the romance of these woods while we go. Once there was a Shaker man who had a progressive and businesslike spirit. His wife was the wife of a Shaker town that we had just left. For years he worked, schemed, bled and cultivated the farms of the society. He made them rich and put things into the hands of the brethren. When he had done this he had lived for years up to every iota of the religion, he saw that he was too worldly a nature to be a Shaker, and that he longed for a Shaker who would share with him the life of the brethren. Like a brother to him, he was a friend to the society, still, he said, "I had to go out into the cold world alone. 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