

TRUE PREVENTIVE OF HAY FEVER

Hyomei Destroys Germs of the Disease and Keeps People Well.

There can be little or no doubt as to hay fever being a germ disease. It is, too, one disease where prevention is much easier than cure.

All who are subject to this disagreeable trouble should use Hyomei daily for at least two or three weeks before the time of their annual attack. In this way the annoying paroxysms of sneezing, running at the nose and watery and smarting eyes can be avoided.

This remarkable discovery makes it possible for anyone to breathe air in homes which is almost identical with that of the Adirondacks or White Mountains, or other resorts where hay fever sufferers go to escape their trouble.

If, however, Hyomei has not been used until the disease has begun, it is necessary to use it more frequently, at least half a dozen times daily, and Hyomei Balm should be rubbed into the nostrils both morning and night. This treatment will relieve at once and will effect a cure in nearly every case.

Rickert & Wells have a complete line of the Hyomei goods and will sell an outfit of inhaler, Hyomei and medicine dropper for \$1.00 and will also agree to refund the money if the treatment does not give satisfaction.

Do not try to cure hay fever by dosing the stomach. Breathe Hyomei and in that way the medication will reach the minute air cells in the nose, throat and lungs, soothe and heal the irritated mucous membrane, and prevent and cure all hay fever troubles.

NEW GAME OF KNOCKERINA.

Novel Gambling Diversion Started in Washington.

The men who exist in a certain boarding house in Washington have developed a new gambling game, the Washington Post says. They call it "knockerina." It is best played when all the boarders, men and women, are sitting out on the front porch and on the lawn during the hours of daylight that remain after dinner, although it can be played at any time when women not living in that particular boarding house are around or passing in review in front of the house.

The method of "knockerina" is as follows:

There is a standing idea among all of the male boarders that no woman will listen to men's praise of another woman for her good looks or, for that matter, for any other quality without getting in some sort of a dab at the expense of the praised woman.

So, for example, when all of the boarders are sitting out in front of the house one of the "knockerina" playing men, seeing a woman coming down the street, will exclaim:

"Pretty girl, that, isn't she?"

He says this so that all of the women can hear the remark.

If by any possible chance any of the women agree with him that the girl coming down the street really is pretty then the man making the remark is out a quarter, the other "knockerina" players matching among themselves to see which of them shall receive the quarter.

If, however—and this is what almost invariably happens—one of the women boarders makes a different reply, a knock, in fact, as, for example, "Oh, yes; she's fairly good looking, but she has such an ugly walk," or "Um—yes, she is too good looking, but her eyes are too close together," or "Decent enough appearing, but she's so mean to her mother," or "She pads dreadfully," or "She's snippy and stuck up," or "She cries for hours every day because she knows her nose is crooked," or something like that. In this case the young man who has remarked that the girl coming down the street was pretty gives a quarter from the other "knockerina" players, and they match among themselves to see which of them shall give the 25 cents to the winner.

It's a great game, all right, but the fellows who are an occasion arises forced to take the short end of it by standing to lose a quarter on the proposition that none of the women will have a knock for the woman praised are losing out pretty fast so far.

Women in India.

In northern India it is still considered not genteel for a woman, even when veiled from head to foot, to walk on a railway platform to get into the cars. She has to be carried in a closed palanquin right up to the window of her compartment.

PRESIDENT'S VACATION.

How Roosevelt Is Spending the Summer at Oyster Bay.

HORSEBACK RIDING A GREAT FAD.

Chief Executive Will Not Miss His Ride, No Matter What the Weather Conditions May Be—He Plays Tennis With His Children and Delights to Romp With Them—Stagelike Exercises Also Practiced.

President Roosevelt's vacation this year will be one of most rigorous training. He realizes that he is putting on flesh too fast and will devote the summer months to exercising. On his recent western trip he added not less than twenty-five pounds to his weight, and it was very noticeable to his neighbors upon his return to Oyster Bay, N. Y., a few days ago, says the New York World.

Ever since his return he has been living the same as a boat crew at the training table. Everything that tends to add flesh is tabooed. The president is very fond of sweets, and these have been cut off. He is a hearty eater and, while not fasting, is eating sparingly, and all farinaceous foods are omitted from his meals.

Horseback riding is one of the president's greatest fads. He finds that it tends to reduce his weight, and as a result he goes daily for a ride along the various shady roads near Sagamore hill. The president does not like to jog along the roads. He rides like a trooper, and when he starts it is always with the intention of making a good, hard run of it before he returns. The rides usually begin with a slow trot, which is followed by a gallop, and when the horse is thoroughly warmed up he is urged into a hard run.

The president is a good deal of a joker on his horseback rides. When he is tearing along the roads on Bismarck or Wyoming, his two favorite horses, he will suddenly pull up and wait for the remainder of his party to come up with him. With a yell that he learned while "cow punching" in the west the president will wave his wide brimmed sombrero and start on another run. This usually results in the horses of the remainder of the party attempting to overtake him, much to the discomfort of the riders.

On the return to Sagamore hill the president's mount is usually steaming. When near his home the president comes in on a dignified jog trot. Bismarck has a gait known as a "fox trot," which is one of the easiest known to riders. The new horse Wyoming is also well gaited. Wyoming is still a little strange to the Long Island roads and is not being ridden as much as Bismarck.

Lawn tennis is another of the less strenuous exercises of the president by which he expects to reduce his weight and get himself in good condition before he is compelled to return to Washington at the end of the summer. He usually plays this with the children shortly after luncheon.

The keenest rivalry exists among them as to the best sets played with their father. Little Miss Ethel is a favorite partner of the president in this game. Teddy Junior and Archie have beaten their father at the game, but seldom. The president does not like to be beaten. The president places some very difficult back court strokes. His "slicing" in serving completely fools the children, but they are getting on to his plays and the games are not nearly so one sided as during last summer.

The president plays without a coat or hat and wears low shoes. The children are expert enough to keep their father pretty busy, and after a few turns he is dripping perspiration. The president is willing to play tennis with almost any one who is expert. Visitors are asked if they can play, and if so games are arranged on the spot.

General Leonard Wood, formerly military governor of Cuba, taught the president many of the "setting up" exercises used in the army. The president is a devotee of exercising without apparatus. He does not like the idea of pulling weights, wands and dumbbells. He does not practice the "setting up" exercises publicly. They are always done in the privacy of his home and are never witnessed by any one save the immediate family.

Teddy Junior and Archie are being taught stagelike exercises by the president, who is not an adept in their use yet, but manages to put in considerable time and incidentally take off a few pounds a week at the exercise. The broadsword will come next. This is the hardest kind of exercise, and it is possible some of the intimates of the president in the army will be asked to Oyster Bay and the president will enjoy a few bouts before he goes away.

Since his arrival at Oyster Bay the president has been an early riser. He is always up at 7:30 o'clock in the morning, and after a tub and a little exercise is ready for breakfast, which is over before 9 o'clock. After breakfast the president reads the newspapers and talks with his secretary. Occasionally he devotes an hour to his mail. Then there is tennis or the inevitable horseback ride. The president will not miss his ride, no matter what the weather conditions may be. The first ride is finished just in time for luncheon, which is served between 1:30 and 2:30 o'clock in the afternoon. After luncheon, when the president has visitors he talks with them until about 4:30 or 5 o'clock. If they are very intimate friends they remain for dinner. When the visitor cannot ride horseback the president has his carriage without a top hitched up and gives his guests a ride about Sagamore hill.

No matter what guests are present

dinner is always over by 8 o'clock. After dinner he sits on the piazza with Mrs. Roosevelt and the children and usually retires about 10:30 o'clock. Sometimes it is later, but he always tries to be in bed at least an hour before midnight.

Much of the president's time in the early morning and late in the afternoon is spent playing and romping with the children. The children's pets are sources of great amusement to the president. He goes out almost daily to look them over.

It is the president's intention to devote the whole summer to absolute rest so far as it is possible. He is assisted in his exercises by the children whenever convenient. They like it and the president encourages them.

He is giving little attention to official business. All that is being attended to by the clerical staff at the White House in Washington. When matters demand the president's attention or approval they are sent on here, and if Secretary Losh cannot answer them himself they are referred to the president.

Official cares are not to be thrust upon him if he can help it. During the summer he expects, together with members of his family, to make frequent trips about the sound on the government yacht Sylph. He anticipates a pleasant time when he goes to witness the international yacht races on Aug. 29. He will also make short trips about Long Island, but has planned that Syracuse in the late summer will be the only extended trip he will make.

"I am looking for a rest," he recently told one of his callers, and in his own way he is getting it.

MOTOR CUP RACE INCIDENTS

Foxhall Keene's Daring Ride—American's Car Won.

Continental machines and continental drivers carried off the honors in the recent international cup race over the tortuous course in Ireland, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Certainly the German and French drivers displayed the acme of skill and nerve in that wild ride over a dust enveloped course, with its numerous turns and sharp curves.

Americans can congratulate themselves, however, in spite of the poor showing made by the team, in the skill as a chauffeur of Foxhall Keene. Mr. Keene has displayed his prowess as a sportsman in many ways, on yachts, on the polo field and in a dozen other games, but never more so than in his splendid ride during the early part of the race in Ireland. Keene was going at one time as fast as 100 miles an hour, and he made the best time on the first lap, proving that Americans are not behind the French and Germans in courage. For a time Keene was riding with a cracked axle, and, as he said after the race, "it was too similar to sitting over a box of dynamite to be enjoyed."

Curiously enough, the winning machine was owned by an American, being the Mercedes of Clarence Gray Dinsmore. Jenatzy, the driver, rode a splendid race without accident, finishing the 398 miles 750 yards in 5h. 30m. 9s., including controls. De Kayff, Farman and Gabriel, all of the French team, finished in order.

CHICAGO IN A BLAZE.

Great Spectacle Which Will Form Feature of Centennial Jubilee.

Perhaps the most sensational event of Chicago's centennial jubilee week will be the "burning of Chicago," says the New York Times. About 500 tons of Roman fire will be put on the roofs of the downtown skyscrapers and on the tops of the larger buildings in the different divisions of the city until the area covered by the fire of 1871 is included.

The red fire will be ignited simultaneously and will burn for two hours. From the O'Leary home on DeKoven street, where the great fire started, a long flight of bombs will memorialize the famous cow.

New Way to Grow Sugar Cane.

A committee of the Planters' society has made a report on a special mode of growing sugar cane which has been tried at Havana, says the Philadelphia Press. It consists of planting the cane in rows four yards apart, each plant or group of shoots being three yards from the next, thus allowing the roots and foliage full scope. Only those shoots and pieces of cane which are full grown are cut, the smaller ones being left to ripen. The committee says that by this means the yield to the acre is enormously increased. It is said that the yield in weight of cane of the piece of land on which the experiment was made was 100 per cent greater than is obtained by the present method, by which the cane is grown much closer. Further experiments will be made.

Wild Horses.

The wild horses of Arabia will not admit a tame horse among them, while the wild horses of South America endeavor to decoy domesticated horses from their masters and seem eager to welcome them.

Quinona

Saved Mrs. Horns, 75 Warren avenue, Boston, from breaking down from her weak, nervous condition. It built up her health so thoroughly that she has not had a sick day since, and looks the picture of health. All druggists sell Quinona.

ANECDOTES OF LEO XIII.

Incidents of the Famous Pontiff's Boyhood.

FOND OF DARING FEATS IN HUNTING

A Companion of His Youth Says the Pope Used to Jump Chasms and Scale Precipices None Others Dared Attempt—How He Arrested a Band of Smugglers—His Kindness to an American Girl.

Pope Leo XIII. was at one time one of the most stout limbed and daring hunters in Italy, says Tit-Bits.

A companion of those days, now known as Father Selvaggi, the aged priest of Carpinetto, referring to the friend of his boyhood, once said: "What hunts we had together! We were up bright and early, scouring the forest; but Sir Nino was ever more fearless than I. He climbed to the very top of Melaina and the Pageta, jumping chasms and scaling precipices none others dared attempt."

It was just midway between Trafalgar and Waterloo that "Nino" first opened his eyes on the hills of Carpinetto, the eighth child of Ludovico Pecci, a colonel in the Italian army. It was through his mother, however, that he derived his strength of character and brain, and she in turn was a true daughter of Cola di Rienzi, the "great tribune," whose dream it was to give a new birth to the Roman republic.

His mother always regarded Nino as a special gift from heaven, and even when he was in his cradle she used to prophesy that one day he would sit on the "throne of St. Peter." Her letters are full of the "wonders of this new child, whom she named after her hero, Vincenzo Ferrer, and when his age was measured by months she wrote:

"My little Vincenzo walks alone already and goes everywhere. He is passionately fond of horses. Although he is so small that you can hardly see him he jumps up and rides all the furniture without waiting for help from any one. You may well imagine that this child is not the cause of much melancholy. Titta, an older brother, does nothing but make a nuisance of himself. Titta, an older brother, does nothing but make a nuisance of himself. The church has a great attraction for him." And yet, how strange it is, Titta was the only one of the family of nine children to marry, and Nino, who had all the early instincts of a soldier, was to become pope.

An interesting story is told of these very early days. One day a peasant woman brought a basket of cheeses to the Pecci home, and the little Nino, stooping in curiosity to look at the cheeses, fell into the basket.

"What do you want, brother?" the peasant asked laughing.

"I am not a brother," the child answered, with a pout.

"What then, a cardinal?"

"No," answered the child's mother, taking him up proudly in her arms, "he is my little pope." And so it was to be, more than sixty years later.

As a boy Nino was the ringleader in everything that was mischievous or risky, and if there was a bully to cow or a daring feat to be done it was always Nino Pecci who was in demand. And yet, through all these boyish pranks, the boy's great future might have been seen by a discerning eye. At school his beautiful face earned for him the nickname of "the little angel" and "mother of piety," and if there was an act of kindness to be done he was always the first to think of and to do it.

One day on his way home he found a peasant boy lying hurt by the roadside. He had been knocked down by a cart and feared that his leg was broken. Nino ran to a neighboring spring, filled his cap with water, gave the boy some to drink and with the rest bathed his leg. When he was sufficiently recovered he raised the boy and, half supporting, half carrying him, started on the long journey home.

At this point Nino's tutor overtook him and gave him a lecture on his imprudence.

"What will your parents say," the teacher asked, "when you take this dirty ragamuffin home?"

"They will say that I have done right," Nino proudly answered. "Is it so unusual, then, to help a hurt child? Wouldn't every one do as I am trying to do?"

The Rome correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette relates this experience of the pope with some smugglers;

Leo XIII. remembered with interest the mission given him by Pope Gregory XVI. when he was only twenty-eight and only a few weeks after he had celebrated his first mass. At that time the provinces of Benevento, which belonged to the Papal States, but was almost surrounded by the territory of the kingdom of Naples, was, in a much worse degree than Switzerland now is, a nest of smugglers, brigands and revolutionists. To put an end to this state of things the then Mgr. Pecci was sent there as papal delegate—that is to say, with full powers. He acted with extreme energy, once sure of the troops at his disposal, attacking the leaders of the malefactors, dispersing their bands and making most of them prisoners.

In this work Mgr. Pecci was greatly assisted by a brave and intelligent officer, Signor Sterbini, who became his confidant, and when the ecclesiastical was elected pope he nominated Sterbini as scudolo segreto (secret carver).

Mgr. Pecci had to resort to drastic measures to stamp out smuggling, for it was practiced and supported by the most prominent people of the district. In fact, a certain marquis, who was

suffering under the rigorous orders given by the delegate, was audacious enough to go personally to Mgr. Pecci to complain of what he called "the want of respect" shown by the customs officers toward him. The pope's representative began by treating the marquis with courtesy, pointing out that the laws applied equally to all, high and low; but this reasoning, instead of convincing the marquis, made him so angry that he declared he would go to Rome and not rest until he had obtained the delegate's recall.

"Very well," answered Mgr. Pecci with that dignity and calmness which characterized him; "take your complaints to Rome, but do not forget that to go to the Vatican you have to pass by Castle St. Angelo" (the famous prison). That same evening Mgr. Pecci had the castle of the marquis surrounded by the pontifical troops and every soul in it arrested. His suspicions that the place was the headquarters of a band of smugglers were fully confirmed.

All persons are required to kneel when before the pope. Catholics are expected to kiss the papal ring, and it is left optional with them whether or not to kiss the pope's foot. Protestants are, of course, required to do neither. Many of them, however, voluntarily kissed the ring, for the gentle bearing and simple dignity of Leo XIII. impressed every one with respect. The occasions were rare indeed when Americans showed themselves lacking in the amenities of the place, and even these rare exceptions were of trivial importance, says the New York Herald.

One such episode occurred at a reception. When the pope approached the American group several Catholic women prostrated themselves before him and kissed his slipper. When he had given his blessing he passed on to several others who were not Catholics and extended his hand. Two of the women kissed his ring, but a young girl who was with them, although kneeling, very plainly manifested her determination not to do as the others had done, and, ignoring the outstretched hand, contented herself with inclining her head as the aged man stood before her.

There was something very like a smothered murmur of consternation throughout the hall. The pope could not have helped noticing the girl's attitude. An amused smile passed over his face and he said to the young woman in Italian, "You are one of my children, just like the others, even if you do not like me." Then the gentleness and tenderness of his face increased as he looked down at the girl and gave her his blessing. When he had passed on to the next group somebody translated to the rebellious young woman what the pope had said. She knelt there for a minute or so, looking at the aged man's face; then she rose hastily and, rushing over to where he was standing, threw herself impulsively on her knees before him and said: "I am ashamed. I am so sorry! Please let me kiss your hand."

The pope, of course, could not understand the words, but the girl's meaning was clear from her manner, and the little, thin, trembling hand of the pontiff was raised to bless her again, when the girl bent over and reverently kissed it. "Everything is well when the heart is right," said the pope tenderly, and there was a suspicion of a tear in his eyes as he moved on to the next kneeling figure.

One of the anecdotes related of the pope by Hall Caine in Household Words is of special interest, as it shows in a vivid manner the ties of kinship in the Pecci family. He says: "Since the Italians entered Rome in 1870 the attitude of the Vatican has been one of protest against the power which has arrogated its sovereignty. One form of this protest has been the absolute retirement of the pope within the limits of his exterritorial domain. It is held by the Catholic party that for the pope to go out of the Vatican for an hour or for even so short a journey as the width of the piazza of St. Peter's would be to compromise his claim, to acknowledge the supremacy of the usurping king and to expose himself to the insults of an unbelieving and rebellious populace. Be that as it may, the conviction is deeply rooted in the Catholic mind that since the date of Italian unity the pope has never so much as set foot in the streets of Rome, and that having entered the Vatican as a cardinal he can only come out of it as a corpse. This is not the fact. Once, at all events, Leo XIII. passed through the city of King Humbert, and the occasion of his doing so was so proper, so human and so touching that the highest considerations of diplomacy and dignity must sink out of sight in regard to it.

"The pope had a brother who late in life became a religious and voluntarily took up the humblest position in the kitchen of the Jesuit order. In due course he rose to be a cardinal, and in his latter days he occupied apartments in the Barberian palace, now let out in suits of rooms. Old Cardinal Pecci was in his last illness in the Palazzo Barberini, while his brother, Leo XIII., was imprisoned by state protest in the Vatican, on the other side of the Tiber. Messages of love and sympathy passed between them day by day, the cardinal received his last sacraments, and the end was near.

"One night late, very late, a lady was coming out of her apartments to step into her carriage, on her way to a midnight reception, when a plain hired coupe drew up in the piazza and a venerable old man in the black cassock and black beaver hat of a simple priest got out. By the light of the lamps in the arches she saw his face. It was the pope. With a feeble step he walked to the door of the cardinal's rooms and passed through, and the lady went on to the reception. Next day the Cardinal Pecci died."



"Tatin' these 'ere roots and herbs takes me back jes' about fifty years, Williams' Root Beer is a powerful fine summer drink, and no mistake—seems like ye can fairly see the 'sawfras.'"

"'sawfras,' hops and all them roots they make it of. 'Long back when I was a boy we used to fetch a lot of sesh stuff from the woods every Spring—knew they was healthy, ye know—but my! what a heap I must say. Yes sir, it's helping the temperance cause ev'ry day, too; folks have to drink somethin' this pesky hot weather and Williams' Root Beer can't hurt a baby."

Williams' Root Beer

WILLIAMS' CARLETON CO., Buffalo, Conn., Makers of Williams' Flavouring Extracts.

LONG STRIKE SUICED.

Union Unable to Prevent Dobson Men From Going to Work.

Philadelphia, July 8.—Of the 1,500 hands employed in the John Dobson cloth and blanket mill, Falls of Schuylkill, 1,400 have returned to work, terminating a strike of five weeks' duration. The operatives went back on the old basis of sixty hours a week. Most of the employees were unorganized, especially the day workers. The cloth mill, however, employs 300 union weavers, and 225 of these were among the strikers who reported for work.

All the streets leading to Dobson's mill were thronged with union strikers from other sections of the city, who endeavored to dissuade the employees from their intention of resuming work. The members of the executive committee of the Central Textile Workers' union stated that the action of the Dobson strikers will have no effect whatever on the 8,000 cloth weavers of the Kensington district, which is the textile center of the United States. In that section not one of the weavers has returned where the fifty-five hour week has not been conceded.

Juvenal Beaten at Henley.

Henley, England, July 8.—The attendance at the opening of the annual regatta here was markedly smaller than usual, and there were fewer house-boats present. The weather was threatening, and a strong wind was blowing. The only race of special interest to America was the heat for the Diamond sculls between James B. Juvenal of the Vesper Boat club of Philadelphia and J. Beresford of the Kensington Rowing club. The Englishman won by a length and three-quarters. Time, 9m. 30s.

Pennsylvania Murderer Hanged.

Lebanon, Pa., July 8.—David Shaud, who shot and killed Mrs. Ida Becker and Policeman Cyrus Shaeffer, has been hanged in the jail yard here. Before going to the scaffold Shaud said he was penitent and sorry for his crime. He asked the sheriff to have the execution as private as possible. The family of the dead man took charge of the body. He leaves a widow and two small children.

Break in Cotton Continues.

New York, July 8.—The break in the cotton market was continued. The near by options were pounded unmercifully and further sensational declines were recorded. August suffered most severely. That option opened at 11.43, sold at 11.54 on the call and then was forced down to 11.13, a loss of 50 points from the opening figure. The whole list was extremely active and excited.

Mystic Shriners at Saratoga.

Saratoga, N. Y., July 8.—Thousands of Mystic Shriners, accompanied by bands, from all parts of the United States and Canada are arriving. Henry C. Akin of Omaha, imperial potentate of the imperial council of the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine of North America, was received on his arrival and escorted to his headquarters.

NO MAKESHIFT.

In This Case the Work was Properly Done in Barre.

Any Barre reader who has had back-ache and found relief by rubbing the back with liniments and lotions understands that the ache returns, but a makeshift, for the ache returns. There's a way to do it so the ache will not come back. Read how it's done in Barre.

Geo. L. Cummings, engineer on the Montpelier and Wells River railroad, residence 72 Prospect street, says: "What I stated first in the month of February, 1897, about Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at E. A. Down's, stopping continual pain across my back, was absolutely true. It was often so bad that at times I was unable to do my work, and so severe at night that I was so lame and sore I could scarcely lie comfortably in any position and as if that were not sufficient to aggravate the ordinary mortal there was added to it trouble with the kidney secretions, particularly irregularity. The jarring of the train, if not the direct cause of kidney complaint, certainly aggravated it, and Doan's Kidney Pills cured me of a very acute attack. I was only too pleased to make that fact known. Since then Mrs. Cummings has bought Doan's Kidney Pills and used them. They certainly brought her relief. I have more than one friend who is thankful for the knowledge he has gained about Doan's Kidney Pills."

For sale by all dealers, Price 25 cents. Foster-McBurg Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name DOAN'S and take no substitutes.

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