The Testimonials

Published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are not purchased, nor are they written up in our office, nor are they from our employes. They are facts from truthful people, proving, as surely as anything can be proved by direct, personal, positive evidence, that

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Be Sure to Get Hood's

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

Last year 4,500,000 gallons of beer were drank in the United States.

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Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant liquid laxative Syrup of Figs.

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This gives the entire day in Cleveland, and is the cheapest and pleasantest trip ever offered Detroit excursionists.

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CONSUMPTION.

BEN TEMPEST.

This is a true story of an old-time bear hunt in Vermont, told the writer by one who took part in the exciting sport, nearly sixty years ago.

In those days the country in the valleys of the Green Mountains was thinly settled, and the boys, as they trudged along to school, would often stop on the highway to listen to the stealthy rustling of wildcats in the adjacent bushes. They did not stop long, however, but took to their heels and ran like deer. But there was an animal much more to be dreaded than the wildcat. The mountains were full of great black bears that often came

A Bear! A Bear!

down to the farms to steal sheep and demolish the cornfields, for bears love sweet corn almost as well as they love honey. When the news ran like wildfire along the country side that a bear had been seen in the neighborhood, everybody, man or boy, who could carry a gun was up in arms at once. Schoolmasters dismissed their pupils for the day, merchants closed their stores, even the clergymen left their studies, all bent upon killing the huge enemy that was ravaging stock and crops.

Ben Tempest lived right at he foot of the mountains in a weather beaten wooden farm house. His people were hard working and very poor. Ben wore a homespun suit and went barefooted nine months in the year. But he was a stout-hearted, courageous, manly chap, who did his best to help his father in clearing up the farm and to assist his patient, toiling mother in her work about the house.

Ben's father had a little flock of sheep of which the boy was very fond. He never wearied of tending and caring for them. The lambs all knew him, and when he went to feed them ran towards him uttering little cries of pleasure and taking the food from his hand. You who have pets of your own can fancy possibly how Ben felt when one morning going into the meadow with their breakfast he found that two of his prettiest lambs were gone. Looking about he saw a great print of an enormous paw which told printof an enormous paw which told its own frightful story. Poor Ben was quite white and ill as he hurried to the house, and, meeting his father, stammered out, "A bear, pa, a bear." He then could say no more for his grief.

In less time than it takes to tell you, Mr. Tempesthad saddled Bess, the brown mare. Ben had tumbled into the saddle and was away, riding as fast as the mare could trot, and calling out to every man he met and at every farm house door he passed, "A bear! A bear!"

No one needed a second summons. Farmers left their ploughs and took their rifles, and seeing who was the courier set out at once for Mr. Tempest's farm. By 10 o'clock the whole country was roused, and before noon reinforcements arrived from Brandon seminary, for the faculty closed the school to allow the young men to join the hunt.

This was the plan of warfare. The hunters formed an enormous circle, which completely surrounded the section of the country in which the beast was believed to be. The men stood only a few feet apart, so that if bruin should attempt to dash through the circle at any point he would surely be killed by a shot from right or left. The bear, once he discovered that pursuit was at hand, would naturally make for the mountains, so on the curve of the circle nearest the mountains the force of the hunters formed a closer wall than at any other place. At the signal, a trumpet call, the circle began to close in, growing smaller constantly, all marching towards a common center, in order to hem in the bear.

It was nearly 1 o'clock before the circle began its march. The living wall moved steadily over meadows, fields, brooks and thickets, every man

The Lambs All Knew Him.

alert, constantly on the watch to discover a big brown mass moving in the forest. Ben was close by his father. Though only twelve, he was hardy and strong, and had earnestly begged the privilege of going along with the men. He had a small rifle, and was a very fair shot for so young a boy.

Ben's neighbor on the left was a tall, brawny youth of sixteen, who was inclined to brag somewhat over his skill in handling a rifle. "Jest let him poke his old brown nose out of a bush," remarked Jim Busby, "an' I'll teach him better manners than ter be a comin' down here off them mountings ttr kill sheep."

"I'd like to be the one to shoot him," said Ben after one of these boastful statements.

"You?" cried Jim, looking Ben over rather contemptuously! "you—a baby!"

"I'm not a baby," retorted Ben, flushing to the roots of his hair.

"Wall," drawled Jim, "mebbe not in years, sonny, but when it comes to handlin' wild beasts of the forest you are a mere infant."

Ben felt these insults keenly, and longed for an opportunity to show that he was not a baby. He little dreamed how near at hand was his chance.

The trumpet suddenly rang out a note of warning, and all eyes were turned excitedly towards a clump of underbrush not ten feet away from Jim and Ben, in the midst of which some object was stirring.

"He's in there!" shouted a dozen voices. Rifles were levelled at the thicket, and fifty shots were fired. Bruin rushed forth from his retreat growling with rage and pain. Jim Busby was directly in his path, and with one blow of his huge paw he knocked him down and pounced upon him.

A wild clamor arose. Shouts and cries of direction filled the air, and the trumpeter blew frightfully upon his horn, as if that would mend matters. Still the bear stood over Jim growling and making ready to tear him to pieces.

Then it was that Ben Tempest, hunter, rose to the occasion. While strong men were shrieking and dancing wildly about, having completely lost their heads, the "baby" of the party, every nerve in his young body quivering with excitement, and his little face as pale as death, stole softly up to the huge, growling brown mass, and putting the muzzle of his rifle just behind the left shoulder, shut his eyes and fired.

The next thing Ben knew his father had his arms round him, and was patting him gently and saying, "There, there, sonny." For Ben, completely unnerved, was crying like a baby, while stretched at his feet lay the big bear dead.

What a hero Ben was, to be sure! and Jim Busby, quite as unnerved, and trembling as the "baby," could only falter out his thanks to his boyish preserver.

The great carcass of the bear was dragged to the nearest farm house and arrangements were quickly completed for the last scene in this little drama. It was customary to place the bear on all fours in a large lumber wagon, with a rail placed across the vehicle, just under the bear's chin, another under his middle, and still another under his hind paws. Thus supported the bear looked as if alive, and was borne in state through the country lanes and along the streets of Brandon, the neighboring village. The slayer of the bear always rode on the seat with the driver, and to-day this was Ben Tem-

"You Are a Mere Infant."

pest's proud distinction. The crowd followed on foot, blowing horns, beating milk-pans and yelling like Indians. This parade was followed by games, bonfires and a general jollification on the village green, all of which Ben enjoyed with all the zest of healthful and triumphant boyhood.

But, perhaps, he was happiest and proudest the next day, when the man who bought Bruin's skin placed in Ben's sunburned little hand two gold double eagles and one single eagle. Fifty dollars was the reward paid by a wealthy fur dealer for every bear skin, and it was a big sum of money in those days. And $50 went a good ways toward lightening the mortgage on Ben Tempest's father's farm.

Jewelry on the Hire System.

A flourishing establishment in New York derives most of its income from lending jewelry on hire, instead of selling it outright, to women who cannot afford to buy.

The business is a perfectly legitimate one. Only a fair amount of interest is charged for the use of the goods, and nothing is ever attempted in the way of deceiving customers as to the actual value of the jewelry they hire.

You can go to this shop and get a watch set with turquoise, to wear on the lapel of your new electric-blue gown, and you can keep the watch as long as you please by paying the rate of interest agreed upon when you take possession of it.

Of course you must pay a deposit amounting to the full value of the turquoise bauble before you take it out of the shop, but when you go back with it all the money will be refunded except the small sum charged for its use. It is so with diamonds and rings. Indeed, the whole list and category of jewelry might be included.

On the night of a large ball the shop will be nearly cleared of its rentable stock. But by the next day noon every thing is returned, and the jewels, newly polished and glittering as ever, are back in their cases waiting for the next hiring out.

Comparative Height of Women.

Some medical men have been taking measurements of the height of women in France, England, and America, and announce that the English woman is the tallest, and the American next. The average height of the French woman is 5 ft. 1 in. The American women are nearly two inches taller, and the women of Great Britain half an inch taller than they. But American women weigh slightly more than either of the others, and it is said that their average weight is about 117 pounds.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

TRAGIC AND UNHAPPY FATE OF THE SPARROW.

Under the Elms Down by the Brook—The Law for the Wolves—Dolls' Hats and How to Make Them—A Gay School-Bag—Andrew's Argument.

My Sparrows.

The sparrows were mine by right of discovery. A runlet, which flowed out of a deep gorge in the hills, dancing in merriment, and telling marvelous stories of all it had seen since it left its mountain spring, turned suddenly from the dividing fence between two grassy fields and left a bit of woodland in the angle formed by the fence and another separating both fields from the river. It was such an atom out of the forest that it had never been "improved," and wild flowers and wild birds made their homes there.

Two slender elms, all overrun with a grape vine, stood guard over this fairy nook, and this grapevine was so ingenious, so full of a desire to climb that it won admiring observations. A few inches from the soil it put forth a branch as ambitious as itself. The elm was a few feet away, but it disdained to travel over the ground to reach a support; the swaying branches were above it, and in striving to reach them it twisted itself into a loop and grew longer and at last a strong wind blew it against the boughs and its curling tendrils clung to them.

Meanwhile the parent stem thrust itself through the depending loop that the branch had formed and stretching out vine arms to other branches formed a pleasant swing.

In the shrubs behind the elms the sparrows built their nest, not the arrogant English sparrows that are driving our sweet singers farther and farther away, but the gentle native birds. How friendly they grew as I visited their home day by day, thinking, no doubt, I thought it a very marvel of a bird's nest. And when, instead of four little white eggs there were four young sparrows in the nest, with what pride they perched on the bushes near!

Over the old rail fence, in a leafy buckeye, was a red bird's nest, but the parents resented my prying into their nursery and I let them alone, devoting myself to the sparrows. I fed them with crumbs, dropping one into each little throat, which was always open when they heard me coming. I grew forder of them every day and as their feathers grew they were really pretty.

But one morning my crumbs were not needed; an empty nest and the wailing of the parent-birds awaited me. There had been no storm and the little ones could not fly, but I searched carefully, hoping to find them where they had in some way been brushed from the nest. It was useless; they were gone; and then sharp cries of distress from the red bird's nest drew my attention thither. The birds were fluttering above their nest and there was something heart-piercing in their anguished notes. It was the cry of the weak against the strong, of the helpless against the oppressor.

I soon reached the leafy buckeye, but looking up instead of down, nearly trod upon the cause of their terror before I saw it—a huge blacksnake which, having begun its breakfast on sparrows, was minded to finish it on redbirds. The cunning, wicke yes of the reptile were fixed gre y on the nest as it crawled slowly towards the tree, and I wondered by what cruel instinct it was guided to the spot, or did the joyous singing of the birds reveal their treasure to their mortal enemy!

Putting this enemy out of the way seemed the only plan to insure safety to the young birds, and indignant at the fate of my sparrow pets I pelted this destroyer with stones till he turned and glided swiftly towards the river.

Closely following, I renewed the attack, while the snake coiled and struck viciously at the pebbles that fell thickly around him, the white spots showing through his dusky hue as they always do when a blacksnake is angry.

Finally one of the missiles struck him, and darting from his coil he shot into the water, swimming with amazing celerity. I never knew before that a blacksnake could swim. With head held high, the long, sinuous body waving to and fro it gained the middle of the stream and swam downwards with the current.

As soon as the birdlings could fly a little, while they were yet of a dull brownish hue, for their bright color is not given them until later, the redbirds removed them to a different dwelling and their nest, too, was empty.—Philadelphia Times.

"A Gay School Bag."

A gay school bag can be made out of ticking, if it is new and stiff. Cut a piece large enough when folded to hold your largest book and slate, the stripes running up and down or crossways, as you may prefer. Work all the white stripes with cat-stitch or feather-stitch in red marking-cotton. Line the whole piece with plain ticking, and across the middle line, where the piece is folded to make the bag, put two rows of stitching about an inch apart. Into this a lath or window-curtain stick is run to make the whole firm and prevent its sagging when the books are carried in it. Sew up the sides firmly, and put a row of stitching around the top, into which two sticks can be slipped, one on each side of the bag.—Harper's Young People.

The Raft Spider.

The "raft spider," found in Terra del Fuego, is a most extraordinary insect. It derives its name from the fact that it constructs a raft of matted leaves and pieces of wood, which it uses to pursue its prey on the water. Raft spiders travel in fours. They make their oars out of twigs and generally row a thirty-two stroke, although they have been known at times to increase the speed to thirty-six.

The Law for the Wolves.

Now this is the law of the jungle, as old and as true as the sky.
And the wolf that shall keep it may prosper, but the wolf that shall break it must die.

As the creeper that girdles the tree trunk the law runneth forward and back:
For the strength of the pack is the wolf, and the strength of the wolf is the pack.

Wash daily from nose tip to tail tip; drink deeply, but never too deep.
And remember the night is for hunting and forget not the day is for sleep.

The jackal may follow the tiger, but, cub, when thy whiskers are grown,
Remember the wolf is a hunter—go forth and get food of thine own.

Keep peace with the lords of the jungle, the tiger, the panther, the bear:
And trouble not Hathi the Silent, and mock not the boar in his lair.

When pack meets with pack in the jungle, and neither will go from the trail,
Lie down till the leaders have spoken: it may be fair words shall prevail.

When ye fight with a wolf of the pack ye must fight him alone and afar,
Lest others take part in the quarrel and the pack is diminished by war.

The lair of the wolf is his refuge and where he has made him a home,
Not even the head wolf may enter, not even the council may come.

The lair of the wolf is his refuge, and where he has dirged it too plain,
The council shall send him a message, and so he shall change it again.

If ye kill before midnight be silent and wake not the woods with your bay,
Lest ye frighten the deer from the crop and thy brothers go empty away.

Ye may kill for yourselves, and your mates, and your cubs as they need and ye can:
But kill not for pleasure of killing, and seven times never kill man.

If ye plunder his kill from a weaker, devour not all in thy pride,
Pack-right is the right of the meanest, so leave him the head and the hide.

The kill of the pack is the meat of the pack: Ye must eat where it lies:
And no one may carry away of that meat to his lair or he dies.

The kill of the wolf is the meat of the wolf. He may do what he will;
But, till he is given permission, the pack may not eat of that kill.

Lair right is the right of the mother. From all of her year she may claim
One haunch of each kill for her litter, and none may deny her the same.

Cub right is the right of the yearling. From all of his pack he may claim
Full gorge when the killer has eaten: and none may refuse him the same.

Cave right is the right of the father, to hunt by himself for his own:
He is freed from all calls to the pack. He is judged by the council alone.

Because of his age and his cunning, because of his gripe and his paw,
In all that the law leaveth open the word of the head wolf is law.

Now these are the laws of the jungle, and many and mighty are they:
But the head and the hoof of the law and the haunch and the hump is—Obey!

—Rudyard Kipling in the St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Dolls' Hats.

A little girl with skillful fingers may fashion hats for dolls, small and large, from discarded millinery. A circle of straw cut from an old hat, bound with ribbon or velvet, and furnished with strings to tie it on by, makes a capital hat. The crown may consist of a bunch of silk, a rosette of narrow ribbon, or a little bunch of flowers—anything that will stick up a little from the straw.

Another simple hat for a small jointed doll is begun by cutting a circle out of stiff paper, cutting in the center a hole that will just fit the doll's head. A puff of silk for the crown and a bit of lace to cover the brim with, completes this pretty shade hat, which needs no strings or pins for fastenings. By the way, small silver stick pins, or black headed steel pins make capital hat pins for dolls.

Flower bonnets are the easiest things in the world to make for little dolls. Take a single flat flower, as a daisy or pansy, cut off the stem as close to the flower as possible, and use the whole as a hat. Strings of very narrow ribbon to match or contrast will be needed to tie these very pretty bonnets on. Bits of gay feathers from fancy dusters are about the right size to trim dolls' hats with.—Star-Sayings.

They Have Weak Lungs.

For a short distance a lion or a tiger can outrun a man and can equal the speed of a fast horse, but they lose their wind at the end of half a mile at the most. They have little endurance, and are remarkably weak in lung power. Their strength is the kind which is capable of a terrific effort for a short time. It would take six men to hold a lion down, even after his legs were tied so that he could not use his paws.

An Argument.

Mamma—Now, Andrew, you mustn't eat that candy, because it will destroy your appetite for dinner.

Andrew—I don't think so, mamma.

Mamma—Why don't you think so, dear?

Andrew—Because, mamma, I haven't got a bit of appetite just now.—Harper's Young People.

Queer Books.

The British museum has books written on bricks, tiles, oyster shells, bones and flat stones, together with manuscripts on bark, on ivory, leather, parchment, papyrus, lead, iron, copper and wood. It has three copies of the bible written on the leaves of the fan palm.

A French lady of very elegant figure was recently asked why she always had such enormously stout servants. Her answer was characteristic: "To prevent their wearing my clothes when I am away from home."

THE HIGHEST AWARD.

Royal Baking Powder in Strength and Value 20 Per Cent Above its Nearest Competitor.

The Royal Baking Powder has the enviable record of having received the highest award for articles of its class—greatest strength, purest ingredients, most perfectly combined—wherever exhibited in competition with others. In the exhibitions of former years, at the Centennial, at Paris, Vienna and at the various state and industrial fairs where it has been exhibited, judges have invariably awarded the Royal Baking Powder the highest honors.

At the recent World's Fair the examination for the baking powder awards were made by the experts of the chemical division of the Agricultural department of Washington. The official report of the tests of the baking powders which were made by this department for the specific purpose of ascertaining which was the best and which has been made public, shows the leavening strength of the Royal to be 160 cubic inches of carbonic gas per ounce of powder. Of the cream of tartar baking powders exhibited at the Fair, the next highest in strength thus tested contained but 133 cubic inches of leavening gas. The other powders gave an average of 111. The Royal, therefore, was found of 20 per cent greater leavening strength than its nearest competitor, and 44 per cent above the average of all the other tests. Its superiority in other respects, however, in the quality of the food it makes as to fineness, delicacy and wholesomeness, could not be measured by figures.

It is these high qualities, known and appreciated by the women of the country for so many years, that have caused the sales of the Royal Baking Powder, as shown by statistics, to exceed the sales of all other baking powders combined.

AT THE SIGNING.

It Was a Solemn Occasion, But a Few Jokes Could Not Be Suppressed.

The signing of the declaration of independence was a solemn act. The signers were subjects of King George, and their act was treason. If the king could have caught them he would have hung them, every one, and this they knew; but, according to the traditions that have come down to us, this knowledge did not deter certain of them from relieving the solemnity of the occasion with the natural flow of their wit and humor. The remarks attributed to them are not exactly authenticated by history, but they are too good not to be believed. It is said that when John Hancock affixed his bold autograph he remarked, "The Englishmen will have no difficulty in reading that," that when Franklin signed he said, "Now, we must all hang together or we will hang separately," and that Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, when asked why he wrote his place of residence replied that there was another Charles Carroll and he didn't want them to hang the wrong man.

The most enthusiastic advocate of the great measure and one who led the debate in its support was John Adams of Massachusetts, and when the declaration was adopted he wrote to his wife in these prophetic words: "This will be the most memorable epoch in the history of America; celebrated by descending generations as the greatest anniversary festival, commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to Almighty God; solemnized with pomps, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward, forever."

Of all the eloquent words uttered regarding the declaration of independence by the orators of the generations which have succeeded its inception no more impressive sentence was ever spoken than one pronounced by Ralph Waldo Emerson in an address delivered in Boston during the civil war. Referring to a contemptuous characterization of a certain political speaker he said: "We have been told that the declaration of independence is a glittering generality; it is an eternal ubiquity."

Among America's later statesmen no one entertained a more excellent regard for the declaration, or more persistently emphasized its important relation to legislation, than Charles Sumner. He always held that the constitution should be interpreted in the spirit of the declaration. He said: "The declaration of independence has a supremacy grander than that of the constitution. Every word in the constitution is subordinate to the declaration. The declaration precedes the constitution in time and is more elevated in character. The constitution is an earthly body, if you please; the declaration of independence is the very soul itself."

A Drug on the Market.

"Here they are! All male birds and good singers! Only seventy-five cents each; dirt cheap, because they're a drug in the market!" cried a man in the German quarter of New York, with a dozen caged canaries at his feet on the curb. The price was really about half the usual rate, and the hawker explained that German canaries had been overimported. One dealer had received 3,000 birds, and many others had got in large numbers. The bird fanciers would not buy because hard times made trade dull, and prices had to come down. He had already been two days offering birds dirt cheap in a region where canaries are dearly beloved.

A Surprise Wedding.

The newest idea in society is the "surprise" wedding. Invitations are sent out for a dinner party and when the dinner is over the parson is introduced in "a few well chosen words," the bridegroom takes the guests into his confidence, the bride blushingly takes her place and the marriage is solemnized without further ceremony.