

Spring Cleaning

Is such a trial that men say, "Let the house take care of itself." But the conscientious wife feels bound to risk health and strength in this annual struggle with dust and dirt. The consequence of her feverish anxiety over extra work is depletion of the blood, the source of all life and strength, manifested in that weak, tired, nervous condition too prevalent at this season and very dangerous if allowed to continue. What every man and woman needs in the spring is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It keeps the blood vitalized

and enriched, and thus sustains the nerves and all the bodily functions. "I take Hood's Sarsaparilla every spring, and it is the only medicine I use through the year. It enables me to do my house cleaning and farm work all through the summer. It helped me very much for palpitation of the heart. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for everyone and all who take it will never be without it. I have also used Hood's Pills and they are the best I ever tried." Mrs. F. H. ANDREWS, S. Woodstock, Ct. Get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

All-wool challises in black and navy blue grounds, which can now be purchased at half their former price, make comfortable and desirable house gowns. It is not too much to say that the best-dressed women in Europe are the Parisiennes, for with them it is not merely a matter of what they wear but of how they wear it.

There are some men who are always polite—they have gloved souls.

Why Pay Doctors?

A guaranteed cure for constipation without medicine or injections, costing only a California Raisin for Pills, gives instant relief—and a positive cure for BILE, NERVOUS HEADACHE, and all other ailments connected with the bowels. Write to HOME-MADE PILLS, 1012 Walnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Commonly those whose tongues are their weapons use their feet for defense.

The Lowest Rates Ever Made to the South

Will be in effect via the Louisville & Nashville railroad, on March 5, April 3 and 30, 1895. Round trip tickets will be sold to points in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia and West Florida, and one-way tickets to Florida at about half the regular rates. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he can not sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or George L. Cross, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

The universe is not rich enough to buy the vote of an honest man.

Interesting Facts.

The manufacturer who is watching the progress of the times, is always on the lookout for changing conditions, and such a man naturally turns to the locality where he finds the raw material, and easy access to markets for his products.

The State of Wisconsin offers great opportunities. Tributary to the railroad of the Wisconsin Central Lines, which traverse the center of the State, there are unlimited forests of Pine, Hemlock, Birch, Maple, Basswood, Oak, Elm and other hardwoods; Mines of Iron Ore of quality unsurpassed, already shipping several millions tons per annum. Granite and Lime Stone Quarries.

Farm lands unequalled for raising of grain of all kinds as well as root crops.

We are developed and wish to expand and show what our line can do.

Write us if you wish to locate manufacturing or farm, or intend to travel.

A cooking-school teacher spoke the other day of rather a singular fact which she had discovered in conducting classes in various schools and institutions. This was that boys learned cooking much quicker than girls. "They take to it more readily," as she expressed it.

A SONG OF HOPE.

No tears, dear, if the black skies frown—
Hope for the best.
No storm the rainbow's smile can down—
Hope for the best.
There is a light somewhere. Some day,
From east to west
Will shine a deathless morning's ray,
Hope for the best.
Old proverb! Yes, but cheering—sweet—
Divinely blest;
Even with the sharp thorn around your feet
Hope for the best.
What hope in sighing? Time still flies
From life's unrest;
Tears blur the blue in God's sweet skies,
Hope for the best.
And, old or new, still sing the song
That life loves best;
One melody a whole life long—
Hope for the best.

AN INSPECTOR.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.



PINKTON'S boy again!" said Hannah Digby. "Now what does Pinkton's boy want this time? Didn't I give him half a mince pie and all the rest of the cold boiled ham not two hours ago? Thumping away at the door loud enough to wake

the Seven Sleepers, when uncle has just laid down for his nap! I declare, I've no patience with that child!"

"It's on an errand he's come this time, Miss Hannah," said Thyra, the help. "At least that's what he says. There ain't no believin' Pinkton's boy, though."

Outside in the angry red twilight, the March wind was howling like some infuriated demon, rocking the bare tree tops to and fro and rattling the loose window shutters against the side of the house, while under the hill the breakers of Lone Bay flung themselves like miniature parks of artillery along the rock bound shore.

Hannah shuddered as she stepped out on to the porch and confronted a dirty, red-haired little varlet.

"What is it, Hezekiah?" said she, sharply. "Now you can't be hungry, and I know you are not cold, for you are wearing uncle's old overcoat. I should like to know what sends you here now."

"Please, miss," said Hezekiah, "it ain't I; it beed old Mrs. Kesley."

"Mrs. Kesley again?" said Hannah, with a gesture of despair. "Why, it was only yesterday that uncle was there."

"It beed old Mrs. Kesley," stolidly repeated Hezekiah. "She be in a mortal hurry. Her have got mortal bad pain in her bones."

"Pshaw!" said Hannah, more to herself than to Hezekiah, who added: "Her told I to run; then I rannad, I did, an' the wind 'most blow'd I off the hill."

"Poor child!" said Hannah. "Thyra, give him a bowl of tea and a slice of gingerbread. But all the same, I am not going to disturb uncle. He was out all night, and this morning he had to drive over to Castle Peak, and he has only just laid himself down for a nap. I'll take a bag of hops and a little quinine and some aconite, and drive over myself, with old Blackie, in the gig."

"But how will Mrs. Kesley like it?" said Thyra, with a broad smile. "Oh, she won't care!" said Hannah. "And besides, she can't help herself. I shall tell her that uncle sent me."

And with haste and speed the doctor's niece bundled herself into a black and green shepherd-plaid shawl and a hood from which her plump, dimpled face looked out like a pink trailing arbutus from a snow drift.

"Come, Thyra—come, Hezekiah!" she said. "Light the lantern and come along; we'll harness up ourselves. Uncle must not be disturbed."

Hannah Digby was one of those bright, spirited girls who understood a little of everything. She led out old Blackie and skillfully harnessed him while Thyra held the lantern, and the half-witted boy lent ready assistance with girths and backles, and she was soon on her way to Mrs. Kesley's house, in the face of the howling March wind.

"I suppose all doctors have such patients," she said to herself. "But what a blessing it would be if Mrs. Kesley would either die or get well!"

It was a long and dreary drive. Hannah was thoroughly out of patience, besides being chilled through, before she sprang out on the doorstep of Mrs. Kesley's old brick house.

"I'd give her a piece of my mind," said Hannah. "Fresh as a rose she came into the room—nobody bolted their doors or turned an inhospitable lock on Green Mountain—bringing with her a fragrant accompaniment of pine wood breath and sweet hillside breezes."

"Well, Mrs. Kesley, what is it now?" she said, tartly, as she saw a figure huddled up on the broad chintz sofa, just outside the coral-shine of the fire. "I do think it is too ridiculous of you to be sending for poor Uncle Zalman every ache and pain that you have; and so hard as he has to work, too!"

A groan was the only reply. "Now don't lie there and groan in that senseless sort of way," said Hannah, undoing the layers of the black-and-green shepherd-plaid shawl. "Because you know it won't do a bit of good. I don't want to be cross with you, but—"

"Bless me, Hanner Digby, is that you?" said a voice behind her; and there entered on the scene a stout, short old lady, with a double chin

overlapping her brown cap ribbons, and a candle in her hand—none other than Mrs. Kesley herself. "Why, where's the doctor?" "He couldn't come," said Hannah crisply. "He sent me."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Kesley. "Who is—that?" said Hannah, with a quick inclination of her head toward the prone figure tossing to and fro on the lounge.

"It's my husband's nephew from York State," said Mrs. Kesley—Lawrence Neville. Larry, we're always called him, for short. Stopped here on his way to Concord, and was taken sick."

"Oh, what shall I do?" exclaimed poor Hannah, clasping her hands. "And I have been scolding him like all Billingsgate!"

"Eh?" said Mrs. Kesley, upon whom the classic allusion was lost. "It's fever, I calculate; or p'raps measles. I don't remember that Larry ever had the measles as a child."

"What will he think?" said Hannah, despairingly. "La, he don't sense a word you say!" said the old lady. "He's as crazy as a cricket!"

Hannah went up to the side of the lounge. "Hold the candle, Mrs. Kesley," said she, as she laid her light, cool hand on the fevered brow and felt the bounding pulse.

"Why, you don't know nothin' of doctorin', do you?" said Mrs. Kesley, in amazement.

"Don't I, though?" said Hannah, who had, in very truth, gleaned many a pathological experience among her uncle's patients. "This is nothing more than a heavy cold, Mrs. Kesley, accompanied with a slight sympathetic fever."

"La!" said the old lady, again. "Let his feet be soaked in hot mustard-water, and kept warm by water-jugs," said Hannah, authoritatively. "Give him nine drops of the contents of this vial once in two hours. Use every effort to throw him into a profuse perspiration."

"Folks used to steam themselves over a tea kettle when I was a gal," said Mrs. Kesley.

"Ah!" said Hannah. "That was the old system."

"La!" again repeated Mrs. Kesley. "But," calmly added Hannah, "we have improved upon all that now. You'll be sure and not forget the mint-drops, Mrs. Kesley. The pulse is frequent, but not alarmingly so. I think I should recommend cold-water bandages around the throat and on the forehead. And be sure that he is kept very warm. How strangely he looks at me! You are quite sure, Mrs. Kesley, that he is delirious?"

"As crazy as a croton-bug!" repeated Mrs. Kesley, rather at a loss for a comparison and remembering a peculiar variety of insect which she had known as a New York house-keeper thirty years ago.

"Now he is shutting his eyes again," said Hannah, passing her hand with light, magnetic touches over his brow. "Poor fellow?"

"P'raps," suggested Mrs. Kesley. "I'd better get the big shears and cut off his hair. It's plaguy thick; and if his head has got to be kept cold—"

"Oh, no, I wouldn't do that!" said Hannah. "It's such soft, curly hair! Let it remain."

And she applied herself to measuring out sudry camphor-smelling powders from a pocket-case.

"I will call early in the morning," said she, when the powders were all measured out.

"La!" said Mrs. Kesley. Hannah Digby drove home, silently and meditatively, old Blackie picking his slow way along the dreary road, while the wind shrieked and the pines rustled mysteriously on either side of the highway.

"Now I have got myself into a pretty scrape," said she, addressing old Blackie's ears. "Shall I tell Uncle Zalman, or shan't I? Will he scold, or won't he? After all, the man has only got a touch of influenza. If congestion set in—Oh, pshaw, it won't! If there is any danger of pneumonia—But the man breathes as regularly as a pair of bellows. No, I'll risk it. I've begun the case, and I'll carry it through."

While Larry Neville, smiling to himself in the freight, thought: "How pretty she was!—and how velvety and cool her hand felt on my forehead! Oh, yes, I'll take all the powders between here and the Maine line if she says so."

"The next morning the patient was decidedly improved. He was sitting up in the big rocking-chair, in front of the fire, while Pinkton's boy piled on more logs, and shuffled back and forth on errands for Mrs. Kesley."

"Here she comes!" said Pinkton's boy, starting out of the window. "Who comes?" Larry asked.

"The doctor-young-'oman," said Pinkton's boy. "Will I tell her you've got well and don't want she no more?"

But Larry only frowned at him. "Open the door for her, you young scamp!" said he.

Miss Digby was as good as her word. She conducted the case triumphantly through to its end.

It is just possible that Mr. Neville protracted his convalescence unnecessarily, but that is neither here nor there.

"So Larry is going home to-morrow," said Mrs. Kesley. "Well, I declare I shall miss the boy!" "Yes," said Hannah, demurely. "But he's coming back again in May, he says."

"What for?" said Mrs. Kesley. "To marry me," said Hannah. "La!" said the old lady. "We had a little explanation, you see," said Hannah. "He confessed to me that he was not at all delirious that first night, you know, while I felt his pulse and smoothed his hair. Wasn't that dreadful?"

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Kesley. "And then," said Hannah, "I told him I wasn't a doctor at all—only a wretched impostor."

"And what did he say?" said Mrs. Kesley. "He didn't seem to mind it in the least," Hannah said; and we are engaged. He says he fell in love with me that very first evening."

"La!" said Mrs. Kesley. "And, after all," went on Hannah, "the whole thing can be traced back to that ridiculous blunder of Pinkton's boy. To think that I should owe my life's happiness to—Pinkton's boy."

"Pinkton's boy himself was not at all surprised when he heard that Mr. Neville was engaged to Hannah Digby. "Yes," said he reflectively, "if I was a grown-up man, with a real good watch chain, I'd marry her. Her's the kind of gal to suit I!"—Saturday Night.

Story of a Bear's Claw.

A long, brown bear claw on the watch chain of a man standing in the Metropolitan lobby last night attracted several people's attention, and some asked him why he wore such an outlandish charm.

"Well," began the owner, who was George Miller, of Cheyenne, and a wealthy member of the Wyoming Live Stock Association, "there is a story about this claw. I cut it off of a live grizzly bear, who is living yet for all I know, and I put it on to-night to show a friend who was mightily interested in the proceedings about the time the amputation occurred. I'm going over to Baltimore in a few minutes to see him, and when he spichest this claw I'll bet he hollers. Phil Brent, that's his name, and we were out prospecting in the spurs that run back from Brown's Park in Colorado in '77. I had the quartz fever bad then and wouldn't have given a piece of jerked meat for every bunch of cattle in the country. We had knocked up a sort of a shack for ourselves, something of a cross between a big wickiup and a hillside cave, and were pretty comfortable as far as quarters go. One day Phil got sort of sick and I went out to kill him a grouse, taking a little single-barrel shotgun. I got a couple of mountain quail about a quarter of a mile away and came back. When I turned a little gully and came in sight of the shack there were the hindquarters of a grizzly sticking out of the door.

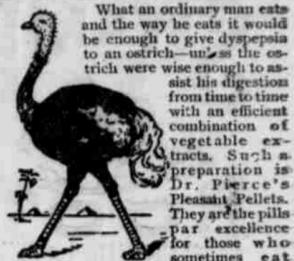
"I knew Phil was inside, and my hair stood up. The popgun I had was worth about as much as a pipestem so far as fighting a bear was concerned, I didn't know what to do, but every now and then I could hear the bear gurgle. It wasn't a grunt, but a regular gurgle, like it was blowing its wind against the roof of its mouth. All of a sudden I spied our axe near me, and I grabbed it. I sneaked up, thinking I could cut the bear on his hind knee and make him pay attention to himself until I could get a whack at his head. A bear hurt in the hindquarters will always doctor the wound for a minute or two before it starts to get even with its enemy."

"Well, I raised the axe and shut my eyes and whizzed away at that hind leg. There was a howl like a hundred hyenas had broke loose, and a bear half as big as an elephant, it seemed to me, fell back out of the shack and then started off up the hollow like a rattling tin in one corner, with his eyes staring at the door, in a dead faint. We examined the doorway to see if there were any blood marks, and blessed if I didn't pick up his claw. I reckon I missed his leg."—Washington Star.

The Pastures of the Sea.

At the Imperial Institute, last week, Mr. George Murray, of the British Museum, gave a lecture on "The Pastures of the Sea," which consisted of a brief account of the vegetable organism which live in the ocean. Treating first of those seaweeds which grow near land, he said they do not occur at a greater depth than fifty fathoms. They may be classified according to their color into red, olive-brown, and green, and this classification corresponds fairly well with the natural one founded on considerations of structure. The red seaweeds grow below low water mark, the green at high water mark, and the olive-brown between the marks. The colors appear to stand in direct relation with the supply of light, since sea water stops those rays which are especially concerned in the formation of chlorophyll. The red pigment, perhaps, acts as a shield to protect the plant from the blue rays which pass through sea water most abundantly. But in view of the teeming animal life of the sea, these trifling amounts of coast seaweeds cannot be considered sufficient to maintain the necessary balance between animal and vegetable life. This is effected by the floating microscopic plants which are found in almost all waters, sometimes in immense masses, as in the Red Sea, which takes its name from their color. They occur in fresh water, too; the spray of the fountains in Kensington Gardens in autumn has a blue-green tint which is due to the presence of a species of this plant. The floating weed in the Sargasso Sea is a puzzling phenomenon. It has been supposed to be seaweed washed off from the Antilles, but unfortunately for that theory, no plant of the same species has ever been found growing in those islands. In conclusion, the lecturer urged the necessity of further study of the ocean and its economy.—London Times.

In London alone there are upward of 170 pianoforte factories. Over 1300 shops and factories in the metropolis are devoted to the supplying of musical goods of all sorts. Throughout the provinces there are 3900 musical establishments of various kinds.



What an ordinary man eats and the way he eats it would be enough to give dyspepsia to an ostrich—unless the ostrich were wise enough to assist his digestion from time to time with an efficient combination of vegetable extracts. Such a preparation is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are the pills par excellence for those who sometimes eat the wrong things and too much. They stimulate action in all the digestive organs. They stop sour stomach, windy belching, heartburn, flatulence and cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache and kindred derangements.

Once used they are always in favor.

HORTICULTURAL.

When near a good market string beans, peas and sweet corn are profitable.

Raspberries, currants, gooseberries and small fruits generally will profitably respond to an application of phosphates.

In a contemporary writer condemns mulching potatoes. He says that it will not protect from drought and will not pay. We think he is mistaken as to not protecting from drought. It will do some extent.

There are sections of the country that are especially adapted to growing certain crops, and under such conditions those crops should be grown. Kalamazoo, Mich., celery culture is an illustration of the wisdom of this.

It is said that pruning potatoes to two stalks in the hill has produced larger tubers and a greater yield. This is done on the theory that we prune vines and trees and pinch back melons and tomatoes. The theory is all right. Too much energy can go into tops.

Notes.

Drs. H. H. Green & Sons of Atlanta, Ga., are the greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Cure more patients than the entire army of physicians scattered over this beautiful land of ours. A valuable discovery outside any medical book or published opinion. A purely vegetable preparation. Removes all dropsical symptoms rapidly. Ten days' treatment mailed to every sufferer. See advertisement in other column.

Silks are even prettier than ever, if that is possible. Flowered designs on light grounds are popular, and black gros grain, with a very heavy cord, is again becoming fashionable.



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 embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form 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.

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR. IMPERIAL GRANUM



FOOD BEST SUITED TO ALL WEAK CONDITIONS OF DIGESTIVE ORGANS FOR Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and AGED PERSONS

THE SAFEST FOOD IN THE SICK ROOM FOR INVALIDS

PURE AND CONVALESCENTS. DELICIOUS. NOURISHING

FOOD FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS, CHILDREN

THE IMPERIAL GRANUM IS SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

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The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.
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Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

STEEL TANKS
We furnish steel tanks with covers, all galvanized after completion, in nests of ten, 8 to 12 feet high and 30 to 36 inches in diameter, at 25c per gallon. They do not rust, absorb leak, go taste to water, nor allow foreign substances to get in. They can be put in garret or barn and they are protected from freezing. They take no setting up, are cheaper than wood. Tanks of all sizes made to order. Send for price list and designs for substructure and ornamental pump supply.
AERMOTOR CO., CHICAGO.
2 1/2 CTS PER GAL.

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35 Cent Patterns for 10 Cents. When the Coupon Below is Sent. Also One Cent Additional for Postage.

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This coupon sent with an order for one or any of our 35 cent patterns is credited as 25 cents, making the pattern cost only 10 cents. One cent extra for postage for each pattern. Give number of inches waist measure for skirts and number of inches bust measure for waists.
Address:
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A GREAT COUGH REMEDY.

Perhaps you may think that Scott's Emulsion is only useful to fatten babies, to round up the angles and make comely and attractive, lean and angular women, and fill out the hollow cheeks and stop the wasting of the consumptive, and enrich and vitalize the blood of the scrofulous and anæmic persons. It will do all this—but it will do more. It will cure a

Hard, Stubborn Cough

when the ordinary cough syrups and specifics entirely fail. The cough that lingers after the Grip and Pneumonia will be softened and cured by the balsamic healing and strengthening influences of this beneficent food-medicine, namely, Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

Refuse substitutes. They are never as good.

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