

BLOOD POISONING.

A Nurse's Experience.

There are thousands of people suffering from blood poisoning who have almost begged themselves in buying medicines from which they have obtained no help. There are thousands of others who first or last have tried Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla and found perfect healing. One of these others, Mrs. A. F. Taylor, of Englewood, N. Dak., relates the following experience:

"About two years ago, I nursed a lady who was suffering (and finally died) from blood poisoning. I must have contracted the disease from her, for shortly after her death, I had four large sores or ulcers, break out on my person. I doctored for a long time, both by external application and with various blood medicines; but, in spite of all that I could do, the sores would not heal. They were obstinate, very painful, annoying, and only getting worse all the time. At last, I purchased six bottles of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, thinking I would give it a thorough trial. Before the first bottle was taken, I noticed a decided improvement in my general health; my appetite was quickened, and I felt better and stronger than I had for some time. While using the second bottle, I noticed that the sores had begun to look healthier

and to heal. Before the six bottles had been taken, the ulcers were healed, the skin sound and natural, and my health better than it had been for years. I have been well ever since. I had rather have one bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind."

This is but one example of the remedial value of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla in all forms of blood disease. There is no other medicine that cures so promptly, so surely and so thoroughly. After nearly half a century of test and trial, it is still standard medicine of the world for all diseases of the blood. Sores, ulcers, boils, tetter, rheumatism, scrofula, and every other blood disease is curable by Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The success of this remedy over all other imitations is put on the market. Imitation remedies work in imitation cures. The universal testimony is that "one bottle of Dr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is worth three of any other kind." If you are interested in knowing more about this remedy, get Dr. Ayer's Curebook, a story of cures told by the cured. It is sent free on request by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Write for it.

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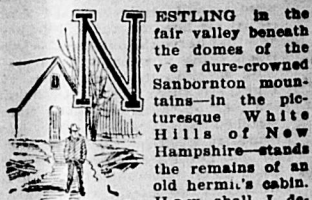
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AN OLD-TIME HERMIT.

LIVED AND DIED ALONE AND SLEEPS ALONE.

Epitomized Account of Eccentric Joseph Plummer's Sylvan Home and Strange Characteristics—His First and Only Courtship.



NESTLING in the fair valley beneath the domes of the verdure-crowned Sanborn mountains—in the picturesque White Hills of New Hampshire—stands the remains of an old hermit's cabin. How shall I describe the place and its once noted owner? Let us fly back upon the wings of time to the historic town of Londonderry, same state, where in the year 1774, October the 28th, was born Joseph Plummer, sixth child of Jesse, and Sally Plummer. Soon after his birth his parents moved to Sanborn and later to Meredith, but subsequently returned to Sanborn. From birth "Hermit Joe," as he was familiarly known, was a person of peculiar ideas and actions, preferring to live the life of a recluse rather than associate with his fellow beings. Let us o'er hills and dells—leave the beaten track of travel—and plunge into the forest; where those monarchs of the woods, the pine and the hemlock, once held undisputed sovereignty. Let us far into the depth of one of these dark woods—where the murmur of a tiny brooklet is heard softly tuning its song when the summer holds sway; or, dashing and roaring amid its rocky bed when the winter snows are rapidly melting under the warming influence of the rains of inconstant April. Into such a spot—amongst the mountainous region of the



HERMIT'S HOME TODAY.

Old Granite state—had Joseph Plummer penetrated at the age of 21, when he purchased seven acres of land in a vast forest at the foot of Meredith hill. It was a desolate spot for a home; a small cabin erected on a mere knoll of scrubby pines and sandy, poverty-stricken land in the large forest of towering trees which struggled for existence along the rocky banks of a limpid mountain brooklet. In the writer's mind, this small rivulet must have been the one thing that attracted the hermit's attention and decided him to select this unfavorable spot for a home. Doubtless the hermit's weary thoughts were soothed to rest many a night by the lullaby this brooklet sang. In those far-distant days when the hermit founded his woodland home it was away from the villages—in the midst of a forest—where the only sounds that could have disturbed his lonely life were the singing of the birds, the sweep of the wind through the lofty tree tops and the murmuring of the mountain stream seeking its level in the distant lake. But gradually, a change came. Settlers became more plentiful; highways were laid out, and visitors hoping to see the now noted hermit encroached upon his domains. Doubtless realizing that in view of the changing time he could not be as solitary as in his earlier years, he became more sociable and entertained his visitors in the "style of the times," treating them to apples and cider, although when anyone was near him he watched him with eyes made sharp with distrust. In his later years he made a considerable sum of money by selling baskets and other small articles of his own manufacture. The hermit could read and write and some verses of his composition denouncing the building of railroads and turnpikes are as follows:

"Iron stoves and wooden clocks,
Awful storms and dismal shocks,
Railroads and turnpikes through the land,
Forebodes destruction near at hand.

"But who can make the people see,
If blind as bats they choose to be?
Deaf as the adder they appear,
The truth they cannot hear.

"Devil's lies they much esteem,
Because it suits their wicked scheme;
His hook is baited with deceit,
And they no doubt will bite the bait.

"Then off to fly in vain they try,
Like that from the hook would fly,
The barbed hook will not let go
But draws them down to endless woe."

The hermit's cabin contained no windows, although there was a hole in the garret closed with a board. One door with dimensions of four feet by three feet was the only entrance. Just inside this door was a trap door so that any one entering without his permission would tumble into the cellar. In constructing his chimney he placed two scythes, edge upward, protruding, to prevent anyone "coming down" on him. Originally it was a log but which after living in for many years the hermit built the present building. "Joe" was very ingenious, constructing many useful articles, among them wooden scales, violins and bass viol, on which he was a remarkable player. His subsistence was composed mainly of potatoes, corn bread, berries, fish, herbs and meat from wild animals which he captured in the woods. He never read newspapers, but was a great student of the Bible. In the later days of his life

the N. H. L. Institute theology students used to journey to his home to engage him in a discussion on the doctrines of the Bible. Tradition says that his single courting experience resulted disastrously for himself. Two of his brothers had married daughters of Deacon Fox, who resided on Meredith Hill, and Joseph determined to woo the deacon's remaining daughter. One evening he went to his lady love's house and quietly took himself to the daughter's room and was calmly sitting on her bed when she opened the bedroom door to retire for the night. She began screaming and rushed downstairs to inform her father. The worthy deacon, on hearing the facts of the case, called the hermit down, and said in a solemn tone, "Joseph, the parlor is the proper place to court. That's where I would do it." The hermit replied: "Perhaps you would, deacon, but you ought to know by this time that I don't do anything like any other man." This was Joseph's first and last attempt to do any "sparking."

On Dec. 3, 1862, his niece, Mrs. Freeman Plummer, went to the cabin and found him dead upon his bed. His property, real estate and personal, amounted in value to about \$2,200, and was divided among his nieces and nephews, of whom there were fully thirty.

Just over the Sanborn line in the town of Meredith stands the hermit's home, as it now appears, a photograph of which is here reproduced. In a field a short distance from his one-time home is a grave whose moss-covered headstone bears the following inscription:

"The grave of a
Hermit,
Joseph Plummer,
of Meredith.
Died
Dec. 3, 1862,
Aged 88.
Content with seeking happiness for himself only, he lived in seclusion.
He died alone.
"Peace to his ashes, Rest to his soul."

This grave is enclosed by a solid stone wall with no gateway (made in accordance with his instructions) thus shutting out all mankind. He died as he had lived for three score years and ten—alone, and even after death he wanted to be alone. The only thing that is unchanged near Joseph Plummer's old retreat is the mountain brooklet. The hermit came and the hermit went, but still the brook flows on, and the tumble-down hut in the midst of the forest is all that now remains to remind us of this very eccentric man.

WHY HE KILLED HIMSELF.

The suicide of Frank Strauss, a prosperous grocer at Louisville, Ky., in Chicago recently, was the result of a sadly romantic episode. Strauss shot himself through the right temple at the boarding house of Mrs. Henry Phillips.

Four weeks ago young Strauss, while out wheeling with a young woman to whom he was to be married in a few weeks, accidentally steered his wheel into hers, and the two riders were precipitated into the stony road in which they were traveling. The young woman's head was struck, causing a concussion of the brain. A mental derangement was the result. Strauss soon recovered, but he was so distressed over the injury to his prospective bride that his relatives thought at times he was temporarily insane. He was sent to Chicago for a few days to get rid of the strain. The first intimation that the Strauss family had of his increasing despondency was when they received, a few days before the suicide, a telegram from Frank saying: "The monotony of Chicago is killing me. I am afraid I must end it all."

BEGINS WORK EARLY.

Isabella Harvey Horton, the 13-year-old colored evangelist, is on a tour



EXPOUNDING THE WORD.
through the central states. In the journey she is accompanied by her mother. For her age she is tall and extremely well built. Her face is oval and attractive. Her voice is strong and pleasing and without a touch of nasality. Her speech is excellent for one of so little education, but is somewhat illiterate. The object of her trip is to preach the gospel and to secure means to extend her education through the high school and college. So far she has been successful in both, and is now on her return to Jersey City to complete her education.

Immortality.
Lives of rich men all remind us
We must quickly fade from sight.
If we do not leave behind us
Worth of which our heirs may fight.

THE CAUSE OF DYSPEPSIA.

From the Republican, Scranton, Pa.
The primary cause of dyspepsia is lack of vitality; the absence of nerve force; the loss of the life-sustaining elements of the blood. No organ can properly perform its functions when the source of nutriment fails. When the stomach is robbed of the nourishment demanded by nature, assimilation ceases, unnatural gases are generated, the entire system responds to the discord. A practical illustration of the symptoms and torture of dyspepsia is furnished by the case of Joseph T. Vandyke, 440 Hickory St., Scranton, Pa.

In telling his story, Mr. Vandyke says: "Five years ago I was afflicted with a trouble of the stomach, which was very aggravating. I had no appetite, could not enjoy myself at any time, and especially was the trouble more severe when I awoke in the morning. I did not know what the ailment was, but it became steadily worse and I was in constant misery."

"I called in my family physician, and he diagnosed the case as catarrh of the stomach. He prescribed for me and I had the prescription filled. I took nearly all of the medicine, but still the trouble became worse, and I felt that my condition was hopeless. I tried several remedies recommended by my friends, but without benefit. After I had been suffering several months, Thomas Campbell, also a resident of this city, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

"He finally persuaded me to buy a box and began to use the pills according to directions. Before I had taken the second box I began to feel relieved, and after taking a few more boxes, I considered myself restored to health. The pills gave me new life, strength, ambition and happiness."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure dyspepsia by restoring to the blood the requisite elements of life, by renewing the nerve force and enabling the stomach to promptly and properly assimilate the food. These pills are a specific for all diseases having their origin in impoverished blood or disordered nerves. They contain every element requisite to general nutrition, to restore strength to the weak, good health to the ailing.

"War is horrible!" "Isn't it? Before a war men tell you what they would do in battle, and after a war they tell you what they did do."

Beauty is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic cleans your blood and keeps it clean, by stirring up the liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets, beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c.

"What made you so anxious to introduce Higby and Digby?" "Higby tells war stories and Digby tells fish stories."

Smoke Sledge Cigarettes, 20 for 5 cts.

"It is bad luck to walk under a ladder." "Yes, at this time of year it is. I got stuck even to be in the same room with one."

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

The belief is gaining ground that Billy Patterson was struck by a pretty girl.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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HE PAYS
THE FREIGHT, BEST SCALE, LEAST MONEY. JONES OF BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

BEEBLE'S EYE 'A CAMERA.

Insect's Cornea Has Been Employed as a Photographic Lens.

From the Cinematograph Enquirer: Thousands of years before the inventive genius of men discovered the manifold mysteries of photography and worked out the problem of the lens the little beetle was carrying round with him a snap camera of the most unique and interesting character. This camera was provided with at least 100 photographic lenses, each perfect and in nature's finest working fettle. All know that the beetle has the curious projecting eye very similar to the sort one sometimes sees in man himself. The eye is large and round, or almost so. It can hardly be called a perfect sphere, for it is slightly convex in shape. Such insects have eyes called compound, formed not of one lens, but of several hundreds, set side by side, like cells in a honeycomb. Dr. Allen of England, the famous scientist as well as physician, took the cornea of the eye of a beetle and employed it in place of the usual photographic lens of the camera used for making photographs of microscopic objects. A silhouette of a head was pasted on a piece of round glass and a lamp placed behind it. A photographic dry plate was exposed to the light coming through the beetle's eye from the silhouette and developed in the usual manner. The resulting multigraph was circular and contained several hundred images of the profile—one, indeed, for each facet of the eye. It seems reasonably clear that insects form their judgments of distance from such multiple images, depending upon the power of each facet to refract light rays. The nearer the object the greater would be the area covered by the images on the retina.

SHE SCARED THE BURGLAR.

San Francisco Woman Who Put a Midnight Marauder to Flight.

Mrs. Charles Stackhouse is a plucky San Francisco woman, who is neither afraid of a revolver, nor does she fire it off haphazard when called to face a sudden emergency. Her husband is a marine engineer, and, being often absent from home for days at a time, he had instructed his wife in the use of a revolver, cautioning her that, should it ever happen that the home was invaded by burglars, she should not hesitate to use the weapon, and use it promptly. When awakened at 1 o'clock one morning last week by the sound of stealthy steps on the front stairway of her flat, she remembered her husband's caution and seized the weapon, which was hidden under her pillow, and rushed to the head of the stairs. The burglar was not ten feet away. Leveling the revolver at the intruder, Mrs. Stackhouse ordered him to halt and throw up his hands. The tone in which the order was given apprised the burglar of the fact that he had to deal with a resolute woman. He lost no time in obeying her command. Mrs. Stackhouse thereupon ordered him to leave the premises and not to return on pain of death. The burglar, glad to escape arrest, lost no time in obeying her command, and made himself scarce at once. The police were notified of the occurrence and a description of the man was given. It tallies with that of a suspicious character seen hovering about the place.

Money Would Do.

Servant—"Well, what do you want?" Wandering Musician—"Ah, then possibly you did not hear the music we have not as yet played before your door?"—Detroit Journal.

Wanted a "Nest."

Customer—I want six all wool sets of underwear. Clerk—What size, please? Customer—All sizes, so one fits over the other. I'm going to the Klondike!

Perhaps money talks, but it seems averse to holding conversation with a great many people.

Governor Pingree's bill for increasing the taxes on railroads failed to pass the Senate by two votes. It had passed the House by an almost unanimous vote.

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