Tired Women

Nervous, weak and all worn out — will find in purified blood, made rich and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla, permanent relief and strength. Get Hood's because —

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. It is sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills

are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

Beautiful. Beautiful.

Mrs. Belle Farrell, a pretty Maryland widow, was acquitted promptly after being on trial for a week or more on the charge of murdering her husband. The evidence was rather damaging to the fair defendant, but that didn't fat any ice with the jury. When the verdict was brought in Mrs. Farrell threw her arms around the neck of her attorney, the sheriff put his arms around the waist of the grand old woman, and finally the jury was invited out to "liquor up" at the expense of the defending attorney. Mrs. Farrell selected her second husband soon after her first one died and will be married as soon as she lays off her mourning.

De Tailoge Up Brown Out West

During the thunderstorm at Butte, Mont., the other day lightning struck the residence of Fred C. Anderson, and a ball of fire entered the house and passed back and forth through every room of the house, going through partitions like a ball of iron, and for fully two minutes it gyrated about the house, making eleven large holes in walls and ceilings, melting picture wires and other metal in the rooms. It finally passed outdoing the water pipes without setting fire to anything. There were five persons in the house at the time, but the only injury they suffered was a great fright and temporary deafness.

Cheap Excursions to the West.

Bountiful fairvests are reported from all sections of the west and northwest, and an exceptionally favorable opportunity for home-seekers and those desiring a change of location is offered by the series of low-rate excursions which have been arranged by the Northwestern line. These excursions, with favorable time-limits, will be sold on August 29, September 10 and 24 to points in northern Wisconsin, Michigan, northwestern Iowa, western Minnesota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah and a large number of other points. For full information apply to agents of connecting lines, or address W. B. Kniskern, General Passenger and Ticket Agent Chicago & North-Western R'y, Chicago, Ill.

Cucumbers in a Graveyard.

A vegetable garden in a graveyard is one of the curiosities in Augusta, Ga. The graveyard is a small one, and has no tombs, but numerous slabs tell the passer-by that the ancient dead repose there. Cucumbers, tomatoes and red pepper are found in abundance there.

The twenty-fourth annual conclave of the grand commandery of colored Knights Templar of Ohio jurisdiction was held at Cleveland.

A BACK BLOW.

The Weapon Small — but None More Certain or Effective.

In these times when backs are lame, when almost every other one we meet has one and then, or all the time, a back that aches or pains — "a weak back," "a bad back," a back that makes their life a misery to bear — and still they go on day by day in pain and suffering. Now 'tis the easiest thing in the world to give this played out back "a blow" that will settle it, and put in its place a new one equal to say. It's just like this: hit at the cause; most backaches come from kidney disorders. Feeds the kidneys with pure blood; clogged-up fibres in operation; when this is done you can say good bye to backache.

Here is a case from Harding County. Josiah M. Shoup lives at 51 Broad Street, he was a member of the Battle Creek police force for many years. While a member of the force he served the city well, but the rough weather he was often subjected to laid the foundation of the kidney trouble which has troubled him very much. Here is what he says about it:

"About three years ago, while on the police force, I contracted from exposure a kidney trouble, which has since given me no end of trouble. The pain was right through my kidneys and across the small of my back; if sitting down and I wanted to stand up, I had to arise very slowly and gently or I would increasing pain. I felt such tired out feelings all the time, and I was steadily getting worse. About two months ago, hearing of Doan's Kidney Pills, I got a box. Their action and effect was most complete, they removed the old aching pain for good. I can now get around as quickly as anybody. Doan's Kidney Pills are certainly as represented."

For sale all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other.

SWAMP-ROOT

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE.

At Druggists, Size 2 $1. Advice Free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and CHOCOLATES On this Continent have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Caution: In view of the imitations of the labels and wrappers on our goods, otherwise closely resembling that on our genuine articles, Walter Baker & Co. Limited, Dorchester, Mass. is printed on each package.

BOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD. DORCHESTER, MASS.

BLOOD POISON

A SPECIALTY Primary, Secondary or Tertiary BLOOD POISON permanently and forever cured in 15 to 35 days. We guarantee to cure you after all others have failed to cure, even the worst cases. If you prefer to come to our establishment and have us prove our power over this disease, we will contract to pay your railroad fare and hotel bills, and not charge you a cent, when our specific (S. S. S.) has failed to cure you. Our records for the past 20 years show that over 90 per cent. of all cases we have cured were of many years' standing, and had been pronounced incurable by the best physicians. Our remedy is entirely vegetable, and contains no antidote to counteract the effects of mercury, potash, or any mineral. Our Home Treatment Book will be sent free to any address. Address SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., 157 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL. Cut Out and send this Advertisement.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

A COLOR TRAGEDY.

WHEN Violet Lingard announced she was going in for literature there were those among us who scoffed. Violet was so alarmingly pretty some would never suspect her of possessing brains. She was one of those girls with alluring false—the sort of mauve-ish—dishes of which Ouida is always writing—eyes of most unholy blue, and lips which could smile a man's soul away. A fascinating mixture with the most graceful and winning manners; a being of moods, tender, repellant, kindly and icy by turns, she had created havoc and strewn devastation wherever her dainty feet had trod.

Suddenly she wearied of the endless round of gayety and fashion to which from her teens she had been accustomed, and amazed her mother by declaring her intention of writing realistic novels. Of course, every one said it was merely a fad and would soon blow over. But it didn't, that was the maddening part of it.

Her first novel attracted more than passing notice. She was commended for her original and audacious style; her clever plot and a certain dainty tempting touch. She was written about, interviewed; her beauty and talent were praised by the paragraphers, and all the details of her luxurious life were trumpeted about the country. From being merely a typical society girl, a young woman of elegance and fashion, she suddenly became a somebody to be pointed out and stared at and raved about.

This spasmodic adulation pleased Violet. She had always feasted upon flattery, but now she reveled in it. She threw herself into a life of feverish emotion, became cynical, disdainful, and thought nothing but her misery. She refused to dress decently, ceased to care for the absolute needs of life. She was always pratting of "atmosphere" and "realism." One can stand a lot of infernal nonsense from a pretty woman, but really some of Violet's raves actually threatened to turn green with disgust. Even with her endless rhapsodies about "the divinity of realism."

She was just after publishing her second book, a combination of ingenuity and wickedness, a squirmish, brackish story for wouldn't have lifted your stomach to write, that the girl decided to go to Europe in search of "local color" for her next attempt.

They "shoo" dwelled with the fine fatty air of disdain she had assumed during the previous year. "Yes, I am going in search of local color and a hero. I may take a donkey for the latter — who knows? They tell me those fellows are dirt cheap and as breezy as the winds from the Rockies."

She made up her mind she had not misinformed when a month later she landed in Paris.

A grisly wag is child of the plains. He had never been east of the Mississippi, had an infinite contempt for the "effete East," as he called it, but, limited by a living, he had been a cowboy and ranched as much of a rumpus in mining camps as the next fellow. He had his own pinch and herds. He had settled down somewhat, and had begun to think he would like a wife and home.

He was a handsome fellow, as fergo as the mustang he rode, and as tender hearted as a woman — some women.

His ranch lay in the shadow of the Sangre de Christo range, next to that of Colonel Thornton. He was a fine specimen of the Western girl was stopping. Its dress stretched the shallowy foot hills and, over them roamed the sleek, well-fed cattle upon which his wages were paid.

It was two days after her arrival that he saw her first. He had ridden over to see Tom Atherton, the big muscular Englishman, who was a fine specimen, and had come down the trail with his customary "Hark! and Whoop! As though riding the slightest distance in the air, he displayed to the little flower garden, spurs and chaps jingling, sombrero flapping and being on a well which could have been heard in Denver. He was met by the side of pretty Mrs. Atherton — not a stranger, a vision, an angel. The astonished ranchman blushed and stammered like a schoolboy as he bowed awkwardly and apologized for his appearance.

With this divinity in pallest pink, this radiant creature with hair like gold and eyes of heaven's own blue! Mr. friend, Miss Lingard, from New York," Mrs. Atherton said.

Fellow! She was a celestial being and he always pitied Weatherby.

Never for one moment could I blame him. He was a primitive man with primitive ideas, and the girl was a type he knew. Brave, loyal, straight-forward himself, how could he dream of the treacherous cruel blows one little soft white hand can deal?

Polite Literature.

Gentleman — You are a devotee a polite literature, I presume.

Miss McShoddie — Yes, indeed; I have half a dozen books on etiquette.

WHISTLING BUOY.

BY CHARLES GARVICE.

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[CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.]

"By mighty! If that isn't my son Sam! Where on earth did you come from, Sam?"

"Been chasing the buoy."

"Chasing the buoy!"

This was Captain Floyd's voice.

"Yes sir. It broke loose four days ago, and has been drifting and drifting since. It's got the officers of more'n a dozen ships half out of their wits already."

"And spell it might. Why, when we heard it we thought we were right on the rocks."

"And what fetched you out here, Sam?"

"Chasing it for the salvage. Four boats started from the Holl to find it. They are all round here now, for a French steamer heard it last night, most scared us out of their senses,—and now you have run afoul of it. We'll come up with it as soon as the fog lifts. We heard you stop for a time and kinder guessed what was the matter."

This speech, distinctly heard by all on the deck below, produced a profound impression. Relief from the strain of fear and anxiety found expression in a sort of inarticulate murmur that broke into loud commotion and laughter and ended in a rousing cheer, in which sailors, firemen, and passengers joined. Then followed a scene of confusion, in which everything and everybody was forgotten. Men swarmed up the steps to the bridge and fairly dragged the young man to the deck to shake his hand and cover him with thanks and congratulations. The officers made no attempt to stay the almost frantic enthusiasm. The people seemed to have but one instinct — to make a hero of the man who had so instantly changed the tragedy that had seemed to impend over all their lives into a almost farcical comedy. Men shook hands with entire strangers. Women kissed one another in tears and laughter. One big fellow — a Western man — poured a handful of gold into the young man's cap and then threw another handful to the crew. Finding the little boat with one man on board still at the ship's side, he gave final proof of his enthusiasm by dropping his pocket-book on the boatman's head, where it struck with a loud whack and bounced into the water amid shouts of laughter from the spectators. Below, corks flew in a sort of fusillade, and every one tried to be happy — some in good ways, some in bad.

In the midst of the uproar of rejoicing the sun burst forth, and the mist incited away like a torn sail, and there on the Sea were the four good boats from the Holl racing frantically for a buck dot on the water a mile astern.

And through it all the steamer lay safe and silent on the water.

Capt. Floyd put his hand on the bell to call his engineer to go ahead, and hesitated.

"Johnson: I owe you an apology. I thanked you for the danger we thought we were in. I was mistaken, old friend, and you must let me reward your son for the news he brought."

"How dare I?" he cried. "Why, dearest, I love you — I love you, do you hear? And you, you love me a little, do you not?"

He was approaching her again, when she said contemptuously:

"No, not a bit. I have simply been studying you."

He stood as if turned to stone.

"Studying me?" he said, in a queer voice, "studying — why — why?" he savagely demanded, as he caught her wrist and held it in an iron grip.

"You were not different," she faltered, a bit frightened by his sudden ferocity. "I wanted a new type for my book, you know. I suppose Tom told you I write books — now."

An absolute murderous look swept over Weatherby's face.

"No," he said, "no one told me that. You write books? And you wanted to put me in it — was that it? Answer me, answer me!"

"Yes," she murmured, faintly.

"And that was all? You never loved me — never meant to marry me?"

"Why do you ask? I am to be married in the fall to a man in New York——"

A snarl like that of an infuriated beast interrupted her. Livid with rage he sprang toward her. Once again he crushed her, shrinking and trembling, to his breast, then dragged her to the very edge of the canon, gaging like the bottomless pit to receive them. And as her agonized screams pierced the soft summer night, Weatherby, still holding her against his outraged heart, stepped off.

They found them next day in the bottom of the canon. Violet's lovely face was past recognition, but on Weatherby's lingered a smile of awful triumph as would have pleased the archfiend himself. — From Truth.

She Was Dressed Like a Man.

Dr. George M. Bassett, of Vandalia, Ill., and Miss Allen Bumgardner, alias Mattie Mihrgin, of Hillsboro, Ill., were arrested in St. Louis the other night, because the girl was masquerading in the attire of a young man. The girl's station both declared their masculinity. The effeminate looking one was taken to the city dispensary, where the wise doctors soon discovered that the prisoner was a fine-looking woman.

"This is simply a spree, and I acknowledge the corn," said Dr. Bassett. "When I get out of here I shall go home to my family and have two pretty little children 4 and 6 years old, respectively and I love them dearly. While I cannot get along very well with my wife, yet I never dreamed of eloping with the young woman who is with me."

WEATHERBY STEPPED OFF.

and tonight or morning out her misery. Safe, safe, safe!

Cold, deliberate came to be an absolute monomania with her. She was always prating of "atmosphere" and "realism." One can stand a lot of infernal nonsense from a pretty woman, but really some of Violet's raves actually threatened to turn green with disgust. Even with her endless rhapsodies about "the divinity of realism."

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Gentleman — You are a devotee a polite literature, I presume.

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Sailor Crocket at Seventy-two.

(From the Journal, Detroit, Mich.)

At 48 West Benjamin street, Detroit, Mich., lives Mr. J. Crocket, a weather-beaten sailor of seventy-two years, now retired from active life, but still in good health and remarkably active and invigorating. He tells the following story of his life:

"For fifteen years I was engineer on the 'City of Detroit,' one of the Detroit and the Cleveland Steam Navigation Co.'s steamers. I was the worst victim to exposure and mental strain that finally began to tell on me. I broke down completely. I had to give up my position and became as helpless as a child. Doctored for years, but the physicians could do nothing for me. One doctor told me plainly that it was no use giving me medicine.

"I could not keep warm. My blood seemed to be exhausted. Wrapped in elder-down blankets, with hot water bags at my feet, and covered to my chin in bed I still was cold. Symptoms of paralysis began to show very strongly, and nothing could help me any more.

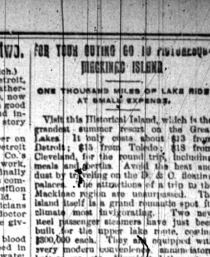
"I could not walk without some one to lead me. I was weak. One day a lady called, and in the conversation told me about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I did not think much about it, for I was completely discouraged. However, I gave her the money for a box and asked her to get them.

"I attribute my wonderful recovery to the use of them. I began to improve at once. I was able to get up, the blood began to circulate through my body, my appetite returned, and I was a new man. I feel better than I have for years. I eat and drink and yesterday I built a fence, which is pretty good for a man of my age. I cannot give too much praise to the wonderful remedy. It has saved my life without question, for I was fast approaching the confines of the great pale and silent complexions, and all forms of weakness either in male or female. I always keep them in the house. They can be had of druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N.Y. 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50."

A REMARKABLE RIDER.

E. C. Bald, Who Holds the World's Competition Bicycle Record of 1:58 1-5.

E. C. Bald, the star rider of the Columbia racing team, has shown far greater speed and racing ability than any other man during the present season, and has so far distanced all competitors in climbing to the top of the



cycling ladder that it will be almost impossible for anyone to approach him. He is the only man that has ever lowered the world's competition record for a mile twice within four months, and three times within a year, and was eighteen of twenty-six one mile record events in which he has started, all of the remarkable average time of under 2 minutes.

It takes a good heart in addition to speed to push a wheel to victory, and Bald is a man who wins his races because his constitution will stand a strain of work from start to finish. Being so continually pitted against the fastest men never seen or six hours determination to win, but gives him a good deal of strength to put out about an equal every occasion.

It is to be regretted that at the recent Chicago races, when he again lowered the one mile competition record to 1:58 1-5, the International Cup, which would have become his property had he won it for the third time, was not awarded him. His remarkable sportsmanship in the finish has caused him to be dubbed the "Canton Bull," and it is accompanied by a certain wiggle that only a bicycle rider of the most consummate skill can execute.

Bald is held in high favor by his wheelmen on and off the track, and his personality bearing, agreeable manners and wonderful speed win for him not only many prizes, but a host of friends, wherever he goes.

AGAIN TALK AGAIN.

Ian Bremner Bound for Several Weeks.

Arrangements Satisfactorily Announced.

George Sheppard and Ian Bremner, Pa., again able to talk. He had a fight of June 27th with a stiffening in him neck and found himself bound hand and foot. Sheppard had tied by the cook. Jayson his hands are suddenly restored. Still Sheppard's only means of communication. His persons was a powerful and pal and Bremner, who was in the bar room of the National Hotel at Mc Cesaport and wrote on his tablet that he wanted a drink of whisky and some one to help pay for it. Bremner was the only employer. Then Sheppard sat down at a table and began to cry. In a few minutes he excitedly jumped up and began making peculiar noises and motions with his hands. Still form words and in a few minutes was talking. Sheppard talked for two hours as fast as he could, saying he was afraid to go to sleep for fear he would not wake again. He threw his pad and pencil in a corner and joined with his friends in celebrating his good fortune. Sheppard's case has attracted great attention from physicians, and has already been able to satisfactorily explain it.

STUB ENDS OF THOUGHT.

A woman thinks of a man; a man thinks of a woman.

Music paints rainbow tints on the heart.

Liberty and justice are represented as women, because men love liberty and justice.

When a young man burns the candle at both ends somebody else has to pay for the candle.

Rest is an expensive luxury to most people.

A kiss to a woman is a sentiment; it is merely an incident to a man.

FOR TOUR GOING GO TO PICTURESQUE MACKINAC ISLAND.

ONE THOUSAND MILES OF LAKE RIDE AT SMALL EXPENSE.

Visit this Historical Island, which is the grandest summer resort on the Great Lakes. Rates from Detroit, $15 from Detroit; $18 from Toledo; $18 from Cleveland, for the round trip, including meals and berth. A cool breeze at all times, dust by traveling on the D. & C. floating palaces. The attractions of a trip to the Mackinac region are numerous. The island itself is a grand romantic spot. Its climate most invigorating. Two new and elegant passenger steamers have just been built for the upper lake route, costing $300,000 each. They are equipped with every modern convenience, steam heated, bath rooms, etc., illuminated throughout by electricity, and are guaranteed to be the grandest, largest and safest steamers on fresh water. These steamers, forwardly, connect with the great ocean liners in connection with speed. Four trips per week between Toledo, Detroit, Alpena, Mackinac, St. Ignace, Petoskey, Chicago, Soo, Marquette and Duluth. Daily between Cleveland and Detroit and Cleveland and Put-in-Bay. The palatial equipment and excellent service of these steamers is unsurpassed. Send 2c. stamp for illustrated pamphlet. Address A. A. SCHANTZ, G. P. A., Detroit, Mich.

Do you want Work

A steady paying work? We have already employed hundreds of people in this work. Ladies or gentlemen who make a good salesman in two weeks from now will be surprised at the money they have made. We furnish 75 valuable articles, besides potatoes in the bushel. If you want to make money, write quick for our terms and full particulars. Address E. L. MAY & CO., Box 1001, St. Paul, Minn.

And Seedsmen, Portland, Maine.

Nov 3 (This house is responsible.)

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T. & O. C. Ry.—K. & M. Ry.

Solid through trains, between Toledo, Ohio, and Charleston, W. Va. via Columbus, the capital city of Ohio.

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Kenton Q. ... Pt. Pleasant W. Va.
Columbus ... Pt. Pleasant W. Va.
Pomeroy ... Pt. Pleasant W. Va.
Middleport ... Pt. Pleasant W. Va.
Gallipolis ... Pt. Pleasant W. Va.
Ironton ... Pt. Pleasant W. Va.
Portsmouth ... Pt. Pleasant W. Va.
Norfolk & Western R'y ... Pt. Pleasant W. Va.

Through cars between Toledo and Kanawha Valley points. Direct connection for local points in Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee.

E. T. JEFFERY, Gen'l Manager, Columbus, O.
E. A. FORD, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Columbus, O.

MOULTON HOUSE, Main Cross Ave., Detroit, Mich.

The Only Direct Route

From all Points in MICHIGAN to CANADA TO LIMA, FINDLAY, DAYTON, INDIANAPOLIS, CINCINNATI & THE SOUTH.

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Through Cars between Detroit and Indianapolis.

Through Cars between Detroit and Dayton.

Through Cars between Detroit and Lima.

Through Cars between Detroit and Findlay.

Through Cars between Detroit and Springfield.

Through Cars between Detroit and Columbus.

Through Cars between Detroit and Toledo.

Through Cars between Detroit and Chicago.

Through Cars between Detroit and Kansas City.

Through Cars between Detroit and Denver.

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Through Cars between Detroit and Colorado Springs.

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Through Cars between Detroit and Omaha.

Through Cars between Detroit and Council Bluffs.

Through Cars between Detroit and Minneapolis.

Through Cars between Detroit and St. Paul.

Through Cars between Detroit and Duluth.

Through Cars between Detroit and Superior.

Through Cars between Detroit and Portland.

Through Cars between Detroit and Tacoma.

Through Cars between Detroit and Seattle.

Through Cars between Detroit and Spokane.

Through Cars between Detroit and Helena.

Through Cars between Detroit and Butte.

Through Cars between Detroit and Salt Lake City.

Through Cars between Detroit and Ogden.

Through Cars between Detroit and Los Angeles.

Through Cars between Detroit and San Francisco