"I lost my wife and two children from the effects of **hereditary scrofula.** My third child was dangerously affected with scrofula. He was unable to walk, his left foot being covered with running sores. Physicians having failed to relieve the others of my family, I decided to try **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.** I am pleased to say the trial was successful, and my boy was restored to health. I am confident that my child would have died had he not used **Ayer's Sarsaparilla.**"—JAS. M. DYER, Mintonville, Ky., Aug. 5, 1895.

WEIGHTY WORDS FOR Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A Walking Fish.

A queer fish called the "walking goby" or the "hopping fish," is found in the Indian ocean, as well as along the shores of West Africa. Crowds of these curious creatures, resembling tadpoles in their outlines, bask in the sun on a muddy shore and scamper off on being disturbed. Many of them keep the ends of their long tails dipped into water, while they lie on the sun-heated mud, or sit on the Mangrove roots, and Prof. Haddon has suggested that there may be an organ of respiration in the end of the tail, additional to the similar organ in the gills. A more recent investigator, Dr. Forbes of Liverpool, thinks the fish are able to store a sufficient quantity of water in their gills to maintain aquatic respiration during their prolonged absences on the shore

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Lady—Little boy isn't your mother calling you. Little Boy — Yes'm. "Why don't you answer her, then?" "Pop's not home."

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Hunker—He died from a complication of diseases, I understand. Spatts—Yes, either that or from a complication of doctors.

Very Low Rates to the West and South.

On May 18, the North-Western Line will sell Home Seekers' excursion tickets, with favorable time limit to numerous points in the West and South at exceptionally low rates. For tickets and full information apply to agents Chicago & North-Western Railway.

"I wonder why it is that always seems to imagine that married people are unhappy?" "She has a husband herself."

All those terrible, itching diseases of the skin that help to make life miserable for us are caused by external parasites. Boan's Ointment kills the parasite and cures the disease. Perfectly harmless, never fails.

Good manners are a part of good morals, and it is as much your duty as your interest to practice both.

Constipation is the cause of all sorts of serious disorders of the blood. Strong cathartics are worse than useless. Burdock Blood Bitters is Nature's own remedy for troubles of this sort.

Peddler—Is the head of the house in? Young Mother—No; he's out with his nurse in the perambulator.

R. C. Joiner, Allen P. O., Hillsdale Co., Mich., says: "Nothing gave my rheumatism such quick relief as Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil."

People seldom improve when they have no other model than themselves to copy from.—Goldsmith.

Pleasant to take, positive and instant in its results, is the best cough medicine in the world, Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

The real happiness of life cannot be bought with money, and the poor may have it as well as the rich.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C.C.C. fails to cure, druggists refund money

When a wise man and a fool are thrown together, the fool does all the talking.

10 THESE FIGURES ARE YEARS, YEARS IN WHICH, IN SINGLE INSTANCES, PAINS AND ACHES 15

Rheumatic, Neuralgic, Sciatic, Lumbagic,

20 HAVE RAVAGED THE HUMAN FRAME. ST. JACOBS OIL, CURED THEM. NO BOAST; THEY ARE SOLID FACTS IN PROOF. 30

REASONS FOR USING

Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.

1. Because it is absolutely pure.
2. Because it is not made by the so-called Dutch Process in which chemicals are used.
3. Because beans of the finest quality are used.
4. Because it is made by a method which preserves unimpaired the exquisite natural flavor and odor of the beans.
5. Because it is the most economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

Be sure that you get the genuine article made by WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass. Established 1780.

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught as men talk of others, one of another; therefore, let men take heed of their company.—Henry IV., 5, 1.

If the devil had to appear with uncovered face, only devils would follow him.

Knowing Christ well, is bound to make us generous.

Drunk for Twenty Years.

A correspondent writes: "I was drunk on and off for over twenty years, drunk when I had money, sober when I had none. Many dear friends I lost, and numbers gave me good advice to no purpose; but thank God, an angel hand came at last in the form of my poor wife, who administered your marvelous remedy, Antidipso, to me without my knowledge or consent. I am now saved and completely transformed from a worthless fellow to a sober and respected citizen." If Antidipso cannot be had at your druggist's it will be mailed in plain wrapper with full directions how to give secretly, on receipt of one dollar, by the Remova Chemical Co., 66 Broadway, New York, or they will gladly mail full particulars free to you.

The flowering of civilization is the finished man, the man of sense, of grace, of accomplishment, of social power the gentleman.—Emerson.

Now is the Time to Get a Home.

The Chicago & North-Western Railway has just published a newspaper called the North-Western Home-Seeker, giving facts about the great state of South Dakota and the advantages it possesses for the pursuits of agriculture, dairying and cattle raising. Lands can be had at present upon most favorable terms, and there is every indication that there will be a large immigration into the state this season. Correspondence is solicited from intending settlers, and a copy of the paper will be mailed free upon application to W. H. Knickern, 22 Fifth Avenue Chicago, Illinois.

Don't expect much from a man who is always talking about how much he would give, if he had some other man's purse.

To Whom it May Concern.

This is to call the attention of the public to the fact that the Wisconsin Central Lines have two fast train daily between Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, touching all the important points in Central Wisconsin enroute. The Company has thousands of acres of fine farming land in Northern Wisconsin for sale. For complete information on this subject, address JAS. C. POND, General Pass. Agent, Milwaukee, Wis.

Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.

Opportunity for Homeseekers.

There are excellent opportunities along the line of the Chicago & North-Western Ry in western Minnesota and South Dakota for those who are desirous of obtaining first-class lands upon liberal favorable terms for general agricultural purposes, as well as stock raising and dairying. For particulars and landseekers' rates, apply to Agents of The North-Western line.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

One reason why the world gains knowledge so slowly is that every child must find out for itself that fire is hot.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

The time is flying this way on rapid wings, when the only thing that can prosper in this world is righteousness.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children, teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

If men had the power to call for fire from heaven, the world would have been destroyed long ago.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

God does not trust important matters to people who have no business of their own to attend to.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face. Cold Sores, &c. C. U. Clark Co. N. Haven, Ct.

A good man will not camp all night on ground that he does not know to be safe.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 459 8th ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, 1895.

One fly has 2,000.00 offspring in a summer. You began your eternal life at your birth. Concord, Ky., has female paper hangers. Sin at first sight always looks harmless. Earnest endeavor is sure of reward. God's word for a thing is enough.

GHOST OF MERSDALE.

STRANGE sense of disquietude took possession of Ralf Segwell the moment he heard that she was of the house party. He did not know that Lady Wallace had asked her, and felt angry with his fair young hostess for the indiscretion.

"What's the fascination in Segwell?" murmured a guest irrejevantly. "Look at him and Miss Clifford."

"He deceives us all," answered a pretty American. "He's enigmatic and melancholy. * * * He's the only concrete specimen of evil I know." We talk a good deal about bad things and read bad books, but on the whole modernity is very good—don't you think so?"

"Some of you have a felocious bark, Miss Swift."

"Most persons' bark is worse than their bite, Ralf Segwell's bite is much worse than his bark. I guess that's why he's so uncanny. In fact, he never barks at all—he just walks up to one in a friendly sort of way and bites. I hope they have consigned him to the haunted room?"

"They have, I believe, but he doesn't know. They never tell their guests, then nothing ever happens. There's nothing to happen, for they haven't a ghost, you know; only a door that leads nowhere. An obtrusive ghost that forces its personality or doorality on you. It has not been opened for hundreds of years—no human power can force it."

* * * * *

"I asked Mary Clifford to please you," said Lady Wallace. They were sitting together in the great hall. "You were such friends. I am sorry—it's a hostess' duty to know all these things. I apologize." She noticed a weary expression settle on his face. Her sympathies were touched. When their eyes met she flushed and smiled with a winning, intimate grace that was daring without being bold. "How shall I atone?"

"You witch!" he said in a very low voice; then suddenly he stood up as a little white figure passed at the end of the hall.

"It was Miss Clifford!" she said.

"Was it?" he answered indifferently "Let us talk about you."

* * * * *

That night as Ralf Segwell shut himself in his room the feeling of depression he experienced on arriving at Mersdale returned. His thoughts wandered to the house party—nineteenth century men and women, effervescing with spontaneous epigram, locked up in these vast, gloomy rooms. How strangely the place dominated the people! The old seemed the significant fact, the intesting butterflies but shadowy things inhabiting for a brief period this great somber pile. He looked up and noticed a door that had escaped his observation in the afternoon. He tried the handle, then a cold shudder went through him as he turned from it and crossed the immense room, only dimly lit by candles that spluttered at intervals. He glanced again at the locked door. What a miserable hole they had consigned him to! A wild desire to sneak away elsewhere became almost irresistible.

Unable to rest, he flung himself out of bed, stirred up the fire to a blaze, and lit every candle in the room. As he held the match to each one he looked with renewed fear over his shoulder. Then he placed a chair near the fire, yet facing the dreaded quarter, and sat down, determined to watch till daybreak. But with inactivity and the dead silence and the blaze of light the strange incomprehensible, terror returned doublefold. The sound of his own breathing became painful. He thought of Mary Clifford, then something moved. He sat still as one paralyzed; his blood romped through his veins, and ley hands seemed to grip his heart. The handle before him turned, and the door that had not opened for a hundred years swung back, and a man walked slowly into the room. He was dressed in evening clothes, and seemed to all appearance like other men, but for a startling expression in his gray eyes. Ralf rose to his feet tongue-tied while his visitor walked to the fireplace and sat down. "I can give you an hour," he murmured. There was a silence.

"What for?" said Ralf, at last.

"To live," he answered, indifferently.

It leaped to Ralf Segwell's mind that he was entertaining a madman. The house was full, which necessitated the using of this room. The mysterious door was undoubtedly the entrance to the apartments of some insane relative. His own previous apprehension must have been caused by a latent consciousness of a human presence a stone's throw from him. The thought of his solitude in the dead of night with a homicidal maniac was sufficiently unmanning. He turned pale, but questioned with assumed airiness, "Why?"

"Justice," answered the stranger, slightly elevating his brows.

"How do you propose to take my life?"

"Through your imagination. * * * I shall look at you." He glanced up. Ralf shrank from the gaze, then said with a ghastly attempt at a smile, "Well, I hope my light still burns. I cling to life, you know, here and hereafter. I shall fight for that second hour." The smile withered on his lips, as his visitor again turned his terrible gaze from the fire to him.

"Mary Clifford has saved your soul, profligate." The voice reverberated through the room. The walls echoed back "Profligate," and his own lips moved to utter the word, but he said under his breath, "Mary Clifford," and the sound was as water to a thirsty man. "The pure love that she alone was able to wake in you, and that still lives in your heart, though you stifle it under the clogging weeds of gross passions, has kept burning the flame of your spiritual life." He leaned forward. "Another woman here would stifle it this time, forever, and would kill her you have wronged; but," he ended with a shrug, "you will die tonight."

Ralf sat still a long time, trying to guess how knowledge of the details of his own life had reached his companion. Was this mad philosopher a friend of hers? And even so, how had he divined that she still held the greater place in his heart, though he had been wantonly faithless to her? Would she mand were he in truth to die! Had he any right to hope even that she should? Would she care? he said.

"Your hour is passed!"

Ralf started and turned pale to the lips. He saw his visitor's aspect had changed; he had become a phantom creature with a living face. A terrible, awful human physiognomy stared at him with preposterous, hideous fixity. He writhed and wrestled, but the eye defied his movements, he could not look away; all the nerves of his body, the consciousness of his mind, the very vitality of his system, were mastered by paralyzing fear. Time brought no relaxation, every moment seemed an eternity. "Pity! pity!" he cried, but the gray eyes watched him. "Help! help! help!" The impotent words echoed back on his hearing. His voice was a whisper. He tried to listen for the sound of footsteps he knew would not come, then again, struggled with superhuman effort to release himself from the power of the phantom figure, the ghastly face—and the eyes!—the eyes that watched without mercy! But slowly in torture life was waning from his wearied frame. He sank on the ground, clutching at the rug with distended fingers. "Mary!" he murmured, and the eyes still stared.

* * * * *

Susan Swift felt herself awakened by a hand on her shoulder. Recollection of the haunted room kept her listening to the throbbing of her own heart, with eyes firmly closed. It was a moment which necessitated the staring of a real live apparition in the face. She did not, however, at last, and behold nothing more frightening than Mary Clifford; pale, indeed, as a ghost, and her great eyes wide open as if it were not the middle of the night and time for reasonable beings at least to feel sleepy.

"Get up, Miss Swift—oh! quick, quick."

"Is it a fire?" said Susan, sitting up suddenly.

"No!" said the girl. "You must come with me to Mr. Segwell's room!"

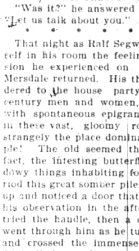
"That American was fairly aghast, "I think not," she said, deliberately. "Miss Clifford, you must be considerably scared about something, but nothing could justify such a preposterous notion."

A look of despair crept into the girl's face. She turned away. "I thought you, being an American, would be brave and kind. I thought I could trust you * * * but I must go alone." And in a moment she was at the door. Susan leaped from her bed. She didn't see why an American should be expected not to mind prowling about in the middle of the night in a man's bedroom, but she knew she wasn't going to let Mary Clifford go alone, anyhow! As to feeling brave—she simply felt terrified. She hastily donned a dressing gown and slippers, stole together along the gallery, down a winding staircase, and thence through an interminable corridor. Susan Swift began to feel very miserable. A sensation of fear was growing over her, when suddenly they both stopped, each affected by some unaccountable emotion. Mary turned round and said gently, "You are not afraid?"

"Is there anything about me that looks afaid?" the American answered, her heart in her mouth. Then they went on through a great swing door, which seemed to cut them off from the habitable part of the house. Neither had ever been there before, yet Mary hastened as one who knew the way by instinct. At last they stood still. A sense of imminent calamity overpowered them both, then in a moment Mary Clifford opened a door. A keen draught extinguished her candle as the two entered the room. A door opposite them inside was open, and on the floor in a flood of light lay the body of Ralf Segwell.

The unhappy girl knelt down and chafed the dead hands. "Ralf, Ralf! come back!" she cried, despairingly. "Anything, anything, only come back!"

Then the click of a turning lock vibrated through the room. The door that led nowhere had closed.—Frances Forbes-Robertson in Westminster Budget.



"RALF, COME BACK."

A Bloodhound's Keen Scent.

A remarkable exhibition of the keenness of scent of the bloodhound was given at the little town of Bronson, in Allen county, the other day. The town recently appropriated $100 out of the city treasury for the purchase of one of these animals, the purpose being the detection and capture of thieves who were operating in the neighborhood, and a test of the hound was considered desirable. At noon three men started out on foot and walked four miles into the country. Then they mounted horses and by a circuitous route returned to the town. Six hours later the hound was permitted to smell a glove which had been worn by one of the men, and the next instant with a deep howl he caught up the trail and followed it on the run. At one point the men had walked for thirty yards on a fence, and when the hound came to this point he carried his nose along the rail with hardly any reduction of speed. Coming to the place where the men had mounted he took up the trail of the horses and followed it into town, where, in a crowd of more than 100 men, he picked out the one whose glove had been given him to smell.—Kansas City Journal.

The influx of tramps into Delaware towns has begun.

A HOT DRUG WAR.

RETAILERS BY THE EARS IN GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Paul V. Finch & Co. Withdraw from the Drug Association Combine and Cut Prices to a Finish—How They Won the Fight.

Perhaps the greatest victory ever achieved by a firm, single handed, against the combined strength of all the other retail houses, backed by the wholesale dealers, has been won by Paul V. Finch & Co., the now celebrated cut-rate drug firm of Grand Rapids, Mich. Finch & Co. stepped out of the association and boldly announced that in the future they would sell everything contained in their drug store, including physicians' prescriptions, at a rate which was from 5 to 10 per cent below the regular retail prices. This raised a perfect storm of opposition among other druggists and every means possible was devised to defeat their purpose. The wholesale drug firms were prevailed upon and refused to sell them goods, and an attempt was made to block all supply channels throughout the country. This was a very difficult undertaking, as Finch & Co.'s financial standing is par excellent, and their check for many dollars never failed to secure all the goods they wanted. The newspapers through their news columns, and the labor organizations through several thousand members, came out in support of Finch & Co., the latter taking formal action at their meetings. The outcome has been that Finch & Co. have won a signal victory and now do the largest retail drug business west of New York, shipping goods all over the country, while their trade is the busiest in the city. They have just published a large cut-rate price catalogue, which they are mailing free on application. This catalogue will no doubt be found very interesting, as well as beneficial to the public, as it gives regular prices, together with Finch & Co.'s cut prices on patent medicines, drugs, household remedies, rubber goods, and, in fact, everything sold is listed in this book, so that people can see at a glance just the amount saved on each purchase.

Fire broke out at the wharf at Newport News, Va., and destroyed two coastwise merchandise piers, with their contents, three vessels and one tug boat, entailing a total loss of about $2,500,000. A number of persons were injured, and it was feared that several lives were lost.

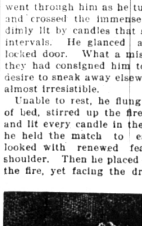
Mary Galavin, widow of a freight conductor on L. E. & W. threw herself in front of a train at Hartford, Ind., and was killed in a manner similar to that in which her husband met death.

BINDING OF GRAIN.

Why McCormick Changed from a Left to a Right Hand Binder.

When binding was done by hand the left hand cut harvester was a necessity. With the left hand machine the heads of the grain are at the left hand of the man doing the binding, so in taking out the bundle with the hand around it, whether the man turned to the front table or to the back table he kept his position toward the bundle itself—that is, with the heads towards his left hand; hence, in making the tuck he moved the ends under the hand toward the heads. Grain is handled by the shocker by grasping into the heads, as shown in the illustration, and the tuck should therefore be toward the heads, so that it will not pull out.

The applications of roller bearings to grain cutting machinery was made by J. G. Perry in 1869, and his patent, No. 86,584, for an improved reaper, showed and described various ways of using roller and ball bearings in harvesters. Unquestionably the most practical and satisfactory applications of roller bearings to binders and mowers has been made by the McCormick Harvesting Machine Company. The Particular form used by them was patented in 1882 and is now to be found in all McCormick machines. The especially valuable feature of the McCormick roller bearing is seen in the form—or cage as it is called—which holds the rollers from running together, and if for any cause the cage is taken from the shaft the rollers will not fall out and get lost. In order to avoid the McCormick patent the other harvesting machine company who claims to be the originator of roller bearings in harvesters has cut out the metal in the ring at the ends of the rollers. If the cage is taken out the rollers slip out and become filled with grit, or worse, get lost. The methods of the McCormick Company result in an annual saving of many thousands of dollars to the farming public. New devices are to be embodied in their machines until long and oft-repeated trials have shown them to be practical. It has been the same with roller bearings as with everything else —McCormick experimenting is done at McCormick expense.



"Willie, you mustn't mock people when they speak. It's very impolite." "I didn't mean to be impolite, mamma. I was just playing I was the echo."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

There is no faith in the prayer that expects no answer.

In England there are 114 widows to every 94 widowers.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. $1. All druggists.

As soon as men see God, they begin to see as he sees.

A profane tongue plays the devil's music.

Every house built on the sand will sooner or later have to fall.

THOMAS HUGHES' SURPRISE.

At Seeing Northern and Southern Men Reunited.

About fifteen years ago I visited Lookout mountain with a party of gentlemen and stood with them on the pinnacle overlooking the beautiful valley of East Tennessee and range after range of mountains visible from our point of vantage, from the Great Smokies of North Carolina to the mountains of Kentucky, says the Century. The battlefield of Missionary Ridge formed the immediate foreground of this vast panorama. In our party were men who had served with distinction as officers in the opposing armies in that battle, and naturally the incidents of the conflict formed an interesting subject of conversation between them, with much good-humored badinage and friendly interchange of views. Mr. Thomas Hughes, the author of "Tom Brown," who had listened with an expression of surprised interest to the conversation between these friendly foes, turning to me, said: "Why, this is extraordinary—most extraordinary!" "What?" I asked. "Why, that these men, standing in full view of the field where, only a few years ago, they were trying to slay each other, should be discussing the incidents of that battle calmly, kindly—I might almost say in a brotherly spirit—with no trace of bitterness or ill-feeling. Now, I doubt if we in England could discuss the wars of the roses or the Cromwellian wars with such an entire freedom from antagonism." Could Mr. Hughes have witnessed, a few years later, the funeral cortege of the great general who had hurled the successful columns against the southern lines along the crest of Missionary Ridge, and who had brought final defeat to the Southern arms in Virginia, his astonishment would have been greater and his pride in the "kin beyond sea" would have increased on seeing that there were no more sincere mourners than the southern generals who came from faraway Alabama to pay a last tribute of friendship to the memory of Grant.

CRUSADING AGAINST VICE.

All over the world, almost ever since the earliest records of the race, there have been societies and associations and enthusiasts who work early and late, ceaselessly, tirelessly, and with the utmost singleness of purpose in crusading against vice.

While these people deserve the highest praise, while their conduct and aims are commendable in every sense, it cannot but occur to the practical man why they do not, to use an old and homely phrase, lock the barn before the horse is stolen. Looking after the little ones and bringing them up with correct ideas of life, teaching them the evils of drink, bad company and dissipation of all sorts, would pay, in the long run, much more effective than trying to reform those who have been possibly for many years, given over to vices of all descriptions. There is altogether too little attention given to the training of children in morals. To bring them up honest, upright, clean, industrious and patriotic is to create a state of society that will leave philanthropy very little to do. This class of persons would go out of business if child culture were properly attended to. To be sure, there are people who appear to be inherently vicious, but, on the other hand, it is claimed that this need not be if the training were correct. There is a very wide margin between inherited tendency and day-by-day influence. There are many persons who do not believe in heredity, and very excellent reasons they give for it. With others it is almost like one of the articles of faith.

The need of the world to-day is a perfectly organized, fully equipped system of protection and training for children. Almost every child has a dread of criminal association until he becomes familiar with them. It rests with parents, teachers and friends to cultivate and foster this and kindred sentiments. Children know that falsehood, deception, theft and all acts of this nature are wrong. They learn it with their earliest breath, but as they grow older and come in contact with the world they are thrown under influences that counteract this early training. They lose their dread of evil, then learn to tolerate it, and finally adopt evil habits of all sorts.

The career of the crusader should begin with the child in the cradle—not a series of naggings, fault-findings, grumblings and punishments, but a steady, gentle and comprehensive walking that never for one moment loses sight of the ultimate result—that of building in a clean, symmetrical and healthy body, a clean, symmetrical and healthy mind.

Phenomena Seen in the Stars.

A late circular issued from the Harvard College observatory includes in its account the most important recent discoveries the spectrum of a star known as Zeta Puppis, says the New York Sun, its remarkable character being unlike that of any other yet obtained, the continuous spectrum containing three systems of lines—first, the dark hydrogen lines, such as are found in stars of the first type; second, two bright lines, which may be identical with the adjacent lines in spectra of the fifth type, and, third, a series of very faint lines. But the most important features of this spectrum is a new element, not found on the earth or in any other stars, an element which, though similar to hydrogen, is yet distinctly different from it; just what it is or by what name to call it astronomers are undecided, the marked peculiarity being notice that it produces a vibration systematic rather than accidental, of three-ten-millionths of a millimeter, and the action of which can be traced only on a specially prepared photographic plate. Another extraordinary discovery noted is a new variable star, in the constellation Crux, with a period of about a year.

Both Objectionable.

"Yes," replied the woman with the square jaw, "my husband is full all the time. When he isn't full of liquor he's full of remorse, and I'd as lief have him one way as the other."—Town Topics.

A Wonderful Statement

From Mrs. McGillas to Mrs. Pinkham.

I think it my duty, dear Mrs. Pinkham, to tell you what your wonderful Compound has done for me.

I was dreadfully ill—the doctors said they could cure me but failed to do so.

I gave up in despair and took to my bed. I had dreadful pains in my heart, fainting-spells, sparks before my eyes—and sometimes would get so blind, I could not see for several minutes.

I could not stand very long without feeling sick and vomiting. I could not breathe a long breath without screaming, my heart pained so.

I also had female weakness, inflammation of ovaries, painful menstruation, displacement of the womb, itching of the external parts, and ulceration of the womb. I have had all these complaints.

The pains I had to stand were something dreadful. My husband told me to try a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, which I did, and after taking it for a while, was cured. No other kind of medicine for me as long as you make Compound. I hope every woman who suffers will take your Compound and be cured.—Mrs. J. S. McGILLAS, 113 Kilburn avenue, Rockford, Ill.

FUN IN MAKING and health making are included in the making of HIRES Rootbeer. The preparation of this great temperance drink is an event of importance in a million well regulated homes.

HIRES Rootbeer is full of good health. Invigorating, appetizing, satisfying. Put some up today and have it ready to put down when ever you're thirsty.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes 5 gallons Sold everywhere.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

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