Golden Wedding of Miss Popular Esteem and Mr. Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Fifty years of happiness, fifty years of doing good. The only Sarsaparilla in the world that ever celebrated its fiftieth anniversary and is doing it today with no signs of decay. Its mission is to cure and to help. No wonder it has fifty happy years back of it.

Get a bottle today of

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

[which made Sarsaparilla famous]

All Druggists Sell Ayer's Sarsaparilla. $1.00 a Bottle.

God alone can tell where our personal influence is going to stop.

About the hardest thing for a man to do is kiss a girl unexpectedly.

A Declaration of War.

The public will watch with keen interest the fight now on in dead earnest. One of the largest and most influential firms in the east having arrayed itself against all unscrupulous patent medicine advertising, agrees to back up with its entire capital the following guarantee: We hereby guarantee to alleviate all stomach and bowel troubles by the use of Dr. Kay's Renovator if our instructions are followed. Sold by druggists at 25c and $1.00, or sent prepaid on receipt of price by Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Saratoga, Springs, N. Y. Write their physicians for free advice about your case.

Anger is like rain; it breaks itself upon that on which it falls.

Around the World in a Day.

This globe of ours is a pretty good sized sphere, but we are told the Deering Harvester Company of Chicago can produce in a single day enough Binder Twine to encircle it, with 3,500 miles to spare—30,000 miles of twine is a fair day's output! A reliable publication recently proved by correspondence with dealers in all parts of America that 36 per cent of the twine used in 1898 was Deering Twine.

A poor man without principal is usually devoid of interest.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

The first coins of precious metal were made in Greece B. C. 869.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.

You can't judge a man's religion by his actions in a horse trade.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

There is nothing more musical than the voice of a mule to another mule.

A Guaranteed Cure.

Most difficult to cure—Chronic Constipation. Yet Cascarets Candy Cathartic are guaranteed to cure any case or money refunded. Druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Many a man's reputation depends on what isn't found out about him.

Carter's Ext. Smart Weed

Will cure a cold in one night; will cure sore throat in a few hours. Acts quick. Sure cure for Catarrh in every 25c bottle.

If poetry runs in the veins some poets should be run in by the police.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

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

It sometimes happens that the bride is the best man at a wedding.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.—J. R. Madison, 2409 42d Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The man who owns a paying oil well lives off the fat of the land.

"We have never had a bottle returned," proudly asserts the proprietor of Brown's Teething Cordial.

The art of bunco steering requires more than ordinary talent.

HOME duties to many women seem more important than health.

No matter how ill they feel, they drag themselves through the daily tasks and pile up trouble.

This is heroic but a penalty has to be paid.

WOMAN'S DEVOTION TO HOME

A woman in New Matamoras, Ohio, Mrs. Isabell Bradfield, tells in the following letter how she fought with disease of the feminine organs until finally forced to take to her bed. She says:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I feel it my duty to write to you to tell you that I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think there is no medicine in the world like it. I suffered for nine years, and sometimes for twelve weeks at a time I could not stand on my feet. I had female troubles of all kinds; backache, and headache all the time. Seven different doctors treated me. Some said I would have to go to the hospital and have an operation performed. But oh! how thankful I am that I did not, that I tried your Vegetable Compound instead. I cannot say too much in its praise, nor thank you enough for what it has done for me. I want you to publish this in all the papers for the good of other sufferers."

The wives and mothers of America are given to overwork. Let them be wise in time and at the first indication of female trouble write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for her advice. This advice is promptly given without charge.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled; for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, advising and helping by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

DICK RODNEY;

Or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

Whoever among us had done this was guilty of wanton malice and treason to the rest of his friends—for friends we hoped we were, as well as brothers in misfortune.

We also examined the mutilated bread bag. In the side thereof was a clean slash a foot in length, made by some sharp instrument, and by this aperture the biscuits had been abstracted by some one who had inserted his hands through the fragile wall of our hut, which, as I have stated, was composed only of turf and branches.

The theft had been committed in the night, but by whom?

Was the thief one of ourselves? The eyes of each seemed to ask the hateful question of the others, and to repel their inquiring glances; but soon after three of our missing biscuits were discovered by Tom Lambourne, lying a few yards apart among the long grass, as if the abstracter had dropped them during a hasty flight toward the woods or the Devil's Mountain.

"In addition to ourselves there is some one else on this island," exclaimed Hislop emphatically; "and this accounts for the loss of the studding-sail boom; and without delay, this someone else must be discovered."

We dreaded lest savages might be concealed in some of the caverns or woods, and that they might come upon us in the night and slay all, or that they might make off with or destroy the long boat, our most valuable possession.

It was at once resolved that one of our number (to be regularly relieved) should remain in it day and night, armed with the hatchet, our only weapon, and that he should be well flogged if he slept or neglected the double duty of watching the hut and boat, which were close by each other.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Mystery Increases.

An immediate search was resolved upon. Lots were cast for the one who was to remain behind to guard our property and the duty fell upon me.

Armed with the boat stretchers, or with clubs which they had carefully selected and cut from the trees, Hislop departed with all my companions, and after proceeding over the grassy plain, they soon disappeared in the woods that covered all the lower slope of the great mountain.

I cannot describe the sensations of loneliness that came over me on finding myself for the first time single, alone, and left entirely to my own reflections and resources.

The carpenter's hatchet was my only weapon; and armed with it I sat on a grassy slope midway between the hut and sea gazing anxiously inland, listening for any passing sound; but all remained still, save the chafing of the waves on one hand, and the loud buzz of tropical insect life in the thickets or among the long grass on the other.

What, I asked myself, if savages were actually lurking in the woods, and, on seeing that all my companions were gone, they should come tumultuously down upon the hut and boat? I would at once become their victim.

Or what would be my fate if my friends fell into an ambush, or perished in detail?

Could any human beings be lurking in the two adjacent isles? was my next surmise.

We had never seen anything alive on them—not even wild goats or boars, and if there were other inhabitants, the steepness of the rocks, which rose sheer from the water, and the fury of the surf that rolled between, forbade any attempt to cross.

So in such painful surmises, and in keen watching, I passed the most of the day alone.

In the afternoon, one by one, all my shipmates returned to our little headquarters on the shore, weary and jaded—torn by briers and brambles in the thickets—and all had the same tale to tell. They had seen and heard of nothing save wild boars, wild goats and sea birds.

Hislop now directed that one of our number should guard the hut by night, and a second the boat, with orders to hail each other in this fashion:

"Boat, ahoy!"

"Hut, ahoy!"

This was to insure a watchful lookout; but with all these precautions, wise and necessary though they were, our feeling of security, and even of reliance on each other, was gone for the time.

As these occurrences excited the imagination of our companions, some of those who watched the hut and boat by night asserted that when all our party, save themselves, were safely lodged and asleep, something like the figure of a very tall man had appeared for an instant on the bluffs that overhung the sea, between them and the moonlight.

But of this mysterious personage, if such existed anywhere, except in the overstrained imagination of a lonely midnight watcher, we could discover no trace during the day.

One night, when Francis Probart and Ned Carlton were on watch, a sound like the distant report of a pistol was heard by them, and at the same instant both saw a flock of petrels and storm finches rise up in the moonlight from the face of the bluff, where they revolved above the breakers, like a swarm of knats in a sunbeam.

So if Ned and the carpenter were mistaken in the sound, the birds were also roused and alarmed.

Mark Hislop ridiculed their story, but he was considerably bewildered, and so were we all when two days afterward a seaman named Hugh Chute, when rambling in the woods, found one of our goats, which we knew by the fragment of rope still tied round its neck, lying dead, with a bullet in its throat.

He brought it to the hut, where the wound was cut open and the bullet extracted. It was small, and had evidently been fired from a pistol; this event caused the most exciting speculations, amid which the carcass was hastily buried, as none of us would eat of it.

What or who could this person be? were the prevailing questions; and what was his reason for concealing himself from us, in the thick woods of the island?

In the thorough exploration of the latter, caused by these episodes, our people fortunately discovered a fine grove of banana trees, and returned laden with their yellow and luscious fruit.

At the same time Tattooed Tom found some letters "in a foreign lingo," as he said, cut on the face of a steep rock, overhanging the river, which formed the cascade at the beach. To this rock he conducted Hislop and me the next day, and after tearing aside some masses of creepers and scraping off a rich coating of moss, we found this old legend on the smoothed face of the basalt:

"El Noble Caballero, D. Alphonso de
Albuquerque;
A. D. 1506.
Rygven a Dios por el."

"The year of the discovery of the island!" said Hislop.

"Have other eyes ever seen this inscription since?" added I.

"It is very doubtful. This Alphonso also discovered the Albuquerque Kays, as he named the three islets which lie off the Mosquito shore in the Caribbean sea."

Hislop copied the inscription in to his notebook, and just as we turned to leave the spot a large stone, about sixty pounds in weight, came crashing down the cliff, hurled, apparently, from its summit, and, if so, by no inexpert hand, for it struck the rock of the legend within a foot of where Hislop stood, and was shivered into a hundred pieces, covering him over with dust.

Had it struck him instead, he had been slain and mangled on the spot. Had a fragment broken any of his limbs, in how miserable a plight would he have been on that desolate island without proper shelter or surgical aid?

Looking up to the summit of the cliff, which was about a hundred and fifty feet in height, I perceived among the dense fringe of wild gourds, shrubs, leaves and plantain trees, then waving in the wind, something like a human face, that, after peering over at us, was suddenly withdrawn.

"That stone was never dislodged, either by goats or by accident," said Hislop; "there is not a vestige of clay upon the fragments—besides, all the face of the cliff is smooth and solid rock!"

"And it is the only place we did not overhaul yesterday, Master Hislop," said Tom Lambourne.

"Then there must be the thief of our biscuits—of our goats——"

"Of our stun'sail boom and my old guernsey. Let us have all hands turned up for a hunt again," exclaimed Tom.

I now mentioned what I had seen.

"A man!—do you think it was a man's head?"

"I can not be certain, Hislop," said I; "it seemed a face of some kind, and a very hairy one, too."

"It might be an old pumpkin," suggested Tom, in his matter-of-fact way.

"Or a goat—at all events, it could not have been a baboon!" said I.

"No, no; there is no such animal hereabouts, Master Rodney," replied Tom.

"Man or monkey, goat or devil, we'll overhaul the place this very afternoon," exclaimed Hislop, with increasing energy, and anger; "but first we shall return with all expedition to the hut.

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Mystery Solved.

All day the air had been unusually sultry and breathlessly hot, even for the tropics at that season; but when the sun sank westward, when the air became cooler, and the shadows of the island, with its wooded bluff and towering blue mountain, across the slope of which the light gossamer clouds lay floating, half-way up, were thrown far eastward over that lonely sea which no keel seemed ever to furrow, we prepared for a further exploration, or, as Hugh Chute said, "to overhaul that ere cliff from truck to keelson."

Chute and Carlson were dispatched to its base by the way of the river bank, and to where the cascade poured over the rocks, waking the solemn echoes of the otherwise silent ravine.

Their instructions were to station themselves near the rocks which bore the Spanish legend—to keep a sharp lookout on the face of the cliff and all the way up to the grove of banana trees that grew on its summit.

Billy the cabin boy was left in charge of the hut and boat, while Hislop, with the rest of us advanced toward the cliff, up the sloping bank of which—its only accessible point—we proceeded to climb.

It was, or is (twelve months can make no change) a hundred and fifty feet in height, as I have stated, rising sharply up from the side of the great mountain, and is covered by a jungle of wild shrubs that must have been growing there since the days of the deluge.

The creepers with gummy branches, the sharp serrated grass, the yellow gourd vines, the wild tendrils and plants of which we knew neither the names nor the nature, were there interwoven as closely as a herring net, to the depth of seven or eight feet from their roots.

Amid this jungle the hum of the myriads of great insects which we roused and dislodged was deafening; while the black clouds of gad-flies and cockroaches were very bewildering, and, to say the least, annoying.

We floundered and fell as we waded through this sea of leaves and verdure; but rose and scrambled on again, pausing ever and anon, breathless and exhausted, to sit and fan ourselves, or to aid in pulling each other out of this jungly network, for it resembled that which sprang by magic spell around the palace of the sleeping beauty in the old fairy tale to baffle all intruders for a hundred years.

Hislop, who had not yet recovered his strength, was among the first to give in, and declare, when half way up, that "he could climb no further!"

Two or three took advantage of this admission to remain with him for a time; but I, refreshed by a ripe banana which had fallen from the trees at the top, and which I found just at hand, pushed on, and being lighter than any of my companions, got ahead of them all.

After half an hour's severe toil, during which my hands and knees were lacerated and torn by sharp blades of gigantic grass, and by the gummy creepers to which one's very flesh adhered at times, I reached at last the banana trees, the foliage of which waved like a gigantic plume on the summit of this isolated rock.

The banana rises with a stem which is about six or seven inches in diameter at the root, and from thence tapers upward to the height of eighteen or twenty feet, to where the leaves spring like a bright green tuft, broad, wavy, feathery, and drooping, as those of the palm do.

I uttered a shout—an "Io poean!"—to my companions, announcing that I had gained the summit before them, and armed with my only weapon, the teak-wood spear, pushed my way forward between the smooth stems of the bananas, till I reached the abrupt brow of the cliff, from the verge of which I saw, far down below, the bright blue stream that rose on the slopes of the great mountain, running through the heart of the isle and glittering in the setting sun among groves and ravines, to where it poured in foam upon the white sandy beach, and mingled with the mighty Southern sea.

I saw also the figures of Chute and Carlton, as they stood near the rock which bore the inscription, but they could neither distinguish me nor hear my shout, which gave fresh ardor to those whom I had left half-way down, and who now resumed their ascent.

(To be continued.)

TWO LITTLE KINGS.

Brought From the Antarctic Ocean to New York.

Some time ago now, from the far-off south, two "baby kings" were brought to New York from their island home. That home is the volcanic islet named after Governor McQuarie, and lying hundreds of miles south of Tasmania.

Now I must tell you that they were not boy kings, but bird kings, and their proper name is King Penguins. They were so young as to be real babies when they left the island. Their parents were with them, but both of them died on the voyage, so the little King Penguins were orphans when they arrived in New York and were taken to the Zoo in Central Park.

If you had never seen a penguin you would scarcely believe at first sight that it is a bird, as they always sit in an upright position. When we looked at them from behind they were more like little woolly bears than birds. They are not able to fly, either, like other birds, as their wings are more like paddles than wings, though they assist them greatly in swimming and diving, which they do splendidly.

It was a most touching sight to see those awkward looking little birds in their first house at the Zoo, sitting huddled together, and constantly crying for more fish. So young and helpless were they, they could not even help themselves from the bucketful set beside them, but went on crying and waving their long, slender bills in the air. They often tried, too, to feed themselves from each other's beaks, in memory of the way in which their mother used to feed them.

The penguins are a very peculiar class, and the "King Penguins" are the largest members of it. They are all antarctic birds, coming from the very far south.

A HISTORICAL ANCHOR.

That of the Cumberland Now on the W. H. Macy.

If the port anchor of the American ship W. H. Macy, now lying at Green street wharf, could talk it might unfold some wonderful yarns. The big but ungraceful mud hook swinging over the ship's bow was once suspended through the hawse pipe of the United States frigate Cumberland. When it was made nobody now seems to know, but it is more than likely that it began its career of usefulness with the launching of the Cumberland. It was on the Cumberland in 1861 when the war broke out and probably when the frigate disappeared under the waters of Hampton Roads. Between that day and the time that the Macy was launched, which occurred about fifteen years ago, the history of the Cumberland's anchor is unknown. "Old Cumberland," as the sailors call the big anchor, weighs about five tons, which is nearly twice as much as the average anchor used by sailing craft. The stock is sixteen feet long and of solid oak, which is as sound today as when it rested on the deck of the Cumberland. The ring, through which the cable passes, is large enough to admit the passage of the body of a full-grown man, and the flukes are just three and a half feet wide. The only signs of the anchor's past now visible is the name U. S. S. Cumberland stamped into the iron. Some of the letters are almost obliterated, but there is enough left to identify the anchor.

Well Along in Years

"Isn't Belle's husband old enough to be her father?" "Her father! Why, my dear, he's old enough to be a captain in the United States navy!"—Philadelphia North American.

Mme. Melba, when a girl in Australia, learned to be a good horsewoman, an acquirement which she has religiously kept up ever since.

High-Priced Manuscripts.

The highest price ever paid for a piece of manuscript was $8,000 for Homers Iliad, written on vellum, probably in the eighth century. It is now in the British Museum. A manuscript Bible which was presented to the Emperor Charlemange upon the occasion of his coronation, in the year 800, was sold at auction some years ago for $7,500. That is also in the British Museum. The original manuscript of Scott's "Lady of the Lake" brought $6,450 at auction. The autobiography of Lord Nelson in his own handwriting, as prepared for the press, brought $5,250. The manuscript of Keats' "Endymion" was once sold for $3,475, and the manuscript of Scott's "Old Mortality" for $3,100. Sir John Thorall paid $3,900 for a manuscript Bible of the seventh century, and Lord Crawford paid $2,860 for a handsomely illuminated manuscript of the New Testament.

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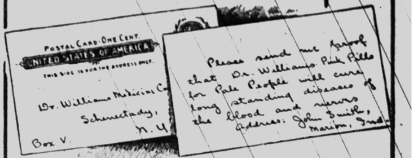

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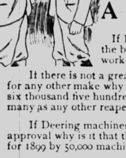
To a Lawrence *Journal* reporter Mr. G. H. Snyder, a well known citizen of Lawrence, Kan., related a wonderful story. He said:

"I am now seventy years of age. About three years ago I experienced a coldness or numbness in the feet, then creeping up my legs, until it reached my body. I grew thin, appetite poor and did not relish my food. I became unable to move about. Consulted several distinguished physicians, one telling me I had locomotor ataxia, another, creeping paralysis. I took their medicines but continued to grow worse. A friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Before I had finished my first box I found that they were benefiting me. I used twelve boxes and was perfectly cured. Although over six months since I used my last pill there has been no return of the disease. My appetite is good and general health better than for many years."

Look for the full name on the package. At druggists or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y. 50c. per box. 6 boxes $2.50.



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