CAMPFIRE TALES

The Tyrant.

The greatest monarch the world has ever known,
And he rules alike over land and sea;
From his edict there is no appeal,
For a tyrant king he be.

He sits unmoved on his ebon throne,
Where the young and the old forever meet,
The frost of the centuries on his head
And the nation at his feet.

No word of respite unlocks his lips,
Though poets and sages have questioned him!
And he has no grace of a softer mood
To brighten the ages dim.

He shows no favor to lord or churl,
And he reaps a harvest of pain and tears;
His beard has growth from the dust of life,
Ungathered through all the years.

Strong is the grasp of his mighty hand,
And cold and keen is his arctic breath,
And there is no power that earth can yield
To throttle the tyrant—Death.

—The Olympian.

Declined to Intrude.

"On the night after the unsuccessful attempt upon the rebel batteries at Secessionville," said a member of a Rhode Island Grand Army post, "an incident occurred which tended to enliven for a moment our depressed spirits, notwithstanding our sad surroundings. Our wounded were being brought from the battlefield to be cared for in a large old building which stood near headquarters, and which gave evidence of having been used in former times for storing the products of the plantation on which we were camping. These whose wounds proved to be fatal were laid on the grass outside, preparatory to burial. There was a large fig tree near this temporary hospital, under whose friendly shelter some of the soldiers who were unprovided with tents were accustomed to spread their blankets at night to avoid the heavy dews. The night in question proved to be dark and rainy, and the fig tree was hastened to as usual, by one after another of our tired soldiers, who were glad to exchange the tolls and exposure of that eventful day for its leafy protection.

"The first who entered drew back with a horrified look, saying that a dead man had been laid under the tree, and at the same time expressing his determination not to dispute possession. Each man who arrived subsequently, after a statement of the case, preferred exposure in the rain to such companionship. But the matter assumed a different aspect next morning, when it was found that one of our boys had straggled in, tired and worn out, and, stretching his mosquito net, had gone to sleep. The net increased the effect of an unusually pale physiognomy, which startled the late intruders into the belief that they beheld a corpse."—Washington Star.

The Appomattox Apple Tree.

The Appomattox apple tree fades
And withers from time to time, but never dies. It is a perennial. Here it is blooming out again. An old soldier presented to the University of Georgia a piece of wood which he said came from the tree beneath which Lee surrendered to Grant, stating that "he was present at the time the tree was cut down and took a portion of it to preserve it as a relic."

The dean of the faculty, believing that there must have been something upon which was based the widespread belief that the surrender took place under an apple tree, wrote to Gen. Gordon on the subject. He stated that he was familiar with the history of what occurred in the McLean house and knew that the articles of surrender were signed there, but he wanted to know how the apple tree came into the story. To his letter Gen. Gordon replied as follows:

Mr. Sylvanus Morris, Athens, Ga.:

Dear Professor: Yours received. Both Gen. Longstreet and myself were present in the room when the formal surrender took place at Appomattox, as was also Col. Marshall. The account, therefore, which states that only Col. Marshall was present is incorrect. The apple tree incident is a romance. No surrender took place except in the room of the McLean house. The only connection of the surrender with the apple tree is the fact that Gen. Lee and Gen. Grant met there for a few moments and agreed upon the place for formal meeting. Probably the most appropriate inscription you could place on the piece of wood would be to the effect that it was taken from the apple tree near which Gens. Lee and Grant met prior to the surrender. With best wishes, I am, sincerely yours,

J. B. GORDON.

At Chickamauga Park.

With the exception of Gettysburg battlefield, which received attention ten or twelve years before Chickamauga Park was even contemplated, this is now the most significant and comprehensive military object lesson in the world, and as a memorial is unsurpassed. In Europe several famous battlefields are reserved as parks and marked by monuments. The lion of Waterloo, which stands guard at the top of an artificial mound that has been erected upon that battlefield, is very imposing; the lion of Lucerne, which commemorates the heroism of the Swiss, is perhaps the most impressive monument in all the world except the statue of Buddha at Kamakura, Japan, and a granite shaft at Wilna, near the western boundary of Russia, has the most terrible significance that can be imagined, but there is nothing in Europe like the parks of Gettysburg and Chickamauga, because in the latter the heroism of the individuals and regiments is recognized and commemorated, while in the old world all the glory is given to the generals commanding or the armies as a mass.

The monument at Wilna bears a striking inscription. Upon the side of the pedestal, which faces Germany, you read that upon the date given Napoleon Bonaparte passed that way with 400,000 men. On the side that faces Russia you read that on a certain date Napoleon Bonaparte returned with 6,000 men. Further explanations are unnecessary. The whole story of that terrible campaign, in which thousands upon thousands of French soldiers perished in the snow, is summed up in those few brief words.

The Fiddler at Gettysburg.

An old soldier related an incident which came under his personal observation at or near Gettysburg during the three days' fight. He told of a soldier in a company that went in early in the engagement and came out after its share of fighting only for the reason that nearly every man in it was either killed or wounded. The soldier referred to played on the fiddle the veteran said. He was in love with his fiddle, and, as a general thing, when he wasn't fighting he was fiddling. The spirit of war and the soul of music both were vital essences of his being. His story, however, which was inspired by the events related by the comrade of the empty sleeve, was to the effect that on the morning of the third day of the battle he, wandering by a barn attached to a hostelry known as "The Tavern of the Three Stars," heard sounds coming from it, and looking in, found it to be a sort of hastily improvised hospital.

There were at least a score of shirts laid out in cots on the floors, all more or less wounded. Several of them were past all surgery. To his unbounded joy he saw the musician, who had suffered the loss of a leg. He was, of course, lying on his back, but the stump of his limb was propped up. He had a pleased expression on his countenance. His well-beloved fiddle under his chin and was filling the room with music.

"The most beautiful and pathetic part of the picture was the calm sweet and smiling expression of the poor fellows who were being regaled with his melodies.

"It seemed," said the speaker, "as if a beatification from heaven rested upon the place and its celestial glory shone in the countenance of every poor sufferer within it."—Washington Star.

His Last Shot.

Vigan, Zapote, the Tilad Pass, Batac, Catubig, Cagayan, and a string of others are all names that recall incidents of daring that stir even sluggish blood. It was at Vigan that Sergt. Spencer of Co. H, Thirty-third United States volunteers, showed the stuff of which they make men in Texas. His was one of ten men who tried to rush a position held by scores of Filipino insurgents. Four of the ten were dropped almost at the first fire. Spencer was one of the four, and he was mortally wounded. When the rest of the party fell back Spencer could not keep up. His comrades got under cover about twenty yards in rear of where he lay, and then discovered that he was not with them. They called out to him to get out of the way so that they could open fire, and he replied, "I can't. I'm hurt." Then he realized what the situation was, and tried to crawl out of line of fire. He made about twenty feet in a direction that would have put him out of the way in a little more, but he couldn't go on. "I can't make it," he called out to his comrades. Then he turned around and emptied his magazine at the insurgent. A minute later he was dead. —Everybody's Magazine.

Sounded Profane.

Gen. Louis Wagner, who was colonel of the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment, tells an interesting incident about the commissary sergeant of the regiment. The general says:

"One day while we were in camp at 'Camp Stanley,' situated on Rinna road, near Wissahickon, in June, 1861, one of the members of the regiment asked the question of the corporal on guard:

"'Where can I get something to eat?'

"'Go to Hell,' replied the corporal.

"'Look here, corporal,' fairly shouted the inquirer, 'I will have you understand that I am a member of the Methodist church, and will not tolerate such language from you, sir.'

"I shall always remember the look on that fellow's face when the corporal acquainted him with the commissary sergeant's name—Wister Hell."

Chickamauga and Chattanooga.

The word Chickamauga means "dull, sluggish stream," says the Chattanooga Times, and it is from the waters of the creek that the Indians, who were among the most daring and warlike of all the tribes in East Tennessee, got their names. The original interpretation of Chattanooga has long been lost. The general acceptation of the meaning of the word is "Hawk's Nest," said to have been suggested by the valley resting in the shadow of the ridges and mountain. Others say that the word is derived from the name Clanowah, given by the Cherokees to small, warlike hawks that made their nests in the cliffs of Lookout Mountain.

Not in Kingly Garb.

A recently returned traveler who was received by Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia describes his majesty as seated in a small state chair, with gayly colored carpet at his feet. He wore white trousers, brown checked socks, and very large patent leather shoes without lacings. A long flowing coat of yellow striped green silk enveloped his body, and over this was a black satin, gold embroidered burnous, with a pink lined hood. His head was bound with fine white muslin, above which towered a broad brimmed straw hat, overlaid with gold leaf and trimmed with sapphires and rubies. In his left ear sparkled a rose cut diamond stud. A red silk umbrella, heavily embroidered and fringed with gold, protected the royal head from the rays of the sun.

Graceful manners are the outward form of refinement in the mind, and good affections in the heart.—Longfellow.

EARTHQUAKE LAYS IN RUINS TOWN IN ASIATIC RUSSIA

Disaster Wipes Out Andizhan, Flourishing Metropolis of Turkestan—Succession of Shocks Completes the Work of Destruction—Was a Picturesque City.

(special Correspondence.)

The recent news from the flourishing city of Andizhan, province of Ferghana, Turkestan, Asiatic Russia, telling of an earthquake there, causing serious loss of life, is now shown to have completely underestimated the character of the catastrophe which it attempted to describe. Instead of the city being merely damaged by the earthquake, Andizhan was converted by it into "a heap of ruins," and is now completely wiped off the map of Turkestan. Instead of a few dozen people having been killed, the known fatalities now reach 5,000, including some 800 who perished in the native quarter of the city.

Church of St. Sergius Radonezhsky.

The significance of such a disaster as that which has thus overtaken a city known for its size and commercial significance as "the Lombardy of Central Asia," cannot be appreciated, save in the light of facts showing something of what Andizhan meant, not only for Turkestan, but also for Central Asia, and therefore for the Russian empire.

The province is 28,222 square miles in area, four-fifths of it being mountainous territory. Its inhabitants number 676,000, 538,800 of whom are settled agriculturists, while the remainder follow the life of pastoral nomads, and include such strange and diverse races as Aryan Tazhiks, Sarts, Turkish Uzbegs Kipchaks and Kara-Kirghiz, the latter being nomadic in their habits.

When Skobeleff was carrying on his campaign against the Turkomans and other nomads, he began the construction of a provisional line of railroad, and this, since 1895, has been carried by successive stages into the very heart of Central Asia. With a Western terminus at Krasnovodsk, it now passes through Samarkand as far as Tashkent, and has branch lines extending to Andizhan, also southward, by the Murghab river branch, from Merv, the scene of Donovan's exploits, to Kushk, which is within five miles of the frontier of Afghanistan.

So much for the situation at Andizhan, as one of the cities which Russia acquired as a result of her recent expansion in Central Asia. A word now about Andizhan itself.

The city had a total population of about 30,000 people, many of whom were engaged in the trade of one of the most important caravan routes in Central Asia. Though situated at a height of 1,170 feet above ocean level, Andizhan enjoys a fairly warm climate and is renowned for its flowers, fruits and grapes. Its population was also engaged in the production of cotton, for the preparation and manufacture of which the city had several factories.

A Peasant Family

Architecturally, Andizhan could not be called beautiful. As in many other towns and cities of Central Asia, its public trade was represented in Andizhan by a single street, on which most of the bazaars and stores, the hotels and apothecary shops, were to be found. This was known as the Nikolaevsky Prospekt. It was a rather wide thoroughfare, planted on both sides with elms, whose blossoming gave the "prospekt" a fine appearance in summer. The houses of Andizhan consisted mainly of small, one-story buildings. These, with spaces between, lined the prospekt on each side.

At one end of the Nikolaevsky there was a railway depot, erected in 1896; there is a Russian cemetery surrounded by a high wall, within which, among other buildings, a large prayer house is visible.

As for the inhabitants, they were mostly—leaving the official and trading Russian population out of account—the stock of Persian-Uzbek Sarts, speaking the Turkish language and worshipping in a mosque.

The great earthquake at Andizhan, which suggests St. Pierre, and promises to far exceed the devastation wrought last year at Shemakha, also in Central Asia, broke upon the inhabitants late in the evening of Dec. 13 last. The first shock was felt at 8:45 o'clock, local time. This does not seem to have been severe, and though it terrified the inhabitants, all of them returned to their houses, supposing the disturbances to be at an end.

The really fatal and destructive shock came half an hour later, and then it was too late for the imprisoned householders to escape. Such was the violence of the earth's movement that the buildings in every part of the city began to collapse like houses of cards, the destruction overwhelming the one-story buildings as completely as it did the public structures, hotels, factories and stores.

Down came government buildings, hotels, factories, stores, dwelling houses and almost before the shrieks of the dying could announce the catastrophe, Andizhan was a heap of ruins.

The second shock destroyed it, yet in a few minutes other disturbances followed, and then, succeeding each other with merciless regularity, came shock after shock, completing the devastation already wrought, adding to the confusion, the terror and the loss of life and making escape from the smoking and dust-obscured debris, even by those who still lived, an impossibility.

But no imagination can adequately realize the scenes of that fearful half-hour which followed the second shock, during which from 4,000 to 10,000 human beings found their graves beneath the debris of falling walls and collapsing roofs—cut off from every hope of rescue, and where not killed immediately, doomed to await death in its most terrible form. All night long the shocks continued, nor had the seismic wave that beat upon Andizhan exhausted itself even on the following day.

Thus far it has not been possible to estimate the cost of the earthquake in destruction of property. All the government buildings were converted into a mass of debris. With the exception of the Poznansky factory, all the manufacturing establishments were ruined. The aspect of the stores and dwelling houses, which were razed with the ground, reminds one of the appearance of a city after it has been subjected to long-continued bombardment.

OLD-TIME COOKERY AS TAUGHT 250 YEARS AGO

In the early days of the seventeenth century gastronomy was truly a wonderful science, if a little cookery book, published in 1623, and now in the possession of a Chicago woman, is any criterion. The title it bears is "Murrell's Two Books of Cookerie and Carving. Printed for John Marriot, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstan's Church-yard in Fleet street, 1638." To bake "red deere" you are directed to "Parboyle it, and presse it and let it lye all night in Red-Wine and Vinegar; then Larde it Thicke, and season it with Pepper, Salt, Cloues, Mace, Nutmeg, and Ginger. Bake it in a deepe Coffin of Rye-paste, with store of Butter; let it soake well. Leaue a vent-hole in your Ouen is cold take it out, and stop the hole with Butter." This surely ought to be rich enough.

Next is a heading, "Fritters on the Court Fashion": "Take the Curds of a Sacke-posset, the yolkes of five Eggs, and the whites of two, and them fine flower, and make batter, season it with Nutmeg and a little Pepper, put in a little strong ale and warme milke, mingle all together, and put them into Larde; neither too Fat nor too cold. If your batter swim, it is in good temper."

A recipe, "To make blanch Manchet in a Fryingpan," by its substitution of "Manchet" or fine bread for meat, shows "Chaucer's 'plain-manger'" on its way to become the modern blancmange, though it is the fourteenth, and not the seventeenth, century form which has survived. The recipe runs: "Take halfe-a-dosen Egges, halfe a pinte of sweet Creame, a penny manchet grated, a nutmeg grated, two Spoonefuls of Rosewater, two ounces of Sugar, worke all stiffe like a Pudding; then frye it like a Tansey in a little Fryingpan that it may be thicke; frye it browne and turne it out upon a plate, cut it in quarters, and serue it like a Pudding. Scrape on Sugar."

The method of concocting a "Dellie of Pippins, of the Colour of Amber" is also worth quoting: "Take eight faire pippins, take out the coares, boyle them in a quart of Spring-water, from a quart unto a pinte; put in a quarter of a pinte of Rose-water, a pound of fine Sugar and boyle it unecurred un till it come to the colour of Amber, you may know when it is enough by letting a drop fall on a piece of Glasse and if it stand it is enough; then let it run into an owches or Silver Basen or Chyna Dish, or Cuples, and while it is warme fill your Boxes or Printing moulds with a spoone, and let it stand, and when it is cold you may turn it out of your moulds."

JOURNAL HAS TWO EDITORS IN NINETY-FIVE YEARS

Within a few months Samuel M. Shaw will retire from the editorship of the Cooperstown Freeman's Journal, completing a journalistic career which alone is remarkable in the history of newspaperdom and coupled with that of his predecessor, John H. Prentiss, forms as even more extraordinary a chapter. The retirement of Mr. Shaw will be a noteworthy incident and has already been widely commented on. The Cooperstown Journal is published in a region made famous by J. Fenimore Cooper, and its columns have always breathed the same purity of thought, the same elegance of language and the same thrilling spirit of Americanism as the works of the author whose name is perpetuated by that of the town. The beautiful Otsego lake and its splendid environments have been an inspiration for the writers.

What has made the journal notable among the papers of the United States is the fact that only two men have been its editors since its foundation ninety-five years ago. It was in 1808 that the paper was founded. John H. Prentiss was its first editor, and his connection therewith continued forty-three years. During all that time he was a power in state politics and was twice elected a representative to Congress, serving from 1837 to 1841. Upon severing his connection with the Journal he was succeeded by Samuel M. Shaw in 1851, and when the latter retires in August of the present year he will have completed fifty-two years as editor of the Journal and nearly seventy years in newspaper work. He will then have reached his eightieth birthday. His first efforts to attract attention were in the campaign of 1848, through which he carried the Poughkeepsie Telegraph. The next year he went on the Albany Argus and remained there two years, when he went to Cooperstown and became editor of the Freeman's Journal. Marcy, Seymour, Tilden, Cornelius and other Democratic leaders were his associates and valued his counsel. His articles in many campaigns were widely quoted and his paper was the first to advocate the nomination of Tilden for governor and for president. He declined nominations for high offices persistently. He has participated actively in fifteen presidential campaigns, often speaking on the stump.

SAD END OF BRILLIANT AND WELL-BORN VIRGINIAN

About a fortnight ago, in a bleak room in a small house on Washington Heights, in West Fifty-second and Fifty-sixth street, the dead body of a man was found, writes Tip in the New York Press. It had been cold for five days and was in a state of decomposition. The police being informed, it was duly sent to the morgue, where the name of "Hardy" on a slip in a letter in the pocket of the coat—was recorded. The initials were destroyed, therefore the identity of Hardy was in doubt. A man of the name of W. J. Hardy was missed from his usual haunts, and as he had been a schoolmate of one of our city magistrates, John B. Mayo, that gentleman made inquiry concerning him. Some one mentioned a Hardy at the morgue; the magistrate went thither and found his old friend, rotting on a slab. In another bay the body would have been buried in potter's field, on Hart's island. Judge Mayo rescued it and sent it to Norfolk, where another old friend received it and gave it proper interment.

This man Hardy was the son of the richest man in Norfolk, Va., a refined, educated, cultured gentleman of blue blood. Among his former companions he was regarded as the most excellent of entertainers. He could order a dinner that all styled a "dream" or an "epiphany." He was no glutton, as so many gourmands are, but a connoisseur, a nice feeder, an epicure. He was married, but had been separated from his wife, who now lives in Baltimore, I believe. His sister married one of the most distinguished officers of the United States army—Maj. Gen. Arthur MacArthur, at present commanding the department of the Pacific. This good fellow, bon vivart, epicure, F. F. V.—this prince of entertainers actually died of starvation in a small rented room on the Hights, and his moldering, cankered corpse was on its way to potters' field when accidentally found.

Incident of Russo-Turkish War.

During the last war between Russia and Turkey, as Mehmet Ali Pasha was retreating from Ostrog with his army, pursued by Montenegrins, he halted at Monarca with the intention of destroying the monastery there and placed a battery in position on the opposite heights. Unknown to the Turks, half a battalion of Montenegrins were stationed there as garrison, and the pasha, thinking that he had but a handful of priests to deal with, sent down a small detachment to effect an entrance. The gate was opened and they were enticed inside. Hardly had the last man set his foot within the courtyard when the Montenegrins fell upon them and beheaded them every one. The Turks, awaiting the result, sent a second detachment to assist in bringing out the booty and they met with a similar fate. Then Mehmet began to suspect that something was wrong and made preparations for bombardment, but it was too late. A brigade of pursuing Montenegrins had come up. They fell upon him from flank and rear and a horrid slaughter ensued.

Wisdom of Experience.

"What is your opinion as to long engagements?" queried the young man whose springtime fancy lightly turned to thoughts of a matrimonial nature.

"They're the worst ever," answered the man who had found it necessary to comb his hair with a trowel for lo, these many moons. "A long engagement means a short bank balance to begin housekeeping on."

Charitable Sex.

He (at the ball)—"Just look at that dashing Mrs. De Style. She has diamonds stuck all over her."

She—"Yes; there is nothing equal to paste as a sticker."

Thomas Carlyle and His Wife.

As a married couple they were indeed to be pitied if the world had known it. They were childless, and therefore half the world was dark to them. No man can be a "sage" who has no children. A barren woman is like half a story. Let her be ever so clever, so literary, so witty, when it comes to the essentials of life she is open to retort. How do you know? And so it was with the Carlyles in their unsatisfactory world of literary eminence. Pity them, gentle reader! When they shut the doors of their several bedrooms at night a mouse might not squeak or a fly buzz but they must start full awake in the blessed dark and moralize, the one on eternity and the other on Thomas.—London Outlook.

How Could She?

She had been naughty, there was no doubt about that, and her mamma was administering corporal punishment. All mortally she had been perverse, and now, as the maternal hand fell, with depressing force upon her small person, she yelled lustily.

"Be still, I tell you!" said her mother, without interrupting the business in hand. "Stop crying! Stop this minute!"

The small person turned defiantly. "Well, how am I agoin' to stop cryin'," she sobbed, "when you keep a-spankin' me all the time to make me cry?"

He Was Moved.

Jack—"Were you moved when the old gentleman said you could never marry his daughter?"

Tom—"Yes, I was moved half way across the sidewalk."

Three pairs of Siamese twin fishes have been hatched at the New York aquarium.

TREE THAT DRIES UP SPRINGS.

Eucalyptus Should Not Be Planted in Their Vicinity.

At a recent meeting of the National Agricultural Society of France M. Lamey reported, according to Cosmos, that the eucalyptus is a dangerous tree in the neighborhood of springs, which it dries up rapidly. "I have seen," said he, "a eucalyptus whose roots had penetrated into the pipes of a sink. The fountain that supplied the house had been destroyed by the roots of neighboring eucalyptus trees, which it was necessary to cut down. At the forestry station of St. Ferdinand, built near a spring that issues from a natural grotto, the roots of the eucalyptus trees planted above have penetrated the fissures in the rock and have completely covered the interior of the grotto with a thick velvety layer formed by an innumerable quantity of tiny rootlets, short and tufted, similar to those by which the ivy clings to walls. Owing to their energetic absorptive power, these rootlets, greedy for water, had also invaded and choked the conduits so that the outflow from the spring was greatly reduced. We may say, then, that although certain species of eucalyptus are valuable aids in drying marshy land it is prudent to keep from planting them in the neighborhood of springs used for domestic purposes or irrigation."

A Maryland Wonder.

Upper Cross Roads, Md., June 15th. —Never in the history of medicine in this state has anything created such a sensation by its marvelous cures of the most extreme cases as Dodd's Kidney Pills.

This wonderful medicine seems to know no limit in its wonder working power. Long standing cases that have defied the most expert medical treatment seem to yield easily to this new conqueror of disease.

Hundreds have testified to the virtue of Dodd's Kidney Pills. They tell of severe cases of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Backache, Female Trouble, Nervous Diseases and even Dropsy, Diabetes and Bright's Disease cured by this medicine.

Among those who have been benefited may be mentioned Mrs. John Cooney of this place.

Mrs. Cooney says:

"I believe Dodd's Kidney Pills the best remedy ever known for Kidney Trouble and weak back.

"They are without exception the best medicine I have ever used.

"I will always praise them highly, for I know that they are good."

Mrs. Cooney is only one of many who say of Dodd's Kidney Pills:

"The most wonderful remedy we ever heard of."

The Candidate's "Sociability."

Major Gen. Isaac Catlin tells a story of one of his political campaigns. "I noted for you," said a workingman the day after an election in Brooklyn, where the general figured as a candidate for a county office. "I didn't intend to at first, but one afternoon you were going by my house and you patted my goat, Billy, and gave him an apple, and, 'if the general's so sociable as all that he must have my vote.'"—New York Times.

President Lake of the retail coal dealers of Michigan and Indiana, who met at Indianapolis, said the public and newspapers had been unfair in their criticism of the Coal Dealers' association. He had no knowledge of a combine to keep up prices.

This Will Interest Mothers.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, Cures Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the bowels and destroy Worms. Sold by all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N.Y.

Only Kind They Make.

Miggles—Old Gotrox is continually making smart remarks, isn't he?

Wiggles—Yes. The making of smart remarks is a luxury that only the rich can afford.

Pair of Them.

Canvasser—Is the lady of the house in?

Domestic—Yis, sor; there is two av us; which wan do yez want to see?

Mrs. Laura L. Barnes, Washington, D. C., Ladies Auxiliary to Burnside Post, No. 4, G. A. R., recommends Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"In diseases that come to women only, as a rule, the doctor is called in, sometimes several doctors, but still matters go from bad to worse; but I have never known of a case of female weakness which was not helped when Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was used faithfully. For young women who are subject to headaches, backache, irregular and painful periods, and nervous attacks due to the severe strain on the system by some organic trouble, and for women of advanced years in the most trying time of life, it serves to correct every trouble and restore a healthy action of all organs of the body.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a household reliance in my home, and I would not be without it. In all my experience with this medicine, which covers years, I have found nothing to equal it and always recommend it."—Mrs. LAURA L. BARNES, 307 Second St., N. W., Washington, D. C.—$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women.