

Almost Crazy.

THOUGHT HER CHILD WAS GOING TO DIE.

The Terrible Ordeal of a Mother—How Little Girl Almost Faded Away—Saved in the Nick of Time—A Story that will Touch the Heart of Every Mother.

From the Journal, Detroit, Mich. A very grateful mother is Mrs. A. L. Hartness, of 676 Grandy Avenue, Detroit, for the wonderful cure which her daughter has received by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Blanche was sick for over three years. She had the care of the best physicians procurable, and no expense or trouble was spared to give her relief. She was so thin that she was fairly skin and bones, her digestion was out of order and she had the most awful headaches. Her long thin, listless face made me nearly half crazy, and we did every thing in our power to give her strength and induce her to take an interest in anything.

"One day a friend told me about the Pink Pills, and Mr. Hartness went down town and got three boxes. She had taken about one box, when, to my amazement, one morning I heard her playing on the piano. I could hardly believe it, for it had been over a year since the piano had been opened.

"Soon she began to take short rides on her bicycle, and soon she went singing around the house, our own happy, hearty little daughter once more.

"She thinks nothing of a spin on her wheel over to Mt. Clemens or Pontiac, and is as well as she ever was.

"I had a girl living at our house who was a great sufferer from impoverished blood, and who received instant and permanent relief from the use of one box of the pills.

"If this information can be of any use to help some poor sick one, it is given with the greatest of pleasure."

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine but a prescription used for many years by an eminent practitioner who with them, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nervous system, two fruitful causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir. They are entirely harmless and can be given to weak and sickly children with the greatest good and without the slightest danger. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50—by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

French Students Alert.

The medical students of Paris are still on the warpath against those of their fellow-students who come from foreign parts, and are circulating a petition in the hospitals requiring the minister of education to exact from the strangers before receiving their degree qualifications of the same value as are exacted from themselves. If the strangers do not possess the qualifications they should, the French students maintain, only be granted honorary diplomas.

No woman ever admits that it may be the fault of the woman that "woman's work is never done."



Syrup of Figs

Gladness Comes With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

"Just as Good" never yet equalled the



AN ICY PLUNGE.

"Ice-Water" Rose is Very Fond of a Cold Dip.

Fancy a plunge into the East river at 7 o'clock one of these near-to-zero mornings, says the New York World. This plunge, for recreation, exhilaration and the sustenance and development of health, is taken each morning by Dr. Achilles Rose of 336 East 15th street from the platform of the baths at the foot of East 65th street. He undresses himself in a frigid bathroom and then takes a plunge into the icy waters. He has done it each winter morning for ten years, is a ruddy picture of health, and is as "spry" as a young man of 30.

A reporter learned that Dr. Rose ("Ice-Water Rose," as he is sometimes called) had taken this early morning bath one Monday recently, when the thermometer at 7 a. m. registered 6.4 degrees below zero.

The bluffs at the foot of East 65th street were covered with snow and it was bitter cold when the bath house was reached by the doctor and the reporter. A pocket thermometer showed the temperature to be 12 degrees above zero. Descending the stairs to the platform, Dr. Rose hastened to his bathroom, unlocked the door, and proceeded to strip for his icy plunge. There was ice on the bathroom floor, over which the doctor spread a piece of brown paper. Frost oozed from the seams in the wall and a frozen cloth lay in a corner. It was bitter cold, but Dr. Rose disrobed without a shiver. In a few minutes he came out of the bathroom, summer swimming trunks his only garment.

Dr. Rose then went to the steps which lead down to the water. They were covered with ice an inch thick. He climbed down the steps like a boy—he is 56 years old—and, reaching the bottom, plunged boldly into the river.

The tide was running strong, but the doctor swam fifty feet out and back. It was not a long swim, but it was an icy cold one. Passengers on the Norwich line steamer Worcester, which passed as the bold swimmer plunged in the water, cheered.

Re-entering the bathroom, Dr. Rose dried himself, and while doing so poured half the bottle of hot water over his feet. "I pour on this hot water," said he, "because the feet become intensely cold during the plunge, and need this means to restore the normal circulation. Last Monday, when the thermometer stood at 6.4 degrees below zero, the pain in my feet caused by the cold water was fearful. My hands became so chilled that I had to use hot water on them, too.

"During my first three winters I bathed alone, although half a dozen other men took these plunges at noon. Last winter a Hungarian and a Thuringian were my companions. The former bathed with me throughout the winter; the latter only until January. The Thuringian, Mr. Krug, had formerly been subject to colds, but he escaped them the last year of his bathing in the winter months.

"The use of these baths," the doctor said, "refreshes the muscular system and imparts elasticity and vitality to it."

Milais and "Boy Blue."

When Sir Jno. Millais was a student at the Royal Academy he rejoiced in the friendship of a fellow student by the name of Potherd. Potherd among other eccentricities, affected a long blue coat with a catskin collar, which he wore on all occasions. Millais was still struggling with his charcoal, when "Boy Blue" left the academy and set up as a full-fledged artist, and the friends thus became separated. Millais had achieved fame and painted some world-renowned pictures before he met his old friend again. Walking down the streets of Camden Town one day Sir John saw a figure in a long blue cloak trudging along before him. "Surely," said Millais, "I know that cloak; it must be Potherd." Quickening his step, he called out: "Hallo! Potherd, how are you?" "And who may you be?" said "Boy Blue." "I am Millais; don't you remember me?" "Not little Johnny Millais, surely?" said the shabby Potherd, surveying the well-groomed Sir John. "Judging by your appearance, Millais, I should say you had given the arts the go-by. What do you do for a living?" "Paint," groaned Sir John, thinking what a very local thing fame is after all.

A Related "Messenger of Spring."

There is a "legendary and popular" chestnut tree in the garden of the Tuilleries which about this time is watched with affectionate interest by all Parisian journalists. What the legend is or why the tree is popular very few people know but it is said to have been planted on March 29, 1650, and is usually referred to in the newspapers at this season of the year as the "fidele messenger du printemps." As a matter of fact, it is at present as naked as the statues that surround it and no more betokens springtime than an outbreak of influenza; but the journalistic eye is on it all the same and it will blossom in the papers if nowhere else.—Paris Messenger.

A Fishing Spider.

Prof. Berg at Buenos Ayres has made the discovery of a spider that catches fish at certain seasons of the year. In a shallow part of the stream it weaves between the stones a double-sided or funnel-shaped net, into which, running upon the water, it drives little tadpoles, those well-known fish-like larvae of the frog. The shriveled husks or skins of these creatures, which lie strewn in great numbers about the spider's net, show plainly that it thoroughly understands its business.—Exchange.

THE SAME OLD STORY

TOLD BY A MAN OF CIRCULAR TENDENCIES.

Shoemaker Duff Has Solved the Problem of Perpetual Motion—All Except Just One Little Wheel—Twenty Years' Hard Labor.



He studied over the problem before attempting to make a model. Then he constructed a machine out of wood and set it going. For a few minutes it ran at lightning speed, being beyond control, and then, being only wooden, it broke into pieces. He has another machine almost completed, this being of iron.

SHOEMAKER DUFF.

(He imagines He Has Solved, After Twenty Years of Experiment, the Problem of Perpetual Motion.)

chime will not be more than nine feet by ten feet in size. There will be thirty wheels and fifteen axles. These will all run smoothly, silently and ceaselessly. Their force will be unlimited. I shall be able to run vehicles, railroad trains and ships, the machine varying, of course, in size for the power required. I can put it in a torpedo boat and run under water as easily as on the surface.

But in the midst of this explanation of the wonders of perpetual motion a troubled look came into the old man's eyes. He studied his plans and turned the wooden wheels about. "If I only had it," he said to himself, "if I only had it."

Flick of a Milliner.

One of the institutions of Asbury Park, N. J., is a milliner who delights in being called "Professor Mme. Grison." When the St. Paul recently ran afoul of the beach at Long Branch madame jumped on her wheel and rode to the shore. As she gazed on the steamer her sympathies were aroused. "I will make Shark river a harbor of entry," said she, "here a storm-tossed vessel may seek refuge." Mme. Grison defied derision and incredulity. She prepared a petition to be presented to congress asking that government engineers be appointed to survey the inlet and report on the feasibility of the plan. The great petition went on until at last congress was importuned to the extent of nearly 7,000 names in behalf of a harbor at Shark river. The madame hasn't stopped yet. Engineer Kelly, who has devoted much study to Shark river, believes it can be made into a harbor at a comparative small cost.

Olympic Festival Fixed by the Moon.

The time for the Olympic festival, like the Christian Easter, was dependent upon the moon. In accordance with an ancient tradition, the festival was held when the moon was nearest the summer solstice, at the end of June or the beginning of July. With the first appearance of the new moon began the Hieromenia, or sacred month, during which a sacred truce prevailed. Hostilities were suspended, and no armed soldier could enter the territory of Elis, and no assault could be made upon a pilgrim, under penalty of a heavy fine and excommunication from the temples, games and sacrifices.—("The Old Olympic Games," by Prof. Allan Marquand, in the Century.)

Niagara's New Bridge.

The arch span of the new bridge soon to be built across the Niagara gorge will be 80 feet long, and the center of the arch will be 170 feet above low water. The floor of the bridge will be 45 feet wide, affording room for two trolley tracks in the middle, an eight-foot roadway on either side of these tracks and a sidewalk three feet nine inches wide on each outer side of the bridge.

A Grandniece of General Israel Putnam.

Mrs. Lucy L. Decker, died in Bangor, Me., a few days ago at the age of 89 years.

THE RUBBER TREE.

Is Indigenous to Florida and Grows in Profusion to the South.

Those familiar with the southern portion of Florida are aware of the fact that the rubber tree is indigenous here and grows in great profusion on both coasts south of a line drawn west from New Smyrna, says the Florida Citizen. Many large trees grow on the east coast, there being two well-known monarchs, one at Dr. Wittfahl's place, about six miles south of Rockledge, and another on Will Lanchart's place at Lake Worth. To the native countless numbers of immense rubber trees are known, but as their usefulness has not yet been developed here they are very little noticed.

On the west coast the trees are abundantly prominent and are an open bid for the people of our state to investigate their value. At this time, when the people are looking for new avenues in natural products of the soil to replace the orange culture, it would be reasonable to suppose that they would utilize the wild rubber tree. On any of the keys along the coast one could find a rubber plantation or estate in an advanced stage of growth.

At Anna Maria Key, at the entrance to the harbor, Col. John R. Jones has a place upon which is one of these trees with five separate trunks, similar to a banyan tree. The largest trunk is eleven feet in circumference; the others measure twenty-eight, twenty-seven, and eighteen inches respectively. When the tops of these trees become too spreading they send down a sucker, which takes root and assists in the support of the branches. Such a tree as mentioned above covers a large area and would afford good revenue were its great flow of sap utilized.

Col. Jones, on April 14, 1895, planted a little rubber nursing eighteen inches in height. On Feb. 14, 1896 that tree stood five feet ten inches high, showing with what rapidity they grow in their wild state, without any cultivation.

A NOTED CHURCHMAN.

Pere Hyacinthe Has Caused a Sensation by Joining the Copts.

Pere Hyacinthe, who was for a time the talk of two continents, has been converted to the Copts. The announcement to that effect, recently made in France, and which made something of a sensation among the people of that country, has caused a certain feeling of relief among the friends which the former Roman Catholic priest made during his visit and his ministry in this country. Father Hyacinthe, who recently has been known by his civil name of M. Loysen, was not a success outside the field of his church. His eloquence was great and he has many admirers, but the fact was that, having left the Roman communion, he professed no definite religion and did not advance any theological scheme or theory that appealed to the intelligence or the sentiment of any set of



PERE HYACINTHE.

people. It has been said of him that he was a man guided by the best and noblest impulses, but led into the errors of indecision by something that was independent of his own will and contrary to all his education. In appearance he has yet the typical look of the priest. His temperament is that of a child in its passion for applause and simplicity, and yet there is not lacking in him a certain stability and force of intellect. Hyacinthe professes never to have left the fold of the church. After disassociating himself from the church he married an American lady. His church in Paris was patronized by English and American people.



Picking up Knowledge

Is easy enough if you look for it in the right place. This is the right place to learn just what to do for that debilitating condition which Spring always brings. Do you want to be cured of that languid feeling, get back your appetite, sleep soundly, and feel like a new man?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

will do it. It has done it for thousands. It has been doing it for 50 years. Try it.

Send for the "Curebook," 100 pages free. J. C. Ayer Co. Lowell, Mass.

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83. SHOE BEST WORLD. If you pay \$4 to \$6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for \$3.



W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Advertisement for St. Jacobs Oil, claiming to cure rheumatic pains.

Advertisement for Alabastine wall coating, claiming it will not rub off.

Large advertisement for Battle Ax Plug tobacco, comparing its value to other brands.