ll and Strong

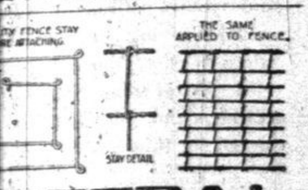
us Spells and That Tired eeling Cured by Hood's.

health was very poor. I had ner- efts and did not sleep well at night. I arose in the morning I was tired hapsted and did not feel any more than when I retired at night. I needed a medicine to build me up, concluded to take Hood's Sarsapa- After the first bottle had been felt so much better that I procured tre. I am now taking the last one, have not felt as well and strong for H. P. JONES, 223 E. Mulbury St., o, Indiana. Remember

od's Sarsaparilla

rica's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all s. $1; six for $5. Get only Hood's.

d's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.



EXTRA!

u want a fence that is better than any other? sure you do, especially if it costs no more hers. Well, our **Simplicity costs LESS** e ordinary fence. It is made with our Sim- stay, which is of No. 9 wire, and is attached eld without special tools. Horizontal wires ur barbless cable. We send you this ma- ll ready to be put together. Send for full ars. AMERICAN WIRE FENCE CO., 141 Guoin Street, Detroit, Mich.

Cheap Farm and a Good One.

you want a good farm, where you can outdoors in your shirt sleeves for ten hs in the year, and where your stock rage for itself all the year round? If rite to P. Sid Jones, Passenger Agent, ngham, Ala., or Dr. R. B. Crawford, ling Passenger Agent, 6 Rookery ing, Chicago, Ill.

you want to go down and look at some e Garden Spots of this country? The ville & Nashville Railroad provides the and the opportunity on the first and Tuesday of each month, with excur- at only two dollars over one fare, for l trip tickets. Write Mr. C. P. At- General Passenger Agent, Louisville, for particulars.

you want to read about them before ? Then send ten cents in silver or ge stamps for a copy of "Garden " to Mr. Atmore.

A Flow of Language.

well-known public lecturer is fond of g how he was once introduced to an nce by a man manifestly unaccustomed rforming duties of that sort. Stepping e front of the platform before the large ence, he said: "Ladies and gentlemen, ive with us this evening Prof. Blank, I understand has a finer flow of lan- e than I have, therefore I will not con- my remarks, but will ask the professor come forward and consume the time." he sat down, having quite exhausted own "flow of language" and leaving the essor to begin as best he could after such zing introduction.—Detroit Free Press.

The Pioneer Limited

he name of the only perfect train in the ld, now running every night between cago, St. Paul and Minneapolis via the cago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway—pioneer road of the West in adopting all roved facilities for the safety and enjoy- t of passengers. An illustrated pamph- showing views of beautiful scenery along route of the Pioneer Limited, will be free to any person upon receipt of two- postage stamp. Address, Geo. H. Heaf- , General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

n Easy Victory.—"Ah," the fond mother ed, "you say you love my daughter now, will you love her when she is old?" dily looking her in the eyes he replied: e will never get old. Anyone can see at ance that she takes after you."—Chica- Daily News.

cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure Consumption.—Mrs. Frank Mobbs, 215 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

N.

aching, when she is as- down pains? No mat- naturally, her nerves give Employers, however, don't men. Cheerfulness is very amiable when racked with pain. without delay to Mrs. Pinkham, at self. Your story will not be new to s and will know just what you need. table Compound will help you, it has women. Do not hesitate to write her serable. Your letter will not be seen ill cost you nothing. r ANDERSON, 463 Lisbon St., Lewis-

d suffered with painful menstruation ruation it was impossible for me to t so miserable. One day a little book y house, and I sat right down and Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and

el like a new woman; my monthly lways praise the Vegetable Compound

n Best Understands a Woman's Ills

SPEECH.

Talk happiness. The world is sad enough
Without your woes. No path is wholly rough;
Look for the places that are smooth and clear,
And speak of those to rest the weary ear
Of earth, so hurt by one continuous strain
Of human discontent and grief and pain.

Talk faith. The world is better off without
Your uttered ignorance and morbid doubt.
If you have faith in God, or man, or self,
Say so; if not, push back upon the shelf
Of silence all your thoughts till faith shall come;
No one will grieve because your lips are dumb.

Talk health. The dreary, never-changing tale
Of mortal maladies is worn and stale.
You cannot charm, or interest, or please,
By harping on that minor chord, disease.
Say you are well, or all is well with you,
And God shall hear your words and make them true.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Woman's Home Companion.

RUSE OF A FRIEND.

SCENE—The rest room at Schlesingfield & Siegchild's department store. He enters timidly and takes a seat near the door.

He (taking a letter from his pocket and speaking to himself after the manner of stage people)—I suppose I'm a fool to come in here. It's supposed to be for women, but I want to find out and be sure. I might have known from the way she was acting that there was some one else, and maybe this will prove it. As a rule I don't believe in paying any attention to anonymous letters, but this one is so definite and the writer seems so well acquainted with the facts that I'm sure she must know both of us. I m positive it was a 'she' wrote it, because it's typewritten. (Opens the letter and reads again.)

"My Dear Mr. Wallace: It may interest you to learn that Miss Byrd is to be in the rest-room at Schlesingfield & Siegchild's at 12:15 on Monday, and that she is to meet there a young man with whom she is very much in love. If you doubt this information, just drop in at the hour mentioned and see for yourself. Yours in confidence,
"A FRIEND."

(Putting letter back into pocket.) "By George, that's definite enough. I wonder if a nice, self-respecting girl should make a department store date. Or have I been deceived? Perhaps it's just as well that we quarreled. To think that in another two months we would have been married! Hello! There she is—getting out of the elevator! Coming this way, too! Just as I thought. I'll slip out and walk up through the carpet department until he has had time to come in and join her. I wonder if that dyspeptic man with the war button is the man. Horrible!"

She—It was Herbert! I knew it was! I wonder if he saw me coming. This proves everything. I didn't believe it at first—I couldn't believe it. Of course, we have broken off, and it's just as well that he should go his way and permit me to go mine, but I couldn't believe that he was in love with another girl so soon. I think he might have waited at least a month out of common decency. I'm sure that I won't look at another man for at least six weeks. I wonder who wrote that anonymous letter. Some one who knows his secrets—some man who is his rival for her affections. It's just like a man. To think! I came here, merely to reassure myself that it is all a mistake, and I find him here waiting. Oh, what an innocent I have been! There may be dozens of them! Wasn't it to be a quarter after 12? Where is that letter?

(Searches her purse and three pockets. Finds it under her belt. Reads.)

"My Dear Miss Byrd: It may interest you to learn that Mr. Wallace is to be in the rest-room at Schlesingfield & Siegchild's at 12:15 on Monday, and that he is to meet there a young woman with whom he is very much in love. If you doubt this information, just drop in at the hour mentioned and see for yourself. Yours in confidence,
"A FRIEND."

(Crumpling letter) "Well, it's way past that time, and she isn't here yet. Or is she? I wonder if that blonde thing writing the letter can be the one. She's bleached! You could see it clear across the street. There's a woman I would mistrust at first sight. She has that knowing way, and, besides, she's too old for him. Look at that! She's smiling at something she has written. I wonder if it's to him. I could scratch her eyes out. What chance has a modest and innocent girl against a bold, bad adventuress."

(He enters. Each surprised to find that the other is not surprised.)

He—I didn't expect to meet you here.

She (looking hard at the blonde at the desk in order to see if anything passes between them)—I dare say that you didn't expect to meet me.

He—Ah! May I sit here?

She—Certainly. (To herself) His acting is perfect.

He—Thanks.? (To himself) I'll stick here until he comes. Then see her writhe!! (To her) I'm not interfering with any of your plans?

She Not at all. (To herself) He wants to get rid of me.

He—I've just been in the carpet department. I was looking for a rug.

She (to herself)—He is lying about that rug. He came here to meet some one. The idea of a man going shopping at noon on Monday!

He (to himself)—She can't think of any scheme to hurry me away, and he may arrive at any moment. (Looks at his watch.)

She—What time is it?

He—Twenty-five minutes past twelve.

She—Your watch may be fest—ten minutes or so.

He—That would make it a quarter past.

She (to herself)—He is perfectly brazen about it.

He (to himself)—She's thinking of 12:15.

She—You come here often?

He—Oh, occasionally.

She—It's a cozy little place.

He—Yes, very convenient (meaningly) for meeting people.

She (to herself)—Shameless! (To him)—Very convenient, indeed (meaningly) for meeting people whom you would not care to meet anywhere else.

He (to himself)—It's worse than I suspected. (To her) You do happen around here, then, once in awhile to meet some of your acquaintances?

She—Oh, occasionally.

He—You're not expecting anyone now—that is, I'm not in your way?

She—Why, certainly not, Mr. Wallace.

He (to himself)—Doesn't she put up a magnificent bluff? She must know that I suspect something. The rug story didn't go.

She—I rather insist on your staying. (To herself) He sees that he can't shake me and now he's trying to excuse himself before she gets here. I'll make him stay if I have to hold him.

He—I was only about to say that I am always overjoyed to meet you, but if you are expecting any friends—or one friend—why, you let me know and I will retreat in good time. They might think it strange to find you here with me—or with any man—at noonday. Hardly the time and place for making a call, eh? (Looking at her keenly.)

She—I assure you I am expecting no one. (To herself) The man is crazy to get away! What a clever excuse, too!

He—Indeed. (To himself) She plays it well, but she is expecting some one. She's flushed as a cherry and looks as if she might cry at any moment. Serves her right.

She—You speak of the possibility of my—of my being caught here with you by some one who did not understand the circumstances of our meeting.

He—That is, some one who did not know that I merely happened into the place and found you sitting here.

She—I mean some one who would not perceive at a glance that our meeting here was accidental, of course—some one who did not know me very well. Suppose such a person found us here together and concluded that I had met you here by appointment, perhaps without the consent of my parents—would such a person have a right to think that I was immodest—and foolish?

He—In our case it would be all right. We have known each other for years. We have been more than friends.

She (to herself)—Now I'll pin him down. (To him) That is very true. But if a girl has known a man but a short time, and has been led to think that he cares for her, and he, instead of coming to her home to meet her, asks her to meet him in a department store, and she flaunts down there to meet him—what do you think of that kind of a girl?

He—What do you mean?

She—Oh, I'll not keep up the pretense any longer.

He—Don't. I've known all the time why you were here this morning. When I saw you get out of the elevator just at 12:15, that was enough for me.

She—Oh, you did see me, did you? I suspected it. Then it was the blonde!

He—What blonde?

She—I found a woman in this room at 12:15.

He—So did I.

She—Who was she?

He—You.

She—I?

He—Don't you think I know why you came here at 12:15?

She—You ought to by this time. You have practically confessed.

He—Confessed what?

She—That you came here to meet a—well, somebody.

He—Is that so? I came here to watch you.

She—What! To watch me? How dare you? Why, I never heard of such a thing!

He (confusedly)—Well, not to watch you, perhaps, but to see if—what I had heard was true.

She—Heard about me?

He—I heard you were to meet some one here at 12:15, so I—I dropped in, and when I saw you arrive just at that time I—well, if I was wrong how does it happen that you came just at that particular time?

She—I had the best of reasons for being here at that time. I received a letter. Here! You read it. (Taking it from belt and handing it to him.)

He—Why! This is just like mine! Oho! I understand. You came here to watch me, and because—

She—You can't blame me. I found you here at 12:15.

He—Yes, but I was here to see what you were doing, and it says in this letter that I was here to meet a young woman I loved. The letter I received (taking it from his pocket and handing it to her) says that you were to meet a man you loved—and, of course—

She (looking at letter)—This is exactly the same as mine. And you dared to think that I had an appointment here?

He (sarcastically)—But of course you never suspected me!

She—But after receiving such a letter — with the time and place mentioned.

He—I received the same letter.

She—I didn't really believe it—but I came to find out. Who could have sent them? Some enemy who knew that our engage—that we had ended everything. Some one who wished to persecute us. And to think that the plan succeeded!

He—I'm not so sure it was an enemy. (Looking at letter.) This letter to you says 'he is to meet there a young woman with whom he is very much in love.' Now, was that a falsehood? I did come here at 12:15 to meet you, and I must have been very much in love with you or I wouldn't have been so utterly miserable to think that you were coming to meet some one else. Why, when I saw you get out of the elevator I thought I should choke. Up to that time I'd been hoping and praying you wouldn't come.

She—I like that!

He—Well, you know what I mean. But now I'm glad you did come, because you must have a little lingering liking for your Herbert or you wouldn't have been here at 12:15 all on edge and ready to cry because you thought I was here with some other girl.

She—Herbert! I believe you wrote those letters.

He—I'm sorry to say that I never thought of such a clever scheme for ma king it up with you.

She—That's so. You wouldn't have thought out anything as deep as that.

He—We seem to be agreed, then—that it was the work of a friend.

She—If you ever tell of how near I came to crying.

He—Think what you could tell on me. Shall we call it all settled and go and get some luncheon?

She—Would it be proper?

He—For an engaged couple? Yes.

(They exit, holding hands.)—Chicago Record.

Furniture Medicine.

"The secret of never wanting new things is to keep the old ones well mended," said a wise housekeeper, as she exhibited the shelf where she kept what she called "furniture medicine." There were tins of different colors of paints and enamel, brushes of several sizes, a bottle of liquid gilt, some good glue, and remnants of all the different kinds of wall paper. A handsome six-leaved Japanese screen had been badly mutilated by a careless housemaid, so that two of its panels were unsightly. She patched the gashes carefully with court-plaster, and with a box of water colors and the liquid gilt so concealed the patches that it was as good as new. A somewhat top-heavy but sturdy little boy made a seat of the handsome Chinese porcelain umbrella jar, when down came both boy and jar, the latter in a dozen pieces. It was not therefor discarded, but piecing it with the greatest care with cement, a brush was dipped in liquid gilt and covered all the cracks, which from their zigzag directions, really added to its oriental appearance.—Short Skits.

Utopia.

The word "Utopia" is from the Greek words "ou," not, and "topas," a place, meaning nowhere. Sir Thomas More gave this name to an imaginary island on which he places the scene of his romance, the "Happy Republic." He represents the island as having been discovered by a companion of Amerigo Vespucci, and describes it as an abode of a happy society which, by virtue of its organization and legislation, was wholly free from the harassing cares of inordinate and greedy desires and all customary miseries of mankind. All the property belonged to the government, and each inhabitant, by his labor, contributed to increase the common store and drew therefrom what he needed for his wants; and, necessities provided for, he desired no more. Passion, malice, envy and hatred were unknown, and all members of this republic were free from covetousness and ambition. So different was this ideal picture of society than man had ever known that its name gave a new word to language, and all projects for improvement which are obviously impracticable have come to be called utopian.—Detroit Free Press.

Bibles for Cuba.

The disturbance in Cuba compelled the American Bible society two years ago to suspend its operations and withdraw its agents, who in the previous 12 years had circulated more than 50,000 copies of the Scriptures among the people. The society is now issuing an appeal for special funds to resume the work. The presbytery of St. Louis adopted a resolution recommending that the society send its colporteurs to Cuba as soon as the way is clear, and subscribed $238. A part of this sum has already been forwarded by the St. Louis Bible society. It is regarded that fitting that Bibles should go across the Cuban isle in the wake of the American army.

One Thing Sure.

She—Do you think the north pole will ever be discovered?

He—Not as long as people are willing to pay to hear men tell how they didn't find it.—Chicago Evening News.

CARL DUNDER

He Meets With More Trouble in Running His Museum.

M QUAD. —Copyright, 1896.

I like der public to remember about my museum. She vhas in two pieces. One piece vhas a saloon in charge of my son Shake, und der odder vhas dot museum mitout any lager beer. Each vhas a separate place, and you didn't haf to pay nottings to look aroundt.

I haf some trubbles mit my stuffed lion. I put a sign on him: "Der King of Beasts," und last week a man comes in und looks aroundt und looks ugly und says:

"I vhas no man to take a bluff! Who told you dot lion vhas der king of beasts?"

"I read it in some books."

"Vhell, I dispute it! Take off dot sign or I shall knock him out in one round! I vhas der king of beasts myself!"

I tried to argue mit him dot he vhas no beast, but he kicks dot stuffed lion all oafer my museum, und den cuts off his tail und walks away mit it. For feefty dollars I buy a wax figure of Napoleon crossing der Alps. He vhas climbing up mit his feet und waving a flag in his hand, und it gifs me great pleasure dot all der people praise him. More ash one tousand persons vhas delighted vhen a young man mit a black eye comes in und limps aroundt und spits oafer his shoulder und says:

"Vhell, I don't belief you haf sooch cheek 'till I see him. How dare you make me opp like dot und call me Napoleon?"

"My friendt, don't you know sometings?" says I. "Dot figure vhas der great Napoleon, und he vhas walking oafer some mountains. Don't you neffer hear of Napoleon?"

"Neffer in all my life! Dot vhas me! Dot vhas my hair und eyes und body! If you don't give me feefty dollars I shall make him tired."

I shpeak mit dot man more ash ten minutes, but he gets madder all der time. By und by he shumps in mit a right-hand swing und knocks dot Napoleon all to pieces, und he also kicks me three times before he goes out. Nopody finds Napoleon in my place any more. I fix him opp ash vhell as I can und mark him "Der Tomb of Shakespede." If somepody comes in und claims he vhas der tomb I can't help it, und shall call on der police to put him oudt.

Two weeks ago a man makes me dot figure of Queen Elizabeth, und she vhas so grand dot eafery body vhas full of praise. Some ladies come more ash fife times to see her. Three days ago a strange man comes in my place und sees dot figure und says:

"Who vhas dot oldt gal in der corner?"

"Dot vhas Queen Elizabeth."

"Vhas she deadt?"

"Of course."

"How long vhas she deadt?"

"More ash one hoonered y'ars."

"I can't belief dot," he says. "If she vhas deadt one hoonered y'ars why does she flirt mit me? Don't you see her wink her eyes? I guess I go oafer und talk to her."

I beg him to keep avhay, but he goes oafer und lifts dot Queen Elizabet' oop und dances her aroundt dot museum, und pooty quick her head und arms und legs fall off, und she vhas in ten pieces. I haf no more queens in my place. I fix oop dot one und call her, "Dot Fisherman's Daughter," und mebbe somepody don't flirt mit her now.

For $30 a man says he vhill make me sooch a wax policeman as neffer vhas before, und I gif him der shob. I put dot figure in der middle of dot museum, und he vhas so lifelike dot I almost shpeak to him. In two days a feller comes in und looks aroundt und says:

"I vhas like a lamb if somepody don't fool mit me, but if dot cop tries to run me in he vhas paralyzed forever more. You shust gif him a pointer not to take me for a spring chicken!"

I laugh at him and oxplain dot it vas a wax figure, but he walks aroundt und gets mad und says:

"Vhell, I don't like his looks und I vhas down on der hull gang! I vhill shust gif him a leetle token to remember me by!"

Und he put oop his hands und shumps in und hits dot figure on der jaw und lays him oudt. He vhas going to walk on him vhen I buys him off for one dollar. Dot policeman vhas too lifelike, und so I fix him oafer mit his eyes shut. Pooty soon dot fat police sergeant comes in to see der sights, und vhen he looks aroundt he says:

"Mr. Dunder, vhas dot policeman asleep?"

"He vhas."

"Vhas he on dooty?"

"He vhas. He vhas on duty, but he vhas tired oudt und goes to sleep."

Vhell, dot makes der sergeant mad, und he says if I insult der police force I vhas pulled in for green goods und my museum vhas all busted oop. So I haf to take dot figure und put a new suit on him und call him "Der Czar of Russia." He vhas all right, maype, und maype some nihilist comes in und hits him mit a crowbar.

"UND POTY QUICK QUEEN ELIZABETH WAS IN TEN PIECES."

Judge Higgins at Devil's Elbow.

When Judge Higgins started for Devil's Elbow last week to deliver his address on Columbus we cautioned him that they were a curious people over there, and pointed out several things which he ought to dodge. The judge didn't do any dodging. On the contrary, he pretty strongly intimated that Christopher Columbus was a good deal bigger man than the mayor of Devil's Elbow, and as a consequence the audience took him out of the hall and gave him a ride down a hill in a whisky barrel. The distance was half a mile, and the judge was snugly headed up. We tried for an hour the other day to coax him to give up his sensations while on the roll, but he simply wiped away the falling tears and refused to talk. He will probably never tell the story, even on his dying bed, but leave it to others to imagine. The judge is a goood man, and his address on Columbus is a good thing, but he made the mistake of his life over at the elbow and will never recover from it. Our advice is always timely and sound as a dollar, and those who are guided by it come out ahead of the game.

Beginning Early.

"I have heard a good deal about people who borrow trouble, but I think my wife is a champion in that line."

"Why, I thought she was always cheerful and contented with her lot?"

"She was until our baby was born six weeks ago. Now she is worrying because he may marry some girl that we will not like."—Chicago Daily News.

Another Disappointment.

Rich Bachelor—What a wonderfully preserved woman you are, Miss Elderly.

Miss Elderly—How dear of you. Pardon the blushes, but I was—

Rich Bachelor—I was—er—speculating as to whether you might have a younger sister.—Detroit Free Press.

A Fine Bit of Mechanism.

Silas—Wonderful the way they improve on engines!

Samanthy—Wot now, Si?

Silas—Here is a paper that tells how even the government in New York is run by machine.—N. Y. Journal.

His Sole Complaint.

"I hear that Dornick died suddenly out in Arizona."

"That is true."

"What was his complaint?"

"He complained that the boys didn't give him a fair trial."—Town Topics.

The Only Resource.

"Has Rounder lived down his bad reputation yet?"

"No; he tried that and failed. Now he is making an effort to live up to it."—Philadelphia North American.