

Scrofula

Taints the blood of millions, and sooner or later may break out in hip disease, running sores or some more complicated form. To cure scrofula or prevent it, thoroughly purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has a continually growing record of wonderful cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. - 81; six for \$5.
Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

UNTRANSLATABLE.

The American Phrase, "Get There," Is Difficult for Foreigners to Translate.

"What gives me most trouble," said a foreign military attaché, "is trying to translate your American language into English first, and then into my own language, so as to give my government a correct understanding of the spirit and character of your soldiers. I find the phrase 'get there,' for example, difficult. When I saw your infantry going forward against the opposing troops in the forts and intrenchments, I said to the officer with me that the infantry should not attempt such a movement without the artillery. 'You're right,' he told me, 'but the boys will get there.' At night, when we were all so hungry, I ventured to inquire if a further movement were contemplated till your army was provisioned. Then the officers, who were gentlemanly, all laughed, and said the army would think about nations when they got there." The second day we met many of your wounded men coming back as we were going forward. When the colonel asked them about the fighting, so many times I heard them say "We got there." And afterwards I also heard those words used very often. But it is so difficult for me to explain so my own people will understand it, what nature of tactics is 'get there.'—Boston Transcript.

Free Homes in Western Florida.

There are about 1,000,000 acres of Government land in Northwest Florida, subject to homestead entry, and about half as much again of railroad lands for sale at very low rates. These lands are on or near the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and Mr. R. J. Wemyss, General Land Commissioner, Pensacola, will be glad to write you all about them. If you wish to go down and look at them, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad provides the way and the opportunity on the first and third Tuesday of each month, with excursions at only over one fare, for round-trip tickets. Write Mr. C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for particulars.

Where a Strong Bond Is Needed.

Jeweler—Narrower and lighter wedding rings are fashionable. Why do you want one so broad and heavy?
Customer—We expect to move to North Dakota after the wedding.—Jeweler's Weekly.

Thirty-Five Thousand Miles of Calico.

There is enough calico made in the United States every year to make a sash which would go completely around the earth with about the material left for a bow. The great popularity of this fabric is justified by the fact that the goods known as Simpson's Prints are of the highest standard of quality and finish. The colors are absolutely fast and will not fade nor will the goods become limp with washing and wringing, and as the material is cheap and exceedingly pretty, there is little wonder that many millions of yards are used annually in the dresses of women and children.

Would-Be Writer—"What do you consider the most important qualification for a beginner in literature?" Old Hand—"A small appetite."—Tit-Bit.

FREE!

"A Home in Texas"

Is the title of a pamphlet giving full description of 20,000 acres of fertile farm lands on sale at Chesterville, Colorado County, Texas. This with full particulars in regard to cheap rates, etc., furnished free upon application to Southern Texas Colonization Company, John Lindholm, Mgr., No. 110 Rialto Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

MRS. PINKHAM'S ADVICE.

What Mrs. Nell Hurst has to Say About It.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I wrote to you I had not been well for five years; had doctored all the time but got no better. I had womb trouble very bad. My womb pressed backward, causing piles. I was in such misery I could scarcely walk across the floor. Menstruation was irregular and too profuse, was also troubled with leucorrhoea. I had given up all hopes of getting well; everybody thought I had consumption.

After taking five bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I felt very much better and was able to do nearly all my own work. I continued the use of your medicine, and feel that I owe my recovery to you. I cannot thank you enough for your advice and your wonderful medicine. Any one doubting my statement may write to me and I will gladly answer all inquiries.—MRS. NELL HURST, Deepwater, Mo.

Letters, like the foregoing, constantly being received, contribute not a little to the satisfaction felt by Mrs. Pinkham that her medicine and counsel are assisting women to bear their heavy burdens.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. All suffering women are invited to write to her for advice, which will be given without charge. It is an experienced woman's advice to women.

THE CAROLINE ISLANDS.

Only Three of Them Are Worth Having, the Rest Being Mere Coral Reefs with but Little Vegetation.

(Special Correspondence.)

The opinion has frequently been expressed of late that President McKinley and his advisers made a mistake when they failed to include the Caroline Islands among the territory to be ceded by Spain to the United States. Not only are the natives of the group clever and industrious, but they are of a peace-loving disposition and would gladly have become American subjects.

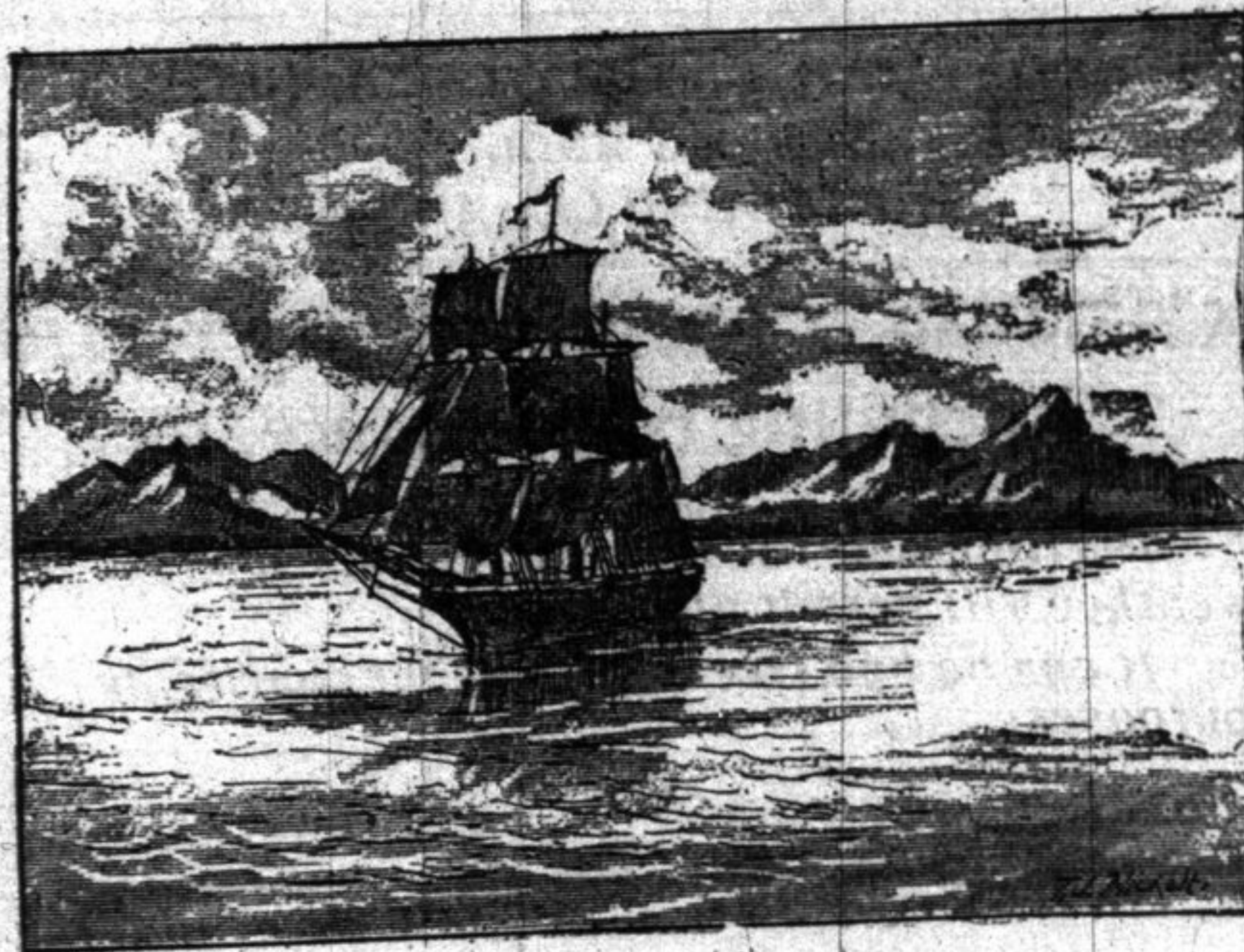
Among those most enthusiastic on the subject of annexation seems to be the consular agent of the United States at Yap, one of the principal islands of the group. In a communication to the state department this official describes the place of his residence in an interesting manner and suggests that nowhere could our navy secure a more available coaling station. The island of Yap, the consul writes, is surrounded by a coral reef 35 miles long by five broad. There are hardly any rivulets in its area, but inland are extensive swamps with a dense growth of tropical foliage. The island is rich in scenery, the groves of bamboo, croton, cocoonut and spreading palms being most impressive. The principal town of the island is Tomli, which, the consul adds, would make an excellent coaling station. It is at present garrisoned by about 100 soldiers, with some 150 political prisoners, captured in the late Philippine uprising. Tomli harbor is peopled with many Europeans and is the seat of the Spanish government of the Caroline Islands. Annexation, it is stated, would be very acceptable to the inhabitants of the town, as they, as in most cases where Spanish rule predominates, are tired of the treatment they have been receiving at the hands of the authorities for many years past.

The Caroline Islands are of volcanic origin. They were formerly called the New Philippines, and the name of the Carolines was given them in honor of Charles II., king of Spain. The group stretches out over a vast extent of

walls. The floor is laid with bamboo, a moderate space being left in the center for a fire, but there is no chimney. The smoke finds its way out through the crevices of the walls and the roof. The largest houses seldom exceed 40 by 20 feet, and these are for the upper classes only. The lower classes are content with houses that measure 16 by 8 feet, or even smaller. But they have war-canoe houses, in which councils are held and public feasts given, and these are sometimes 100 by 40 feet, and built rather substantially.

The principal mechanical tool of the natives is the hatchet. It is broken to the shape of our hatchets and sharpened to a sharp edge on rocks. Sea shells are also used as tools, and for such polishing as is done dog-fish skins are employed. Like the Filipinos, the Malays of the Carolines make cordage, but they use a different fiber. They wind vines into ropes, and for finer weaving they take the fibers of the plantain and banana trees. From them they manufacture a fabric closely resembling silk in appearance. Mats for covering the body are made from leaves that grow at the top of the cocoa palm. The mats for sails and beds are braided by the women from split rushes, or, if the bed be very light and nice, from whole rushes.

The better class of natives is very fond of music and dancing. They have but two musical instruments, however, a pipe like a fife and a drum. The drum is made by stretching a piece of fish skin over a hollow log, and the pipe has only three finger holes and is blown by the nostrils and not the mouth. To these instruments of peace and recreation must be added their war trumpets—large sea shells or conches. Their singing is a prolonged wail rather than a succession of vocalized notes, but it does very well to dance to. Spiritually considered, the natives of the Carolines are a peculiar people. So far from being materialists they are something very much



VIEW OF CAROLINE GROUP FROM A DISTANCE.

ocean, the distance between the two extremes being not less than 1,600 miles. There are 500 islands in all. They were first discovered by the Portuguese, in 1527. Though Ulusa, the island shown in the picture, is undoubtedly of volcanic origin, most of the Carolines are formed by the coral reefs and the action of earthquakes which has raised them but a few feet above the level of the sea. Some of them have so little soil that the roots of trees cannot get a hold and support even in the crevices of the rock. However, these same islands are absolutely covered by a thin, short vegetation. They are inhabited by people who have adapted their style of living to these natural conditions. They live in bamboo huts and subsist mostly on fish. Those living in the most backward islands do not live in houses and are fierce and cruel. They arm themselves with knives, spears and slings and will attack vessels which approach the shores. They are reputed to be extremely dexterous in the use of the spear and to delight in torturing captives with it.

More pleasant is the picture of the natives dwelling in the thickly settled islands who, even though they are Malays, are far advanced in their humanity. They build themselves houses that are superior to those in which savages generally live. The erection of a substantial home is considered an honorable employment, and the family that is to occupy the new mansion is assisted in the building by all its friends. Examples of the best houses in the Carolines were exhibited at the Chicago world's fair. They have roofs of a steep pitch, supported at the center by tall posts. The thatching is done with palm leaves which overhang the walls gracefully at the eaves. The space between the uprights is filled with small canes and bamboos fastened together with twine. The twine is variously colored and woven into figures which show on the outside

akin to transcendentalists. They have no churches, temples or altars, and know nothing of offerings or sacrifices. It is a world of spirits which they worship. The chiefs have a worship differing from that of the common people in that they adore the spirits of deceased chiefs, while the rabble, or each family, prays to and glorifies its ancestors. The priesthood is hereditary and is supported mainly by voluntary offerings. The priests act as the advisers and confidants of the people.

In the towns and settlements the Spanish language is in common use, but the islands have neither literature nor newspapers. A century or so ago all that quarter of the globe where the Carolines are situated, including the Philippines, the Ladrone, the Marshall and the Papuan islands, and Australia and the rest, was known as Oceania. It is still known by this name to geographers, and it is further designated as a fifth division of the globe—smaller by a great deal than any other of its divisions. More expansively, it is described as being all that portion of the earth lying between the Indian ocean and the China sea. It was not until the seventeenth century that navigators visited that region for the purpose of discovery. The Dutch were the first to venture into the unknown seas, and next came the Spaniards. The English were fully a century later with their enterprise in the same direction. Spanish rule was old in Oceania before the English founded colonies in Australia.

Not until Admiral Dewey captured Manila has Spanish rule been disturbed in the Philippines, of which the Carolines are really a part. That rule has continued for hundreds of years without much benefit to the people or their governors, but in the main so quietly that the world had almost forgotten their existence. Like Oceania, the Philippines, the Carolines and the rest were little more than geograph-

ical terms that signified but little to the rulers of nations or of commerce, and were in one moment learned and forgotten. But suddenly, early in May, the Philippines were brought to the notice of the world by the appearance of a United States squadron before Manila and the destruction there of Spain's Asiatic fleet.

The bulk of the islands can never have much value for any nation. They are poorly adapted to agriculture, being mostly "atoll," which, according to the Century dictionary, means that they are coral islands, consisting of a strip or ring of coral surrounding a central lagoon. Such islands are all the Carolines except three. They often present an exceedingly picturesque appearance, a comparatively narrow strip of coral rock thinly coated with soil and covered with a vigorous growth of trees. The coral circle is sometimes complete, enclosing a still body of water, usually of considerable depth and often well supplied with fish. But oftener the circle is not complete and presents one or more openings out into the surrounding sea suitable for the passage of boats.

CORRESPOND IN SIGNS.

Primitive Methods of Communication Employed by the Natives of the Caroline Group.

When Uncle Sam takes the Caroline Islands—if Uncle Sam does take the Caroline Islands—it will be an absolute



WRITTEN IN SIGNS.

(Copy of a Letter from the Caroline Islands.)

necessity for him to appoint agents there who know how to write the English language. Otherwise he may receive some communications as are shown in the accompanying picture.

This is a facsimile of a letter from a native of the Caroline islands, sent by the captain of a trading vessel to a trader at Rotta, with certain sea shells. These shells the native had agreed to collect and give in exchange for a few axes and other useful articles.

The captain who conveyed the shells gave the native a piece of paper, on which the message was drawn. The human figure at the top, like unto that of a turnip-headed ghost, to represent the captain; and his arms are outstretched at each side to denote his office as a go-between, or messenger, from one of the parties to the other. The vine beneath him denotes friendship, and it separates the paper into two parts, one for each side of the transaction, just on the principle of the debtor and the creditor sides in an account book. On the left the number and sorts of shells sent are shown; on the right it is made plain that in exchange the Caroline islander expected to receive seven fishhooks, three large and four small, two axes, and two pieces of iron. The whole barter was faithfully and accurately carried out to everybody's satisfaction.

MEMORIAL TO LIEUT. JENKINS

Bronze Tablet Placed in Chapel in the Naval Academy at Annapolis—Its Inscription.

One of the first permanent memorials of the Spanish-American war to be erected in this country has been placed in the chapel of the naval academy at Annapolis, in memory of Lieut. William Jenkins, who perished in the explosion of the battleship Maine. The memorial, which takes the form of a mural tablet, was subscribed for by the classmates of the unfortunate officer and has been cast in bronze from a design by Mr. Charles Rollinson Lamb. A faithful model in high relief of the ill-fated vessel is shown above the inscription, which reads as follows:

In Memory of
FRIEND WILLIAM JENKINS,
Lieutenant U. S. N.,
Class of 1886, U. S. N. A.,
Who Perished in the Explosion of the
U. S. S. Maine on the Night of
February 15, 1898, in the Har-
bor of Havana, Cuba.
He Spoke Ill of No Man.
Erected by His Classmates.

Seven Revolutionary Widows.

There are still seven old ladies in the United States drawing money that was granted for service with Washington's troops in the war of independence against King George. A young recruit from the Bay state, for instance, enlisted just before hostilities ceased, secured his pension for self and wife, married a girl of 15 in his eightieth year, and left her provided with a pension until this day.

What He Wanted to Know.
Tom—So old crusty married Miss Quickstep, did he?
May—Yes, and they live very happily.
Tom—Together?—Town Topics.

When the planet Mars is nearest the earth it is 36,000,000 miles away.

A LITTLE WHITE CORPSE

A Tale of the Wreck of the Bourgoigne.

By Charles Kelsey Gaines.

Copyright, 1898.

BETTER shove this in your pocket, Jenny, if it's finally ordained that you're to do that classical steering stunt again."

"Jenny" was colloquial English for Jennings Jackson, an athletic young reporter in the service of a New York daily. The nickname, of which he was not extravagantly fond, was a survival from school and college days; doubtless some hint of resentment had caused it to persist. We were standing together, he and I, under the long nave of Gothic-arched iron-work which roofs the pier at the foot of Morton street. The big black hull of the French liner lay alongside, and a motley stream of passengers was jostling up the gangway. The date was July 2.

"Steerage act backwards isn't a bad stunt, Joey," responded Jennings. "Anyway, I go where I'm sent, steerage or Hades. Don't you fret; I'll start up something new and lively if I have to fake it. What's this you're giving me? Card-sharp's hold-out? That's not in my assignment. Aluminum soap-case? I'm provided, but an extra issue might come handy with this filthy gang of toughs."

"Toughs—thugs I'd call 'em. You'll find that every bloody dago in the push has a knife up his sleeve. But this is merely a patent note-book, Jenny. Sample copy—one of my perquisites on a three-stick write-up—but you'll need it most. Warranted brine-proof, with indelible pencil chained on. If they happen to pitch you overboard it'll survive you."

"Brine-proof! It'll need to be rat and vermin proof to survive me this trip. All right! I'll use it to immortalize the dagoes. So long, Joey."

Four weeks had elapsed. The steamer *Hiawatha*, chartered to gather up the dead from the scene of that frightful disaster of which all the world has heard, was already like a floating morgue. Late in the afternoon, July 30, an object was described in the distance which proved to be a raft bearing the name of the ill-fated steamship. Near it an empty life-belt was seen bobbing upon the waves, and this was taken up. Firmly bound to the belt by a strand of rope was a small note-book of peculiar appearance. The case, or cover, was of aluminum, and the leaves, apparently in consequence of some chemical preparation, were very little affected by the action of the water. Almost every page was covered with closely-written characters; but although the marks were perfectly distinct, it was impossible to decipher a single word. When the *Hiawatha* returned to Halifax, however, and the book was placed in the hands of an expert, it was quickly ascertained that the writing was simply short-hand—a modified form of the Ben Pittman system.

A transcription was made without much difficulty, and sent with the original to New York for purposes of identification.

The first 11 pages consist of notes and memoranda, chiefly relating to observations made in the steerage on Sunday, July 3. Then comes a break in the manuscript. The writing is resumed in a much less steady hand—the first few lines scarcely legible—but it embodies a narrative of thrilling interest which is now given to the public.

"July 5.—I am alone on a tumbling raft in the midst of the sea. I don't know where; no land in sight.

"If ever this note-book of Joey Barker's reaches shore it is more than I shall do. My soul is like lead; no raft can float it much longer.

"Why do I try to write when I'm as good as dead? Can't help it. I've been writing every day for eight years, and it's a second nature. Besides, if I don't write I shall go stark mad.

"And when it is finished, and I am finished, it will be picked up—sure as fate. It was all settled before I started. Why else did Joey give me this waterproof affair? Why else did he say it would survive me? Anyhow, I've got some red-hot steerage stuff—a scoop for somebody.

"Yesterday morning at five o'clock—merciful God! I was sleeping as I shall never sleep again. The fog-horn had been bellowing all night, but suddenly there sounded a blast that rang through me like the braying of the last trump. I sprang to my feet—already partly dressed, for you don't doff your toggles much in the steerage. Then came a crash and a rending and grinding as if the dissolution of the world had indeed begun—and that was what it meant for most of us.

"In a moment the deep pit of the hold was full of madmen. We hurried to the steep ladder like stampeded cattle and swarmed up it like gorillas in a double stream, pulling each other down, climbing upon each other's backs. Two or three sailors tried to restrain us, but soon they were struggling with the rest, each man for himself. Alone they would have kept their heads; and I, too, had often looked peril in the face with reasonable coolness. But the panic was like

an infectious delirium, setting loose the wild beast that slumbers in each human soul. I stood for an instant sane; then, I knew not how, I was in the midst of the crush, white, gasping, convulsed with terror and effort. I thrust aside a woman as if she had been a hostile savage. She flung herself back upon the pack, clawing like a cat.

"Just behind me towered Yousoof, the gigantic Turk. He was bearing down all before him. I stooped and dived between his legs, and with a quick turn caught him by the waist-band from behind. Quite unconscious of my existence, he towed me through the writhing mob, and I reached the deck close in his wake.

"A gray mist drizzled in our faces and shut us in like the flapping canvas of a tent. The ship was listing heavily to starboard. Rockets were hissing through the air. The captain raved on the bridge, shouting and cursing, and some of the crew were striving to carry out his orders; but as the stream from the steerage spread itself over the deck, confusion merged in frenzy. We rushed to the boats which the sailors were vainly trying to swing clear, and filled them to overflowing, blocking every effort. The tackle clogged; the davits swung inward.

"Then, perceiving that this was hopeless, we rushed headlong down the sloping deck to the boats on the other side; and some, unable to check themselves, pitched overboard. Among these was Yousoof, who sank, rose, struck out wildly with three Herculean arm-beats, and went down as if some hidden monster had seized him from below. Then I remembered his belt of golden eagles.

"Meanwhile knives were flashing, and a slash on the forehead as I crowded toward a boat dazed me and dimmed my eyes with blood, so that for some minutes I clung to the rail and saw little of what was passing. Then a boy stumbled against me with a life-belt. I sprang upon him with an oath. The deck was lurching beneath my feet; the shameless demon of fear possessed me. I wrenched the belt from the poor little gamin's grasp, put it on and leaped over the side, just as the shattered hulk dove to the bottom with a mighty swirl and a roar of rushing waters.

"I was sucked under to a giddy depth, but the cork brought me up just as the last atom of air was gurgling from my lungs. In a moment the waves around me were full of faces. One little body rose close beside me, leaping into the air like a sturgeon, but it fell back lifeless and sank again.

"That corpse, which when breath was in it, couldn't have weighed more than 80 pounds, is the heaviest thing in all the universe now. It is dragging me down to perdition—and I imagined that a stolen life-belt would buoy me up! The weight of that body would sink me through the solid earth! But I shall never again set foot on land or ship. The life that I disgraced my race to save isn't worth a day's purchase.

"But the fury of the death-terror was then still upon me, and I struck and kicked at every struggling form which the eddies swept near. A boat passed sunk low and swaying with its crazy load. I made after it, but with a boat hook they beat me off.

"The fog was now lifting, and at a distance I discerned the dim outlines of a ship lying to. I swam laboriously toward it, but presently a life-raft drifted across my course, and I headed for that. Only one man was upon it—a burly Italian, brandishing an oar, which he brought down on my skull with stunning violence just as I had caught hold of a trailing rope-end. The last thing I saw was a half-naked Austrian climbing up from the water with a dirk between his teeth. I must have floated for a long time, quite unconscious.

"When I came to myself my hand was still clenched and twisted in the rope; I could scarcely unbend my stiffened fingers. Beside me swung the raft, entirely deserted. I crawled upon it, but even the oar had disappeared; I could only guess what had happened. No ship, no human being was anywhere to be seen.

"The rest is but an agony of thirst, hunger, madness—and remorse. For uncounted hours I have lain weeping under the glare of the sun and the gloom of the stars. I am doubly afraid to die, yet I cannot live. When I see a sail I shall slide down from the raft—and this damning life-belt that I had murder to secure will not keep me company.

"July 7.—It has come at last. A sail is in sight just over the offing—and I am as glad as though I were to be rescued. God-by, Joey; you're about the only mortal I care to be remembered to. I'm going now to make my apologies to a little white corpse at the bottom of the sea."

That Slight Discoloration.

The professor was showing a friend round the chemical laboratory. "What has become of Tom Appleton?" his friend asked. "Wasn't he studying with the class last year?" "Ah, yes," replied the professor; "Appleton—poor fellow! A fine student, but absent-minded in the use of chemicals—very. That slight discoloration on the ceiling—notice it?" "Yes." "That's Appleton."—London Answers.