

stand, the richest New York
the wealth per capita was

W.A.M.F. ROOT cures
and Bladder troubles.
and Consultation free.
Binghamton, N. Y.

that forty per cent. of the
the world is built on the silver
U.S.

Heavenly Speech
with every bottle of Dr. Hooper's
Order by mail.
Address, Hooper, Buffalo, N. Y.

Milk's Care
It cures Infantile Con-
in the Best Cough Cure; 25c., 50c., \$1

HOOPER'S MORE THROAT, etc.
relieved by "Bronch's Bronchial"
These surpass all other preparations
in effectiveness, and as a cough remedy
is the best.

Marquest, W. V., says:
"Cure cured me of a very bad
"Druggists sell it, 75c."

and cough when Halo's
and Tar will cure.
Halo's Drops Cure in one minute.



Headaches

Long Troubles Cured by
Hood's Sarsaparilla.

I have been troubled with sick headache,
and was a child. Doctors and remedies
did me no good, until I read about
Hood's Sarsaparilla and thought I would
try it. Five bottles cured me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures

Always be a warm friend to Hood's
Sarsaparilla and I do not know anything
better for a family medicine. I have also
used Hood's Vegetable Pills and think
of them as the best. Mrs. Lizzie Person,
Hamlet, New York.

Fillers are prompt and efficient, yet easy
to take by all druggists. 25 cents.

Child's Vocabulary.

A statement that a child of
age would not have more
words in its vocabulary than
able to use understandingly
careful mother to note for
the number of words used by
child. All the parts of speech
were recorded, with the result
that this case the child appeared
to have a vocabulary of 1,528 words.
Free Press.

This is death on moths, but very
easy to handle.



KNOWLEDGE

comfort and improvement and
personal enjoyment when
used. The many who live bet-
ter and enjoy life more, with
the aid of the world's best products to
the health of the pure liquid
principles embraced in the
Syrup of Figs.

confidence is due to its presenting
the most acceptable and pleas-
ing taste, the refreshing and truly
beneficial properties of a perfect lax-
ative, cleansing the system,
effectively curing constipation,
and giving satisfaction to millions and
the approval of the medical
profession and Bowels without weak-
ness and it is perfectly free from
irritating or objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all drug-
gists and 50¢ bottles, but it is man-
ufactured by the California Fig Syrup
Company whose name is printed on every
bottle and the name, Syrup of Figs,
well informed, you will not
be misled if offered.

THE BOY AMONG THE PINE TREES.

Building a castle fine,
With terrace, tower, and wall,
And turrets that so brightly shine
Above the shadows tall:
But see! it sways, falls, peat all cure,
For, ah! the base is insecure!

Foundations must be firm
For superstructure's need;
They will stand the longest term
When built on noble deed.
Such character, my boy, will stand,
And grow, amid life's wrecks, more
grand.
—Anne E. Thomas, in Harper's
Young People.

THE LITTLE LOAF.

In the time of a great famine, a
rich man invited the poorest children
of the city to his house, and said to
them:—
"There stands a crate full of bread.
Each of you may take a loaf from it,
and you may come again every day
until God sends better times."
The children at once surrounded
the basket, striving and quarrelling
over the bread, because each desired
to obtain the finest, and finally went
off without a word of thanks.
Only Franziska, a clean but poorly-
clad little girl, remained standing at
a distance, then took the smallest of
the loaves left in the basket, kissed
her hand gratefully to the man, and
went quietly and becomingly home.
On the next day the children were
equally ill mannered, and Franziska
this time had a loaf which was
scarcely half as large as the others;
but when she reached home and her
mother broke the bread, there fell
out quite a number of new silver
pieces. The mother was frightened,
and said:—
"Take the money back at once, for
it certainly got into the bread by
accident."
Franziska did as she was bid, but
the benevolent man said to her:—
"No, no; it was not an accident.
I had the silver baked in the smallest
loaf in order to reward thee, thou
good child. Ever remain as peace-
loving and satisfied."
He who would rather have a
smaller loaf than quarrel about a
greater will always bring a blessing
to a home, even though no gold is
baked in the bread.—[Daughters of
America.

FREDDY'S GHOST.

Freddy was a little boy, about four
years old, and he thought that a boy
of four was old enough to sleep in a
room alone. So his mother said that
he could try it one night and see if
he liked it.
He did so, and slept very well,
being very tired. The next night he
went to bed at an early hour, and
woke up in the middle of the night.
The room was dark, and he did not
enjoy it very much. He imagined
that there were men in the room,
who were going to carry him away
from his mamma.
He thought he heard noises, and,
no doubt, he did, for it was a very
old house. Then he saw something
white move and nearly reach to the
bed. (The window was quite near,
so he could look out.)
Then he got so frightened that he
called to his mamma, and she came
to see what the calling was about,
and Freddy told her that the noises
had stopped. She tucked him in
well, and told him to go right to
sleep and not to listen to the sounds.
She forbade him to call her, and told
him he must go to sleep, and when
he awoke it would be light.
He turned over and was nearly
asleep, when he heard these same
noises, and he could not call his
mamma, so he laid and cried. When
he saw this white thing reach out for
him he got on the other side of the
bed and crouched down under the
covers. Then he heard the clock
strike four, and the first rays of
morning were beginning to peep in
the window.
The wind's sound lulled Freddy to
sleep, and the next time he woke up
it was light. And what do you think
he saw reaching out toward the bed?
Why, it was the lace curtain, and
this is what he thought was a ghost
trying to steal him and take him
where he would never see his mamma
or his papa again.
So Freddy was never again afraid
to sleep alone in the room.—[New
York Recorder.

THE ROSEBUD PRINCESS.

Once upon a time there was an old
king and a queen who had only one
son. They were getting old and they
wanted their son to get him a wife
that would be good to him and take
care of him.
One day they called him to them
and said: "My son, we are getting
old now and we want you to get you
a wife. You must go to all the prin-
cesses' palaces and see if you can get
one to suit you." The prince said
all right, and he went to see all of
them, but none suited him, and he
returned home and told his parents
he would be contented as he was
with his mother and father.

and father die, and he was alone.
One day he was walking around
and he saw a lioness, and he had
to jump across the river or be
torn to pieces. The lioness was just
fixing to spring on him when he gave
a leap and jumped in the middle of
the river, where a large sword fish
came, after him and he had to catch
to a rosebush and draw himself on
the bank.
The rosebush had a beautiful rose-
bud on it, and he stooped to smell it,
and lo and behold, there was a beau-
tiful princess in the rosebud, about
two inches high, and he gazed in
amazement when he saw her. She
told him to take her home with him
for she was to be his wife. He took
her home with him and gave her the
prettiest room in the palace, and the
next morning he went to see her and
she was as large as he was.
The next day he invited all his
friends and they were married in
great splendor and happiness.
After they were married she told
him that the lioness which got after
him was her mother, and the sword-
fish her father, which had changed
their form to make him see her.
One day they got a message from
their parents saying they would be
over and see them. So they prepared
a great feast for them. When they
came they brought all kinds of jewels
as a present to them, and they lived
happily together until life's end.—
[Atlanta Constitution, Jr.

HE MADE HIS CARFARE.

A New York Broker's Profitable Trip to Philadelphia.

The ways of the New York broker
are artful and his eyes are always open
for an opportunity. When he has a
chance to "make a good bargain" he
doesn't let the grass grow under his
feet.
The head of a steamship company
recently said to a Wall street broker:
"I wish I could get a certain pier
privilege; it's so and so."
"Well, why don't you go and get
it?" asked the broker.
"I can't seem to get hold of it."
"The pier business," said the
broker, "isn't in my line; but how
much would you give me for this
privilege if I get it?"
"I'll give you \$1,000 a month for
a year."
The broker said that he would see
what he could do. The pier was
owned by a Philadelphia man and
the next afternoon the man from Wall
street walked into the office of the
pier owner in Philadelphia.
"I want you to buy some bonds,"
he said.
"I don't want to buy anything,"
was the answer. "I'm selling."
"But these are gilt-edged; you
never saw anything better."
"Can't buy anything. Haven't any
money. Got a lot of things on my
hands that aren't paying a cent.
These are hard times, I tell you. I've
got stores that I can't rent, bills that
I can't collect. Why, there's a pier
over in your city that isn't doing what
it ought to do for me. A privilege
there is just begging for some one to
take it."
"Well," said the broker, "I want
to sell you some of these bonds. We
might make a 'dicker' on the pier. I
guess I could get rid of it. Will you
take the bonds off my hands if I take
the pier off yours?"
"I don't want bonds."
"Wouldn't you take them to get rid
of your pier?"
"No; I am carrying all I want."
"Well, maybe I'll take your pier
anyway. How much do you want
for it?"
"Three thousand dollars a year."
The broker thought he might as
well take the privilege, even if they
couldn't strike a bargain on bonds.
The next morning he went to the
New York steamship man.
"I can get that pier for you for a
year," he said.
"At what terms?"
"Your own figures—\$12,000 a
year."
The privilege was relet right then
and there, the contract signed, and
the broker was just \$9,000 better off.
A short time after this the steamship
man met the broker again.
"Say, X—," he said, "tell me
now, just for fun, what did you make
out of that pier business?"
"Carfare," answered the broker,
unblushingly.
"Carfare?"
"Yes, carfare—around the world."

Disconcerted the Fakir.

A novel story of the late Sir Rich-
ard Owen is just going the rounds. A
snake-charmer at Cairo, reckoning
without his host, appeared before Sir
Richard to go through a deadly per-
formance with a cerastes—the horned
asp. The reptile was placed on the
ground. Owen looked at it a
moment, then stepped forward and
picked it up. Before the luckless
performer could interpose the savant
plucked from its head its projecting
horns, which, on closer inspection,
proved to be fish bones. The fakir
was somewhat disconcerted at the
rapid unravelling of an ancient
legend, and he was less than a
cat's paw.

You want the Best

Royal Baking Powder never disappoints;
never makes sour, soggy, or husky food;
never spoils good materials; never leaves
lumps of alkali in the biscuit or cake; while
all these things do happen with the best
of cooks who cling to the old-fashioned
methods, or who use other baking powders.

If you want the best food, ROYAL Baking Powder is indispensable.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 109 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

Walking Gold Mines.

One hundred thousand dollars worth
of gold placed in the teeth of New
Yorkers every year!

That is the modest estimate that
one of the most experienced dentists
in the city made of the amount of
gold leaf rammed, jammed and beaten
into the molars of the metropolis
annually.

This means that nearly 100 pounds
of the precious yellow metal find a
resting place in the mouths of New
Yorkers every year.

The gold used by dentists comes in
books. Each book contains fifteen
sheets of gold, beaten as thin as
tissue paper. These books cost
the dentist \$5 apiece. It can be
safely said that a bookful of gold leaf
represents \$100 worth of dental work
—or, rather \$100 in charges.

It is hard to realize that such an
amount of gold is used every year in
such a way, but the fact remains.
The demand for gold filling is in-
creasing every year. It was expected
that aluminum and other metals
would take its place, but it easily
stands at the head of the list, and
will continue to for some time to
come.

"It is safe to say that inside of five
years the dentists of New York will
be using \$200,000 worth of gold every
year," said one of the craft in speak-
ing of the matter recently. The use
of that much metal represents an ag-
gregate business of \$2,000,000 a year.
Just think of it for a moment! Two
million dollars expended to keep the
teeth of, say, 300,000 out of 1,800,-
000 people in condition.—[New York
Journal.

The Glossy Shirt Bosom.

Procure two ounces of fine white
gum arabic, and pound it to powder,
put it into a pitcher, and pour on it
a pint or more boiling water, accord-
ing to the degree of strength you de-
sire, and then, having covered it, let
it set all night. In the morning pour
it carefully from the dregs into a clean
bottle, cork it, and keep it for use.
A tablespoonful of gum water stirred
into a pint of starch that has been
made in the usual manner will give
a beautiful gloss to shirt bosoms, and
to lawns (either white or printed) a
look of newness to which nothing
else can restore them after washing.
It is also good for thin white muslin
and all kinds of laces.

THE SCHOOL BOY

—is often a sufferer
from headache. The
seat of sick headache is
not in the brain, for if
you regulate the stom-
ach and bowels you'll
cure it. Too much
brain-work and brain-
tire brings on a rush
of blood to the head
with headache, dizzi-
ness or "nose bleed."

Mrs. BERTHA WOLFE
of Dayton, Colterauque
Co., N. Y., writes:
suffered from loss of
appetite, constipation,
neuralgia, and great
weakness, and had ter-
rible attacks of sick
headache very fre-
quently; also nose
bleed. My health was
so poor that I was
not able to go to school
for two years. I took
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant
Pellets and 'Golden
Medical Discovery,' and
in a short time I was strong and well. Many
friends are taking your medicines, seeing
what they have done for me."

A law in Massachusetts prohibits inde-
pendent military companies from carrying
firearms.

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To F. I. SAGE & SON, 183 READE ST., N. Y.

Receivers of all kinds of Country Produce, includ-
ing Game, Live and Dressed Poultry and Dressed
Calves. Specialties: Berries, Apples, Peas, Pear-
son, Onions, Potatoes and Butter. Correspond-
ence and consignments solicited. Stencil fur-
nished. Reference: Dun's or Bradstreet's Commer-
cial Reports, to be found at any bank.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE
equals custom work, costing from
\$4 to \$6, best value for the money
in the world. Name and price
stamped on the bottom. Every
pair warranted. Take no substi-
tute. See local papers for full
description of our complete
lines for ladies and gen-
tlemen or send for il-
lustrated catalogue
with directions
how to or-
der by mail. Postage free. You can get the best
bargains of dealers who push our shoes.

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Cures and Prevents Rheumatism, Indigestion,
Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Catarrh and Asthma.
Useful in Malaria and Fevers. Cleanses the
Teeth and Promotes the Appetite. Sweetens
the Breath, Cures the Tobacco Habit. Endorsed
by the Medical Faculty. Send for 10, 15 or 25
cent packages. Be convinced. Silver, Stamps or
Postal Note, Geo. R. Halm, 14 W. 25th St., N. Y.

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Co., 80 Fulton Street, New York, U. S. A.

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or Brooklyn and stop at BATH & HOTEL, 24 to
28 Fulton St., Brooklyn's Only three minutes' walk
from Brooklyn Bridge; ten minutes' distance from
New York City Hall. You will BE COMFORTABLE.

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1871 to last war, 15 adjudicating claims, 25 since

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logue of Bicycles, Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Skates, Cutlery, Fishing Tackle and hun-
dreds of other articles.
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