

PAUSE AND THINK.

With many friends to love you,
Whose hearts are warm as I trust,
Should fortune prove a traitor
You must not make ado.
And as the clock is gathering
Upon hope's future day,
And pleasure's fleckle spears
Leaves naught of joy with these—
Pause and think!

Think of true souls an' I kin best—
Loved ones, though far away,
Whose tears of warm affection
May consecrate the clay
That shall be heaped above you
When life's short dream is o'er,
Of these who'll strive to meet you
Upon the other shore—
Pause and think!

And when temptation's finger
Shall beckon you to stray,
Or strain-voice of pleasure
May lure to evil way,
When right and wrong cozened ring—
Both seeking to control—
The best and worst within you
To save or wreck your soul—
Pause and think!

Think that a step once taken
Can never be retraced,
That naught's so hard to burnish
As character defaced,
And ere in so weak a moment,
You listen to the foe,
Say heed the admonition,
Before you further go—
Pause and think!

Before we venture others
For follies they have done,
It would seem most consistent
To contemplate our own
And ere our tongues be loosed
At character to strike,
Let this fair thought come to us:
"How much we are alike!"
Pause and think!

Think that a word once spoken
And passed beyond control,
For good or evil bearing,
Alone the years may roll;
And in the distant future,
No knowing when 'twill be,
The fruits of what you've spoken
May all come home to thee—
Pause and think!

—William Erickson, in Home and Country.

"OLD LANTERN."



BY HELEN FORBES GRAVES.

"O," said old Mrs. Hall—"no, I can't buy no tinware this morning, nor yet I ain't no old rags saved up. No, I tell you. What be ye stoppin' for, Jake Martin? Taint a week since you were here before."

"Got a passenger for ye, Mrs. Hall," cheerily responded the peddler.

And out from the glittering festoons of tin dippers and wash-basins a young girl sprang lightly, a smile striving desperately with the traces of recent tears on her cheeks.

Rather an unconventional tableau was this under the yellow June sunshine, the narrow road fringed with tall white daisies, and the gnarly old pear tree, towering their snow-white boughs above the one-story cabin, in whose doorway stood old Dorcas Hall, with her wrinkled hand held up to shield her eyes from the sun.

"Why," she exclaimed, "it's Kitty Colton, ain't it? Or be I dreamin'?"

"No, Mrs. Hall," said Kitty, with a little quiver in her lip, "you are not dreaming. It's really me."

"And what brings you here?"

Kitty's blue eyes shone through a medium of tears starting suddenly from some hidden spring deep down in her heart.

"Because—because I've nowhere else to go," she faltered. "The auction was sold—ain't you, the old house is so dreary I couldn't stay there. I thought perhaps the woman who is moving in might want me to help with the housework; but she has two grown daughters of her own."

"Lal!" said Mrs. Hall. "So you come to me, did you? Well, I ain't very rich, but what I've got, Kitty, you're welcome to."

"Didn't I tell ye so?" said Jake Martin, who, up to this period, had been energetically chewing a straw.

"Mrs. Hall, she never went back on no one yet. It'll be a roof over your head, anyhow, and if there's a brand new tin wash-basin wanted in Kitty's room, here it is, free gratis," and he unrolled from his bed of straw a shining new article. "And I only wish I could do more."

"I need a new tin dipper awful bad," observed Mrs. Hall. "My boarder, he's a great hand to drink fresh, cool water out the well, and I declare to goodness I'm ashamed of my rusty old cup 'bout no handle!"

"Wal, I won't be mean. Here's a dipper for ye, too," said Jake—"not quite the biggest size, but I guess it's large enough. Mind, though, Mrs. Hall, you don't patronize Tim Hawkins next time you need a wash-basin! Tim, he's a droll, oily-tongued fellow, but his wash-basins is well feathered with supplehairs that what they be, 'Mornin', Mrs. Hall! Keep up good courage, Kitty!"

And he climbed to his high seat among the pie-plates and pudding basins, and shook the reins as a signal for the old horse to leave off munching daisies and resume his leisurely pace down the road.

Kitty sat down on the doorstep and burst into tears once more.

"If you've got a boarder," said she, "I surely can't stay!"

"Lal, child, don't fret!" soothed Mrs. Hall. "Ze sleeps out in the barn, for coolness sake, and ain't no more trouble'n a kitten."

"Oh, Mrs. Hall, it isn't a tramp?"

"No—ner yet a book-agent," chuckled the old woman. "It's a traveling photographer—that's what he is. And he don't mind cold meat a bit, and he says my riz bread and cookies is jest what his mother used to bake, and he's jest as reglar with his five dollars a week as the Tuesday mornin' comes round. What's that you've got in the basket, Kitty—a cat?"

"Oh, no!" Kitty answered, springing up with sudden recollection. "It's a fowl, Mrs. Hall—it's Old Lantern, the speckled Dominique hen. They couldn't find her when Eli Wardwell bought in all the others for two dol-

"You're too late," said the Widow Hall.

"And Obad Stilton, he's come home from sea, and he's askin' questions pretty lively about Kitty Colton," persisted Jake.

"She's too late," said Mrs. Hall.

"Wal, I don't so much keer," said Jake, "if the photograph man makes her happy."

"I guess he will make her happy," said Mrs. Hall. "He's buildin' her a nice new house on Blue River, and Old Lantern's to have a first-class henry. Yes, he will make her happy."—Saturday Night.

A Remarkable Caterpillar.

In New Zealand and Australia they have an animal which, from all accounts, cannot be equaled by any other animate or inanimate object upon the earth's surface. It is the queerest of the many antipodean wonders and paradoxes, and for the want of a better name, has been called the "bullrush caterpillar," or "vegetable worm." The native Tasmanian name for the oddity is "Aweto-Hotete."

The above ground portion of this vegetable worm is a fungus of the order sphaeria, which grows to a height of six or eight inches. When pulled up by the root, this fungus is found to consist of a large caterpillar, showing every detail of the grub being perfectly preserved. On examination of the interior of the caterpillar it is found to be composed of a "punky" looking substance, really the root of the fungus, which has cremated every fiber of what was once a living, breathing creature's anatomy. In all the instances which Auckland records, the sphaeria had made its attack in the fold of skin between the second and third segments of the caterpillar and had replaced all the animal substance of the creature's body with a hard brown vegetable growth resembling the fungoid growths on blackberry and other vines. —St. Louis Republic.

Electric Treatment of Plants.

About thirty years ago an ingenious physician of an inquiring turn of mind was struck with the idea that electricity was good for feeble people, might it not be equally good for feeble plants. A row of evergreens had been put out in his grounds some time before, and it occurred to him that, as there was a couple of his best trees in an exceedingly frail state of health, here was a good chance to test his theory. He accordingly connected a wire from a battery with the roots of one of the trees, turned on a very mild current and watched the results. In a short time the leaves, which had begun to turn yellow, took on a lively shade of green, new shoots started out, and the tree, which had been given up by the gardener as past saving, was soon the most flourishing of the row, and before long outstripped his fellows in beauty and luxuriance of growth. These experiments in this direction came to an end by the death of the doctor, and thus much that might have been of great service to the gardener and florist remained undeveloped. Who will enter the field and give us accurate, simple and easily adopted methods of growing plants by electricity?—New York Ledger.

A Queer But Gifted Bird.

One of the most interesting, and at the same time relatively most abundant, birds in the Zoological Gardens at present is a fowl which is known by the pseudo-classical name of chauna. It is of unworldly bulk, and has grouty looking legs. But in spite of this, it is said by that accomplished ornithologist, W. H. Hudson, to soar and sing in a way that rivals the lark. It is also the most truly amphibious of all birds, as has been lately pointed out in the ibis.

Its swimming powers are apparently quite on a par with those of the duck, and it has this advantage over that bird that it is clothed in a kind of Egyptian costume, which is furnished by numerous air spaces in the skin. These various gifts, combined with an interesting appearance, render the bird one of the most striking exhibits in the Zoo; but the drawback is in the voice, which—possibly on account of the atmosphere of this metropolis—is far from being larklike as Mr. Hudson states of the chauna when upon its native pampas. —London Daily News.

Mourned Like a Human Being.

There is something pathetic about the account of the death of the female chimpanzee which Professor Garner brought from Southwest Africa. The names given by the professor to his friends were Aaron and Elishaba, and, much to his regret, Elishaba has fallen a victim to the severe English weather. She really died in the arms of poor Aaron, the male, who had been most assiduous in his attentions to his consort during the whole of her illness.

Professor Garner was present during the last moments of the chimpanzee, and when he put his hands to her heart to see if it had ceased to beat Aaron put his hand there too, looking up in the professor's eyes as if inquiring if that was all they could do for her. Aaron would not suffer his departed love to be taken from him, and clung to her body with such tenacity that the professor was compelled to lay it down on its bed of straw, when the distressed husband released his hold. When Professor Garner visited his protegee next day poor Aaron would not be consoled until he had his hand in that of the professor, and by sound and signs was telling him of his distress.

Killed by a Dream.

The burial at Altoona, Penn., of a young wife, Mrs. Mary Grable, developed facts that illustrate most tragically the power of the mind over matter. Mrs. Grable went to bed and fell asleep, seemingly in her usual good health, remarks the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Fifteen minutes later she woke in a terrible condition of nervous shock and prostration, produced by a dream. As soon as she could speak, she related that in a dream she saw a man trying to kill her husband in the cellar. She regained her reasoning faculties to the extent of realizing fully that the horrible scene spoken of was the illusion of a dream, but the shock to her nervous organization was so great that she could not rally, and in a few hours she was cold in death.

A FORMIDABLE WEAPON

THE TORPEDO WHICH SUNK THE WARSHIP AQUIDABAN.

The invention of a United States Naval Officer—Method of Working the Deadly Machine.

RECENTLY from Brazil has come, in the sinking of the well-known battleship Aquidaban, an event that promises to shed more light upon the powers of the torpedo than all the experiments of the last two decades. The first news concerning the downfall of the Aquidaban was to the effect that the vessel was sunk by an auto-mobile torpedo, but the naval department has recently been led to the suspicion that it was not an auto-mobile, but a dirigible torpedo that did the effective work. That is to say, a torpedo that is operated and controlled from a base, instead of one which when launched relies upon its own mechanism for its subsequent action.

The affair accumulates special interest, not only to Americans but to Bostonians, for the only dirigible torpedo in the possession of the Government forces of Brazil was the invention of an officer now resident in Boston. The officer in question is Lieutenant N. J. L. Halpin, U. S. N.

A few words regarding this remarkable weapon. Not the least interesting thing concerning it is the fact that it is a torpedo but little known. It is the result of many years of study and experiment by its inventor, and is better known outside of this country than it is here. It has been used by at least three South American nations, although the Brazilians, as far as known, are the only ones who have subjected it to the conditions of actual war.

Unlike other torpedoes, the Halpine weapon is not destroyed after it is exploded and its mission is accomplished. Its explosive charge is separate, and after it is omitted by automatic means, the torpedo itself, which is operated by electricity, withdraws and returns to the operator. Herein is a merit that at once appeals to the economist. The explosive charge, which is in the form of a cartridge, costs but \$9, and the torpedo itself being used over and over again, this is the only expense attending its use. Other forms of dirigible torpedoes cost anywhere from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a shot, as they are themselves destroyed thereby.

The following is a brief description, not too technical, of the Halpine torpedo, which is in reality a hybrid, between a torpedo proper and a torpedo boat. In fact, it may be regarded in the latter light, as it is but the vessel carrying and discharging the deadly missile.

It is cigar-shaped, seventeen feet in length and two feet in diameter. It contains a storage battery of thirty-three cells, weighing 300 pounds, and from these is obtained the power which by means of a two-horse-power motor, drives the screw propeller, which is housed in a circular metallic guard. A balance rudder is also attached by which the torpedo is steered. In the forward end, pointed obliquely downward, is the chamber for the charge, which is 125 pounds of any high explosive, gelatine, dynamite or gun cotton. The charges furnished the weapon carried by the Netheroy were wet gun cotton.

The cartridge is also cigar-shaped, four feet long and ten inches in diameter, and is inserted by the mere removal of a hand-hole plate on the top of the torpedo.

At the station occupied by the operator there is a battery of 160 dry cells, and communication is had with the torpedo after it is launched by means of an extremely fine and carefully insulated wire, which is rolled on a reel inside the torpedo as the latter advances. All the operator has to do is to watch the torpedo travel through the water, its progress being observed by means of two tiny masts upon it, and by means of a switch-board he can cause it to advance or retreat, or pursue any path he wishes. He can also discharge the cartridge, but this is likewise an automatic method of doing this upon impact with the vessel attacked.

The operation of the torpedo presents some very interesting features. Projecting from the front of the torpedo is a spar, with an arrow-head, and automatically released arms. When it comes in contact with any resisting object, the carriage is released and advances toward the object. By means of an ingenious system of springs and clutches, the carriage upon being released, dives down and then ascends, describing a curved path, concave upward. Thus the torpedo nets with which most of the battleships are provided, would not avail, as the spar would meet the net while the carriage would dive down beneath it and then proceed direct to the vessel's hull.

The same act of impact that discharges the cartridge also reverses the motor in the torpedo, which rapidly recedes and returns to its base, 150 yards behind, and again repeats the whole of its destruction.

The Halpin torpedo has some merit, is not possessed by any other kind in the first place, it is the only one that can be used successfully against a vessel of protected by nets. It is not injured or destroyed in operating; it can be operated from a moving base, such as a boat, as the operator's platform is so simple and light; its motive power does not suffer by being stored or delayed, and it is not of such a nature as to be itself a source of danger to those handling it; it can be loaded with the facility of a breech-loading rifle; should it be captured, the operator can make it destroy itself by exploding the charge within it.

The American officers of the Netheroy, who returned to this country about a week ago, speak in high terms of this torpedo, and they incline to the belief that its many advantages offset its lack of simplicity. However complex it may be, experiments had with it indicate that it is quite as reliable as any other kind of dirigible torpedo. The one on the Netheroy, indeed, had already been used, and its cartridges discharged with success over fifty times. —Boston Herald.

The highest mountain in Great Britain is Ben Nevis, Scotland—4,139 feet.

THE LONG-LIVED TORTOISE.

AN ANIMAL THAT FREQUENTLY LIVES FOR CENTURIES.

A Giant Specimen That Carried Children on its Broad Back, and Lived 200 Years.

If you want to be old, observe and imitate the tortoise. That reptile apparently knows how to live as long as it likes. It is rather hard on man, who is constantly being told that he is the highest of the animals, that he should be so inferior to the testudinal family in this important respect.

It is impossible to say how long a tortoise, under favorable conditions, may live. There are tortoises in the Galapagos Islands, off South America, where the species with the handsome shell is mostly found, that were probably alive before the discovery of this continent by Christopher Columbus. In the Zoological Garden at Philadelphia there is a snapping turtle from the Mississippi whose age is calculated at 300 years. He is moss-grown, but hale and hearty, and his jaws are as vigorous as an alligator's. A small tortoise that had lived at the time of Charles I.'s Archbishop Land was killed by a cart in the grounds of Lambeth Palace a few years ago. He was doing his best to get out of the way, but a tortoise, though sure, is no match for a horse.

There are now many famous old tortoises and turtles in the world. One of them has just died at Colombo the capital of Ceylon, one of the stopping places on the route from Australia to England. The tortoise was of the species testudo elephantina. He possessed the greater part of his life at "Uplands," a resort on the coast near Colombo, where he was visited by thousands of passengers annually. His age was estimated at 200 years, and he measured six feet from snout to tail, the shell alone being four feet six inches in length. The species to which he belonged originates in the Seychelles and Mauritius Islands. But from early times they were found conveniently to carry on ships as a reserve supply of live fresh meat. Now they are almost extinct. They were preserved from total extinction by Sir Arthur Gordon, who as Governor of Mauritius, ordered that two specimens should be sent to him annually by the natives as tribute.

The Colombo tortoise was sent from Java to the Governor of Ceylon, which was then a Dutch colony. When the British annexed the island in 1795 the tortoise was transferred to their care. Like most tortoises he was of a placid and peaceable disposition, but seems to have been by no means averse to human society. From time to time he carried children on his broad back, a task which he performed with apparent cheerfulness. On one occasion, however, he successfully resisted the efforts of seven men to remove him from the garden where he resided to the grounds of an exhibition.

Recently the local government acquired "Uplands," where the tortoise lived, as a graving dock. He was removed to Victoria Park, about a mile inland, where he sickened and died in a short time. Had he been left in his accustomed place he might have lived to a far greater age, as he had shown no signs of ill health prior to his removal. —New York World.

THE SIOUX DINNER POT.

"There is a very peculiar custom among the Sioux Indians," said Emanuel French, of Lincoln, N. D. "The Indians take kindly to European cooking utensils and aids to comfort, and it is quite common for an exploring or picnic party to trade off kettles, frying pans and the like for skins or curiosities. A cooking utensil thus acquired becomes practically the common property of the tribe, and the general understanding, however, that whoever borrows it shall pay for its use by leaving in it a portion of the food cooked. As the Indians seldom waste any time in washing or cleaning eating or cooking vessels, this practice has some conveniences from a red man's point of view, and often a large quantity of meat or potatoes clinging to the bottom, and perhaps covering up some of the remains of a preceding and entirely different preparation.

"It is not long since that an exploring party I was out with lost its kettle, which had evidently jolted out of the wagon on the bad road. After considerable hesitation, one was borrowed from a friendly squaw, and after the water had been boiled in it three or four times, and it had been well scoured out with sand, it answered its purpose admirably. When we were through with the kettle, we thoroughly cleaned it again and returned it, and it was not until an Indian guide explained the custom that we understood the look of supreme contempt which came over the red lady's face when, on looking into the inside of the kettle, she saw that it contained no relic whatever of our evening feast."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

MADE LIFE A BURDEN.

MISS G. F. CRAWFORD, of Limestone, Me., writes: "For years I suffered monthly from periods which were so acute as to render life a burden. I began using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I used seven bottles in an many months and derived so much benefit from it that I am now perfectly cured. My doctor recommended it, and he says it is the best medicine for Women, that I wish every woman throughout our land suffering in the same way, may be induced to give your medicine and treatment a fair trial."

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Korean Sports.

Grantor Stuart Culin, of the University of Pennsylvania, Missouri, who has gathered together the finest collection of games ever made in the world, has made an interesting discovery in his study of Korean sports. The Chinese games are all marked by a literary character, the game of logomachy, or word-building, which has gained such popularity in this country, having been played long ago by Korean school children. "A number of their games," he declares, "had their origin from the mystic concepts. Many of the children's sports had originally a serious divinatory or expiatory significance. The tug-of-war, for instance, was played by the people of villages and districts to ascertain which would be the luckier. Kites were used as scapegoats, being released with inscriptions to the effect that they were carrying away misfortune. More toys were not numerous. Some of the games possess a decidedly ethnic character, and their study promises to furnish conclusions of some importance."—Philadelphia Record.

The Queen's Name.

It is probable that most of her Majesty's loyal subjects know the Queen only by her royal style, Victoria, and that such of the remainder of them as are aware that she bears another name, and that that is Alexandrina, believe that the latter is the second, and, therefore, in some sense the inferior name. The well-informed, however, know that the Queen's names are Alexandrina Victoria, and a sentence or two in a letter of her father, the Duke of Kent, written within a couple of months of her christening, and sold a few days since in Paris, may account for the choice of the second as the principal name. "Her first name," the Duke wrote, "is Alexandrina; Victoria, by which name she is always called at home, is her last, being that of her dear mother. The first she bears after her godfather, the Emperor of Russia."—St. James Gazette.

Unknown Dead in a Great City.

Albert H. White, keeper of the morgue in New York City, testified in a murder trial the other day that 140,000 bodies have passed through his hands since he has been the keeper. He added that he knew many cases where mistakes had been made as to identity of dead bodies, and cited the case of a woman who claimed a body as that of her husband and had the body buried in Calvary Cemetery. —Scientific American.

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