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\$5,000 Reward for a Lost Plant.

A British firm of orchid importers has offered \$5,000 for an orchid bearing the impressive name of *Cypripedium Parianum*. This is the famous "lost orchid." For nearly forty years this handsomest of all the "ladies slipper" variety of orchid has eluded the search of the professional collectors. Thousands of pounds have been spent in the hunt for it, and days and weeks of weary misery in fetid swamps and impassable jungles have been endured in the search for it by those who spend their lives in the quest of new or rare varieties of the fashionable flower of the day. The history of the so-called "lost orchid" is a curious one. Forty years ago three or four plants of it arrived for the Calcutta botanical gardens. Where it came from remains a mystery to the present day, for its native habitat has never been discovered. The plant flourished well, and was sold in some numbers till about twenty years ago, when it vanished, despite all efforts to reproduce it from seed.

Intellect in Insects.

A writer in a medical journal asserts that some animals and even some insects in a very low scale of life show memory, conscious observation and the fundamental principles of reason. He speaks of a wasp which, after finding that it could not fly through a glass window, discovered a small hole in one of the panes and made use of it afterward, even when the window was open.



Gladness Comes

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

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

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Sure relief for ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, CROUP, Whooping Cough, Stomach & Bowel Disorders. Price 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

THE FAMILY STORY

IN THE CLUTCHES OF A GRIFFIN.

It was a real relief, when papa's new doctor was gruff and terrifying to say "bear" to all myself. But, papa, I diverted my attention too much from what he was telling me by this device or he scared me into temporary idiocy by his grim demeanor. At any rate, I was conscious that as a nurse I had cut a poor figure.

It seemed a special pity that poor papa should have had that illness just then, when mamma and Isabel were in Baltimore. Mamma had gone there to be under the care of Dr. Baker, and she could not come home, and Isabel could not leave her. If we had only had our good old doctor it would have been better, but he was in Europe, and papa had called in this Dr. Griffin, who, people seemed to think, was something wonderful. It was said that his practice was really something phenomenal for so young a man (he was verging on 40; I am sure that is not so very young for any amount of practice), and I suppose he had to economize his forces, but it made him dreadfully disagreeable.

I was sitting by papa's bed when he came in that first day. Some people made such a hero of him that I felt a little curious to see him, anxious and troubled as I was, and I smiled at him as nicely as I could as papa said, "My daughter, doctor"—though he was little less than appalling; extraordinarily tall and gaunt and awkward, with a rugged, serious face and a shock of tawny hair like a lion's mane.

I was about to go, but as he did not glance in my direction he was probably not aware of my intention. He slightly inclined his head and said: "Miss Macon will please go out." Which Miss Macon did with all due celerity. That was but the beginning of a series of shrinkages that I underwent during this illness of papa's. I am only 5 feet 4 to start with, but every interview with the doctor made me feel a foot or two shorter.

When I looked out of the window one day and actually saw mamma and Isabel getting out of a carriage at the door it was as if a ton weight had been lifted from me. The doctor was with papa (who, however, was almost well), and I was in my own room keeping out of his way. I dashed downstairs like a mad thing and hung my foot somehow or caught my dress on a loose screw (I have never known which), and fell almost from the top of the flight to the bottom. The doctor rushed out of papa's room and was at the foot of the stairs almost as soon as I was. Mamma and Isabel appeared frantically from the opposite direction, papa calling from upstairs all the time to know what it all meant. I was so ashamed of having caused the commotion that I tried to get up hastily and close the incident.

"Oh, it's nothing. I just slipped," I began, struggling to my feet—and then a great, palpitating darkness settled over all. I revived to find myself, as it were, "in the clutches of a griffin." (I had long applied his name to him in a distinctly opprobrious sense.) "What do you mean by tearing about the house in that fashion?" he demanded, stopping at the door as he was leaving.

But somehow I was not so afraid of him now, and for reply I only laughed freely and inanely from my station on the sofa. It was well that my terror of him had lessened, for that miserable sprained ankle required his attention more or less throughout that winter. A strange thing happened soon after mamma and Isabel came home. Isabel is very pretty and very bright. We were sitting together after tea when the bell rang, and who should be ushered in but Dr. Griffin. And with his hair cut—which was not at all an improvement—though I had thought that any change would be. It was so wonderful to see him sitting there laughing and talking, "like folks," as Mammy Judy used to say, that I could not do anything but stare at him. And when I read Carey came in I was positively provoked. But then I never saw Fred quite so stupid and uninteresting.

Not very long after that another remarkable thing happened. The first wonderful thing, by the way, began to happen pretty frequently after a while. I think I have a little knack of rhyming, and one day a magazine—a real magazine—took one of my pieces. Such a thing had never happened before and has never happened since. It was a sentimental little effusion, which was not about anything or anybody in particular, but it seemed to me to be pretty, and it sounded as if it meant a good deal.

I was standing on the porch when I opened the letter which the postman had just handed to me. I remember it was a beautiful spring morning, when my cup of happiness was running over anyway, and this last drop was almost too much. I was about to fly into the house, as fast as my disabled ankle would allow, when I heard the click of the gate. I waved my letter to Dr. Griffin as he came up the walk, and he smiled at my absurdly radiant face. It was almost worth while to be so grinning looking, to be so transformed by a smile, I thought to myself. I did not wait for greetings or questions.

"I have got a piece accepted by the magazine," I said, eagerly. "Ah, that's good!" he replied. "And what are you scribbling about?" "Oh, it's just lovely!" I said. "Don't you want me to say it to you?" "Go ahead, and don't jumble it," he replied, dropping down upon one of the seats on the porch.

I clasped my hands behind me and rattled off my piece, flushing a little as I did it from suppressed laughter at my own audacity. And then I looked at him for applause. There was a blank silence, and my eyes sank and cheeks grew hot with mortification. "Humph!" he said at last, getting up from his seat. "Well, how is that article of yours?"

It seemed my fate always to be seen by Dr. Griffin at a disadvantage—from the time when he just saved me from murdering papa with the wrong medicine on through various misadventures almost to the present day and I have hated him afresh every time, as if it were all his fault. Some people always see one at her best—appeared on the scene invariably when one was least desirous of spectators.

I started out with rather a sinking heart not long after the adventure of the poem—which incident, by the way, had rankled not a little in my mind—to hunt up a Sunday school pupil who had dropped off, after an attendance of a Sunday or two upon my class. He was said to live on a small street which I had never heard of, in a remote and not especially genteel part of the city, which I had never explored, and I foresaw that I should get lost. I stopped on my way at the house of another pupil of mine, whom I knew to be ill, and whom I had been visiting for some time.

His mother received me in a cold, stuffy little parlor, and entertained me while Johnnie was being made ready for company. I listened sympathetically to a long narrative of the heartless treatment she had received from her physician, who really did seem to have neglected his poor little patient, and to have been rude and overbearing besides. I had passed him once as I went in, and had noticed how red and bloated his face was, and had thought then that he was drunk. He was a physician, I suppose, of no standing. I had never before heard his name.

"And then," she concluded, "I just phoned for Dr. Griffin. My husband said, 'Don't you be bothering Dr. Griffin; he's got more'n he can do tending to the rich people.' But he's got time to tend to poor people, too, as well I knew. And I phoned and he came. Ah! he's an angel in a sick room!" The comparison struck me as so ludicrous that a smile arose to my face before I could check it.

"If I was Queen Victoria and Johnnie was the queen's son he couldn't be kinder. Now, you can just walk right in and see how pert Johnnie's bettin'." After leaving there I walked on, and on, as the story books say, and it really did seem that I had embarked upon one of the vague, nightmareish quests of the Norse tales. The end of my journey seemed always just at hand, and still it lengthened, lengthened, till I could fancy that I was a lovelorn princess looking for the Castle of the Clouds. If Bonaparte Plunkett had lived east of the sun and west of the moon, or at any other of the addresses given in those veracious histories, he could not, it seemed to me, have been more tantalizingly inaccessible. He took on, at last, a half-mythical character in my mind, as I could find no trace of him.

Hens and chickens ran squawking across my path; geese hissed at me, to any unsmellable discomposure; puddles of ill-smelling water appeared on the mean sidewalks; dirty women and children swarmed about the doors, and still Bonaparte Plunkett's place of residence ever receded from me. I began to have a distinctly disreputable feeling, as if I were becoming assimilated to my squalid environments, and a faint fear arose within me as I realized that I had not the slightest idea in the world of where I was. Yes, I was lost.

I stood still and looked blankly around me, beginning, as the last straw, to feel that my ankle was giving out. I was just making up my mind to ask the way to the nearest car line of the next person whom I should meet, when I saw a buggy coming down the street. A sudden hope took possession of me. He always came when I was in some undignified and ridiculous plight. And—yes!

"Oh, Dr. Griffin!" I called out. He pulled up at that quavering cry, and looked at me for a moment in the blankest amazement. "And what are you doing in Rock-etts, miss?" he demanded, as he helped me in.

A wild wave of exhilaration had come over me when I felt myself safe in the vehicle. "I was only paying some calls," I said in an off-hand way. "Aren't the claims of society burdensome? I am really tired!" "Calls!" he repeated. "And where were you calling in Rock-etts?" "I was going to the Plunketts!" I

said. "But never mind—it isn't their day anyway."

I began to repent my nonsense when he took a little red notebook out of his pocket, and, utterly ignoring my presence, began to look over it with knitted brows. We drove on in perfect silence for several blocks, and he manifested no intention of resuming the conversation at all, while I, on my part, was occupied in regretting that I had totally forgotten that I was "on my dignity," as my old nurse would say.

"Well, Miss Frances," he said suddenly, without looking up, "have you forgiven me?"

"Forgiven you, for what?" I questioningly replied, but a reminiscent wave of mortification swept over me.

He gave a short laugh, still turning the leaves of his book, but did not answer.

As he sat looking down, with his brow furrowed and his rugged face showing every hard line at its hardest in the clear daylight, I stole timid glances at him and wondered how I had ever had the temerity to recite those miserable, sentimental verses of mine to him, of all men! I blushed hotly as I thought of my folly.

The horse had slackened his pace, but the doctor did not seem to notice it. "Have you been writing any more poetry?" he asked, as if becoming conscious of the claims of civility. "No," I said stiffly.

He made no pretense of interest in my answer. Indeed, he was quite evidently not at all attending to what I said. "I didn't like that—what's its name—sonnet of yours," he remarked, clapping the horse with the reins. "Ah," I said, as if I had not already been crushed by the snubbing which it had received.

"Do you want to know why I didn't like it?" he went on. He put his book down and looked at me with a queer smile.

"Yes," I said, but still with the bashfulness born of inward humiliation.

He took off his hat and looked carefully into the crown, frowning as if he had that moment remembered leaving something of the highest value which seemed to be missing. And then he put it on again. He cleared his throat and jerked at the reins.

"I didn't like to think of your whimpering about some whippersnapper," he said, "when I want you myself."

When the trees and houses had settled back into their normal places and the waterfall had ceased rushing and roaring in my ears I looked at him and saw that he was talking on, but of what he said I had only the vaguest notion. The blankness of my face must have struck him at last, for he stopped abruptly.

"Wait, don't say anything yet," he said. We were drawing near to my own home, but the horse went very slowly. "If you could tell me," he began—there was something positively uncanny and awful to me in the humility of his tone—"but don't say anything unless it is 'yes.' Take time—any length of time."

Time! It seemed to me that it had been 1,000 years already. It was such an old, old fact that Dr. Griffin had asked me to marry him that I felt that I had been born with the consciousness of it. I tried to remember how things were before it happened, but no, there was nothing before that.

Neither spoke as he helped me out of the buggy and solemnly walked with me up the long green yard. He paused at the porch.

"If," he said, "you could possibly say 'yes'—don't make me wait."

I ran up the steps without replying, and opened the door, stopping with my hand upon the knob, and looking back at him standing upon the walk below.

"Yes," I said, and, banging the door, I flew upstairs to my own room.

Then I peeped at him through the shutters and I saw that he had bowed his head on his hat for a moment, as if he were in church.

What a ridiculous couple we will be! —Ladies' Home Journal.

Pharaoh the Oppressor.

The worst blot on his character was his ruthless destruction of the works of his predecessors. No doubt, in such a time of distress, it would be difficult to supply workmen for public monuments; but his utter disregard for everything that went before him outdoes even his orgulous father, and is painfully in contrast to the careful restoration made by his artistic grandfather, Set I. He planted his funeral temple just behind the magnificent building of Amenhotep III., and proceeded to smash up every portable stone, whether statue or tablet, to throw in for his own foundations, and then reared his walls with the noble blocks of the great temple, and even stole the very bricks. Not content with taking what he wanted, he further defaced what he could not use; and all over Egypt the statues of the kings may be seen with his name rudely cut over their inscriptions, or battered with a hammer on the exquisite polished surfaces of the other monarchs. With little of scruples, of taste, or of feeling, he was yet not devoid of ability and energy for a difficult position; and though we may not rank him with a Trajan, a Belisarius, or an Alfred, yet it would be hard to deny him the company of a Vespasian or a Claudius Gothicus, a George the Second, or a Victor Emmanuel—Century.

If your men folks strew the worn coats and boots all over the woodshed, have a closet made by putting up two boards on either side and hanging a print curtain—and plenty of nails and a shelf at the top to hold newspapers after reading.

Every bad married woman that ever lived had an indulgent husband.

Sympathy and Truth.

If a man cannot be really loyal to truth without sympathy, neither can he be truly kind and generous without truthfulness. For, if he weakly yields to every one, right or wrong, and is what Emerson calls "a mush of concession," he is not really helping or strengthening or elevating any one; he is only indulging his own ease by giving some one a cheap, unwholesome and transitory pleasure. The courage of truthfulness is one of the most important elements in all social intercourse, and one of the firmest foundations of all worthy friendship.

You Are Not "Shaken Before Taken"

With malarial disease, but with prodigious violence afterwards, if you neglect immediate measure of relief. The surest preventive and remedial form of medication is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the potency of which as an antidote to miasmatic poison has been demonstrated for over forty years past. The liver when disordered and congested, the bowels if constipated, and the kidneys if inactive, are promptly aided by it, and it is invaluable for dyspepsia, nervous debility and rheumatism.

An X-ray examination of the body of an Egyptian king in the museum at Boulak showed that one of the arms had been broken and the bones had been set and reunited.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

Julius Caesar was an epileptic; his attacks of the disease sometimes seized him while engaged in urgent business, and he frequently remained unconscious for hours.

I never used so quick a cure as Piso's Cure for Consumption.—J. B. Palmer, Box 1171, Seattle, Wash., Nov. 25, 1895.

Attila the Hun had a nose so short that from the front it presented the appearance of two holes in the middle of his countenance, surmounted by a small wart.

Do you wish to know how to have no steam, and not half the usual cost on wash-day? Ask your grocer for a bar of *Doberman's Electric Soap*, and the directions will tell you how. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

Richard III. was commonly supposed to have been a hunchback, but according to some authorities was a well-made, handsome man.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething: soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

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The ripest and sweetest leaf and the purest ingredients are used in the manufacture of "Battle Ax," and no matter how much you pay for a much smaller piece of any other high-grade brand, you cannot buy a better chew than "Battle Ax." For 5 cents you get a piece of "Battle Ax" almost as large as the other fellow's 10-cent piece.

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