

Attempt the end, and never stand to doubt; nothing so hard but search will find it out.—Herriot.

Beauty Is Blood E-Lop.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarella, Candy Cathartic cleans your blood and keeps it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sticky bilious complexion by taking Cascarella—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and activity.—D. G. Mitchell.

How's This.
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honest, in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him.
Wear & T. A. X. Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDING, KINSAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 50c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Never do anything concerning the rectitude of which you have a doubt.—Pitly.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. a bottle.

A docile disposition will, with application, surmount every difficulty.—Manlius.

Soldiers

Bring the germs of malaria, fevers and other diseases, which may prove contagious to their own families. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a special boon to soldiers, because it eradicates all disease germs, builds up the debilitated system and brings back health. Every returned soldier and every friend and relative of soldiers should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla
America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5.
Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25c.

Music on the Battlefield.
The first use of field music of which we have absolutely authentic information was at the battle of Bouvines, that village of French Flanders where the French have won no fewer than three victories—Philip Augustus defeating Otto IV. of Germany there in 1214, Phillip of Valois defeating the English there in 1340, while in 1794 the French defeated the Austrians at the same place. It was at Bouvines, in 1214, that trumpets sounded the signal for the victorious French charge, the first authentic instance of a command given by a trumpet call.

Should Be Too Quick for It.
"If I should try to kiss you I suppose you would call for help," he said, inquiringly. "If you are so everlastingly slow that a call for help would do any good," she replied, "it would serve you just right if I did."—Chicago Post.

SINGULAR STATEMENT.
From Mrs. Rank to Mrs. Pinkham.
The following letter to Mrs. Pinkham from Mrs. M. RANK, No. 2,354 East Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., is a remarkable statement of relief from utter discouragement. She says:

"I never can find words with which to thank you for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me.
"Some years ago I had womb trouble and doctored for a long time, not seeing any improvement. At times I would feel well enough, and other times was miserable. So it went on until last October, I felt something terrible creeping over me, I knew not what, but kept getting worse. I can hardly explain my feelings at that time. I was so depressed in spirits that I did not wish to live, although I had everything to live for. Had hysteria, was very nervous; could not sleep and was not safe to be left alone.
"Indeed, I thought I would lose my mind. No one knows what I endured.
"I continued this way until the last of February, when I saw in a paper a testimonial of a lady whose case was similar to mine, and who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I determined to try it, and felt better after the first dose. I continued taking it, and to-day am a well woman, and can say with my heart, 'Thank God for such a medicine.'
"Mrs. Pinkham invites all suffering women to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. All such letters are seen and answered by women only.

STOPPED FREE
Permanently Cured
Insanity Prevented by
DR. KLINE'S GREAT
NERVE RESTORER
Positive cure for all forms of Insanity, Epilepsy, and all other Nervous Diseases. For full directions for use and a positive guarantee to cure any case of Insanity, Epilepsy, Hysteria, and Constipation, or money refunded. Try it and be convinced. Address as above.

INDIGESTION CURED.
Send this notice with One Dollar to R. B. Wills, Lock Box 56, Baginawtown, Md., and get six months' treatment of the greatest Vegetable Blood Purifier discovered, with full directions for use and a positive guarantee to cure any case of Indigestion, Sick Headache, Rheumatism, and Constipation, or money refunded. Try it and be convinced. Address as above.

FREE
We give every girl or woman one bottle of our Great Nerve Restorer free of charge. For full directions for use and a positive guarantee to cure any case of Insanity, Epilepsy, Hysteria, and Constipation, or money refunded. Send to R. B. Wills, Lock Box 56, Baginawtown, Md., and get six months' treatment of the greatest Vegetable Blood Purifier discovered, with full directions for use and a positive guarantee to cure any case of Indigestion, Sick Headache, Rheumatism, and Constipation, or money refunded. Try it and be convinced. Address as above.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY. Give quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for free treatment. Free. Dr. R. E. GREEN'S HOME, Atlanta, Ga.

WANTED.—Cases of bed sores that B-F-P-A-W will not benefit. Send acts to Ripley's Ointment Co., New York, for 10 samples and 100 testimonials.

FARM WANTED.—Make Cash and Time Price. Au. H. Russell, AKRON, O.

NEWS FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ITEMS OF INTEREST ON NUMEROUS FEMALE TOPICS.

Attractive Garnitures—American Women's Influence—Photography for Women—How the Aigrette is Worn—Etc., Etc.

ATTRACTIVE GARNITURES.
Steel beads, buttons and ornaments are among the most attractive of garnitures, but they rust at the first attack of dampness, and then are not only extremely unsightly to look at, but are a menace to everything in their vicinity. Handkerchief, collar or any portion of the dress material coming in contact with them is hopelessly discolored. Efforts have been made to coat steel with some preparation that will prevent such damage, but thus far with very little success.

LADIES' GUILPE WAIST.
This form of waist will recommend itself to the selector of a pattern as neat and becoming as well as graceful and stylish. The guilpe and vest are of Scotch plaid silk and the bodice portion of figured chaille. The freed edges of the latter are trimmed with a neat ruche of mousseline de soie. The waist is made with a fitted lining, the vest and collar closing at the left invisibly at one side of the bodice being left free so as to form the closing. The sleeves are made full over a fitted lining, graceful epaulettes falling over



the shoulders. A belt formed of oval discs of gold and enamel with a setting of bright stones in the center—the latest fad in belts—is worn at the waist.

Two yards of 44 inch material are required to make this waist for a lady of medium size.

No. 394 is cut in sizes from 32 to 40 inches bust measure.

AMERICAN WOMEN'S INFLUENCE.
In her article on "The Woman's Paris," in Scribner's, Ada Cone has this to say regarding the dress of American women: "In Paris the dress of the fashionable young American is assimilated to the dress of the elegant demimondaine. Paris recognizes, however, that their motives for dress are a universe apart, and it is here, finally that the American has an influence in Paris. If in the fashions she imitates, here in the moral field she is an initiator; she is a witness to Parisians that a woman may choose to wear novel and fashionable dress for pure pleasure in variety, and for simple gaiety of heart."

PHOTOGRAPHY FOR WOMEN.

A prominent New York photographer declares that if he could obtain the services of properly skilled women he would not have a man in his employ. It is a woman's natural lightness, her delicacy of touch, her keen eye for light and shade, and, perhaps most of all, her artistic instinct, which peculiarly render her fitted for the work of photography.

The official photographer of Washington is a woman; the head of a large Boston photographic establishment is a woman, who has reproduced with exquisite skill all the illustrations of the Boston Library decorations, and there seems to be no reason why women in general should not succeed in this direction. They have naturally all the requisites essential to success.—New York Tribune.

HOW THE AIGRETTE IS WORN.

Women who study the fashions know that aigrettes should be placed in the center of the front of the headgear. They start mostly from a jewel, and while pure white is much worn, black and white is newer still; that is, white flecked with black circular discs. A distinctive mode of the season is the round, turban-like toque of white tulle or chiffon, having a flat crown, as often as not worked in silver or in black and silver, and all the necessary height imparted by the feathers in front. Another style has, however, come to the fore, which recalls the chapeau-bras; it is long across and narrow in the width, for from the front to the back it would hardly exceed four and a half inches. The shape is most piquant, for it rises in a point over the face, stands well out at the sides and generally forms the foundation for some five or six ostrich plumes, the longest turning in a negligible style towards the back, while the rest radiate in many directions.

WHY BABIES ARE CROSS.

It seems almost absurd to advise mothers not to pinch babies' feet, and yet physicians say that much of the fretfulness and irritation of babyhood is due to tight shoes and stockings. Not tight, perhaps, from a grown-up standpoint, but sufficiently snug to

hurt the tender, soft flesh of baby feet. The shoes that are gotten for the very little baby are often actually instruments of torture because of some roughness or pressure.

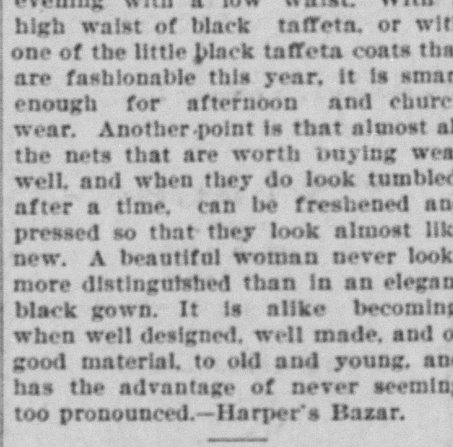
If the shoe fit snugly, no matter how soft it is, the sole is sure to press into the sensitive flesh and irritate the temper. If not actually injure the nerves. Baby flesh is so soft that mothers or nurses often do not notice how badly the little foot is being crowded until impeding circulation tells the story of suffering.

And small stockings are as frequently a means of injury as are small shoes. Always buy both shoes and stockings at least one size larger than the so-called "easy fit." This rule should hold good until the foot has ceased to grow. The result would be a generation of healthier, better-tempered and more graceful men and women.—Demorest's Magazine.

LACE AND NET GOWNS.

Lace or net gowns are economical investments, for they can do duty for many different occasions with other waists. Of course there is no limit to the amount of money that can be spent on lace, whether it is a lace edging or bought in a piece by the yard. Net is less expensive, and is often quite as effective. A charming gown, and not an expensive one, can be made of the ordinary open-work black net over a black tulle lining; the skirt, with a deep flounce, either gathered or pleated, and trimmed with rows of velvet—two rows about the flounce itself, and two just where the flounce joins the skirt. A pretty way to make the waist is to have it over a fitted lining, with the lace put on full from around the shoulders, but the fulness drawn down on the lining. Around the shoulders two rows of velvet ribbon wider than that used on the skirt can be gathered on, and then put down the front again. With this may be worn an unlined yoke and long sleeves of black net, with a black velvet high collar, or, if desired, a white one; but the last is hardly to be recommended rashly, as it is not always becoming. If the all black looks too sombre, a bertha of white lace may be added, or a band of jet passementerie put around the shoulders. Jet lights up an all black gown amazingly. Such a gown as the one just described is quite smart enough to wear in the evening with a low waist. With a high waist of black tulle, or with one of the little black tulle coats that are fashionable this year, it is smart enough for afternoon and church wear. Another point is that almost all the nets that are worth buying wear well, and when they do look tumbled, after a time, can be freshened and pressed so that they look almost like new. A beautiful woman never looks more distinguished than in an elegant black gown. It is alike becoming, of good material, to old and young, and has the advantage of never seeming too pronounced.—Harper's Bazar.

BOY'S DRESS.
This is a suit for a little boy who does not think he is too big for skirts. It is represented to be made of blue storm serge and trimmed with braid. The blouse is composed of the fronts and seamless back, the sailor collar and the one piece sleeve whose fulness is gathered at the arm's eye and stitched in tiny tucks at the wrist. The box plaited skirt is attached to a



sleeveless waist which closes in the center back. This waist shows in front at the opening where the blouse is left open at the neck and is decorated to match the collar. This dress may be developed in flannel, cashmere or the heavy weight cotton goods.

Four yards of 27 inch goods are required to make this suit for a boy 4 years.

No. 372 is cut in sizes for 2 and 4 years.

THE SEASON'S HOSIERY.

Pretty hosiery for this season is startlingly brilliant, whether the material is silk, lisle or wool. New gait stockings are made of camel's hair yarn, showing in sharp contrast the three highest tones of green, red and brown, and in the fine lisle, for daily use, is flouted before us in black shot with scarlet. There is a new way of marking stockings in lines, and a very bewildering effect is given by a sober dark blue silk hose having a dozen or more thread-like lines of yellow turning around the leg like the twist of a corkscrew. She who has a thick ankle and a thin calf will take kindly to the blue and black stockings, striped finely in white, the plines converging from the length of leg very close together at the ankle. By this manoeuvre the eye is deceived, and great comfort given the wearer. By yet another device rows of white dots begin, the size of a quarter of a dollar, up near the knee, growing to the dimensions of a pin's head at the ankle. On experi-

ment it has been found that a large foot and thick ankle lose, to the most critical gaze, one half their clumsiness when swathed in a figured stocking, and as but a minority of women enjoy the faultless extremities, the plain dark hose are at a discount momentarily, for these dazzling, deceiving foot masks carry the trade before them.

FASHION AND FANCY.

All the new shoulder-capes are made with deep backs, curving down much like the old-fashioned mode of wearing a shawl.

Whalebones soaked in boiling water can be easily sewed on the garment, and will keep the form of the seam longer than when sewed in with tape.

In spite of efforts to abolish them, the full drooping waists continue, some of the finest imported modes having this style running almost to an extreme.

Little narrow ribbons are put on hats in the form of scrollwork. Dainty bonnets are sometimes made entirely of shirtings of this narrow ribbon.

Among new fashions comes that of making out-of-door coats and likewise jacket bodices for indoor wear quite short in front, but with much elongated backs.

Collars of taffeta silk are made with a plain band with a buckle on the side, with a bow or rosette at the back, and forming a regular stock, with a small bow at the front.

In the new cravats may be seen a wide scarf of black surah silk to be tied under the chin in a big bow, the ends turned under in sailor fashion and passed through a flattened ring.

A new and popular shirt waist in England is made of striped or plain silk, opening to show a white vest and collar, and others are fashioned of French madras and Scotch gingham.

In the display of models for winter toilets princess dresses are very much in evidence, but so modified and improved by their sleeve and corsage decorations as to be scarcely recognizable.

Another bangle has a pendant star tipped with small diamonds, and one bangle ornament has three stones in the centre. The new curb chain bracelets are mere bangles and many have the lucky bean as a fastening.

Chip of the Old Block.

The father of Corporal Doyle, one of the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers, who fell at Omdurman, served in the same regiment in the Indian mutiny and actually saved the life of Lord Wolseley, who had been severely wounded in the fighting around Cawnpore, and would have been left for dead on the field of battle had not Doyle, whose kindly heart led him to see whether there were any living among the wounded, found the future commander-in-chief, although badly hurt, living, and handed him over more dead than alive to the ambulance corps. Old Doyle has been for many years the news agent in charge of the bookstall at Nenagh Railway station. When Lord Wolseley visited Nenagh on a tour of inspection Doyle attracted his attention as he descended from the train by standing at salute with his medals on his breast. Lord Wolseley recognized with delight his old friend, whom he had not seen since the days of the Indian mutiny, and entered into a long and cordial conversation with the veteran, which was resumed after the work of inspection had been concluded. When bidding the old man good-by as the train moved off, Lord Wolseley said: "Doyle, if there is anything I can do for you, you have only to name it." Doyle's reply was: "I thank your lordship. I want for nothing. My son is in my old regiment and will soon be a corporal." Lord Wolseley wrote to him a letter of condolence the other day on his son's death.—London News.

The Secluded Chinese Emperor.

The Emperor of China has been the most secluded monarch in the world, living as he has in the third or sacred or forbidden city of Peking. The first city is surrounded by a wall sixty feet thick, being the outer or Tartar city. The second city is protected by a wall of the same dimensions, as is the third or sacred city, in which the emperor lives. For twenty-seven years he has been secluded within the walls of this city. He has seldom left it, and on these rare occasions such preparation has been made over the route he was to travel as to change its aspect so greatly as to give the young emperor no correct idea of the country over which he has ruled. He has seen almost nothing of the royal blood of the nations, he was not reared with any idea of making him an intelligent head of the military service of his country. He knows practically nothing of the soldiers of China. Once a year he leaves the sacred city and proceeds to the Ming tombs, the tombs of his ancestors, where he goes to worship. On all occasions he is surrounded by a number of officials, whose special duty appears to be to deceive him regarding the true condition of affairs.—Washington Star.

Morals of the Russian Lapps.

The life of the Russian Lapps is about half nomadic. For the most part they are fishers, a fact very much to their advantage, considering the many fasts required by the Greek Church. The morals of the Russian Lapps are below the average. They have a bad reputation for lying, drunkenness and general untrustworthiness. In Scandinavia, laws have been directed against the importation of liquors since 1723.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A LITTLE PESSIMIST.

"The sad little Princess sat by the sea,
"Alas," she sighed, "and alackaday!"
And she rested her book upon her knee,
And her eyes gazed dreamily far away.

"All of my fairy tales end the same—
They lived, and they loved, and then they died—
The wicked enchanter's always to blame;
Oh, for something quite new," she cried.

"I'm sick of my dolls with their china eyes,
"I'm sick of reading of giants and things,
I'm tired to death of candies and pies;
I hate my crown and my golden rings."

And then her nurse felt of the Royal head,
Looked at her tongue in a knowing way,
"Your Highness had better come home to bed,
You've eaten too many plum tarts to-day."
—Isabel De Witte Kaplan.

SKELETONIZING LEAVES.

Skeletonizing of leaves is an excellent entertainment for the youngsters. Ripe, firm leaves must be gathered for this purpose and put in a flat basin of rain-water, care being taken to change the water frequently. This basin should be placed either in the garden or else on the window sill outside, as there is apt to be an unpleasant scent when the pulp of the leaves begins to decay.

After they have been thus treated for about a fortnight the leaves may be taken out and gently rubbed with the finger stemwise, when it will be found that the green flesh separates from the fiber quite easily and rolls off, leaving the stem and tendrils of the leaf perfect. These must be handled with extreme care, so that they will not be injured. Put them upon a board and place in the sun to bleach. When firm, they can be made up into quite pretty sprays and will delight the hearts of those who have taken such an interest in them for weeks past.

LOOK OUT FOR THE COMMAS.

Some boys and girls find it difficult to learn the proper use of commas, periods, semicolons and other punctuation marks, and as a consequence are apt to become discouraged and say: "Oh, well, what's the use, anyway?" But when they see the absurdity of some sentences whose meaning has been totally changed by improper punctuation, they will perhaps become imbued with new energy and resolve to stick to the little dots and dashes until they are mastered. The example herewith given was "set up" by an English compositor. Whether he punctuated as he did through ignorance or pure maliciousness it would be hard to say. Which ever it was, this is the way the paragraph read when the printer got through with it:

"Caesar entered on his head; his helmet on his feet; armed sandals upon his brow; there was a cloud in his right hand; his faithful sword in his eye; an angry glare saying nothing, he sat down."

What the author really meant to say was—well, you can easily find that out for yourselves.

A TACKLE IN TIME.

Charles Bryant Howard contributes a seasonable story under the title of "A Tackle" in Time," to the St. Nicholas. Mr. Howard tells of two young football players who were with their father, a sea-captain, in the Philippines:

Suddenly, amid a clatter of wheels on the rough pavement and the bewildering babel of Spaniards, natives, and Chinamen, the boys noticed a louder sound up the street, which increased as it approached to shouts and yells of excitement or fear; the people stopped and turned their heads; somebody shouted "Uno loco [A madman]" and at that everybody began dodging into doorways and fleeing around corners, as if possessed by a deadly terror.

"What is it?" exclaimed Jack.
"Blessed if I know," said Harry; "some row up the street, I guess. Let's wait and see what father does."

And then they saw a strange sight: a half-naked, villainous-looking "Filipino" (native) tearing along the sidewalk toward where their father stood, flourishing in one hand a soldier's belt, with a heavy buckle, a very serviceable weapon in accustomed hands,—while the people made way for him right and left in mad haste, tumbling over one another, with shrieks and screams of fear; evidently he was a soldier from a native regiment, who had been sentenced to punishment for some misdemeanor, and having managed to escape, was endeavoring to reach the native quarter of the town, he was pursued at some distance by a native corporal and several soldiers and guardias (native policemen), whose shouts of "Cuidado! Para [Look out! Stop him!]" added to the general uproar.

The boys saw their father turn quickly and glance toward them, while the old Spaniard shot into a doorway with amazing swiftness; then the captain faced the native again, and swung his thick bamboo cane aloft. Down it came with all the strength of his powerful arm,—whack!—and the belt and stick went whirling away in the air, while the runaway, after a stagger, changed his course slightly, and came

flying across the street toward the two boys. They heard their father give a warning shout. Harry instinctively sprang in front of Jack, and, not knowing just what was the matter, but feeling that the man ought to be stopped somehow, he proceeded to do so in his own way. Stooping quickly with bent head and outstretched right arm as the man came rushing up, he "tackled" him around his brawny waist as he had tackled many an opponent on the football field at home, and almost expected to hear the familiar roar of applause from the spectators as he and the "Filipino" came down with a crash and a whirl of arms and legs, rolling over across the hard sidewalk till they brought up with a prodigious thump against the building, the native struggling atop; but in another minute Jack had hurled himself atop of him, involuntarily shouting "Hold!" as soon as he could catch his breath.

At this point a "referee" turned up in the shape of the big native corporal, who promptly grabbed the deserter and "wanked" him to his feet; holding him, writhing and hissing, in a grasp of iron.

"Buen muchachos [Good boys!]" said the great brown-faced soldier. "Ingleses [English!]"
"No, amigo; Americanos," answered Captain Hale, who had now arrived on the spot, still minus his stick.

"Por supuesto [of course]," grunted the corporal. "I might have known it, senior. This is the worst man in the regiment; he would have killed you if he could. Cobardes [cowards!]" he growled at the gaping people, who were timidly peering from various retreats. "These two American children are heroes, and you—carabos [tame buffaloes!]" And with that expression of contempt, the worst that can be applied to a Philippine native, he twisted one powerful hand in his prisoner's long hair, and marched him off to cool his excitement in the guard-house.

The Groom's Trying Ordeal.

"It was a horrible situation to be in," said the newly-married man, as he fumbled nervously in his pocket to see if he had the list of estates that his wife wanted.

"If I am ever married again, and I hope I never will be, in more ways than one, I shall rise up and assert myself and not allow myself to be the nonentity that I was at my late wedding.

"My wife wanted a unique wedding, and she got it. Among the many fool propositions put forward by interested friends was that the best man take charge of our wedding journey, and that we were not to know where we were going until he handed us the tickets at the train.

"I objected to the idea right at the start, but my wife thought it would be so romantic, and—well, what I said against it seemed to cut no figure.

"When we took the train there was such a shower of congratulations, old shoes and rice that the best man forgot to give us our tickets, and I didn't notice the oversight until I saw the conductor standing before me with outstretched hand.

"Then I realized that we were in the same condition as the goat that ate its tag—we didn't know where we were going.

"I colored up and tried to explain the situation to the grinning ape of a conductor, while my wife shook the rice from her clothes and the passengers roared.

"It was simply impossible to remain on board, so we got off at the first stop.

"My wife thought it was a good joke, and that we had made the hit of the season, until it suddenly dawned upon her that all that precious trousseau that she had been working so many months on and which was to be a dream forever, was in our trunks, checked to some unknown destination.

"Then my troubles began in earnest and it was lucky for the best man that he wasn't around at the time."

Cambon's Cow Was Sold for Taxes.

Years ago, when Jules Cambon, the French ambassador who signed the peace protocol in Spain's behalf, was a newspaper man in Paris, Gustav Renoult, then a subject of the last Napoleon, but now an American citizen, knew him. Mr. Renoult's recollection of M. Cambon is very amusing. "It was through a peculiar episode," said he, "that the present ambassador was started on the ladder of prominence. M. Cambon has always been an enthusiastic Republican and did not hesitate to express his opinion of the way things were going in France. In 1869 Emperor Napoleon needed money, and to get it levied a special tax. M. Cambon was indignant. He held that the tax was illegal, and when the government official came to collect his assessment M. Cambon, with more emphasis than grace, refused to pay. In those days the ambassador was not so very well supplied with this world's goods, and the few that he did possess M. Cambon did his best to keep out of the way of the officer.

"One piece of property, however, M. Cambon could not hide. It was his cow, and the government promptly seized in default of the tax. Protests made no difference to Napoleon and his crew, so the cow was sold and the proceeds confiscated. The affair was aired with vivacity and length in the Parisian journals, and the Republican papers, backing their man, headed popular subscriptions by which another was purchased. From that time on," concluded Mr. Renoult, "M. Cambon was very popular in Paris, and after the fall of the Empire in 1871, his rise in affairs was rapid."