

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease.
 A powder to shake into your shoes; relieves
 Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet
 and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease
 makes new or tight shoes easy. At all drug-
 gists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Sample mailed
 FREE. Adr's Allen S. Olmsted, Lelloy, N. Y.

Freely slip is a lifelong resident of Paterson, N. J.
Beauty Is Blood Deep.
 Clean blood means a clean skin. No
 beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic
 clean your blood and keep it clean, by
 stirring up the lazy liver and driving all im-
 purities from the body. Begin to-day to
 banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads,
 and that sickly bilious complexion by taking
 Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All drug-
 gists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

In Vienna organ grinders are allowed to
 play only between midday and sunset.
Disgusting!
 Skin eruptions, which keep you scratching,
 and look raw and sore. It is confined in either
 foot, and gives the impression of urethra.
 Don't you want to get rid of it? Get a 5c. box of
 Tetterine from your druggist, or send stamps
 to J. F. Shaprine, Savannah, Ga. It cures,
 without fail, all skin diseases. Give it a trial.

Mormon missions have been established in
 the Philippines.
 H. H. GREEN'S SOVS, of Atlanta, Ga., are
 the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the
 world. See their liberal offer in advertisement
 in another column of this paper.

An artesian well in Missouri has been sunk
 to a depth of 1,100 feet.
 Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children
 teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation,
 allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Salt herring is Paul Krueger's favorite
 delicacy. He eats it at least once each day.
To Cure Constipation Forever.
 Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c.
 M. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

James M. Barrie announces his intention
 of visiting this country in the fall.
 I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in
 my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. Patterson,
 Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

A Russian remedy for insomnia is to have
 a dog sleep in the room.
No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
 Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak
 men strong, blood pure. 50c. B. All druggists.

If all the hay now in sight in Texas could
 be saved, there would be plenty to supply the
 state for five years.

**"Do Not Grasp at the Shadow
 and Lose the Substance."**
 Many people are but shadows of their
 former selves, due to neglect of health.
 Look out for the blood, the fountain of
 life, the actual substance; keep that pure
 by regular use of Hood's Sarsaparilla and
 robust health will be the result. Be sure
 to get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla
 NEVER DISAPPOINTS

Jeweled Fortifiers.
 For those who have ugly views from
 their back windows or corridors lead-
 ing to back stairs, etc., it is quite a
 serious matter as to how best to hide
 them. Draperies are expensive when
 the material is good, and inexpensive
 material gets easily tossed. Bead
 blinds, which may be made with very
 little trouble at home, are clean and
 tidy, besides being pretty, and have the
 further advantage of admitting the
 light while preventing people from
 looking into the room. Measure the
 width of the window or doorway you
 wish to hide and get a carpenter to
 make a narrow lath to fit it, with small
 grooves all the way along at equal
 distances and rather close together. The
 only thing you will then require is a
 ball or two of macramé cord and plenty
 of large glass beads in pretty colors,
 to mix too many colors is a mistake.
 Thread the string with a bead and knot
 to prevent its slipping; do this at inter-
 vals all the way down the string until
 it is the length required. It is advis-
 able to tie each string securely on the
 groove in the wooden lath as you go
 along, as they are apt to tangle if
 loose. Try to have the strings as close
 together as possible; the effect is quite
 spoiled if they are straggly or far apart.
 By the exercise of a little patience and
 ingenuity a pretty pattern of flowers or
 birds may be introduced. Beads suit-
 able for this purpose may be purchased
 at a very low price.

**Miss Lockheart's
 LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM.**

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 67,104]
 "I cannot express my gratitude to
 you for the good that Lydia E. Pink-
 ham's Vegetable Compound has done
 for me. I have taken five bottles of
 the Compound and two boxes of Liver
 Pills and feel better in every respect.
 I had suffered for years with dropsy;
 the veins in my limbs burst, caused
 from the pressure of the water. I had
 the worst kind of kidney trouble, faint-
 ing spells, and I could not stand long
 at a time. I also had female weakness
 and the doctor said there was a tumor
 in my left side. The pains I had to
 stand were something dreadful. A
 friend handed me a little book of yours,
 so I got your medicine and it has saved
 my life. I felt better from the first
 bottle. The bloating and the tumors
 have all gone and I do not suffer any
 pain. I am still using the Vegetable
 Compound and hope others may find
 relief as I have done from its use."
 MISS N. J. LOCKHEART, Box 16, ELIZABETH,
 PA.

Only the women who have suffered
 with female troubles can fully appreciate
 the gratitude of those who have been
 restored to health.
 Mrs. Pinkham responds quickly and
 without charge to all letters from suffer-
 ing women. Her address is Lynn, Mass.

Our own grand NEW BELLEROS
 BOTTLES (12 BOTTLES) and only here
 (see catalogue) in the U. S. and in the
 South to the building. An UP-
 TO-DATE NEWBORN. Scientific and
 experienced doctors, 4 of which
 are authors of valuable books.
 Each case, 25 CENTS.
 All business brackets, English
 and American designs.
 THE BELLEROS BOTTLE COLLECTOR
 1212 N. 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.
**THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY
 DISCOURSE.**

**Subject: Whispered Venom—The Voice of
 the Gossip. Like the Serpent's His-
 surings of Idle Tales Are Poisoners
 of Society—An Arraignment of Liars.**

(Copyright, Lewis Klopsch, 1893.)
 WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse
 Dr. Talmage vigorously arraigns one of
 the great evils that have cursed the world
 and urges generous interpretation of the
 character of others; text: "Full of envy, mal-
 lignity, whisperers."
 Paul was here calling the long roll of the
 world's villainy, and he puts in the midst
 of this roll those persons known in all cit-
 ies and communities and places as whisperers.
 They are so called because they generally
 speak under voice and in a confidential
 way, their hand to the side of their mouth,
 acting as a fan to keep the precious in-
 formation from wandering into the wrong
 ear. They speak softly not because they
 have lack of lung force or because they are
 overpowered with the spirit of gentleness,
 but because they want to escape the conse-
 quences of defamation. If no one hears
 but the person whispered unto, and the of-
 fender be arraigned, he can deny the whole
 thing, for whisperers are always first-class
 liars.

Some people whisper because they are
 hoarse from a cold or because they wish to
 convey some useful information without
 disturbing others, but the creatures photo-
 graphed by the apostle in my text give
 muffled utterance from sinister and de-
 praved motive, and sometimes you can
 only hear the abject sound as the letter
 "S" drops from the tongue into the listen-
 ing ear, the brief hiss of the serpent as it
 projects its venom.

Whisperers are masculine and feminine,
 with a tendency to majority on the side of
 those who are called "the lords of crea-
 tion." Whisperers are heard at every
 window of bank cashier and are heard in
 all counting rooms as well as in sewing
 societies and at meetings of asylum direc-
 tors and managers. They are the worst
 foes of society, responsible for miseries in-
 numerable; they are the scavengers of the
 world, driving their cart through every
 community, and to-day I hold up for your
 holy anathema and execration these
 whisperers.

From the frequency with which Paul
 speaks of them under different titles I con-
 clude that he must have suffered some-
 what from them. His personal presence
 was very defective, and that made him,
 perhaps, the target of their ridicule. And
 besides that, he was a bachelor, persisting
 in his celibacy down into the sixties, in-
 deed all the way through, and, some hav-
 ing failed in their conjugal designs upon
 him, the little missionary was put under
 the raking fire of these whisperers. He
 was no doubt a rare morsel for their scan-
 dalization, and he cannot keep his
 patience any longer, and he lays hold of
 these miscreants of the tongue and giv-
 them a very hard setting down in my text
 among the scoundrelly and the murderous.
 "Envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity;
 whisperers."

The law of libel makes quick and stout
 grip of open slander. If I should in a
 plain way, calling you by name, charge
 you with fraud or theft or murder or un-
 necessary, to-morrow morning I might have
 remonstratory documents served on me, and
 I would have to pay in dollars and cents
 for the damage I had done your character.
 But these creatures spoken of in my text
 do not do that; they escape the fine tooth
 comb of the law. They go on, and they go
 on, escaping the judges and the juries and
 the penitentiaries. The district attorney
 cannot find them, the sheriff cannot find
 them, the grand jury cannot find them.
 Shut them off from one route of perjury and
 they start on another. You cannot by the
 force of moral sentiment persuade them to
 desist. You might as well read the Ten
 Commandments to a flock of crows, ex-
 pecting them to retreat under the force of
 moral sentiment. They are to be found
 everywhere, these whisperers. I think
 of a country village of about
 1000 or 2000 people, where everybody
 knows everybody. But they also are to be
 found in large quantities in all our cities.
 They have a prying disposition. They
 look into the basement windows, the
 tables of their neighbors and can tell just
 what they have morning and night to eat.
 They can see as far through a keyhole as
 a person can see with a door open. They
 can hear conversation on the opposite side
 of the room. Indeed, the world to them is
 a whispering gallery.

Some morning a wife descends into the
 kitchen, eyes damp with tears, and that
 is a stimulus to the tattler and is enough
 to set up a business for three or four
 weeks. "I guess that husband and wife
 don't live happily together. I wonder if
 the husband has been abusing her? It's
 outrageous. He ought to be disciplined. He
 ought to be brought before the church. I'll
 go right over to my neighbors and I'll let
 them know about this matter." She
 rushes in all out of breath to a neighbor's
 house and says: "Oh, Mrs. Allen, have
 you heard the dreadful news? Why, our
 neighbor, poor thing, came down off the
 steps in a flood of tears. The wife of a
 husband has been abusing her. Well, it's
 just as I expected. I saw him the other
 afternoon very smiling and very gracious
 to some one who smiled back, and I
 thought I would just go up to him and
 tell him he had better go home and look
 after his wife and family, who probably at
 that very time were upstairs crying their
 eyes out. Mrs. Allen, do have your hus-
 band go over and put an end to this
 trouble. It's simply outrageous that our
 neighborhood should be disturbed in this
 way. It's awful."

Now, how are we to war against this
 iniquity which curses every community
 on earth? First by refusing to listen to or
 believe a whisper. Every court of the land
 has a law, and decent companies
 have for a law, that you must hold people
 innocent until they are proved guilty.
 There is only one person worse than the
 whisperer, and that is the man or woman
 who listens without protest. The trouble
 is you hold the sack while they fill it. The
 receiver of stolen goods is just as bad as
 the thief. An ancient writer declares that
 a slanderer and a man who repeats the
 slander ought both to be hanged—the one
 by the tongue and the other by the ear.
 Oh, my friends, employ the tongue
 that voice which is fully created and the
 organ of taste, the organ of deglutition,
 the organ of articulation to make others
 happy and in the service of God! If you
 whisper a whisper good, the argument to
 the fallen and hope to the lost. Ah, my
 friends, the time will soon come when we
 will all whisper! The voice will be en-
 feebled in the last sickness, and, though
 that voice, nothing laughs and goes on
 and slung and halloo until the forest echoes an-
 swered, it will be so feeble then we can
 only whisper consolation to those whom
 we love behind and only whisper our hope
 of heaven.

While I speak this very moment there
 are hundreds whispering their last utter-
 ances. Oh, when that solemn hour comes
 to you and to me, as some soon it will,
 may it be found that we did our best to
 serve Christ and to cheer our comrades in
 the earthly struggle and that we conso-
 lated not only our hand, but our tongue,
 to God! So that the shadows that fall
 around our dying pillow shall not be the
 evening twilight of a gathering night, but
 the morning twilight of an everlasting day.
 This morning, at half past four o'clock,
 I looked out of my window and the stars
 were very dim. I looked out a few mo-
 ments after, and the stars were almost in-
 visible. I looked out an hour or two after-
 wards. Not a star was to be seen. What
 was the matter with the stars? Had they
 melted into darkness? No. They had
 melted into the glorious light of a Sabbath
 morn.

Wool of bat and tongue of dog,
 Aider's fork and blind worm's sting,
 Lizard's leg and oriel's wing,
 For a charm of powerful trouble,
 Like a hell-bell both boil and bubble,
 Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn and caldron bubble,
 Swallow me and what you will,
 Witch's mummy, maw and gulf
 Of the ravin'd salt sea shark;
 Make the gruel thick and stark;
 Add thereto a tiger's charter,
 Tenthredin's worm, and wormwood,
 Double, double, toil and trouble,
 Fire burn and caldron bubble;
 Cool it with a baboon's blood,
 The charm is firm and good.

I would only change Shakespeare in
 this, that; where he puts the word "witch,"
 I would put the word "whisperer." Ah,
 what a caldron! Did you ever get a caldron
 of it? I have more respect for the poor
 walf of the street that goes down under
 the night, with no home and no God—
 for she deceives no one as to what she is—
 than I have for these hags of respectable
 society who cover up their tiger claws with
 a fine shawl and bolt the bell of their
 heart with a diamond breastpin!
 The work of masculine whisperers is
 chiefly seen in the embarrassment of busi-
 ness. Now, I suppose, there are hundreds
 of men here who at some time have been
 in business trouble. I will undertake to
 say that in nine cases out of ten it was the
 result of some whisperer's work. The
 whisperer uttered some suspicion in regard
 to your credit. You sold your horse and
 carriage because you had no use for them,
 and the whisperer said: "Sold his horse
 and carriage because he had to sell them."
 The fact that he sold his horse and carriage
 is he going down in business.

One of your friends gets embarrassed
 and you say a little in regard to him. The
 whisperer says: "I wonder if he can stand
 under all this pressure? I think he is going
 down. I think he will have to give up."
 You borrow money out a bank and a direc-
 tor whispers outside about it, and after
 awhile the suspicion gets fairly started and
 it leaps from one whisperer's lips to an-
 other whisperer's lips until all the people
 you owe want their money in a scrape.
 The business circles come around you like
 a pack of wolves, and, though you had
 assets four times more than were neces-
 sary to meet your liabilities, creditors
 crowd about you, and the business circles
 close about you like a pack of wolves, and
 though you had assets four times more
 than were necessary to meet your liabilities,
 creditors crowd about you, and the business
 circles close about you like a pack of
 wolves. Oh, how much business men have
 suffered!

I think among the worst of the whis-
 perers are those who gather up all the
 harsh things that have been said about
 you, and they bring them all to you. They
 gather them all up and they bring them to
 you, they bring them to you in a very
 quiet way, they bring them to you with-
 out any of the extenuating circumstances,
 and after they have made your feelings all
 raw, very raw, they take this brine, this
 turpentine, this aqua fortis, and rub it
 in with a coarse towel and rub it in
 until it sinks to the bone. They make you
 the pincushion in which they thrust all the
 sharp things they have ever heard about
 you. "Now, don't you know about that
 one? Now, don't tell anybody I told you. Let
 it be between you and me. Don't involve me
 in it at all." They aggravate you to the
 point of profanity, and then they stand
 by and watch you. They turn you on a
 spit before a hot fire and wonder why you
 are not absorbed in gratitude to them
 because they turn you on a spit. Peddlers
 of night shades, peddlers of Canada
 water, peddlers of bad vomica. Sometimes
 they get you in a corner where you cannot
 very well escape without being rude, and
 then they tell you all about this one, and
 all about that one, and about this one, and
 they talk, talk, talk, talk, talk. After
 awhile they go away leaving the place
 looking like a barnyard, after the foxes
 and the weasels have been around; here
 a hole, and there a cleft, and a yowl, and
 an eye, and there a crop. How they do
 make the feathers fly!

Jesus Christ had these whisperers after
 him, and they chased him with drink-
 ing cups and kept him bad company. "A
 wine-bibber and the friend of publicans
 and sinners." You take the best man that
 ever lived and put a detective on his track
 for ten years, when he comes, and with a
 determination to misconstrue everything, and
 to think he goes here for a bad purpose and
 there for a bad purpose, with that determi-
 nation of righting him at all costs, in a
 few years he will be held despicable in the
 sight of a great many people.

If it is an outrageous thing to despoil a
 man's character, how much worse is it
 to slander him, to make a reputation for
 evil grow from century to century, and it
 is all done by whisperers. A suspicion is
 started. The next whisperer who gets
 hold of it states the suspicion as a proved
 fact, and many a good woman, as honor-
 able as your wife or your mother, has been
 whispered out of all kindly associations
 and whispered into the grave. Some
 people say there is no hell but if
 there be no hell for such a despoiler
 of womanly character it is high time
 that some philanthropist built one.
 But there is such a place established,
 what time that place when all the
 whisperers get down there together re-
 hearing things! Everlasting carnival of
 mud. Were it not for the uncomfortable
 surroundings, you might suppose they
 would be glad to get there. In that region
 where they are all bad what opportunities
 for exploitation by these whisperers! On
 earth to despoil their neighbors some-
 times they had to lie about them, but
 down there they can say the worst things
 possible about their neighbors and tell the
 truth. Jubilee of whisperers. Grand gala
 day of backbiting. The whisperers of so-called
 mongers stopping their gabble about their
 diabolical neighbors only long enough to
 go up to the iron gate and ask some new-
 comer from the earth, "What is the last
 gossip in the city on earth where we used
 to live?"

Now, how are we to war against this
 iniquity which curses every community
 on earth? First by refusing to listen to or
 believe a whisper. Every court of the land
 has a law, and decent companies
 have for a law, that you must hold people
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 and slung and halloo until the forest echoes an-
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 lated not only our hand, but our tongue,
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 evening twilight of a gathering night, but
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 ments after, and the stars were almost in-
 visible. I looked out an hour or two after-
 wards. Not a star was to be seen. What
 was the matter with the stars? Had they
 melted into darkness? No. They had
 melted into the glorious light of a Sabbath
 morn.

The Vicissitudes of an Emperor.

The vicissitudes which Louis Na-
 poleon experienced almost from the
 cradle to the grave were probably all
 but unexampled. He was a fugitive
 before he could speak articulately. In
 the interval between his 20th and his
 40th year he was a prisoner in Stras-
 burg, Lorient, Ham and the Concier-
 gerie. He was an outlaw for more than
 half his life. There were incidents, at
 Strasburg, and later at Boulogne,
 which brought upon him the mock and
 jeer of Europe. He carried a baton as
 a special constable in Park Lane on
 Chartists' Day. Then, by a sudden
 turn of fortune, he became President
 of the French Republic. The Coup
 d'Etat made him Emperor of the
 French; and thenceforth for fifteen
 years he was, perhaps, the most-con-
 sidered man of Europe. It was said of
 him that on being asked whether he
 should not find it difficult to rule the
 French nation he replied, "Oh, no!
 nothing is more easy. Il leur faut une
 guerre tous les quatre ans." (They
 just need a war every four years.) This
 policy held good in a modified degree.
 The Crimean war was for him a suc-
 cess, although not precisely a triumph;
 the Italian campaign, in spite of its
 hard-fought victories, ended abruptly
 in approximation to a failure. The
 Mexican expedition was an utter fiasco.
 Yet Napoleon might have gone on with
 his program of a war every four years
 but for the circumstances that there
 happened to be in Europe in the mid-
 dle 'Sixties an infinitely stronger,
 more masterful and more ruse man
 than the dreamy and decaying Na-
 poleon. When he and Bismarck
 walked along the Biarritz beach in Oc-
 tober, 1865, Bismarck expounding his
 political speculations as they strolled
 —"Is he mad?" the Emperor whispered
 to Prosper Merimee, on whose arm
 he leaned. Napoleon had very soon to
 recognize that madness had no part
 in the character of Otto von Bis-
 marck. The Prussian Premier was his
 superior in energy, in determination,
 and in finesse; and he foiled the
 French Emperor at every turn.—Arch-
 bald Forbes ("Life of Napoleon III.")

New tailor-made costumes of all silk are
 being introduced by Paris dressmakers.

The telegraphic and telephone lines of the
 world aggregate 2,000,000 miles. The miles of
 wire 5,500,000.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
 To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag-
 nific, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-
 To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men
 strong. All druggists, 50c or 1c. Cure guaran-
 teed. Booklet and sample free. Address
 Sterling Remedial Co., Chicago or New York.

The new suspension bridge over the Ni-
 agara River at Lewiston is about completed,
 and soon the electric cars will be crossing it.

Conductor E. D. Loomis, Detroit, Mich.,
 says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is
 wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by
 Druggists, etc.

An analyst has made the discovery that
 California roses contain 30 per cent. more
 perfume than those grown elsewhere.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
 Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever.
 10c, 25c. H. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

A Faring Shot.
 "Perhaps it is best after all," re-
 marked the rejected suitor as he lingered
 in the hall. "A man of 25 would
 soon tire of a wife who hovered
 round the 32 mark." "Why, Mr. Ar-
 dent," said the woman in the case,
 "how very ungrateful of you to insinuate
 that I am 32." "Well, perhaps
 you are not," he replied, "but it cer-
 tainly struck me that you were some-
 where near the freezing point."

Only Thirty and Gray
 How is this?
 Perhaps sleepless nights
 caused it, or grief, or sick-
 ness, or perhaps it was care.
 No matter what the cause,
 you cannot wish to look old
 at thirty.
 Gray hair is starved hair.
 The hair bulbs have been
 deprived of proper food or
 proper nerve force.

Ayer's Hair Vigor
 Increases the circulation in
 the scalp, gives more power
 to the nerves, supplies miss-
 ing elements to the hair
 bulbs.
 Used according to direc-
 tions, gray hair begins to
 show color in a few days.
 Soon it has all the softness
 and richness of youth and
 the color of early life returns.
 Would you like our book
 on the Hair? We will gladly
 send it to you.

Write us!
 If you do not obtain all the
 benefits you expect from the
 Vigor, write the doctor
 about it. He may be able to
 suggest something of value
 to you. Address, Dr. J. C.
 Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Credit Where It Is Due.
 "I am afraid that our new son-in-
 law's aristocratic traditions will make
 it difficult for him to hold his own in
 financial affairs." "I kind of felt that
 way," replied her husband, "but don't
 let's be hasty in judging him. I must
 say he talked right up like a business
 man when it came to fixing a dowry."
 —Washington Star.



To get the best results you must use the best
 materials.
 You need expect only poor laundering with poor
 soap, but you will find dainty articles that have been
 washed with Ivory Soap restored to their original
 freshness with unchanged colors.
 Nothing that will stand the application of plain
 water will be injured by Ivory Soap.

IVORY SOAP IS 99% PURE.
 (COPYRIGHT 1893 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO. CINCINNATI)

WINCHESTER
Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells.
 "LEADER" loaded with Smokeless powder and "NEW
 RIVAL" loaded with Black powder. Superior to all
 other brands for
**UNIFORMITY, RELIABILITY AND
 STRONG SHOOTING QUALITIES.**
 Winchester Shells are for sale by all dealers. Insist upon
 having them when you buy and you will get the best.

TRICKS THAT ARE LIGHT.
 And Cause Objects to Shine Forth When
 All About Is Dark.

Many seemingly wonderful tricks
 can be performed with the use of a few
 simple chemicals. One of them is the
 ball of fire. Take for this barium sul-
 phate (CP), one part; magnesium car-
 bonate (CP), one part; gum tragacanth,
 1/2 part. This should be mixed and rolled
 into marbles and kept at a red heat
 for about an hour, then allowed to
 cool slowly and placed in a glass-stopped
 bottle. A few hours before using
 place in the sun, and the marbles at
 once become luminous. At the enter-
 tainment ordinary marbles are passed
 among the audience, one or more of
 the luminous marbles being concealed
 in the hand. The exhibitor then takes
 a marble from some one in the au-
 dience, holds it between his thumb and
 forefinger, blows upon it, and asks to
 have the lights turned down. As this
 is done he substitutes the luminous
 marble, and the mysterious light is
 seen. This is handed around, and
 changes again as the light is turned
 on, when the magician presents to the
 audience several of the ordinary mar-
 bles as souvenirs. Another trick is
 very effective. Take two similar
 bunches of artificial flowers; brush one
 over with glue or mucilage and powder
 it with the dust from one of the mar-
 bles described; then place in the sun.
 When taken into a darkened room
 luminous flowers are seen. The magician
 exhibits the flowers that have not been
 prepared and shows that there is nothing
 peculiar about them; then, as the
 light is turned down, he substitutes
 the concealed bunch, blows upon the
 flowers, and presto! displays to the
 astonished observers a luminous bunch,
 each flower of which stands out as if
 at white heat. Luminous letters can
 be written and exhibited in the dark to
 the wonder of the audience. Luminous
 ink is made by placing a piece of phos-
 phorus about the size of a pea in a test
 tube with a little olive oil. Place the
 tube in a water bath until the oil be-
 comes heated and the phosphorous
 liquid. Shake well and pour into a
 bottle with a glass stopper. Admit air
 just previous to using it, and the liquid
 will become luminous tracery in the
 dark. Water can be rendered luminous
 in a very simple manner. Dissolve a
 small piece of phosphorus in ether for
 several days in a glass-stopped bot-
 tle. In this place a lump of sugar,
 then drop the sugar in water, which
 will at once become luminous. Lum-
 inous paints can be made any color—
 green, yellow, violet or blue—and if
 applied to various objects make a won-
 derful display at night.

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