Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease?

It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Tired, Aching, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The ancient Incas kept their records and accounts by means of many-colored yarns called "quipus."

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 impurities 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 druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

About 10,000,000 feet of birch wood will be sent this year from Maine to England and Scotland for spools.

All Skin Diseases Cured,

By a wonderful ointment called Tetterine. "It is the only thing that gives me relief," writes Mrs. M. E. Latimer, Biloxi, Miss. She had an itchy breaking out on her skin. It cures tetter, salt rheum, and all other skin troubles. 50c. per box at your druggists, or send the amount in stamps to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

In Berlin the pawnshop is a royal and philanthropic institution. Any profit that is made is spent in charity.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

☞ Sold by Druggists; price, 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The price of medicine in Prussia is regulated by the state, a new price-list being published every year.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

It is said that the peasant of the South of France spends on food for a family of five an average of two pence a day.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

It is proposed to build a canal to connect the Wisconsin lakes.

"You Never Miss the Water Till the Well Runs Dry."

We never realize the value of health until it is gone. When old time strength and vigor are wanting, purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla; soon restored appetite, perfect digestion, steady nerves and even temper will prove it is bringing back the glow of perfect health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints.

Kites and Thunderstorms.

Mr. William A. Eddy, of Bayonne, New Jersey, finds that he can predict the approach of thunderstorms when they are yet so distant that their attendant clouds have not come into view by means of high-flying kites. The kites inform him of the electrical condition of the atmosphere, which assume a recognizable character in advance of such storms. Thunderstorms have the peculiarity of advancing in lines hundreds of miles in length, the storms composing such an array, keeping, in a general way, abreast of one another, like skirmishers leading a line of battle.

Cold Does Not Make Metal Brittle.

The common belief that steel and iron become brittle and more liable to break when subjected to great cold is contradicted by the results of experiments made at Cornell university. It has been shown there that the strength of steel and wrought iron is least at a temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and that it increases when the temperature either rises or falls from that point. At 500 degrees above zero and at 60 degrees below zero the strength is increased about 20 per cent. The elastic limit rises slightly with increase of cold.

By showing a persistency in running for office some men manage to acquire a vested right in public support.

A Letter to Mrs. Pinkham Brought Health to Mrs. Archambo.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 42,395]

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For two years I felt tired and so weak and dizzy that some days I could hardly go around the house. Backache and headache all the time and my food would not digest and had such pains in the womb and troubled with leucorrhœa and kidneys were affected.

"After birth of each child I grew weaker, and hearing so much of the good you had done, I wrote to you and have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one box of Lozenges, one box of Liver Pills, one package of Sanative Wash, and to-day I am feeling as well as I ever did. When I get up in the morning I feel as fresh as I did when a girl and eat and sleep well and do all of my work. If ever I feel weak again shall know where to get my strength. I know your medicine cured me."—MRS. SALINA ARCHAMBO, CHARLEMONT, MASS.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled; for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women a year. All women who suffer are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which will be promptly given without charge.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: Advice For the Vacation—Take the Bible Along—Pleasure Seekers Admonished Not to Leave Religion Behind—Temptations at Watering Places.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—At this season of the year, when all who can get a vacation are taking it, this discourse of Dr. Talmage is suggestive and appropriate. The text is John v., 2, 3: "A pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water."

Outside the city of Jerusalem there was a sanative watering place, the popular resort for invalids. To this day there is a dry basin of rock which shows that there may have been a pool there 360 feet long, 130 feet wide and seventy-five feet deep. This pool was surrounded by five piazzas, or porches, or bathing houses, where the patients tarried until the time when they were to step into the water. So far as revivigoration was concerned it must have been a Saratoga and a Long Branch on a small scale, a Leamington and a Brighton combined—medical and therapeutic. Tradition says that at a certain season of the year there was an officer of the government who would go down to that water and pour in it some healing quality, and after that the people would come and get the medication, but I prefer the plain statement of Scripture that at a certain season an angel came down and stirred up or troubled the water, and then the people came and got the healing. That angel of God that stirred up the Judaean watering place had his counterpart in the angel of healing who in our day steps into the mineral waters of Congress, or Saratoga, or Sulphur Springs, or into the salt sea at Cape May and Nahant, where multitudes who are worn out with commercial and professional anxieties, as well as those who are afflicted with rheumatic, neuralgic and splenetic diseases, go and are cured by the thousands. These blessed Bethesdas are scattered all up and down our country.

We are at a season of the year when rail trains are laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the seashore. Multitudes of our citizens are away for a restorative absence. The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long, silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen. The trout make fatal snap at the hook of adroit sportsmen, who toss their spotted brilliance into the game basket. The baton of the orchestral leader taps the music stand on the hotel green, and American life has put on festal array, and the rumbling of the ten-pin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green baized billiard tables, and the jolting of the barroom goblets, and the explosive uncorking of the champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rustle of the ballroom dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race course and other signs of social dissipation attest that the season for the great American watering place is in full play. Music! Flute and drum and cornet-a-piston and slapping cymbals wake the echoes of the mountains. Glad am I that fagged out American life for the most part has an opportunity to rest and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda. I believe in watering places. They recuperate for active service many who were worn out with trouble or overwork. They are national restoratives. Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor, a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles, "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work. But I have to declare this truth to-day that some of our fashionable watering places are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number," and amid the congratulations of this season and the prospect of the departure of many of you for the country I must utter a warning, plain, earnest and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else; but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the door bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering places. I never knew any one to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain House, or Sharon Springs, or the Falls of Montmorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks and Sunday rides and Sunday excursions. Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara Falls or the White Mountains, take a day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration, and in those churches, from the way the ladies hold their fans, you know that they are not so much impressed with the heat as with the picturesqueness of half disclosed features. Four puny souls stand in the organ loft and squall a tune that nobody knows, and worshipers with $2000 worth of diamonds on the right hand drop a cent into the poor box, and then the benediction is pronounced, and the farce is ended. The toughest thing I ever tried to do was to be good at a watering place. The air is bewitched with the "world, the flesh and the devil." There are Christians who in three or four weeks in such a place have had such terrible rents made in their Christian robe that they had to keep darning it until Christmas to get it mended.

The health of a great many people makes an annual visit to some mineral spring an absolute necessity, but take your Bible along with you and take an hour for secret prayer every day, though you be surrounded by guffaw and saturnalia. Keep holy the Sabbath, though they deride you as a bigoted Puritan. Stand off from gambling hells and those other institutions which propose to imitate on this side the water the iniquities of Baden Baden. Let your moral and your immortal health keep pace with your physical recuperation and remember that all the sulphur and chalybeate springs cannot do you so much good as the healing, perennial flood that breaks forth from the "Rock of Ages." This may be your last summer. If so, make it a fit vestibule of heaven.

Another temptation hovering around nearly all our watering places is the horse racing business. We all admire the horse, but we do not think that its beauty or speed ought to be cultured at the expense of human degradation. The horse race is not of such importance as the human race. The Bible intimates that a man is better than a sheep, and I suppose he is better than a horse, though, like Job's stallion, his neck be clothed with thunder. Horse races in olden times were under the ban of Christian people, and in our day the same institution has come up under fictitious names. And it is called a "summer meeting," almost suggestive of positive religious exercises. And it is called an "agricultural fair," suggestive of everything that is improving in the art of farming. But under these deceptive titles are the same cheating, and the same betting, and the same drunkenness, and the same vagabondage, and the same abomination that were to be found under the old horse racing system.

Long ago the English government got through looking to the turf for the dragoon and the light cavalry horse. They found out that the turf depreciates the stock, and it is worse yet for men. Thomas Hughes, the member of parliament and the author known all the world over, hearing that a new turf enterprise was being started in this country, wrote a letter in which he said, "Heaven help you, then, for of all the cankers of our old civilization there is nothing in this country approaching in unblushing meanness, in rascality holding its head high, to this belauded institution of the British turf." Another famous sportsman writes, "How many fine domains have been shared among these hosts of rapacious sharks during the last 200 years, and, unless the system be altered, how many more are doomed to fall into the same gulf?" With the bullfights of Spain and the bear baitings of the pit may the Lord God annihilate the infamous and accursed horse racing of England and America!

Another temptation hovering around the watering place is the formation of hasty and lifelong alliances. The watering places are responsible for more of the domestic infelicities of this country than nearly all other things combined. Society is so artificial there that no sure judgment of character can be formed. They who form companionships amid such circumstances go into a lottery where there are twenty blanks to one prize. In the severe tug of life you want more than glitter and splash. Life is not a ballroom, where the music decides the step and bow and prance and graceful swing of long train can make up for strong common sense. You might as well go among the gayly painted yachts of a summer regatta to find war vessels as to go among the light spray of the summer watering place to find character that can stand the test of the great struggle of human life. In the battle of life you want a stronger weapon than a lace fan or a croquet mallet. The load of life is so heavy that in order to draw it you want a team stronger than that made up of a masculine grasshopper and a feminine butterfly. If there is any man in the community who excites my contempt and who ought to excite the contempt of every man and woman it is the soft handed, soft headed dude, who, perfumed until the air is actually sick, spends his summer in striking killing attitudes and waving sentimental adieux and talking infinitesimal nothings and finding his heaven in the set of a lavender kid glove. Boots as tight as an inquisition. Two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flashing cravat. His conversation made up of "Abs!" and "Obs!" and "He hes!"

There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering place; her conversation made up of French moonshine; what she has in her head only equaled by what she had on her back; useless ever since she was born and to be useless until she is dead unless she becomes an intelligent Christian. We may admire music and fair faces and graceful step, but amid the heartlessness and the inflation and the fantastic influences of our modern watering places beware how you make lifelong covenants.

Another temptation that hovers over the watering place is that of baneful literature. Almost every one starting off for the summer takes some reading matter. There is more pestiferous trash read among the intelligent classes in July and August than in all the other ten months of the year. Men and women who at home would not be satisfied with a book that was not really sensible I find sitting on hotel piazza or under the trees reading books the index of which would make them blush if they knew that you knew what the book was. "Oh," they say, "you must have intellectual recreation!" Yes. There is no need that you take along to a watering place "Hamilton's Metaphysics" or some ponderous discourse on the eternal decrees or "Faraday's Philosophy." There are many easy books that are good. You might as well say, "I propose now to give a little rest to my digestive organs, and instead of eating heavy meat and vegetables I will for a little while take lighter food, a little strychnine and a few grains of ratsbane." Literary poison in August is as bad as literary poison in December. Mark that. Do not let the frogs of a corrupt printing press jump into your Saratoga trunk or White Mountain valise. Are there not good books that are easy to read—books of entertaining travel, books of congenial history, books of pure fun, books of poetry, ringing with merry canto; books of fine engravings, books that will rest the mind as well as purify the heart and elevate the whole life? There will not be an hour between this and your death when you can afford to read a book lacking in moral principle.

Another temptation hovering all around our watering places is intoxicating beverages. I am told that it is becoming more and more fashionable for women to drink. I care not how well a woman may dress, if she has taken enough of the wine to flush her cheek and put a glassiness on her eye she is drunk. She may be handed into a $2500 carriage and have diamonds enough to astound the Tiffanys'—she is drunk. She may be a graduate of the best young ladies' seminary and the daughter of some man in danger of being nominated for the presidency—she is drunk. You may have a larger vocabulary than I have, and you may say in regard to her that she is "convivial," or she is "merry," or she is "festive," or she is "exhilarated," but you cannot with all your garlands of verbiage cover up the plain fact that it is an old fashioned case of drunk.

Whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanness. Wells of salvation. Streams from Lebanon. A flood struck out of the rock by Moses. Fountains in the wilderness discovered by Hagar. Water to drink and water to bathe in. The river of God, which is full of water. Water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst. Wells of water in the valley of Baca. Living fountains of water. A pure river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of God. These are watering places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bills to pay. It is "without money and without price." No long and dusty travel before we get there. It is only one step away.

In California in five minutes I walked around and saw ten fountains all bubbling up, and they were all different, and in five minutes I can go through this Bible parterre and find you fifty bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life—healing and therapeutic. A chemist will go to one of these summer watering places and take the water, and analyze it, and tell you it contains so much of iron, and so much of soda, and so much of lime, and so much of magnesia. I come to this gospel well, this living fountain, and analyze the water, and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, heaven. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye" to this watering place! Crowd around this Bethesda. Oh, you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying, crowd around this Bethesda! Step in it, oh, step in it! The angel of the covenant to-day stirs the water. Why do you not step in it? Some of you are too weak to take a step in that direction. Then we take you up in the arms of prayer and plunge you clear under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Captain Naaman, who, blotched and carbuncled, stepped into the Jordan, and after the seventh dive came up, his skin roseate complexioned as the flesh of a little child.

TRAMP TRAVEL.

How the Professional Vagabond Gets About from Place to Place.

At the request of the general manager of a large railroad company, Mr. Josiah Flynt, the tramp expert, spent two months recently in investigating the company's efforts to put a stop to stealing rides. He found that of all the roads in America this one had the worst reputation among the "hoboes." The "railroad fever" is hard to cure, but it is one that it behooves the companies to treat heroically. Writing in the "Century," Mr. Flynt says: Can the tramp be driven off the railroads? It was to satisfy my own curiosity in regard to this question, and to find out how successful my employer, the general manager, had been in his attempt to answer it in the affirmative, that I undertook the investigation which I have described. Previous to his efforts to keep tramps off railroads, it had been thought, as he has stated, that it was cheaper to put up with them, nuisance though they were, than to pay the bills which a crusade against them would occasion. It has at last been demonstrated, however, that tramps can be refused free transportation by one of our greatest railroads, with a saving of expense to the company and with great benefit to the community, and the time has come when the public is justified in demanding that all railroads take a like stand in regard to this evil. If all the railroads would agree upon concerted action against the tramps, in a few years the following very satisfactory results would be achieved: First, very few tramps, if any, would beat their way on trains; second, an appreciable number of them would give up tramping entirely, because their present privileges are to many the main attractions of the life; third, a few would try to become professional criminals again, partly out of revenge and partly because tramping on the turnpikes would be too disagreeable; and, fourth, a large number would take to the highways, where some might be made to do farm work, and where all would, at least, be in touch with farm life. The reader may take exception to the third possibility, and think that great harm would come of an increase in the professional criminal class, but, as I have said, tramps really are discouraged criminals, and a return to the old life, of which they made a failure, would only land them in the penitentiary. It is probably impossible ever entirely to eliminate the vagrant element in a nation's life, and no such hope is held out in connection with the reform advocated in this article, but this much is certain: Had all the railroads been as close to tramps, during my first excursions into Hoboland, as one of them has recently become, one man, at least, would not have attempted any free riding, and would not have found so many tramps to study

Lighthouse on Rails.

Moving a lighthouse by rail is a novel sight to which an English community has recently been treated. The house is made almost entirely of steel, weighs 120 tons and had to be drawn part of the distance through water. Its removal was necessitated by the gradual encroachments of the sea, by which the beach between Yarmouth and Harwich is slowly disappearing. So steady have these encroachments been that this is the third time the old Lowestoft Low lighthouse has had to be moved. This time it was placed 250 feet further inland. The former foundations, together with a number of cottages which surrounded the light, are mostly under water. The removal was made by a local contractor. Two engines were engaged in the work.

A jest is a very serious thing.—Churchill.

Ayer's Pills

Look at your tongue! If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers
50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 & $3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.

Worth $4 to $6 compared with other makes.
Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.
ALL LEATHERS. ALL STYLES
THE GENUINE have W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on bottom.
Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest makers of $3 and $3.50 shoes in the world. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send you a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue Free.
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

GO TO SCHOOL. BOARD & ROOM $2.00 a Week. Tuition low. All books FREE. SITUATIONS GUARANTEED. Over 50 Remington and Smith Premier typewriters. 204 students last year from 7 States. 8th year. Send for catalogue. Address, Dept 21. STRAYER'S BUSINESS COLLEGE, Baltimore, Md.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

We cannot believe all we read in all advertisements, but when we see an article advertised month after month and year after year, we know that it must be a good thing.

If you do not use Ivory Soap, try it, and you will find that the claims for it are moderate.

Ivory Soap is good because it is made by men who have been soap manufacturers all of their lives, they know how to select their materials and how to make pure soap.

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MONEY IN A TOMBSTONE.

Has Proved a Good Investment for Mr. Crane.

As a money making scheme a monument in a graveyard would ordinarily be considered a queer investment, yet in the Williamstown cemetery there is such a monument that has answered its purpose well, says the Williamstown, Ky., Dispatch.

Twelve years ago a marble works company made a proposition to W. G. Cram, one of the rich men of Grant county, to erect a monument in his private lot, to be paid for at once, but to pay interest at the rate of 10 per cent upon the cost price to himself as long as he should live. It was to cost $1,500. The company's terms were accepted and the monument was built, a space being left vacant thereon to chronicle the birth and death of Mr. Cram, together with his good deeds. Mr. Cram is yet alive and bids fair to live many years more, though he has passed the age of three-score-and-ten, and the monument has already paid him in dividends $300 more than the original cost of building. Last Thursday, during a windstorm, the shaft was broken off fifteen feet from the ground, but it will be repaired at the company's expense.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

TELEPHONES IN HAWAII.

There is one telephone to every fifty-two inhabitants in the Hawaiian islands, and one to every forty-one persons in the principal island of Oahu; and a Honolulu letter to the Chicago Record makes it clear that in these new possessions of ours the telephone is really a public "institution."

Isolated as the islands are, the arrival of a steamship from a foreign land is of interest to almost every one. The government maintains a lookout station on Diamond Head, from which approaching vessels can be sighted while still from twenty to forty miles distant. As soon as a steamer is sighted "central" is notified.

"Central" then notifies the pilot office, the port physician, the board of health, the custom house, the postoffice, the newspaper offices and a few other persons who have a particular interest in early information of this character. Then the electric light company is notified, and it gives two long whistles if the steamer is from America, and three if it is from any other part of the world.

For two minutes after these whistles are blown no telephone connections are made, but the force at "central" keeps repeating the name of the steamer and its location, as "Australia off Koko Head," or "China off Waianae," so that all any one needs to do is to go to the nearest telephone, put the receiver to his ear and learn what steamer it is and where it is.

If the steamer brings any striking piece of news of general interest "central" gives it to everybody who calls up for a connection. In this way the destruction of the Maine was known all over the island within ten minutes after the Zealandia, which brought the news, was at the wharf.

If an important personage dies, the news is distributed in the same way, and "central" can always be depended on to give the hour and place of a funeral as soon as the hour is fixed. In New York and Chicago, if you want to make an inquiry, you ask a policeman. In Honolulu you ask "central."

The meat markets have a list of their regular customers at "central," and at about 6 o'clock each evening "central" calls them all up in order and takes their orders for the next morning's breakfast.

Gold and Coal Export.

The South African republic exported last year 4,505,015 ounces of gold and nearly 40,000 tons of coal.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Women among the ancient Greeks seldom appeared in public.

After six years' suffering I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMSON, 269½ Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, 1894.

A man in Belmont county, Ohio, has a dog addicted to tobacco and beer.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The largest brass and copper mill in the world is at Waterbury, Conn.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets, Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Great Britain buys more than 20,000 horses in the United States every year.

SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

DYSPEPSIA

"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even toast. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."
DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 311

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

CARTER'S INK
—None so good, but it costs no more than the poorest.

B N U 35.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use | **Thompson's Eye Water**