Castle of Ulysses.

In Ithaca there are ruins which are generally known as the castle of Ulysses. Although cyclopean walls with gate openings are found, and the site, which at 400 feet above the sea. was adapted for the residence of a pirate chief, many archaeologists have been doubtful whether the identification of the place should continue to be accepted. Dr. Dorpfeld has been provided with funds to undertake a more thorough exploration of the ruins that has hitherto been attemptcd. Several years ago he examined the island of Ithaca and fixed on a site in another part of it. He has since come to the conclusion that the residence of Ulysses is not to be found there, but in the island of Leucadia o: Eanta Mora and near the town of Leucas, which some have identified as the Homeric Nericus. Leucadia, it will be remembered, has poetic associations for from one of the cliffs Sapho committed suicide. She was passionately in love with a beautiful youth name! Phaon, and as she failed to obtain a return of affection she is said to have thrown herself from the promontory under the belief that those who took that leap would be cured of their love. if not destroyed.

In the aquarium of the Calcutta zoological society is a monster crab, recently captured in the Indian ocean, that is attracting the attention of the scientists. The huge crustacean was caught a mile from shore. Its body is nearly two feet in diameter and its elaws are more than a yard long. It has enormous eyes that protrude in such a way as to give it a very ferocious appearance. The habits of the creature justify its looks, for on being placed in a large vessel filled with sta water and which contained fifty crustaceans and other fishes it devoured the living contents in about two hours. The, most remarkable thing about the giant crab, however, is tha: at night it emits phosphorescent sparks of milky whiteness which make bright the entire vessel.

Phosphorescent Sea Monster.

Mystery of the Ho seshoe.

In days gone by there was a little fishing village of the name of Mavisoun, near Nairn, where the natives were thought to be foolish folk. One day one of the inhabitants found an old horseshee on the shore, and, as they had never seen such a thing before, no one knew what it was. Some one suggested that it was the new moon, but the oldest and wisest fisherman declated that if that were so, it would he in the sky. He had long would be in the sky. He had long wondered, however, what became of the old moons and he thought after the old moons and he thought after this discovery the mystery was solve! -that after the old moons were done with they fell to the earth and horse- that it is toward evening. shoe was one of them.

REV. DR. TALMAGE. THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDA DISCOURSE.

lubject: Thickening Gloom - Growing Old Without Religion a Dismal Pros-

pect-Consoling Suggestions to Those Who Have Passed Life's Meridian. (Copyright 1999.1

WASHINGTON, D. C. -- In his sermon Dr. Talmage discourses upon the invita-ion given to Christ to stay overnight in the Oriental village, and makes some con-solatory suggestions. The text is Luke exiv, 29. "Abide with us, for it is toward

Two villagers, having concluded their trrand in Jerusalem, have started out at the city gate and are on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart. Jesus, who had been their admiration and their joy, had been basely massacred and entombed. As, with sad face and broken heart, they on their way a stranger accosts They tell Him their anxieties and hem. bitterness of soul He in turn talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures. He throws over them the fascination of intelligent conversation. They forget the time and notice not the objects they pass and before they are aware have come in front of their house. They pause before the entrance and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press upon Him their hospitalities. Night is soming on, and He may meet a prowling wild beast, or be obliged to be unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much farther bow. Why not stop there and continue their pleasant conversion? They take Him by the arm, and they insist upon His g in. addressing Him in the words. 'Abide with us, for it is toward evening.' The lamps are lighted, the table is spread leasant socialties are enkindled. They reoice in the presence of this stranger guest. He asks a blessing upon the bread they eat and He hands a piece of it to each. Suddenly and with overwhelming power the thought flashes upon the rstounded peo-ple-it is the Lord! And as they sit in breathless wonder, looking upon the resur-rected body of Jesus, He vanished The

With many of us it is a bright sunshiny lay of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf rustling in the forest. no chill in the air. But we cannot expect all this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight of ioy. The sun will after ewhile near the horizon: the shadows will lengthen. While I speak many of us stand in the very hour flescribed in the text, "For it is The request of the text toward evening." is appropriate for some in every commu-nity, for with them it is toward the evening of old age. They have passed the me-ridian of life. They are sometimes star-tled to min's how old they are. They do

however, like others to remark upon not. If others suggest their approximation toward venerable appearance, the "Why, I am not so old, after all." they say do, indeed, notice that they cannot lift quite as much as once; they cannot wa'k quite so fast; they cannot read quite so well without spectacles; they cannot so easily recover from a cough or any occasional ailment: they have lost their taste for merriment; they are surprised at the quick passage of the year: they say that it only seems but a little while ago that they their wark, something in their changing associations. something above, something beneath, something within to remind then

The great want of all such is to have Jesus abide with them. It is a dismal thing to be getting old without the rejuvenating influence of religion. When we stop on the down grade of life and see ' at it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across it. When the sight we need the faith that can illumine. When we feel the failure of the ear, we need the clear tones of that voice which in o'den times broke up the silence of the deaf with cadences of mercy. When the ax-men of death hew down whole forests of Solomon Valley railroads were sold strength and beauty around us and we under the hammer recently, and were are left in solitude, we need the dove of divine mercy to sing in our branches. When the shadows begin to fall and we feel that the day is far spent, we need most of all to supplicate the beneficent Jesus in the prayer of the villagers. "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." The request of the text is an appropriate exclamation for all those who are ap-proaching the gloomy hour of temptation. proaching the gloomy hour of temptation. There is nothing easier than to be good natured when everything pleases, or to be humble when there is nothing to puff us un, or forgiving when we have not been assailed, or honest when we have no in-ducement to fraud. But you have felt the grapple of some temptation. Your nature at some time quaked and groaned under the infernal power. You feel that the devil was after you; you saw your Christian was after you; you saw your Christian graces retreating; you fc. ed that you would fail in the awful wrestle with sin and be thrown into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen. In all the trembling of your soul, in all the infernal suggestions of Satan, in all the surging un of turnultuous passions and excitements, you felt with awful emphasis that it was toward even-ing. In the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. You can beat back the monster that would devour you; you can unhorse the sin that would ride you down; you can sharpen the battleax with which you split the head of helmeted abomination. Who helped Paul shake the brazen gated heart of Felix? Who acted like a good sailor when all the crew howled in the Mediterranean shipwreck? Who helped the martyrs to be firm when one word of recantation would have unfastened the withes of the stake and put out the kindling fire? When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came ridand all the denizens of darkness came of ing upon the winds of perdition, who gave strength to the soul? Who gave calmess to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment? He who heard the request of the villagers, "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." Ong of the forts of France was attacked, and the outworks were taken before night. The besieging army lay down, thinking that there was but little to do in the morning, and that the soldiery in the fort could be easily made to surrender. But during the night, through a back stairs, they escaped into the country. In the morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was gone. So when we are assaulted by temptation there is always some secret stair by which we might get off. God Woiseley Particalar Abont Uniforms. Lord Wolseley, commander in chief of the British army, is particular about about officially, and expects all officers to appear similarly attired. On arriv-ing at a certain town to inspect the troops a dinner party was given in his bonor to which the officers may in but there are times when approaching sorrow is so evident that we need to be it is any more of a treasure than the oth-irs, but because it is becoming frail. There is something in the check, in the eye and in the walk that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going to be scattered. The utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The

pulse becomes feeble. the complexion light er, the step weaker, the laugh fainter. more romping for that one through hall and parlor. The nursery is darkened by an approaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going down. Night speeds on. It is to-ward evening.

You have long rejoiced in the care of a mother; you have done everything to make her last days happy; you have run with quick feet to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit satherers are looking wistfully at tree. Her soul is rine for herven. that The gates are ready to flash open for trance. But your soul sinks at the thought of separation. You cannot bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face, which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that ebbing, and the grave will soon hide her from your sight. You sit quiet: you feel from your sight. You sit quiet: you fee heavy hearted. The light is fading from the sky; the air is chill. It is toward evening.

The words of the text are pertinent to es all from the fact that we are nearing evening of death. I have heard it the said that we ought to live as though moment were to be our last. I do not be-Neve that theory. As far as preparation is concerned we ought always to be ready. we cannot always be thinking death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention.

mand our attention. When a man is selling poods it is his business to think of the barcain he is making; when a man is pleading in the courts, it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients; when a clerk is adding up accounts it is his duty to keep his fills up his life with thoughts of death is He who far from being the highest style of Christian. I knew a man who used often to say at night. "I wish I might die before morning!" He is now an infidel.

But there are times when we can and right to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when to the soul time ends and eternity begins. We must There is no go through that one pass. There is no roundabout way, no bypath, no circuitous route. Die we must, and it will be to us shameful occurrence or a time of admirable behavior. Our friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back, but no imploration on their part can hinder us. They might offer large retainers, but deeth would not take the fee. The breath will fail, and the eyes will close, and the heart will stop. You may hang the couch gorgeous tapestry, but what does with death care for bed curtains? Yous may hang the room with the finest works of art, but what does death care for pictures? You may fill the house with the wailings of widowhood and orphanage. Dors death mind weeping

Listen to Paul's battle shout with misfortune, hark to mounting Latimer's fire song; look at the glory that hath reft the durgeon and filled the earth and heavens with the crash of the falling manaries of despotism and then look at those who have tried to cure themselves by human prescriptions, attempting to lical gan-grene with patch of court p'aster and to stop the plague of dying empires with the quackery of earthly wisdom. Nothing can speak peace to the soul, nothing can unstrap our crushing burdens, nothing can overcome our spiritual foes, nothing can open our eyes to see the surrounding horses and chariots of salvation that fill all the mountains but the voice and command of Him who stopped one night at

You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headaches and sidelimps with the stone bruise or festers with the thorn or flames on the funeral pyre denied this and accused Robinson of of fevers, for an incorruptible body and an acting as he had done of his own acnot before the famer cates

KEYSTONE STATE,

LATEST NEWS GLEANED FROM VARI. OUS PARTS.

20 HURT IN TROLLEY CRASH

Cars on the West Chester Line Come To. gether at Bergdoll's Hill-Passengers Blame Quarreling Motormen-Justices of the Peace, a Judge Says, Are Too Often Ignorant-Other Live News.

A score of people were injured and one hundred narrowly escaped a like fate in an extraordinary head-on collision between two trolley cars of the Philadelphia and West Chester Traction Company. The crash took place at Bergdoll's Hill, about half way between Philadelphia and West Chester.

The collision was the result of a quarrel between the motormen and conductors as to which car should have the right of way on a single track. After the crash, and when the passengers on the west bound car had somewhat recovered, there was a scene of intense excitement. The wrath of the excited and angry men and women knew no bounds, and they made

strong threats of inflicting summary punishment on the motorman and the conductor of the eastbound car. For a time it was feared that they would be roughly handled, but the persuasive influence of a few who had regained their presence of mind prevailed.

The westbound car, in charge of Charles F. Beerl, conductor, and Harry Otley, motorman, left the Philadelphia city line at Sixty-third and Market streets at 5.45 p. m. Owing to crowds attending a harvest festival it arrived at Lllaherch thirteen minutes late. The conductor telephoned to the central office and received orders

to proceed to the next switch. Before the switch was reached, and when going up a steep incline known as Bergdoll's Hill, the eastbound car was sighted.

It was in charge of Conductor Echoff and Motorman Robinson. Withia thirty yards the westbound car stopped and so did the eastbound. The conductor and motorman of the westbound car informed the conductor and motorman of the other of their orders and asked them to return to the switch. This they indignantly refused

to do and they brought their car to within twenty feet of the other. Then a quarrel ensued between the motormen and conductors as to who should return to the switch.

"If you don't go back I'll run inte you," came in angry tones from the sastbound car. The other car d.d not move. In a moment there was another like threat. The passengers had not time to move, for almost immediately the eastbound car crashed downhill upon the westbound.

Robinson, the motorman, when taken to task by the people and flatly acsused of making the threats and deiberately crashing into the other car blames Conductor Echoff, who, he said, loosened the airbrake at the rear end and gave him the bell. Echoff denied this and accused Robinson of

RHEUMATISM, CATARRH ARE BLOOD DISEASES-CURE FREE.

B. B. B. cures deep-seated cases after all else fails. If you have aches in bones, joints of back, swollen glands, loose control of muscles, tainted breath. ringing in ears, mattery, slimy discharge, sores on lining of the nose or throat, or thin blood, then take B. B. B. which cures to stay cured by making the blood pure and rich. Over 2000 positive cures to perfect health. Try B. B. B. Druggists, \$1. Trial treatment free by writing B. B. B. Co., 25 Mitchell street, Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble, and medical advice free.

Quail are destroying the crops of the Colorado farmers and have been declared a nuisance by various town and county boards.

We refand 10c for every package of PUT-NAM FADELESS DYE that fails to give satis-faction. Manco Drug Co., Unionville, Mo. Bold by all druggists,

Goshen, a small city in Indiana, has a lower water rate than any other city in the United States. The plant is owned by the municipality, as is also the electric light plant.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, 188.

FRANK J. CHENEY MAKES oath that be is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo. County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATAVEN that cannot

will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every/case of CATAINI that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATAINI CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December. (SEAL A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON. Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous sur-faces of the system. Send for testimonials. free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

About 7000 people in Paris are employed in the preparation of human hair for the market.

Best bor the Gowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until bowels are put right. CASCARATS help nature, cure you without a gripe or psin, produce easy natural movement, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has U.C.C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

On the Island of Madagascar there are three miles of the Tamatave-Tananarivo Railway completed.

Salesmen Wanted.

Two honest, reliable men; experience not abso-lutely necessary; salary and expenses paid. Peerless Tobacco Works Co., Bedford city, Va.

On the Island of Reunion a line of 75 miles of railroad connects St. Pierre St. Denis and St. Benoit.

To Core a Cold in One Day.

Take JAXATIVE BROWO QUININE TABLETS. All druggi is refund the m ney if it fulls to cure, E. W. GROVE's signature is on each out. 15c. In 24 hours nearly 700 trains pass in and out of New Street Station, Birmingham.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infailible medicine for coughs and colde.-N. W SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

A division of the wheat crop in Ellis county," Kansas, would not give each resident more than 1,333 bushels.

The ribs of tobacco leaves are among the substances out of which paper is made.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervou -reseafter first da; 's use of Dr. Kilne's Great 's twelkestorer \$ztrial bottle and treatise frea-br. h. H. h LINE, Ltd., &d Arec. st., Phils, P.A.

A married couple living near Throop, Pa., who were childless, have adopted 14 children.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlants, Ga. are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertise-ment in another column of this paper.

Incurable insanity is not a ground for divorce in any State except North Dakota and Idaho.

Carter's lak has the endorsement of the United States government and of all the leading with the With the more evidence? Last year Germany imported 214,139 metric tons of potatees and 1.370.859 of wheat.

A nursery near Mexico, Mo., contains 250,000 young fruit trees, pruned and cultivated to perfection.



FACTORY, BROCKTON, MASS

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We are the largest makers of men's \$3 and 33.50 shoes in the world. We make and sell more \$3 and \$3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the U. S.

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Linan they can get enewhere.] TITE & F. A. Set N mane W L. Douglas Shand Si al chore at. add than any other shaks is because THE W A ME THE BECOT. Your desire should keep them it we give one desire exclusive sale in each town. The ke ness sectorization is a sing W. L. Douglas chose with none and price stamped on bottom If your desire will not get them for yon, and dir at M factor, residening price and the for each for curvers.

W. L. Dungias Shue Co. Brockson, Mines.

ROANOKE, VA.

MORE CALLS FOR GRADUATES

THAN IT CAN SUPPLY.

CHAS, E. ECKERLE, President

Send for Catalogue.

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The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply from and quante in a tasteless form. No cure-no part. Price 50c.

News from Pekin is telegraphed to London at a cost of 5s. 9d. per word.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing : yrup for children technig, softens the gums, reducing inflamma-tior, allays pain, cures wind colic. Zac. a bottle.

Two Kansas Railroads Sold.

The Salina Southwestern and the purchased by Union Pacific interests for \$4,000,000 each. The former runs from Salina, Kan., to McPherson, Kan. and the latter from Solomon to Beloit. The sales were made under an order of the federal court.



If you would have rich, dark, thick hair, your hair must be well nourished.

Gray hair, stunted hair, falling hair, is starved hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is the food for starved hair. It feeds and nourishes.

| J. C. Practical Chemists, | Aver | COMPANY, Lowell, Mass. |
|---|--------|-------------------------------|
| Ayer's Sarsaparilla Ayer's Pills Ayer's Ague Cure | Ayer's | Hair Vigor Cherry Pectors' |

Wolseley Particular About Uniforms, about officially, and expects all officers honor, to which the officers were invited. One of the officers inquired if



and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an hour about which no man should be reckless or foolhardy. I doubt not your courage, but I tell you that you will want something better than a strong arm, a good aim and a trusty word when you come to your last battle. You will need a better role than any you in your wardrobe to keep you warm in that place.

Circumstances do not make so much difference. It may be bright day when you push off from the planet, or it may be dark night and while the owl is hooting from the forest. It may be spring, and your soul may go out among the blossoms, apple orchards swinging their censers in the way. It may be winter and the earth in a snow shroud. It may be autumn and the forests set on fire by the retreating year-dead nature laid out in state. It may be with your wife's hand in your hand, or you may be in a strange hotel, with a servant faithful to the last. It may be in the rail train, shot off the switch and tumbling in long reverberation down the embankment-crash, crash!

I know not the time, I know not the mode, but the days of our life are being subtracted away, and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, then seven days, six days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours,-three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left-five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute. Then only seconds left-four sec-onds, three seconds, two seconds, one seconds, three seconds, two seconds, one seconds, ond. Gone! The chapter of life ended! The book closed! The pulses at rest! The feet through with the journey! The hands closed from all work! No word on the lips! No breath in the nostrils! Hair combed back to lie undishevcled by any human hands. The muscles still. The nerves still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still. You might put the steth-oscope to breast and hear no sound. You might put a speaking trumpet to the car, but you could not wake the deafness. No notion. No throb. No life. Still! Still: On carth with many of you the evening is the happiest part of the twenty-four hours. You gather about the stand. You taik and laugh and sing. You recount the day. You pian for the morrow, You have games and repartees. Amid all the toil of the day that is the goal for which you run, and as you take out your watch or look at the descending sun you thrill with the thought that it is toward even-ing. So death comes to the disciple. What if the sun of life is about to set?

Jesus is the dayspring from on high, the perpetual morning of every rausomed spirit. What if the darkuess comes? Jesus is the light of the world and of heaven. What though this earthly house does crumble? Jesus has prepared a house of many mansions. Jesus is the anchor that always holds. Jesus is the fonntain that is never exhausted. Jesus is the evening star hung up aund the gloom of the gathering night.

the gathering night. You are almost through with the abuse and backbiting of enemies. They will call you no more oy evil names. Your good decds will not lønger be misinterpreted or your honor filehed. The troubles of carth will end in the felicities of heaven. To-ward evening! The bereavements of earth will soon be lifted. You will not much longer stand pouring your grief in the tomb like Rachel weeping for her chil-dren or David mourning for Absalom. Broken hearts bound up. Wounds healed. Tears wiped away. Sorrows terminated. No more sounding of the dead march. To-ward evening. Death will come sweet as slumber to the eyelids of the babe, as full rations to a starving soldier, as evening rations to a starving soldier, as evening hour to the exhausted workman. The sky

Two Philadelphians Shot.

Caught coming from the springhouse on Daniel St. Clair's farm in Plymouth township, John McNichol and William Devine, of Philadelphia, were shot and seriously wounded by Daniel St. Clair. Jr. Each man received the full con-

tents of a barrel of buckshot from a gun, and their backs and limbs are covered with wounds. For some time St. Clair has been a victim of petty thefts. A neighbor called and informed him that four men were seen lolter-ing near his barn. Young St. Clair took a gun and went out to investi-He saw two men just coming gate. out of the springhouse, and when they refused to halt he fired. "Both victims were committed on the charge of trespass for a further hearing.

Lectured by the Court.

In charging a jury at Norristown on the question of costs Judge Swartz roundly denounced ignorrant justices of the peace for returning petty cases to courts and cases manifestly without any standing. The occasion for these strictures was the case of Joseph S. Miller, who was charged with fraudulently obtaining board from Isaac Levengood, of Pottstown. It was brought to Court by Squire Scheffy, of Pottstown. In dismissing the case Judge Swartz said:

"This case is all the fault of the justice, Scheffy. It all results from having justices of the peace who know no law and never seem to learn and yet the people persist in electing these kind of men time and again."

Fell 300 I cet and Lives.

John Hartman, a resident of Mt. Washington, 'fell over the hillside and went down a sheer depth of 330 feet but lives to tell it. Beyond bruises, Hartman has no injury. In walking along the hill-top he made a misstep and rolled down the hillside which is a gradual slope for a short distance and then breaks into a jagged precipic

Hartman was found almost uncon-scious. He explained that he grasped at bushes and roots and dug his fingers into the ground as he rolled down.

Thaddeus Stevens' Grave.

The lot-holders of Shreiner's Cemetery, Lancaster, which contains the grave of Thaddeus Stevens, will exchange their lots for burial places in the new Greenwood Cemetery.

Owing to a lack of provision in the will of the late Martin Shreiner, the trustees of the cemetery have been unable to make necessary repairs. The body of 'Thaddeus Stevens,

which was interred in 1868 in Shreiner's Cemtery, in compliance with his request to be buried in a place ac-cessible to white and black, will be removed, with the other bodies, and given the most conspicuous place in Greenwood.

Insect Dectroys Wheat.

The farmers of northern Chester and Montgomery counties, have lost hun-dreds of bushels of wheat, by the ravages of a small black flea.

James Towers, of near Spring City, and W. H. Johnson, of Parkerford, are among the heaviest losers in this neighborhood, the former losing several hundred bushels.

Laborers are in demand to thresh the wheat before the insects' ravages cause further loss.

Happiness cannot be bought, but one of the great hind ances to its attainment can be removed by Adam's Pepsin Tutti Frutti.

The fall term of the Circuit Court in Kansas City, Mo., opened with 300 suits for divorce on the docket.

Under rational treatment the average yield of a bee hive in Palestine is 10 pounds.

HELP FOR WOMEN WHO ARE ALWAYS TIRED.

I do not feel very well, I am so tired all the time. I do not know what s the matter with me."

You hear these words every day; as often as you meet your friends just so often are these words repeated. More than likely you speak the same significant words yourself. and no doubt you do feel far from well most of the time. Mrs. Ella Rice, of Chelsea, Wis. whose portrait we publish, writes that she suffered for two years with bearing-down pains, headache, backache. and had all kinds of miserable feelings. all of which was caused by falling and inflammation of the womb, and after doctoring with physicians and numerous medicines she was entirely cured by



MRS. ELLA RICE Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-

pound. If you are troubled with pains, fainting spells, depression of spirits, reluctance to go anywhere, headache, backache, and always tired, please remember that there is an absolute remedy which will relieve you of your suffering as it did Mrs. Rice. Proof is monumental that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the greatest medicine for suffering women. No other medicine has made the cures that it has, and no other woman has helped so many women by direct advice as has Mrs. Pinkham : her experience is greater than that of any hving per-If you are sick, write and get son. her advice ; her address is Lynn, Mass.





That Little Book For Ladies, Want ALICE MASON, ECCHESTER, N. T.



