H'atered silk—An'umbrella.

"Who is happy on this mundane sphere," sneeringly exclaimed Pessimus. "The girl with her first engagement ring," triumphantly replied Optimus.

Forced to Leave Home.

Over 60 people were forced to leave their homes yesterday to call for a free trial package of Lane's Family Medicine. If your blood is bad, your liver and kidneys out of order, if you are constipated and have headache and an unsightly complexion, don't fail to call on any druggist today for a *free* sample of this grand remedy. The ladies praise it. Everyone likes it. Large sized package 50 cents.

It happened one time that a Mr.
Fell in love with a maiden and kr.
And he said, "Be my wife
And bring joy to my life!"
She said, "No, but I will be your sr."

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Head-Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' drug store.

Bloodgood—"It's dreadful to suffer from loss of memory, isn't it?" Wildman—"Dunno. It depends how much money a fellow has borrowed."

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming Up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's System Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' drugstore.

Robinson Crusoe—"Well, Friday, what have we for dinner to-day?" Friday—"Goat soup, goat chops, boiled goat, roast goat——" Robinson Crusoe—"Don'ts, Friday; I can't go't!"

Put on the Brakes

If you find you are going down hill in point of health. Failing strength, impaired digestion and assimilation are the marks of decline. Check these and other indications of premature decay with the grand vitalizer and restraining tonic, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Beginning at the fountain head, the stomach, the Bitters remedies its inefficiency, corrects its errors, and sets it vigorously at work. The digestive organ is thus enabled to thoroughly separate from the food its nutritive principles, which the blood assimilating, is enriched. Thus is the system nourished, and being nourished strengthened, and almost waste of its tissues stayed. Appetite, the power to rest well, a regular habit are also re-established, and the various functions move once more in their natural and healthful groove. The Bitters, moreover, is a specific for and preventive of malaria complaints, rheumatism, biliousness and kidney troubles. 1m.

A German scientist is confident that chemistry will yet enable us to make bread out of wood. American lumbermen not only make their bread out of it, but their butter also.

Hold it to the Light.

The man who tells you confidentially just what will cure your cold is prescribing Benga's Balsam this year. In the preparation of this remarkable medicine for coughs and colds no expense is spared to combine only the best and purest ingredients. Hold a bottle of Benga's Balsam to the light and look through it; notice the bright, clear look; then compare with other remedies. Large bottles at all druggists, 50 cents and $1. Sample bottle free.

"Gentlemen," said the orator, "go along our wharves from one end to the other, and what will you find?" "Water," remarked the practical young man in the crowd.

Chicago Teacher—"Yes, corned beef is one of our most famous exports. Now, who can tell me what stands next to corned beef?" Boston Little Boy (triumphantly)—"Cabbage."

Life's Mistakes.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. The greatest of all mistakes is to allow a simple cough or cold to take its course, which always ends in death; check it in time, and save life by use of Pan-Tina cough and consumption cure. Price 25 cents. Trial bottles free at Thomas' Drug Store.

Inventor—I would like to interest you in a little invention by which sheep can be shorn by electricity." Broker—(turning to the ticker and looking at the quotations—"My dear sir, that's just what I am doing."

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shrout, Pastor United Brethren Church, Blue Mound, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 26 lbs. in weight."

Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at Reber's Drug Store. Regular sizes 50c. and $1.00.

"Papa's Home To-night" is the title of a new song. So the old man has yielded at last. Let's see, it must be about fifteen years since they began to coax him with "Father, Dear Father, Come Home."

It is dangerous to tamper with irritating liquids and exciting snuffs. Use Ely's Cream Balm, which is safe and pleasant, and is easily applied. It cures the worst cases of catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever giving relief from the first application. Price 50 cents.

It is considered correct for a bridegroom to wear a boutonniere of orange blossoms in his coat. The idea is that he is being married just as much as the bride and is just as glad of it as the girl presumably is.

A Cure For Pimples.

My face for the last few years was covered with pimples so bad, that I used to be ashamed to go anywhere. I took two bottles of Sulphur Bitters and the pimples disappeared. I use them every spring. C. K. Dow, Fall River.

Jeweler—I can set anything that was ever intended to be set and I guarantee all my work. Poultryman—No! mister. I'll give yer $2 to come over an' set my old speckled hen so that she'll stick.

A Fortunate Woman.

Mrs Mary L. Baker, of Ovid, Mich., has reasons to be very thankful. She was a great sufferer from heart disease for years. Was short of breath, had hungry spells, pain in side, fluttering, faintness, etc. After taking two bottles of Dr. Miles' New Heart Cure, she says, "I am better than for 20 years. My mind and eyesight have improved wonderfully. I advise all persons thus afflicted to use this great remedy. T. D. Thomas and W. F. Biery druggists, recommends and guarantees it. Dr. Miles' work on Heart Disease, containing marvelous testimonials, free.

A sharp fakir is making a good income by advertising a sure method of killing all insects. When you send him fifty cents you will receive a printed card on which are these words: "Get your insects to smoke cigarettes; and they will die within an hour. So long."

With a feeble appetite and imperfect digestion, it is impossible for the body to secure the requisite amount of nourishment. Ayer's Sarsaparilla not only stimulates the desire for food, but aids the assimilative organs in the formation of good blood and sound tissue.

GETTIN' ON.

When I was somewhat younger
I was reckoned purty gay;
I had my fling at everything
In a rollickin', college way.
But times have strangely altered
Since sixty years ago.
This age of steam an' things don't seem
Like the age I used to know.
Your modern innovations
Don't suit me, I confess,
As did the ways of the good ol' days—
But I'm gettin' on, I guess.

I set on the piazza
An' hitch round with the sun;
Sometimes, mayhap, I take a nap,
Waitin' till school is done.
An' then I tell the children
The things I done in youth,
An' near as I can (as a venerable man)
I stick to the honest truth.
But the looks of them 'at listen
Seem sometimes to express
The remote idea that I'm gone—you see!
But I'm gettin' on, I guess.

I get up to the mornin'
An', nothin' else to do,
Before the rest are up an' dressed
I read the papers through.
I hang around with the women
All day and hear 'em talk,
An' while they sew or knit I show
The baby how to walk;
An' somehow I feel sorry
When they put away his dress
An' cuts his curls ('cause they's like a girl's)—
I'm gettin' on, I guess.

Sometimes, with twilight round me,
I see, or seem to see,
A distant shore where friends of yore
Linger and watch for me.
Sometimes I've heered 'em callin'
So tenderlike an' low
That it almost seemed like a dream I dreamed,
Or an echo of long ago.
An' sometimes on my forehead
There falls a soft caress,
Or the touch of a hand—you understand—
I'm gettin' on, I guess.

—Chicago News.

A VERY OLD FRIEND.

I had just come out of the postoffice, when I caught sight of a face that seemed familiar to me. It was that of a man of about my own age, with bronzed features and a somewhat attenuated figure. As I was trying to recall when and where I had seen him before, our eyes met, and I immediately perceived that our recognition had been mutual; for he came toward me with a frank expression of pleasure and held out his hand, saying, "Hello, old fellow, who'd have thought of seeing you here?" I don't know why he said this, and of course I don't attempt to defend it, but it is a style of address affected by some men who are as profoundly astonished if they meet you in a restaurant as if they had run across you in the mines of Siberia. I felt a little bit annoyed at his want of originality; however I smiled pleasantly and said as I shook hands, "Well, if you come to that, who'd have thought of seeing you here?"

We stood opposite each other for a few seconds; I simpering somewhat emptily at the nature of our greeting and struggling to recall his name; and he with his head slightly on one side and an expression of courteously suppressed amusement on his face, as if my presence on the steps of the postoffice was one of those inexplicable freaks of chance for which it is hopeless to seek to assign any reasonable law. I gave him a few seconds to digest his astonishment, and then, feeling that the silence was becoming a little embarrassing, I said inconsequently, "Well, what have you been doing all this time?" "Well," he replied, "I've been in Australia, you know." "Oh, ah!" I ejaculated, as if it had for a moment slipped my memory; "why, you went there"—— and I hesitated, as though calculating the exact day of his departure. "Three years ago," he put in shortly, "and quite long enough, too."

I ran over in my mind my acquaintance of three years ago, but could recall no trace of a recollection of my new companion; so, to gain time and to gather fresh information, I asked, "And what sort of a time have you had?" "Oh, much about the same as before," he answered, with a slightly puzzled air.

I candidly admit that the sensible thing for me to have done would have been to own up and admit that I had forgotten my friend's personality. Unfortunately, I am one of those painfully constituted people who shrink with nervous horror from anything in the nature of an explanation, and, in addition, I felt that I had gone too far to cry off without some appearance of sincerity. Besides, he seemed to congratulate himself so warmly upon what he insisted upon looking on as our providential meeting that my lips were sealed and I felt confirmed in the idea that if I let things slide a little longer his name would recur to my mind.

He had slipped his arm through mine as we walked up town, with as easy sense of good fellowship, and said: "Of course you'll dine with me this evening. Now, don't you say you are engaged," he added, as I hesitated for an instant between my desire to have more of my companion and my disinclination to dine under false pretences; "you know they'll be awfully disappointed if they hear I have met you and let you off without a long talk and I join them to-morrow."

I felt constrained to consent against my better judgment and added, in a playfully solicitous manner, "And how are they all?"

"Oh, they are all tiptop—all except the colonel, after a pause and with a slightly subdued air; "I don't think he has ever quite got over that affair."

"Ah," I rejoined, shaking my head sympathetically, "one doesn't get over that sort of thing in a day; but the others?"

"What others?" he said bluntly.

I hesitated, and rejoined vaguely: "Were there not some others?"

He pondered heavily for a few seconds before replying. "Yes, I believe there were some others, but they made no difference."

I was just murmuring, "Very likely not," when he turned to me abruptly and said, "I hope you don't think he came badly out of that business?"

His hand seemed to relax its pressure on my arm, as if he was preparing himself for some censure or coldness on my part.

I felt touched by this little proof of his sensitiveness to my good opinion, and pressed his fingers as I rejoined warmly, "I never heard any one speak otherwise than highly of his conduct in the matter."

He stopped and said shortly: "Why, who knows anything about it? I thought you and I had it all to ourselves."

"Yes, yes," I faltered, and added, inconsequently, "you know you have been away for some time, old fellow."

It did not seem to fit in very well; but he accepted it as an argument, and said: "There is something in that, but don't let people talk about it. I know he relies upon you and me."

There was something so touching in the reliance of this unknown that a glow of sympathetic affection warmed my heart, and I resolved on the spot that his confidence should not be misplaced. Come what might, the secret of that old man's life should never be betrayed by me. Others might make it a subject of club gossip or tea table tittle tattle, but no word of mine should add one drop to the cup of bitterness that had been placed at his lips. There are passages in the lives of all of us which we would wish to have buried in oblivion—the thoughtless follies of youth, the unworthy ambitions of manhood, and the selfish jealousies of old age. Who is there that can stand up and say there is no episode in his life he would not have expunged, forgotten or condoned?

We had turned into a restaurant for a bit of dinner, and those thoughts passed through my mind as we ate our fish. My companion pondered sadly for a few seconds, and then, shaking himself together as though to throw off an unpleasant train of thought, said, more easily, "Now, tell me about yourself, your wife and family."

Before I had time to reflect upon what might be the result of my disclosure I blurted out the simple truth, "I have no wife."

He looked intensely surprised as he said: "My dear fellow I am very sorry. I never heard—"

He paused inquiringly, and again I blurted out, "I never had one."

A look of extreme pain spread over his face as he heard this. He leaned across the table, and laying his hand on mine said, with infinite sympathy: "I see it all. I ought not to have asked you. Forgive me, old fellow, and forget that I have said those words."

I gave him a clammy hand and turned away lest he should detect the conscious guiltiness of my face. I had become confirmed in a suspicion that had been gradually dawning upon my mind that I had never set eyes upon my host before that day, and that I had been carried away by some inexplicable chance resemblance to some remote acquaintance and by his own apparent cordial recognition of myself. There were no blinking the facts, however. Everybody that he mentioned was a total stranger to me, while every incident that I mentioned with a view to drawing him out seemed to find his mind a blank.

My sole object now was to extricate myself from my false position without detection. I got absolutely and hopelessly involved in fable and falsehood, and after having thus lightly taken away the good name of the suppositious mother of my children a sort of despair took possession of me, and a wild desire to avoid exposure or explanation at any cost.

The dinner was good, the wine excellent, and my host geniality itself. We sat late and drank freely, and over our cups I blush to think of the people I married, the old friends I buried, and the characters I took away. But he would have news, and what was I to do? Much of my information seemed to afford him matter for astonishment, and often he ejaculated, "You don't tell me so!" as I conveyed some specially startling piece of news.

However, the time for departure came at last, and my mind was torn with conflicting desires to escape detection and to ascertain his identity.

"You'll come and see us!" he said cordially, as we parted.

"Yes, certainly," I replied: "but where are you putting up now?"

"Oh, the same old quarters," he returned.

"What is the best way to get there?" I asked, as a last hope.

"You can't do better than take a cab," he said, and we parted never to meet again.—True Flag.

The Green Card in the Mail Box.

There is a little green card in use by the postoffice department that is a terror to careless letter carriers. It is a terror only when they have once been caught. Very seldom, indeed, are they caught the second time. This card is dropped in a letter box, and on it is marked the time it was put in and also the time it should be taken out by the carrier. A record is kept by the chief of the carriers, and if that little card does not turn up with the other mail with which it is due it is clearly to be seen that the carrier has not taken the mail from that particular box.

The object, of course, is to test the reliability of the carriers. Where there is any complaint on the part of citizens about the tardiness of local mails, then a little green card is dropped in one or more boxes in the district from which the complaint comes. Sometimes it shows carelessness on the part of the carrier and sometimes it does not. It is, however, not necessary that there should be complaints, for frequently the cards are put in the boxes of the most efficient men. Of course they are happy when they discover them. But where a box is missed in which there is a green card, then the carrier is bound to get into trouble, and very serious trouble at that.—Lewiston Journal.

The Musical Sense in Animals.

The higher animals can also enjoy themselves, as my house cat shows, when she comes at the playing of the piano to sit by the player, and sometimes jumps into her lap or on the key board of the instrument. I know of a dog, too, in a family in Berlin, which comes in in like manner when there is music, often from distant rooms, opening the door with his paw. I knew of another dog, usually thoroughly domestic, which occasionally played the vagabond for love of music. Whenever the semi-annual mass was celebrated in the city he could not be kept at the house. As soon as the so called Bergknappen, who were accustomed to play at this time in the streets, appeared he would run away and follow them from morning till evening.

Evidently neither cats nor dogs, nor other animals that listen to human music, were constituted for the appreciation of it, for it is not of the slightest use to them in the struggle for existence. Moreover, they and their organs of hearing were much older than man and his music. Their power of appreciating music is therefore an uncontemplated side faculty of a hearing apparatus which has become on other grounds what we find it to be. So it is, I believe, with man. He has not acquired his musical hearing as such, but has received a highly developed organ of hearing by a process of selection, because it was necessary to him in the selective process, and this organ of hearing happens also to be adapted to listening to music.—Popular Science Monthly.

A Cat Flirtation.

We see a cat come stealthily rubbing up against a chair leg, the head inclined coquettishly over one shoulder, regarding us with a furtively coaxing smile. With a flirt like that, whether maid or matron, there is no occasion for ceremony. You snatch her up and on your knee; she pretends to be offended and to struggle to escape. But she curls herself up with a sensuous purr when you begin tickling the fur that lies just behind the ear, and thenceforth it is all plain sailing. It is very different with a corpulent and sturdy Tom, who, though he may have luxuriated in comfortable quarters all his life, has, nevertheless, had his sad experiences, and seen something of the worst side of human nature.

Mischievous boys have heaved half bricks at him, ill bred and unsympathetic servants have resented his patrician manners, expelling him with ignominy from the lower regions, and sometimes punching his head. Even his master, who is the reverse of a pussomaniac, may never have appreciated him according to his merits. No wonder that a cat of that stamp should be slightly misanthropic and suspicious. Naturally he mistrusts a stranger's advances, but, nevertheless, there is something in your voice which sends a quiver through his ears and makes him visibly relax the rigidity of his tail.—Saturday Review.

ELECTRIC CANAL BOATS.

Introduction of the New Motive Power Would Ruin the Industry.

There has appeared in a mechanical publication the following statement: An electric engineer, of Buffalo, suggests a plan to reduce very largely the cost of transportation on the Erie canal. His plan is to adopt the trolley system, now generally in use on street railways, to the canal. If the overhead trolley system can be applied to street railways at a cost of about half that of horse power, he argues, why can it not take the place of canal mules with a like reduction of cost? The poles and other appliances for the overhead wires, and in fact the whole plant, covering the whole length of the canal, could be readily arranged without hindrance to navigation. The span would not be too wide at any point.

A reporter asked the opinion of Mr. William C. Miller, the electrical engineer of the Watervliet Railroad company. Mr. Miller said: "Why, certainly it can be done. I do not see why the same motive power of turning a wheel by the electric current cannot be utilized on a canal boat as well as on a car. The only question is the cost. If they want to put through such a scheme it will cost money. As to there being a reduction of expense from that required for horse or mule power I cannot say, as I am not well enough acquainted with the canal to know."

A very extended and interesting opinion on the feasibility of the canal electrical scheme was given by Mr. John D. Ronan, of the Ronan Towing line. Mr. Ronan said: "The plan which you explain to me is not a new one by any means. The first man who broached the Erie canal trolley system to me was an Albanian, who is demented on the subject of electricity. I think of course merely from a practical, not a scientific, point of view that the scheme is impracticable.

"There are a thousand and one objections to it which present themselves to any mind. Take, for instance, the trolley scheme. It must be remembered that it is canal boats and not horse cars that are to be run now. The horse car is forced to go in a certain line by the solid tracks. But would not a canal boat waver so from side to side that it would be impossible to keep a trolley wheel on that set wire? Then there would be the continual probability of the wires blowing down and in other ways being damaged. How are the trolleys to be managed going through locks? Boats, you know, do not travel up and down grade in an inclined position as a car does—they are always on a level. What would they do at the sixteen locks with the trolley system?

"I think the trolley system on the canal is utterly out of question. It embraces so many points where complications might arise, and so much cost of construction, that I think it is entirely impracticable. Supposing it were adopted. Supposing that all the 7,000 or more boats on the canal were on that one, or the two, wires. At any time a boat is liable to leak or to have an accident occur to its motor. What then is to be done? It would block the whole canal, and that could not be afforded. One of the main points—I will say the main point—in the introduction of this system would be its reduction of expense. That is what we are looking for. As canal boats are now constructed the introduction of the trolley system would revolutionize the whole line.

"There would have to be special boats built for the introduction of motors and propelling wheels. That would throw the great army of canal boats that are now being used off the canal, for no boats that did not run by electricity could navigate in those waters. Can we afford to do this? Then the introduction of a motor into a canal boat would increase its tonnage greatly and, I would say, reduce its carrying capacity almost 20 per cent."—Albany Argus.

GEN. FREMONT'S LENIENCY.

The Pioneer's Clemency to a Condemned Mexican Prisoner of War.

Just before the capture of San Luis Obispo the men under Fremont had been subjected to great exposure and to privation and hardships of all kinds, and their hatred of the Mexicans had reached its height. In fact, it was pretty clearly understood that if any of the enemy was unfortunate enough to fall into their hands they would spend but little time or sentiment in disposing of him.

On Dec. 15, two days after the taking of the town, the pickets captured Don Jose de Jesu Pico, who was called Totci. He was tried by court martial on the charge of breaking his parole, was found guilty and was sentenced to be shot. The fact that Pico was a leader rendered him still more an object of hatred and distrust, and on every side were heard murmurs of approval when it was decided that he should pay the penalty of his treachery with his life.

The execution was ordered for half past 10 o'clock in the morning, and at 10 o'clock the whole battalion was ordered to parade on the plaza, where the execution was to take place. The prisoner was confined in a room in the Mission. Fremont, with two or three of his officers, was present, awaiting the coming of the prisoner's family to take their last farewell of the beloved husband and father. The prisoner, with bowed head, was seated on one side, and opposite stood Fremont with folded arms and face unmoved from its usual stern demeanor.

The officers in grim silence were grouped about when the wife, with her eight or nine young children, entered dressed in the deepest mourning. The wife was a beautiful woman of stately bearing, and the children of delicate and refined appearance. No word was uttered to break the silence, which has grown oppressive. Then the children fell upon their knees, and with tearful eyes and outstretched hands meekly begged for the life so dear to them.

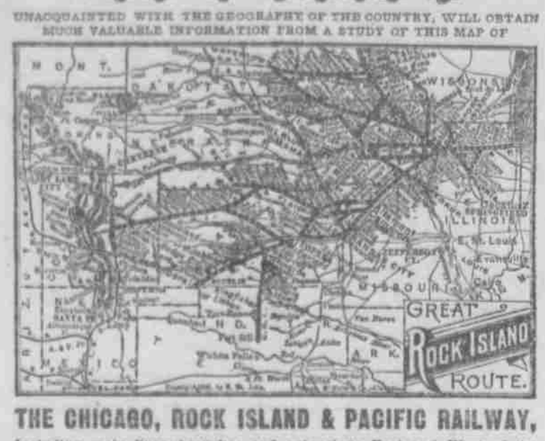
Among the officers present was that stern soldier, Capt. Richard Owens, who had never feared a living foe, but whose eyes were then dimmed with tears at the pathetic sight before him. Suddenly, for he could no longer control himself, he uttered the one word, "Colonel!" Fremont's face relaxed its determined expression, and he exclaimed, "Yes Dick, I know we had rather meet a thousand of them in the field to-morrow than take this one life." Turning to the prisoner he said, "You are pardoned; you are free."

The prisoner fell upon his knees at Fremont's feet and pressed the hem of his cloak to his lips, exclaiming brokenly in Spanish: "My life was forfeit. You have given it back, and henceforth it shall be devoted to you." Instantly Pico ordered that his horse be saddled and from that day on there was no more devoted follower of Fremont through danger of every kind than the man whose life he had given back to him.—San Francisco Examiner.

What is the apparent size of the disk of the sun or moon seen with the naked eye? Most people estimate it at from about three inches in diameter to the size of a soup plate. An investigation says that at a distance of ten feet a silver quarter dollar would conceal the disk of the sun or moon, as would a buckshot about a quarter of an inch in diameter at arm's length.—Exchange.

A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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CHICAGO, ILL.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Greatest Blood Purifier KNOWN.

This Great German Medicine is the cheapest and best. 128 doses of SULPHUR BITTERS for $1.00, less than one cent a dose. It will cure the worst cases of skin disease, from a common pimple on the face to that awful disease Scrofula. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best medicine to use in all cases of such stubborn and deep seated diseases. Do not take pills or mercury, they are dead poisons. Use SULPHUR BITTERS, it is positively pure. Place your trust in SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.

BLUE PILLS

Your Kidneys are out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. If you are sick, no matter what ails you, use SULPHUR BITTERS, the purest and best medicine ever made.

Sulphur Bitters!

Is your Tongue Coated with a yellow sticky substance? Is your breath foul and offensive? Your stomach is out of order. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

The Invalid's Friend.

Don't Wait!

Don't wait until you are unable to walk, or are flat on your back. Do not put it off one minute, but commence at once, it will cure you. Sulphur Bitters is especially adapted to the young, the aged and infirm. In your Underclothing are soon made well by the thick, healthy blood it imparts to the skin. Remember what you read here, it may save your life, it has saved hundreds. Don't wait until to-morrow, but commence to-day.

Try a Bottle To-day!

Are you low-spirited and weak, or suffering from the excesses of youth? If so, SULPHUR BITTERS will cure you.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published.

"It is strange that my husband, who prides himself on his tidy appearance, can carry so much hidden dirt. And all this nastiness could be avoided if he would use

Wolff's ACME Blacking

on his shoes, as I ref he says it is the finest Dressing in the world for all leathers.

Change a Fine Table to Walnut. A Popular Kitchen Press to Antique Oak. A Cane Rocker to Mahogany.

See what can be done with 25c. worth of

PIK-RON

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT. TAKE NO TRACE. TRY IT.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

Coughing

IS Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a few days was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure." —Mrs. L. L. Brown, Denmark, Miss.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

Tutt's Pills

To cure costiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative. To be permanent, it must contain

Tonic, Alterative and Cathartic Properties,

Tutt's Pills possess these qualities in an eminent degree, and

Speedily Restore

to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion, so essential to regularity.

Sold Everywhere.

Eases Pain Instantly. Strengthens Weak Parts. Quiets Nervousness.

Hop Plasters

A New England Household Remedy.

Universally popular because of real medicinal merit. For the relief and comfort of weak, aching backs, for all pains and aches, for stiff joints and muscles, for weak lungs, for pain in the chest, which attack the human body, no remedy in the world is so prompt and thorough in relieving, curing and strengthening as the Hop Plaster.

Unsolicited Testimony of thousands of people, and the constantly increasing sale of these plasters, is ample proof of the merit of this article.

HOP PLASTERS never have to be twice tried. Ask your druggist for them. Take no other plaster. Price, 25 cents; five for $1; or, postage free, of the manufacturers, on receipt of price.

BUT SEE HERE. Hop Plasters are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere. Beware of low test, cheap and worthless imitations, made of the poisonous drugs which are known to be injurious to health. Genuine Hop Plasters have never been known to do harm, but have proved themselves the most healthful, strengthening and invigorating plaster in the world. Ask your druggist for them. Take no other. Price, 25 cents; five for $1; or, postage free, of the manufacturers, on receipt of price.

HOP PLASTER CO., Proprietors, BOSTON.

Purely loc in our aim.

CAUTION W. L. Douglas Shoes are warranted, and every pair has his name and price stamped on bottom.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

Fine Calf and Laced Waterproof Grain. The excellence and wearing qualities of this shoe cannot be better shown than by the strong endorsements of its thousands of constant wearers.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, an elegant and stylish dress shoe which commends itself.

$4.00 Hand-sewed Welt. A fine calf shoe unsurpassed for style and durability.

$3.50 Policeman's Shoe is especially adapted for railroad men, farmers, etc.

All made in Congress, Button and Lace.

$3 & $2 SHOES FOR LADIES,

have been most favorably received since introduced and the recent improvements make them superior to any shoes sold at these prices.

Ask your dealer, and if he cannot supply you send direct to factory enclosing advertised price, or a postal for order blanks.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Adam Mehrkam & on, Agents, LEHIGHTON.

Read the Advocate.

ELY'S Cream Balm Cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the Sores. Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD CATARRH HAY FEVER DEAFNESS HEADACHE. PRICE 50 CTS. ELY BROS. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

HAY-FEVER

TRY THE CURE. A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York. August 17, 1899.

GUILIELMUS REX.

The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge—his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was!

The pointed beard, the courteous mien,
The equal port to high and low,
All this they saw or might have seen—
But not the light behind the brow!

The doublet's modest gray or brown,
The slender sword hilt's plain device,
What sign had these for prince or clown?
Few turned, or none, to scan him twice.

Yet 'twas the king of England's kings:
The rest with all their pomps and trains
Are moldered, half remembered things—
'Tis he alone that lives and reigns!

—Thomas Bailey Aldrich in Century.

The "Coincident Franklins."

On Glade mountain, West Virginia, resides the "coincident Franklins," a family which is, in one respect at least, the most peculiar of any in the whole country. The Franklins are a family of coincidences. The father and mother were married on the 14th of October. They have had nine children, all of whom were born on the 14th of October. Five of the nine are dead, and, strange to say, every single one of them breathed his last on the fateful 14th day of October. The name of the head of the family is Joshua Franklin. He was a Confederate soldier, and was captured twice and had two brothers killed in the war between the states. All four of these mishaps and misfortunes of war occurred on the memorable 14th day of October.

In the neighborhood where the Franklin family live, and, in fact, for miles outside of their immediate latitude, the "Franklins of Glade mountain" are looked upon with superstitious awe. It is said that not a single human being who knows of the mystery surrounding the family can be prevailed upon to stay in the house or about the premises on either the day or night of Oct. 14.—St. Louis Republic.

Makes Cigar Boxes.

What do you think of a woman who can run a factory and turn out 1,000 cigar boxes a day? Think she is a myth? Well, she is not, but a tall, fair and forty specimen of womanhood who can balance 200 pounds and manage a force of twenty people. Her name is Mrs. Mary Bleffert, her factory is on Attorney street, and her husband is the head assistant of her establishment.

Not very many years ago this majestic merchant was employed in a box factory with hundreds of other little women. She was quick witted, ambitious and restless. A young fellow named Bleffert had charge of her division. He admired her skill, love followed admiration and marriage love. There was no wedding tour, no kalsomined pastry, no satin ribbons and no foolish expenditures. There was a honeymoon, though, and it has not waned, either. There was a toy savings bank, then a bank account, a lot of dreaming and planning and then the Bleffert box factory. It is right that the strong should lead, and that's what Mary Bleffert has been doing for the last five years, and that's why she is mistress of a prosperous business.—New York World.

Colored Sculpture.

It may not be generally known that much of the sculpture of ancient Athens was originally painted in bright colors. Until recently archaeologists maintained the theory that the refined art of the Greeks had found its expression in the pure form of the marble, disregarding color; and any evidences to the contrary were destroyed, as only giving rise to troublesome theories, subversive of the true worship of Greek art. Within the past few years, however, several interesting pieces of painted sculpture have been discovered which have given rise to some interesting speculations among students and artists.—Harper's.

A Strange Coincidence.

A curious coincidence is said to have occurred in one of the London chess resorts. A gentleman was looking on for some time at a game being played between two excellent chessists. He left them still playing. The next day he started for a long sojourn abroad. He was away nearly five years, during which time he had been round the world. On his return to London he went to the same chess resort that he had formerly visited, and there at the same table as before were the same two players whom he had five years before left at the game. —London Tit-Bits.

An Impostor.

Helen (of Pittsburg)—Did I understand you to say you were a Pittsburger, Mr. Heartbloy?

Mr. H.—I am. I was born and raised there.

Helen (frostingly)—It is impossible. You, with your arms and limbs unbroken, and not even the scar of a cable car cow-catcher on your brow! You a Pittsburger! I had become attached to you—I frankly admit. But you are an impostor. Leave me!—Pittsburg Bulletin.

When Newspapers Were Costly.

Senator Saunders, of Montana, sets a higher money value on his newspaper than most men do. Before the Northern Pacific railway was opened he used to pay $107 a year for the weekly edition of The New York Post, which reached him by pony express across the plains, at a cost of $1 a copy in gold, which was then equal to over $2 in greenbacks.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Uncle Sam's Mucilage.

No matter how good the mucilage may be one makes, one never considers it as good as the postage stamp mucilage. Every one tries to duplicate it. It is not hard to make it, as the preparation is very simple. Here it is: Dextrine, two parts; acetic acid, one part; water, five parts; alcohol, one part.—New York Tribune.

The Sense of Smell.

Smell is the most acute by far of the five human senses. Take an ounce of musk—most powerful of scents—and leave it where the atmosphere is still, open on a table, for a year. At the end of that time, having for full twelve months rendered odorous the whole air in its neighborhood, the most delicate scales cannot detect that it has lost a particle in weight. Yet the smell has been infinitely distributed, microscopic portions of the musk floating off and exciting impressions upon the nerve papillæ under the delicate lining of the nasal passages; for this is what smell means. The sense has grown almost rudimentary in human beings through want of necessity for its use under civilized conditions, but it is highly probable that the cave man had it quite as well developed as the sharpest posed beasts.—New York Telegraph.

The Price of His Handwriting.

One of the wittiest and most popular of American writers tells of his chagrin in the budding days of his authorship when he saw his name in a long list of "Autographs of distinguished men for sale" displayed in