

TO-MORROW

Hopeful youth with rosy face, Struggling in the mortal race, Never worried, never tired— Ever by the thought inspired, That for every pain we borrow Comes redemption in the morrow; Sacrificing strength and soul Striving, striving for the goal That awaits the life to-morrow; Spurning flowers of to-day For the blossoms' rich array Of to-morrow, of to-morrow. Listless age with withered face, Drifting in the mortal race, Worn and helpless, lone and weary, Gaining through the shadows dreary Of the long, long night of sorrow For the sunrise of the morrow; Drifting, drifting to the sea Of eternal mystery, While the world repeats "To-morrow," Thus it speeds the soul from strife, Thus it greets the new-born life, With "To-morrow," ay, to-morrow. —Clifford Howard.

JOHNNY'S DUCHESS.



HE was not only a Duchess, but she looked like one, of the best Du Maurier type. She was lovely, tall and graceful, with the light of youth and health in her eyes.

As His Grace was an invalid his wife was much in evidence, taking exercise on deck, with a long, swinging stride which was the envy of all the other women on the ship. During the first day she was very friendly to her fellow voyagers, but some impertinent questions vexed her, and she became glacial.

Johnny McQuiston declares that he felt like kissing the shiny brass plate on the after stairway, which introduced him to that armful of loveliness. There was a nice rolling sea on and some breeze, and Johnny had gone to seek a heavy coat and was deckward bound when Her Grace, in descending, slipped on the brass and went bang! into Johnny's arms. It was no joke to prevent that tall young woman from coming to grief, and Johnny grasped and clinched his teeth hard as he held manfully to the railing with his left arm and hugged his real live Duchess with his right.

She thanked him prettily for his aid, and nodded affably when she came on deck and met him at the companionway door, where he was waiting for nothing in particular if it was not for that nod. The roll continued to befriended him, for he had to help her to her chair, and there, in order to continue some vague landman's comments on the voyage, he sat down beside her, and in this way the acquaintance began.

It was the manner Johnny sang hymns, however, which cemented the acquaintance, and even opened the doors to friendship. He used to think of the farmhouse and his mother when he sang "Abide with Me" and the other familiar music, and it came out in the look in his eyes and his earnest manner—and besides, his voice was as clear and sweet as his mother's memory. He had a dashing way of singing the new comic opero hits or music hall ballads, but a dignity settled upon him when he sang a hymn that affected the Duchess even more than it did other people. For a young woman of society she was unusually religious, and the blood of the champions of John Knox tingled within her now and then.

"You forget all about me when you are singing sacred songs," said the Duchess, approvingly. "And I like it," she added, looking at him frankly with great gray eyes.

"I am generally thinking of my mother—and she is not with me any more," replied Johnny, sturdily.

"You could sing yourself into fame, I dare say," she said, graciously.

"I did sing myself into a trip to Europe," he says, laughing and flushing.

"In concerts?" and she seemed a trifle dismayed.

"Oh, no!" he answered. "Shall we take a turn before luncheon? I'll tell you about it as we walk," and they left the audience in the ladies' cabin to gossip about the flirtation in progress between "that stuck-up woman with a title and that singer fellow," as the man from Illinois put it.

"I don't know if I told you I was a newspaper man," began Johnny.

"Oh, a pressman!" said she. "Sallybury used to be one, you know, and lots of our best men write leaders and things."

"Well, I don't write leaders," explained Johnny. "I write the things," as you call them, that the leaders are often based on. Well, one day I was sent to write up Mortimer's new house. He's about the biggest man we have on Wall street now, and he had just done up a palace. He was at home, and showed me about civilly, for he was proud of planning most of the place himself. Finally we came to the music room, and there was a splendid piano open. I don't know how it came about, but I sat down and rambled along with the air of 'Watchman, Tell Us of the Night.' 'Can you sing that?' says Mr. Mortimer. I sang it, and for half an hour he kept me there singing one old hymn after another. I could see he was in deep thought about something, but he didn't explain. As I was going away he said: 'You won't put the hymn singing into your article, will you,' and he nodded approvingly when I said it was only a side issue. That was two months ago. About a week later I met him on the street, and he stopped and shook hands. Our big men, as a rule, don't do that unless they want something

put in or kept out of the paper, and I wondered what was up. He talked about my article and said something nice, and asked abruptly, 'Have you any money saved?' Of course I was startled, but I said I had about \$6000 and some stock worth about a \$1000 more. 'Go get it and bring it to my office in half an hour,' said he, and off he went. I did as I was told, and he gave me a receipt, and all he said was: 'Come here Monday week.' There were very lively days on the stock market after that, and I wondered if my money was having any share in it. On Monday I went to his office and asked if he was in. The managing clerk said he was in Boston, and I felt sick. 'You're Mr. McQuiston, I believe?' said the clerk. 'Yes, and Mr. Mortimer told me to come here to-day.' 'Here's a note for you,' said he, and he handed me a big envelope. 'Please give me a receipt.' I waited until I was out on the street, and then I opened the package. There was my stock, two checks and a note which said: 'Inclosed is your margin and profits for the sake of the thoughts you awoke in me. Mortimer.' One check was my own that I had given him, and which he had not presented for payment. The other was \$4000, and I took a holiday and here I am."

"Oh, that was jolly in him, wasn't it?" cried the Duchess, delightedly. "And I'm sure you deserved it. Here is my husband, you must tell him about it, too."

This was the way the Duke was drawn into it, and a very genial, earnest young man he proved to be, who seemed to endorse everything his wife did and so endorsed Johnny, whose glory among his companions grew to great proportions thereat. He was perfectly modest and frank about it, and although he refused point blank to lead up to introductions without an expressed desire by the Duchess, he still remained popular.

It was on the eastern voyage that all this occurred, and such smooth seas and serene skies were said to have been rare in their voyaging around the world by His Grace and his wife.

By the time the Cow and calf came into view one glorious morning about six o'clock Johnny and his Duchess were "quite pals," as she expressed it, and a bit of slang being rare from Her Grace, it was duly prized by Johnny as a thing apart and belonging to him.

By invitation from the Captain they watched the Irish coast peep up into the water from the bridge, and there they stood until Fastnet Lighthouse came out on the other side, and the Duchess said, with a sigh: "Almost home again!"

They parted at Liverpool, and there was given to Johnny a cordial invitation to come and call at Essex House, the London home of their Graces, and he was left to wonder if he should ever see them again, but in the excitement of arriving in London, this was soon forgotten in the delight of saying: "And so this is really Piccadilly and that green place ahead is Hyde Park."

To be twenty-six and in London for the first time and on comfortable terms with your banker, and not too much writing of your name on your letter of credit, meant to Johnny what it would mean to any healthy-minded, active and well-educated American, and in a week he felt as though he could give the younger Dickens many points for a new guide book to the English capital.

His Duchess had become a lovely, shadowy recollection, when one day, in one of the catacombs which bisect the Langham Hotel, he almost collided with a lady, who caused him to exclaim, "The Duchess!" The lady was as much startled as though Johnny had cried, "The devil!" and he stammered some apology.

"Gracious! How much she looked like the Duchess. I wonder who she is?" thought Johnny.

"What on earth did that man mean by shouting about the Duchess?" thought Miss Nellie Thurston, of Philadelphia, as she hurried to her rooms. "I'm sure he's an American—I guess I'll tell auntie."

And so it happened that when Johnny went into the dining room that evening Miss Thurston remarked to the stout lady who sat beside her, and who had the dignity of a bishop at confirmation:

"There he is, auntie. That's the man who said I was some Duchess."

Mrs. Thurston looked at Johnny much as she was in the habit of looking at hansom cab drivers while making up her mind to whom she would trust herself, and she said, promptly: "Very ordinary-looking young man. His evening clothes are new, and he is not accustomed to them."

"That may be true about the clothes," murmured Nellie, "but I think he is a gentlemanly fellow, and good looking, too."

Before there was time for more Johnny was led up to the small table where the ladies sat, and was seated there because of no room elsewhere, whereupon Johnny looked annoyed and blushed. Mrs. Thurston was in a rage, and Miss Nellie was highly amused within, but tranquil without.

"I cannot put up with these large English hotels any longer," said Mrs. Thurston, pointedly, to Nellie. "We must go to-morrow and make arrangements to occupy some exclusive family resort."

Her niece took on the color which left Johnny's cheeks, and faintly cried:

"Oh, auntie, what a thing to say."

"I'll try to get a seat somewhere else, or go away altogether, ma'am," said Johnny, bravely, and yet humbly. "It was no fault of mine; the waiter was to blame."

There was so much mortification in the boy's tone that Mrs. Thurston forgot the Episcopal pose and let herself down to a kindly level, and put Johnny at his ease, to her niece's evident surprise.

The next day, in one of the rooms

of the National Gallery, Johnny came upon the younger lady, who was in undoubted distress. He caught her eye; she gave a faint smile of recognition, and he was beside her.

"Can I do something for you?" he said in his frank, pleasant way.

"Thank you, I am in rather a mess," she answered gratefully. "I have lost auntie. I almost always do lose her in a picture gallery, for I wander about and she sits down in some corner and adores an old master. To-day it happens she has no purse, and she will want me."

There was so much relief in Mrs. Thurston's face when they finally found her that Johnny felt encouraged. Mistress Nellie had, in the short time they were together, concluded that he was much better than he looked, and was not to be lightly cast off, in a land where pleasant and companionable fellow-countrymen were not too plentiful, so she bravely recalled Johnny to Mrs. Thurston's memory and he introduced himself.

After that matters hurried themselves. They are apt to do this in hotels and journeyings and saunterings. Johnny fell into a sort of trance, wherein his unconsciousness seemed boldness, and Miss Nellie began to ask herself questions. As for Mrs. Thurston, she soon lost any doubt as to her own conclusion, and declared that she intended either to leave for the continent, regardless of comfort, or as Mr. McQuiston to continue his travels.

There was a cricket match on between Eton and Harrow—one of the notable matches of the year—and Johnny had hired the nearest turnout he could find to convey the trio to Lord's grounds. There was some battling before the elder lady would consent to go, and the younger finally declared that she would give Mr. McQuiston a hint of the brewing storm.

Thus bribed, Mrs. Thurston sat in gloomy state until they found a place among the carriages and coaches from which to watch the people, for the game was quite beyond their grasp.

From sheer perversity, and perhaps from other motives as well, Nellie treated Johnny with an amount of cordiality and a freedom she had never shown before, and even allowed her voice to drop into something akin to a whisper when Mrs. Thurston, in a polar voice, exclaimed: "Nellie, have you told Mr. McQuiston?"

Johnny looked up in surprise, while guilty Nellie blushed and paled, and finally gasped, as the situation became plain, and her aunt's intentions flashed upon her.

She glanced appealingly at the old lady, and was astonished to see her looking up at something on a coach which stood next their carriage.

"I declare!" exclaimed the aunt at last. "Why, Nellie, there is a lady who is the image of you!—only she is a little older. Look!"

Johnny followed the direction of Mrs. Thurston's glance and cried: "It's the Duchess!"

"Who?" said Mrs. Thurston, in a shrill whisper.

"The Duchess of Essex," replied Johnny, excitedly. "She's awfully nice, and that pale young fellow with the beard is her husband, the Duke."

"Do you know her—to speak to?" again in a shrill whisper, excited and eager now.

"Is that the lady you mistook for me at the hotel?" exclaimed Nellie.

Dressed in a white costume, simple and yet bewildering, and a little white bonnet, with eyes bright and voice merry, the Duchess looked like one of those you associate with at Gainsborough. She answered Mrs. Thurston's question by glancing down, and on catching a glimpse of Johnny exclaimed: "Why, Ned, here's Mr. McQuiston!" and her long, shapely arm descended towards Johnny, who stood up and looked as delighted as he felt.

The Duchess told Johnny afterwards that she guessed it all at a glance, and acted accordingly; and you can depend upon it, he is willing to swear to any assertion she makes.

"Help me down, Stanley," she said to the gentleman next her, and in an instant she stood beside Johnny on the sod.

"Do you think it nice in you not to have come to Essex House at all this time?" she said, reproachfully. "I've been telling some people about you, and they think I'm only giving them travelers' tales, for you never show, you know. May I know your friends?"

When Johnny recovered his wits the Duchess was in the carriage beside Nellie, telling Mrs. Thurston that she had been struck by the likeness Nellie Thurston bore to herself, and this was followed up by other gracious speeches, climaxing at last by an invitation to call at Essex House and a statement that Her Grace would send them cards for a "little reception on Wednesday night, to meet the Princess Louise of Lorne." "Friends of Mr. McQuiston's are sure to be welcome with you, you know," she said, as she bowed and asked Johnny to help her up the ladder to the coach seat.

"Will you come now and sing hymns for me, sir?" whispered Her Grace, as she stood with Johnny's hand in hers.

"Come!" he blurted out. "I'll go and sing till you order me out of the house."

The Duchess laughed and murmured: "Is it so bad as that? Well, she is lovely, and you are fortunate. Bring her to see me Saturday morning at 11."

"What were you asking me, auntie, when the Duchess spoke first to Mr. McQuiston? You wanted to know if I had told him something?" asked Nellie, coolly, as they drove home through the pretty streets of St. John's Wood.

"I'm sure I don't remember, dear," said Mrs. Thurston innocently.

"Shall I tell Mr. McQuiston to go away before the Duchess's reception, auntie?" Nellie asked that night, as

she stood before the door of her aunt's room, candle in hand.

"Certainly not! Why, he's to take us there."

"May I tell him to stay?"

"Of course not; there is no need of saying anything. He seems like a very sensible young man, and needs no coaching."

"Coaching, auntie? Fie, why that's slang, and suppose in the coaching he asks me if I will let him drive, what then?"

"Don't be foolish, child! He has no such ideas in his head. Don't be foolish."

"I'm rather afraid I shall be," said Nellie, but she said it to the candle, after she closed the door.

It was some months after this that Mrs. John Arlington McQuiston (Johnny's middle name has been drawn from obscurity into active life), looking at two tall Severs which stood beside the library fireplace, remarked to her husband:

"John, dear, do you know I believe auntie would like to have the Duchess's letter framed and hung between the vases she sent us."

Johnny, who was busily looking over manuscript, smiled, but said nothing.

"I don't think you are half enough grateful to your Duchess, John," continued Mrs. John.

"Oh, yes," said Johnny, and he came to his wife's chair and rumbled her brown bangs, with caressing hand, "but you see she is outraged now by my queen."—Boston Home Journal.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Louis XVI was an abominable glutton. The best brass band in Australia is composed of natives. North Carolina has but 3702 foreigners out of a population of 1,617,980.

Camphor should not be placed next to furs, as it will make the color lighter. Street bands are not permitted in Germany unless they accompany processions.

The central span of the St. Louis, (Mo.) bridge is 520 feet, the side spans 515 feet each. In an Oregon town there is an octagonarian who is an enthusiastic rider of the bicycle.

In Vienna, Austria, the organ grinders are allowed to play only between midday and sunset. An elephant is fifty or sixty years in attaining maturity, and will live a century and a half.

If a snail's head be cut off and the animal placed in a cool, moist spot a new head will be grown. In 1813 William Burton patented a locomotive that was provided with legs and feet behind to push the machine along the track.

Charles Barrow, of Columbus, Ohio, tells of an egg laid by a hen in his employ that measured seven and seven-eighths inches in length. Kid and silk gloves came into use in Europe about the end of the fifteenth century. At first only princesses and ladies of high rank were allowed to wear them.

H. Pennel, of Wilkes, N. C., on his seventy-third birthday, recently celebrated, cut and shocked forty shocks of wheat from dinner time till night, and was still as fresh and active as a boy.

A Maine man, a resident of Rockland, says he had suffered two years from the after effects of the grip till he was struck by lightning the other day. Since then he has felt himself entirely well.

A Kalamazoo (Mich.) health officer told a tramp suffering from smallpox to the jail, growled because the jailer would not admit the prisoner and then exhibited the patient to an admiring crowd of citizens.

Two safe-crackers entered a Brooklyn store to operate on a safe that made a great show from the street. They were so disappointed when they found that it was a wooden box painted up that they departed, leaving their instruments behind them.

People in the middle ages believed in were-wolves as well as witches. Were-wolves were supposed to be men who, while preserving their appearance as human beings, were yet transformed into wolves, with an appetite which—nothing but human flesh would satisfy.

Patrick O'Mahoney, of O'City, Penn. threw a brick at a friend with the intention of knocking his head off. The friend escaped around the corner of a street, but stangely enough the missile, describing a parabolic curve, followed after him and cut off one of his coat tails as clean as a whistle.

A New Fashion of Dueling.

A new fashion of dueling has been set at Zalzeivka, near Ristomar, in Russia, by a schoolmaster and a lawyer. The pair quarreled and arranged to fight with whips. Soon after the engagement commenced the schoolmaster succeeded in knocking his adversary's weapon out of his hand, and then proceeded to baste the lawyer to his heart's content. Honor was declared to be satisfied.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Rainmaker's Apparatus.

A rainmaker in India has an apparatus consisting of a rocket capable of rising to the height of a mile, containing a reservoir of ether. In its descent it opens a parachute, which causes it to come down slowly. The ether is thrown out in fine spray, and its absorption of heat is said to lower the temperature about it sufficiently to condense the vapor and produce a limited shower.—Chicago Herald.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

There are 2136 women architects in the United States. The number of women engaged in farming in the United States is 57,000. Queen Victoria has taken 447 prizes at English cattle shows for products of her stock farm.

Jean Ingelov spends a great part of the year in the south of France, where she has a cottage. Air tight trunks, it is well to remember, are best for seaside stopping and jaunting about.

One of the brightest students of Smith College is a Winnebago Indian girl from Nebraska. The management of the Austrian prisons for women is in the hands of female religious orders.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer has been reappointed on the Massachusetts State Board of Education. Miss Mary A. Hanson was elected in Marblehead, Mass., on the School Board at the town meeting.

Rosa Bonheur, the great French painter, was a dressmaker's apprentice when she a girl of fifteen years. At West Brookfield, Ohio, fourteen women voted at the recent school election, in spite of a pouring rain.

Nothing is so destructive to the complexion as a bad temper. One must feel pleasant and kind to look so. Queen Victoria rules 11,475,057 square miles of the earth's territory and 378,725,857 of its population.

One of the best authorities on orchids in the world is Miss Helen Gould, daughter of the late Jay Gould. In the time of Henry II., of France, it was forbidden for any woman not a member of court circles to wear velvet.

Mrs. Helen D. Harford has been nominated for Superintendent of Public Instruction on the Oregon Prohibition ticket. The Woman's Suffragist Association of Colorado met in Denver yesterday and Mrs. Rount, wife of ex-Governor Rount, presided.

Mrs. Martha Strickland, a lawyer of Detroit, Mich., lectures on parliamentary law to parlor classes of women in Chicago. Chicago has a Domestic Science Association, which proposes to build an institution where women will be instructed in home duties.

Miss Sibyl Sanderson, the American cantatrice, lately appeared as Juliet in Paris, in a splendid violet gown embroidered with turquoises. The pensions of the Spanish royal family having been reduced, the Infanta Eulalia has been living most economically at Versailles, Paris.

Mrs. Amanda Smith, an American colored woman, is delivering temperance lectures in England, under the auspices of Lady Henry Somerset. In 1364 the pointed hoods worn by the ladies often reached four feet above the head, making the lady's face appear about the center of the body.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Barnett, the novelist, is frequently out of doors before six, returning to breakfast at eight. By nine she is at work with her pen. Marietta Holley maintains her popularity. Her last book, "Samantha at the World's Fair," sold forty thousand copies the first three weeks after its publication.

Rev. Eliza Tapper Wilkes, formerly pastor at Sioux Falls, South Dakota, has gone to Oakland, Cal., to become the assistant pastor of the First Unitarian Church. Miss Louisa Smith is one of the tellers in the Merchants' National Bank of Middletown, Ohio. She has the reputation of being one of the best bank officers in the State.

The well known traveler, Mrs. Bishop (Miss Isabella Bird) sailed recently for Korea, where she will collect material for a new book. Mrs. Bishop is over sixty years of age. Lord Aberdeen first met his wife on Guisachan, her father's estate, when he was a lad and, having lost himself on the hills, begged shelter at the lodge for himself and his pony.

It is little known that the Queen of England has not only been an archer of considerable dexterity in her time, but holds office as dean of one of the oldest guilds of bowmen in Europe. Miss Mary E. Catler, of Hillston, Mass., is a successful farmer. She became sole manager of Winthrop Gardens, an estate of sixty-eight acres, after her father's death ten years ago.

The Princess Louise, of England, is said to be very superstitious, and sometimes will not attend public functions as agreed upon, on the plea that she knows it will be one of her "bad days."

A bi-monthly paper called El Fatat (The Young Woman) is published at Alexandria, Egypt. A Syrian lady, Miss Hind Nafoul, of Tripoli, is the editor, and all the contributors are women. Rosa Scherrin, aged nineteen, is employed as a farm hand at Braymar, Mo., at \$18 per month. She has plowed, harrowed, planted and cultivated thirty acres of corn this year without any assistance.

Miss Julia Kemp West, of Richmond, Staten Island, N. Y., has just entered upon her duties as school commissioner. She has made Miss Nellie M. Ford her private secretary. They have long been associated in executive capacities in charitable organizations.

The Dunkards.

Dunkards or Tankers, who call themselves brethren, are a sect of Baptists, the first twenty founders of whom came from Germany and landed at Philadelphia in 1719. They are chiefly found in Kentucky, Illinois and the Northwestern States. They maintain bishops, who travel; elders, teachers and deacons. They live to a great extent on vegetable food, anoint the sick with oil, and observe the Lord's Supper with its ancient attendants, love feasts, washing the feet and the kiss of charity. They manifest great simplicity of character, no plainness of speech, dress like Quakers, never shave their beards, never take an oath, never fight or go to war, and will not go to law, and decline to take interest for money they lend to their poorer brethren.—New York Advertiser.

How China Got Its Name.

Upwards of 1100 years before Christ the Chinese were a people ruled by a dynasty of kings, but there is no authentic history of them prior to the Chow dynasty. The "Celestial Empire" has in its time borne many odd names, for it was formerly the custom to change the name of the country every time a new dynasty gained control of governmental affairs. Thus in the ancient writings we find it referred to as Hai-pue, Cham-que, Han-que, etc., according to the name of the ruling monarch. The true name, according to Oriental scholars, is Cham-que, which means "the center kingdom of the world." The early European explorers, especially the Portuguese, corrupted "Cham-que" into "Chin-que," and from this word later navigators "evolved" the word "China."—St. Louis Republic.

A NO-TO-BAC MIRACLE.

PHYSICAL PERFECTION PREVENTED BY THE USE OF TOBACCO. An Old Timer of Twenty-three Years' Tobacco Chewing and Smoking Cured, and Gains Twenty Pounds in Thirty Days. LAKE GENEEVA, Wis., July 21.—Special.—The ladies of our beautiful little town are making an interesting and exciting time for tobacco-using husbands, since the injurious effects of tobacco and the ease with which it can be cured by a preparation called No-To-Bac, have been so plainly demonstrated by the cure of Mr. F. C. Waite. In a written statement he says: "I smoked and chewed tobacco for twenty-three years, and I am sure that my case was one of the worst in this part of the country. Even after I went to bed at night, if I woke up I would want to chew or smoke. It was not only killing me but my wife was also ailing from the injurious effects. Two boxes of No-To-Bac cured me, and I have no more desire for tobacco than I have to jump out of the window. I have gained twenty pounds in thirty days, my wife is well, and we are indeed both happy to say that No-To-Bac is truly 'worth its weight in gold' to us."

The cure and improvement in Mr. Waite's case is looked upon as a miracle, in fact it is the talk of the town and county, and it is estimated that over a thousand tobacco users will be using No-To-Bac within a few weeks. The peculiarity about No-To-Bac as a patent medicine is that the makers, the Sterling Remedy Company, No. 45 Randolph street, Chicago, absolutely guarantee the use of three boxes to cure or refund the money, and the cost, \$2.50, is so trifling as compared with the expensive and unnecessary use of tobacco that tobacco-using husbands have no good excuse to offer when their wives insist upon taking No-To-Bac and getting results in the way of pure, sweet breath, wonderful improvement in their mental and physical condition, with a practical revitalization of their nicotineized nerves.

Woolens, shawls and wool are being exported to England. Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y. WATERMELONS lately sold for sixteen cents a hundred in New Orleans.

The Ladies. The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

The California Mid-Winter Exposition has just given the John P. Lovell Arms Co., of Boston, the highest award and Gold Medal for bicycles. Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure Should be in every medicine chest. It cures the worst of croup and colds, and does not cause nausea. 50 cts. Hall's Catarrh Cure Is taken internally. Price 75c.

HALL'S Honey of Horehound and Tar relieve whooping cough. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute. Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation, 25 cts., 50 cts., \$1. Afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

In Hot Weather

Something is needed to keep up the appetite, assist digestion and give good, healthful sleep. For these purposes Hood's Sarsaparilla is peculiarly adapted. As a blood purifier it is equally valuable.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

After it has no equal, and it is chiefly by its power to make pure blood that it has won such fame as a cure for scrofula, salt rheum and other similar diseases. Get Hood's. Hood's Pills cure headache and indigestion.

PISSO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Pisso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has no injurious effect. It is the best cough cure. Sold everywhere. Dds.