

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

New York buys more lace than any other city in the world.

All sorts of fantastic styles these days are erroneously called "Empire."

Apple green is to be one of the fashionable colors. It has already appeared in Paris.

Mrs. Wistar, the translator of German novels, is the daughter of the late Fanny Kemble.

The higher in rank the Japanese woman, the more elaborate her coiffure is likely to be.

In the matter of crinolines there has been a great deal of screaming before anyone is hurt.

A bride recently married in London wore the wedding dress which had been made for the Princess May.

Fashion plates show that the sailor hat, with all trimming at the back, will be with us again the coming summer.

For women with delicate, oval faces, high foreheads and long necks the Odessa coiffure is distinctly becoming.

The Marquise Lanza wrote "Basil Mor-ton's Transgression" seated in the chair in which P. wrote "The Harem."

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid wears a decoration—gold and precious stones—presented to her by the Sultan of Parkey.

Mrs. Oliphant receives about \$3000 for a story, and she writes several every year in addition to other literary work.

The proper caper just now is to wear your headpiece with a long thin blade of silver, finished at one end with a pink tcap.

What is known as fashionable mourning of the period requires more of the most expensive craps for trimming than ever before.

Mrs. Annie Moore, of Mount Pleasant, Texas, is the only woman who acts as the President of a National bank in this country.

It is said that a kindergarten on the west side of New York City is to be named after Mrs. Cleveland and that she will support it.

There is a new "marriage dress material," advertised in London papers as "bride's satin." It is unbrothered with orange flowers.

A model of the real Empire hat has come over from Paris. It is a stunning article of headgear and cannot fail to create a sensation.

A new chapeau in an emerald sword whose jeweled tulle is thrust through the wearer's dress. The watch hangs from the sword by a chain.

Mrs. Pierpont Morgan, of New York City, has a marvellously gorgeous dress of primrose yellow silk, embroidered in white and gold.

Grace Greenwood, the literary pioneer of American women authors, told a friend recently that she couldn't tell more than one story over one cup of tea.

The milliners offer all sorts of Frenchly bandeaux, diadems and aigrettes, of velvet, ribbon, buds and tinsel, and feathers for the evening coiffure.

Mrs. French Sheldon illustrates her lectures on Africa with a collection of costumes, cooking utensils and household articles used by the natives.

The typewriter has found its way into my lady's boudoir, and she uses it in her social correspondence. It is very ornamental and the type are old English characters.

Several society women in New York wear regular crowns that have been purchased from the impoverished Kings and Queens of Europe or from their immediate descendants.

Very long, narrow hosiery cases, fashioned of silk, overlaid with painted French gauze and sprinkled with some subtle sachet, find a place in the social dante's chiffoaniere.

Hood's Cures

After the Grip it Restores Health and Strength.

Mr. Dexter Curtis

It is well known in Wisconsin as a manufacturer of collar pads and boots for horses, and is a reliable business man.

"Madison, Wis., Jan. 26, 1881. Messrs. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. I cannot speak in too favorable terms of the good use of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I have had a bad cough for 2 years, coming on after the grip. I tried physicians, went twice to the Hot Springs of Arkansas, but did not succeed. I got a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it gave me relief at once. The second dose seemed to go to the right spot. I afterward got a bottle and have taken nearly all of it, and know I am much better every day."

So many medicines are advertised that do no good, I would not say anything in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver, Biliousness, Jaundice, Colic, Cough, Hoarseness.

ULCERS SCROFULA RHEUMATISM BLOOD POISON

And every kind of disease arising from impure blood cured by that never-failing and best of all medicines.

Books on Hood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

ACROSS BROOKLYN BRIDGE.

A TREMENDOUS RUSH ON EVERY WORK-DAY EVENING.

People Homeward Bound Form a Human Torrent on the New York Side—A Wonderful Scene.

JUST as a summer rain begins with big drops out of a half clear sky, so the rush to Brooklyn sets in around the New York end of the East River bridge on every work-day evening.

The gaping maw of the bridge has been at work lazily during the afternoon sucking in a few stragglers and "throwing out little squads of folk from the trains that run behind it. But when five o'clock comes the drops of the approaching tempo of humanity that is to storm the place like a revolutionary mob.

Printed in the morning. They come faster, and run together in little rivulets up Park Row, down Chatham street, along Centre street, and across the City Hall Park—all turned one way, all streaming toward the bridge. Even then they give no warning of what is to come, except to those who know that the torrent is as certain to develop and as sure to become tremendous as that tidal bore which daily swells the Saguenay with its overwhelming flood.

The black drops come faster and thicker. They splash in sudden numbers from the near-by office buildings and the horse cars. The little streams now lengthen out, and from far up and down the streets and across the park in Broadway. It is 5 o'clock, and the offices in the buildings that hold village-like are closing. It is no longer a sprinkle. It is a shower. Farther and farther away the human drops mingle; bigger grow the converging streams. At half past five the wholesale stores and the warehouses are closing. It is a torrent now.

At six the factories and the work-shops thrust a myriad toilers upon the streets. The very clouds of the city's humanity appear to have gathered over one spot. The usual confines no longer hold the two-legged drops which now jostle one another of the sidewalks, into the gutters, out upon the roadways, all over the park's asphaltum. The outlook from the upper stories of the neighborhood is upon a sea of people, in droves like wild cattle, coming up as if out of the earth from every direction, pushing, hurrying, covering every open space like locusts. Now it is a pelting rain. Half an hour passes, and the elevated trains, which come like breathing, absorb half the crowd so fast that the station itself becomes as the beds of inverted cataracts up which the dark torrent climbs resistlessly. The horse cars for both directions stop and discharge people as quays are wheeled up, fired, and dragged away on a battlefield. It is a cloudburst, and it has made a mill race—something far bigger than that—the swollen drain of a human forest.

Thirty thousand men, women and children are in the torrent, thirty thousand pedestrians in a ninety-minute down-pour; for though the rush is between five o'clock and seven, it is thinned at both ends, and the bulk of it is compressed in a period of between sixty and ninety minutes. This is not counting the almost equal numbers that seek the elevated cars. The surging black waves, white-capped with human faces, hurt themselves against the granite steps that lead to the yawning iron throat of the bridge and spread over them. There is no more sign of individual motion than there is in the herds of sheep that one looks down upon from the Colorado Mountains when the droves are moving along the valleys like floating brown islands, as clouds move against the sky. Overhead on a trestle that crosses from the City Hall Park, another black current, from the steam-cars, keeps pace with the tide below. In that way the exodus to Brooklyn moves over everything ahead of it, as if, were the bridge to fall, the people would still keep straight on, filling the river, and pressing forward upon the usurper bodies.

We read about the European capitals, treated with the skill of artists, clothed with the glamour of tradition, and colored by the fancy that grows richer with the distance of its subject. But what has London to show like that daily congestion at the Brooklyn Bridge?

What crowds in Paris are to be measured with this? What European city has even one of the many strange conditions that produce this scene? Here come the elevated railways that carry three-quarters of a million souls a day, the surface vehicles of the million and six hundred thousand people of Manhattan, the streets leading from the densest population in America, all meeting in one little square, all pouring out people, and all the people streaming into a great trumpet-like mouth of iron in order to be shot across a hanging cobweb of metal threads into a city that has not its mate or counterpart on earth—Brooklyn!

It is like a city in some things. It is a vast aggregation of homes and streets and squares, with a government of its own. Yet many things it has not got—things with which many a little town could put it to the blush. And every other city carries its own way, while Brooklyn works for New York, and is paid off like a shop-girl on Saturday nights.

"Stop shoving so!" "Look out who you're pushing!" "Don't try to run over me, I say." These are notes from the chorus of the solid mass of persons that crowd up the stairs to the bridge cars. On the upper platform the train sweep arms urge regiments at a time. Bury bridge policemen are there urging every one forward, and at times—until the newspapers cry out, periodically—putting their hands on their better and wedging them into the cars, through three doors at once, as revolvers are charged. There are fourteen other ways to Brooklyn, all I write all these are crowded. They are not mobbed like the bridge, to be sure, but they are packed with people so that you can only see the rims of the decks as you see the edge of a grocer's measure that has been filled with peas. At first the big bridge hurt the business of the ferry companies, but after a while it built up a surplus and paid them back, just as our elevated roads in time increased the traffic of the horse-cars. In a word, then, everything that is going to Brooklyn at nightfall is crowded. That is even true of the drays which start empty for the bridge that carries forty-one millions of passengers in a year, and for the ferries, one company of which collects thirty-six millions of fares annually.—Harper's Magazine.

The autograph of General Israel Putnam sells for \$35.

WISE WORDS.

The eye of faith can see in the dark. Oak trees cannot be raised in a hot house.

Some of the most deadly serpents have the brightest skins. The biggest dollars we see are those just out of our reach. The nickel plating does not give any power to the engine.

It is not what we do but what we love that decides our fate. Smallpox is not any more contagious than a good example. The man who is always looking for a good example finds it.

The emphatic part of our life is what we do, not what we say. The shortest cut to wealth is through the lane of contentment. The man who chases bubbles will bark his shins sooner or later.

One of the tests of a fine nature is the effect joys and sorrows have upon it. The man who controls himself makes unwritten laws for many other people. The man who does most without a good motive, will have most to regret.

Fill the place you now have more than full and you will soon have a better one. A quarter in the pocket will buy more groceries than a dollar somebody owes you.

If you have no temptation, stop! Turn around! You are going the wrong way. We are not in a condition to enjoy riches until we can be happy without them.

Be definite. When a ship sails for England it steers for Liverpool, not Europe. We are not always ignorant because we do not learn, but because we forget too much.

People who boast that they never did any harm are generally those who haven't done much good.—Ran's Horn.

Poi, the National Dish of Hawaii.

Poi, the great food of the natives of Hawaii, is made from the taro plant, a vegetable similar in size and shape to a rutabaga turnip, which is grown in beds kept constantly submerged in water, a number of the beds being termed a taro "patch." Owing to the genial character of the climate the plant can be cultivated throughout the year. It is considered to be one of the most nutritious foods known, and is especially adapted for dyspeptics and persons troubled with stomach disorders.

The process of making poi from the plant is to first boil it and remove the skin, after which it is placed on large wooden trays and thoroughly pounded with pestles of stone, and small quantities of water being added from time to time during the process of maceration. An hour or more of continual pounding is required, when a substance like dough results, known as paiki. In preparing it for the table, the paiki is placed in a wooden bowl, or calabash, and is allowed to stand for a couple of days, until fermentation sets in, when it becomes poi, and tastes, to the unaccustomed palate, like sour flour paste; but the taro when boiled simply as a vegetable is very palatable.

The natives eat poi sitting around a large calabash and dipping into it with their fingers. The dish is known as either one, two or three finger poi, according to its consistency. One finger poi is the thickest form in which it is served, and sufficient of it adheres to one finger when dipped into it to admit of its being conveyed to the mouth. A thinner form of poi requires the use of two fingers for the purpose—hence two finger poi; and yet another, still further diluted, cannot be secured from the dish without the use of three fingers, hence its name. Dyspeptics, owing principally, it is said, to the general use of this salutary food.—Demorest.

Found a Store in a Zanzibar Forest.

"The most glittering spectacle that I ever witnessed," said Myron Hunter, who is at the Lacade, "occurred in Zanzibar while I tarried, with Company of the Holstein Guards, which, with a number of other companies, was stationed there by the German Government. I was not in the German army, but I accompanied them on friendly terms, sketching for himself. Zanzibar furnishes some of the finest specimens of tropical foliage and plant life that one can imagine.

"The willow tree of that country is really beautiful. One afternoon, while out sketching, I was caught in a true African thunder storm. Lots of thunder and lightning, but little rain. The rainfall was sufficient, however, to cover a neighboring willow with myriads of drops, which, when a little later the sun had shone out, reflected its rays in ever-changing colors. But before this the tree was struck by lightning, but sufficient to destroy it, but sufficient current to spread from limb to limb and leaf to leaf, entering into every crystal drop that swayed with the wind tossed leaves.

"The effect was marvellous. The rich green of the leaves set off the gorgeous gems that glittered and sparkled richer than any diamond set in gold. It was out for an instant, but that instant was sufficient to give one an idea what an Eden or a Hesperides might look like. When such things occur in the land of the sun, do you wonder that the Arabian literature abounds in rich fancy and gorgeous descriptions?"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Signal Corps.

The signal corps, United States Army, is a new constituent, is limited to fifty men. The pay of a private in the corps is \$100 per month, as against the \$13 per month paid to an ordinary private in the army. Naturally admission to the corps is much sought after by men in the ranks. It is customary when vacancies occur to give the first chance for enlistment to those soldiers who have distinguished themselves by long service or actual ability. Admission to the corps is by special enlistment, and is properly looked upon as a promotion. For further information write to General A. W. Greely, chief signal officer, United States Army, Washington, D. C. There are no special enlistments for arduous duty in the army. The men who are stationed at the buildings are detailed from the ranks as occasion may require.—New York Sun.

TEMPERANCE.

WENT DOWN. 'Twas not in old cowards' position. 'Twas not in the battle's din. 'Twas not in the arctic darkness. Nor yet in the tropic sun. 'Twas not in a lady's presence. 'Twas not by the cyclone's glee. 'Twas never an earthquake's horror. That ravished my boy from me.

Through the gates of a sinful pleasure, Bereft of his spotless name, 'Twas sought in a smiting conscience, With who but him to blame? He fought and he fell—the tempter Beguiled him with laughter and song, Forgiving him I and mother, My poor boy went down.

For the brand of the best bottled, He broke the one heart that loved him, For its idol was raised to the ground, Dead, the ashes that cumber the altar, And the ashes were cold the next morn, Life's love light is shrouded forever, A since my boy, my boy, went down.

Had the waves in pitiless frenzy, But swallow him up in the deep, Had the hurly and tumult of carnage Solved his eyelids forever in sleep, Had he reckoned his early translation Of the All Father's love but a sign, But to stumble and fall through temptation, Turns to life's bitter dressal his wain.

Yes, mine is the same old story, 'Twas not in the cycle of years, From its birth-day, my boy, was I literally crossed for mothers and tears, And the idols we press to our bosoms, Lingered in fragments around; And the ashes were cold the next morn, For our boys, our boys, have gone down.

O, the plague is more merciful, heaven, Than this blight on the bloom of our youth, For the coffin-lid hides but the vestures, And the soil that buries us, says aye, We, Nether, stumber and wonder, And struggle to bite back the moans; But the traffic in suits is protected, And our poor tempted boys go down.

—Gertrude Stanhope, in the Voice.

THE INEVITABLE ALCOHOLIC DEGENERATION OF THE CHRONIC INEBRIATE. The Quarterly Journal of Inebriety, as follows: "The chronic inebriate will be found, as a rule, defective in his entire system, both in the physical and intellectual departments. He is literally switched on to the side track of progressive degeneration. His intellectual capacity is only automatic and a vain varnish of reality. His memory is so impaired that he is unable to appreciate benefit and wrong. His physical power is rapidly growing weaker, and receding into the most degenerate forms."

A REMORALIZING LAW. It seems that a British law, which gives retail licenses for the sale of wine, beer and spirits has been demoralizing the households of England. By it a woman can order these articles with her groceries, have them in her hand, and pay for them in advance to a peddler, and tipple in the privacy of her home. Police and divorce courts have shown up this effect in starting husbands and wives to quarrel, and thousands of English wives and mothers, who would not drink in public, will sip and sip in private till they are half-way drunkards.

NOT A DRUNKEN MUSKELMAN. Mahomet's injunction against the use of ardent spirits is so well obeyed, even at this late day, that it is an extremely rare sight to see a drunken Mussulman. A lady who has been making a tour of the East, and during a long stay in Cairo none of her party saw an intoxicated man. She says that she also saw a drunken man, but that he was not a Mussulman. "If my wife were dying and the doctor ordered her to take drink, and she died with that brandy in her stomach God would not receive her in heaven."

WHAS JOLLY. To such a length has our American habit of treating those who decline to accompany a friend or acquaintance into a drinking resort to insult him. To accompany a man in his own home, and to stay with him and be banished about the place, and to be sobered on by the habits of the place, is to my mind, one of the most disgusting and obnoxious things a respectable man can be called upon to do. The man who is invited into a drinking den and refuses to accept the invitation may give offense to the one who invites him, but that refusal will be very apt to make no secret of his feelings. In fact, he believes it to be his privilege, nay, his duty, to openly censure the unreasonable conduct of those who insist on his staying and sobering on by the habits of the place. He should be invited to the drinking den, and if he declines to go, he should be allowed to go home in peace.

THE LARGEST PLATE OF AMERICAN GLASS. There was recently finished at the Diamond Plate Glass Works, in Kokomo, Ind., the largest plate ever cast in the United States. It is 130x216 inches, or 12 1/2 feet wide by 18 feet in length. This is by all odds the largest plate ever cast and ground and polished in America. Other plates as large as this have been cast here, but never before has one of this magnitude run the gauntlet of the finishing rooms without breakage.—Indianapolis Journal.

It is said that the largest piece of mica in the world was recently taken out of a North Carolina quarry. It measures nine and a half by sixteen inches.

The Skill and Knowledge Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all druggists.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. The only cure for any case of Catarrh. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. Temperance is a bride who makes her husband rich. One-third of the 15,000 arrests for drunkenness in Dublin last year were women. It is very silly to take a drink whenever you feel like it, to show people you are not it alone if you want to. Health of the body, and intelligence which is the health of the soul, are lost by one vice—drunkenness. A Brooklyn farmer declares that 100,000 to 150,000 Brooklyn men who drink come to New York to do it. Drunkenness has greatly increased in Ireland, having the number of convictions for the offense being 149,000 in 1881 as against 79,000 in 1887. The Norwegian Total Abstinence Society comprises 853 local unions, with a total of about 100,000 members; 47,000 men, 45,000 women and 15,000 children under sixteen years.

A declaration as to the use of alcohol as a medicine is going the rounds of the British Medical Association, and has led over six hundred names have been obtained against the use. If you have the good of society at heart touch not the intoxicating glass, for most of the evils we have to suffer from in our social and political life are the offspring of this prolific mother-vice—intemperance. A prisoner behind the bars in the penitentiary of Michigan writes as follows: "I took brandy and liquor alone, but in bed by 9 p. m., and up by 6 a. m., eat regularly, sleep soundly, exercise moderately, pray constantly, and you will never be behind the grates." You often hear moderate drinking men say: "Drinking does not hurt me, because I do not drink enough." If you reply that it may get the better of him, and make him a drunkard, he will laugh and say that he knows what he's about; he can take it or let it alone. But it is not that moderate drinking men drink.

The New Bread.

The favor with which the new bread, made with Royal Baking Powder instead of yeast, has been received by our best housekeepers and most expert bread makers is really wonderful. "It saves all the hard and tedious work of kneading and moulding," writes one. "Less than an hour from the dry flour to the most perfect loaf of bread I ever saw," writes another. "Fresh bread every day," says another, "and that the lightest, finest and most wholesome, is something to live for." "We relish the bread better than the old kind;" "It is ahead of any yeast bread I ever baked;" "The bread was whiter and softer;" "Best of all," writes an enthusiastic housewife, "we can eat the Royal unfermented bread, when freshly baked, or even when warm, with perfect impunity. It is actually an anti-dyspeptic."

"This bread has a 'nutty' taste, that is peculiarly pleasing," writes still another. This is owing to the fact that the active gas-producing principle of the Royal is derived from the pure grape seed.

The great value of this bread arises from the fact that in it are preserved all the most nutritive elements of the flour, some of which are decomposed and destroyed by the action of yeast. The loss of these properties is what makes fresh yeast bread unwholesome. The use of the Royal Baking Powder instead of yeast is found to make a finer, lighter bread, devoid of all dyspeptic qualities. The same gas—carbonic—is produced as when yeast is used, but it is evolved from the baking powder itself and not from the flour. Thereby the bread is made more wholesome and actually anti-dyspeptic. The greater convenience, where a batch of the finest bread can be made and baked in less than an hour with no danger of a sour or heavy loaf, must be appreciated by everyone.

The receipt for making this bread is herewith given, and housekeepers will do well to cut it out and preserve it: To make one loaf—One quart flour, one teaspoonful salt, half a teaspoonful sugar, two heaping teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder, half medium-sized cold boiled potato, and water. Sift together thoroughly flour, salt, sugar and baking powder; rub in the potato; add sufficient water to mix smoothly and rapidly into a stiff batter, about as soft as for pound-cake; about a pint of water to a quart of flour will be required—more or less according to the brand and quality of the flour used. Do not make a stiff dough, like yeast bread. Pour the batter into a greased pan, 4x8 inches, and four inches deep, filling about half full. The loaf will rise to fill the pan when baked. Bake in very hot oven forty-five minutes, placing paper over first fifteen minutes baking, to prevent crusting too soon on top. Bake at once. Do not mix milk.

Perfect success requires the most careful observance of all these details, and the author of the receipt emphasizes the statement that Royal Baking Powder only can be used because it is the only powder in which the ingredients are prepared so as to give that continuous action necessary to raise the larger bread loaf.

To every reader who will write the result of her bread making from this receipt to the Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall street, New York, that company will send in return, free, a copy of a most practical and useful cook book, containing one thousand receipts for all kinds of baking, cooking, etc. Mention this paper.

There was recently finished at the Diamond Plate Glass Works, in Kokomo, Ind., the largest plate ever cast in the United States. It is 130x216 inches, or 12 1/2 feet wide by 18 feet in length. This is by all odds the largest plate ever cast and ground and polished in America. Other plates as large as this have been cast here, but never before has one of this magnitude run the gauntlet of the finishing rooms without breakage.—Indianapolis Journal.

It is said that the largest piece of mica in the world was recently taken out of a North Carolina quarry. It measures nine and a half by sixteen inches.

The Skill and Knowledge Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all druggists.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. The only cure for any case of Catarrh. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

TEMPERANCE NEWS AND NOTES. Temperance is a bride who makes her husband rich. One-third of the 15,000 arrests for drunkenness in Dublin last year were women. It is very silly to take a drink whenever you feel like it, to show people you are not it alone if you want to. Health of the body, and intelligence which is the health of the soul, are lost by one vice—drunkenness. A Brooklyn farmer declares that 100,000 to 150,000 Brooklyn men who drink come to New York to do it. Drunkenness has greatly increased in Ireland, having the number of convictions for the offense being 149,000 in 1881 as against 79,000 in 1887. The Norwegian Total Abstinence Society comprises 853 local unions, with a total of about 100,000 members; 47,000 men, 45,000 women and 15,000 children under sixteen years.

A declaration as to the use of alcohol as a medicine is going the rounds of the British Medical Association, and has led over six hundred names have been obtained against the use. If you have the good of society at heart touch not the intoxicating glass, for most of the evils we have to suffer from in our social and political life are the offspring of this prolific mother-vice—intemperance. A prisoner behind the bars in the penitentiary of Michigan writes as follows: "I took brandy and liquor alone, but in bed by 9 p. m., and up by 6 a. m., eat regularly, sleep soundly, exercise moderately, pray constantly, and you will never be behind the grates." You often hear moderate drinking men say: "Drinking does not hurt me, because I do not drink enough." If you reply that it may get the better of him, and make him a drunkard, he will laugh and say that he knows what he's about; he can take it or let it alone. But it is not that moderate drinking men drink.

"German Syrup"

I must say a word as to the efficacy of German Syrup. I have used it in my family for Bronchitis, the result of Colds, with most excellent success. I have taken it myself for Throat Troubles, and have derived good results therefrom. I therefore recommend it to my neighbors as an excellent remedy in such cases. James T. Durette, Earlysville, Va. Beware of dealers who offer you "something just as good." Always insist on having Boschee's German Syrup.

RADWAY'S PILLS,

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause perfect digestion, complete absorption and beneficial re-education of the system. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous System.

LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, DIZZY FEELINGS, BILIOUSNESS, TORPID LIVER, DYSPEPSIA.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By their APTI-BILIOUS properties they stimulate the liver in the secretion of bile and its discharge through the biliary ducts. These pills in doses of from two to four pills daily regulate the action of the liver and free the patient from these disorders. One or two of RADWAY'S PILLS taken daily by those subject to biliousness and torpidity of the liver, will keep the system regular and insure healthy digestion.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT



MRS. GERMAN MILLER. Saves Another Life! Suffered for Eight Long Years!

Mrs. Miller says: "I had been troubled for eight years with stomach and head difficulties. I lived mostly on milk, and everything I ate distressed me. My kidneys and liver were in a terrible state; was so run down and nervous that at times I could neither sleep or eat. I was treated by the best physicians in Chicago and elsewhere without any benefit whatever. At last resort I tried Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and before I had used the third bottle I realized that I was getting on my feet and eating and sleeping as usual. I lived mostly on milk, and everything I ate distressed me. My kidneys and liver were in a terrible state; was so run down and nervous that at times I could neither sleep or eat. I was treated by the best physicians in Chicago and elsewhere without any benefit whatever. At last resort I tried Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and before I had used the third bottle I realized that I was getting on my feet and eating and sleeping as usual. I lived mostly on milk, and everything I ate distressed me. My kidneys and liver were in a terrible state; was so run down and nervous that at times I could neither sleep or eat. I was treated by the best physicians in Chicago and elsewhere without any benefit whatever. At last resort I tried Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and before I had used the third bottle I realized that I was getting on my feet and eating and sleeping as usual."

Guarantee—Use contents of one bottle. If you are not benefited, Druggist will refund to you the price paid. "Invalids Guide to Health" and "Consultation Free." Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. At Druggists, 50c. or \$1.00 Size.

A Pure Norwegian

oil is the kind used in the production of Scott's Emulsion—Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda are added for their vital effect upon nerve and brain. No mystery surrounds this formula—the only mystery is how quickly it builds up flesh and brings back strength to the weak of all ages.

Scott's Emulsion

will check Consumption and is indispensable in all wasting diseases. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

SHILOH'S CURE.

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee.

Garfield Tea

Cures Constipation. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Garfield, N. Y. All druggists.

THE KIND THAT CURES



DANIEL C. ROGLESTON, DANIEL C. ROGLESTON, DANIEL C. ROGLESTON.

HELPLESS AND SUFFERING, FAINT AND WEAK FROM RHEUMATIC TORMENT.

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA

DANA SANSAPARILLA CO. DANIEL C. ROGLESTON, DANIEL C. ROGLESTON, DANIEL C. ROGLESTON.

RISE SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived with "Roses, Emblems and Patterns which stain the hands and clothes and ruin the carpet. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Od