THE SONG THAT WAS LOST.

There was a poet born who had deep his heart a song;
He sprang from the soil—he plowed the fields in spring;
But he conned the songs of the ancient

bards—he studied well and long, And ever he sang to himself the song that God gave him to sing! And he loved the mother who bore him, and as they toiled away He thought of the joy she would have to hear him sing his song some day.

In secret moments of the night his heaven ly song he wrote— Letter by letter, word by word, and,

likewise, line by line; And he sang it unto the beasts of the field; he caught the song bird's note And held it fast, and in his eyes was the

light that is divinehe poured from his heart, and then passed the praise of men.

He sang the song-the song sublime that She dumbly heard him sing until the

last note died away;
"Ah, but," she sadly sighed, "'twill bring For men have little gold to give in trade a very intelligent and ingenious man for songs to-day!" He gazed into her face and saw but cold.

sharp wrinkles therecame a sob-he turned, and plowed on in despair.

WO souls with but a single thought, a dreamy, poetic nature, far beyond the and anger the cubs were there waiting graphic studio, and his business was rushed at her infants and gave them ordinary. He owned a presty photocongenial to his artistic temperament; there was so much in it to cultivate love of the beautiful.

He had reached the age of 27, "heart whole and fancy free," or apparently step. When she reached the spot where so to his friends. To-day is his birthday, and he is thinking intently of a realistic dream of the night just passed. Just a year ago a vision came to him: a face not beautiful, but strong and earnest and sweet. She appeared to him in a portrait which he seemed to be looking at. The little brown hair was in natural waves over a smooth forehead, and the calm, steadfast eyes were of a deeper hue.

again appeared, and Ralph is thinking safety of her cubs and her own peace of the message that came to him. "Patience, one more year, and I will come to you." He finally awoke from his reverle and started for his studio; on the way he picked up a package from the sidewalk. Soon reaching his cozy little office, he opened it, to find two and among them is a man who cherphotographs by Sarony in a folding ishes the portrait of his dog attired as frame; one was a draped figure, the an old lady at a 5 o'clock tea-table. Apright hand raised to the forehead, the face profile, the other, ah! the same true brown eyes which haunted him for a year! The brown hair, with golden tints in the high lights; the fair complexion, deepening into a wild rose pink on her rounded cheek. The photo was beautifully painted in water color, and life-like. The artist soon made copies of both pictures and took his plates into the dark-room to develop. with good results.

Toward night a little urchin stuck his head in at the door and shouted: "Jour-

"Here, boy," said Ralph, "never min the change," as he flung him a nickel He read the news, then glanced at the advertisements. Under "Lost and Found" appeared the following:

Lost-Two photos of lady, in a folding gold frame, between Wellington street and postoffice. Finder please send to D 570, The Journal.

Ralph sent them to the address named, congratulating himself that he possessed such satisfactory copies, and parently the lady has aesthetic tastes resolved to enlarge the profile for himself. It was a labor of love, to work on it day by day, and a most beautiful work of art it was when finally finished. Time went on apace; another year, with its pleasures and trials, has

bell rang "three rings," a signal that something of the envy with which Laza subject was ready to be posed; it was arus may have looked upon Dives. It the work of a moment to put the nega- is the question of holidays which contive for exposure into the plate-holder. stitutes the difference in favor of the vision of his dreams! The same wom- schoolboys of France have more bolianly face, the graceful form!

society woman broke in: "Allow me, American youngster. The average boy, Mr. Thorndyke, to present my friend, be he a native of Manhattan or a child Miss Marion Beane, to you and your of Timbuctoo, is more foud of a holiday best effort in art." The artist bowed, than he is of a workday, theorists and expressing himself the best he could, moralists to the contrary notwithstandwith such a whirling brain as pleased ing. And the more holidays he has the to favor them.

He posed her, then she went to the all the world. dressing-room to don another costume; her friend, Mrs. Claremont, chatted year, as against 159 school days! That's with Ralph, saying: "I'm so glad that the record of public instruction in you two have met to-day, Marion is so France. To begin with, there is the regromantic; would you believe it? She is ular midsummer holiday, which covers waiting for an ideal; she believes that a period of 64 days. That's pretty good every one possesses half a soul, that for a starter. Then there are the Sunsomewhere in the world the other half days. They are holidays, of course, is waiting to be recognized and claim- everywhere, but they count an addied; if the two halves join, then is the tional 52 days. Then ten days are alunion perfect and two lives made hap- lowed for the proper celebration of py, otherwise unhappiness and discord Christmas and New Year's. To be result from the ill-assorted union of thoroughly observant of the great

trance or sleep at midnight while at means 52 days more of no labor. All Newport, nearly frightening every one Saints' comes in for three days' holiout of their wits. She came out of it, day, St. Charlemagne two days, Shrove however, in a few hours; a year ago Tuesday and Ash Wednesday two the same thing occurred at the same hour, while she was visiting me. She returned to her home the next morning national fete in July rolls around. The and lost two photos of herself, made in New York. I advertised the loss and received them the next day." Marion's appearance at this time put a stop to further confidence, and Ralph had all he could do to control himself to be the

When the ladies were about to go he Said: "I would like to have you ladies visit my sanctum sanctorum," to which they gave a glad assent.

When they entered the door Marion gave a violent start, for, facing the entrance, was her own figure in life size: under the portrait the words, "Looking into the future." She blushed, then turned pale, and her eyes met Ralph's with something like recognition. Mrs. Claremont saw that there was something in the air and retired gracefully from the office with a remark about some errand that must be attended to immediately.

Ralph advanced toward Marion, and taking her hand, said: "I was the fortunate finder of your photos and have had this portrait for my daily companion a year. May I hope in the future to possess the original? We have in reality known each other two years had better remain in the house," said and need not measure time in the conher mother. "It looks like rain." "But, ventional way; I feel that I possess

your soul's mate. Is it not true?" Marion gave him a glance full of turns the water on." faith and trust, saying: "Even so, my heart is yours." It is needless to add that Marion never went into another trance. What could it be? Did her Juvenile Sunday school class, "which

soul leave its earthly surroundings to seek its mate? She believes that it did, and found it, too.—Boston Post.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

BOYS AND GIRLS.

DEPARTMENT FOR LITTLE

or that Will Interest the Juventle Members of Every House Quaint Actions and Bright Sayings of Many Cute and Cunning Children.

of discipline in Yellowstone Park, I heard the story of a bear there, which I consider exceedingly important, not only as a comment on the discipline of the park, but as a moral lesson to parents in domestic obedience. The story is literally true, and if it were not should not repeat it, for it would have had burst from the depths of his no value. Mr. Kipling says, "The law of the jungle is—obey." This also seems to be the law of Yellowstone Park. There is a lunch station at the upper basin, near Old Faithful, kept by He got acquainted last year with a she bear, who used to come to his house every day and walk into the kitchen for food for berself and her two cubs. The cubs never came. The keeper got on very intimate terms with the who was always civil and well-behand (without taking the hand). One day toward sunset the bear came to the kitchen, and having received her por-Two hearts that beat as one." tion she went out of the back door to Raiph Thorndyke was possessed of carry it to her cubs. To her surprise for her. She laid down the food, and a rousing spanking. "She did not cuff them; she spanked them," and then drove them back into the woods, cuffing them and knocking them at every she had told them to wait she left them there and returned to the house. An there she stayed in the kitchen for two whole hours, making the disobedient children wait for their food, simply to discipline them and teach them obedience. The explanation is very natural. When the bear leaves her young in a particular place and goes in search of food for them, if they stray away in her

> Harper's Magazine. Some dog owners have quaint fancles,



AFTERNOON TEA.

would happen to the china, the spectacles and the frilled cap if some wicked person cried "rats?"

Schoolboy's Paradise. in America looks upon the small boy About 11 o'clock next day the electric who has to go to school in France with he gave it up. Then he ejaculated As Ralph walked toward the camera | lad who attends a public school of inwhat he saw took his breath away. The struction in the French republic. The days than workdays in the year, and The pleasant voice of a well-known in that fact lies the grievance of the

Two hundred and six holidays in the feast of Eastertide 15 days are given. "Two years ago she went into a Thursdays are holidays, and that days, Whitsuntide three days, and three days to make merry when the rest of the year the children are sup-

better terms he is on with himself and

posed to study. A Race of Great Men. No doubt you have often heard the expression, "As tall as a Patagonian." Many years ago wonderful tales were told about the great size of the Tehuelches of southern Patagonia, it being reported that they were all from nine feet to ten feet tall. While not approaching such extreme height, the Patagonians living to the east of the Cordilleras are believed to be the tallest people in the world. The men average nearly six feet in height, and many of them are nearly seven feet tall. When we consider that the average American is several inches below the six-foot mark, and yet we rank as tall people, it is easy to believe a race of six-footers may take the palm for

When She Would Come In. It was one of those gray, dull mornwhether the sun is doing its duty or not and little 4-year-old Margie wanted to go out and play in the yard. "You mamma, I won't get wet," replied Margie; "I'll come right in when the man

"Tommy," said the teacher of the

is the greater evil, hurting a playmate's eelings or his finger?" "Hurting his eelings," answered Tommy. "That's. right, my boy," said the teacher. "Now, Johnny, tell me why it is worse to hurt the feelings?" "Because," replied John ny, "you can't tie a rag around 'em."

Doctors in Heaven. Little Ethel had dislocated her wrist and suffered greatly before the physician could be summoned. After he had attended to it she said: "Suppose I had died before you came, would I have been a crippled angel?" "Oh, no," he replied, "you would have been doctored in heaven." "Why," queried Ethel, in surprise, "do doctors go to heaven, Speaking of law and the enforcement

Looking Ahead. "I shall certainly have to buy a whip to punish you with if you don't quit behaving so badly," said a mother to her naughty 4-year-old son. "All right, mamma," replied the precoclous youngster, "and after you've whipped me may I have the whip to play horse

[LETTER TO MRS. PINEHAM NO. 46,970] "I had female complaints so bad that it caused me to have THE ARTIST'S DREAM, haved, and would take food from his hysterical fits; have had as many as nine in one

> Lvdia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured me and it has been a year since I had an attack.

> > firs. Edna Jackson,

absence she has great difficulty in find-If Mrs. Pinkham's Compound will cure ing them. The mother knew that the such severe cases as this surely it must be a great medicine—is there of mind depended upon strict discipline any sufferer foolish enough not to in the family. Oh, that we had more give it a trial? such mothers in the United States!-

JAMES COULDN'T IMAGINE.

A Story that a New York Club Woman Here is a good story which a club

woman tells about herself: "At one time," she says, "we had colored butler, who stayed with us for years, and who admired my husband immensely. He thought that Dr. Hwas a marvel of manly beauty, as well domestic, professional, and otherwise. Of course, I quite agreed with the butler on this point, but the fact is I sometimes pined to have him pass his enthusiastic compliments around to the family, and not bestow them all on the doctor. So one morning, when Dr. pint bottle says it's just as easy to get H--- had just left the breakfast table, hilerious on water as it is on land. posing picture, as he stood on the front steps drawing on his gloves, I remark- should have them frosted. "'Dr. H- is a handsome man, isn't

"'Ves. ma'am. 'Deed an' he is. ma'am!" with gratifying enthusiasm. "Then, hoping to get a rise from James, I added with an absent-minded air, as if I scarcely knew what I said, but was just uttering my inmost

thoughts: " 'How in the world do you suppose that such a handsome man as Dr. Hever happened to marry such a homely woman as I am?

"Well, James just stopped short and rolled his eyes and shook his head as if 'Heaven knows, ma'am!' "-New

He Ween't A raid.

Her papa-You must remember, sir, that my daughter has been used to an atmosphere of refinement.

The young man-Yes, she told me the other night that the perfume she uses costs \$2.40 an ounce. But I know where I can get a big discount on the same stuff.-Chicago News.

Stop

Every cough makes your throat more raw and irritable. Every cough congests the lining membrane of your lungs. Ceasetearing your throat and lungs in this way. Put the parts at rest and give them a chance to heal. You will need some help to do this, and you will find it in

From the first dose the quiet and rest begin: the tickling in the throat ceases; the spasm weakens; the cough disappears. Do not wait for pneumonia and consumption but cut short your cold without delay. Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pec-

toral Plaster should be over the lungs of every person troubled with a cough. Write to the Doctor.

TRUMPET CALLE

Ram's: Horn Counds a Warning Note RITE love is a ways liberal.

Hope is a tonic for patience. Olvilimation does Fear will finally adlock the lips of the most fluent

A diamond is worth more than its set-The Bible is God's love-letter to His

We can see the pool, but where is the angel?

An excess of harmless an harmful. You can't mend your manners with a needle.

Public favor is a poor platform to stand on.

God knows how many ounces there are to a pound.

A sinner is always guilty of an eternal self-sacrifice. Theology is no more Christ than

anatomy is a man. Christ is the only teacher who can safely say "Verily." The bright lights of the saloon are

stolen from human eyes. "Five bottles of He who is graceless at death, will be eechless at the judgment. Impatience kicks over the dinner

pail to get to the supper table. College diplomas do not go as tickets of admission at the pearly gate. The prayer-meeting promise not put into practice adds a lie to your guilt Many men put their toys under a good roof and leave themselves out in the

if God takes away your flowers it is because they would fade in your hot nands. The verdict of the Supreme Court of Heaven sets aside that of the lower

court of public opinion. Covetousness turns a man out of the warmth of his own house to stand shivering on his neighbor's doorstep. Those servants who make no account of their Lord's coming, will have to

Prevention of Consumption. Sir William Broadbent, who is one of the most eminent authorities on consumption in Great Britain, is prescribing fresh air as the best of preventives, day and night, summer and winter. He says everybody ought to sleep with the window open and the bedroo ought to be as fresh in the morning as as the embodiment of all the virtues, when it is entered at night. He be lieves that if we all slept with open windows the mortality from consumption would be reduced by one-half from

A Kentuckian who always carries a

People who live in glass houses

penfness Camest Re Cured

y local applications, as they cannot reach the
liseased portion of the ear. There is only one
way to cure deafness, and that is by constituional remedies. D afness is caused by an nlamed condition of the mucous lining of the
Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets ini-med you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is e-tirely closed
Deafness i the result, and unless the inflamnation can be taken out and this tube reto-red to its normal condition, hearing will be
lestroy d for ver. Nine cases out of ten are
aused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inamed -andition of the mucous surfaces.
We will give One Hund-ed Dollars for any
use of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that canbe the cured by Hall's tatarrh ture. Sen'
er circulars, free.

r circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the book. The man robs others who does

If a man tells a lie he is always

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, \$1. Ali druggista.

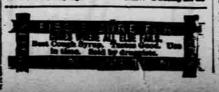
The camel never passed through the

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children cething, soliens the gums, reducing inflamma-tion, allays pain cures wind colic, He a bottle. True friendship is the strongest tie in life-for its protection life itself would be sacreficed; without it love annot exist; with it a rock is not firmer its foundation.



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

CALIFORNIA FIG STRUP CO. San Francisco, Cal. Le, Ky. New York, N. E.



PEACE

PAIN We have peace, and those be are sorely afflicted with NEURALGIA

will have peace from pain and a perfect cure by using

ST. JACOBS OIL American Exhibits at Paris. Hundreds of American horseless carriages and vehicles of all kinds will be een on the streets of Paris during the great universal exposition of 1900. Con-

tracts have recently been let in various

cities in the United States, notably Chi-

cago, for the building and equipping of about 5,000 electrical carriages. American railroads are preparing to make extensive exhibits at the Paris diving drees in which steel rings are exposition, and some of them will be full of novel and striking ideas. One plan, which has already received the approval of a number of the leading great depths railroad companies, provides for the construction of an enormous upright elief or profile map of the United States, on which every line of railroad in the country will be marked by electrical devices.-New York Journal of

History tells us Rome was saved by the cackling of geese. Some of our politicians seem bent on trying to make history repeat itself.

A wise man prepares for the worst while hoping for the best.

RECENT INVENTIONS.

Tobacco pipes can be thoroughly cleaned by a new device consisting of a pump to be attached to the bowl of the pipe to draw water in through the stem and forefbly discharge it to dis-

The skin can be quickly removed from potatoes by a new cleaner formed of a tubular net of sharp cords having a number of knots on the inner surface, the tubers being placed in the net and shaken rapidly.

A handy cup for eggs boiled in the shell has slots near the edge for the insertion of a tableknife to remove the top of the shell, the cup having a removable lining so as to hold eggs of different sizes.

For use in curling the hair a newly designed instrument has the ends of the tongs flattened, to be heated and press the hair after it has been dampened and wound on curl papers of crimping pins. An Australian has designed a new

woven into the cloth or sewed between two thicknesses, for the purpose of resisting the pressure of the water at A German inventor has patented a

clock for attachment to telephone instruments, which has levers to be set for the number of minutes' conversation desired, the connection with the other instrument being broken when the time expires.

Shoe laces are to be made with a core of hemp or other strong cord inclosed in a loosely woven casing, the core extending into a tongue of coiled wire or soft brass at either end, thus forming a string which will not wear out easily.

Society

Women and, in fact, nearly all women who undergo a nervous strain, are compelled to regret-fully watch the growing pallor of their cheeks, the coming wrinkles and thinness that become more

distressing every day.

Every woman
knows that ill-health is a fatal enemy to beauty and that good health gives to the plainest face an enduring attractiveness. Pure blood and strong nerves - these are the secret of health and

Dr. Williams' Pink

Pills for Pale People build up and purify the blood and strengthen the nerves. To the young girl they are invaluable, to the mother they are a necessity, to the woman approaching fifty they are the best remedy that science has devised for this crisis of her life.

Mrs. Jacob Weaver, of Bushnell, Ill., is fifty-six years old. She says: "I suffered for five or six years with the trouble that comes to women at this time of life. I was much weakened, was unable, much of the time, to do my own work, and suffered beyond my power to describe. I was downhearted and melancholy Nothing seemed to do me any good. Then I made up my mind to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

I bought the first box in March, 1897, and was benefited from the start. A box and a ha!f cured me completely, and I am now rugged and strong."

Bushnell (Ill.) Record.

The genuine package always bears the full name At all druggists or sent postpaid on receipt of price 50f per box by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co, Schenectady, N.Y.

Coure a Gold in One De Take AXATIVE BROMO-QUININE TABLETS

Druggists refund the money

IN MODERN DAMASCUS

to Fascinating Streets and the Charming Picturesque Bazaare,

Cross-legged upon a red velvet couch he citizen of Damascus smokes his garette or nargileh, sips his coffee or araki-a strong drink flavored with aniseed-and looks dreamily out upon the world. In the heat of the day his favorite retreat is the shadow of orange or mulberry trees on the banks of those rivers which Naaman preferred to "all the waters of Israel." pling Barada is a flute note in the lazy drone of conversation. When the dark hadows have crept down the crowded street or square and his long robs and turban are added to the bright lines that extend in front of the cafes. There he sits for hours without open ing his lips, except to draw in the thin, acrid smoke of the hubble-bubble. Thus the sober citizen takes his pleas-

If he is "a young man about town' he may plunge recklessly into the excitements of the cafe chantant, and, still with coffee and nargileh before him, listen to adaptations of Western songs and "sketches" sung and played by Greeks and Dalmatians. Women may not share these public amusements and not even a progressive county councilor could find fault with the performance. It is blamelessly dull and as respectable and almost as stupid as a suburban drawing-room party. The only difference is that the performers are a little more noisy, that all the ladies smoke openly-and that the dancing girls would shrink from the skirt dance. Like the Japanese geishas and the Indian nautch dancers, they seldom move their feet from the

Not even in Damascus, where nature has laughed and been radiant for cenall the dirt of coal avoided. turies of centuries, the oriental is a dull person whose features rarely relax from their intent look of dignified contemplation. There is only one place in which he appears a natural man, and that is the bazaar. There, in these long passages with vaulted roof, life palpitates hot-blooded. Sleek Syrian, hungry Turk, apple-cheeked Druse and stately Bedouin are men and women when they come to barter. The bazaars of Damascus are famous in the east. Their importance has become less since the opening of traffic in the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf, yet their picturesque interest is still great. They form a labyrinth of courts and arcades, open to the sky or under lofty-vaulted roof—arcades long, straight and broad, with modern shops; arcades narrow, winding and ancient, with dark recesses where figures in turbans and long robes squat giets, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c. yet their picturesque interest is still

among the merchandise thumbing the koran or reciting prayers. As in Western Europe, when trades all see and judge better in the affairs of others than in their own. were guilds, each set of merchants had its own quarter, though the tendency is to remove these landmarks. There is, for example, the silk bazar, where unless you can haggle over paras, you are likely to pay dear for embroideries and delicate tissues of Damascus and Aleppo. The goldsmith's bazar is disappointing. It is a gloomy court with a beggarly array of coins and "antiques" in locked cases. The sound of the hammer leads one to the coppersmiths, who make those enormous trays with which the peasants Bedouin measure their neighbor's pltality. Narrow strips of Persian carpet, "Damascus" blades forged at Solingen, crimson leather slippers embroidered with silver thread, gaudy saddles and bridles, catch the eye as one canters through arcade after ar-cade.—London Standard.

Looking Forward. Grandma Jackson-Does de Bible say dat dar will be no marryin' in heav-Parson Johnson-It suttinly does, sis-

Grandma Jackson-Den, pahson, 1 ust seriously doubt de authentisticity el ch de Bible; fo' a fortune teller tole me only las' week dat I'd hab foah husbands. I'se only had free, so far, an' I suttinly don't see how I'se gwine t'

STUFFS DATES FOR A LIVING.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS IN A GRIP CURE that DOES CURE.

How a Bright St. Louis Girl le Declared Dead by a Society, He Was A St. Louis girl, Miss Catharine Denny, who found, about a year ago, that she would need to hustle around and take care of herself, hit on a plan which was easy, needed little capital and has proved enormously successful, says the New York Mail and Express. Years ago a friend of her mother brought from India the cipe for the stuffed dates prepared for the rajah of the city where she had resided. The recipe was often used by the family and Miss Denny, at her some of the dainty confection. She went to a retail dealer in the city, who referred her to Adam Roth, wholesaler, who had been inquiring for just such sweetmeats. He proposed that Miss Denny supply him with dates stuffed with English walnuts, and gave her immediately all the work

she could do-in fact, more than she could do alone. The little buildings was fitted up and the work done on a large scale. There are in the house three rooms, in which now work the seeders, stuffers and packers. The dates, which come in large boxes, are unpacked, the seeds removed, and in the "stuffing" room a quarter of a walnut is placed in each date. Powdered sugar is then sifted over and the dates placed in the boxes ready for transportation. Last year Miss Denny made 6,000 pounds and this year 20,000. She has and when one remembers that it is all hand work some idea may be gained of the labor involved. An interesting thing in connection with the business is that all the seeds are burned in the and the fire they make it quite hot and

Te Cure A Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tab Progress refund money if it falls to

If you know that you are right, you can afford to wait until time and cirlucate Your Bowels With Jascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. Dc, 25c. If C. C. C, fail, druggists refund money My, son, make your efforts upward, and by the law of heaven's gravity and by the law of he some return is certain.

RUPTURE Cure Guaranteed by DR J. B. MAYER, 101; ARCH ST., PHILA. PA. Ease at once; no operation or delay from business. Commitation ince. Endorsements of physicians, ladies and prominent citizens. Send for circular. Office-iours 9A. M. to 1 P. M.

Whoever has a good temper will be

ure to have a good many other good

Ben't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Four Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag setic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To Bac, the wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaran-teed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Charity is the altar of true self-I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTER-ION, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

Knocks Coughs and Colds.

Dr. Arnold's Cough Killer cures Coughs and olds. Prevents Consumption. All druggists. Sic Earthly happiness can only be assur-To Cure Constitution Ferever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 85c.
If C. C. C. fall to cure, druggists refund money

There is this difference betwen honor and honesty: Honor is the chilvalry of ccurage, honesty is the bravery of prin-

A CHINAMAN'S FATE.

And while we're talking of men killing themselves-nice topic, isn't it?here's a story told me by a man lately returned from San Francisco. It's a true story, too.

In San Francisco there's a Chinese secret society, the laws of which are as strict and unchanging as those of the Medes and Persians. One of the members of this society told some of its secrets-an offense punishable by death. He was to be tried in the usual The night of the ordeal was fixed.

way before a tribunal of the society. The culprit was represented by able counsel, but the sentence was deathas was expected. An executioner was called from an adjoining room. He was a strapping big Chinaman and wore one of those hideous wooden masks that art critics think so beautiful. He carried a double-edged sword fully five feet long. To test the edge he folded a newspaper in eight parts, and the knife went through those eight thicknesses of paper as if it were a bit of butter in summer time. The culprit was put upon his knees,

and another Chinaman, also on his knees, faced him and caught the traitor by the cue. He drew the culprit's neck toward him, the smock was pulled over the shoulders, and with one mighty swing the double-edged sword descended. Like a flash it clove the air and then-stopped. A fractional part of an inch separated the sword from the victim's neck. Very, very gently the executioner brought the weapon down antil it just touched the traitor's neck. Then, as it is a crime to kill a man in San Francisco, he stopped. He brought stoves of the house instead of coal, the sword to his side again, turned to the judges and said:

"The culprit is dead." The newly executed got to his feet and said something to the judge. The judge did not heed-for the culprit was dead. He tried to speak to the Chinamen, who were hurrying from the hall, But he spoke to deaf ears. To all intents and purposes he was a dead man.

He made his way into the street, and the first thing that caught his eye was a huge poster proclaiming to all Chinatown that he had been executed that evening. No one would speak to him, no one look at him—he was a dead man -just as dead as if the executioner's sword had in reality descended.

For a whole week that man wandered about Chinatown, the posters proclaiming his execution staring him in the face at every turn. Not a crust of bread could he beg-not a mouthful of water. His people knew him as deadhe was past, gone, buried.

And so one day he wandered up into the American portion of San Francisco and stole a revolver from a messenger boy, who was showing it to some companions. Then he ran down into Chinatown, sat down on the pavement beneath one of his own death notices and blew the addled brains out of his poor Chinese head.—Philadelphia Press.

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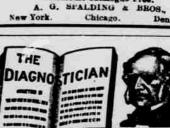
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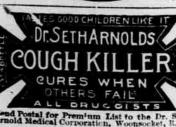


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