

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedial Co., Chicago or New York.

Of the 95,615 men who perished in the Crimean war 80,000 were Turks and Russians.

Dr. Morgan's "Fut-Ake" Powder.
A certain cure for tired, aching, swelling and perspiring feet. "Fut-Ake" cures bunions, corns, chilblains, frostbites, ingrowing nails, hot stinging feet; also cures and prevents blisters, callous and sore spots on the feet. Price, 10 cents at all druggists, or sent by mail for six 2-cent stamps. Sterling Pharmaceutical Co., 935 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Shake Into Your Shoes
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, nervous, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discoverer of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Lightning struck two mules at Elk Point, S. D., and one of them fell on a boy and killed him.

ST. VITUS' DANCE, SPASMS and all nervous diseases permanently cured by the use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$1.00 trial bottle and treatise to Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 361 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.

Ginger is a tropical production of Mexico, where it grows wild. It has been cultivated from an early period in tropical Asia.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Russian families, when moving to new homes, kindle the fire on the hearth with coals brought from the old residence.

Sent free, Klondike Map
From Gold Commission's official survey. Address Gardiner & Co., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Parsonage property is not exempt from tax in Oregon.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure, 25c.

In Hungary whisky is distilled from turnips, maize, potatoes and molasses.

Dr. Morgan's "Hed-Ese" Powders.
A certain and safe cure for headache and neuralgia. Will relieve the most obstinate case of nervous or sick headache in a few minutes. Price, 10 cents at all druggists. Sent by mail for six 2-cent stamps. Sterling Pharmaceutical Co., 935 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Chinese coinage in the shape of a knife has been traced back as far as 2240 B. C.

J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Beggars are unknown in Melbourne. The poorest part of the city is the Chinese quarter.

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

In the River Llano, in Texas, islands of floating sand are sometimes seen.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Golf links have been opened on the grounds of the Villa Pamphili-Doria, Rome.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine. -Mrs. W. Pickett, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 23, 1894.

A cargo of yellow pine lumber has been shipped from Texas to Bombay.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

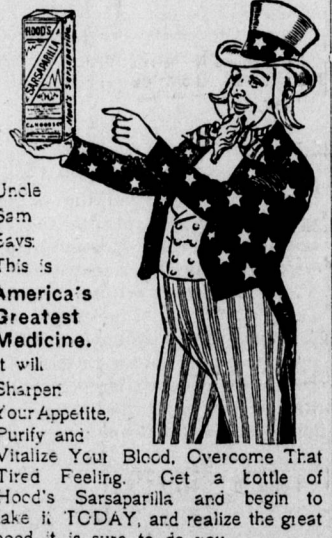
The Pope has a pearl, bequeathed to him by Pius IX., valued at \$100,000.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The Canary Islands own their school teachers 740,000 pesetas in salary.

The sanction of physicians is accorded to that standard disinfectant, Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hu's Hair & Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

Americans pay \$10,000,000 a year for collar buttons.



Uncle Sam says: "This is America's Greatest Medicine. It will cleanse your system, purify your blood, overcome that tired feeling. Get a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and begin to take it TODAY, and realize the great good it is sure to do you."

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is America's Greatest Medicine. All druggists.

INSOMNIA
"I have been using CASCARETS for insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented." THOS. GILLARD, Esq., Ill.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripes. 10c, 25c, 50c.
CURE CONSTIPATION.
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 210
NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to be No-To-Bac.

DON'T WORRY.
Don't worry—though above your head
The threatening storm clouds meet,
The rainbow of a yore shall spread
Its sign of promise sweet.
The flowers bed when winter gray
Proclaimed again his cruel sway,
Yet early blossoms smile and say,
"Don't worry."

Don't worry—though the moon-tide find
Your footsteps faltering,
The moon's glad hopes left far behind;
The day its joy shall bring,
When sunset's radiant curtains fall,
Sleep's angel, ready to the call
Of night, shall whisper low to all,
"Don't worry."

Don't worry—though with little good
Your eager quest seem fraught,
He that hath striven as he could
Has striven as he ought,
Ask not how destiny was planned,
The little that we understand
Is eloquent with the command,
"Don't worry."

Nobody's Papa.

A sombre-looking man wandered gloomily from picture to picture. He had no catalogue, some people prefer to go without and gaze untrammelled by prejudice. He was not perhaps the only man in the room without a catalogue, but there was that about him which distinguished him effectually from every other human being in that crowd. No one else looked so utterly unamused and indifferent as he, though many were less critical. He knew a good picture at once, and gave it a quick, appreciative scrutiny, while the worthless specimens he passed by with a glance of contempt. Presently he turned listlessly away and sat down on the ottoman in the centre of the room. Folding his arms, he sank into a brown study. What was he thinking of? A woman of course! Yes; but not a woman that he loved.

He thought of her as the beautiful heiress whom he had wooed and won. She was courted as only such women are courted, and from all the host of admirers he had borne off the prize. He, penniless and obscure, with only his personal qualities to recommend him—ah! she must have loved him then. How beautiful she was, and how sweet—she seemed! A bitter smile curled the man's lips. Sweet! she was made of muriatic acid. He himself, to be sure, was not all honey and sugar. Men are not—but a woman! His ideal of womanhood had always been softness, gentleness—she should be a hero worshiper—and her hero naturally should be her husband.

Gertrude had been accustomed to homage. She had not been willing to own a master, had expected apparently to find in him a slave—a slave! She should have married another man than he. They had scarcely a week of love and happiness, and in six months he had left her.

"You married me for my money!" was the last fatal insult she hurled at him in her passion.

"Very well, madam. I will leave you your money and relieve you of the presence of a despised husband—forever!"

Those were the last words he had ever spoken to her—the last words he ever should speak. He had left her then and there, to her grand house, with her grand servants and her grand friends, and he had gone to Australia to begin life anew with only his brains for capital. The capital, however, was a good one. He had made his fortune, and he had come home, yielding to a strange longing to see—not her—oh, no! nor any man or woman alive, but to tread his native soil, to revisit the scenes where he had spent a happy boyhood—and then—he should return to Australia. There he had friends; there he had land. It was his home now. No one knew of his arrival in England; no one should know. From his wife his separation had been complete. There had been no letters—no inquiries. To each other they were as dead.

It was seven years since they had met and parted, and he did not know if she were living or dead. Of course he did not want to know. She perhaps was anxious to hear of his death in order that she might marry somebody else. Perhaps in time she would assume his death.

He started up. The heat was intolerable, the pictures odious, the people detestable, their cackle unendurable. He would go straight out. He would not look at another daub. That one was not so bad, though! In spite of himself he stopped to look at it. It was the portrait of a little girl—a dear, little girl in hat and fur tipped and muff, standing in the porch of a country house. It was evidently a stormy winter's day. Her feet stood in the snow, but she was standing quite still in an attitude of eager expectancy. It fascinated him; he looked long and earnestly. It was a good picture, but it was not altogether its artistic merits that captivated him. The child's face seemed to awake some far-off memory—a memory that kept on eluding him in a perplexing manner. Then at last it came to him. The likeness was a little sister of his own who had died in early childhood; she had been his boyhood's companion. He had loved her deeply; he had mourned her long. Poor Nellie! Her name had excited the first disagreement between his wife and himself. He had said that if they should have a daughter he would wish her to be called Ellen after this sister of his. His wife had declared with heat that she hated the name. Was it possible that she could be jealous even of a dead child? Or was it simply that love of opposition which ended by making their life together impossible? Ah, if Nellie had lived, he would have had some one to love—some one to turn to in his desolation. The likeness was extraordinary.

"Do you like my picture?"
He turned round and saw the original of the portrait standing at his

elbow. What a pretty little girl she was! And how much prettier than her picture! The artist had done his best, but he could not adequately render the light which danced in the dark eyes, nor the dimples that came and went in the round, rosy cheeks.

"It is very nice, but you yourself are nicer still," he said with a smile. How that smile became him!
"What is your name?" he pursued.
"Nellie."
He started.
"It is a curious coincidence," he said, "that you remind me of a Nellie who died long ago."
The child looked up with a hectic, wondering eyes.
"You weren't her papa, were you?"
"No; I am no little girl's papa."
"Oh!" said Nellie, in a disappointed tone, and her face fell. "Then it's no use—I won't tell you. No, I won't tell you now."

She stood for a moment irresolute; then made as if she would go. He did not want her to go; he took her hand.
"Tell me—oh, do tell me!" he said.
"It's a secret—why that picture was painted—why I come here every day, but I won't tell you—no, I won't tell you. Good-bye, nobody's papa!"
She bounded off like a little colt to her mother's side. He supposed she was her mother—a tall woman dressed in black, who stood with her back to him absorbed in a landscape opposite.

"He says he is no little girl's papa," announced the child, in her shrill voice. The lady hushed her, took her hand and led her quickly from the room.
"Excuse me, but will you hand me your catalogue for a moment?"
The old gentleman addressed started, dropped his double eyeglasses, looked somewhat annoyed, but nevertheless put the catalogue into the eager hand held out for it.
"No. 179. 'Waiting for Papa.' Portrait of Ellen, daughter of Hugh Marston, Esq."
"Thank you." His hand trembled so as he handed back the catalogue that it fell to the ground.
"Drunk or mad?" muttered the old gentleman, as he stooped, much discomposed, to pick it up again.

Our friend meantime, passed through the crowd and hurried breathlessly on, through the turnstile, down the steps, just in time to see an open carriage with two horses, and a footman in livery, drive off. In it were the lady in mourning and little Nellie.
Nellie waved her hand to him, but the lady averted her gaze.

"Is your mistress at home?"
The gentleman who asked this question of a stately butler at the door of a house in Belgrave square was our friend of the Royal academy, but he was no longer gloomy and morose. He was eager and excited. So great was the difference which this change of expression made in his countenance that he seemed another man.
"Mrs. Marston is at home, sir. What name?"
The butler looked at him a little askance.
"Never mind my name; show me in."

There was an imperiousness about his manner which conquered the butler, in spite of the deepening mystery. The visitor was shown in silence into the drawingroom, where a lady dressed in black, a still young and beautiful lady, but pale and thin, sat with her head on her hand. Nellie played at her feet, but the mother was not paying any attention to the child.
"Gertrude!"

She sprang to her feet, and for a moment a look of the most intense joy came into her face. She seemed as if she would have fallen into the arms stretched out to her, but then suddenly she recoiled, saying, with bitterness: "I will not acknowledge for a husband the man who disowns my child."
"Perhaps he can't help being no little girl's papa," interceded Nellie.
"Disown her! Never! Did I disown her when I found out?"
"You did a few hours ago, and you must have known. You said it to insult me."
"Gertrude! Gertrude! How could I even imagine?"
He caught up the child and kissed her wildly, passionately.
"You might very easily, and if you had ever troubled yourself even to inquire whether I was alive or dead—oh! to abandon me like that for one word—no, no! that was cruel—cruel and brutal!"

"No, no," said Nellie, "he's sorry now. I am sure he's sorry now."
She patted his cheek, down which the tears were running.
"Oh, run away, child—run away!" cried the mother. "No, I can't forgive you, Hugh, not even now you are here, though the picture did bring you—I can't."
She was weeping now, and he was kneeling at her knees, imploring her forgiveness with broken sobs.
Nellie ran to tell the servants that her papa had come home at last, but mamma was angry with him because he said he was not her papa.
"Oh, hush, Miss Nellie!" cried the nurse.
"I thought who it was when he wouldn't give his name," said the butler.
"I suppose they won't want no dinner," observed the cook sarcastically.
No, they wanted no dinner, nor one other earthly thing—that couple upstairs. They were in paradise, and there it would be a pity not to leave them.—New York Ledger.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Two Attractive Stocks.
To make a very showy taffeta stock get one yard of taffeta to match your gown. Cut it in two strips lengthwise and sew the ends together. Line throughout with white ribbon. Upon



A TAFFETA STOCK. ROBIN RED BREST STOCK.

the ends sew white needlework embroidery, or if you choose you can procure fringe or chiffon ruffling.

A standing collar must be worn with this stock, which is tied around the neck. Tie in one loop and two ends, and pull the loop through until it hangs almost as long as the short end. This will be found very useful all summer to wear with the gown it matches.
"Any color at all as long as it's red, is the color that suits me best," sang Eugene Field. And the same theme is echoed by many tastefully dressed women who find no toilet complete without a touch of the robin red breast hue.

The most brilliant scarlet satin is used in neckwear, and you can scarcely have too many or too vivid combinations. One of the showiest of these consists of a plain red satin

The skirt is cut in seven gores and fits smoothly across the front and over the hips, all the fulness at the back being laid in deep plaiting to give the fan effect. The revers which make the only trimming, is attached to the left front seam and lays over smoothly upon the cloth.
To cut this waist for a lady of medium size 2 1/2 yards of material forty-four inches wide will be required. To cut the skirt, which measures four yards at the lower edge, five yards of forty-four inch material will be required.

Gingerbread For Soldiers.
The women who have been wanting to do something to help or comfort the men in camp will be glad to learn with what enthusiasm the efforts of the women of Topeka, Kan., in this direction were received by the volunteers stationed there. An immense quantity of gingerbread was baked by private individuals and sent to the camp. Each soldier was given a loaf of it, and their appreciation of this gift from the women of Topeka was loudly expressed.

Prudent Advice.
A lofty young person who manages to keep above the maelstrom of current events wrote to a city friend the other day: "Do give me a suggestion for a costume for a Spanish gypsy. We are going to have a fancy dress ball." The city friend wrote back: "The safest costume for a Spanish gypsy to wear just at present would be one made of cast iron, spangled with steel."

Pocket Bibles in War.
Every girl should give her soldier boy sweetheart a pocket Bible to carry in his vest pocket. Statistics gathered from religious periodicals and women's magazines will show that fully half the bullets fired in the late war were



WAIST WITH BLOUSE FRONT AND SEVEN GORED SKIRT WITH REVERS.

stock with a red satin bow in front. Back of the silk loops are three showy loops of white embroidery with a bright red satin bow to set them off. At the back there is another red satin bow, backed by white embroidered ends.

A Striking Feature of the Season.
Two striking features of the season's styles are delineated in the large engraving in this handsome costume of Hussar blue glove cloth, viz., the blouse with revers that cross in surplice fashion, and the single revers on skirt meeting right revers on waist to give the desired princess effect.

The revers of white satin are overlaid with lace net, gathered frills of soft blue taffeta finishing the edges. The blouse fronts are gracefully disposed over linings fitted with the usual bust darts, the seamless side back and under arm gores rendering a glove fitting adjustment. The stylish two-seamed sleeves are formed in puffs by gathers at the top, and three downward turning plaits at each edge of the upper portion, small round cuffs that correspond with the revers finishing the wrists. A full plastron and collar of taffeta closes in centre back, showing to advantage the four-in-hand tie of white mousseline here worn. The belt droops slightly in front, closing at the left side with a mother of pearl buckle. Smooth faced clothes, armure, henriette, cashmere, serge, plain or mixed light weight chevrons, or novelty fabrics in silk or wool, will all develop stylishly by the mode, contrasting fabrics such as silk, velvet, etc., braid, applique or any desired decoration being used for cuffs.

turned aside from the heart of the man shot at by a pocket Bible given him by his weeping sweetheart or his mother.

The New Buttons.
The new buttons are almost handsome enough to be used for brooches and promise to be one of the foremost dress garnitures. Buckles in all sizes from a very diminutive one to five inches long, are a perfect craze.

How to Use Independent Tresses.
How to use independent tresses without detection is one of the accomplishments most coveted by women. In this picture is presented a comb with hair attached, which comes as near reaching the desired end as anything yet devised. The hair can be



NEW AIDS TO HAIR DRESSING.

arranged in a moment in any manner desired without the least chance of detection, the chief virtue of the reward to graceful coiffure being its simplicity.

An Ancient Custom.
From Republican Traveler, Arkansas City, Kan.

Pilgrimages to some shrine of St. Vitus to cure this disease known as St. Vitus' dance are no longer made. The modern way of treating this affliction is within reach of every household, as is shown by the experience of Karl A. Wagner, the eleven-year-old son of George Wagner, of 615 9th St., Arkansas City, Kan. The father tells the story as follows:
"Over a year ago," he says, "Karl was taken with St. Vitus' dance and continued to grow worse during five months he was under a physician's care. His tongue became paralyzed and we could not understand a word he said. He became very thin, lost the use of his right leg and seemed doomed to become a hopeless invalid. We had about given up hope when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were recommended to me by a lady whose daughter had been cured of a similar affliction by the pills.
"I bought a box of them at once and soon noticed a change for the better in Karl's condition. He was so well pleased that I bought more of them, and when he had taken five boxes the disease disappeared.
"That was six months ago and there has been no return of the disease. The cure was effectual and permanent, and I feel satisfied that no other medicine could have produced so marvelous a result. We feel rejoiced over the restoration of our son, and cannot help but feel that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the most remarkable medicine on the market."
No discovery of modern times has proved such a blessing to mankind as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Acting directly on the blood and nerves, invigorating the body, regulating the functions, they restore the strength and health of the exhausted patient when every effort of the physician proves unavailing.
These pills are sold in boxes at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.



Optimism is considered three times as deadly as alcohol.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Control of Palsied Hands.
The control men get over their hands by constant practice was being discussed. One cited the case of an artist who is afflicted with palsy so badly that he cannot convey his food or drink to his mouth unaided. And yet this man with pallet and brush in hand can paint as well as ever he could. Before his brush touches the canvas his hand trembles violently, but the moment he feels the brush touch his picture his stroke becomes firm and strong and just what he desires it to be.

Almost a parallel case is that of a veteran soldier well known in Kansas City, "Peg Leg" Smith. Smith is now in the Soldiers' Home in Leavenworth. When in Kansas City he used to run a cigar wheel at the city hall square.
Smith comes to Kansas City frequently, and when here likes to go to a shooting gallery on Walnut street and shoot at the targets. He is a good shot and enjoys looking along a rifle barrel. Smith has the palsy in an alarming degree. When he raises the rifle and aims it at the target it jerks around in such a lively manner that one would wager he could not hit the side of a house. But just as he is about to pull the trigger his hand steadies and the next instant the bell rings. The palsied man has hit the bull's eye.—Kansas City Star.

Lawrence's Immortal Cry.
"Don't give up the ship," the dying words of Commodore Lawrence, the heroic commander of the Chesapeake, are among the very noblest ever uttered. They will live as long as ocean rolls or gallant ship floats. The gallant Perry flew that signal at his masthead in the memorable battle of Lake Erie, at the glorious close of which he had the inspiration to pen that dispatch which has canonized him in our history: "We have met the enemy and they are ours." It was written on his stiff hat in lieu of a table, on the half of an old letter, and the additional information in it gave the size and number of the enemy, namely, "two ships, two brigs, one schooner and one sloop." Perry was a hero in peace as well as in war. During a fearful winter storm, while lying in the harbor of Newport, he heard that a merchant vessel had been driven on a reef six miles distant. He at once manned his barge and said to the crew: "Come, my boys, we are going to the relief of shipwrecked seamen; pull away." That act was applauded by the country almost as much as the battle on Lake Erie. During the Mexican war General Scott requested the loan of some guns from the fleet, to be used on shore. Perry complied, but on one condition—that "wherever the guns go the officers and men must go also."

Books on High Shelves.
To put a book in a bookcase on a shelf over six feet from the ground means that you will have to climb for it. With the common, close-shutting-up stepladder this may mean only slight expenditure of labor, but the trouble the getting of the book may require is not the most serious one. One should never put a book up high if it has a nice binding, because, as the heat rises, the leather of the book will dry up, rot, and perish. Gaslight, which throws off its sulphureted hydrogen, and the ordinary kerosene lamp are mortal enemies of all bound books which stand on a high shelf. Then, again, the finer particles of dust rise, lodge, and stick to the book. Nice gilding becomes obliterated. The mortal foe of a book is, then, a high shelf.