

**MOTHER ASIA.**

Mother Asia, we stand at your threshold  
In a far immortal year,  
We left you, great Mother of Nations,  
And now we return to your door.  
We have crossed the seas and their islands,  
We have found us new worlds in the main,  
We have found us young brides o'er the  
alien tides—  
Now we come to our mother again.  
We wandered through ages unnumbered,  
We were mad with the fever to roam,  
But the new flag that waves at Manila  
Proclaims that your sons have come  
home.  
There are weeds in the Gardens of Morning,  
There are mildew and death and decay,  
And your blind days are drear and your  
heart has grown sore  
The year that your sons went away.  
But turn your old eyes to the seaward  
Where the flag of the West is discerned,  
Be glad, gray old Mother of Nations,  
The youth of the world has returned.  
They come with the wealth of their wander-  
ings,  
They come with the strength of their  
pride:  
Now, old mother, arise and lift up your dim  
eyes—  
Behold your strong sons at your side!  
They will toll in your Gardens of Morning,  
They will cleanse you of mire and fen;  
You shall hear the glad laughter of children,  
You shall see the strong arms of young  
men.  
New hope shall come back to your borders,  
Despair from your threshold be spurned,  
A new day shall rise in your Orient skies—  
The youth of the world has returned.  
—Sam Walter Foss, in New York Sun.

**AFTER MANY DAYS.**

"Any fresh fruit and vegetables to-  
day, ma'am?" said the pleasant voice  
of John Bowers, as he stepped upon  
the porch in front of the open door of  
one of his regular customers.  
But Mrs. Dirk was in no mood to  
hear or heed him. Just as he spoke,  
a little girl came in from the opposite  
door, bearing a pitcher much too large  
and heavy for her little hands.  
Suddenly her feet tripped against a  
rug, and falling forward, the pitcher  
was precipitated from her hands,  
breaking it, and spilling its contents  
in every direction.  
"You wicked, careless girl!" cried  
Mrs. Dirk, dragging her roughly to  
her feet, "just see what you have  
done; broken a new pitcher, and  
ruined my clean floor! You did it on  
purpose, too; I know you did!"  
"No, I didn't," said the terrified  
child, shrinking from the harsh face  
and uplifted hand of her tyrant.  
"You little wretch! how dare you  
contradict me! Take that, and that!  
Now go and pick up those pieces.  
And, mind, not a mouthful of supper  
do you have tonight!"  
Here Mr. Bowers again assayed to  
make himself heard, and as Mrs. Dirk  
turned her head toward the door, her  
flushed and angry face assumed quite  
another expression.  
"Is that you, Mr. Bowers? Yes, I  
want some peas and potatoes, and will  
be out to the cart directly. That girl  
is the plague of my life, and makes a  
deaf more work than she saves!"  
"Not your own child, I reckon?"  
said Mr. Bowers, looking compassion-  
ately at the sobbing child.  
"No, indeed; her father and  
mother's dead. Her mother used to  
do sewing for me, and when she died,  
I took the girl home, thinking she'd  
be sort of handy washing dishes and  
running of errands. But land's-sake  
alive! I wish I'd have let her go  
to the poorhouse, where she belongs."  
"Such little hands can't do a great  
deal," responded Mr. Bowers, his  
voice showing pity for the friendless  
orphan.  
"They can do a good deal of mis-  
chief. Now, Liddy, stop that noise  
quick, for I won't have it! Run and  
get the basket for Mr. Bowers to put  
the peas in."  
Liddy stood silently by the cart, as  
Mr. Bowers measured out the peas  
and potatoes, but there was a wistful  
look in her eyes, as she lifted them to  
the honest and kindly face of the mar-  
ketman.  
"Do you like apples, little gal?"  
"Oh! yes, sir!"  
Liddy's eyes sparkled, as she  
caught a glimpse of the two rosy-  
cheeked apples that he took from a  
basket under the seat. Then her  
countenance fell.  
"She won't let me keep them."  
"Here, let me put them in your  
frock, so she won't see them."  
"How old are you?"  
"Nine, sir."  
"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr.  
Bowers, looking at the diminutive  
form before him. "Why, my little  
Mary is bigger than you, an' she's  
only seven. But then she's nothin' to  
do but to grow."  
"How nice that must be! I wish I  
was your little girl!"  
"I wish you was, my poor child!  
Hain't you no uncles or aunts that  
would give you a home?"  
"No, sir. Mamma had a brother in  
California; and when she got too ill to  
work she wrote to him. But she never  
got no answer."  
The next time that Mr. Bowers'  
cart stopped at Mrs. Dirk's door he  
saw something lying near the curb of  
the well by the roadside.  
Poor little Liddy! that white face,  
and the heavy pail of water beside it,  
told the sad story!  
Taking her up in his arms, he  
carried her into the house.  
"For the land's-sake alive!" screamed  
Mrs. Dirk, "what is the matter with  
her?"  
"Matter enough, I should say," was  
the blunt reply. "The poor little  
thing's fainted; an' tain't no wonder!"  
"I hope she ain't going to be sick  
on my hands," said Mrs. Dirk, glanc-  
ing uneasily at the pale face.  
"I shouldn't wonder a mite," re-  
sponded Mr. Bowers, "I guess you  
had better let me take her home with  
me; good country air will bring her  
up if anything will."  
Mrs. Dirk gladly assented, and half  
an hour later Liddy was lifted into a

cart by the brawny arms of her future  
protector; and was borne forever from  
the scene of her past toils and hard-  
ships.  
As they left the dusty town for the  
beautiful country Liddy's spirits rose  
higher.  
Many times Mr. Bowers got down  
from his cart to pluck the brightly-  
colored posies that grew by the road-  
side, and which called forth her en-  
thusiasm and admiration.  
But Mr. Bowers lived some dis-  
tance in the country, and at last the  
little clattering tongue was still from  
pure fatigue. And as it began to grow  
dark the curly head dropped lower,  
and she fell asleep; her little fingers  
clinging to his brown, horny hand.  
In taking the child Mr. Bowers had  
been actuated by the kindly impulses  
of his nature, but as he neared home  
he began to have some misgivings as  
to how his wife would receive this new  
claimant upon her care and love.  
But he understood her disposition  
pretty well, so he determined to trust  
to his own tact, and to the womanly  
instincts of her nature.  
Certainly no one could be more  
astounded than was Mrs. Bowers, when  
her husband walked into the house  
with Liddy in his arms, who was still  
sound asleep.  
"It's the last place where I should  
suppose you would bring more chil-  
dren, John," she said, sharply. "I  
hope you don't think of keeping her?"  
"Of course not, my dear. She's a  
poor little orphan that I've brought  
home, to get her away from a cruel  
woman. I'll notify the town authori-  
ties in the mornin', an' have her taken  
care of. You can give her some supper,  
can't you, an' some sort of place to  
sleep?"  
"I hope I'm not so much of a  
heathen, John, as to be unwilling to  
give a poor child a bed and supper!"  
Liddy was awakened and given a  
supper of new milk, fresh bread and  
berries, such as she had never tasted  
before.  
Mrs. Bowers then improvised a bed  
for her in her own room, and having  
seen the little head upon the pillow,  
returned to the porch, where her hus-  
band was smoking.  
"What a pretty little creature she  
is," she said, "and so gentle and lov-  
ing."  
"Yes; more's the pity! The poor-  
house is a hard place for sich!"  
"Dear—dear! what if it was one of  
our children, John?"  
"Ah, to be sure!" responded John.  
"I s'pose our children's as likely to be  
left orphans as anyone's."  
"I s'pose I'd better see the select-  
men this mornin'," said Mr. Bowers  
the next day, as he arose from the  
breakfast table.  
"I dun know as there's any partic-  
lar hurry 'bout it," said his wife as  
she glanced to where Liddy was play-  
ing out in the grass. "Let the poor  
thing stay for a few weeks, until she  
gets a bit of color into her little pale  
face."  
"But she'll be such a care to you  
Mary."  
"Oh, as to that, where there's so  
many, one more don't make much dif-  
ference."  
"Then she's needin' clothes."  
"I can manage that easily. Mary  
has a number of dresses that she's  
outgrown that'll just fit her."  
There was a twinkle of satisfaction  
in John's eyes as he went to his work.  
Good, honest man! He well knew  
that the additional burden would  
oblige him to work many more extra  
hours.  
And as time wore away "Liddy"  
grew nearer to the hearts of both John  
and Mary, and was to them as their  
own daughter. So that when Uncle  
James returned from California and  
sought and claimed her, only the  
thought of how much better he could  
do for her could make them willing to  
relinquish her.  
"You are very rich, aren't you  
uncle?"  
"I don't know what you would call  
rich, puss," said Mr. Dean, pinching  
the rosy cheek that was laid lovingly  
to his. "I have enough to make my  
niece quite a little heiress when I  
die."  
"But I don't want you to die, and I  
don't want to be an heiress; but I do  
want some of your money—not for  
myself, though."  
Laying down his papers, Mr. Dean  
looked in surprise upon the sweet  
face that was lifted so earnestly to his.  
"What do you want it for, my  
child?"  
"For my poor foster-father. I've  
just had a letter from my old home,  
and they are in great trouble. They've  
had a great deal of sickness, and so  
had to mortgage their place—and now  
it's going to be sold. Oh! uncle,  
think how kind they were, when there  
was no one else to be kind to me, and  
let me do something for them now!"  
"Of course, my love!" said the old  
man, rising hurriedly to his feet.  
"Dear! dear! that is a sad story you  
tell! I meant to have done something  
for them before this. But we must  
make amends!"  
Mr. Bowers, his wife and their three  
children were sitting together in their  
little sitting-room.  
Their hearts were very sorrowful,  
for that day the place endeared to  
them by so many pleasant recollections  
had passed into the hands of strangers.  
It had been bought by a lawyer for  
a gentleman out of town, and had  
brought more than John had antici-  
pated, so that he had something over  
with which to begin his new life in  
the west, whither he had decided to  
go.  
A knock at the door announced the  
arrival of a package by express.  
Upon the inner wrapper were these  
words:  
A present for my dear father  
and mother. From their grateful and  
loving daughter, LIDIA DEAN.  
Upon opening this they found, to  
their joyful astonishment, a deed of

the old homestead, made out in favor  
of John and Mary Bowers "and their  
heirs and assigns forever."  
Accompanying it was a letter from  
Lidia, announcing her intention of  
paying a week's visit to her old home.  
The next day she came, laden with  
presents for each member of the  
family, and a delightful week it was  
to them all.  
And thus it was that John and Mary  
Bowers found "the bread cast upon  
the waters" returned to them "after  
many days."  
**THE VANDALIA'S FLAG.**  
A Relic of the Great Disaster at Apia Is  
Now Preserved at Annapolis.  
When the ships went down in the  
hurricane which filled Apia harbor with  
wrecks a few years ago there was no  
time to save anything, nor did any one  
have any thought of salvage, save of  
winning his own way through the  
savage whirl of waters to the beach.  
The souvenirs came later, when the  
gale had blown itself out and the  
beach began to be strewn with frag-  
ments of the stout fabrics which once  
had been fine ships. Go where one  
will on the north coast of Upolu, it is  
not difficult to find some bit of the  
the Trenton or the Vandalia, a piece  
of a mast or spar, a deck grating, or a  
cup and plate of the crew's mess equip-  
ment.  
The most treasured of all such  
memorials was the 24-foot ensign  
which the Vandalia flew. When the  
divers brought it up from the wreck,  
Lieutenant Carlin, with the consent  
of Admiral Kimberley, deposited it at  
the United States consulate as a sou-  
venir. This was the old consulate,  
close by the mouth of the Vaisigans  
river, and quite near the spot where  
the Vandalia came to destruction.  
When the new consulate around the  
point in Vaiala was occupied the gen-  
erous wall surface offered a place on  
which to drape the historic ensign,  
supported by rusted outlasses which  
were recovered from the wrecks. Here  
it hung for several years, until it was  
time to paint the wall again. Then it  
was found that the bunting had stuck  
fast to the paint in places, and the  
painters, in stripping it loose, were  
tearing it. This seemed a desecration  
in the eyes of the lady of the consu-  
late, and she personally undertook its  
removal with the aid of hot water.  
Finally the flag was soaked free and  
spread in the bright sunlight to dry.  
Its long soaking at the bottom of the  
harbor had rotted the bunting and it  
could be handled only with the utmost  
care. Even when it was laid away in  
the flag locker it was still fast going  
to pieces under the combined ravages  
of mildew and insects, the two great  
enemies of everything in those exces-  
sively humid islands. The flag was  
carried on the property return of the  
Apia consulate and it took a year of  
red tape and correspondence to get it  
transferred to the state department in  
Washington. Finally the necessary  
permission was received and the Van-  
dalia's flag was boxed for shipment.  
As it was carefully laid in the box,  
camphor was thickly sprinkled in  
every fold and the operation was  
gravelly superintended by the official  
kitten. That irreverent animal  
finished by crawling into the box and  
narrowly escaped being shipped away.  
The last public appearance of the flag  
was at the Independence day celebra-  
tion last year, when it was displayed  
between two cocoanut trees at the  
picnic of the American children of  
Apia. When the flag was received at  
Washington it was turned over to the  
navy department. Then it was promp-  
tly sent to the naval museum at An-  
napolis, where it will be cherished  
among the other objects which recall  
the great events of our naval history,  
none of which will be longer remem-  
bered than the great Apia gale of  
March, 1889.  
**The Contradiction Instinct.**  
There was a look of great disap-  
pointment on the face of the boy,  
who was coming out of the front  
gate. His brother, slightly younger,  
but with a very aggressive and ten-  
acious disposition, was conspicu-  
ously tattered. His garments bore  
the marks of conflict, but his face  
showed no signs of remorse.  
"Come on in the house," said the  
older boy.  
"What for? I'm waiting for that  
other Spanish boy to come out."  
"Well, it's no use. We've made a  
mistake and we've got to apologize."  
"To those two Spaniards?"  
"They're not Spaniards. They only  
look like Spaniards. They're Por-  
tuguese."  
"Portuguese?"  
"No, they're not. I'll take your  
word for it about their not being  
Spaniards," he added, reluctantly,  
"but they're too little for Portuguese.  
And, what's more, they never will  
be Portuguese. They're nothing but  
Portugosings now, and when they  
grow up they'll be Portuganders."  
**False Imprisonment in Germany.**  
Germany's court of appeal has drawn  
a fine distinction in a case of false  
imprisonment. A doctor's boarding  
house keeper took away his only pair  
of boots to prevent his leaving the  
house, and the doctor recovered dam-  
ages in the lower court on the ground  
that he was thereby imprisoned, as  
his social position forbade his appear-  
ing in the streets barefoot. The court  
of appeal has ordered a new trial on  
the ground that the doctor's freedom  
of action was merely limited and im-  
peded by his landlady's act, but that  
it was not impossible for him to move  
out if he had wished to.—New York  
Sun.  
**Rattlesnake poison has for some  
time been known as the most virulent  
of all animal venoms, and its effect is  
to destroy the coagulability of the  
blood.**

**THE REALM OF FASHION.**

**Ladies' Skirt.**  
The gown shown in the illustration  
exemplifies one of the latest skirts.  
The model is of taffeta silk in orchid  
purple combined with lace and chif-  
fon, than which no material is better  
suited to the many occasions of semi-  
dress.

**Coral Beads in Style.**  
Pearl and coral beads in strings,  
ranging from one yard to three in  
length, are in fashion, and really give  
a very charming air to an evening cos-  
tume. The pink rather than the red  
coral is given the preference, and  
combs mounted with it are especially  
liked, and are even growing to have  
a greater popularity than those de-  
corated with rhinestones.

**A Handsome Party Dress.**  
A very handsome party dress is  
made of black chiffon, accordion-  
plaited. The skirt is very full. The  
waist is cut low, has a blouse front  
and a bolero effect made by shirring  
the chiffon. The sleeves are merely  
puffs, long black suede gloves meeting  
the lower edge of the puff. The belt  
is lemon-colored velvet ribbon with  
loops and ends at one side.

**A Millinery Wrinkle.**  
A new millinery "wrinkle" consists  
of narrow black velvet, wired and  
crinkled and twisted into loops and  
bows. It is a light and pretty way of  
decorating a hat, especially if it is  
used with tulle. Pale pink hats with  
immense Valkyrie wings in front and  
masses of net dotted with straw pail-  
lettes on the crown are new and very  
smart.

**A Reversible Cloth.**  
A new feature for the fall will be  
the heavy reversible cloth having a  
plaid back. The skirts will be made  
up without a lining, and it is hoped  
they will take the place of the ex-  
pensive drop skirts. The jackets have  
either a half-lining of satin or no lin-  
ing at all.

**Repped Silks.**  
A great variety of lustrous repped  
silks and other corded materials will  
be worn this autumn, and not all of them  
plain, for there are bayadere stripes,  
plaids, checks and novel fancy pat-  
terns among the new weaves.

**Gowns of White Pique.**  
Gowns of white pique, with colored  
dots and figures, will be much worn  
this year.

**A Neat and Protective Apron.**  
This simple apron, neat and protec-  
tive, can be made of any washable fa-  
bric and worn to take the place of a

**A LATE PAQUIN MODEL.**



The skirt is cut after one of the latest  
models, known as the Paquin, and  
includes the apron front with the  
graduated circular flounce. The  
apron, the flounce and the back are  
cut separately and seamed together, ex-  
cept where plaid or striped material of  
unusual width is used, when the  
straight back given in the pattern can  
be pinned to the flounce and the two  
cut in one. The apron portion is  
smooth fitting, being made snug by  
means of small darts and all the full-  
ness at the top is laid in plaits at the  
back, which widen out at the lower  
edge. The skirt is lined throughout,  
but is entirely unstiffened and for in-  
door wear should slightly more than  
touch at the back.  
To make the skirt ten yards, twenty-  
two inches wide, will be required.

**Useful to Homes Dressmakers.**  
A plain model basque pattern ought  
to be among the belongings of every  
home dressmaker, and those who make  
a profession of dressmaking cannot do  
better than provide themselves with  
all sizes of this up-to-date French



**FRENCH MODEL BASQUE.**

model, which will be found correct in  
fit and style. The model is shown in  
the large illustration in striped serge,  
which delineates its perfect shape and  
beauty of outline. The curved front  
edges are closed invisibly, and the  
deep double bust darts, under-arm  
and side-back gores, with shapely cen-  
tre-back seam, complete the graceful  
adjustment. The two-seamed sleeves  
stand out fashionably at the top, be-  
ing arranged over close-fitted linings,  
and the upper portions are slightly  
gathered at the elbow. A close-fitting  
collar finishes the neck. All varieties  
of material can be developed by the  
aid of such a pattern, and decorations  
of any kind can be applied with satis-  
factory results. Made-up accessories,  
such as yokes, collars, bretelles, etc.,  
in braid, lace or passementeries can  
be worn over basques in this style,  
and the lower edge can be finished in  
pointed or rounded outline.  
To make this basque for a woman of  
medium size one and three-quarter  
yards of material, forty-four inches  
wide will be required.

**Women Cultivating Civic Virtues.**  
The women of Southampton, Long  
Island, are banded together in a Vil-  
lage Improvement Association. They  
have undertaken to attend to street  
sprinkling, to construct new sidewalks  
and keep old ones in repair, to keep  
the streets and gutters clean, to plant  
trees and shrubs and to beautify the  
streets and public places as much as  
possible. The funds needed are to be  
raised by voluntary contributions from  
residents and business men.

**A Patriotic Needlebook.**  
One of the prettiest things in the  
way of a patriotic needlebook is in the  
shape of a knapsack. It is from three  
to four inches long and wide in pro-  
portion. The knapsack proper forms  
the pincushion, the pins going in at  
the side, while the back of the cushion  
has a stiff leaf, and between it and the  
cushion are flannel leaves for needles.  
The roll at the top of the knapsack is  
formed by three twist spools, which  
may have black twist upon them or be  
filled with thread if desired. A little  
red ribbon runs through the spools,  
ties them in place, and is fastened to  
the top of the cushion or knapsack.

**CHILD'S YOKE APRON.**



barred muslin, dimity or lawn and  
trimmed with lace or embroidery, they  
are pretty enough for afternoon wear.  
The addition of a sash adds to the  
daintiness of this serviceable gar-  
ment.  
To make this apron for a girl of six  
years will require three yards of ma-  
terial thirty-six inches wide.

**Beauty Is Blood Deep.**  
Clean blood means a clean skin. No  
beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathar-  
tic clean your blood and keep it clean, by  
stirring up the lazy liver and driving all im-  
purities 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 drug-  
gists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

During the month of March there were  
199 accidents on the railways of Germany,  
involving the loss of forty-eight lives; of  
the killed, twenty-eight were officials, and  
only three passengers.

**Merciless and Dogs.**  
It frequently happens that a bicyclist would  
like to drive off an annoying dog, but doesn't  
want to kill the beast, run the risk of a bullet  
hitting a bystander, nor attract the attention  
which a cartridge explosion is certain to do.  
The dog is consequently encouraged to try his  
luck on the next rider. A soundless pistol,  
shooting water, ammonia or other liquid, is  
now mailed postpaid for 50 cents, in stamps by  
the Union Supply Co., 133 Leonard St., N. Y.  
City. One of these will drive off the most  
vicious animal, and still not really injure it.  
A few drops of ammonia in the eyes, nose  
or mouth of any animal give it something  
to think of other than bothering a cyclist. It  
is a boon to wheelmen and wheelwomen.

The largest dwelling house in the world  
is the Freihaus, in a suburb of Vienna, con-  
taining in all between 1200 and 1500 rooms,  
divided into upward of 400 separate apart-  
ments.

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

In battle only one ball out of eighty-five  
takes effect.

**When Hot**

Don't sweat and fret, but keep cool and  
take Hood's Sarsaparilla. This is good  
advice, as you will find if you follow it.  
Hood's Sarsaparilla is a first-class sum-  
mer medicine, because it is so good for  
the stomach, so cooling to the blood,  
so helpful to the whole body. Make no  
mistake, but get only

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
America's Greatest Medicine.

**Hood's Pills** cure Liver Ills; easy to  
take, easy to operate.

"We" Gave Them Fits.  
A small Canadian boy whose loyalty  
to the British flag has got him into no  
end of scraps with patriotic American  
youths of equally tender years came  
up to his father shortly after the bat-  
tle of Manila was fought, and with a  
woebegone expression said:  
"Say, father, didn't the English ever  
lick any other boats without losing a  
man?" The father was forced to con-  
fess that they had not.  
"Well," said the youngster, "I guess  
the Americans aren't so bad, after all,  
are they?"  
On the Fourth of July when young  
America was celebrating the naval vic-  
tory at Santiago the youthful upholder  
of Great Britain was in the midst of a  
band of ultra-patriotic boys setting off  
fire crackers and cheering with the  
best of them.  
"Here, boy! What are you cheering  
for?" asked his father.  
"Cheering for? Oh, say, father,  
didn't we give those Spaniards fits!"—  
New York Commercial Advertiser.

**RELIEF FROM PAIN.**

Women Everywhere Express their  
Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. T. A. WALDEN, Gibson, Ga., writes:  
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before tak-  
ing your medicine, life was a burden  
to me. I never saw a well day. At  
my monthly period I suffered untold  
misery, and a great deal of the time I  
was troubled with a severe pain in my  
side. Before finishing the first bottle  
of your Vegetable Compound I could  
tell it was doing me good. I continue  
its use, also used the Liver Pills and  
Sanative Wash, and have been great-  
ly helped. I would like to have you as  
my letter for the benefit of others."

Mrs. FLORENCE A. WOLFE, 515 Tulberr,  
St., Lancaster, Ohio, writes:  
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two  
years I was troubled with what the  
local physicians told me was inflamma-  
tion of the womb. Every month I suf-  
fered terribly. I had taken enough  
medicine from the doctors to cure any  
one, but obtained relief for a short  
time only. At last I concluded to writ-  
e to you in regard to my case, and as  
say that by following your advice I  
now perfectly well."

Mrs. W. R. BATES, Hansfield, La., writes:  
"Before writing to you I suffer  
dreadfully from painful menstru-  
ation, leucorrhoea and sore feeling  
of the lower part of the bowels. Now  
friends want to know what makes  
look so well. I do not hesitate one mi-  
ute in telling them what has brought  
about this great change. I can  
praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegeta-  
ble Compound enough. It is the great  
remedy of the age."

**INSOMNIA**

"I have been using CASCARETS  
Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted  
over twenty years, and I can say that Casca-  
re has given me more relief than any other re-  
medy I have ever tried. I shall certainly re-  
commend them to my friends as being all they  
represented." THOS. GILLARD, Esq., N. Y.

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CATHARTIC  
Cascaret**  
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