The Companion for the Hest of 1898.

The principal attractions offered by Ties
Youth's Companion for the remaining weeks
of 1898 provide a foretaste of the good things
to follow in the new volume for 1898. To the
first issue in November Frank R. Stockton
will contribute a humorous skotch, entitled
"Some of My Dogs," and in the issue for the
week of November Joth will a shear
week of November Joth will a shear
when to November Joth will a shear
when to November Joth will a shear
when to have a shear of the shear of the same shads." In the seven issues to follow
there will be contributions by Lord Dufferin,
william D. Howells, J. E. Chamberlin, the
American war correspondent, Mary E. Wilkins, Hon. Thomas B. Reed, the Marquis of
Lorne, Mme. Lillian Nordica and I. Zangwill.
Those who subscribe now for the 1899 volume
will receive every November and December
issue of The COMPANION from the time of
subscription to the other for 189 feet free.
The Companion of the Companion to January 1, 1909. An illustrated announcement of
the 1899 volume and sample copies will be sent
free to any one addressing ThiE YOUTH'S
COMPANION, BOSTON, Mass. The Companion for the Rest of 189 the 1899 volume and sample copies will be sent free to any one addressing THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

The Emperor of China has to fast sixty-our days in each year for the sake of re-

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any ca-e of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catrrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the la-t Is years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Oh o.

Oh o. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75e, per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's family Pills are the best.

Mexico has had fifty-five Presidents since 1821. Of these, sixteen have died violent deaths.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Tour Life Away. To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag netic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50 or 21. Cure guaran teed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York

A nutmeg tree of the largest size will produce no more than five pounds of nut

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day, In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick head-ache. Price 25 and 50c.

Protestants in France number rather ess than two per cent. of the population.

Five Cents.

Everybody knows that Dobbins' Electric Scap is the best in the world, and for 33 years it has sold at the highest price. Its price is now 5 cents, same as common brown soap. Barsfull size and quality. Order of grocer. Adv

In the Klondike region eggs are quoted at \$1 apiece.

Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer knocks Colds.—John Darganell, 444 Fargo Ave., Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 17, 1893. 25c. a bottle.

It rains three days out of five in Glas-zow, Scotland.

## Soldiers From the Wa

Bring the germs of malaria, fevers and diseases, which may prove contagious in their own families. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a special boon to soldiers, because it eradicates all disease germs, builds up the debilitated system and brings back health Every returned soldier and every friend and relative of soldiers should take

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

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25c. Nelson Day in London.

Nelson stock is high in England just now, and this year the celebra-tion on Nelson day, October 21, was more elaborate than ever. The Nelson column in Trafalgar Square was spirally entwined with a continuous laurel band, which for the first time reached the very top of the shaft, while at the base there was a varied display of shields, devices, wreaths and other floral tributes.

Motor Cars.

Notwithstanding that the motor car industry is undoubtedly better de-veloped and more active abroad than in the United States, yet some of the American companies are reported to have recently booked considerable numbers of orders in Paris and London, and one Chicago firm has an-nounced its intention of opening branch offices in these two cities.

## SINGULAR STATEMENT.

From Mrs. Rank to Mrs. Pinkham

The following letter to Mrs. Pinksham from Mrs. M. RANK, No. 2,354 East Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., is a remarkable statement of re lief from utter discouragement.

I never can find words with which to thank you for what Lydia E. Pink-ham's Vegetable Compound has done

some years ago I had womb trouble and doctored for a long time, not seeing any improvement. At times I would feel well enough, and other times was miserable. So it went on until last October, I felt something terrible creeping over me, I knew no what, but kept getting worse. I can hardly explain my feelings at that time. I was so depressed in spirits that I did not wish to live, although I had everything to live for. Had hysteria, was very nervous; could not sleep and was not safe to be left

"Indeed, I thought I would lose my

"Indeed, I thought I would lose my mind. No one knows what I endured.
"I continued this way until the last of February, when I saw in a paper a testimonial of a lady whose case was similar to mine, and who had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I determined to try it, and felt better after the first dose. I continued taking it, and to-day am a well woman, and can say from my heart, 'Thank God for such a medicine.'"

Mrs. Pinkham invites all suffering women to write to her at Lynn, Mass., for advice. All such letters are seen and answered by women only. MARY DEAR IN NINETY-EIGHT.

"O, Mary dear, O, Mary sweet! Down at your little fairy feet— Nay, lassie, do not scornful start I lay my fortunes and my heart.

"If you will be my own, own wife, A dream of ease will be your life, And all that love and gold can do, O, Mary dear, I'll do for you."

"I scorn your heart, I scorn your gold, I have a sweetheart brave and bold, One of a battleship's brave crew, My sallor sweetheart tried and true,

"He has no gold but strong and leal, He fearless guards his country's weal, And as he loves his country so, He'll love his own, own wife, I know." —M. Phelps Dawson, in New York Sun.

## MOTIVES.

A Tragedy of Santiago.

After the first day's fighting at Saniago two men, lying side by side, tried rainly to sleep. The nightmare of the straggle left its impress on them. A twitching of the lips or a nervous tarting of a limb showed the after-effects of the strain. They were young starting of a limb showed the after-ef-lects of the strain. They were volun-eers, who had picked each other out or the staunch, all-trusting friendship that comes to men who are exposed to

langer and hardship.

The heat of war sends all the small The heat of war sends all the small onventions of life up into thin smoke. Where death and blood surround on every side and the hum of bullets and the shriek of shells whisper a warning that the next to go may be one's self, the man is reduced to elementary principles. David cleaves to Jonathan with his whole soul and asks no rearon why.

son why.
So it was with these two.

tearts spoke directly to each other.

The black Cuban night formed atting surrounding for confidence. man liked to reach out a hand and find that a friend was near. It was so dark; so empty of God and hope; such a fitting prelude to the frowning morrow.

At last the younger broke the ilence: "By gosh, Billy, you showed p well today," said he. "You went p that hill like a man who wasn't At last the younger tilence: "By gosh, Billy, you showed ap well today," said he. "You went up that hill like a man who wasn't straid to live or die. I tell you I was proud of you."
"Shucks!" answered the other;

'you did the same.'

"Yes—I know, but my reason wasn't quite the same, I'm afraid. To tell you the plain truth, old man, I only you the plain truth, old man, I only came upon this business to get my name up. I wouldn't give you three sents a hundred for Cubans, let alone my life. I wanted," he went on in a thamefaced way, "to have the girls point me out when I get home—you know: 'Ain't he a hero?' and that kind of thing. 'Tain't very noble, is it? I don't suppose you'll think much
of me after that; but, somehow, I felt
{ had to tell it."

The elder man smiled into the dark-ness—an exceeding bitter and mirthess smile.

"What do you suppose I came down tere for?" he asked.

"I don't supppose anything about t—I know," answered the other stoutly. "Haven't I been with you svery day since you fished me out of the turf? And you've never kicked or grumbled, no matter what came up. You're here because you believe in it, and you needn't say anything different

ind you need t say any just to comfort me."
"Listen," said the other, laying a hand on his arm and bringing his hand on his arm and bringing his locate the lad's ear. "I'm mouth close to the lad's ear. "I'r going to tell you something, Kidtomething I certainly never expected to tell anybody. But I may get it tomorrow, and I feel that I must neak. Don't say a word until I've nished, and then see if you want to take my hand.

"My boy, I came down here to kill man in our regiment."

He felt the start the other gave, but went on without a change of voice.
"I'd been watching my chance for a
month, when I heard that he enlisted, month, when I heard that he enlisted, and I joined. Now, the first time he sets near me and nobody's looking, I'm going to shoot him through the heart—right—through—his—dirty—black—heart."

"Good God!" said the other. 'It's the truth, "continued the elder

a the same quiet voice.
"I picked the scoundrel out of the utter and tried to make a man out of

utter and tried to make a man out of im—took him right into my home, and that was the worst day's job I ever lid, for it didn't stay my home long. My wife—my wife—well, I had no wife after that. I don't know what to hink. She seemed a good girl—as lrue a wife as a man ever had before—for years—but—well, Kid, the reamon I charged my the hill today was to on I charged up the hill today was to thow myself that I wouldn't be afraid to meet him face to face. I'd have killed him openly before, but that would have brought the whole story, out, and the bums on the corner at home could laugh and joke about home could laugh and joke about-

about my wife."

The silence fell black around them.

At last the younger spoke.
"I'm only a kid, Bill, and I don't "I'm only a kid, Bill, and I don't uite understand these things. I don't know anything about them, but I do know that you're a square man. It seems awful to me. But there's my hand just the same."

The other groped for it and squeezed it heartily. A tingling came to his eyes. The boy's sympathy was very sweet to his sore heart.

"I have always been a square man, and this job goes against me," he went on. "I wish there was some other way out of it."

"Oh, Lord, so do I!" groaned the boy. "Ain't there anything, Bill?"

"Nothing, I suppose if we both

"On, Lord, so do 1?" groaned the toy. "Ain't there anything, Bill?"
"Nothing, I suppose if we both get back it will be the same old misery all over again. I suppose if I could talk about it to—to—my—wife—perhaps it might make some difference—but I can't speak. The words stick in my throat."

"Perhaps he'll get killed?"
"Not on your life. His sort never
do. No-no-there's nothing for it
but for me to take the law in my own hands. Good night, kid, I'm going

to sleep."

The next day Bill was struck on the head by a piece of shell in the early part of the engagement.

A man, who had hitherto kept carefully out of sight, ran forward, and, picked him up, started for the rear, carrying his insensible body.

The Kid, who was leaning against the tree bandaging his shattered left arm, looked up as they passed him.

"Why, it's Bill," he cried. "Say, pardner, where's he hit? Is it bad?"

arm, looked up as they passed him.
"Why, it's Bill," he cried. "Say,
pardner, where's he hit? Is it bad?"
"In the head—don't know,"
answered the stranger.
"Poor old Bill!" said the boy, with
quivering lips. "Oh, ain't this war a
horrible business? I don't want any
more of their—fighting!"

horrible business? I don't want any more of their — fighting!"

He had stood the pain of his own wound without a whimper, but the sight of his friend's bloody face was

too much for overwrought nerves. He broke down and sobbed like a child. "Brace up, Kid; perhaps it ain't as bad as it looks," said the stranger.

bad as it looks," said the stranger.

"Oh, that's all right for you to say,"
answered the boy. "What is it to
you? But he was my pardner, and I
care something about it."

The arms of the stranger gripped
his burden convulsively. He turned
a savage face upon the boy.

"Shut up, you fool!" he said; then
added in a different voice: "Give me
alift with your good arm will you. I

a lift with your good arm, will you; I feel kinder sick." The Kid took his friend's feet under

his arm, while the stranger supported the shoulders. So

So they staggered on until they came to the field hospital.

There they laid the wounded man down with all possible tenderness. The Kid went to hasten a surgeon. As Bill touched the earth his opened, vacantly at first, but with gradually increasing intelligence, fury

gathering in them the while, until they bent upon the stranger with abuntil solute ferocity. The other gazed steadily at him.

"You here, you black-hearted dog!" at last said Bill, between his teeth.

"If I could raise a hand I'd kill you!"
"Will you listen to me a minute?"
answered the other. "I only ask you
for a little time, and every word shall
be God's truth." be God's truth. weakness swept across the

wounded man. Life lost its intensity.

"Well, Bill," said the stranger, in a halting, abrupt fashion, "I was a bad lot—there ain't any doubt of it, and that my feelings toward Sally were wrong I ain't going to deny, but don't be too hard on the gill. It was don't be too hard on the gill. It was don't be too hard on the girl. It was all my fault. I led her along so quiet and easy that she didn't suspect me. That she didn't understand right away is true, too; but, Bill, we're all human, and you know I had the trick of pleasing women. As God is my witness, Bill, it didn't go as far as you think. Then, and when she understood fully, she wouldn't let me so much as touch her hand. Still she felt, poor little soul, that she was to blame in the matter, and she worked and talked to me, to show what an awful thing we'd done. She brought up how good you'd been to both of us, until I saw

"Then I enlisted right away-that's the reason I came down here—to see if I couldn't get out of it all in a decent sort of a way, for I am sick of myself—dead sick. And, Bill, I'll never go back—I feel it in my bones—but even if I should I couldn't trouble you any more, for the girl gave it up of her own free will, which ain't a little thing on this earth, where none of us are angels. I might change again—I know it—I never was either good or bad long at a time—but Sally is a different kind. You'll never have cause to doubt her again, that's The wounded man looked at him

"You always were a liar," he said,

simply.

"That's so, that's so," asserted the other, eagerly.

"But not this time, Bill. I wish I could tell with my breath; then you couldn't help

but believe me."

The words had hardly left his mouth when there was a ripping sound in the bush, instantly followed by a sharp "thwuck!" A piece of cloth leaped from the stranger's breast. A

fountain of blood spurted after it.

His eyes were filled with wonder.

He stood erect—so—for a fraction of time, then the muscles gave way and he came crashing to the earth. A second later he raised himself upon his elbow, struggling with the hurry and confusion of his mind. He fixed his dimming eyes upon his enemy,

"I'm gone, Bill—all true—so help me-God!-Forgive"—

And he was dead. Bill covered his eyes with his hands. The vengeance which we gloat over looks horrible when worked by other hands. The bitterness left his soul

and a great pity took its place.
"Oh, Lord!" he prayed, "send me back to my little girl!"—Criterion.

Trumpeters to Royalty.

Mr. Thomas John Harper, who died in England recently, in his 82nd year, was sergeant trumpeter to the Queen, and was for nearly half a century trumpeter to the lord mayor, while at the opera, the great musical festivals and at the best concerts he was acknowledged to be the greatest of living trumpeters. His even still more celebrated father, Thomas Harper, the elder, blew the trumpet at the coronation of George IV, so that parent and son, down to the practical retirement of Thomas Harper, the younger, in 1885, performed the principal trumpet work at almost all the important performances in England during the greater part of the present century. Trumpeters to Royalty.

HANGED, BUT MAY GO FREE.

Sentenced, but Rope Broke, and Sen

After being tried for the assassina tion of Will Buckley in Madison county, Mississippi, for which crime he was convicted and an attempt at a legal execution made, failing because the rope broke, and after having his sentence commuted by Governor Mc-Laurin to life imprisonment in the penitentiary, Will Purvis, the notorious Whitecapper, stands a good chance to be pardoned.

The governor received a remarkable

governor received a remarkable the governor received a remarkable letter, signed by the three brothers and a brother-in-law of Will Buckley, the murdered man, stating that they believed a mistake had been made, and that an innocent man was suffer-ing the penalty of another's crime. These relatives have ever since the assassination, been bitter against Purvis and have resisted every attempt to have him pardoned. The letter in question is signed by A. L. I uckley, J. Q. Buckley, F. M. Buckley and H. C. Turnage. It recites the fact that the continued confinement of Will Purvis in the penitentiary will have a tendency to shield the real murderer

of their brother.

One brother, Jim Buckley, was with Will when the latter was killed, and testified on the trial that he saw Will Purvis unbreeching his gun right after the fatal shot was fired. This, with some corroboratory evidence, was the meat of the prosecution's case and the evidence upon which Purvis was sentenced to hang. During the last session of the legislature a petition was circulated and largely signed asking that Purvis be pardoned. In addition the people of Marion county have all along doubted his guilt.

The story of Purvis' alleged crime and the subsequent proceedings have already been published. Will Buck-ley was alleged to have belonged to a a gang of Whitecappers in Marion county. It was said he was threatened with death in case he revealed any-thing to the grand jury. He was as-sassinated while returning from court. Purvis was arrested and convicted on the evidence recited above. He was sentenced to be hanged, but the rope broke, and he fell to the ground un-conscious. He was returned to the jail, and his lawyers made the point before the supreme court that he was executed. The court held, however, that he had to be dead before the sen tence of the law had been carried out.

He afterward escaped, and was at large when Governor McLaurin was inaugurated. He offered to return to custody if the governor would commute his sentence to life imprisonment. He refused to negotiate with him until he had surrendered. Purposed Pu him until he had surrendered. Purvis then surrendered and was brought by the governor's order, to the penisentence was commuted to life imprisonment, and ever since he has been serving the sentence.

Attacks Women on the Cars. The woman agent is ranging the streets of the city in ferocious packs. Driven by unusual hunger, or other desperation, this species has become unusually daring and ferocious the past season. It is not enough that she and her kind have driven us daily out of our happy homes on to the back piazza. They now actually attack us on the street cars. Instances of this are becoming quite common. A mild-mannered, elderly woman boarded a car the other day with a companion without noticing the sharp-featured woman behind. Scarcely had she gotten seated when the woman behind her leaned over, and the following interesting conversation took

"Madame," said the sharp-featured one, "excuse me, but I see you wear a switch."

"No, I do not," said the astonished

victim. "Do you save your combings?" persisted her stronger sister.

She received no reply, but she did not retire.

"Now, ladies," she continued. "I can give you something in this line."
But the women in front had edged
over to the other end of the seat, and
were talking so earnestly on relatively unimportant topics that she did not

finish her address. Another day, two pretty youn women were proceeding down street on a car, when a pair of new shoes appeared over the back of the seat between them, dangling by their strings. "Excuse me, ladies," said the voice, "but do you wear water-proof shoes." The discourse con-tinued on the merits of water-proof shoes for the space of several blocks, when the victims finally repulsed the boarder by the most wanton use of feminine brutality and the force of superior numbers.—Springfield Re publican.

Killed a Deer With a Club. Surveyor D. C. Wood of Herkimer,

N. Y., brought home the saddles and hind quarters of a two-year-old doe that he killed along the Mohawk and and Malone railroad with a club. Mr. Wood has been in the Adirondacks surveying for Dr. Seward Webb, and one day recently he started to walk from Beaver river to Keepawn on the Mohawk and Malone railroad track. Near Brandreth station the road runs through a swamp and the embankment is about ten feet high. Just as he reached that point he happened to look over one side of the track and there, not ten feet away, was a deer feeding in the underbrush, which grew close to the track. He laid down his instruments carefully, and, taking a step or two toward the deer, hit her over the head with his surveyor's staff. The blow felled the deer, and before it recovered Mr. Wood jumped down the embarkment and cut its throat with a penknife.—New York Sun.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The common caterpillar has more than two hundred muscles.

Some insects are in a state of maturity thirty minutes after birth. At sea level an object one hundred

feet high is visible a little over thir-teen miles. If five hundred feet high, it is visible nearly thirty miles. One of the most interesting features

of modern industrial chemistry is the synthetic production of odorous sub-stances, closely related to the odors of flowers, plants, and animal sub-The longest wave hitherto observed is said to have had a length of half a mile, and to have spent itself in twenty-three seconds. During storms in the north Atlantic waves sometimes extend to a length of 500 and 600 feet,

and last from ten to eleven seconds A peculiar nervous disease, called nali mali, is sometimes noticed, chiefly in old women, among natives of the Philippine Islands. The victim, whose symptoms may appear only on being excited, has an uncontrollable desire to imitate the movements of some person

MAUSERS VS. KRAG-JORGENSENS.

Some Comparisons Recently Made by

Experts at the Springfield Arsenal. While no decision has yet been made as to what shall be done with the Spanish Mauser rifles which arrived in the United States arsenal recently, it is expected that, after having been cleaned and repaired, these weapons will be sold to the public as

curiosities.
Officials at the arsenal state that these Spanish guns, besides being in every way inferior to the Krag-Jorgensen rifles used by our regular army, show rough and ignorant us-age at the hands of the Spanish sol-

The main difference between the Krag and the Mauser is that, while both are bolt guns, the former has a magazine which, filled with five cartridges, can be cut off so as to make the rifle practically a single shooter; the latter's magazine cannot be so cut It is, therefore, really a repeat-rifle. Furthermore, in the Krag on. It is, therefore, really a repeating rifle. Furthermore, in the Krag the bolt is opened and closed by the action of cams—an application of power similar to that used on chainless bicycles—while with the Mauser the man has to compress the main

spring by direct force.

It is probable that these Mausers will be sold for not less than \$15 apiece, so that for every one sold the government will be a little more than reimbursed for the manufacture of one Krag-Jorgensen, which, as made at the arsenal, cost \$14.50.

Several Krags have arrived at the ursenal for repairs after having been ased by rough riders. They show that they can stand very hard usage without impairing their efficiency, proving thereby the excellence of their pattern, manufacture and ma-terial. There are two which, after having been carried through the surf, filled with sand and wet with water and having gone through all the fighting, were quite ready for use just as were when they arrived without cleaning or oiling. The butt of one of these—carbine pattern—was split and perforated by a Mauser bullet, which most likely bored a hole also through the arm of whatever Rough

ider held the gun at the time.
One reason of the inferiority of the Mausers is that they are made by contract by a firm in Berlin, Germany, while our guns are made at the Springfield arsenal under the direct supervision of ordnance officers. Our guns are therefore exactly alike, one to the other, while the material and workmanship of the Spanish rifles show many degrees of quality.— Springfield Union.

Ropes Woven by Spiders.

Spiders must now be counted among the necessary helpmates of balloon manufacturers. Many experiments made with spiderweb as a substitute for silk have proved the far reaching possibilities of the new material. The thread of the spider was found invalnable in the production of so-called reticles, crosses or nets of fine threads placed in the focal plane of telescopes, to determine the exact position of an observed object. Some ten years ago a French missionary started the systematic rearing of two kinds of spiders

or their web.

Now the "Industrie Textile" announces that a spider web factory is in successful operation at Chalais-Meudon, near Paris, where ropes are made of spider web intended for bal-loons for the French military aeronloons for the French military aeron-autic section. The spiders are arranged in groups of twelve above a reel, upon which the threads are wound. It is by no means easy, work for the spiders, for they are not released until they have furnished from thirty to forty vards of thread each.

The web is washed and thus freed of the outer reddish and sticky cover. Eight of the washed threads are then taken together, and of this rather strong yarn cords are woven, which are stronger and much lighter than cords of silk of the same thickness.

These spider web ropes are very much more expensive than silk ones, but it is hoped to reduce their cost somewhat in the future.

Pointed Suggestion.

Study of local peculiarities is one she first conditions of trade succes It is said that Germau pins and need-les in China have completely displaced those of better quality made in Eng land, because the English persist in putting theirs up in black paper, which to the Chinese stands for ill luck, while the Germans, anderstanding this, put theirs up in red paper which has a more cheerful omen Boston Journal. A Nation of Dyspeptics.
From the Mountaineer, Walhalla, N. Dakota

From the Mountaineer, Waihalia, N. Dakota,
The remorse of a guilty stomach is what
a large majority of the people are suffering
with to-day. Dyspepsiais a characteristic
American disease and it is frequently stated
that "we are a nation of dyspeptics."
Improper food, hurried eating, mentai
worry, exhaustion—any of these produce a
lack of vitality in the system, by causing
the blood to lose its life-sustaining elements. The blood is the vital element in
our lives and should be carfelly nurtured.
Restore it to its proper condition, dyspepsia will vanish and good health follow.
For example, in the county of Pembina,
North Dakota, a few miles from Waihalia,
resides Mr. Earnest Snider; a man of sterling integrity, whose veracity cannot be
doubted. He says:



The Doctors Disagreed.
"I became seriously ill three years ago. The doctor gave me medicine for indigostion, but I continued to become worse. I had several physicians at intervals who gave me some relief, but the disease would return with all its accustomed severity.
"I read in the averagement.

return with all its accustomed severity.

"I read in the newspapers articles regarding the wonderful curative powers of
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People,
and finally concluded to try the pills. Five
months ago I bought six boxes. The first
box gave me much relief, and after using
four boxes I was cured."

These pills are recognized everywhere as
a specific for diseases of the blood and
herves. For paralysis, lecomotor ataxia,
and other diseases long supposed incurable, they have proved their efficacy in
thousands of cases.

Moscowia (Part)

Moscow's (Russia) orphan asylum is supported by a tax on playing cards.

Hon.'W. J. Connell, Ex-Congressman from Nebraska, and at present Omaha's City Attorney, writes:

"To Whom This Comes, Greeting: I take pleasure in recommending the virtues of the chalco, that have been supported by the control of cores, send the control of cores of the control of cores. Send for our large fillustrated book It has great value but will be sent free. Dr. B. J. Kay Medical Co., Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and Omaha, Neb.

Paris, France, has a street without ame. It is paved and lighted.

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.

The Cuban Newspaper.

The Cuban newspaper is a mis-omer. It is a paper, but the lack of nomer. It is a paper, but the lack of news is as conspicuous as it is in most of the country weeklies of the "States." The make-up of the paper is what we call in the North "black-smith work." The style of type and is what we call in the North Diack-smith work." The style of type and the head lines are as ancient as the history of Cuba, and the general ap-pearance of the paper is an offense to pearance of the paper is an good taste. The so-called news is as good taste. The so-called news is as the Spanish bean; possessing bulk without substance. For instance, La Lucha will say in the notes regarding the work of the American Commission, "To-day Mr. —— delivered to General Blanco (or some one else) a scaled paper of importance." This is sealed paper of the commission, the sealed paper of the commission. sealed paper of importance." This is all. What the character of the communication was or any other informa-tion relating to it that would in any way make it an item of news is not given. The editorials sometimes pos-sess some pith and point, but the news columns are a barren waste. How much of this is due to the censorship and how much to the lack of energy and a "nose for news" can not be said. .The resident laughs at the paper from the "States," but it. will be noticed that if he knows how to read he wants the said paper as soon as he can get it, and, while he will tell you he does not believe a word he reads in it, he gets very angry when the paper reports something some official of the United States has said derogatory to the Spanish character.
It is all a pack of lies, but he believes it just the same, and he bases his thought and action upon the contents of the very journal he affects to despise.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

General Greene's Stars Ready For Him. When General Greene reported his arrival with his staff to General Corbin a very pleasant incident occurred. He had learned of his promotion to be a Major-General upon his arrival at San Francisco, failing to receive the cablegram sent him to Manila, but he still wore the single star of the Briga-dier-General's rank. General Corbin, however, furnished him with the two stars which marked his promotion, and then the party went to the White House, where they talked with the President regarding the situation in the Philippines. General Greene would not, however, discuss these matters for publication.—Washington

Safety Among Indians

The venerable Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, who knows the Indians of that State well, tells a story of how, years ago, he was holding a religious meeting near an Indian village camp. His baggage was scattered about the lodge and when he was about to go out he asked the chief if it were safe to leave his helonyings there while to leave his belongings there while he went to the village to hold the ser-

"Yes," answered the chief, without a gleam of humor, "perfectly safe. There is not a white man within a hundred miles."—Springfield Repub-