

**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 today 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.

About twenty-five persons in every million commit suicide in England.  
It is better to remove than to hide complexional blemishes. Use Glenn's Sulphur Soap, Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

Before the Revolutionary War the Virginians called the New Englanders Yankees.

## Make It a Point

To Get the Best Every Time, When You Buy Medicine.

Health is too valuable to be trifled with. Do not experiment. Get Hood's Sarsaparilla and you will have the best medicine money can buy—the medicine that cures when all others fail. You have every reason to expect it will do for you what it has done for others. Remember

**Hood's Sarsaparilla** is America's Greatest Medicine. Price \$1.

**Hood's Pills** are the favorite cathartic.

Silver Cups For a Cruiser.

An artistic set of silver punch cups to be presented to the cruiser Raleigh by Mr. and Mrs. Alfred W. Haywood, of Haw River, N. C., has just been completed.

Mrs. Haywood, who is a daughter of Governor Holt, of North Carolina, was sponsor for the cruiser at the time of her christening. The cups are twelve in number and weigh 100 ounces Troy. Each cup is four inches high and three inches in diameter, resting upon four dolphins, whose bodies curve gracefully about the body of the cup. They are highly polished and lined with gold. They are of the same design as the massive punch bowl which was presented to the cruiser by the citizens of North Carolina when she first went into commission.

The Raleigh is a second-rate cruiser that formed part of Admiral Dewey's squadron and is now on the Asiatic station.—Baltimore Sun.

## THE DUTY OF MOTHERS.

Daughters Should be Carefully Guided in Early Womanhood.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance; or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter!

Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham and secure the most efficient advice without charge. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

The following letter from Miss MARIE F. JOHNSON, Centralia, Pa., shows what neglect will do, and tells how Mrs. Pinkham helped her:

"My health became so poor that I had to leave school. I was tired all the time, and had dreadful pains in my side and back. I was also troubled with irregularity of menses. I was very weak, and lost so much flesh that my friends became alarmed. My mother, who is a firm believer in your remedies from experience, thought perhaps they might benefit me, and wrote you for advice. I followed the advice you gave, and used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as you directed, and am now as well as I ever was. I have gained flesh and have a good color. I am completely cured of irregularity."

**RHEUMATISM CURED**—One bottle—Positive relief in 24 hours. Postpaid, \$1.00. ALEXANDER REMEDY CO., 240 GREENWICH ST., N. Y.

## AN AFFAIR OF THE NATION

It has been said of Americans that they are "a nation of dyspeptics" and it is true that few are entirely free from disorders of the digestive tract, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Stomach and Bowel trouble, or Constipation. The treatment of these diseases with cathartic medicines too often aggravates the trouble.

### THE LOGICAL TREATMENT

is the use of a remedy that will build up the system, thereby enabling the various organs to act as Nature intended they should. Such a remedy is found in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Here is the proof.

In Detroit there are few soldiers more popular and efficient than Max R. Davies, first sergeant of Co. D. His home is at 417 Third Avenue. For four years he was a bookkeeper with the wholesale drug house of Farrand, Williams & Clark, and he says: "I have charged up many thousand orders for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, but never knew their worth until I used them for the cure of chronic dyspepsia. For two years I suffered and doctored for that aggravating trouble but could only be helped temporarily.

"I think dyspepsia is one of the most stubborn of ailments, and there is scarcely a clerk or office man but what is more or less a victim. Some days I could eat anything, while at other times I would be starving. Those distressed pains would force me to quit work. I have tried many treatments and remedies but they would help only for a time. A friend induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and after taking a few doses I found much relief and after using several boxes I was cured. I know these pills will cure dyspepsia in its worst form and I am pleased to recommend them."—Detroit (Mich.) Journal.

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

**Apt to Affect the Nerves.**  
Cold weather is just as apt to affect the nerves as any other part of the body, and neuralgia sets in. St. Jacobs Oil is just as certain to cure it as it cures all the general pains and aches of the body.

Of every million persons born in a certain year only 228 are alive ninety-five years later.

**Where to Spend the Winter.**  
Southern Railway, Eastern office 271 Broadway, can furnish you with all information regarding the winter resorts of the South. This great system traverses all of the Southern States over its own rails and is the direct thoroughfare of travel to Cuba, Mexico and the Pacific Coast. For particulars call on or address Alex. S. Thwait, Eastern Passenger Agent.

The latest vogue of fashion in London is monocles for women.

**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 Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

An orange tree will bear fruit until it is 150 years old.

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

The State of Texas has set aside for the education of each child \$4.50.

## Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/2 the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

**Tastes like Coffee**  
**Looks like Coffee**  
Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

**The Faithful Mascot.**

They tell a touching story of one of the regimental mascots—a dog in the Sixth Cavalry—and there are a dozen soldiers who will swear that it is true.

There was one man of the Sixth who had always been good to this dog, and would give it a piece of bacon from his own scanty store, and pet it and remember it when things were badly. This man was killed at St. Juan Hill just after his troop had forded the river and come into open ground before starting on the charge. And all day long he lay there in the long grass, dead, the bullets and shells singing over him, and nothing mattering any more. Soldiers pressed on, wounded men staggered back, many passed near him, but no one touched him or cared for him, since there was nothing to do—he was dead.

But the dog found out somehow that its master was lying there on the ground, the hot sun burning him, the cold night chilling him, and came there with a dog's faithfulness and licked the white face and stretched itself out on the still body and stayed there, guarding its master, until the soldiers on burying detail came the next day and laid the remains in a grave.—Leslie's Weekly.

**Presence of Mind.**  
A melodrama of the most stirring kind was being given at a theatre in a small provincial town, says London Tit-Bits. In one of the critical scenes the hero suddenly became aware of the fact that he had come to the stage minus his poniard. Without a moment's hesitation, he made a dash at the traitor, exclaiming: "Die, villain! I meant to strike thee with my dagger, but I left the weapon in my dressing room, and will, therefore, strangle thee in the presence of this indulgent audience."

It is scarcely necessary to add that this variation from the original brought down the house.

## WHEN THE COLD DAYS COME.

When the cold days come, and the snow falls in the night, Then it's good to be by fires that flood the room with light; We care not then for sunshine o'er the broad hills streaming bright. When the cold days come, and the snow falls in the night.

When the cold days come, there is pleasure still in store— Though we do not reap the roses, or the daisies any more; But the feet of Love fall lightly where the firelight flicks the floor— And there's pleasure in full measure, and a wealth of it in store!

## CAPTAIN FITZ PRIGG.

"Why, general, is that you?"

It was I, certainly, but to be brevetted from civil life to high military station without notice, and without the consciousness of having done anything to merit the promotion, took me a little aback. It was my first visit to New York, but I had read enough about metropolitan tricks upon travelers to be on my guard. I supposed, in short, I had had my eye-teeth cut—theoretically, at least.

"You are in error, sir," I said; "I am not the gentleman you take me for."

"What! not General Playem of—?"

"My name is Hay," I replied—"Timothy Hay from—"

"Well! I never was so mistaken! Do you know," the stranger continued, "you and my friend, the general, are as like as twins? But I beg your pardon, sir—no offense, I hope."

After all, there is something flattering in being taken for a distinguished person. The gentleman seemed so mortified, moreover, at his blunder that I could not help softening toward him. Indeed, I felt half way inclined to apologize for my identity. The least I could do was to invite him to "take something." He knew a good place, and thither we adjourned.

"By the way," remarked my new acquaintance, as we clicked glasses "being from—you must know my old friend, Judge Wiggins."

Now, it happened that I did not know the judge, but it would never do to let on I didn't, for he was the leading man of my state. So I put on a bold front and said:

"Intimately." Forthwith we proceeded to expiate on the judge—in fact, exhausted him—agreeing, in conclusion, that he was the properest man in the nation to have been made chief justice, and that it was a burning shame that his claims hadn't been recognized.

Captain Fitz Prigg—that I learned, was the strange gentleman's name—I soon discovered, had an extensive acquaintance with our public men. From the president down through the heads and tails of departments to the newest congressman, he knew them all. I think I learned more of American biography from the captain, as we stood chatting over our toddy, than I had gathered from all my previous reading.

"But I was just on my way to dine at—s," said the captain; "best restaurant in the city—would be delighted to have your company. It's so rare that one meets one with whom one finds it a pleasure to converse."

I modestly tried to excuse myself; but the captain pressed his invitation so warmly that it would have seemed rude to persist in declining. So I juffered him to take my arm and lead me away simultaneously with the beginning of an elaborate disquisition on general politics, which lasted till we reached our destination.

The captain had not overrated the merits of—s. The dinner we sat down to could hardly have been surpassed, either in the luxuriance of the dishes or the elegance of the serving. Captain Fitz Prigg ordered everything on the most magnificent scale. He must have a long purse, I reflected, to stand this sort of thing often. And how the captain sparkled as we feasted! I never saw a man who could eat, drink and talk all at once like him. He could expound the Virginian case with his mouth full of grouse, discuss backpack while masticating canvas-back and guzzle while doing all the rest.

"Pardon me a moment, Mr. Hay," said the captain, finishing his coffee and rising; "I see one of our city missionaries over there, and must give him something. I make it a point, in my humble way, to neglect no opportunity of doing good. By the by"—taking out his wallet—"can you change me a fifty?"

I could and did. "Keep your seat—I shall be back presently," he added, stepping aside and accosting privately a young man whose attire, I thought, would have comported better with his sacred calling had the colors of his waistcoat been a shade more subdued and the stripes on his trousers a trifle less complicated.

The two withdrew by a side entrance. My friend, it was evident, was not one of those who give arms to be seen of men, but belonging rather to that class whose right and left hands, in matters of charity, are on terms of no particular confidence.

The captain's stay was more prolonged than I had expected. To pass the time I glanced over the evening paper, but found it dull after my friend's sprightly conversation.

It began to grow late, and the waiter approached with the bill. "My friend will settle it," I said; "he has just stepped out, but will be back in a moment."

"You and he can arrange that afterward," replied the waiter, "but it's our time for closing."

I felt rather embarrassed. The bill

was forty-eight dollars and a fraction, and I had but little over that amount with me. However, I felt confident that the captain would make it all right. Though he had not given me his address, he knew at what hotel I was stopping.

I laid the fifty-dollar note I had received from the captain on the salver on which the bill had been presented, and waited for the servant to bring back the change. Instead of bringing it, he returned with a request that I would please step to the cashier's desk.

"This note is a counterfeit," said that functionary.

"That can scarcely be," I answered. "I got it from a friend with whom I dined here this evening."

"Then your friend will doubtless make it right with you. The bill is certainly counterfeit, and we, of course, can look only to you."

"But I—I haven't enough of other money about me," I stammered.

"Then this gentleman must do his duty," returned the other, as a bluff-looking person—the house detective, as I afterward learned—approached and laid his hand on my shoulder; and without further ceremony I was marched off to the station house.

I couldn't believe the captain had played me false. He had probably been himself deceived in the note, and had put it off on me innocently. His failure to return promptly had likely been occasioned by the necessity of discussing some benevolent project with his missionary friend. He would be sure to come to my relief as soon as he learned the unpleasant predicament I was in.

And sure enough, when I was taken to the police court next morning the first man I saw there was the captain, waiting my arrival, no doubt. He and his reverend friend were in the midst of an ill-looking crowd, on which the latter, I thought, might have bestowed his missionary labors with profit.

I was overjoyed to find my estimate of the captain verified, and hastened forward to take his hand.

I was surprised that he should turn aside his head without speaking. He was overcome by his emotion apparently. A second look revealed another cause. He and the missionary were handcuffed together.

A few words from a keen-looking detective explained matters. He knew the captain to be a noted "shover" of the "queer;" had witnessed his meeting with me; had followed in our wake the whole evening; had sat at an adjacent table when we dined; had seen me victimized with the false note, and had followed and arrested the captain and his accomplice, on which he had found plenty more of the "stuff."

I was released, of course, and left New York resolved, if I ever returned, to be more careful of making friends at first sight; and above all, of accepting invitations to dine with the fascinating friends of judges and generals.

## WOULD CALL US "USANS."

Britisher Thinks "Americans" Not a Definite Enough Name.

A correspondent of the Westminster Gazette considers that it takes too much exertion and ink to speak and write the "citizens of the United States of America," and he suggests, inasmuch as in manuscript it is customary for brevity to print three letters, "U. S. A.," for the "United States of America," that the republic be called "Usa" and its inhabitants "Usans." He argues that there are twenty separate nations or governments in America, the same number as there are in Europe, and that it is as absurd to call citizens of the United States exclusively "Americans" as to have the word "Europeans" apply solely to Spaniards. The correspondent concludes by saying that "if one or two of the daily papers would make use of the word 'Usa' when alluding to that part of America which is comprised in the United States, the word 'Usa' would be found so convenient that it would very quickly be generally adopted."

This is not the first time that the question has been raised as to a more fitting name for the inhabitants of the United States, and the proposition to call us Columbians has been more or less favored; but really there does not appear to be any necessity for a new name. Technically, to be sure, "Americans" is not distinctly graphic, as there are other Americans outside of the United States, but custom has settled upon giving our people the distinctive title of "Americans," and it answers all practical purposes. It certainly is to be preferred to "Usans"—Phebus! what a name!—and our people have come to like it. They won't give it up willingly or without a struggle. As for "Usans"—pish! better "Weeuns." There is something that smacks of the soil in that, though perhaps you-uns on the other side might not be able to appreciate its fittingness.

## Widowhood Before Wifehood.

The sad and extraordinary position of a woman being a widow before she is wife is that held by Mrs. L. G. Koops. A few days before Mr. Koops' deeply regretted death he was married by the hauptschoen (glove) to the lady in Holland. She was to have left to join her husband on the 13th inst., but the cables have apprised her of her misfortune. The system of marriage by proxy is frequently adopted by Dutch bridegrooms in South Africa and Dutch brides in Holland. A friend of the groom represents him in the church, and he is only released from the solemn engagement by a saving clause in the certificate. The aim and object of these innocent mock marriages is to bind the far-away husband to his contract.—Johannesburg Standard.

## THE REALM OF FASHION.

**A Necessity For Winter.**  
A necessity for the winter's wardrobe is the shirt waist of fine French flannel, the choice of patterns in this serviceable fabric being large and varied.

As here illustrated, by May Manton,



LADIES' SHIRT WAIST.

brown and mode shades formed a fancy bayadere stripe, and the fronts are closed with smooth shining brass buttons almost as large as ten cent pieces. At each side of the narrow box plait in centre front are five backward turning side plaits that overlap each other at the neck, and cause pretty fullness across the bust. Overlapping plaits at the waist line arrange the fronts in a becoming pouch that is decidedly up to date. The back is

completed with pointed cuffs that flare over the hands.

The lower edge of gown is shaped low and round in front while short in centre back. The graduated lower portion of flounce being quite narrow in front and extending to half the length of skirt in back. The flounce is made with a narrow heading and the foot is trimmed with three evenly spaced rows of black satin ribbon.

To make this gown for a lady of medium size will require eight and one-half yards of material thirty-six inches wide.

### The Collar For the Shirt Waist.

The turn-over linen collar has a firm hold on popular favor, but the latest designs are out to turn up in the back and down in front and on the sides. These will be worn with the silk shirt waists of the winter. These waists are simply made with clusters of corded tuoks. A model always popular has three box-plaits down the front, but this season the plaits are made of corded tuoks. Prune and yellow seem to be the popular colors for shirt waists; yellow, trimmed with rows of mauve or purple velvet ribbon, is lovely.

### Beautiful Lace Knots.

Cascade knots of lace, dotted with crimson or gold spangles, are new and very beautiful.

### Graceful and Generally Becoming.

This style of skirt is exceedingly graceful and very generally becoming to stout as well as slim figures. As here illustrated, gray poplin was the material used, gathered satin ribbon in the same shade edging the flounce and foot of front, while jet passe-



LADIES' HOME GOWN.

arranged at the top in seven small evenly spaced box plaits that are graduated to taper perceptibly at the waist line, where they are grouped closely together.

The top is joined to the lower edge of a pointed yoke which can be made with or without a centre seam as preferred. Shoulder seams join the yoke to the fronts and single under-arm seams join the fronts to the back. A collar band finishes the neck over which may be worn a stock or white linen collar with bow tied as here shown. The shirt sleeves have becoming fullness gathered at the top and the small openings at the wrists are edged with a plaiting of silk or ribbon.

The straight cuffs have rounded ends in latest style and a belt of ribbon with fancy metal clasp is worn around the waist.

To make the waist in the medium size will require four yards of twenty-seven-inch material.

### A Simple But Stylish Gown.

A very simple but stylish gown is illustrated in the large engraving in figured French flannel, showing wavy black lines on a very blue gray ground. Narrow black satin ribbon is used in decorating and a half girdle of wider ribbon is tied in a graceful bow with ends at the front. The graduated gathered flounce that forms the lower part of skirt is one of the most popular modes introduced this season. The gown has a Princess back correctly fitted with curved centre seam, side-back and under-arm gores, that complete the close adjustment. The fronts have easy fullness gathered at the neck and close in centre front with buttons and buttonholes, the ribbon girdle inserted at the under-arm seams condensing the fullness at waist line. The standing collar that finishes the neck is topped with a circular turn over portion that ripples becomingly. The two seamed sleeves meet the requirements of size as decreed by fashion for this season, the trimming of velvet at the top being arranged to meet that on front of waist. The wrists are

menter forms the attractive decoration.

The skirt has a narrow front gore and two wide circular portions that meet in a seam at the centre back. The placket may be finished in centre back or be made at the left front seam under the flounce. Short darts fit the top closely over the hips and the fullness in back is laid in backward turning plaits at each side of the centre seam, where passementerie loops and olives unite them according to the prevailing mode. The skirt is of fashionable length and measures about four yards at the foot. The circular flounce is applied over the lower edge and ripples slightly at the front edges, where it is graduated to very narrow width at the top.

The front gore presents a panel effect that is exceedingly stylish. The skirt may be suitably made of any seasonable material in silk or wool, and a charming effect is produced when the front

seven-inch material.



LADIES' SKIRT WITH CIRCULAR FLOUNCE EXTENDING TO WAIST IN FRONT.

gore is of a contrasting fabric in harmonious coloring. The decoration may be as plain or as elaborate as desired, the variety of trimming this season being almost unlimited.

To make this skirt for a lady of medium size will require six and three-quarter yards of material forty-four inches wide.