

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The art of starching linen was brought into England in 1553 by a Flemish woman.

"Only the First Step is Difficult."

The first step in Spring should be to cleanse Nature's house from Winter's accumulations. Hood's Sarsaparilla does this work easily. It is America's Greatest Spring Medicine. It purifies the blood, as millions of people say.

It makes the weak strong, as nervous men and women gladly testify. It cures all blood diseases, as thousands of cured voluntarily write. It is just the medicine for you, as you will gladly say after you have given it a fair trial.

Bad Blood—Although past 70 years of age I am thoroughly well. It was three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla that made me so after spending over \$60 in medical attendance. My trouble was a raw sore on my ankle. Mrs. LOUISA MASON, Court Street, Lowell, Mass.

Running Sores—After worrying four months I gave my children Hood's Sarsaparilla and it cured them of running sores. Hood's Pills cured me of dyspepsia and constipation. Mrs. KATE E. THOMAS, 31 Governor St., Annapolis, Md.

Consumptive Cough—Five years ago I had a consumptive cough which reduced me to a skeleton. Was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla which I did and recovered normal health. I have been well ever since. Mrs. MATILDA BRIDGEWATER, Cor. Pearl and Chestnut Sts., Jeffersonville, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, the non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Spalding's Trade-Mark Means "Standard of Quality" on Athletic Goods Insist upon Spalding's



Handsomely Catalogue Free.
A. G. SPALDING & BROS.,
New York, Chicago, Denver.

FOR ONE DOLLAR

which can be enclosed in a letter, you can have expert medical advice from a specialist of twenty years' experience who will send the medicine you need, prepaid to your address. Write to **Shawmut Dispensary**, 112 Hotel Pl., Boston.

WANTED—use of had health. B-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. Send 5 cts. to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1000 testimonials.

The Venous Spiders.
There is no doubt whatever that spiders are venomous, and a few of them are dangerously so. It may surprise the average reader to learn that the typical poisonous spider possesses a poison gland and a hollow tooth or fang through which the venom is introduced into the wound made by the tooth. The gland is situated much as in the rattlesnake, the poison sac being attached to the root of the fang by a small tube that conducts the venom down the hollow shaft. Here, indeed, is one of the oldest facts of nature—namely, the similarity of arrangements in snake and arachnid for the purpose of injecting venom. It is certain, however, that spiders do not always use their poison in striking; they do not need to employ it in killing insects ordinarily, and it would appear that the venom gland is under the control of the animal. With the rattlesnake or cobra it is very different, the poison being injected by the mere act of closing the jaws.—New York News.

THE constantly recurring monthly suffering gives women the blues!

How hopeless the future appears, month after month the same siege with menstrual pain!

Comparatively few women understand that excessive pain indicates ill-health, or some serious derangement of the feminine organs.

DESPONDENT WOMEN
A million women have been helped by Mrs. Pinkham. Read what two of them say.

Mrs. LIZZIE COLEMAN, of Wayland, N. Y., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For years I suffered with painful menstruation and falling of womb. The bearing-down pains in my back and hips were dreadful. I could not stand for more than five minutes at a time when menstruation began. But thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my sufferings are now a thing of the past. I shall gladly recommend your medicines to all my friends."

Miss C. D. MORRIS, 3 Louisburg Square, Boston, Mass., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I have been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it has helped me wonderfully. I was troubled with headache, backache and that weak and tired feeling. I cannot say enough in praise of your medicine for it has done me so much good. I shall recommend it to all my friends who suffer."

Despondency is a disease. Nervousness and snappishness come with it. Will power won't overcome it. The feminine organs are connected by nerves with the brain and all parts of the body. These organs must be healthy or the mind is not healthy.

All low-spirited or suffering women may write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and receive her advice free of charge. Don't wait until your life is wrecked by neglect and suffering. Get advice in time.

St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Lumbago.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sciatica.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sprains.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Bruises.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Soreness.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Stiffness.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Backache.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Muscular Aches.

The biggest battleship in the world is in the British navy, the *Majestic*.

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 skins of more than 100,000 animals are used annually in binding Oxford Bibles.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

In South America there is a race of cats which does not know how to mew.

Coughs Lead to Consumption.
Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Mr. Shake Spare runs a farm near Sparta, N. C.

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

It is said that the Mormons have 800 millionaires at work in the United States.

To Have Pleasure.
Of course we live to have pleasure and to avoid pain, and that is why so many use St. Jacobs Oil to cure Rheumatism, quickly and surely to get rid of it. It is the best cure.

According to our insanity returns sixteen cases in 1000 are caused by love affairs.

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. Bottle and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

One hundred and ninety-three meat shops in Paris offer horse meat for sale.

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

Icebergs in the Atlantic sometimes last for two hundred years.

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

The Seat of the Soul.

Understanding by "soul" the highest intellectual faculties, it is worth considerable trouble to find out where these functions are located. Savages believe that it is in the liver or the heart; cynics suggest that it is in the stomach; phrenologists place them in the front part of the brain; but the most advanced physiologists are now inclined to teach that the posterior cerebral lobes have the highest intellectual value. Dr. C. Clapham's arguments to this effect are quoted with approval in the "Centralblatt für Anthropologie" (1898, Heft 4). These arguments are that man has the most highly developed posterior lobes, and this is conspicuous in men of marked ability and in the highest races. In idiots the lobes are imperfectly developed, and in chronic dementia these portions of the brain reveal frequent lesions. Numerous authorities are quoted in support of these and allied statements.—Dr. Brinton, in Science.

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REVELATION.

Across the dolorous reaches of the rain
Recurrent rings the mellow robin-song,
And lo, the bliss-throb at the heart again!

Stung by a pitiless master's cruel thong,
Enmeshed, in sorrow, worn with wailing
pain,
How have we waited for that lyric long!

But now what care we for the Winter's
wrong?
Our silent lips for very joy would sing,
Re-echoing the rapture full and strong.

Behind the gloom-shroud, all environing,
We see, revealed through that clear robin-
song,
The glory and the glamour of the spring!
—Clinton Scollard, in Collier's Weekly.

IN THE CATSKILLS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

Sunset among the Catskills—the fair blue heights lost in a mist of opal and gold; the precipices that stretched away below losing their sharp outlines in the dreamy purple glow; while to the left of the Swiss cottage, which seemed to perch itself like a bird poised for flight on a level bit of green-sward, a foamy torrent hurried down the fern-fringed rocks, a thread of surging silver.

Natalie Moore gazed out on the fair panoramic glory of the scene from a tiny diamond-paned casement, while Ellen Kyle leaned over her shoulder and showed pretty pearls of teeth in a most unmistakable yawn.

"How glorious!" cried Natalie, drawing a long breath.

"How stupid!" sighed Ellen. "Now, Natalie, please don't look so horrified. You know perfectly well I make no pretense to high heroics. I never read 'Paradise Lost.' I think Shakespeare a nuisance, and I regard the country—always excepting Long Branch and Saratoga—as a prodigious bore! I can't help my honest convictions, can I?"

She was a dimpled, roguish damsel, with very black eyes, velvety level brows, and cheeks like the crimson side of a nectarine; while Natalie Moore was pale and slight, with great, wondering gray eyes, and a red, sensitive mouth.

"If we had only asked Fred Stacey up here," sighed Ellen, "or the Vincys, or even Frank Stapleton. But a week in the Catskills without a masculine mortal to gladden our eyesight, except Tim, the cowboy. Do you know, Nata, I walked a mile this morning to get a look at the stuffed hats and coats in Farmer Allison's strawbery patch. They were at least a reminder of mankind!"

"Oh, Ellie!" sighed Natalie, despairingly.

"You see, dear, there was a mistake all around," went on Ellie Kyle, mischievously. "I should have been the heffess, you the society girl! You wouldn't have caught me shutting myself up here, to enjoy moon-rises and sunsets, and all that sort of thing, that has no business to exist except in picture-galleries."

"Look, Ellie!" interrupted Natalie, pointing her slender finger down into the gorge. "S. me one is coming!"

"It's the mail-carrier, with one wooden-leg, or else the boy with the milk and cream," said Ellie, misanthropically. "Nobody else ever comes here!"

"You are wrong," said Natalie, elevating her pearl-mounted opera glasses. "I think they are artists—at all events they are gentlemen, and they must be coming here, for this path leads nowhere else."

"For which may all the saints be devoutly thanked!" murmured Miss Kyle, under her breath. "Perhaps it's Fred Stacey on a forlorn hope? Anyhow, I'll run up stairs, and just take a look at my crimps. How lucky that we haven't dined yet! I wonder if the cook has remembered the recipe for those cream syllabubs? Two live men! Why, Natalie, the wilderness will blossom as the rose!"

And away she scampered, singing as she went.

"I suppose this is the place?" said Everard Elton.

"Why, it must be, of course!" said Guy Cassiles; "because there is no other place within ten miles that I can see."

"But I had no idea Thorne would put up a place so artistically beautiful," said Elton, "Thorne is a good fellow, but he is a realist, and this a poet's dream of Switzerland."

"Are there such things as broiled chickens in poet's dreams?" demanded Cassiles, with some solicitude. "Because my tramp over the mountains has given me a capital appetite!"

"And I entertain no doubt that you will find the means of assuaging it amply," returned his friend. "Thorne told me he invariably kept a good staff of servants, and I've always noticed that servants like good eating as well as their masters. Open the gate, can't you? and knock. My hands are tired by this heavy easel and paint-case!"

Guy Cassiles pushed open the door, and stalked in a free-and-easy fashion into Miss Moore's little octagon-shaped drawing room.

Natalie rose in surprise. Ellie Kyle's dimples danced as she retreated behind her friend's easy-chair.

"Whew-w-w-w!" uttered Mr. Elton, setting down his portable easel, and wiping his streaming forehead. "Well, girls, you hardly expected company tonight, eh? I hope there's something fit to eat in the house?"

"And let us have it served as soon as possible, please," said Guy Cassiles, affably. "We have walked far and are very tired."

at the same time pressing her friend's hand meaningly.

"Certainly, sir—directly, sir!" she said, with all the mincing airs and glances of a stage grisette; and dragging Natalie after her, she never paused until she could burst into a clear cascade of laughter in the safe haven of the kitchen, where the amazed cook was just raking out a fire of gleaming coals, to broil a string of gold-spotted trout.

"Ellie!" cried Natalie, haughtily, "are you crazy? Has all the world gone demented?"

"Don't you see, my dear," cried Ellie, with a fresh burst of mirth, "it's a bit of a romance in real life?—'She Stoops to Conquer,' on a small scale."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, it's plain enough. They have mistaken this for Mr. Thorne's shooting lodge. It's Guy Cassiles and young Elton. Don't undeeve them. Let us act out our mimic play."

"Agreed!" said Natalie, laughing. "I'll set the table, and you shall help the cook with the strawberries and cream-puffs. There goes the drawing-room bell now! Run, Ellie!"

Light-footed as a mountain gazelle, Miss Kyle presented herself to the gentlemen.

"A little warm water, if you please, my girl," said Cassiles, and clean towels, in the bedrooms.

"Yes, sir," courted Ellie. And she vanished.

"I like that brunette, pink-ribboned style of domestic," said Cassiles. "When I get rich, I'll have just such an establishment. Do you Elton, she looks like that little witch, Nellie Kyle!"

"Well, I think she does, now you mention it," said Everard. "The cook suits me best, however. I like a tall woman, with some 'go' in her. Look at that piano! and, by the beard of Ulysses, a work basket!"

"I suppose the young damsels make themselves at home in the parlor, when there's no one staying at Cliff Lodge," yawned Cassiles.

"But cooks and waitresses don't generally sew with gold thimbles and pearl bodkins," said more observing Everard; "and I say, Guy, we've gone and done it now!"

"What is the fellow raving about?" placidly demanded Cassiles, lighting a cigar.

"Put out your cigar, man! Look at this envelope lying in the basket! See the direction: 'Miss Natalie Moore.'"

Cassiles' countenance grew blank. "Elton!" cried he, "we've made a blunder!"

"We are two egregious fools!" cried Elton, catching up his easel and making a grasp at his hat. "Blundering into a strange house, and giving our orders as if we were in an inn! Let's get out of this as soon as possible."

"What are you going to do?" cried Cassiles, laying a detaining hand on his arm.

"Jump down the first good-sized precipice I come to!"

"Don't do that, my dear fellow," said Guy, laughing, although a crimson flush of mortification already dyed his cheeks; "at all events, not until we have asked Miss Moore's pardon for this outrageous invasion of her premises."

And at the same moment, Mr. Elton's meditated retreat was cut short short by the appearance of Natalie, carrying a satin damask table-cloth and a pile of snowy napkins, and Ellie Kyle with a dainty silver basket, whence protruded a chased fish-knife, a gold-lined soap-ladle, and sundry other bits of costly refinement, in one hand, and a cut-glass pitcher of cream in the other.

"Ladies," said Guy Cassiles, violently clearing his throat—"I—we—that is myself and my friend, Elton—we've made an extremely awkward mistake! We—"

"Pray make no more excuses!" said Natalie, laughing. "I understand it all. You fancied you were in Mr. Thorne's mountain lodge, whereas you are ten miles in a different direction, and sojourners in Miss Moore's Swiss cottage! Do not look so mortified. Mr. Cassiles—you see I know your name, through my friend, Miss Kyle—it was a very natural mistake to make."

"I have nothing whatever to urge in my defense," faltered Elton.

"Then don't make the attempt," said Ellie Kyle. "Stop, Mr. Elton! You are not going without ever having the politeness to relieve me of this pitcher of cream? We're all going to dine off trout and strawberries together, with a little coffee afterward!"

Moonlight was silencing all the rocky ledges, when at last the two artists set off on their walk to Cliff Lodge.

The next morning they returned to sketch some of the "fine scenic effects;" and the day after there was a picnic of four to a table-land, miles beyond, and the next—but what is the use of going on?

The girls were both engaged when they returned to Saratoga—which, as Ellie observed, spoiled all their fun, as far as flirtations went—and Mr. Elton's portfolio contained only profiles and three-quarter views of Natalie Moore's face, and Guy Cassiles is getting ready for "love in a cottage"—not a Swiss cottage, however!—Saturday Night.

Household Furniture in Poland.
In the homes of Poland there is not much furniture, a large bureau and a freezer invariably striking one as the most prominent features. Next comes the abundance of wooden utensils. All pails, tubs, etc., are of wood, and, indeed, in the country the kitchens themselves are built throughout of timber. The stoves in the country are much like the French ones, and a further resemblance is occasioned by the number of copper pans which hang on the walls.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City (Special).—The new shirt waists are not so very different from those of last year after all. They are made of deeper blues, pinks and lavenders, and broad stripes have taken the place of the hair-line effects of last year. The inch-wide stripe is



POPULAR TYPE OF SHIRT WAIST.

seen, but much smarter are the half-inch wide stripes of color alternating, with hair-line stripes of color dividing an inch-wide stripe of white. Fine, firm Madras is the best material for well-made waists, but silk and linen, muslin and gingham, are used. The backs of most of the new shirt waists are almost devoid of fulness, and some dispense with the becoming yoke, popular for so many seasons. In design there is little change from last year. Perpendicular tucks for piping that stand out instead of lying flat on either side of the front are pretty for slim figures, and more suitable to stout wearers than are the broad cross-wise tucks which they were so persistently last summer. A rather novel shirt has a strip of white muslin down the front in which buttons and button-holes are placed. On either side of this strip and placed about their own width apart are groups of tucks edged with white muslin. The work is so daintily done that it is not at all clumsy, and the effect of the white muslin stripes on the rose or blue or green of the shirt is cool and summery. Shirt waist sleeves have not suffered in the general reduction. They are just about the size now that they were then when these cool bod-

ies first took the world of women by storm.

A Stylish Combination.
A stylish combination of silk poplin, velvet and liberty satin is illustrated in the large engraving, by May Manton, in three shades of violet.

The pattern provides for extra under-arm gores which are especially advantageous in diminishing the proportions of a too generous figure. The full vest portions are arranged upon lining fronts that have double bust darts and close invisibly in the centre. The fronts are fitted by deep single bust darts and are reversed at the front edge to form pointed lapels, widest at the shoulder and gradually tapering toward the lower edge.

The backs are trimly adjusted by the usual number of seams, over which a seamless back fits smoothly across the shoulders with the fulness at the lower edge laid in overlapping plaits that are firmly tacked down below the waist line. The neck is finished with a close standing collar.

The sleeves, of fashionable proportions, are two-seamed, the fulness at the top being arranged in gathers over fitted linings, while the wrists and lower edge of basque are finished with bands of velvet.

The mode is adapted to silk or wool fabrics. The vest can be fashioned in white or colored satin overlaid with mousseline, lace, spangled or jetted gauze. Checked and figured taffetas make pretty vests of this description, while the garniture is invariably ribbon, galoon, braided or jetted passementerie.

To make this basque for a lady of medium size will require one and three-fourth yards of material forty-four inches wide.

Most Expensive of All.
The most expensive of all waists are those of uncut velvet, made with a yoke and narrow vest of lace, and below the yoke a trimming on the velvet of paillettes of different colors and a border ribbon. These waists have

small sleeves, with pointed cuffs, completely covered with paillettes and the ribbon trimming. Few black silk or satin waists are worn except by people who are in mourning. When they are worn they must always have a bright tie or some lace at the throat. The satin ones look particularly well when they have rows of the cording put on the bias. The cording seems to relieve the dead black of the satin. A heavy quality of black satin should never be used; it is too stiff and unyielding—the liberty satin is a good material for anything of this sort.

Popular Tinted Foulards.
The materials that are specially popular for the warmer days of the season are delicately tinted and patterned foulards, various kinds of soft cotton goods, very fine cashmeres and dresses entirely formed of lace to be worn over foundations of either black or white. Black lace is used over black silk and white lace over white. Few combinations of color are permitted.

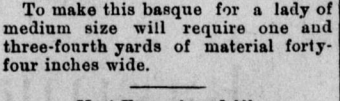
Basques Are Revived.
Basques are coming in again, and many new blouses are made with this part to be worn outside. Basques of coats are still quite short, but will be longer as the spring advances. Short basques, scooped out and finished with rows of stitching, are smart and effective for walking jackets.

Military Cycling Costumes.
Military cycling gowns are one of the fancies in Paris. The skirt and coat are of dark blue cloth, trimmed with narrow gold braid. The jacket has a piping and facing of red, and the whole is crowned by a dashing military cap.

Skirt Materials Much Used.
Accordion-plated materials are still in very great favor in the making of skirts, waists and overdresses or gowns designed for both women and children.

A Favored Handkerchief.
Cream and brown linen handkerchiefs, edged with cream lace and in some instances hemstitched with bright red, are novel and very much in favor.

Short Shoulder Capes.
The specialty of this season's models



CAPE FOR A LADY.

will apparently be the use of short shoulder capes, coming from the collar and standing out slightly over the shoulders. Some times only one little cape may be used, or there may be three or four. These are lined with silk and piped to match, while they may be either plain, embroidered or overlaid with delicate tracery of bead-work. A single shoulder cape of rather coarse lace will also be much in vogue. Sleeves still continue to be like the skirts, skin-tight and very long. As to coats for early spring wear these may either be short, with very abbreviated basques cut away in curving outlines over the hips, or else three-quarter length, with the basque sloping from the front to the back. Lace is to be very much worn, especially in conjunction with any soft light cloth. The favorite form of skirts has no seam in the back and

grows gradually more flowing in outline from just above the knees to the feet. A very scant flounce of curving shape is used on some of the new dresses, while others from the knees downward, are a mass of tiny and very full frills.