

"Durability is Better Than Show."

The wealth of the multi-millionaires is not equal to good health. Riches without health are a curse, and yet the rich, the middle classes and the poor alike have, in Hood's Sarsaparilla, a valuable assistant in getting and maintaining perfect health. It never disappoints.

Scrofula—Three years ago our son, now eleven, had a serious case of scrofula and erysipelas with dreadful sores, discharging and itching constantly. He could not walk. Several physicians did not help for sixteen months. Three months' treatment with Hood's Sarsaparilla made him perfectly well. We are glad to tell others of it. Mrs. DAVID LAIRD, Ottawa, Kansas.

Nausea—Vomiting spells, dizziness and prostration troubled me for years. Had neuralgia, grew weak and could not sleep. My age was against me, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me thoroughly. My weight increased from 125 to 143 pounds. I am the mother of nine children. Never felt so well and strong since I was married as I do now. Mrs. M. A. WATERS, 1529 33d St., Washington, D. C.

Eczema—We had to tie the hands of our two year old son on account of eczema on face and limbs. No medicine even helped until we used Hood's Sarsaparilla, which soon cured. Mrs. A. VAN WYCK, 123 Montgomery Street, Paterson, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

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

Yellowstone Park's Geysers.
The largest geyser in the world is the Excelsior Geyser in Yellowstone Park. Its basin is 200 feet across and 330 feet deep. This basin is full of boiling water, from which clouds of steam are constantly ascending. At long intervals water is spouted into the air to a height of from fifty to 300 feet.

The Republic of Gonst.
The smallest republic in the world is the little community of Gonst, comprising 140 souls, who exist on the flat top of a mountain in the Pyrenees. This miniature republic is only one mile in area, has existed since 1648, and is recognized by both France and Spain. It has a council of twelve, who elect their president.

CATALOGUES OF THOUSANDS OF PLAYS!
Largest Assortment in the World. All kinds of books for home amusements, including New Plays just issued, Charades, Reciters, Children's Plays, Negro Plays, Dialogues, and Jingles, Wax Works, Fairy Plays, Paper Scenery, Plays for Male Characters only, Tableaux Vivants, and many other interesting and valuable material. Amateurs and Artists, send for the guide to selecting plays. How to Make Up. SAMUEL FRENCH, 26 West 22d Street, New York City.

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. 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.

A GOOD GARDEN

is a pleasure and a profit. Gregory's seed book directs a right beginning. Gregory's seed insure the most successful ending. Get the book now it's free. James J. H. Gregory & Son, Marblehead, Mass.

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

FROSTED FEET, ETC. Cure guaranteed. By mail, 30c. FROST BITE CO., Roselle, N. J.

Society Women

and, in fact, nearly all women who undergo a nervous strain, are compelled to regretfully watch the growing pallor of their cheeks, the coming wrinkles and thinness that become more distressing every day. Every woman knows that ill-health is a fatal enemy to beauty and that good health gives to the plainest face an enduring attractiveness. Pure blood and strong nerves—these are the secret of health and beauty.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People build up and purify the blood, and strengthen the nerves. To the young girl they are invaluable, to the mother they are a necessity, to the woman approaching fifty they are the best remedy that science has devised for this crisis of her life.

Mrs. Jacob Weaver, of Bushnell, Ill., is fifty-six years old. She says: "I suffered for five or six years with the trouble that comes to women at this time of life. I was much weakened, was unable, much of the time, to do my own work, and suffered beyond my power to describe. I was down-hearted and melancholy. Nothing seemed to do me any good. Then I made up my mind to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I bought the first box in March, 1897, and was benefited from the start. A box and a half cured me completely, and I am now rugged and strong."—*Bushnell (Ill.) Record.*

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.

Every One Knows.
Why trifle with a sprain when every one knows that St. Jacobs Oil used in the worst case will so strengthen the injured muscle as to make it the best remedy for this dreaded pain.

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.

Among the latest imports into England from Germany are foxes.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.

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 headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 50c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Italy now has twelve cities with over 100,000 inhabitants.

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

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

Go to Work.
Go to work on Lumbago as if you intended to cure it, and with the use of St. Jacobs Oil it can be cured very promptly and surely. Rub hard for penetration.

Knocks Coughs and Colds.
Dr. Arnold's Cough Killer cures Coughs and Colds. Prevents Consumption. All druggists, 25c.

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

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

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

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.

Where Our Summer is Winter.
The hottest region on the earth is the southeastern part of Persia, where it borders the Gulf. For forty consecutive days in July and August the temperature has been known not to fall lower than 100 degrees, night or day.

A SAILOR ONCE AGAIN.
For rather more than thirty years Our Uncle's been ashore, And Stars and Stripes have absent been Where often seen before. But soon our ships, just as of old, Will every sea explore, Our Uncle Sam's A sailor once again!

The Yellow Sea, the Red, the Black, The China and the White Shall often see the Flag that flew O'er Santiago's fight; And all the nations of the earth Shall learn—and learn aright— That Uncle Sam's A sailor once again!

And though he's been so long ashore He's quite at home at sea; And quite as quick to trade as fight He'll surely prove to be. "Let cargo follow cruisers close All around the world," say we, "Now Uncle Sam's A sailor once again!"

—T. C. M., in New York Sun.

MAGDALEN'S VOW.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

Miss Barbara Peckham had just sat down to her evening cup of tea. The Peckham Seminary for Young Ladies had been unusually trying to the temper and spirits of its proprietress that day, and Miss Barbara stood in serious need of her cup of tea.

She was tall and spare and usually wore rich, lustrous black silk dresses, and heavy gold eyeglasses; her private sanctum was comfortably, not to say luxuriously furnished, with curtains of claret-colored cloth, a deep red carpet, and an aviary in the bay window, whose feathered inhabitants were mostly red—for Miss Peckham believes in correspondence of colors.

"Now," said Miss Peckham to herself, "for half an hour's peace!" Vain hope! for scarcely had she accomplished preceptress poured over her first cup of tea, and buttered her first muffin, than a stormy knock came to the door, and a tall, blooming girl burst into the room.

"Magdalen Moore!" cried Miss Peckham, in surprise. "I won't stand it any longer!" said Magdalen Moore, her cheeks glowing scarlet, her eyes aflame with dusky fires. "I'll go home tomorrow!"

"Miss Moore, I am surprised!" enunciated Miss Peckham, wiping the tips of her fingers on her double damask napkin, and taking off her eyeglasses. "It's Charlotte Courtenay!" cried Magdalen, throwing back her masses of purple-black hair, with a quick, spirited motion. "She has twitted me with being a workhouse girl, though I never was in the workhouse."

"It's all as true as Gospel," said Charlotte Courtenay herself a tall, self-possessed girl of eighteen, who was in Miss Peckham's graduating class, and one of the "show scholars" of the establishment. "And when Magdalen Moore tries on those high and lofty airs of hers, she'll find herself mistaken in the tack."

"Young ladies, I am astonished at you," said Miss Peckham, taking refuge in the feeble conventionalities which are of so little avail in actual wordy warfare. "And," went on Charlotte Courtenay, breathlessly, "her father was a convict—a convict in Sing Sing prison! My uncle saw the man there in a gray prison suit, making barrel hoops. And my uncle says it's a pretty thing for us, the daughters of gentlemen, to be crowded in here with the child of a convict! No, not even if Miss Jessup, who is worth a million of dollars, has chosen to adopt her out of the workhouse!"

"It was not a workhouse," defiantly gasped Magdalen, on whose cheeks the crimson and white had alternately fluttered. "It was an asylum!"

"Where's the difference?" sarcastically demanded Miss Courtenay. "You are a beggar's brat all the same!"

Magdalen looked at Miss Peckham for protection, but Miss Peckham was as limp as a rag. The secret was out which Miss Jessup had so vehemently enjoined her to conceal. The sharp young eyes of her five and twenty young ladies had pried out her mystery at last. Magdalen flashed around upon Charlotte.

"You are most noble and generous," said she, bitterly, "to taunt me with what is no fault of mine—to humiliate me before all those girls. But, as truly as I live, Charlotte Courtenay, I will be revenged upon you for this night's work!"

And she went out of the room, cold and pale as a statue, except where two scarlet spots glowed upon either cheek.

Magdalen Moore left the "Peckham Seminary" the next morning before the big bell rang for prayers, and Charlotte Courtenay had triumphed.

creature as that adopted daughter of Miss Tony Jessup's in my life!"

"She is very beautiful," unwillingly owned Charlotte, who had matured into a fresh-faced, rather commonplace person.

"Quite the queen of society here," said Mrs. Dalzell. "Miss Jessup has promised me cards to their Tuesday evening receptions, and Miss Magdalen says she will secure us tickets to the Princess Della Foria's ball."

"We wore at school together, at the Peckham Seminary," said Charlotte, a little guiltily. "I used to quarrel dreadfully with her; but she seems to have forgotten all that, and to be disposed to be as gracious as possible."

Charlotte Courtenay had never seen a lovely, sleek leopardess crouching for its spring, with all its claws sheathed in velvet, or she would have comprehended what this "graciousness" of Miss Jessup's adopted daughter meant.

"You are engaged to him, then?" said Magdalen. "How delightful!"

"We are to be married in the spring," said Charlotte, simpering and blushing. "Don't you think him quite handsome?"

"Oh, very!" said Magdalen, with a smile which, to an acute physiognomist, would have expressed considerably more than sweet acquiescence. "It's so fortunate we have met you here!" prattled on Charlotte. "Sydney is quite charmed with you and dear Miss Jessup."

"I hope we shall be able to make you stay a little pleasanter," said demure Magdalen.

And Charlotte was delighted at the fortuitous chain of circumstances which had thrown the two parties of tourists together in Rome under the majestic shadow of St. Peter's.

But one evening, at the Princess Della Foria's, she came unexpectedly on Mr. Sydney Egerton, on his knees to Magdalen Jessup, in a secluded corner, where the moonlight sifted down through gold-freighted orange-boughs and pink thickets of oleanders. She recoiled in angry dismay—almost incredulity.

"Sydney!" she exclaimed. Magdalen's dark eyes glittered triumphant defiance at her; a mocking smile scintillated around Magdalen's full, scarlet lips.

"You have interrupted our little tete-a-tete," she lightly said. "Mr. Egerton has just laid his heart at my feet. He says he was mistaken in believing he could love you."

"Sydney," wailed out poor Charlotte, "is this true?"

"It is true," answered Egerton, doggedly, rising from his knees, "I love Miss Jessup, and Miss Jessup only. Ever since I have been thrown into her society I have discovered how feeble was the tie that bound me to you. Here and now I ask for my release."

Charlotte Courtenay grew deadly pale. She grasped at a carved marble column for support.

"Quite a scene!" said Magdalen, mockingly. "But if Miss Courtenay had not so inopportunistly interrupted us, I would have given you my answer—No!"

"Magdalen! Magdalen! Oh, for heaven's sake!" pleaded Egerton, in an agony.

"No!" mercilessly repeated the girl. "I never loved you; I merely lured you on for my own amusement! Do you think I could ever marry one like you?"

The withering contempt in her voice cut like a knife, as she turned and swept scornfully away. But at the entrance of the court she paused at Charlotte Courtenay's side.

"Take my vinaigrette," said she, stooping over, "Nay, never weep. What is a man's love worth? Do you remember that night at the Seminary? Do you remember how cruel you were? Ah! you never thought the time might come when I, too, could be cruel. Do you remember how I vowed vengeance? Well, this night's work wipes away that vow—I am revenged!"

Charlotte heard no more. The oleander boughs swam before her vision—the white bars of the moonlight were all blotted out. And when she recovered, a little group of the Princess Della Foria's serving-women were rubbing her hands with camphor, and fanning her.

Sydney Egerton left Rome the next morning, and never saw Charlotte Courtenay's face again. And old Miss Jessup took her adopted daughter away to the baths of Baden, as royally beautiful as ever, for Magdalen was well content with her season in Rome.

"Things generally contrive to balance themselves in this world," said the beautiful brunette, "if only one is content to wait long enough."

And Charlotte Courtenay had paid dear for the arrogance and insolence of that one hour of her girlhood.—Saturday Night.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City (Special).—Whoever made the foolish remark that shirt waists and separate waists were going out of fashion little knew how



sensible the feminine population of this country is. No woman of sense and figure will give up that comfortable garment known as the separate waist until the municipal authorities

The sleeves are fitted with upper and under linings, a puff being gathered over the top. The material portion is shaped at the top to harmonize with the fronts and back, and the trimming continued in evenly spaced rows to the wrists, where it is prettily slashed to expose the plisse of mousseline de soie. The neck is complete with a standing collar, surmounted by flaring circular portions squarely shaped on the outer edge. The narrow front gore of the skirt is extended in a circular flounce, which is joined to the lower edge of the other four gores. The skirt fits the hips closely, small darts adjusting the fullness at the waist, and the flounce falls in stylish ripples to the foot, where it measures a little over four yards. Four rows of the frizzed ribbon are applied in evenly spaced rows at top of flounce and outlining each edge of front gore. Many combinations will be suggested by the mode, which may be all of one material if so desired, and trimmed with braid in various widths, gimp, folds of satin or silk, corded silk, ruchings or ribbon.

Serviceable and Becoming. Camel's hair serge in a serviceable shade of tan is here becomingly associated with brown velvet in a pretty golden shade. The collar, shaped in pointed tabs, is edged with gilt cord, while on each tab is applied a cross design of long shaped topaz jewels. The waist is arranged over fitted body linings that close in centre back.

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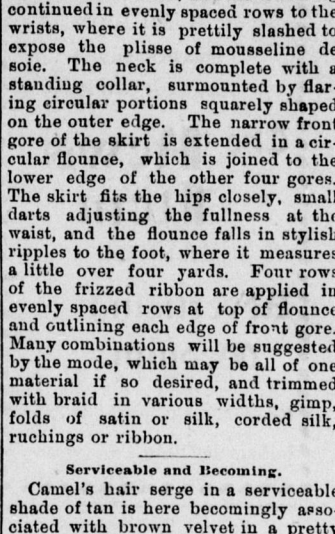
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Some ten years ago a French missionary started the systematic rearing of two kinds of spiders for their web, and the Board of Trade Journal states that a spider web factory is now in successful operation at Chalais-Mendon, near Paris, where ropes are made of spider web intended for balloons for the French military aeronautic 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 30 to 40 yards 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.

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