

**"Out of Sight
Out of Mind."**

In other months we forget the harsh winds of Spring. But they have their use, as some say, to blow out the bad air accumulated after Winter storms and Spring thaws. There is far more important accumulation of badness in the veins and arteries of humanity, which needs Hood's Sarsaparilla.

This great Spring Medicine clarifies the blood as nothing else can. It cures scrofula, kidney disease, liver troubles, rheumatism and kindred ailments. Thus it gives perfect health, strength and appetite for months to come.

Kidneys— "My kidneys troubled me, and on advice took Hood's Sarsaparilla which gave prompt relief, better appetite. My sleep is refreshing. It cured my wife also." MICHAEL BOYLE, 3473 Denny Street, Pittsburg, Pa.

Dyspepsia— "Complicated with liver and kidney trouble, I suffered for years with dyspepsia, with severe pains. Hood's Sarsaparilla made me strong and hearty." J. B. EMERTON, Main Street, Auburn, Me.

Hip Disease— "Five running sores on my hip caused me to use crutches. Was confined to bed every winter. Hood's Sarsaparilla saved my life, as it cured me perfectly. Am strong and well." ANNIE ROBERT, 49 Fourth St., Fall River, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints.

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

Code Books on Warships.

All code books carried on warships save leaden backs, to make them sink if lost overboard. The letters in the book, moreover, are printed with peculiar ink, which fades away when it comes in contact with the water. To make things still more safe the letters are changed every few months by the Navy Department. Even on warships few officers know their vessel's official signal code.



THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.



It cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

DYSPEPSIA
"For six years I was a victim of dyspepsia in its worst form. I could eat nothing but milk toast, and at times my stomach would not retain and digest even that. Last March I began taking CASCARETS and since then I have steadily improved, until I am as well as I ever was in my life."
DAVID H. MURPHY, Newark, O.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c. **CURE CONSTIPATION.** Sterling Remedial Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. **NO-TO-BAC** Sold and guaranteed by all drug stores to CURE Tobacco Habit.

RECEIPT FOR A HAPPY DAY.

Take a little dash of cold water,
And a little leaven of prayer,
A little bit of sunshine gold
Dissolved in morning air.
Add to your meal some merriment,
Add thought for kith and kin,
And then as a prime ingredient,
A plenty of work throw in.
Flavor it all with essence of love
And a little dash of play;
Let a nice old book and a glance above
Complete the well-spent day.
—Good Health.

THE C. E. CLUB.

By L. Foster Madison.

There was an air of suppressed excitement among the members of the C. E. club, which culminated in an open demonstration as the reading of the constitution was demanded. The president rapped loudly for order.

"It has been requested that the constitution be read," she said, in a clear, high soprano.

The girls settled down in their places and, amid comparative quiet, the secretary, clearing her throat, began: "This organization shall be called 'The Chancy Elopement Club.' Absolute secrecy as to time and particulars of elopement shall be maintained even among members. Membership shall be limited to seven, and shall cease the moment a wedding ring is placed on a true sister's finger. The older the man inveigled into eloping the more credit shall be given the departing sister. Boys under eighteen are not to be considered responsible. Trunks and trousseaus are absolutely forbidden. Long wedding trips are also barred. The penalty for being a member longer than for two years is expulsion. Each departing member shall suggest a sister to take her place."

"You have heard the reading of the constitution," said the president, rising from her chair. "Now what action is to be taken?"

"Madam President"—a tall girl arose with a malicious sparkle in her black eyes—"the reading of the constitution was demanded for the purpose of calling attention to the clause which reads that the penalty for being a member for over two years is expulsion. We have one such member. I think it time that action be taken."

The members gasped as the audacious speaker took her seat and listened breathlessly for the president's answer. That official raised her head defiantly and said haughtily:

"I presume that you mean me, Miss Andrews. I believe that I alone remain of the original seven."

"I do, and I move that the vice president take the chair while we consider the case."

"One moment, please." The president turned to the secretary. "Will you kindly look up the time of my membership?"

Amid dead silence the secretary reported:

"There are two months remaining, Madam President."

"I thought so." The president turned to the club, ignoring her of the black eyes. "You see," she said, "that it is impossible for the club to take any such step as the member moved for the present. I will say, however, that such occasion will never become necessary in my case," and a resolute look came into the blue eyes.

"Oh, Grace!" broke from the girls in admiration, for it was an open secret that the fair president had been engaged for some two years to a dignified professor of science, a man some twenty years her senior.

"Perhaps you won't mind telling your 'modus operandi'?" sneered Sadie Andrews incredulously.

"Allow me in turn to call your attention to that clause of our constitution which says that absolute secrecy as to time and particulars shall be maintained even among members," said Grace sweetly, although her eyes flashed at the covert insinuation. "If there is no more business before the club," she added, "I declare the meeting adjourned."

Grace walked away. "The hateful thing!" she exclaimed, the tears filling her eyes in spite of herself. "I'll show her! He does love me! He does! He will do anything I wish. Only he does not approve of eloping. Oh, I wish that he did! But I'll manage somehow, and he just must do it, whether he approves or not."

A month passed, and still no opportunity presented itself for putting into practice any of her numerous plans. Grace was almost in despair. Sadie Andrews openly laughed her to scorn as the time passed and Grace was still Gracie Dawn. Many of the girls looked dubious and smiled faintly when Sadie would triumphantly ejaculate "I told you so!" in their presence. Grace preserved a calm bearing outwardly, but inwardly raged at her helplessness.

One day a merry party of excursionists boarded a boat and went for an outing thirty miles down the river. Among them were Grace and Professor Harper. The C. E. club was out in full force, and a mighty resolve formed itself in the maiden's mind that this should be the eventful occasion.

A cave in the vicinity visited and luncheon partaken of, the party broke up into groups of twos and threes and scattered over the hills into the woods. The captain of the vessel cautioned them against straying too far away, as the boat would put out promptly at 5 o'clock. As was natural, Grace and the professor sauntered off together.

"Now, where shall we go?" inquired the professor. "Have you any special place that you would like to go to?"

"I thought," said the artful miss, "that we might find some specimens of the Adiantum pedatum."

"True, my dear. Let me see what the time is. We don't want to go so far that we will not be able to get back to the boat in time."

He drew out his watch, but before he could glance at it Grace had snatched it from him.

"Now guess, Herbert," she cried merrily, putting her hands behind her. "Guess the time."

Professor Harper smiled indulgently. "It must be 2 o'clock or after," he said.

"Oh, you bad guesser!" And Grace laughingly handed back the watch. "It is only half past 1."

"Why, so it is!" exclaimed the professor, amazed. "I was almost positive that it was after 2; but that will give us time for a long tramp."

So on they went further and further into the woods, until at last, with arms filled with fine specimens of maiden-hair, they sat down on a mossy stone to analyze them.

"When we are married, Grace, I hope to find a rare pupil in you. We have a year to wait until your father considers you old enough," continued he. "I don't mind saying to you, little girl, that I find the waiting tedious at times."

Grace's heart throbbed rapidly. "Then you would not mind very much if something should happen that would make us marry sooner, would you?" she asked, in a low tone.

"No, dear; I should not in the least. But there!" the professor sighed heavily. "Your father is quite right, quite right, and we must wait. Now, shall we analyze a few more specimens?"

They turned again to the ferns and so the time passed. Suddenly the professor seemed to realize that time was flying, and whipped out his watch.

"Bless my soul!" he cried. "We will barely have time to get to the boat. It is 4 o'clock. We must hurry, Grace."

They had not gone far before the deep whistle sounded on their ears.

"Why! we can never reach the boat in time in the world! We must run for it, Grace!"

But, despite their efforts, when they reached the shore the boat was hidden from view by a bend in the river.

"This is a predicament," said Professor Harper, as he mopped his brow. "The worst of it is that they will think we did it on purpose!" And he frowned in annoyance. "I cannot think how my watch came to be so far behind time. Do you suppose you could have inadvertently turned the hands, Grace, when you took it from me?"

Grace hung her head, but made no reply.

"Grace," he exclaimed, "I believe that you did it, and on purpose! Did you?"

Grace nodded.

"But why, child? Why should you want to be left way out here in the woods?"

"I'm going to run off with you, Herbert. So that you might as well make up your mind to it."

"Why! what does the girl mean?" gasped the professor in amazement.

"Just what I say. If you will agree to marry me right away, I know a man that lives about a mile from here who will drive us to Chauncy. If you don't promise, I will not tell where he lives and you will just have to stay here all night."

Professor Harper stared at her for a moment in astonishment, and then, as her meaning burst upon him, gave vent to a roar of laughter. Grace's lip quivered.

"Oh, I surrender! I surrender!" cried the professor hastily. "I will do anything you ask, my dear. But what a very desperate character you are!"

Shamefaced, but determined, Grace led the chuckling professor to the house of a farmer, with whom arrangements were soon concluded to drive them to Chauncy.

"You don't really mind, do you, Herbert?" whispered Grace, as they reached the house of the minister.

"Mind? No. I wish we had done it long ago," whispered back the professor, smiling bovisly. "I haven't been on such a lark for years."

The C. E. club held a private justification when it was known that Professor Harper and Grace Dawn had eloped, and the villagers wondered at the depravity of a man of his age.

"All the same, my dear," said the professor to his wife, "I hope that you won't always use such desperate methods to obtain your own way."

"But there wasn't anything else to do," answered Mrs. Harper.—Cleveland Press.

Youthful Pessimist.
A New England school teacher preserves among her treasures the composition of a former pupil, a boy of 12. It has its pathetic side, as the meagreness of the boy's life may be conjectured from his words.

The subject given was "Anticipation. Do you enjoy it as much as realization?"

Dictionaries were diligently consulted, and the general vote placed anticipation on a high plane of delight. Not so wrote the solemn-faced boy of 12.

"Anticipation is when you think about things beforehand. If it's having your teeth out, that isn't much fun; and if it's Sunday school picnics, you can't help worrying about the weather.

"Realization is when the things you've thought about beforehand happen. Having your teeth out is a little worse than thinking about it. Sunday school picnics would be nice if it didn't rain, but when it rains they put them off, and then the day they have them, generally you can't go."
"JAMES BROWN."

THE REALM OF FASHION.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—A waist in this style usually accompanies a work dress, or is worn at other times when a tidy, trim appearance only is necessary. When fashion is necessary.



WOMAN'S SPENCER WAIST.

ioned in appropriate materials it may also form a suitable support for the dressy and appropriate bodice decorations now in vogue, that can be purchased ready to wear over plain waists.

Figured percale is here represented for ordinary house wear, a linen collar with stock of sheer white muslin with tucked and pleated ends, forming the pretty neck decoration. The lining is fitted with the usual double darts, underarm and side-back gores, a curving centre-seam in back completing the trim adjustment.

The whole back is gathered at the waist line and arranged over the back and side-back forms. The fronts are gathered at the waist line and join the back by smoothly covered underarm gores and shoulder seams. A standing collar finishes the neck, and the closing in centre-front is accomplished by buttons and button holes.

The two-seamed sleeves are comfortably full at the top, being arranged over fitted linings, which may be omitted, and either the full or fitted up portion be selected. Belts of leather, metal or ribbon are worn with these waists. While specially designed for wash dresses in gingham, lawn, cambric, etc., waists in this style may be developed in wool or silk fabrics, the selection of material depending on the demands of the occasion.

To make this waist for a woman of medium size will require two yards of thirty-six-inch material.

A Late Spring Mode.
In the costume shown by May Mantor in the large engraving silk and wool novelty fabric in soft gray and heliotrope is simply but tastefully trimmed with narrow velvet ribbon in the last-named shade. The plastron vest and standing collar of white satin are striped crosswise with velvet, and two large, ornamental crystal buttons have a prominent place on the extended portions of each front. The ribbon is ruched through the centre to form the waved decoration on the tops of sleeves, wrists and on the smaller sailor-shaped collar that ends in square lapels at each side of the pompadour fronts. The dressy arrangement of the waist is made over fitted linings that close in centre front, the plastron vest being permanently secured to the right front lining to close over with the standing collar at the left shoulder. Backward turning pleats are laid in each front at the shoulder, which, with the fullness at the waist, gives easy fullness across the bust.

The Swedish mile is the longest mile in the world, being exactly 11,700 yards.

Make Sure.
There have been years of misery suffered from a little nerve because St. Jacobs Oil was not used to cure Neuralgia, which affected it. Make sure and don't wait.

The number of Chinese Temples in the United States is now forty-seven.

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 Remedial Co., Chicago or New York.

Philadelphia has a library for the blind with 3000 volumes.

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.

The first mint of the United States was established in Philadelphia in 1792.

Enclose Ten Cents
And get by mail trial bottles Hoxsie's Croup Cure and Hoxsie's Disks for Croup, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis. A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Island of Key West has 25,000 inhabitants on a surface of only 2000 acres.

Actors, vocalists, public speakers recommend Hale's Honey of Marshmallow and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one Minute.

A Crucial Test.
As he spoke, Hatterson slapped his friend Plankington on the shoulder, and tried thereby to instill some spirit into that dejected individual. "My dear fellow," he said, "you must brace up. I know how hard it is, but in a supreme moment like this, if we but make the effort, it is surprising how many resources we can call up that hitherto have remained latent. You are about to undergo one of the most complex and severe trials that a man has in the whole course of his married career, but now is not the time to quail. A few hours of intense misery and it will be all over. You, who have been so nobly through a war, who have reconstructed two railroads and lived to tell the tale, surely you will not now fail."

A look of grim determination came over the other man's face. He stood up straight once more, and his eyes flashed fire.

"Old man," he said, "I thank you. You have given me courage. I'll do it, no matter how much I suffer," and he strode away in the direction of his own house, prepared to help receive the guests at his wife's first afternoon reception.—Life.

Greeks in New York City.
Of the 4000 Greeks who form the Hellenic colony in New York City fewer than 200 are women, and only a small proportion of these are pure Greek in blood. The Greeks who come to America are, with few exceptions, shepherds or farmers, with now and then a sailor. The former take to the pushcart life at once. The newcomer is taken care of on his landing by friends from his own locality. It is the boast of the Greeks that none of their nationality has ever applied to the city for aid. No matter how poor they be, no matter how their savings may have been absorbed by repeated arrests for violating city ordinances, they will find some way to help a brother in need.

The Train Didn't Hesitate.
An Englishman traveling in Maryland had occasion to investigate the running time of the trains that pass through the small place where he was stopping. Carefully searching a time table he found apparently that there would be an express train due at four o'clock that afternoon. The Englishman was on time with his grip, etc. and so was the express train. The intending passenger watched it approach and thunder by the station at top speed. The traveler was annoyed, and, turning to a colored man who stood near remarked: "That train didn't stop." "No, sir," replied the colored citizen cheerfully, "didn't ev'n hesitate." The Argonaut.

The whole back is smooth: across the shoulders, pretty fullness being drawn to the centre at the waist line, and smooth under-arm gores join the back and fronts. The lower edge of the waist is finished with a shaped girdle of velvet, a bow of the same being placed at the left side. The two-seamed sleeves have the slightly full upper portions arranged over well-fitted linings, the wrists being pointed in Venetian style. Waists by the mode may form part of a stylish gown or be made separately of contrasting color and material, taffeta, satin, foulard and other fancy silks making dressy waists with fronts of tucking, cording or all-over lace.

The skirt comprises seven gores, the novel features being the shaping that gives a distinct spring at the foot of each gore suggesting the flare of a circular flounce. A close adjustment is presented at the top, and the fullness in back is laid in single backward turning pleats that meet over the placket finished in the centre-back seam. The foot trimming of ruched velvet ribbon is applied in four waved lines. The skirt may form part of a costume or be made separately to wear with numerous odd waists, which still prevail in the realm of fashion. To make this waist for a woman of medium size will require two yards of material forty-four inches wide.

To make the skirt in the medium size will require five yards of material forty-four inch wide.

A Dainty Little Wrap.
Baby blue broadcloth is used for this dainty little jacket, white lace and narrow blue satin ribbon forming the attractive decoration. The ribbon is gathered on one edge and applied in evenly spaced rows crossed at the corners. A bow of wider ribbon is tied prettily at the neck between the edges

of the broad collar. Dressy jackets in this style are a convenient, if not a very necessary part of a child's outfit, and can be made up as plainly as desired. It is simply shaped with centre back, shoulder and under-arm seams, and closes in front with pearl buttons and buttonholes.

The one-seamed sleeves are as full as fashion allows, gathers at the lower edge being arranged on cuff bands wide enough to allow the hand to pass easily through. Gathers at the upper edge adjust the fullness to the arm's eye. The stylish broad collar is faced to the neck and elaborately trimmed with ribbon and lace.

Three-cornered pockets are decorated to match and placed on each front. Delicate shades of French or outing flannel, cashmere, merino, camel's-hair, Venetian or ladies' cloth will

make pretty jackets in this style that can be worn on the street in mild weather or indoors when additional warmth is required. Feather stitching, insertion or braid will decorate these tickets tastefully.

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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.

Nuremberg produces, among other things, some 250,000,000 pencils every year.

Southern Railway's New Train to the South.
On March 12 the Southern Railway, in connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad, began to run a new train from New York to Charlotte, Columbia, Aiken, Augusta, Savannah, Jacksonville and Tampa, with immediate connection at Jacksonville for St. Augustine, Palm Beach, Miami and other points on the east coast of Florida.

It leaves New York at 2:50 P. M. daily, arrives at Augusta the following day at 2:45 P. M., Savannah 3:15 P. M. and Jacksonville at 4:40 P. M., making immediate connection with the "Miami Limited," on the Florida East Coast Railway for St. Augustine, Miami and other points. Pullman drawing-room sleepers from New York to Aiken and Tampa.

The Southern Railway is operating four fast passenger trains daily to the South, including the celebrated "Florida Limited," giving the traveling public the very best service ever enjoyed.

Full information from Alex. S. Thwaitt Eastern Pass. Agt., 271 Broadway, New York.

The new battleship Maine is to be liberally covered with cork carpet and linoleum.

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.

Every cent of the tax assessed last year in Orrington, Me., was collected.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Pilsner Beer. ALPH