

"Better Be Wise Than Rich."

Wise people are also rich when they know a perfect remedy for all annoying diseases of the blood, kidneys, liver and bowels. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is perfect in its action—so regulates the entire system as to bring vigorous health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

How She Encouraged Him.

It was evident that he was rather nervous, and she enjoyed it. When matters reach a point where a girl is satisfied that she can land her fish at any time, she rather likes to play with him a little.

After several absurd "bluffs" he mustered up sufficient courage to occupy half the settee with her, but somehow he didn't seem to be able to keep his eyes off the door.

"Why, you know what a little bit of a man papa is," she said, reassuringly.

His heart gave a leap and he edged closer as he recalled the physiological fact.

"But you also know," she interrupted, "that mamma is big and strong and aggressive."

That was true, he reflected, and he began to think it might be wise to postpone what he had to say, when she suggested, in her artless way:

"But mamma isn't in."—Chicago Post.

From Mrs. Sunter to Mrs. Pinkham.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 76,344]

"One year ago last June three doctors gave me up to die, and as I had at different times used your Vegetable Compound with good results, I had too much faith in it to die until I had tried it again. I was apparently an invalid, was confined to my bed for ten weeks. (I believe my trouble was ulceration of womb).

"After taking four bottles of the Compound and using some of the Liver Pills and Sanative Wash, at the end of two months I had greatly improved and weighed 155 pounds, when I never before weighed over 138. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine I ever used, and I recommend it to all my friends."—MRS. ANNA EVA GUNTER, HIGGINSVILLE, MO.

Mrs. Barnhart Enjoys Life Once More.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I had been sick ever since my marriage, seven years ago; have given birth to four children, and had two miscarriages. I had falling of womb, leucorrhoea, pains in back and legs; dyspepsia and a nervous trembling of the stomach. Now I have none of these troubles and can enjoy my life. Your medicine has worked wonders for me."—MRS. S. BARNHART, NEW CASTLE, PA.

Go to your grocer to-day and get a 15c. package of

Grain-O

It takes the place of coffee at $\frac{1}{4}$ the cost.

Made from pure grains it is nourishing and healthful.

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."

GEO. W. BOWLES, Baird, Mass.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripes. 25c. 50c. CURE CONSTIPATION. Sold by all Druggists.

Happy Pills

The greatest remedy for

MALARIA, CHILLS & FEVER

Grippe and Liver Diseases. KNOWN ALL DRUGGISTS. 35c.

"THE LIFE OF DEWEY" the world's greatest hero by Fats. Know Your Future. Free by mail, 25 cents. GENESSEE PUBLISHING CO., 16 State St., Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED—Case of bad health that E. I. P. A. N. S. will not benefit. Send 3 cts. to: Thompson's Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 100 to 1500 letters.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

FISCHER'S CURE FOR

QUINS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Cures in 10 minutes. Sold by Druggists.

THE MOTHER OF A SOLDIER.

The mother of a soldier—hats off to her, I say!
The mother of a soldier who has gone to face the fray;
She gave him to her country with a blessing on his head—
She found his name this morning in the long list of the dead;
"Killed—Sergeant Thomas Watkins, while leading on the rest,
A Bible in his pocket and a portrait on his breast!"

The mother of a soldier—she gave him to her land;
She saw him on the transport as he waved his sun-brown hand;
She kissed him through the tear drops and she told him to be brave;
Her prayers went night and morning with her boy upon the wave.

The mother of a soldier—her comfort and her joy.
She gave her dearest treasure when she gave her only boy;
She saw the banners waving, she heard the people cheer;
She clasped her hands and bravely looked away to hide a tear.

The mother of a soldier—Ah! cheer the hero dead,
And cheer the brave who battle 'neath the banner of their creed;
But don't forget the mothers, through all the lonely years,
That fight the bravest battles on the sunless field of tears.

Nay, don't forget the mothers—the mothers of our men,
Who see them go and never know that they'll come back again;
That give them to their country, to battle and to die,
Because the bugles call them and the starry banners fly.

The mother of a soldier—hats off to her, I say!
Whose head is bowed in sorrow with its tender looks of gray.
She gave without regretting, though her old heart sorely bled
When she found his name this morning in the long list of the dead;
"Killed—Sergeant Thomas Watkins, while leading on the rest,
His dear old mother's portrait clasped upon his hero breast!"
—Folger McKinsey, in Baltimore News.

THE Face on the Canvas.

By Zoë Anderson Norris.

It was at the matinee. The curtain had fallen upon a one-act farce and the house was darkened for the biography.

Two girls sat in the left-hand box, chatting together. Their faces shone whitely in the half light. The lines of their profiles were so delicately fine that many turned to look at them.

"Last night," Mabel was saying, "I dreamed of muddy water. I kept dreaming of it all night long. It came on and on, rolling up to my very feet. The waves were big, turbulent, threatening. I was afraid."

"A sign of trouble," muttered Florence, "that is, unless it cleared. Did it clear?"

Mabel frowned. She closed her fan and tapped it impatiently against the palm of her other hand.

"No, it didn't," she answered; "but what difference did that make? Do you believe in dreams and signs and wonders and all the rest of that tomfoolery?"

Florence pressed the tips of her gloved fingers against her mouth to conceal a yawn. "Not necessarily," said she.

The fact of the matter was that dreams and signs and wonders were a part of her religion, but the matinee was not exactly the place for a heated discussion. Besides, she was Mabel's guest.

"When did you hear from Arthur?" she asked with a quick change of subject. Arthur was Mabel's soldier sweetheart.

"That is the trouble," sighed Mabel. "I haven't heard from him for ages, but I am expecting him home daily. His regiment came last week, but he was not with it. Perhaps he stopped somewhere to rest. It is a wonder they didn't all die down there in that oven of a place." Then under her breath she added, "I hate that dream of muddy water."

"I thought you didn't believe in dreams," exclaimed Florence.

"I don't, but—"

She was interrupted by the appearance of "Me and Jack" upon the canvas. There was a ripple of subdued laughter as the little girl fell from the ropes into the water; the dog swimming coolly off and leaving her there.

Picture after picture was then presented. There was the naval parade, the warships passing up the Hudson, the yachts skimming swiftly in front of them, partially obstructing the view of the sailors who stood like white statues along their decks; next Hobson walked leisurely down the deck of a little cruiser; then a review of the troops at Tampa was announced.

"Perhaps it is Arthur's regiment that is to be reviewed!" whispered Mabel clasping her hands ecstatically together. "Oh, I hope so!"

There was a drum beat and before a dim vista of white tents the troops passed in review.

"Their faces looked sad," said Florence, "and they walk as if they were tired to death."

A white dog, the mascot of the regiment, occupied the centre of the canvas for a second, a soldier following.

A piece of paper floated along behind. Then came a row of six stalwart men. The man in the front suddenly turned his face toward the audience. He looked straight at Mabel. His eyes were hollow and sad. Intense weariness was stamped upon every line of his gaunt features.

Mabel leaned eagerly forward. She laid hold of Florence's arm.

was over and the canvas was dark again.
Mabel was white to the lips. She hurriedly gathered up her belongings, her fan, her handkerchief, her opera glasses.

"What are you about?" asked Florence, "the thing is not half over."
"I can't help it," said Mabel. "I must go now. The heat in here is stifling. I can't stand it. I must have the fresh air."

Outside she trembled so that Florence took her arm.

"If I were you," she said, "I should be glad that I saw him. Why do you worry so?"

"His eyes were hollow and sad," stammered Mabel, "and his cheeks were thin. He looked so tired, so dead tired! Oh, Florence, suppose he is very ill, suppose—Oh, remember my dream!"

Florence affected an overwhelming surprise.

"I thought you didn't believe in dreams," said she.

"I don't, I don't. Who but an idiot would believe in such rank foolishness—but you can't help thinking—"

"Oh, yes, you can. Come, we will take this car and I will see you home myself. Don't be silly."

By the time they reached the house Florence had coaxed the girl into something like her old gaiety. She laughed at a bit of her nonsense as they ran up the steps together.

They passed into the hall. On a little table reserved for cards lay a letter.

Mabel took it up and held it between her forefinger and thumb. It was old and yellow. A dozen postmarks disfigured the face of it, upon which there was no stamp.

Florence took it from her.

"I will open it for you," said she.

Mabel sunk upon her knees on the carpet. She remained there trembling, her white face clasped between her slender bloodless fingers.

She saw once more the tired face on the canvas, the weary limbs dragging laggingly along, the hollow eyes peering straight into hers in all the sadness of a last farewell.

For, before Florence could read the contents of the letter—her heart had guessed the truth.—The Criterion.

A SOLDIER'S TALES.

Diversions on the Battlefield When the Fight Was Raging.

Sergeant King of the Twentieth Kansas volunteers, who have performed such prodigies of valor in the Philippines, writes as follows to the Minneapolis (Kan.) Messenger:

During the first engagement while the company was firing at will into the woods ahead, a forenoon water buffalo, the Philippine beast of burden, meandered into the rice field directly in front of the line. The writer immediately directed his fire toward the buffalo with no apparent result. Afterward, during a lull in the firing, we shamefully confessed to having wasted our strength in this ignoble manner, and were surprised to learn that every man had done likewise. At all events the beast made good its escape for it patiently plodded ahead until the timber swallowed it up. During the charge at Calococan, a frenzied pig of diminutive size dashed from behind a bamboo hut and, apparently, judging that all the commotion was for his benefit, thought best to retire. As the pig dashed past the writer, we gently assisted with a shove from the butt of our gun and thought no more of it for some time. Afterward, upon glancing to the rear, we saw four or five soldiers in hot pursuit of the same poor little swine. It was laughable, even in times of peace, to watch another man chase a hog, but when men forsake their places, forget the roar of conflict, the hum of bullets, the shouts of the victors, and the wails of the wounded, to grapple with an eight pound sloat, the scene becomes ludicrous in the extreme. We took the trouble to learn that the pig got away. At Calococan the rebels had mounted two monstrous muzzle-loading guns captured in former time from the Spanish. They attempted to fire one of these, with direful results. The Americans collected the remains of twenty rebels killed by the explosion of the gun. The insurgents had not the courage to fire the remaining cannon, which was loaded and primed when Calococan was captured. The natives had loaded the gun with a complete curiosity shop. The cannon was filled with scissors, knives, coal, pieces of brick, nails, bolts, a thermometer, a horseshoe, a car link, a piece of rubber hose, and to crown it all, a large quantity of hoop iron had been driven into the muzzle so tightly that it was necessary to file it before the charge could be drawn. A double dose of powder was found, and also a quantity of dynamite. No wonder the other cannon exploded.

Pointers for the Worldly.

Beware of imitations; especially among people!

Great deeds make great men; after which everything they do is interesting.

Appearances are deceptive; you can't tell by looking at a newly married couple how often they were on the point of breaking off the engagement.

There is one thing more bitter than benefits forgot, and that is benefits remembered—by the giver.

When a woman says she could forgive a man anything, she means she would even forgive his not loving her; but she won't.

Some people think that when they arrive at a conclusion there ought to be a delegation of prominent citizens with a brass band waiting to receive them.

Some girls who cast their bread upon the waters think there's something wrong if it doesn't come back in the shape of wedding cake.—Judge.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

Feminine Progress in Canada.

The field of women's work is broadening in Canada. Miss Eliza S. Fitzgerald, M. A., has taken her seat as a member of the council of Queen's university, the first woman to be so honored by a Canadian educational institution. This same institution took the initiative 15 years ago in admitting women to its degrees. Miss Fitzgerald has five Canadian firsts to her credit, as follows: First woman graduate of a university, first woman medalist in a university, first woman classical specialist in Ontario, first woman principal of a high school, first woman member of a university council.

Short and Long Gown Combinations.

Chicago tailors have invented a combination gown for women which promises to be immensely popular. This is the skirt with the detachable bottom. A skirt is cut that drops to about golf length, and then, quite separate from it, is made a slightly gored flounce, along the top edge of which are worked many small buttonholes. Now, when the day does not promise a smiling face the skirt is worn out under its abbreviated guise, but if the eye of the morning is clear then the buttonholes in the top of the flounce are connected with a series of little buttons running along the inner edge of the skirt's bottom, and in about one moment a complete full-length walking garment of the latest fashionable form is the result.

New Cravat Chains.

A pretty little novelty just making its appearance is the cravat chain. It is a little affair, which may serve other purposes as well, as it is but a bit of chain a few inches long and terminating in two balls about the size of a hazel nut. These may be plain, dull gold, with rhinestones or colored stones set in designs, or they may be merely scattered, or the ball may be flattened, of blue enamel or imitation turquoise, etched in some mysterious symbol. The chains are passed double just below the knot of the four-in-hand or Ascot, the balls passing through the loop, thus securing it from slipping. The chain is also found useful in securing the natty little jackets in vogue this season, when it is too warm to button them all the way and is yet undesirable to have them hang without some confinement. In fact, these pretty little chains may be useful in many ways—for confining the folds of an umbrella or securing a dainty handkerchief to one's parasol handle or fan, and be assured if my lady is so fortunate as to possess one she will always find some means of keeping it in evidence, provided it is a handsome one, for it is innate in womankind to like anything in jewelry which partakes of the nature of a pendant or bangle.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Squaws as Lace-makers.

Specimens of the beautiful lace which is being made by the Chippewa Indians are now seen in a few of the fashionable houses of New York. They are mainly in the form of table covers, bed spreads and piano covers. The lace is peculiarly adapted for these purposes, as the designs are bold and forcible and show to great advantage when placed over a delicately-colored silk lining. In quality and style, however, the lace is quite as subject to variation as is that of any other make, and ample opportunity is therefore afforded for the individuality of the worker to assert itself.

It is to Miss Sibyl Carter of New York that the Chippewa squaws owe their knowledge of lace making. In 1891 she conceived the idea of teaching them this accomplishment. The beadwork they formerly made, while it displayed their patience and nimbleness of touch, was quite unsalable. The accomplished teacher that Miss Carter, aided by the Episcopal mission, sent to them was Miss Pauline Colby. She speaks of her pupils as being most eager to learn and says that the idea once grasped they work with an accuracy which far surpasses that of white women.

From the first the lace found a ready sale among wealthy New York women, who encouraged the work by giving large advance orders. Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan have fine bedspreads, for which they paid \$200 apiece. Mrs. Astor, too, has been a liberal patron. The Indian women receive at the rate of ten cents an hour for the completed work. A collection of this lace is now being prepared for the Paris exhibition.—New York Sun.

In Choosing Wedding Gifts.

For those in moderate circumstances, if the giver has money enough, it is usually not difficult to provide a present that shall be useful and welcome and valuable. And for those with whom we have a sufficient intimacy our knowledge of their tastes and our freedom in consulting them again make the matter easy. But when it becomes necessary to make a bridal gift to those of whose tastes we are uncertain, or to those that are so wealthy that they already have almost everything the heart can wish, who have silver and gold and jewels, houses and lands, then the task becomes more involved, and really a good deal more interesting.

To such persons a gift that shows the expenditure of money is unnecessary and unwise; and if you have not a superfluity of money, and they know it, it places you in a foolish light. For a gift to such people the world—that is, our corner of it—has to be ransacked, and something has to be found; curious or beautiful or original and unusual, that only research could have turned up or an ingenious mind have conceived; something that does not merely represent a bank account, but thought, care and the qualities that money cannot buy; something out-of-the-way and undreamed of, and as sure as anything can be sure to be without a duplicate among the gifts. Such a present is worth more to the builders of the new home, the founders of the new family, than any of the costly things that they could buy themselves, and it not only stands for that for which, in a way, gold has no purchasing power, for the long affection and preparation, but for the effort in which there is a certain touch of the genius that evokes wonders from the hidden and unforeseen.

But, after all, what do they care for the best of our gifts, these two people, who, without a dream that there is trouble in the world, go forward together into their new life as if their feet lunged to dance to the fairy music of the land where

East o' the sun, west o' the moon,
East o' the sun and far away,
The time is always afternoon.

—Harper's Bazar.

Exercise for Women.

It is now generally conceded that exercise is one of the necessities of existence, but is not so commonly understood how the physical powers may best be cultivated. The type of middle-aged woman, purple and plethoric, that disgraced her sex in the last century, has not wholly died out, but she has descended to the level of the lower middle classes, and even there has almost the effect of an anachronism. We travel with her by omnibus or underground sometimes, and rebel against the double allowance of space occupied by her unwieldy proportions. We have no pity for her hopelessness and shortness of breath, for we recognize in her the product of culpable indolence and self-indulgence, of sedentary habits, stuffy rooms and heavy midday dinners. The most common forms of exercise taken by women nowadays, walking and cycling, develop the muscles of the legs and of the lower parts of the body, but are of little use for the arms or the muscles of the upper part of the body.

The evil results of these partial methods of exercise may be gathered by a visit to any exhibition of modern pictures and an examination of the portraits of women in evening dress. In every case the arm is represented as a stiff, feeble-looking limb, covered with soft and flaccid flesh. The biceps are faintly indicated, the triceps not at all. In a word, the muscle, upon whose condition the firmness and beauty of the flesh depends, is not "alive." I quite admit that there is not much aesthetic charm in the abnormally developed arm of a professional "strong woman," but I maintain that there is still less in the arm, practically crippled through disuse, that are to be seen in the portraits of fashionable women. A properly developed woman should at least be able to support her own weight, and while hanging from a bar should be able easily to draw herself upwards until her chin is above the level of the bar. If she cannot do this her arms are not of much more use to her than if they were made of kid and stuffed with sawdust.

In the gymnasium we find the opportunity of taking scientifically regulated exercise, combined with all the amusement of the childish games, which we very mistakenly put away with other childish things when we come to woman's estate. With the help of ropes and bars and swings we can indulge in a very fair imitation of our childish romps, and we do so with the comfortable conviction that we are fulfilling a duty and not wasting our time. If we have persuaded friends to join us, our pleasure is enhanced by congenial companionship; there are also the strenuous joys of emulation, and the generous admiration of another's prowess. Music adds to our enjoyment, and our costume alone is enough to insure high spirits for the time being, allowing, as it does, full liberty of limb.—Ladies' Realm.

Fashion's Fads and Fancies.

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Feather boas in all the light shades, and very thick and long, are worn with foulard gowns and will be worn with the muslins later on.

White tiffeta and light fancy colored silk blouses of all kinds will be worn with not only long skirts of crepe de chine and lace, but with duck skirts.

On all fashionable gowns for the summer, yoke and gumpie effects are constantly increasing and each new model that appears discloses something novel, dainty and picturesque.

Thin gowns are fitted around the hips by taking clusters of fine tucks at the back and carrying them down several inches below the waist, and the superfluous fullness at the sides is also disposed of by a group of tucks.

A novelty in capes is a broad scarf of crepe de chine draped around the shoulders. In some instances it is shaped a little by a yoke, but the simple, straight scarf, three quarters of a yard wide and long enough to fall to the knees after it is knotted, is quite as good style.

Black tan boots with heavy soles are used universally for golfing. The tread is very broad and the heels low. The same general style of shoe, only built on the Oxford last, is the fashionable street shoe. Patent leather half shoes and pumps are stylish for afternoons, and high French heels appear on all of the evening slippers.

His Wedding.

A diminutive couple have been spanked were married at Stanford. er who received sixty-five two dozen eggs for his serving room was about fifteen and a little over twelve years of age, ing a dress too short by two inches reach her knees. It looked li, mockery of marriage. After the ceremony they drove their wagon up in a fence corner in the outskirts of town and proceeded to dine, a basket of victuals having been brought along to save the unnecessary investment of five cents in cheese and cracker. I happened to drive by with two friends while this bridal dinner was in progress, and the show was well worth the price of admission. Adam and Eve were never as happy in the Garden of Eden as that couple I saw in the fence corner.—Harrodsburg (Ky.) Sayings.

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 Missouri Legislature has voted for the establishment of free employment agencies in St. Louis and Kansas City.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot Ease—a powder for the feet. It makes Tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Aching and Sweating Feet. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Our army has consumed 125,000,000 grains of quinine in the last twelve months.

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.

Great Britain and Ireland import 1,500,000,000 eggs a year.

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

Hypnotism is scientifically studied in some of the French medical colleges.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. M. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

There are 243 German Baptist churches in the United States, with 22,000 members.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Philadelphia.

Boston's debt has increased \$5,000,000 a year for the last four years.

S. K. Colburn, Mer. Clarie Scott, writes: "I find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

The number of sheep in the world is estimated at 550,000,000.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

The English residents of Rome, Italy, have a free hospital.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickett, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1891.

There are 2317 Sunday-schools with a membership of 362,000 in New Jersey.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Pistachio nuts come from Syria, and the Greeks were very fond of them.