

"He That Stays Does the Business."

All the world admires "staying power."
On this quality success depends. The
blood is the best friend the heart has.
Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best friend the
blood ever had; cleanses it of everything,
gives perfect health and strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

Curious Ball-Bearing Shears.
A Connecticut man is the inventor
of a ball-bearing shears for use by
barbers, tailors, etc., which is at least
a curiosity. Two annular series of
balls are disposed in the pivotal con-
nection of the shears, which pivotal
connection comprises an annular ball
seat, from the centre of which pro-
jects a short "boss" interiorly thread-
ed to receive the pivot screw, the head
of which is formed to serve a partial
ball channel. When the two shears
members are secured together there
is a double series of balls involved,
which removes friction and increases
the cutting capacity of the instru-
ment. They can be readily adjusted
to any touch, and it is claimed for
them that they will not become
jagged or "wobbly." They are said
to have worked well in the experi-
mental shears that have been made
and used to some extent in this New
York City.



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 par-
ties. The high standing of the CALI-
FORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medi-
cal 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 weaken-
ing 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.

An Amusing Election Episode.
In the last Senatorial campaign in
Kentucky the opposing candidates in
one of the Southern districts, Dr.
Harrel and Mr. Clark, who were con-
ducting a joint debate, had an amus-
ing experience. When they went to
Keysburg to fill their appointment to
speak they found nobody at all to hear
them. Everybody had gone to Red
River to fish. The candidates fol-
lowed the way the people had gone,
and when they came to the river found
quite an assemblage on the opposite
bank. Harrel mounted a stump and
began to address them at long range,
but soon found that his voice would
not hold up at that distance, so he re-
quested them to wade out into the
river and draw nearer. Instead of
doing this, they sent a skiff and fer-
ried the candidates over, and then sat
patiently down and listened to the
speeches. When the speaking was
over the candidates were informed
that they had been speaking in Ten-
nessee.

What a Little Faith Did FOR MRS. ROCKWELL.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 69,884]
"I was a great sufferer from female
weakness and had no strength. It was
impossible for me to attend to my
household duties. I had tried every-
thing and many doctors, but found no
relief.
"My sister advised me to try Lydia
E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,
which I did; before using all of one
bottle I felt better. I kept on with it
and to my great surprise I am cured.
All who suffer from female complaints
should give it a trial."—MRS. ROCK-
WELL, 1209 S. DIVISION ST., GRAND
RAPIDS, MICH.
From a Grateful Newark Woman.
"When I wrote you I was very
sick, had not been well for two years.
The doctors did not seem to help me,
and one said I could not live three
months. I had womb trouble, falling
ulcers, kidney and bladder trouble.
There seemed to be such a drawing
and burning pain in my bowels that I
could not rest anywhere. After using
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound and Sanative Wash and follow-
ing your advice, I feel well again and
stronger than ever. My bowels feel as if
they had been made over new. With
many thanks for your help, I remain,
L. G., 74 ANN ST., NEWARK, N. J."

IF I WERE YOU.
I wouldn't think about distress,
If I were you;
I wouldn't even once confess
To ever feeling blue;
But when the sun is well disposed
To shine upon our friends and foes
I'd be content with even less,
If I were you.
Just let it rain, or snow or shine;
I'll bring no gain
To blame misfortune, or repine;
The longest lane
Will end some time, and every day
Roses will bloom along the way,
Because of rain.
Then sing your songs; cry if you must,
But keep in view
The healthy soul-inspiring trust
That's always due
To them that strive to live above
To earthly things—excepting love;
I'd let all other treasures rust.
If I were you!

HOW HE TAMED HER.

A Present-Day Petruchio.

"I haven't the least fear," said
Major Delaford.
"Then you're a man of unbounded
courage," retorted his friend, Mr.
Ulysses Crinklethorp. "For—may I
venture to be frank?"
"Oh, certainly, certainly! By all
means."
"Well, then, they do say that Mrs.
Flashington drove her first husband
into his grave by her ungovernable
temper."
"I've heard that before," said
Delaford, puffing complacently away
at his cigar.
"But, of course," with a little sar-
casmic laugh, "you don't believe it?"
"Excuse me," said Major Delaford,
severely, "I do believe it. I have
seen, now and then, expression in
Justina's eyes which fully carries out
any theory of that nature."
"And yet you are going to marry
her?"
"And yet I am going to marry
her."
"Felix Delaford, are you crazy?"
"Not that I am aware of."
"Will you be honest with me?"
"To be sure," nodded the major.
"Then why do you marry Mrs.
Flashington?"
"Well, from a variety of reasons.
One is that I like her. She's a pretty
little gypsy, with a skin like white
velvet and delicious long lashes to her
eyes!"
"Proceed!"
"A second is—mind, now, I never
did pretend to be one of the disre-
timate lovers one reads about in
dime novels—that the dear, departed
Flashington left her remarkably well
off. And I have more merit than
money."
"I think you will repent it," said
Mr. Crinklethorp, "for by all accounts,
the black-eyed divinity is neither
more nor less than a virago."
"There are very few actions in this
world that one doesn't repent, in a
greater or less degree," said Major
Delaford, sentimentally; "but, averag-
ing things, I'm willing to risk it."
And Major Delaford was married
the next week to Mrs. Flashington.
It was not long, as Mr. Crinkle-
thorp had foretold, before the claw
began to peep from under Mrs. Fla-
shington Delaford's velvet sheath.
"Felix, I say, one day, 'I don't
like this location."
"Don't you, my dear?" said Major
Delaford. "I've lived here two-and-
thirty years and always found it very
pleasant."
"I don't like it," said Mrs. Dela-
ford. "I prefer a house nearer the
park."
Major Delaford went on reading.
"Felix, I say!" The bride's voice
was raised a degree or so higher—the
dangerous sparks had come into her
eyes.
"Yes, Justy."
"I mean to move uptown."
"Do you?"
"And at once!"
"Very well," said the major, "then
you will move alone. I shall remain
where I am."
"Major Delaford, you are a brute!"
The major bowed. Justina burst
into tears.
"Yes, a brute, and I'm sorry I ever
married you!"
And after that Mrs. Delaford did
not speak to her husband for two
days. But as the major appeared in
no wise affected by this taciturnity
she adopted another plan, and scolded
steadily for three days.
"Look here, Justy, this won't do,"
said the major, at the week's end.
"I don't fancy either a dumb woman
or a fury!"
"That I should live to be so spoken
to!" whimpered Mrs. Delaford.
"So," went on the major, "I have
written to my cousin, Rosamond Bly,
to come and spend the summer here."
"I won't have her in my house
shrieking the bride."
"But I will have her in mine," com-
posedly retorted the husband.
"Let me see her presume to enter
this house!" cried Justina.
"Let me see you presume to be un-
civil to her," said the major, knitting
his brows in a way that Mrs. Delaford
had never seen in her late husband's
countenance. For to tell the truth,
the late Mr. Judah Flashington had
been but a chicken-hearted individual
at best.
Mrs. Delaford lounced out of the
room and banged the door viciously
behind her.
Miss Bly arrived the next day—a
cherry-cheeked, bright-eyed girl, with
lips wreathed in smiles and a brand-
new traveling suit cut after a deal
prettier pattern than the bride's own.
Mrs. Delaford refused to speak to her.
"Justina," said her husband, in a
warning voice, "this is my cousin.

Rosamond. I hope you will make
her welcome to our home."
But Mrs. Delaford only threw a
glance at her husband, burst into
tears and ran hysterically upstairs.
"Oh, Felix! what's the matter?"
asked Rosamond, half frightened out
of her senses. "Had I better go
home?"
"By no means, my dear Rosamond,"
said the major. "You see I have mar-
ried a woman with a temper. But
she'll be all the more charming when
that fault is rooted out of her charac-
ter."
The major went upstairs and tried
to open the door. It was locked.
"Justina," he said gently, "it is I.
Let me in."
"I won't!" snapped the bride.
"Will you come downstairs, then?"
"I will not come out of my room
until that woman is out of the house!"
sputtered forth Mrs. Delaford.
"Very well, my dear," said the
major, and he returned to the drawing-
room with unruffled philosophy.
Mrs. Delaford adhered to her re-
solution, although it was much tried
by sundry peculiar sounds she heard
on the outside of the door.
"Major Delaford has carpenters at
work, altering the house," thought
she. "It makes but little difference
to me in any case. I shan't stay
here."
At the end of the third day, how-
ever, she concluded to go downstairs.
But when she opened the door, lo, and
behold! her egress was barred by a
grated iron door.
"Mercy upon us!" cried Mrs. Dela-
ford. "What is this?"
"Please, ma'am," said the little
maid, who had brought her up her
meals three times a day, "It's master
as had it done."
"What for?" cried Justina.
"Please, ma'am," said Hetty, trem-
bling all over, "don't you know you're
crazy?"
"Insolent minion," said Mrs. Dela-
ford, "call your master at once."
Major Delaford came immediately
upstairs, with Rosamond Bly clinging
in a frightened sort of way to his arm.
"How do you feel now, my dear?"
he asked, solicitously.
"I'm well enough," snarled Mrs.
Delaford. "Open that door quick!"
"Mad! Very mad, indeed!" said
Major Delaford, in a sotto voice, turn-
ing to Rosamond.
"Ruffian!" cried the bride, "how
dare you speak so?"
"Getting violent!" added the major,
shaking his head.
"Let me out, I say!" persisted Mrs.
Delaford, rattling at the bars. "What
does this absurd mummery mean?"
"Perhaps a strait waistcoat would
be advisable," said the major. "But
as long as she remains tolerably man-
ageable, I shall not send her to an
asylum."
Mrs. Delaford began to cry.
"Oh, Felix, how can you talk so?"
"Poor thing!" murmured the major,
compassionately. "The hardest part
of insanity must be when one becomes
partially conscious of its deadly
doom."
"Mrs. Delaford shut the door
rather vehemently and began to cry
hysterically.
"I'm not mad!" said she. "I won't
be made a mad woman of!"
But how to help herself—that was
the question. The door was barred
effectually—the windows opened upon
the dead wall of an institution of the
Fine Arts, and were three stories
above the ground. She might have
shrieked herself hoarse in that direc-
tion before any one could hear her.
She sat down to think. What could
she do? "What was to become of her?
Did that dreadful hint of Felix con-
cerning the asylum really mean any-
thing? For once in her life the late
Mrs. Flashington was actually fright-
ened."
"Has my temper really been so ter-
rible," she asked herself, "that people
mistake it for—I can hardly
breathe the word—insanity?"
It was a new idea; she pondered it
carefully and cried bitterly over it.
When Hetty came, as usual, with
her napkin-covered tray Mrs. Dela-
ford's face was pale and tear-swollen.
"Hetty," said she, "will you ask
your master to step up here for a few
minutes?"
Major Delaford obeyed the sum-
mons at once.
"Well, my love," said he, "what is
it?"
"Felix," said Mrs. Delaford, burst-
ing into fresh tears, "I have acted
very foolishly. I beg your pardon.
And I beg Rosamond's pardon, too."
Major Delaford opened the grated
door at once—Justina flew into his
arms—and then there was a re-
conciliation after the most approved
style.
Mrs. Delaford was as sweet as a
June morning after that—and if ever
she manifested symptoms of a relapse
all that Major Delaford found neces-
sary was to allude, in a gentle way, to
lunatics and asylums.
And Mr. Ulysses Crinklethorp never
could imagine by what means this
modern Petruchio tamed his dark-
eyed shrew.

A Hot Sandbag.
Many persons are acquainted with
the virtues of the hotwater bag, but a
sandbag is still better. Get some
clean, fine sand, dry it thoroughly in
a kettle on the stove; make a bag
about eight inches square of flannel,
fill it with the dry sand, sew the open-
ing carefully together, and cover the
bag with cotton or linen cloth. This
will prevent the sand from sifting out,
and also enables you to heat the bag
quickly by placing it in the oven or
on top of the stove. After once using
you will never again attempt to warm
the feet or hands of a sick person
with a bottle or a brick. The sand
holds the heat for a long time, and
the bag can be tucked up to the back
without hurting the invalid.—The
Pathfinder.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

The Valley of Makebelieve.
There's an old covered wagon,
Quite rusty and gray,
That stands 'neath an elm tree
Just over the way;
And it goes on a journey,
On each pleasant day,
To the beautiful valley of Makebelieve.
They don't charge you fare
On this wonderful trip;
Each passenger goes with
A smile on his lip,
Like a bee buzzing round
For honey to sip,
To the beautiful valley of Makebelieve.
It's a queer, sweet land they
Are bound for today;
It's the home of the goblin,
And land of the fay;
And though you won't see them,
You'll hear them, they say,
All about in the valley of Makebelieve.
Bright Fancy and Youth are
The winged steeds that draw
This magical coach to
That fair land before.
Now see how they're prancing,
And see how they paw,
And it's ho! for the valley of Makebelieve!
The way is quite plain for
The young and the gay,
But you never will find it—
You old ones, and gray—
For the path leads back through
The years to the day
When you played in the valley of Make-
believe.
—Douglas Zebriskie Doty.

A Bird's Nest in School.
A country school was surprised one
morning by the announcement from a
Jenny Wren that she meant to neigh-
bor with them. One shutter chanced
to be closed, and she hopped through
a broken slat with a twig in her mouth.
After turning her head from side to
side, and eyeing the entire school
through the glass, she decided that
that window sill was the very place
she wanted for her nest. For her to
decide was to act, and within two
weeks Jenny was sitting on a nest full
of eggs. She became the pet of the
happy school. Under the teacher's
good guidance, they scattered crumbs
upon the windowledge, so that her
daily bread came without much
toil. Of course, the shutter was
never moved; but, as the pleasant
acquaintance lengthened and the
warmer days came on, the window was
raised, and Jenny looked upon the
bright faces with full content. When
the little birds were all hatched—one,
two, three, four—it was hard to tell
which was the prouder, the mother
wren or the school. When feeding
time came, that nest full of mouths
was the centre of interest. Teacher
and pupils were helped in their work
by the nearness of this happy family.
—Primary Education.

Game of Town Whoop.
The good old game of town whoop
seems to have fallen into disfavor,
or to have been forgotten. We have
all played here and bounds. But here
we have played town hoop? This is
the way we did it: In the first place
we all met at some special point—say
the old town hall, and our route was
carefully mapped out—from the town
hall to a certain lane, up the lane to
the dead elm, from the elm to a brook
(probably a mile away), and so on, but
our last point had to be the place from
which we started; also each stopping
point was carefully noted.
After the chased and chasers were
selected we set off, giving the former
to the first stopping place before the
chasers started after them. When
they reached this point they were com-
pelled to whoop, and thereafter at
each of the stopping places along the
route determined upon before the
start. They could hide within one
yard each side of the route, but no
more, and they were compelled to
keep within bounds.
If any fell by the wayside or were
caught they were made captives, and
were made to go under the paddle, that
well known form of boy punishment.
Those who escaped could each choose
one of the pursuers, who on his part
was then compelled to undergo the
same punishment. Sometimes we
would run for miles and miles, and
great would be the rejoicing of the
paddlers when the race was over and
they who had lost were compelled to
submit to the caresses of their con-
querors.—New York Herald.

Sir John Lubbock's Pet
No mortal man ever had stranger
pets than Sir John Lubbock, and every
reader who knows what it is to have a
wasp's sting on the nape of the neck
will be astonished to hear that the
well known banker once kept a wasp
as a household pet—a wasp, too, which
became so tame that when it reached
its allotted span, it laid down and died
in its owner's arms, so to speak. Sir
John caught this remarkable wasp in
the Pyrenees, and immediately made
up his mind to tame it. He began by
teaching it to take its meals on his
hand and although the tiny creature
was at first shy of going through its
table d'hôte on such an unusual festi-
ve board, in a very short space of
time it grew to expect to be fed in that
way. Sir John preserved this pet
with the greatest care. True, it stung
him once, but, then, it had every ex-
cuse for doing so. Sir John was ex-
amining it while on a railway journey
and the door being opened by a ticket
collector, he unceremoniously stuffed
it into a bottle, and the outraged
Spaniard, not feeling quite at home
during the process, gave him a gentle
reminder as to the proper way to treat
a guest. The wasp was a pet in every
sense of the word, and became so fond
of the owner that it allowed itself to
be stroked. It enjoyed civilization
for just nine months, when it fell ill,
and although Sir John did all he could
to prolong its life, it died. Many
wasps have been under Sir John's ob-

servation, but he has never had such
a genuine pet as this one. The other
he has taken in hand for the purposes
of experiment and to show that many
of these insects which the thought-
less are apt to kill and maltreat pro-
vided a most entertaining study. Sir
John's world is really made up of a
lot of little worlds. When he is tired
of the banking world, he turns to the
political world; then, when he wants
a change, he busies himself in either
the wasp world, the bee world, the
spider world, or the ant world—the
last four of which are just as curious
as our own world. Sir John's private
sanctum at his country seat is a re-
ceptacle for bees and wasps, and small
wonder, seeing that a store of honey
is always provided for their delecta-
tion. As the winged creatures come
and go the master of the house studies
their habits; and, as he has been
studying them for more than a genera-
tion, it is not surprising that he
knows almost as much about the in-
sect world as the insects do themselves.
The experiments which he has made
with his pets may be numbered by the
thousand, but how he has acquired all
his knowledge one does not pretend
to understand. It is not everybody
who would care to trifle with a wasp.
Some time ago Sir John found a wasp
whose wings were so smeared with
honey that it couldn't fly. He watched
it and presently saw a lot of other
wasps—chums of the sticky one—come
up and lick the honey off the back of
his distressed companion. The
operation, however, was not conducted
in as praiseworthy a fashion as it might
have been, so Sir John went to the
rescue and, after giving the invalid
bath, put it out to dry in a bottle.
When it was nice and clean and re-
spectable looking he let it loose; but,
to his intense surprise, after flying
home, it came back, perhaps not ex-
actly to express its gratitude, but at
all events to fetch some more honey
—Chums.

A Live Doll Show.
I saw a live doll show last winter—
fourteen live dolls, and a nurse all
dressed up with white apron and cap.
At least, she called them dolls, and
they behaved very much like dolls,
moving only at her touch. They had
evidently been taught that "childer
should be seen and not heard," al-
though the "squeaking" doll and the
"proverb grandma," which will be
described in their turn. The exhibi-
tion was gotten up by a girls' club
that was organized for "sweet
charity's" sake. The C. W. B. M.
ladies were giving a social, and one
room had been converted into a nur-
sery for the dolls. They charged five
cents admission, and they intended
to spend the money in making some
body happier at Christmas.
The most of the dolls were jointed,
and, when the nurse pressed a spring
in the back of their necks, they would
bob their heads in a little courtesy.
A lady standing by one said that
she thought people made courtesies
with their bodies.
"Oh! but dolls do not, you know,"
answered the nurse.
And, sure enough, they don't.
The biggest doll of all was a rag
baby, which was thrown carelessly in
a rocking chair. She behaved beauti-
tifully, though every one who passed
her took hold of her head to see if
she was jointed, and they would ask
it she was filled with sawdust. She
never once smiled, till a little boy, ir-
passing out, said, "Good night, Miss
Rag." All the dolls laughed at that.
But they all did splendidly, and I
know the nurse was proud of them.
There were three paper dolls, Tina,
Tess and Tot, dressed in plaited wall
paper dresses and quaint paper hats.
Their arms only were jointed. The
china doll wore a dark dress and a
white apron.
The little Esquiman, when wound
up, would stump across the floor.
Then the nurse would turn her round,
wind her up again, and she would trot
back. She was dressed in white furry-
looking stuff.
The young-lady doll wore her big
sister's dress, and looked quite stylish.
The Scotch lassie was equipped for
sport, dressed in plaid, with her
skates slung over her shoulder.
A man offered the nurse ten cents
for the "squeaking" doll. When
pressed in the chest, she would say
"Papa" or "Mamma" in a squeaky
voice, very much like a doll. Poor
thing! Every one wanted to hear her
"say it over and over again." She,
the nurse said, was a present from
Mrs. McKinley.
"Pochontas" was like a veritable
Indian, with her red (candy-painted)
cheeks and long straight black hair.
She sat on the floor beside a Japanese
lady, who wore a gay-flowered dress
and carried a Japanese umbrella.
A sweet-faced nun, "Sister Marguer-
ite," stood guard by a high-chair in
which sat a curly-haired baby doll.
The "baby" was jointed, and could
make her little curtsy, like the others.
They were all remarkably polite dolls,
owing, perhaps, to the presence of the
"proverb grandma." When wound
up, she would jerk out, in slow suc-
cession, these three proverbs: "Penny
wise, pound-foolish," "Spare-rod,
spoil-child," and "All's-well-t-end-
well."
The "proverb grandma" is the min-
ister's daughter, and when the nurse,
in describing her, said she was very
energetic, her papa said: "What's
that you say? Active is she?" They
everybody laughed.
Quite a jolly lot of dolls they were,
who were transformed in a trice into
fourteen hungry girls as they were
invited to the dining room.
Their tongues were soon loosened,
and in a few minutes they went home,
happy that they had given others
pleasure.—Sunday School Times.

The annual tribute of the United
States to consumption is over 100,000
of its inhabitants.

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, Bun-
ions, 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.

There is only one sudden death among
women to eight among men.

COURTS PROTECT ENTERPRISE.
Important Decision in Regard to Reputa-
tions Built Up by Advertising.
In the United States Circuit Court in San
Francisco, Cal., a decision has been given
that is of great interest to manufacturers
of proprietary articles and to publishers.
The case in question was the suit of the
California Fig Syrup Co. to obtain a per-
manent injunction, which was granted, en-
joining a large non-secret manufacturing
concern and others from using the name
"Syrup of Figs," or "Fig Syrup," and or-
dering the defendants to pay costs and
damages. The decision proves that the
courts will protect the valuable reputa-
tion of an article of merit, built up by
probity of word as well as by extensive ad-
vertising, so that the owner may reap the
full benefit. The overwhelming evidence
presented, as to the merits of the company's
laxative, could not be gainsaid by the de-
fendants, and the injunction was the result.

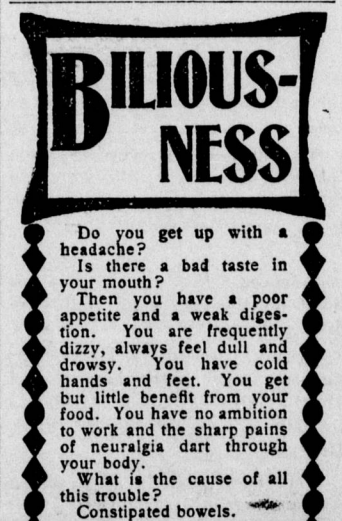
And Still He Lives.
In the good old days when there
were such things as horse cars and po-
lite conductors the following repartee
was overheard on a downtown car:
Conductor—"Beg pardon, sir, but
this nickel has a plug in it."
Passenger—"That's all right, con-
ductor; so has the car."—Chicago
News.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clear skin. No
beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathar-
tic 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 drug-
stores, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

There are only six schools in the whole
of Ireland where Irish is taught.
Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervous-
ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great
Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free.
Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
Telegrams in Chile cost eight cents each.
The Government owns all the lines.
Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag-
netic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-
Tobac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men
strong. All drugstores, 50c or \$1. Cure guaran-
teed. Booklet and sample free. Address
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.
There are fewer suicides in Ireland than
in any other European country.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak
men strong, blood pure. 50c. \$1. All drugstores.
There are very few minerals in Porto
Rico. Gold is found in small quantities.
For Whooping Cough, Pilo's Cure is a suc-
cessful remedy.—M. P. DIERKER, 67 Third Ave.,
Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 4, 1894.

Police men in the City of Mexico are
studying English.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children
teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-
tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.
The first horseless carriage was made
and used in France.
Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever.
10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.
The Desert of Sahara is three times as
large as the Mediterranean Sea.
To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c.
If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.
The lifeboats round the British coast
during the last year rescued 682 people.



Do you get up with a
headache?
Is there a bad taste in
your mouth?
Then you have a poor
appetite and a weak diges-
tion. You are frequently
dizzy, always feel dull and
drowsy. You have cold
hands and feet. You get
but little benefit from your
food. You have no ambition
to work and the sharp pains
of neuralgia dart through
your body.
What is the cause of all
this trouble?
Constipated bowels.
Ayer's Pills
will give you prompt relief
and certain cure.
Keep Your Blood Pure.
If you have neglected your
case a long time, you had
better take
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
also. It will remove all
impurities that have been
accumulating in your blood
and will greatly strengthen
your nerves.
Write the Doctor.
There may be something about
your case you do not quite under-
stand. Write the doctor freely; tell
him how you are suffering. You
will promptly receive the best
medical advice. Address,
Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.