

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, Blisters, 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.

The only colored man living in Portage County, Wisconsin died recently.

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 hogs raised in Cape Colony are like the razor-backs of the Southern States.

Ever Have a Dog Bother You

When riding a wheel, making you wonder for a few minutes whether or not you are to get a fall and a broken neck? Wouldn't you have given a small farm just then for some means of driving off the beast? A few drops of ammonia shot from a Liquid Pistol would do it effectually and still not permanently injure the animal. Such pistols sent postpaid for fifty cents in stamps by New York Union Supply Co., 124 Leonard St., New York City. Every bicyclist at times wishes he had one.

On processes for making sugar and salt 2401 patents have been taken out.

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.

Russia, with a population of 127,000,000, has only 13,394 physicians.

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

One-fifteenth of the inhabitants of Spain are nobles.

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

London is threatened with a water famine.

"A Good Name At Home"

Is a Tower of Strength Aboard." In Lowell, Mass., where Hood's Sarsaparilla is made, it still has a larger sale than all other blood purifiers. Its fame and cures and sales have spread abroad, and it is universally recognized as the best blood medicine money can buy. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

He Wouldn't If He Could.

A London paper gives this story, which may possibly have a moral concealed in it for some one in our own country:

As a well-known London clergyman was recently ascending the steps to his church, an old lady requested his help. With his usual courtly grace he gave the old woman his arm. On reaching the top step she halted, breathlessly, and asked him who was to preach.

"The Rev. Mr. —," he replied, giving his own name.

"Oh dear," exclaimed the lady, "help me down again! I'd rather listen to the endless grinding of a windmill. Help me down again, I'll not go in."

The minister smiled and gently assisted her down, remarking as he parted with her, "I wouldn't go in either if I weren't the preacher."—Youth's Companion.

LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 78,461

"I was a sufferer from female weakness. Every month regularly as the menses came, I suffered dreadful pains in uterus, ovaries and had leucorrhoea. I had my children very fast and it left me very weak. A year ago I was taken with flooding and almost died. The doctor even gave me up and wonders how I ever lived.

"I wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's advice at Lynn, Mass., and took her medicine and began to get well. I took several bottles of the Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and can truly say that I am cured. You would hardly know me, I am feeling and looking so well. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me what I am."—Mrs. J. F. STRETCH, 461 MECHANIC ST., CAMDEN, N. J.

How Mrs. Brown was Helped.

"I must tell you that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than any doctor.

"I was troubled with irregular menstruation. Last summer I began the use of your Vegetable Compound, and after taking two bottles, I have been regular every month since. I recommend your medicine to all."—Mrs. MAGGIE A. BROWN, WEST Pt. PLEASANT, N. J.

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad shape, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for sour stomach."

JOS. KNEELING, 1921 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Purest, Palatable, Pleasant, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips, 10c, 25c, 50c.

CURE CONSTIPATION. Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 513

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

A SONG OF MEMORY.

In the tumult of cities she slips away,
But wherever the woods are green,
My half-closed petals of life expand
At the touch of the tender queen:
For she comes from the land of Youth,
Ere I drank of the fount of tears,
With the gold of the jasmine upon her brow,
And the light of the vanished years!

She has shed the rays of her sun-bright face
When my soul was in deep eclipse,
And has blown the dust of my thoughts afar
With the rose breath of her lips:
For she comes from the land of Youth,
Ere I drank of the fount of tears,
With the gold of the jasmine upon her brow,
And the light of the vanished years!

She has led me back to the hills of home,
By Arcadian woods and streams,
And has clothed the grace of the days gone by
In a vesture born of dreams:
For she comes from the land of Youth,
Ere I drank of the fount of tears,
With the gold of the jasmine upon her brow,
And the light of the vanished years!

—William Hamilton Hayne, in Harper's Bazar.

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The Midst of Life.

Should he accept the invitation which his servant had brought up to his bedside and read him that morning? He hardly had the courage. And yet George Pies on should not have been the man to turn back for anything.

One of the youngest captains in the service, he had seen much fighting, and had won honor and promotion by his courage and ability on the Indian frontier. Handsome, healthy, and wholesome-minded, he was a man whom any one might have admired and envied till his great misfortune befell him.

For he was blind. A crushing fall with his horse when out pig sticking had caused severe injuries to his head, and when he recovered consciousness all was dark to him. The nerves of sight seemed to be paralyzed.

He had come back to England a few months ago and had taken some rooms in London. His own people were all dead, and he was dependent on the kindness of his friends for society.

And his old comrades did not forget him, and many a dark hour was brightened by their old-time talk and cheerfulness.

But London was getting empty, and the weather was, oh! so hot that George was looking forward with dismal heart to the coming months.

The invitation was from a distant cousin in the Highlands—Graham by name—in whose house, when a boy, he had spent many happy holidays. It was very kind and pressing, and at last George made up his mind to accept it.

It was a bright summer day when his train neared the station where he was to be met. His spirits had risen during the journey. The quick motion and the scent and sounds borne on the mountain breeze had brought animation to his look. But his courage fell very low when his train began to slacken speed, and he realized that for the first time in his life he was to be helpless in the midst of people whom the passage of years had made almost strangers.

However, the end came. His man helped him out of the train, but hardly was his foot on the ground when he heard himself addressed by girlish voices and touched by gentle hands, which relieved him of all his belongings and led him to the carriage.

"Oh, George, we're so glad you've come! We always called you George, you know; you don't mind it do you? Cousin count for a lot in the Highlands. I'm Helen, and this is None and this is Bell. You'll soon know us by our voices, for we're terrible chatterboxes."

And, prattling and tending to him with all the little kindnesses of warm-hearted girls, they soon put him at his ease.

Mrs. Graham received him at the door and kissed "her boy for old times' sake," as she said, and George's sightless eyes were filled with tears as he was guided to his room.

"Dinner in half an hour sharp," said his hostess. And as the gong sounded he stepped from his room, to find a hand placed in his, and he heard Helen's voice saying: "I've come to show you the way—three steps to the left, now 18 straight down—that's capital. You must remember the numbers."

It was a bright, unselfish household, and when George found himself alone that night he knew he felt a happiness not known for long.

The days went by for him as in a new world, marked by the most thoughtful helpfulness of all. But it was Helen who made herself especially George's friend and guide. She it was who took him out of himself and made him do things he would not have attempted of his own accord.

Was there music in the evening, George must do his part and sing, and when they danced, Helen it was who was his chief partner, and who guided him through the other dancers. She would never allow him to be left out of anything that was going on, even mounting him on her own pony, and with a leading rein taking him for a canter on the wide pastureland round the domain.

But what he liked best was to be taken out by her on the loch. Here with the oars he could feel himself almost on a level with any one, and could get rid of his pent-up energy. Drifting, too, in the summer evenings, when he could hear the trout leaping round the boat, was very pleasant, for then he had Helen all to himself, and her sympathetic friendship was eyes to the sightless man.

She used to tell him all that had

happened in their own circle since he left the country for India, till at last he felt that he was one of themselves and said so, telling her all his life abroad seemed a dream from which he was just awakening. "But I awoke before it was light," he added, with a sigh. Then Helen would make him row his hardest, or would put a rod in his hand and with another herself would challenge him to catch the first trout. She would never let him dwell on his trouble and did everything she could to prevent him feeling his infirmity.

But there was a pain in all this, for he felt his to be a maimed life, and incapable of ever being anything more to a woman than a cause of tender pity. Yet at times, when she was acting as his gentle guide, he would almost hope that the pressure of her hand or the subtle shade of color in her voice showed something more than compassion.

Helen was one of those women who seem predestined for happiness to themselves and others. Thoughtful for all she forgot no one but herself, and remembered everything except a slight or personal unkindness. These, indeed, could be but few in number, for, with her "eyes like the sea" and heart as big, she disarmed all unfeelingness, with the charm of womanly grace and gracious womanhood. Spite and sorrow lost themselves in the pure depths of her nature.

And so time went on. They both loved, yet neither would speak—one of her womanliness, the other of his manhood.

But one evening when they were drifting alone in the boat down the loch, Helen, who had been watching his face, could not help saying:

"What are you going to do after you leave us?"

"God knows, Helen!"

"You need some one to take care of you."

No answer, but he was sobbing.

"George, would you like me to take care of you?"

"No, Helen that can't be—can't be. I must bear my sorrow, and spoil no other life."

"George, have you been happy here?"

"Yes—wickedly happy! I oughtn't to have stayed to realize it."

"I have been very happy, too, George. Will you not let me realize it?"

"No, no, Helen, it would be unmanly of me. It can't be. I love you with all my soul, but the offering of my love would be a contemptible gift."

"George, you said it would be unmanly of you to offer me your love, but don't you think it is harder for me to have done an unwomanly thing and asked you for it? Won't you think of my happiness. I can't be happy without you."

He was amazed to realize that she loved him entirely for himself, and the radiance of his face showed his joy.

Then Helen, taking his hand, said: "George, will you be my husband?"

And, with voice vibrating with tenderness, and yet striving to assume a tone of mischievous raillery, she added: "You know it's leap year, George—the woman's privilege! Won't you, George?"

Alas! I fear poor George's scruples had vanished, for he showed no sign of resistance as Helen drew him near and kissed him, saying: "Now, George, won't you answer?"

And George answered.

And so it was settled that a wedding there should be, and every one was happy over it. No one suggested that Helen was throwing herself away, for in that household selfishness had little place, and self-denial was looked on as the royal road to and end of love.

If it were possible that their companionship could have been closer than before, of course it was so now, and as affianced lovers they spent long days whose brightness seemed threatened by no cloud. And those days were a whole season of joy, yet they were all too short.

One fateful morning they had walked far out, on the hills, when they were overtaken by a storm, and took shelter under the lee of some firs, and waited for it to pass by.

Hand-in-hand they listened to the thunder and the mad music of the wind. Helen, fearless as she was gentle, rejoiced in the sight, and when there was one specially glaring fork of lightning cried:

"Wasn't that grand?" And then recollecting, and pressing George's hand closer: "Oh, George, I'm so sorry! I'd give my life if you could see!"

As she spoke there came another awful flash and crash of thunder and both fell to the ground beside a splintered fir.

George arose almost at once from his numbness, rubbing his eyes. Then he staggered and caught his breath. Then he shouted wildly: "I can see again, Helen! I can see! Where are you?"

And he turned and saw his Helen on the ground.

But Helen was dead!—Answers.

Forgot Himself.

Absent-minded persons are not infrequently met among the medical profession, who of all men should always have their wits about them.

It is related that a well-known doctor was once present in a public place when an accident occurred, and seeing a wounded man, went about calling: "A doctor! A doctor! Somebody go and fetch a doctor!"

A friend who was by his side ventured to inquire, "Well, what about yourself?"

"Oh, dear," answered the doctor, suddenly recalling the fact that he belonged to the medical profession, "I didn't think of that!"

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

NEW YORK CITY (Special).—A garment of this kind is exceedingly handy at home or when traveling by railroad or steamer, and the comfort derived



LADIES' BATHROBE OR WRAPPER.

from its use is not easily estimated. Gray eiderdown flannel is the material here shown, the pointed hood being lined with soft yellow wash silk. The collar is finished on the edge with bias-stitched bands of silk, the simulated cuffs being outlined in the same manner. The simple adjustment is accomplished by shoulder, under-arm

A Clever Woman's Scheme.

A clever woman was detected in a scheme the other day which may prove advantageous to other women. She had a stylish black hat, trimmed with huge bows of black taffeta and a fold or two of the same about the crown. This answered for ordinary wear. But the cleverness of the woman was that she so arranged her sombre trimmings as to admit the addition of a black and white tulie pompon, an extra fold of white silk veiled with black lace, and a small bunch of white violets at the back. A conspicuous jet ornament fastened some of this together, and the result was a stunning "new" hat for dressy occasions.

The Importance of the Belt.

The little matter of belts has an importance in dress out of all proportion to the size of the article, but the belt adds to or detracts from the appearance in a most startling manner, especially the latter when it is not adjusted properly. White kid belts, plain or variously trimmed with beads or metal of some sort, are worn with the white shirtwaists, but prettier than these are the belts of soft white satin ribbon wide enough to wrinkle a little, fastened with a silver gilt buckle. Very pretty, too, are the belts of white taffeta silk cut bias, hemmed on the machine and finished with a rosette bow.

A Dressy Silk Shirtwaist.

There is nothing dressier than an elaborate white silk shirtwaist, with its insertions of black lace, a white stock and erasah belt.

A Novel Wrap.

A novelty in wraps is a half coat of lace, rounded up the back and trimmed with ruffles of chiffon.



SIMPLE DESIGN FOR A SEPARATE WAIST.

and center-back seams, an underlying box plait laid at the end of the back seam just below the waist line to give necessary fullness to the skirt. The fronts close with buttons and buttonholes, a gray and yellow cord finished with tassels tied in front forming a girde around the waist. The pointed hood is shaped by a single seam and may be lined or not, as preferred. It may be made adjustable or included in the neck seam with collar, or omitted if not desired. The two-seamed sleeves combine style with simplicity, as they fit the arm closely and are extremely comfortable. All kinds of flannel and Turkish toweling, camel's hair, merino, soft serge and chevrot, as well as the lighter weights of double-faced cloths, are used to make wrappers of this kind. The robe may be lined throughout with bright plaid to match the lining of the hood, but the simpler these garments are made the more useful and desirable they are.

To make this robe for a lady of medium size will require nine yards of material twenty-seven inches wide.

Separate Waists a Permanency.

Separate waists continue in favor and give evidence of having taken a permanent hold. The simple design shown in the large engraving is both smart and comfortable, being snug without tightness and embodying the suggestion of the sailor style, which is always admirable for informal wear. As illustrated the material is a blue and white stripe, with collar of plain blue banded with braid, but a plain color is equally suitable, and various combinations can be made. Where, as in this instance, the vest matches the waist, it is effective of white pique or cloth, and where the collar is blue the rest can be made white, and if desired the skirt may match.

The foundation, which is a fitted lining, closes at the centre front, but the waist proper is fitted with shoulder and under-arm seams only, and closes invisibly at the side. The sleeves, while snug enough for style, are not over tight, and are finished with cuffs that match the collar.

To make this waist for a woman of medium size two and one-quarter yards of material thirty-six inches wide will be required.

Young Girls' Mourning Hats. Mourning hats for young girls are of dead black chip, with wide brims, and trimmed with plain white tulle or white tulle dotted with black.

A Stylish Overdress.

This overskirt drapery is made of spangled net, the lower edge of which is shaped in wide vandyke points and trimmed with sequin bands. The drapery is shaped with a centre-back seam and fitted with short hip darts. The placket opening in the back is finished with under and over laps, and closes invisibly, or fancy buttons or pins may ornament the closing if desired. The top fits smoothly over the hips, falling below in pretty ripples over the skirt.

Satin or silk skirts trimmed with plain or satin edged Brussels net or mousseline de soie ruffles are usually worn under draperies in this style, but any style of skirt can be chosen. All soft-clinging fabrics are adapted to the development of this stylish overdress, among which is cloth, cashmere, veiling, foulard, crepon brocade or grenadine. Braid, ribbon, gimp, passementerie, fringe or applique em-



DESIGN FOR OVERSKIRT DIAPER.

broidery will form appropriate garniture.

To make this drapery in the medium size will require three yards of forty four inch material.

Sparrow Hunting as a Business.

Sparrow hunting has become so profitable in Kent County that men have now gone into the business that heretofore was conducted only for boys. One of the most persistent hunters is Charles H. Sarow, of Walker Township, who one day drew in bounty from the county \$8.50, and two days later \$18.50. Another sparrow exterminator is Fred E. McBride, who the other day drew \$8.50 in bounties, and more recently \$14.

But the gamiest sparrow hunter of all is Ernest Cutler, of this city, who follows the trail the year round. Last year the county paid \$275 to Cutler in sparrow bounty. Just so sure as the sun goes down Cutler appears, just before 5 o'clock at the cashier's window in the clerk's office with his order from the county clerk.

During the legislative session of 1885 the State authorized a bounty of two cents per head upon all "birds known as the common English sparrow," which are considered a detriment to the country.

A few years ago several Western States placed a bounty on hawks and wolves. Immediately the mountaineers began raising hawks and wolves. It was a thrifty business, as the county pay was \$1 per head for hawks and \$8 per head for wolves. In this State at present there is a bounty of \$3 per head on wolves, but the woods are so devoid of the shy animals that no one cares to hunt for the bounty.—Grand Rapids (Mich.) Democrat.

Arizona's Petrified Forests.

The Indians of southwestern Arizona used to visit the petrified forests frequently to obtain agate for their arrow and spear heads, and the material was scattered over the entire continent by exchange between the different tribes from the Isthmus of Panama to Bering Straits. The great deposit here explains where all the arrowheads of moss agate came from, and other weapons and implements of similar material that are found in the Indian mounds and graves of the Central and Western States. In the stone age the agate of the petrified forest was the very best material that could be obtained for both the implements of war and peace of the aborigines. A scalping knife could be made very easily from one of the chips of agate and could be ground to a very fine edge. Many crystals were used for jewelry and ornaments also.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Pisko's Cure.—RALPH EARLE, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

Mr. Jose Peralka, Bishop of Panama, died at Colon, Colombia, after a few days' illness. He was fifty-three years old.

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

American Baptists send about \$15,000 annually to the help of their French brethren.

W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years. Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists.

A physician declares that people who sleep with their mouths shut live longest.

Fits permanently cured. No drowsiness or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

There are more than 6000 known languages and dialects.

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

There are 635 professional guides in the Tyrolese Mountains.

Did you ever See a Snow Storm in Summer?

We never did; but we have seen the clothing at this time of the year so covered with dandruff that it looked as if it had been out in a regular snow-storm.

No need of this snowstorm. As the summer sun would melt the falling snow so will

Ajer's Hair Vigor

melt these flakes of dandruff in the scalp. It goes further than this; it prevents their formation.

It has still other properties; it will restore color to gray hair in just ten times out of every ten cases.

And it does even more; it feeds and nourishes the roots of the hair. Thin hair becomes thick hair; and short hair becomes long hair.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp. It is yours, for the asking.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system, which may be easily removed. Address: Dr. J. C. Ajer, Lowell, Mass.