Neglected impurities in your blood will sow seeds of disease of which you may never get rid. If your blood is even the impure, do not delay, but Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. In so doing there (safety; in delay there is danger.

e to get only Hood's, because Flood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Commodore Perry had not yet slectrified a grateful nation with his immortal message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours." While the battle was in progress the sound of the guns was heard at Cleveland, about sixty wills a way in a direct of the guns was heard at Cleveland, about sixty miles away in a direct line over the water. The few settlers there were expecting the battle and listened with intense interest. Finally the sounds ceased. They waited for a renewal. None came; the lull was painful. Then they knew the battle was over; but the result, ah! that was the point. One old fellow who had becilying flat with his ear to the ground soon settled that point. Springground soon settled that point. Springing up he clapped his hands and shouted: "Thank God! they are whipped! they are whipped!"
"How do you know?" the others in

"Heard the big guns last!"
Perry's guns were the heaviest.—
The Buckeye.

Pain Conquered; Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINERAM NO. 92,649] "I feel it my duty to write and thank you for what your Vegetable Com-pound has done for me. It is the only medicine I have found that has done me any good. Before taking your medi-cine, I was all run down, tired all the time, no appetite, pains in my back and bearing down pains and a great suf-ferer during menstruation. After tak-ing two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt like a new woman. I am now on my fourth bottle and all my pains have left me. I feel better than I have felt for three years and would recommend your Compound to every suffering woman. I hope this letter will help others to find a cure for their troubles." — Mrs. Della Remicker, Rensselaer, Ind.

The serious ills of women develop from neglect of early symptoms. Every pain and acke has a cause, and the warning they give should not be disre-

Mrs. Pinkham understands these troubles better than any local physician and will give every woman free advice who is puzzled about her health. Mrs. Pinkham's address is health. Lynn, Mass. Don't put off writing until health is completely broken down Write at the first indication of trouble.

Our Delightful Language. "Where did the dog bite the plain-

"Just outside the planing mill." "I asked you, sir, where the dog bit-bit-the plaintiff?"
"Oh! Ir the small of the back."

"Well, why didn't you say so in the first place?"

'I did say so."

"You claim you said 'small of the back' in the first place?"
"No, I said lumbar region."—Cleve-

Lud Plain Dealer.

One Cure For Insomnia.

Sleeplessness from overwork, and especially from literary work, says the Hospital, requires rest and change of air and scene. Of the measures which conduce to Cleep, matters of diet and nursing, and what may be d nursing, and what may be "management," one cannot be too studious, for by their aid much may be done to avoid the use of



An Excellent Combination.

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California fig. Syrup Co., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs

In the process of manufacturing figs In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA Fig Synup Co. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, RY. MEW YORK, N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists.—Price Sqc. per bottle

Ah, home! when all elsewhere is dreary, When we are most heartless and weary, What place beside is half so cheery, As home, sweet home!

There inn'eant giee and childish prattle Beguile the hours with noisy tattle, Forgetful half of life's rough battle, We are at rest.

At night, when home from work returning We see afar a bright light burning, In haste we seek the shortest turning To home, sweet home.

Where o'er the frugal board presiding, In hope and faith and love abiding, The mother hears from lips confining, The day's exploits.

And thus the moments so entrancing Glide swift away, when some one glancing At the tall clock, sees near advancing The midnight hour. And while the bird of night is brooding, Oh, where, beside, come dreems so soothing As now from out out brows are smoothing The lines of care?

Fancy in dreams her flight is winging,
In sweet low tunes joy bells seem ringing,
A psalm of peace night winds are singing
At home, sweet home,
—(M. E. J., in The Century,

_____ MISS ROSEANNA ---AND---The Tall Clock.

"Things are in the saddle and ride man-

Miss Roseanna Meggs lived in a house of her own—a very commodious and comfortable one—on the corner of the principal street of Brambleville. She had but one companion, an anti-quated woman called Lizette.

quated woman called Lizette.

Miss Roseanna's ancestors were
people of quality, and her house contained many valuable relies indicative
of by-gone grandeur; indeed Lizette
herself was little more than a relie,
for as she was very old and very deaf
and rather cross tempered, Miss Roseanna had no excuse for keening her anna had no excuse for keeping her except that she had served all her life in the Meggs family.

But the inanimate heirlooms, the

manuagny table and writing desk, the cherry clock, the brass candlesticks, the pewter plate and flowing blue china, these were almost as dear as life itself to Miss Rosan m's heart. Especially was the tale clock prized not only because it was olid cherry and a hundred years old, it a day, but because of a rumor that had come down with it, to wit, that General Washington had sat for a few moments in a great, great uncle's parlor while the tall clock prized, not only because it was solid had been brought to Roseanna's home by a maiden aunt who had grumbled at Roseanna's board and growled at her bed during five years of invalidism, and died at last, leaving behind a clean record for unamiability, but not a farthing in money—only the tall clock and some old clothes by way of compensation. The fact Miss Roseanna never complained or so much as hinted that her departed aunt's disposition was not altogether angelic, is evidence of the store she set by the tall clock.

It is not strange that she was quite everwhelmed with sorrow and chag-rin, when, rummaging through a rin, when, rummaging through a chest of old letters one June day, she chanced to find a little slip of paper, neatly folded and innocent looking as a school girl's note, but, alas, how deceiving are appearances! The note ran:

ran:

"When I am gone (which I am convinced won't be long, seein' I'm situated as I be), when I'm gone I want the cherry clock that was Uncle Daniel's, and that has the honor of being ticked in G. Washington's hearin', I want to go to Sarah Maud Pitkins, and nobody else. And to this will and testament I hereby set my hand and seal under heaven this day.

"Jane Ann Meggs."

"Jane Ann Meggs."

"Jane Ann Meggs."

The slip dropped from Roseanna's fand, but she did not move or cry.

Through the open winnow she felt the breath of the pleasant June breeze and saw her log cabin and goose chase and coverlets fluttering on the line, and wondered in a dazed way, if she could be identical with the light-hearted woman who hung them there an hour ago. an hour ago.

'Oh, I would rather part with anything else in the house—anything else!" she mourned at last. "And that it should go to Sarah Maud, Sarah Maud Pitkins of all people! If it had been any of the other cousins—". Roseanna's breast heaved and she

burst out crying.

Now every neighbor's child in Now every neighbor's child in Brambleville could have told you that there had been a fead of many years standing between the two cousins, Roseanna Meggs and Sarah Maud, who married a Pitkins. But though everybody knew of the rupture, very few pretended to know anything of the cause, and the stories of those who made such pretensions were so contrary that no one could be be-

lieved. Some said that Roseanna had considered Lem Pitkins beneath the family dignity, and quite unfit for her first cousin's companion; others declared that Roseanna was jealous; that she had wanted Lem Pitkins her self, that was where the shoe pinched, while a large faction said that the whole trouble had come from Rose-anna having said in Sarah Maud's presence that "she would never marry a man with such a one-sided, shambypamby gait as Lem Pitkins had," whereupon Sarah Maud had fired like

a fuse and gone off in a rage that had never cooled since.

But whatever the cause, the fact of the feud remained. Seven years had passed since the cousins who had the feud remained. Seven years had passed since the cousins who had been like sisters in girlhood—had passed a pleasant word. Roseanna had never seen Sarah Maud's youngest child, though she was now past three, and as for the others she barely knew

She thought bitterly of all this sitting there by the old trunk, in the light of the fair June day. She thought too, of the martyrdom she had endured in caring for Aunt Jane Ann, and that Sarah Maud, during all that trying time, had never so much as stirred her a dish of corn-gruel—that gruel that she always ordered to be made "a little thicker n than milk, but not near so thick as gravy." Sarah but not near so thick as gravy." Sarah Maud had no time for crippled and insolent maiden aunts. And now the precious old clock would stand in Sarah Maud's house! Surely this was the unkindest cut of fortune's lash that Research had ever felt. that Roseanna had ever felt.

But after all what use was there in fussing and fretting! There lay the "will and testament," and downstairs will and testament," and downstairs in a jog in the hall—where it fitted so nicely—stood the old clock. There was only one course open to a woman of honor. Roseanna asked herself, in bitter scorn, if she, Roseanna Meggs, was possessed either of honor or common sense? Then, summoning all her dignity, she closed the old trunk with a bang, and walked with stately measured steps down the stairs and through the dim hall. Hardly glanc-ing in the direction of the old clock, she opened the manogany writingdesk she opened the mahogany writingdesk and penned a short, curt note. In cold, clear-cut English, without an unnecessary word, she explained the situation to her cousin. "his done, she put on her garden h t and went out to find the man who and odd jobs for the villa ers of Brambleville. He came in less than an hour, and the old clock, together with the note, was then sent to Sarah Maud Pitkins.

Roseanna's fortitude was admirable during the carrying out and packing of her treasure, but when the wagon was well out of sight she broke down tterly, and dropping into a chair cried her heart out, with the soft breeze fanning cheek and brow and catching

fanning cheek and brow and catching gently at the fold of her print dress. Old Lizette, understanding nothing, grew nearly distracted at her mistress' grief. Her own troubles were quite forgotten for the time-those frightful grievances that she never wearied of conjuring.

"Sakes alive, mum, don't take You'll be sick, sure as can Sakes alive, don't please, mum, fur my sake, don't!" she kept repeating, while she marched back and forth, like a sentry, before Roseanna's chair.

Roseanna's sleep was troubled and unrefreshing that night. Her head ached wildly, and when at last she fell into a heavy drowse, a bevy of tal and began screwing up their faces and talking among themselves in thin, ticktockety voices.

"She's worse than Aaron with his "She's worse than Aaron with the golden calf about that cherry clock. Why, she'd sell her soul for it—and a Methodist, too! Now, if the old thing had been handsome like me there would have been some excuse." there would have been some excuse, a pompous old clock was saying when Roseanna woke with a start and found it was broad day.

Having overslept so long it was quite late when she breakfasted, and the dishes were not all cleared away when some one drove up to the front gate. Roseanna's eyes were so blurred and weak from weeping that she could see but indistinctly, but she was not for a moment puzzled; the man shambling out of the wagon was no other than Lem Pitkins—nobody else in Christendom ever walked with such a graceless gait—and the woman he was helping out must be Sarah Maud. In her flurry Roseanna did not notice something long like a coffin covered with a blanket in the back of the spring wagon. A moment and Sarah Maud knocked at the door. Rose-anna's heart leaped and thumped wildly, but she managed to reach the Sarah Maud stood before her.

door; Sarah Maud stood "How do you do, Roseanna? asked thrusting forward her hand as if she was uncertain about its being clasped. But it was, though weakly. "How do you do?" Roseanna returned.

"I got your note and the clock yes-rday," Sarah Maud began. Her terday," Sarah Maud began, voice was strained, and she was rather out of breath. "And I thought we'd drive right over this morning and tell you that I don't feel right in keepin' the old clock, and so we've brought it back. You took care of Aunt Jane was just one of her mean freaks writin' that note."

Sarah Maud paused. Roseanna stood dumb like a sheep before her shearers. Her face was bloodless and shearers. Her face was bloodless and her eyes dim and dazed. Then she made a rush forward and fell weeping on Sarah Maud's neck. And in that hour the hateful breach

was healed forever .- Waverley.

Contrary to popular belief, no alli-gator will attack a man of his own volition either in the water or out of it. It is, however, passionately fond of pigs, dogs and babies, particularly black babies. All the loss of human life from alligators in Lousiana has been confined to negro infants. The saurian is sometimes trapped by tying a dog to a tree near the bank of a lake a dog to a tree near the bank of a lake at night. The howls of the animal, which knows very well the perilous duty it is on, will bring an alligator out of the water inside of an hour. It is then surrounded by men with torches, peppered with muskets loaded with buckshot and finally beaten to death with clubs and axes. Not incompanies a broken lag or two results. death with clubs and axes. Not in-frequently a broken leg or two results from the flail-like blows of its mighty tail. A good many alligators are killed in the latter part of February when they are just breaking from the mudbanks in which they have been incased all the winter. At this time they are stiff, not more than half awake, almost wholly blind and could not damage a child.—New York Sun.

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

Decay and Preservation of Fruit. versity read an interesting paper upon New York horticultural society. He said in part as follows: The fungi spores attacking green fruit are carried sometimes by flies and wasps from an uncount angine to these ried sometimes by flies and wasps from an unsound specimen to those perfect. Carefully conducted experi-ments have shown that the fungus does not cause a ferment, but that it does not cause a ferment, but that it makes a poison that causes a breaking down of the cells called rot. The spraying of plums with bordeaux mixture has shown good results, but the spraying of apples has so far been of little use. The decayed fallen fruit should, as a remedial measure, be picked up and destroyed, as also should the nummy plums be picked from the trees. A member reported that the rotting of grapes had with him found a complete cure in the spraying with carbonate of copper.

spraying with carbonate of copper.

For Feeding the Soil. There are only three ingredients of plant food which have to be considered in feeding the soil. These are phosphoric acid, potash and nitrogen. The last-named can be furnished by clover or peas, while the other two can be purchased cheaply on the mar-ket in the form of acid phosphate or bone for phosphoric acid, and muriate of potash or sulphate of potash for potash. These materials should be applied directly to the land to be sown to clover or peas, so as to in-sure a heavier growth and thereby a larger absorption of nitrogen. There is nothing complicated in the matter of fertilizing land. All that is needed is caveful observation and some little study of the principles involved.

unmon Error in Growing Annuals. The commonest error in growing annuals is to plant them in flower beds. This mistake is frequently made with other plants, but never so persistently and disastrously as with phloxes, zinnias, marigolds and their like. If a strictly geometrical scheme like. If a strictly geometrical scheme is intended, or if the garden is one of the old Italian style, with a high wall about it, then flower beds will fit the place. But in the free and natural dooryard gardening, the whole picture is sadly distigured when it is cut full of holes to receive strange, detached bunches of unwilling flowers in varied assortment. There they uncomfortably stand about through the summer, each bunch of flowers jealous of its neighbors, all appearing to be afraid of overstepping the circumscribing bricks, stones or oyster shells which hem them in, all chafing at the restraint, and all wishing they safely away in the woods, where they might clamber down the banks or revel in the grass the way flowers were meant to do.

A Site for the Poultry Farm. The first thing to be considered in starting a poultry farm is the site.

This should be, if possible, on a nice slope; if the ground is level it should be drained. The question of soil is an important one and should be considered. Some people think, kind of land will do." There is There is a lit tle truth in this, but not the whole truth. Grass land is the best, providing there is sufficient drainage that it will not remain damp after rain. The best soils are gravel or sand; sand is the best and it keeps clean longer. Sandy soil after every shower looks clean, through the rain washing the droppings into the sand. On clayey or sticky soils the droppings remain or sticky sons the droppings remain on the top and are damp for several days after rain. With stiff, clayey soil poultry culture is a difficult task; with sandy soil we are more likely to be successful, for after a fall of rain all impurities are carried off and the ward seldow becomes foul.

yard seldom becomes foul.

If the poultry breeder raises his stock on stiff, clayey soil he will be compelled to dig and turn over his yards every season; on the other hand, sandy soils will not require to be turned over so often. If the yards or pens have a good coating of grass and the rainfall be fair most of the drop-pings will be used up by the grass after the rain has dissolved it and washed it down to the roots of the grass.

As to the amount of land needed, it is just that area that can be taken care
of and no more. In beginning a poultry farm it is always best to own the
land or make arrangements for a long
lease. It is a mistake to reut a farm from month to month or quarter to quarter, for no pe son cares to erect buildings, pens, yards, etc., on the land that he might be asked to leave just when he had got everything into working order. — Farm, Field and

The Average Dairy Herd.

It is unmistakably true now that the owner of a small herd of good dairy cows kept well in hand has a better chance of making a profit than one who tries to manage a large, un-wieldy number, none of which seem to come quite up to the standard. The tendency is to return to the smaller berds, and bring them up to a paying berds, and bring them up to a paying point. This is not always an easy lesson to learn, for we always like to count on numbers. But it is better to reduce the numbes to the point where proper attention can be bestowed upon each individual. Anything above this is a waste of time and labor, and a misuse of invested capital ital.

The average farmer should keep from ten to twelve cows on every 160 acres; but a farmer who devotes all of his attention to dairying, and is strictly

a dairy farmer, should average about one cow to every three acres. one cow to every three acres. If one has the necessary business to conduct his farm economically, this portion of cows to the acre will be about right. It is possible to make as much profit from butter selling today at twenty-five cents a pound as it was when it sold for thirty-five and forty cents. The reason for this is that we observe different methods today, and get more both from the cows and the soil. How to do this, however, is a problem that to do this, however, is a problem that each must face and solve.

each must face and solve.

The farm separator is essential for future success in dairyizg. The separator has passed beyond the experimental stage, and it has come to stay. With a good farm separator in use, ten good average cows—not scrubs—should produce \$450 in butter money, taking the prince as the recorder. taking the prices as they are today. This would pay, whether the cows were kept on an ordinary farm or dairy

On poor land the number of cows must be reduced. Never attempt to raise more than the land will actually raise more than the land will actually support. It is better to begin on a small scale and work up. Thus a farmer friend of the writer's took a farm of 160 acres, and started in dairying with a dozen cows-all the land would support at the time—and by judicious methods he worked his herd up to forty. That is the number of cows he can feed off his former poor farm. He not only kept in view the question of maintaining the standard of his herd, but he had to improve his soil year by year. Such a thing is possible, and when it is accomplished it deserves mentioning. There are plenty who fail to hold their own in this respect, and let both cows and this respect, and let both cows and land degenerate year after year. The products of the dairy should never be raised and sold at the expense of the land. Sooner or later the accounting time must come. - American Cultivator.

Smuts of Small Grains

Smuts cause a great loss each year throughout the grain growing sections. According to the Ohio experimental sta-tion, in a recent bulletin, the loose and stinking smuts of wheat alone cause an annual loss of \$400,000 in Ohio. losses from the oat smut were equal to or even greater than this. These losses can be prevented if the seed is properly treated. For the loose smut of wheat the hot water treatment is recommended. Soak the seed grain for four hours in cold water, allowing it to stand for four hours more in wet sacks, then immerse for five minutes in water held at a temperature of 133 degrees Fahrenheit. Spread at once on a smut-free surface to dry and then sow. Some germs may be injured by the treatment, so the station recommends that one-half more seed be sown than is ordinarily recommended.

If the wheat is affected by stinking smut or bunt, it is probably best to

immerse the grain in cold water, stirring thoroughly, then skim off the smut balls which will rise to the surface. After this has been done either of the following treatments may be employed: If the hot water method is chosen, immerse for ten minutes in a vessel containing water heated to a temperature of 130 degrees Fahrenheit. Then cool quickly by thoroughly stirring or immersing in cold water. The water must be heated to exactly the temperature stated, and for purpose a thermometer must always be used. Immersion longer than ten minutes may injure the grain. If the hot water method does not seem practicable a solution of copper sulphate or bluestone will answer. Make the solution by dissolving two pounds of sulphate to ten gallous of water. In this immerse the wheat seed freed this immerse the wheat seed freed from s mut balls as already described, and allow to remain for ten minutes. Allow it to stand ten minutes longer in the sack, then spread and dry with unslacked lime, shoveling very fre-quently. Or the above solution may quently. Or the above solution may be sprinkled over the grain in a heap, using one gallon to every bushel of grain. Sprinkle at intervals from five to ten minutes. Stir so that the whole will be thoroughly wetted, and at the end of an hour shovel over and dry with lime. Treatment with a solution of formalin in the same manner has of formalin in the same manual been found quite satisfactory. Use one pound of formalin to about fifty gallons of water and immerse the wheat in this solution for about thirty wheat in the case of ninutes or sprinkle as in the case sulphate.

For oats, the hot water treatment in open vessels is very satisfactory. Immerse the seed for ten minutes, keeping the water at 130 degrees or for seven minutes keep it at 136 de-grees Fahrenheit. Empty out at once upon a clean floor and dry by stirring. The formalin solution may also be used, applying as in the case of wheat, the only difference being that if the seed is immersed, allow it to remain two hours instead of thirty minutes. If the solution is sprinkled over the heap, allow the heap to remain two or heap, allow the heap to remain two or more hours before drying. Consider-able success has been had by soaking the oat seed twenty-four hours in three-quarter per cent solution of potassium sulphide. This solution is prepared by dissolving one and one-half pounds of sulphide in twenty-five gallons of water.—American Agri-culturist. culturist.

The Forgetful Professor

The Forgetful Professor.

A Cambridge professor, whose fite of mental aberration were as frequent as they were amusing, was one day out in a heavy rain, with his umbrella held high over his head, when he met a friend, who stopped him and exclaimed: "Dear me, Professor M., why don't you put up your umbrella? You will be drenched." "Put up my umbrella," said the professor; "it is up." "Yes, it is; but it isn't open." For half an hour, more or less, the professor had been walking the streets with a closed umbrella gaised high above his head.

Virtues of Salt-Water Baths.

For a hand bath (a bath given to the body by use of the hands only, or by sponge or cloth) place a handfur of salt in a basin as ordinarily filled for washing. Allow the salt to dissolve, or hasten the action by stirring it with the hand. The water should be as cold as you have vitality to withstand. Use no soap. Bathe the entire body. Do not neglect the face and neck in the free use of salt water. This bath has an exhilarating influence, tones the entire system, and gives to the skin a healthful condition that amply repays for the time and trouble involved. If used in the winter it will be an excellent preventive of colds, besides being a substitute for face cosmetics. No chapping, no roughness of the skin and no clogging of the pores will trouble the person who systematically and regularly takes a bath of this sort. Ordinary table salt or rock salt will do, but will not do so well. The sea-salt contains medicinal properties not found in the others. Whether one exercise or not, the body should receive a daily hand bath of cold or cool water, espec-Virtues of Salt. Water Baths. or not, the body should receive a faily nand bath of cold or cool water, espec-lally in the summer, either upon rising or before retiring.—Ladies' Journal.

Saw an Iceberg Seventy-five Miles Long. The presence of icebergs in the Straits of Belle Isle has given rise to a rumor that steamships would leave this shorter routs to travel through the south shannel only. The presence of these icebergs at this time of the year is indeed extraordinary. When first navigation opens in

May, and up to the early part of July, or the end of June at least, all ships come through the channel south of the island. But in July the Strait of This year, however, has been an exception, and on its inward journey the seption, and on its inward journey the Parisian encountered several icebergs, one of which was over seventy-five miles in length. This ice was not in the Strait proper, but well on its way to the ocean, or some 160 miles east of Belle Isle.

Captain Brown has had many experiences with icebergs. He has seen

periences with icebergs. He has seen all kinds, but none to equal the one which met the Parisian on its way through the northern channel to Montreal. This one, the captain slaimed, was seventy-five miles long, and rose several hundred feet above the water. - Montreal Herald.

De 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, lons, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Aching an i Sweating Feet. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeBoy, N. Y.

Professional etiquette prevents French adges and judicial officials from riding in omnibuses.

Beauty Is Blood Deep. Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean akin. 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 blood of five races flows in the veins of the Boer.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's tatarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitution of the disease of the stages, and the stages, and the stages, and the stages, and string directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much fath in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it falls to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address
of testimonials. Address
Hall's Family Pilis are the best.

There are only 350 miles of railroad in

There are only 350 miles of ratiroad in China.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away. Bon't Tobacco spit and Smake Tour Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be mag
netio, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To
Bao, the wonder-worker, that makes weak mes
strong. All druggists, 500 or 81. Cure guaran
teed. Booklet and sample free. Address
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

There were about 35,000 Japanese in Hawaii in 1898.

Ever Have a Dog Bother You

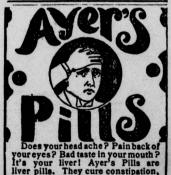
When riding a wheel, making you wonder for a few minutes whether or not you are to get a fall and a broken neck? Wouldn't see have give and a broken neck? Wouldn't one have give and the property of the beast? A few drops means of driving off the beast? A few drops were the property of of ammonia shot 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. 155 Leonard St., New York City, Every bicyclist at times wishes he had one

London's city directory weighs eleven and one-half pounds. Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. BUCHMUEL LER, Lexington, Mo., February 24, 1894.

Only one person in four in London earns more than \$5 a week.

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

In 1793 Eli Whitney invented the cotton



BUCKINGHAM'S DYE White

headache, dyspepsia, and all liv complaints. 25c. All druggists.