

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 today 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 first Christian Endeavor Society of Spain recently celebrated its eighteenth anniversary.

**"For the Sake of Fun
Mischievous Done."**

A vast amount of mischief is done, too, because people neglect to keep their blood pure. It appears in eruptions, dyspepsia, indigestion, nervousness, kidney diseases, and other ailments. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases promoted by impure blood or low state of the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

**Radway's
Pills**

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthy regularity. For all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases.

**LOSS OF APPETITE,
SICK HEADACHE,
INDIGESTION,
DIZZY FEELINGS,
FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
BILIOUSNESS,
DYSPEPSIA.**

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By their ANTI-BILIOUS properties they stimulate the liver and the secretion of the bile and its discharge through the biliary ducts. These pills in doses from two to four will quickly regulate the action of the liver and free the patient from these disorders. One or two of Radway's Pills, taken daily by those subject to bilious pains and torpidity of the liver, will keep the system regular and secure healthy digestion.

Price, 25c. per Box. Sold by all Druggists
RADWAY & CO.,
New York.

CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and I feel as if I would give \$100.00 for each movement; it is such a relief."
1829 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grieves. 10c, 25c, 50c.
CURE CONSTIPATION.
RHEUMATISM CURED—Sample bottle, 4 days treatment, postpaid, 10c.
ALEXANDER REMEDY CO., 246 Greenwich St., N. Y.

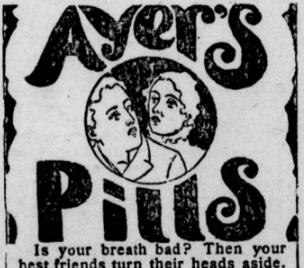
CARTER'S INK

Is what the largest and best school systems use.

The Flour and the Ring
After the goodies had been eaten, all the French crackers pulled with a snap and the boy and girl guests at a birthday party are growing tired of new fashioned instruments, here's something to play—an old-fashioned game called "the flour and the ring." This is the way to do it. Somebody must mold in a coffee cup a mound of flour. It only takes a little practice to turn the shape out perfectly upon a plate. When the mound is formed, drop into the center of it some little gift—a ring, a pretty pin or any small article a boy or girl would fancy. Whoever starts the game must take a knife and cut through the mound to the plate. Each one in the circle repeats this until the lucky boy or girl comes across the hidden prize, when he or she must pick it out with the teeth. The floury nose, cheeks and chin of the prize winner look enough like a clown's after this last proceeding to amuse a whole roomful of merry children.—New York Herald.

Pure Water and Death Rate.

In Vienna the typhoid rate of 12.5 deaths per 1,000 inhabitants fell to 1.1 after a pure water supply was obtained. In Danzig the mortality fell from 10 per 10,000 to 1.5. In Munich after the introduction of a good water supply the proper sewerage, the rate fell from 21 per 10,000 to 6.3, and in Boston from 17.4 to 5.6.



Is your breath bad? Then your best friends turn their heads aside. A bad breath means a bad liver. Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache. 25c. All druggists.

"Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use the **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** for the whiskers
50 CENTS. DRUGGISTS, 24 R. F. HALL & CO., PHARMACY, N. Y.

THE BUILDING OF A SOLDIER.

Joe Jerry wood in a stony field, Under a sweeter sun,
The boy and the rock and the native weed Fought for the life in a battered hood—
And the struggle was just begun.

"Get out of the mud and follow me," Said the man with better clothes,
"Against you are vermin and drought and frost; You anger Nature with labor lost—
Come where a fair wind blows."

But the boy dugged on in the stony field, With the struggle barely begun,
"I put the seed in this ground," said he; "I think I had better stay and see
Whatever may be done."

Joe Jerry quarried and placed the stones And fitted the timbers true,
Then his neighbors came with fevered eyes: "Gold!—panns of gold!—just there it lies!
Shall we wait a day for you?"

A sweet voice lifted the evening calm, Singing the death of day,
A tired child came and went with a kiss, "I have a wife, and a house—and this;
I think I had better stay."

"War! war!" the cry—and the cry came And the boy was there to spare for all."
"I have a dying wife—and these, I'll stay with them, if God so please,"
But he went at the second call.

"Come back!" they cried through the metal hail To a soldier bleeding and grim,
He picked a rifle out of the dirt, Answering only: "The captain's hurt;
I think I'll stay with him."
—Frederick Brush, in Youth's Companion.

**—THE—
YOUNG VOLUNTEER.**

AN INCIDENT OF THE BATTLE OF SANTIAGO.

With the intensity of a tropical day the sun seemed to expend its entire force of furnace heat upon the unsheltered spot in front of Santiago where lay a grievously wounded American soldier boy. The wide, tortured eyes of the youth stared fearfully upward to the glaring zenith, past the foul birds watching his sufferings with calculating vision and waiting for the human feast which seemed sure to come. He thought with sickening brain of his northern home—the green hills, the running streams, the dear mother. Tears welled up into his aching eyes. He did not try to wipe them away—he could not.

A mauer bullet had struck him in the thigh, another in the right arm and another in the left. He was helpless. But what matter! The dead could not see, and the mother would probably never know how he had nobly fought even to the gates of death. At his feet lay the dead body of a Cuban, slain by the bullet of a Spanish sharpshooter. For these Cubans he was dying. For them he had come to help free the island from the tyranny of Spanish rule.

Then he recalled the events of that day at San Juan hill. The American troops had been on their feet since daybreak. There was a scanty breakfast, and as the men ate it there were indications of the coming clash of arms. The files on the march to the firing line were closed up; every sense was alive. The bugle sounded and then came the order to advance. The lempet of musketry and shrapnel through which they moved forward drove like a storm of steel into the faces of the men, but nothing could resist the imperious advance and the first line of the enemy was swept away.

The battle grew. Here and there a soldier went down, but the column stood firm; the officers marched close by the men. Sometimes, through the smoke they caught a glimpse of the colonel leading on in front. The din increased; the earth seemed reeling under foot; shell burst with horrid shriek and flung out quick death. Still the men pushed on. An officer picked up the gun of a man who had fallen and spoke a cheery word.

The Spanish artillery and the far-reaching mauerers swept within a certain limit every inch of ground, but with a firm and rapid step that unflinching column moved forward. Louder grew the tumult and thicker came the angry messengers. A sharp cry of pain and one of the men is helped to the rear. The bullets came hotter and faster from the Spanish in the trenches and from the blockhouses. More comrades stretched out quietly with the death mark on their faces. There was no time for words—only a mad swelling of the heart and a throbbing of the brain—a deadly thirst for blood dried up all other feeling as another man was lifted back.

Suddenly a cool voice they had heard before rang out an order: "Come on, boys, charge!" and the thin line rushed through the smoke and advanced up the hill. With a cheer they answered the fiery blast that swept into their faces with sudden fury. The air seemed instinct with leaden life, and volley after volley pealed forth from the deadly rifles.

For an awful moment the men faltered! Groans of agony and hoarse commands mingled, and all around American soldiers lay down to die. But the check was only momentary, and on into the jaws of death the column went. Every man leaned forward as though breathing a heavy wind. From right, left and front they felt the pounding of the enemy's guns, and shrapnel swept through the ranks like hail.

On the summit of the hill the blockhouse swarmed with the foe, dimly seen through puffing lines of smoke from our guns. The Spanish were entrenched—Americans in the open. But never mind! Forward! And soon the foreign foe was driven back and the stronghold captured.

Half way down the slope as the victors pursued the flying enemy, a withering blast of mauer bullets swept across the open ground, and the boy who now lay dying in the open space in the tall grass fell forward with a ball in his thigh. A comrade ran to his assistance and he made his way painfully to the rear, but as he passed along another Spanish bullet struck him in the right arm and presently he was wounded in the left. Then his day of battle was done, and the black hours of unconsciousness followed.

When reason returned the sounds of battle had ceased, and he wondered where his comrades were. Were they all dead? Would they search for him? He was alive, but he knew that death would come in a few short hours. How hot the sun beat down! How still everything seemed to him—no whizzing of bullets in the air, nor shriek of screaming shell, nor the yell of charging troops—nothing but the silence of an ocean of gass. There was a dead Cuban lying at his feet—a ghastly bunch of mortality. How big and black he was! His eyes were staring at him like balls of glass! What were they staring at him for? The night was coming on apace—would he have to lie in the tall grass until the morrow? He could not tell. And then the dark cloud again settled o'er his senses and it was hours before the light came into his soul.

Death's door is a mirror and the dying have good memories. When consciousness returned the boy's mind went back to his home. He wondered if all was well on the old farm, where he and his mother and brother had lived in peace until the war with Spain called him to the front. He had a letter in his pocket from home—he would read it again. But, alas! he could not reach his pocket—both arms were disabled and in the iaky darkness he could not see.

How long since had he left home? Three months; only three months! And now he lay dying in his young manhood. He remembered the morning that he left his home. The birds were singing and nature was at her best. The fields were clothed in green and the brooks softly murmured over the pebbles at the bottom. He had donned his new uniform, and he felt a little sharp pang as he left his home. He remembered it all very well. "Good-bye, Bill," he had said to his brother. "Take good care of mother."

"Look out for Spanish bullets and bring back a machete," said Bill. "I'm off, mother."

"Good-bye, my son. Be brave and serve your country like a man." Then she embraced and kissed him and the parting was over.

The old house cut rubbed against him and purred as if to bid him God-speed. His faithful old dog followed him down the lane, but with stern words his master drove him back. At the edge of the town a blue-eyed, fair-haired girl stood at the gate. "Are you really going to fight the Spanish, John?"

"Yes, Helen, and I have come to say good-bye." There was a hasty kiss, a warm pressure of hands, and thus he left his home.

Everything was so hushed and dark now. Was the whole world dead? Why was he lying helpless here? How had it happened? Then he remembered—the furious charge across the open field, up the hill and over the crest in the face of a rain of Spanish bullets. The air hummed and whistled. From the trenches and blockhouses the mauerers spit at them. Then the blow came to him. It was a terrible shock. It seemed to lift him from his feet and double him up and pitch him forward. Then the painful journey to the rear, two more bullet wounds, and then unconsciousness.

Now he was dying in the darkness. How strange it all was. That dead Cuban—how black he looked, and how his eyes glared! There was a tiny hole in his forehead where life had leaped through. Someone was crying for water. Was it himself? He could not tell. The night was getting cold and the heavy dew made the tall grass soggy. There were no stars to watch him. Would nobody help him? Hark! That was his dog howling, and how loud it was!

How weak and dizzy he felt. "Good-bye, Bill."
He could not see. Everything was growing dim.

"Farewell, mother!" "Helen—"
And the deep, dark grass waved a weeping requiem to another brave young soul.—Detroit Free Press.

What Constitutes a Healthy Man.
One of our medical contemporaries, the Texas Medical News, thus sums up the qualities which constitute a perfectly healthy man: He should have a strong, healthy heart; not one weak from disuse or the excessive use of tobacco, alcohol or other causes; lungs well developed and that expand rhythmically with ample breathing space for health and a surplus for work or disease; muscles well rounded and elastic, made hard and strong by use and carrying, like the camel's hump, reserve energy for trying journeys; nerves, nature's electric wires, properly insulated and connected, bringing all the various organs of the body into one perfect system, and all under the control of a brain of just proportions, well balanced and convoluted, not soft from disuse or destroyed for the need of rest, educated for the high duties it has to perform, not only to stand guard over and protect the health of and life of the individual, but at the same time to furnish feeling and thought and pleasure for the human being. All of these organs, when properly constructed and adjusted and perfect in every detail, go to make up a healthy individual and one possessing within himself a power of resistance not easily overcome by disease-producing organisms.—Scientific American.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Whistle Away.
Whistle away, my merry boy,
With happy face and heart of joy;
It will help you to be strong,
Whistle a tune when things go wrong.
And whistling lightens it for you,
If e'er your task is hard to do,
Whether it be sowing the seeds,
Hoing the corn, or pulling weeds,
Gathering fruit, or raking hay,
Or driving cows, whistle away.

Whistle a Tune, if you can't Sing.
And that should seem the next best thing
That you can do, perhaps 'twill cheer
The hearts of some who chance to hear.
Better to whistle than to pout,
And soild, and fret, no one can doubt;
So keep a merry heart, my lad,
And thus make other people glad.
Do all the good you can each day,
And as you toll, whistle away.
—Farm, Field and Fireside.

How They Got Out.
The owner of some cows was very much surprised to find every morning that his three cows every night got out of the shed in which they were securely fastened over night. He thought some one must let them out for mischief.

One day, however, he happened to be in the shed with the door fastened so that the animals should not come in, when he fancied he heard some one trying the door, which, like most cow sheds, was fastened by a latch, underneath which was a little round hole, so that when inside you could put your finger through the hole to lift the latch.

Through the hole a long red tongue appeared, and in a minute the latch was lifted and in walked one of the cows! The mystery was explained. But after that the farmer contrived a new fastening for the door of the shed.

Belgium's Beasts of Burden.
From time out of mind the dog has been a beast of burden in Belgium, and until very recently has had no champion. It is very picturesque, of course, to see a dog hitched to a peasant's two-wheeled barrow, with his shining brass milk cans, and attended by the milk-woman in the lace cap of tradition; and I have just seen a case where the dogs were well harnessed and showed signs of being well fed and cared for, but such cases are pitifully rare. As a rule the barrows or carts are far too heavy for the dogs that drag them. The load is more often than not a full one of damp sand; the peasant, nine times out of ten, urges the dogs with a heavy pointed wooden shoe or a whip with a formidable lash. The harness is composed of strong string, which as a rule cuts the animal's flesh with every pull he gives or else the knots with which it has been tied inflict numerous wounds on his emaciated body. And yet passers-by of all classes and creeds, men, women and children, priests and police, are indifferent to the pitiful yelping and howling of the poor dogs, almost kicked to death by brutal masters. "The dogs are used to it," is the only argument.—Correspondence in Chicago Record.

A Native American Game.
In the front rank of sports for boys is the native American game lacrosse. In common with baseball and football, it has the advantage of being a team game as opposed to such individual games as tennis, and it cultivates the speed and agility necessary to the sprint runner, and the lung power and endurance of the long-distance cyclist. It is less dangerous to life and limb than any game of nearly equal activity, and, from the spectator's standpoint, is the most interesting and brilliant of all the sports.

Possessing all these advantages, it is hard to see why lacrosse is not more generally played by our boys. The Canadians excel at the game because their boys get their lacrosse sticks as soon as they are strong enough to hold them, and small sticks are provided which even the youngest can wield. In England and Ireland there are teams by the dozens, and thousands attend the matches. Yet in the United States, which is really the home of the game, there are hardly more than a score of teams. Happily, interest in the game is growing, but as yet it is played only by the young men.

The materials required for the game consist of the goals, a solid rubber ball, a lacrosse stick for each player, and a "lot." The only one of these that requires explanation is the stick. The shaft of tough hickory is very light and strong. It is strung with heavy gut, which is not tight like that on a tennis racket, but is strung more loosely, so that it gives when struck by the ball. This enables the player to catch handily. With this stick all the play is made, touching the ball with the hands being strictly barred. The object of the game is, as in football, to attack your opponent's goal and at the same time defend your own; but the scoring is done by driving the ball through the goal, and not over it, as in that game. The goals are set one at each end of the field, generally about one hundred and ten yards apart, and there should be at least fifty feet of open field behind each for play behind goal. Two seven-foot sticks about one and a half inches in diameter, set firmly one foot deep in the ground and just six feet apart, constitute a goal. The English players have added a great improvement to the goal, however, which is gradually being adopted in this country and Canada. It consists of a bag of stout netting, stretched from the goal-posts and from a cross-bar between them to the ground at a point about seven feet back of the goal. The object of this net is to remove a source of frequent disputes as to whether the "shot"—for so the throw which sends

the ball through the goal is called—went through, or just to one side or above the goal. It is almost impossible for the umpire to tell whether the ball passed just six feet above the ground, or six feet and half an inch. The first would be a "goal," the second "no goal;" but on such decisions as this many a match has been won, and many an umpire's reputation lost. The net eliminates all this, for if the ball goes through the six-foot square opening it will be found in the bag, and nobody can blame the bag.—St. Nicholas.

Boy Kings of England.
We of today always think of a king or a prince as being a creature with nothing much to do but to enjoy life and be waited on. Kings and princes do not enjoy life any more—in fact not as much—as we common mortals do, though they may take their ease and dress in silks and plush. Now, there was a time when even kings could not take their ease, but lived in a constant state of turmoil and danger. Hundreds and hundreds of years ago there reigned in England a boy king called Edmund. He was only eighteen years old when he came to the throne, and he was the first of six boy kings whose reigns were short and turbulent. Edmund was called the Magnificent, because he tried to improve the dress and the living of the times; but, unfortunately for him, he had a violent temper, which soon ended his reign and his life.

In those days the king's palace consisted of a few sleeping apartments and a great dining hall, where everybody from the king to the meanest servant, dined at the same table. The king, however, was at one end on a raised platform, which distinguished him from the others who sat below.

It was the custom then, and a very beautiful one, to allow any poor wayfarer who might be passing to come in, warm himself and take his place at the table. One night King Edmund, after he had eaten heavily and was in a surly mood, noticed among the company at table a noted outlaw and robber called Leof. This man had been banished from England, and when the king saw him sitting there he flew into a mighty rage at the man's presumption, and he commanded him to depart.

Leof said, "I will not depart." Whereupon the foolish king, instead of ordering the servants to put him out, himself seized the bold robber and tried to throw him out. Leof had a dagger concealed under his long coat and he stabbed the king. In a minute all the king's retainers were upon the outlaw and cut him to pieces, but not before the king and several of his servants were killed.

Then came Edred, another boy king, who was very weak of body but strong of mind. He fought many great battles against the Danes and Norsemen and beat them off, but he only lived to rule nine years.

Then Edwy, fifteen years old, became king, but he was ruled by a monk named Dunstan, who watched over him like a guardian. The handsome young monarch had married his cousin, the beautiful Elgiva, although he was so young. Dunstan did not approve of this marriage, fled the country and secretly worked up a plot to get rid of Edwy and put his younger brother Edgar on the throne. Not content with this Dunstan caused the beautiful girl queen to be seized and her fair face branded with a red hot iron, and then she was sold into slavery in Ireland.

The Irish people, however, were then, as they are now, a warm hearted race, and they determined to restore the poor queen to her husband. First they cured her of the awful scar on her face, so she was as beautiful as ever, and then sent her on her way back to England. But on the way home she was killed. When the king heard of her fate he died, too, of a broken heart.—New York Herald.

Travels of a Valuable Tin Box.
Mayor Fonk of Piedmont, W. Va., has received a letter from William Boyce of Philadelphia, stating that while repairing a car in the freight yard in the city he found under it a tin box containing a number of papers belonging to the town of Piedmont. At the mayor's request it was forwarded, and found to contain, besides other papers, \$795 worth of uncanceled coupons of the water bonds, representing bonds to the amount of \$5300. The coupons had been detached from the bonds sold by the council in 1897, and were for three years. The box was taken from the safe by some unknown party the first part of last year, placed under the freight car, probably while standing in the Piedmont yards, and has since been carried all around the country until found.

A Very Young Officer, Indeed.
It has just been discovered that one of the young lieutenants recently appointed in the army has yet to celebrate the fifth anniversary of his birth. The discovery created a good deal of talk in army circles and set every one to asking why the president had nominated such a child to a command in the army. It was then explained that the young man was 19 years old, having been born on the 29th of February, 1880, and therefore only had a birthday once in four years. He is beyond doubt the youngest man in the United States army so far as birthdays go.—New York Mail and Express.

Comes Natural.
"So you are a school teacher," said Mr. Pitt to a new acquaintance. "Then you train the young idea how to shoot?"
"I don't need to do that," replied the pedagogue. "My school is in the feud district of Kentucky."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

J. G. BLAINE, 3D.
He Sends This Little Story to "St. Nicholas" Letter-Box.

A very young contributor with a very familiar name sends this story to the Letter Box of St. Nicholas. He calls it "Jerry":

Jerry Field lived in a large house with two deaf, half-blind aunts, in the upper part of New York City. Jerry often wished that he was a newsboy, and could jump on cars and cry: "Extra! Telegram, just out!" and not the nephew of two rich maiden aunts. But as he could not he had to hope for the best. One spring day, as Jerry was walking down Broadway he saw a newsboy who looked exactly like himself. Jerry accosted him thus: "You look just like me and have the same sort of a voice. Now, if you want we'll change in some back alley, and you put on my clothes, and I'll put on yours and take your papers. You go to 18 West Eighty-first street and act as you think best." The transaction was no sooner said than done. So Jerry went on his way, and the newsboy his. In about two weeks a miserable half-starved newsboy could have been seen crying in Central park. He, however, had not been crying long when he saw a victoria with two old ladies in it and a young boy. Jerry gave a yell and made a dash for the carriage; but it had gone, and Jerry wandered back to his seat, crying bitterly. In about twenty minutes the same carriage appeared, but Jerry was not to lose it, so he cried to the coachman to stop, which he did, and Jerry made himself recognizable. When they reached home he told his story. The newsboy, however, was not to be left out. He was sent to a boarding school and lived to be a great man.

James Gillespie Blaine, III
Around the World in a Month.
When the Trans-Siberian railway is finished we shall be able to make the "tour du monde" in thirty-three days. According to the Russian minister of roads and communications the itinerary will be: Bremen to St. Petersburg, by rail, one and one-half days; St. Petersburg to Vladivostok, by rail, ten days; thence to San Francisco, by steamer ten days; thence to New York, by rail four and a half days. Perhaps some "Phineas Fogs" will do it in a month. At present the shortest route from Southampton, by Park, Brindisi, Yokohama, San Francisco and New York is sixty-six days.

As Seen by Telephone.
A business house of Aberdeen, Scotland, recently engaged as office boy a raw country youth. It was part of his duties to attend to the telephone in his master's absence. When first called upon to answer the bell, in reply to the usual query, "Are you there?" he nodded assent. Again the question came, and still again, and each time the boy gave an answering nod. When the question came for the fourth time, however, the boy losing his temper, roared through the telephone: "Man, a' ye bin t'! I've been noddin' me heid aff for t' last hour!"—New York Tribune.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease.
A powder to shake into your shoes; rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen Feet, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new shoes fit like old. All druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Adr's Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

An artesian well giving a flow of 500 gallons a minute has been opened at Waterloo, Ont.

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.

The Society of Friends has opened a new place of worship at Amboniriana, Madagascar.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case in which the CATHARTIC CURE, cured by the use of HALL'S CATHARTIC CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY,
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1897.
SEAL: A. D. 1886. A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Cathartic Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Boston City Hospital took care of 10,000 persons last year.

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., 153 Leonard St., New York City. Every bicyclist at times wishes he had one.

St. Petersburg is the unhealthiest capital in Europe.

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

Forty-three Popes reigned during the building of St. Peter's Cathedral, Rome.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Philadelphia.

It has been estimated that steamers are twenty per cent. safer than sailing vessels.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. SLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

The spruce timber of Norway and Sweden is nearly exhausted.

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

In line 12,000 microbes would reach only one inch.

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

An artesian well in Missouri has been sunk to a depth of 1100 feet.