

**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.

Twenty-five Chinese pupils are enrolled in the Chicago public schools.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$1.00 bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Porto Rico's tobacco crop is thrice as valuable as the sugar crop.

**"It is an Ill Wind That Blows Nobody Good."**

That small ache or pain or weakness is the "ill wind" that directs your attention to the necessity of purifying your blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then your whole body receives good, for the purified blood goes tingling to every organ. It is the remedy for all ages and both sexes.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

**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 her stomach."  
JOS. KNEHLING, 1921 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

**CANDY CATHARTIC**  
**Cascarets**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED  
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c.  
... CURE CONSTIPATION.  
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York.

**NO-TO-BAC** Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

**Why Cats Hiss and Spit.**

Hissing and spitting by young kittens, even before they see, was in the first place probably an attempt to intimidate enemies by making them think that the hole where the helpless wild kittens resided contained a venomous snake. It is a very curious and remarkable fact that many different kinds of creatures which have their homes in shallow holes have a similar habit of spitting when an enemy approaches. Furthermore, it is probable that the expression of a cat at bay is part of the same instinctive stratagem. We know, says a writer in Pearson's Weekly, how general is the horror of the serpent tribe throughout all nature, and hence it seems likely that the serpentine aspect of the head of an enraged cat, together with its threatening hiss, might disconcert an enemy sufficiently to give an advantage to the cat.

**MRS. PINKHAM** says that irritability indicates disease. Women who are nervous and snappish are to be pitied. Their homes are uncomfortable; their dispositions grow constantly worse. Such women need the counsel and treatment of a woman who understands the peculiar troubles of her sex.

**EVERY-DAY TALKS WITH WOMEN**

your Vegetable Compound has done for me. It has helped me more than anything else. I suffered for a long time with nervousness, pains in back and limbs and falling of the womb; also had neuralgia in my head and could not sleep. I told my husband that something must be done, for I was nearly frantic with pain. Having read of the wonderful cures Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had performed, I determined to try it. I have taken it and am happy to say I am cured. I recommend it to all my friends and never tire of telling the benefit I have derived from its use. I have you alone to thank for my recovery.

MRS. ELLEN FLANAGAN, 1810 Mountain St., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Three years ago I was a sufferer from chronic dyspepsia, was irritable and cross, and can say that after taking seven bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was entirely cured. I take great pleasure in writing this to you and would be pleased to be interviewed by any one who is afflicted with that distressing complaint. I am very grateful to you."



**HOLIDAY GIFTS FOR ALL.**

The first five persons procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book from their grocer, will each obtain one large 10c package of "Red Cross" Starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" Starch, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, as natural as life, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed, all absolutely free. All others procuring the Endless Chain Starch Book, will obtain from their grocer the above goods for 5c. "Red Cross" Laundry Starch is something entirely new, and is without doubt the greatest invention of the Twentieth Century. It has no equal, and surpasses all others. It has won for itself praise from all parts of the United States. It has superseded everything heretofore used or known to science in the laundry art. It is made from wheat, rice and corn, and chemically prepared upon scientific principles by J. C. Hubinger, Keokuk, Iowa, an expert in the laundry profession, who has had twenty-five years' practical experience in fancy laundering, and who was the first successful and original inventor of all fine grades of starch in the United States. Ask your grocers for this Starch and obtain these beautiful Christmas presents free.

**Like Finding Money.**  
The use of the Endless Chain Starch Book in the purchase of "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" starch, makes it just like finding money. Why, for only 5c you are enabled to get one large 10c package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, embossed in gold. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free.

**Oldest Town in the United States.**

We often speak of this or that town as the oldest on the continent. But here we are in the streets of a town which antedates all other cities of the United States—a pueblo which occupied this very spot when, in 1540, Coronado halted in Cibola and sent Don Pedro de Tobar on to the west to explore the then unknown desert. Imagine seven rather irregularly parallel streets about two hundred yards long, with here and there a more open spot or plaza, lined on each side with mud-plastered, rough-laid stone houses, and you have Oraibi. The houses rise in the form of terraces to a height of two or three stories. The roof of the first row or terrace of houses forms a kind of balcony or porch for the second terrace, and so the roof of the second-story houses serves a similar useful purpose for the third-story houses.—From "The Hopi Indians of Arizona," by George A. Dorsey, in Appleton's Popular Science Monthly.

**The Sultan's Day.**

The Sultan of Turkey rises at 6 o'clock every morning, and devotes his day, in the seclusion of the Yildiz palace and gardens, to personal attention to affairs of state. He is of slight build. A pale-brown overcoat conceals any decorations he might be wearing, so that the attention of those who see him on the one day in seven when he presents himself to the view of the people is not diverted from his pale, wan and care-worn face, half-covered by a thin brown beard, tinged with gray, and surmounted by a plain red fez. The Sultan has been the means of establishing 50,000 schools throughout his empire, not only for boys, but for girls also—a striking departure from the traditional usage of his race.

**More Irish Repartees.**

Many good stories are told in legal circles in Ireland of encounters between lawyers and judges in court. John Philpot Curran, in the early days of his struggle at the bar, appeared in a case before Lord Chancellor Clare, and laid down some points of law which did not find favor in the mind of the judge. "If that law I may as well burn my books," said Lord Clare. "Better read them, my lord," replied Curran.—New York Gael.

**THE RAINY DAY.**

Takin' things easy an' driftin' along; Hurryin' things when the current is strong; Listlessly lyin' an' goin' to sleep Where Time's mighty river flows silent and deep. Ijes' want to dream far away from the throng. Takin' things easy an' driftin' along. Takin' things easy an' driftin' along—The plaster's come down an' the roof has gone wrong! Wish I'd a' fixed 'em. I reckon we'll drown Unless we all hustle an' walk into town. It's no good in fact, though it's fine in a song. This takin' things easy an' driftin' along.—Frank L. Stanton.

**COMPROMISED.**

"Yes," said Miss Isidora Ives, "the Tower is mine still, and I intend to keep it. Everything else they have taken away from me, because some loggerheaded old ancestor of mine signed his name to a deed 'John B. Robinson' instead of 'John C. Robinson.' As if one letter of the alphabet could make any difference! I've no patience with people! The majesty of the law, indeed! Pahaw!"

"But if the rest of the property belongs to your Cousin Robinson, so does the tower," suggested Mrs. Milroy.

"I can't help that," said Miss Isidora. "Here I am, and here I mean to stay, law or no law."

Mrs. Milroy opened her weak eyes. Feeble as a kitten herself, she could scarcely comprehend such valiant resolution in another.

"But if they come here with the sheriff, and a posse comitatus, and a writ of his habeas corpus?" she faltered.

"Then," said Miss Isidora, "they'll have to clear out again. Common sense is common sense. The house is mine, and I mean to keep it. I've got new bolts and bars to all the doors, and I keep a kettle of boiling water on the stove night and day, and my friend, Mr. Jeffreys, who is clerk in a law office, has given me the hint never to let in a man with a bag."

"Why not?" breathlessly questioned Mrs. Milroy.

"Don't you see?" said Isidora, snappishly. "Because it will be full of law papers. Writs and summonses, and all that sort of thing."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Milroy. The Tower was hers, and the tower she meant to keep. And Rebecca, her little maid, was stricken with breathless admiration for her warlike qualities.

"But, of course, ma'am," said Rebecca, "nobody can stand against the law."

"I'll see whether they can or not!" said Miss Isidora Ives. "Be sure you keep the kettles well filled, Rebecca, and don't let the fires go out day or night."

And whenever she received through the mail a letter with a legal appearance, or an envelope crested with the firm address of Messrs. Tape & Stringham, her cousin Robinson's lawyers, she invariably poked it between the bars of the grate, and smiled vindictively to see the blaze.

"What are we to do with such a case as this?" said Tape, when he heard all this.

"Put in a sheriff's officer at once," said Stringham. "The woman is a trespasser, and has been all her life."

"No, no, no!" said Mr. Tape, blandly. "She's a woman. No harsh measures. It is Gideon Robinson's express injunction that all courtesy be shown to the defendant. We'll try something else before we proceed to extremities."

And one pleasant October afternoon when the air was all blue mist, and the setting sun shone as if through a medium of opaque gold, the landlord of the Toplady Arms came puffing up the hill with a stont pleasant-faced gentleman, and rang the bell, which echoed like a double chiming through the tiny tower.

"Go away!" said Miss Isidora, from the window, spying the tops of two hats.

"Oh, ma'am!" squeaked Rebecca over her shoulder, "shall I get the gun?"

"I beg pardon, ma'am," said the stranger, "but—"

lady Arms—though our apartments is all occupied with the gentry as come to fish and shoot, through October—and November—and it might be a consolation to you, Miss Ives, to have a gentleman about the premises."

Mr. Marshall proved himself a quiet and peaceable member of the little household. He liked dogs, and allowed Miss Ives' King Charles spaniel to sleep, undisturbed, amid the papers on his table.

He was partial to birds, and entered at once into the most friendly of alliances with the parrot and the macaw. He grafted Miss Isidora's orange tree for her, and showed her a new way to train her wax plants.

And at the end of four weeks Miss Isidora put into execution a plan which she had been forming.

"Mr. Marshall," she said, "it's a great deal of trouble for you to go three times a day tramping down that long hill to the Toplady Arms and back again. You are no longer a stranger to us here. We have learned to respect and trust you. If you choose to take your meals with us here, I shall be quite willing to submit you to my frugal table, as a friend."

Mr. Marshall's countenance changed oddly. He made a curious sound in his throat as if he were swallowing something.

"Miss Isidora," he said, "I can't." "Can't!" repeated the lady. "Nothing could induce me to eat salt under this roof," said Mr. Marshall, incoherently.

"Bless and save us! Is the man mad?" cried Miss Isidora Ives. "I am, socially speaking, a fraud," said the stranger, "a forgery."

Miss Ives sat down on the sofa in a helpless way and stared at him. "But your sweet graciousness and kindness have conquered me," added Mr. Marshall.

"What do you mean?" said Miss Ives. "Just this," said the stranger. "I am here on false pretenses. I am your cousin, the plaintiff. My name isn't Marshall, but Gideon Marshall Robinson."

"Ma'am," whispered the heartless maid, who turned absolutely green on hearing the name of the family enemy, "shall I bring the kettle of boiling water?"

"Rebecca," says Miss Ives, "hold your tongue and go out and feed the young turkeys. I am fully competent to manage this matter myself."

And Rebecca, feeling herself put down, departed. "I came here," went on Mr. Robinson, "to look into the facts of the case myself. I have heard of your prejudices against me—"

"Yes, I think so," interposed Miss Ives. "And I do not blame you for them," said Mr. Robinson. "Now that I am personally acquainted with you, Miss Ives, nothing could induce me to prosecute this—"

"Iniquitous claim!" interposed Isidora. "Iniquitous claim!" acceded Mr. Robinson, with a repetition of the swallowing sound. "Just what you please to call it. I respect you as a lady, but I appreciate you as a relative; but, of course, knowing who I am, you cannot tolerate me any longer as your friend. I will pack my bag and depart at once. I can only feel regretful that I have deceived you so long. I feel myself to be a hypocrite and a swindler!"

He waited meekly to receive the full title of Miss Isidora's curbed wrath. She put out her plump little hand, with four dimples in the four joints.

"Don't go!" she said in a low voice. "What!" cried the incredulous plaintiff.

"There's no reason why we shouldn't be friends," said Miss Ives, in her odd, brusque way. "Things seem so very different, now that we are acquainted with each other. Couldn't we—compromise?"

"Isidora," said Mr. Robinson, "we're cousins, you know, twice removed. I may call you Isidora?"

"Oh, certainly!" said Miss Ives. "We are the two last seeming heirs."

"Plaintiff and defendant," nodded Isidora. "Exactly so. Now it has just occurred to me—I mean, I've been thinking of it for some time—that if we were to unite our claims—"

"To get married, do you mean?" said Isidora, bluntly. "Yes, precisely. It would put an end to all litigation," pleaded Marshall Robinson. "Would you be willing to marry me?" said Mr. Gideon Marshall Robinson.

"Y-yes!" said Isidora. "I think I should. I'm not young, but then six-and-thirty is not absolutely old." "You are a rose in full bloom," said Mr. Robinson, enthusiastically, "and I myself am not a mere boy, it must be remembered."

**NEW YORK FASHIONS.**  
Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

**New York City (Special).**—Some fascinating flannel waists are to take the place of the silk and cambric shirt-waist; they are almost invariably



**FASCINATING FLANNEL WAIST.**  
(The waist in this illustration, taken from Harper's Bazar, can be made in flannel, silk or satin, but should have a silk vest, and the fronts must be outlined with either black braid or black velvet ribbon.)

made of French flannel, and are unlined. They are regular shirt-waists with a yoke in the back, or plain back and with just a little fulness in front, and are fastened with small gilt but-

of the manufacturer's creation. The wings, very pointed in most cases, will be smartest when backed with some bright or soft color contrast, and it appears that their most fashionable position on the hat or toque will be with the points turned downward.

**Designs of the "All-Over" Laces.**  
There are many stylish "all-over" laces with round dots half an inch in diameter and with small conventional figures that are to be made up in original ways this winter, the cream lace over white silk for waists. Many laces have patterns in chiffon set into net in black and white. There are the applied and embroidered net and one not in the trade could scarcely begin to name them all. There are variations in so many ways of so many laces that it is difficult to tell of other from which, and names used in the trade make only a necessary distinction and are beyond the grasp of the multitude.

**For Pocketless Womankind.**  
Reticules of suede in fawn, gray or colors to match the gown are bestowed by Dame Fashion on pocketless womankind. The frames of these bags are of gold or silver, and many are studded with gems, big Oriental pearls, eastern turquoises and sapphires and roughly cut bits of lapis lazuli, jade and other beautifully colored stones. Bags of curious Japanese and Persian leathers are ornamented by flowers, dragons, and masks of silver, bronze and gold, and one bag of gray leather has a frosty silver frame studded with coral, and the chain by which it is



**THREE UP-TO-DATE WALKING GOWNS FROM THE NEW YORK PRESS.**

ions. They are made in plain flannel in all light shades, and also in the polka-dotted flannel. The very prettiest are blue with a tiny polka dot of pink or red, while the red and blue with black polka dots are always smart. This is by no means an economical fashion, as the waists soils very quickly; but it is a very pretty one, and there is much more warmth in the flannel waists than in the silk ones. One style of flannel waist is a little more elaborate and really more useful; it is made of plain flannel, red or blue, is cut out in a square at the neck, and has a chemisette and stock-collar of black satin; and on the sleeves, that are in coat shape, are small turned-over cuffs of black satin. These are pretty waists, and are fashionable with any skirt.

carried is made entirely of Persian coins.

**Fancy Laces Becoming Popular.**  
There is a great and growing demand for fancy lace and embroidered goods.

**Two Striking Garments.**  
A long cloak that might answer for either a driving or a traveling wrap is made of cheviot and is reversible. The plaid of the reverse is let in on the sleeves and across the bust and appears as the cuff and pocket flaps. The garment is further decorated with bands of black cloth upon which are seen row after row of stitching. Small straps are buttoned across the front as fastenings.

The velvet three-quarters length coat of a rich chocolate hue is worthy consideration. It is beautifully decorated with an embroidery of black silk cord and of black lace applique under which is an undergrowth of fur. This form of trimming appears as well on the small shoulder cape, and on the wide rolling revers and collar. The revers and the collar are faced with white cloth against which the black embroidery shows off to its full extent.

**Walking Gowns That Are Up to Date.**

The large engraving shows three of the swiftest early winter gowns. That on the left is a tailor importation from Paris. Green broadcloth in two shades is the material, with appliques of yellow lace. The jacket is very stunning, with elaborate stitchings and strapped seams. It falls away from the shoulders with a peculiar effect, showing the yoke and its lace embroidery.



**A THREE-QUARTERS LENGTH COAT. TRAVELING WRAP.**

The gown in the center is strictly English. It is made in one of the latest gray checked suitings, severely plain, with strappings of the same material. A vivid scarlet girdle and collar give a desired bit of color.

The gown on the right is a dainty brown satin foulard banded with coral moire. The bodice is made plainly, with a tucked vest of creamy chiffon.

**A Feather Season.**  
The greatest ingenuity is expended at present in the making of birds of wonderful hue, out of the feathers of the humble but necessary barndoor fowl. Of course it is much to be commended that such good results can be obtained by the feather manufacturers without the slaughter of countless wild birds of the woods, and we can enjoy, with easy conscience, the many elegant feather-trimmed chapeaux that will this season be prepared and sold. For this is undoubtedly to be a feather season—from the beautiful and expensive paradise ospreys and ostrich plumes, quills, wings and couteaux

tent. The same effect is carried out on the lining down the entire front, so that the coat, when opened, reveals still more of the embroidery.