

## "You Can't Catch the Wind in a Net."

Neither can you cure catarrh by local applications. It is a constitutional disease, and is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla because it is a constitutional remedy. It expels from the blood the impurities which cause the disease, and rebuilds and repairs the inflamed membranes.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

## BAD BLOOD

"CASCARETS do all claimed for them and are a truly wonderful medicine. I have often wished for a medicine pleasant to take and at last have found it in Cascarets. Since taking them, my blood has been purified, and my complexion has improved wonderfully and I feel much better in every way."

MRS. SALLIE E. SELLARS, Leitchfield, Tenn.

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

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens, or Grips, 10c. 50c. 1.00.

**CURE CONSTIPATION.**

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 319

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

## What do the Children Drink?

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called **GRAIN-O**? It is delicious and nourishing and takes the place of coffee.

The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems.

Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee but costs about 1/4 as much. All grocers sell it. 15c. and 25c.

## Try Grain-O!

Insist that your grocer gives you **GRAIN-O** Accept no imitation.

**CATARACTS** (absorbed without operation). Bronchial Asthma, and Over-fatness cured by safe, sure and potent remedies. Absolutely harmless. Particulars, Dr. Grant, 33 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Voices of a Title.

American women with title-hunting proclivities may get some idea of the benefits derived from such a union from the case of Mrs. Samuel J. Colgate, who became the Countess of Strafford. By the accidental death of her noble spouse the countess became a widow within a few months after her marriage. The small extent to which she was esteemed by her late husband may properly be gathered from the fact that out of an estate of nearly \$150,000 the insignificant portion of \$5000 was bequeathed to the American widow, his lordship taking particular pains to provide that all heirlooms and ancestral property should descend to others.

Some Paris friends of one of the victims of the Bourgoigne disaster have offered the sum of \$30,000 as a reward for any one who will give an impetus to the discovery of life-saving apparatus.

## How Mrs. Pinkham HELPED MRS. GOODEN.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 12,733]

"I am very grateful to you for your kindness and the interest you have taken in me, and truly believe your medicines and advice are worth more to a woman than all the doctors in the world. For years I had female troubles and did nothing for them. Of course I became no better and finally broke down entirely. My troubles began with inflammation and hemorrhages from the kidneys, then inflammation, congestion and falling of the womb and inflammation of ovaries.

"I underwent local treatment every day for some time; then after nearly two months the doctor gave me permission to go back to work. I went back, but in less than a week was compelled to give up and go to bed. On breaking down the second time, I decided to let doctors and their medicine alone and try your remedies. Before the first bottle was gone I felt the effects of it. Three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of her Sanative Wash did me more good than all the doctors' treatments and medicine.

"The first remark that greets me now is 'How much better you look!' and you may be sure I never hesitate to tell the cause of my health."—Mrs. E. J. GOODEN, ACKLEY, IA.

## 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, and who was the first successful and original inventor of all fine grades of starch in the United States. Ask your grocer 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.

**Policemen in Strange Attire.**  
The policemen of La Paz, Bolivia, wear scarlet overcoats with hoods which they pull over their heads at night until they look like Memphis-tophetes in the opera. They do not patrol the streets, but stand at the corners and every fifteen minutes at night blow a melancholy strain upon a whistle to show that they are awake. Then they change places with each other. In the old-fashioned towns of the interior it is still customary for the police to call out the hours at night and their voices have such a melancholy tone that they sound like the cry of a lost soul.

"Seren-o-o-o-o-o; Sereno-o-o-o-o-o; Las diez y media y Sereno-o-o-o-o-o." (All's well; all's well; it is ten and a half and all is well.)

There is very little disorder at La Paz, although there is an unusual amount of drunkenness among the Indians. There are forty-nine religious and five political holidays each year, besides Sundays, when all business is suspended and all shops are closed. On the day following these feasts, and usually upon all Mondays, it is practically impossible to get any work done, because the entire laboring population is resting up after its holiday.—Chicago Record.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 a bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 801 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Chicago rat-catcher is reputed to make \$6000 a year at the business.

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

In Italy bread and sugar cost about three what they do in England.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for the baby before it strangles with croup. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

The English red-legged partridge makes an annual excursion out to sea each April.

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

The Anglo-Indian Empire contains only 125,489 square miles in Europe.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. FRANK MOON, 215 W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1891.

The world's greatest marble quarry is in Vermont.

**How Are Your Kidneys?** Dr. Hobbs' Serravallo's Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

**Dog's Long Journey.**

A sheepdog, owned at Robin Hood's Bay, near Whitby, England, was dispatched by train to Liverpool, and from there was removed to Egremont, where it was housed in a back yard. The next morning the dog was missing, and notices which were distributed in Liverpool, Birkenhead and roundabout elicited no response. Rover, however, turned up a day or two ago at Robin Hood's Bay, weary and lame, and bearing an unmistakable appearance of having had a long journey. The dog had jumped a high wall in order to escape, crossed the Mersey and traveled 170 miles to reach his old home.

**Fixes Teeth Under Fire.**

Private Emmet J. Craig, of the hospital corps, is probably the only dentist in the civilized world who enjoys the reputation of doctoring teeth under fire, and the second division is probably the only organization of the army which can boast the services of a first-class dentist on the firing line. Acting Hospital Steward Fred W. Boshan, of the second division field hospital, is exhibiting a handsome gold bridge and crown in his mouth that was put in on June 16, when San Fernando was attacked from four sides by insurgents and shot was falling in the houses and streets as fast as hailstones in a Kansas storm.—Manila (P. I.) Freedom.

**Those Inquisitive Youngsters.**

"Papa, you took the scientific course in college, didn't you?"  
"Yes," dear; I spent two years on science."

"When you look in a mirror the left side of your face appears to be the right side, and the right side seems to be the left. The looking-glass reverses it, doesn't it?"  
"Yes."

"Then why doesn't it reverse the top and bottom of your face the same way?"  
"Why—er—ah."—Trained Motherhood.

## ON THE WAY.

There are days of glory coming, If you'll wait— If you stand prepared to challenge Any fate!

There's a way laid out for each Leading through the gloom to light, And by striving you shall reach The fair station on the height Soon or late.

There are problems to be mastered Day by day; There are prizes all the winners Have to pay; There are hardships great and small And the road is long and rough, But it's easy, after all, If you jolly men enough On the way. —S. E. Kiser.

## Little Kittie Kenyon.

BY LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE.

When Tom Ainslie's cousin Maudie announced her engagement to Williams, the rich leatherman's son, every one gasped and then said: "Wonder how Tom likes it?"

Tom wondered a little himself. He had long been devoted to his cousin Maudie, ever since he could remember, in fact, and he had always had a vague idea that at some definite time they might "make it a go together." It would have been a convenient thing for them both, for she would have brought Chilton back into the family, and Tom had the money she lacked.

"But I wasn't worth while," sighed Tom to himself pityingly leaning back in his chair and stretching his long legs out toward the fire. "I'm surprised that I don't feel worse. Always was fond of Maudie, and it would have been a nice thing all around. Hope Williams is all right for her. Always fancied the beggar myself. And it seems I'm the best man. Beastly nuisance; all girls and frocks and wedding cake. I'll have to go through with it, though for Maudie's sake. And little Kitty Kenyon is to be maid of honor. She has never been decent to me; seems to bear me a grudge. Little Kitty Kenyon," and Tom sighed again.

The wedding was to take place at once, and a church rehearsal, with a supper at the bride's home, had been planned for the evening before. Tom arrived at the last moment, just in time to reach the altar as the procession came up the church. First the ushers, then the six bridesmaids, who walked stiffly, as if with the weight of nations on their shoulders. Tom's eyes twinkled as he watched them. On they came, these pretty girls, sobered beyond their usual wont.

"First time in her life Elsie Yates hasn't danced along," Tom thought. "That Ashton girl is so ugly. Oh, by Jove—" Tom's eyes were fastened upon the small figure of a girl walking alone. Such a pretty girl, with great black eyes, that sparkled, and such a graceful girl, swaying slightly, in time to the stately music. She glanced up as she neared him, and a demure look of exaggerated pity came into her eyes. Then she had passed him, and taken her place near the bride.

"Little wretch," thought Tom, biting his lips, "I always seem to strike her as a joke."

The short rehearsal was over, and Tom was walking down from the altar with the tiny maid of honor at his side.

"You're so far away I can hardly make you hear me, Miss Kenyon. I have attempted it three times, and you are utterly oblivious."

She glanced up at him quickly. "Oh, no, only sad, Mr. Ainslie. I am so sorry for you. You bear up so wonderfully well, too. If you want to cry a little, walk behind that pillar and I'll excuse you to the rest. Just for three minutes. No? Don't need it? You can stand it a trifle longer?"

"What have I ever done to you, Miss Kenyon? I'm an innocent individual who never did you any knowing harm. Will not your kind and pitying heart speak for one who is only anxious to let you walk on him? And who only succeeds in rousing your nasty, evil little temper?" said Tom, in a distinctly melodramatic manner.

She looked at him serenely for an instant. "Stuff and nonsense," she said, and ran off to Maudie, who was calling her.

He managed to secure the chair next hers at supper, though Sheldon had his hand upon the back of it, and scowled darkly at Tom when he sat down. Miss Kenyon looked up with a smile.

"Oh, so you are feeling kinder toward me now, are you not?" he said, bending over her with the devoted air he had toward women. "Because I want to ask you a question, and I want you to answer it seriously. You will? Well, why do you not like me?" The girl gave him a curious little glance, and her lashes fluttered a moment. Then she answered, looking straight at him.

"You have too much of the 'Conquering Hero' air about you."

"I didn't know that," said Tom meekly. "Can't you help me to change it? Because I like you, you know," in a low voice, "very, very much."

He was staring at her very hard, and saw the rose tint deepen in her cheek. She turned her shoulder toward him.

"Mr. Sheldon," she called, "you are neglecting me shamefully. Won't you come over here beside me? Mr. Ainslie is just leaving." She glanced at Tom out of the corners of her eyes. Ainslie got up instantly, looked at her a moment, then with a quick bow crossed the room to his cousin. "Sorry, Maudie, but I must be leaving. Williams, I'll see about those tickets." And he was gone.

Sheldon sat down with a radiant smile, but after a few moments his face clouded, and the radiant smile was gone. Miss Kenyon evidently did not feel like talking.

All the next day, Tom could not get her out of his mind. He was angry. "The impudence of her," he thought to himself, and resolved to ignore her completely. But when he stood with the bridegroom in the big church that afternoon, and saw her coming toward him in her lovely white frock, his heart gave a queer little turn, and then seemed to stand still. In the quick glance he had of her, he thought she looked a little pale, but so pretty, so wonderfully pretty. As she passed by him, she looked up at him a moment, Tom's eyes were fixed above her head, and he never glanced at her.

All during the reception and supper it was the same. His eyes never seemed to rest upon her, although he was wildly aware of Sheldon's devotion.

But after the excitement of the bride's departure had died away, and almost all but the house party had gone, Tom came up to her as she stood talking to Sheldon. His manner was as cool as it well could be.

"May I see you a moment, Miss Kenyon?" he said quietly, looking at Sheldon.

"Mr. Sheldon will excuse me?" said the girl, which Sheldon did, with as pleasant an expression as he could muster.

They walked through the long drawing room to the little rose reception room under the stairs. It was quite deserted.

"I wish to apologize, Miss Kenyon, if I offended you last night. It is perhaps needless to assure you that it was unintentional. Will you pardon me?" He stood before her, very stiff and straight, with his blond head well up.

The girl was picking a rose to pieces. Her fingers trembled a little. "I am sorry if I was rude to you last night," she said, "I assure you it was quite intentional on my part, but I was very sorry after I had done it." Tom moved quickly. "Do you care for that fellow," he said. "Sheldon?" "No," she whispered, her eyes downcast. He hesitated a moment.

"Could you ever care for me, little one?" he said wistfully. "Because you know I love you, dear. So much, so much. I can't let you be so hard to me," and his voice broke a little. "Couldn't you try to love me just a little?"

She looked up with a mischievous little smile.

"You are not the least little bit of a 'Conquering Hero' now," she said, and he took her into his arms.

Mr. Sheldon did not attend the wedding.

## JACK'S GRIEVANCES.

**How He Makes Them Known to the Captain of the Ship.**

There is now but one way open for the enlisted man, bluejacket or marine who has a kick to register. He must show his hand and file his complaint in his own person or name, verbally or in writing. If twenty, fifty, a hundred enlisted men have a common grievance, they must present that grievance in delegation to the commanding officer, or in the form of a written bill of complaint, with their signatures attached to it in the order of their relative rating. In most cases the method of presenting grievances in delegation at the mast is resorted to by the enlisted men of the American navy of today. The man with the individual grievance occasionally puts his complaint in writing and addresses it to the secretary of the navy. Commanding officers are compelled by regulations to forward all such complaints to the civil chief of the navy—with, however, whatever endorsements thereon they elect to make.

It's generally a moderately bad job for an enlisted man to write a narrative of woes to the secretary of the navy. Such a chap doesn't frequently find his after career in the navy one long dream of peace and quiet. Enlisted men who have drawn up unreasonable complaints—even complaints not entirely unreasonable—and thus addressed them, have generally shed quite some saline tears in their hammocks afterwards over the foolishness of the act. It seems reasonable to suppose, too—for human nature is the same on sea and land—that no bluejacket or marine can possibly add to his sumtotal of comfort or happiness aboard ship by more or less bluntly informing the civil head of the navy department that the commanding officer of the vessel on which he serves is an unjust man, a bully or a man who doesn't know his business. Yet this fact, which looks so obvious, is very often ignored by rash enlisted men.

**Hofmann's Independence.**

Josef Hofmann, the famous young pianist, is fond of all sorts of sports, especially of skating, in which, as a boy, he excelled. When visiting St. Petersburg a year or two Josef was summoned to play before the empress, the hour being named from 3 to 4 in the afternoon. It was a perfect day. The Neva was frozen over, of course, and the skating was at its height. Immediately after luncheon Josef's father found his son dressing as if to go to the palace.

"Where are you going?" he demanded.

"To play for the empress."

"But you are not going until 3 o'clock."

"Three o'clock! If I wait until then it will be too late to go skating. I'm going now."

He went. And it is not a surprise to any one who knows Hofmann to learn that he played for the empress as soon as he reached the palace, and that he then went off and skated the rest of the afternoon.

## NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

**NEW YORK CITY (Special).**—There are a great many blue cheviot and serge costumes to be seen just now. They



BODICE FOR SERGE COSTUME.

are not apparently intended for winter wear, but yet the women are including them in their winter outfits.

coat and shirt are lines of machine stitching. The figure on the right depicts a silk and lace gown trimmed with belt and rosette of black velvet ribbon. This gown can be made of either white or black lace. The blouse front is of white mousseline de soie.

**Cronstadt Blue and Automobile.**

Cronstadt blue is one of the most beautiful tones in which cloth dresses are being made. It is the tint of the sea when the sky is blue and the sun brilliant. A sapphire sometimes achieves this glorious color, but is more often too sombre or too pale. A ribbed cloth in cronstadt blue is trimmed with bands of velvet in a slightly deeper tone. The triple cape is in velvet, and the high, flaring collar is guipure over cronstadt blue satin, with a deep hem of sable all round. Periwinkle holds its own among all the new shades. It suits the fashionable hair, as no other color could, and almost invariably one finds that with marigold hair the floral trimming of hat or toque is shaded hydrangea, periwinkle, pale mauve and softest rhododendron pink, deftly shading into each other. Automobile red is shown in many woolen goods, and sometimes it is dotted over with pea-spots, sometimes with irregular squares in velvet of the same shade, and occasionally the velvet pattern is in black or brown on a ground of the automobile cloth.

**Pretty and Becoming Scarfs.**

Crepe scarfs for neckwear are increasing in beauty and in softness of coloring. They are pretty and becoming.

**Dainty Breakfast Jacket.**

One of the permanent fashions is the separate breakfast jacket multiplied by thousands and varied in style



LIGHT GRAY CLOTH. STREET GOWN. SILK AND LACE. —From Harper's Bazar.

The material is the heavy weight of serge known as the storm serge, and is very well sponged and pressed, so that it cannot be injured by wind or weather. The smartest of these costumes are made up with the tight-fitting skirt with the seam in the back, but are not exaggerated in style, having some fullness put in at the back.

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**The Newest Street Gowns.**

The newest street gowns show revers that are faced with the velvet panne, as it is called, a most fascinatingly beautiful material, very much like the velvet antique, but figured with different designs. A great many of the new skirts now designed to wear with the coats that have these fancy revers are severely plain, excepting in the lines of machine stitching or in the bias bands of cloth.

In the double-column illustration the dress on the left is a light gray cloth gown, with waistcoat of white lace fastened with rhinestone buttons. Revers are faced with white satin and edged with machine stitching. The only trimming on the gown are rows of machine stitching.

The costume in the centre is a street gown of blue cloth trimmed with fancy braid. Cuffs, revers and muff are of black broadtail fur. The coat is fastened with hooks. On both



BREAKFAST JACKET OF FRENCH FLANNEL women whose fad is extreme daintiness and freshness.