

**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. 28. Back, 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.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**  
Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Groves' signature is on each box. 25c.

London annually consumes about seven and a half million tons of coal.  
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Three-fourths of the Czar's subjects can neither read nor write.

**Spring Medicine.**  
There's no season when good medicine is so much needed as in Spring, and there's no medicine which does so much good in Spring as Hood's Sarsaparilla. In fact, Spring Medicine is another name for Hood's Sarsaparilla. Do not delay taking it. Don't put it off till your health tone gets too low to be lifted.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Will give you a good appetite, purify and enrich your blood, overcome that tired feeling, give you mental and digestive strength and steady nerves. Be sure to ask for HOOD'S, and be sure that you get Hood's, the best medicine money can buy. Get a bottle TO-DAY. All druggists. Price \$1.

**Try Grain-O!  
Try Grain-O!**  
Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. The price of coffee, 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

**Tastes like Coffee  
Looks like Coffee**  
Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

**DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP**  
Cures a Cough or Cold at once. Conquers Croup without fail. Is the best for Bronchitis, Grippe, Hoarseness, Whooping-Cough, and for the cure of Consumption. Mothers praise it. Doctors prescribe it. Small doses; quick, sure results.

**FOR ALL LUNG TROUBLE**

**MY BEAUTIFUL BABY BOY**  
Weak Women Made Happy by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound - Letters from Two Who Now Have Children.  
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It was my ardent desire to have a child. I had been married three years and was childless, so wrote to you to find out the reason. After following your kind advice and taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I became the mother of a beautiful baby boy, the joy of our home. He is a fat, healthy baby, thanks to your medicine."—MRS. MINDA FINKLE, Roscoe, N. Y.  
From Grateful Mrs. Lane  
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wrote you a letter some time ago, stating my case to you. "I had pains through my bowels, headache, and backache, felt tired and sleepy all the time, was troubled with the whites. I followed your advice, took your Vegetable Compound, and it did me lots of good. I now have a baby girl. I certainly believe I would have miscarried had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I had a very easy time; was sick only a short time. I think your medicine is a godsend to women in the condition in which I was. I recommend it to all as the best medicine for women."—MRS. MARY LANE, Coytee, Tenn.

**ENVIRONMENT.**  
A lily grew in a garden far  
From the dust of the city street.  
It had no dream that the universe  
Held aught less pure and sweet  
Than its virgin self; so chaste was it,  
So perfect its retreat.

When night came down the lily looked  
In the face of the stars and smiled;  
Then went to sleep—to the sleep of death,  
As the soul of a little child  
Goes back to the clasp of the Father-soul,  
Untouched and undefiled.

A lily bloomed on the highway close  
To the tread of the sweeping throng;  
It bore the gaze of a hundred eyes  
Where burned the flame of wrong;  
And one came by who tore its heart  
With a ruthless hand and strong.

It caught no glimpse of a garden fair,  
It knew no other name  
For a world that used and bruised it so  
Than a world of sin and shame;  
And hopeless, crushed, its spirit passed  
As the evening shadows came.

And who can say but the sheltered one  
A sullied flower had been  
Had its home been out on the highway close  
To the path of shame and sin?  
And the other forever angel-white  
Had it blossomed so within?  
—Elizabeth Gallup Perkins, in Boston Transcript.

**WEALTHY.**  
BY M. ATWOOD STUART.  
The train rolled out of more than Egyptian darkness and stopped suddenly.  
The flare of many lights, the rumble and roar of traffic, and the throngs of people in the streets, proclaimed the station to be a city, and a great one.

The passengers whose changing place of destination it was, poured out, pushing and jostling against a stream of people coming in, for the train was a through one and the time limited.  
Among the last to reach the platform was a young girl, clad in mourning, evidently a stranger. She looked about her wonderingly, as though with the commonion and noise and confusion she could hardly think.

Presently, by the intercession of the station master, she secured a carriage and rode away.  
By and-by she reached her destination, and because she so desired, in the course of events she found herself in the presence of the master of the house. In his hand he held the letter brought him by his careful hen-man, who stated that the bearer waited below. Having perused the letter, the edict had returned that she appear before him.

"Have you come straight from home?"  
"Yes."  
"How long has it taken you?"  
She told him.  
"And what is your name?"  
"Wealthy."  
"Humph! Don't fit your present fortune."  
A pause.  
"How old are you?"  
"Sixteen my next birthday."  
"Umph!"  
Another pause.  
"Well, Dorothy, I suppose we shall have to let her stay."

Let her stay! and the pale orphan girl, a mere child, without father or mother, was his own brother's daughter, a stranger in a strange land almost, homeless and penniless; and the Dunning's could have housed a regiment, and were fairly rolling in wealth.  
A-trembling with the strangeness of the reception, scarcely comprehending the right and the wrong of the whole matter, and already homesick, timid little Wealthy stood with downcast eyes brimming over with tears, while they so positively decided her fate.

Mrs. Dorothy Dunning put down her work.  
"Come with me," she said. Wealthy followed to an apartment containing two beds. Here she was told she might sleep. "This bed will be yours," indicating the bed containing one child, "and you can have the care of these three children," pointing to the other, in which were two, three boys in all, sleeping soundly.  
"You can dress them in the morning, bear their prayers, and open the room to air. Then come to me and I will tell you what next to do."

Wealthy silently acquiesced by an inclination of the head.  
Left alone, she gave up, heartbroken, to real, genuine grief.  
"Oh, papa, papa!" she sobbed, as she crept to bed at last, weeping. Poor little Wealthy!  
"On the whole, it is quite as well," said Mrs. Dunning, when she went back to the drawing-room. "We will discharge the present nurse for Arthur, Rob and Joe, and she can serve instead. She told you she was nearly 16, and she looks capable."  
"Her name will do very well for a servant," remarked Lou, the oldest daughter, and young lady of the family, looking over the top of her music sheet.

"Ahem!—hardly a servant. You must remember she is your cousin, you know," said Doctor Dunning, evincing a slight twinge of conscience.  
"She needn't try cousin-ing me," muttered Lou, turning away to her own affairs; and at the end of a week Mrs. Dorothy Dunning had decided the same, and mentally vowed that the handy Wealthy should forget the relationship, and keep her place with the children and mind the housework, which she could perform with such dexterity.  
So Wealthy found herself one of the nurses, who were employed to take care of the six Dunning children, her charge being the three oldest, except Lou.

She, being 18 and out in society.

was considered beyond a nurse's care, and never turned a hand over to brighten anybody's life.  
But there were gleams of brightness in Wealthy's life, after all. Pleasant days she took the children to the park, and while she sewed and minded them, she could also feast her eyes on the beautiful trees and green sward and the blue skies; so blue, Wealthy thought; skies anywhere else were never so blue as those. Little by little she learned that the best of us all, in one way or another, work more or less, and she argued that, perhaps, hers was not such a hard lot as it might have been, in spite of the fact that she was obliged to be busy at something all the time. She was thankful for what she had, and worked and sang and made the best of it. And so it went on for six months.

July came and Doctor and Mrs. Dunning and Lou went away to cool Birchlands.  
"Doctor Edwards is coming to Birchlands this season," reported Mrs. Dunning at the end of the fortnight.  
"Very wealthy family. Bernard, the oldest son, has studied in Europe and has returned and taken his father's practice. Every one is speaking of the celebrated Doctor Edwards—an excellent parti for Lou."

Lou matched her pretty eyes with prettier ribbons, and when he called she rustled to greet him in the fleecy raiment that had cost Wealthy hours of patient endeavor to think out, and fit, and make—a creature of a dream and fair to look upon, "as beautiful as a fancy," Doctor Edwards thought.  
But in the chain of circumstances, there were other incidents.

In the city the oppressive heat was telling on poor, puny Arthur, and one day Wealthy, nurse, housekeeper and commander-in-chief, found another care on her hands, a sick boy.  
Gently she quieted him, tenderly she cared for him, but at dusk she stood despairingly by his bedside, with the realization that the disease was beyond the scope of her immediate prescriptions and fully aware that the boy was on dangerous ground.

What could she do? Send for her uncle? He was miles away, and Arthur might die before his father reached him.  
Send for a doctor? Where? Neither she nor any of the children knew the location of any physician's office in the city.

Speak to the neighbors? Yes, but it is August, and they are all away.  
Completely baffled in this labyrinth of perplexities, suddenly a bright idea occurred to her.

Looking hastily out of the window she saw a bright light away down the street on the opposite side.  
"That must be Doctor Edwards that I have heard so much about, I know," she said. And shortly afterward, Doctor Bernard Edwards, professional, indeed, but handsome, fine-eyed and kind, was obeying an urgent summons up the street.  
He stayed all through the hot night with the sick boy, soothing and helping him and lightening for poor Wealthy what otherwise would have been a season of multitudinous terrors—and when morning dawned once again, Arthur's life was saved.

And during that night he had become interested in the faithful, lovely young girl.  
Doctor Edwards always looked grim reality straight in the eye, and he found out what her position was in that house, and such a distaste for Lou Dunning's frivolous beauty came over him at the discovery that he hoped he might never see her again.  
He stamped and stormed a little and in his righteous wrath he spoke some certain truths of the Dunning's. "It is too scandalously bad!" he wound up.

"You might marry her," suggested grouty old Doctor Edwards, who had got the benefit of his son's late researches.  
"Have half a mind to," said Bernard.  
Evidently he had a whole mind to; for the next day, before the gray dusk was fairly out of the sky, and long before the children were awake, Wealthy, standing weary and alone by the chamber window, found herself clasped tenderly in a pair of strong arms. Lovingly the tall doctor stooped and tenderly kissed the little girl.

"Wealthy," he whispered, "Wealthy look at me, darling! I have something to tell you, and I want you to answer me a question."  
Somehow it took a long time; but at the end of the narration, though Wealthy was in a flood of tears, the tired head rested against Doctor Edwards' breast, and with a joy that could not be told, she answered "yes" to his question.  
When the Dunning's came back there was a heavy gold ring on Wealthy's hand but Doctor Bernard Edwards called before they had time to notice it.

"I have to apologize for not keeping my promise of returning to Birchwood, but professional duties prevented," he said. "Perhaps, too, I should make excuses for falling in love with your niece, but that, also, I could not prevent."  
And before they realized what he was doing he had taken Wealthy away and married her, and she had left them forever.  
Doctor and Mrs. Dunning refer to their niece as "My dear Wealthy." Lou does herself, indeed. "My cousin Wealthy," she says, in speaking of her, "Doctor Edwards' beautiful wife."

But it was a corrective for the Dunning's. They may not be less self-centred—that would be hardly possible—but they are more discreet.

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

**New York City (Special).**—These novelties have been observed at recent weddings:  
The abandonment of gloves by bride and bridegroom.  
The attachment of a court train—



WEDDING DRESS OF WHITE SATIN.

very long and full—to the wedding dress.  
The frequent substitution of some clinging fabric, like crepe de chin or veiling, for the classic white satin.  
The addition of many tiny frills to the wedding veil, unless this be of costly lace or an heirloom.  
The garbing of the maid of honor precisely like the other bridesmaids, even to the color of her bouquet.

too, follows out this design until lost under the lace bolero. This bolero, gauntlet sleeves and the odd band which holds the skirt fullness in shape are all of ecru point de Venise lace. Very gracefully laid folds of old-rose velvet make a most effective ground for the edge of the top of the lace bolero, and also serve to show off the yoke and stock of finely shirred cream mousseline. The buckle catching the folds is of rose gold set with garnets.

**A New Texture.**  
An effective material resembles a Shetland shawl of the finest make, woven by the yard, and most gossamer looking. Over satin it is employed for tea gowns, draping most beautifully, and often interlaced with ribbon. This looks well in white and also in hortensia, the new red. Skirts made in it fall in graceful folds at the back and nearly always display a sash or one long end. It is also used for boleros over velvet vests, rose velvet being the popular color, and mostly worn with a velvet hat of a slightly darker shade, closely stitched all over, raised on one side with a large red pansy.

**Handsome Tailor Gown.**  
Something quite new in a tailor gown is made of nut-brown cloth. The skirt is box-pleated all around from the front breadth, which is plain, and trimmed with curved bands of cloth covered with stitching. The blouse worn with this is of pink and brown plaid silk, and the coat is of the Eton variety with a belt of brown satin covered with stitching.

**Stylish Belt Buckles.**  
Belt buckles covered with suede in its natural color, and ornamented with steel, jet or turquoise are one of the novelties.



LACE AS A MODISH GARNITURE.

The preference for "white" weddings.  
At one of the largest weddings that New York has seen this season both bride and bridegroom were of unusual height, the one being more than six feet tall, the other within an inch or two of that stature. There were six bridesmaids, all conspicuously petite, and, whether by design or accident, the effect was not unlike that of a marriage of Brobdignagians attended by Lilliputs.

The dress of the stately bride was of exquisite white satin, creamy and soft, and with something of the nacre of a pearl. In cut it was severe. The robe was arranged in a flat plait at the back and descended in a full train. The bodice was pointed both in front and at the back; it was slightly draped across the bust and rose at the throat in a high collar. At one side was arranged a cascade of real lace, which fell, with increasing volume, to the hem of the robe, interrupted here and there by sprays of orange blossoms. The veil was an immense affair of beautiful point d'Alencon, fixed over the head with a wreath of orange flowers.

**Two Dresses Worth Careful Study.**  
The rage for lace is simply tremendous. We can't get enough of it. The more we invest in it, the more the makers strive to render it more attractive, that we shall be driven to buying still greater quantities. The founces, too, with their graceful circular shapings, are well known, and owned by those who can afford them, as are all the hundred and one small devices in demand for neckwear.

In the two dresses shown in the illustration we see very fetching introductions of this cobwebby fabric. In one the sleeves, revers, vest and border for the overskirt and Eton are of creamy Renaissance. The material itself is of satin cloth in a pastel gray, the folds on the bodice being of cream mousseline.  
The companion figure is distinctly a dress-up affair. It is of old-rose crepe de chine, a very delicate shade, and has a pleated skirt; the bodice

**Bridal Bouquets.**  
A cloud of filmy tulle envelops the latest bridal bouquets.

**Coats For Tailor Suits.**  
These two new little coats show which way the wind is blowing in a number of respects. There are novel little revers for those who are "tired to death" of the plain coat sort. One, too, has a dip in the front (and to most of us it is "the" becoming cut), while the other suggests the cutaway. It, as you see, is made to fasten with a fly, the collar and revers being faced with velvet. The material is a semi-heavy tweed.  
Either rather heavy serge or a mixed tweed is the proper material for the one with jaunty dip. The



JAUNTY LITTLE COATS.

finish is three rows of heavy stitching either the self color or white. Six buttons serve down the front. The skirt shows a moderate dip in the back.

**Progress.**  
With time comes progress and advancement in all lines of successfully conducted enterprises. Success comes to those only who have goods with superior merit and a reputation. In the manufacture of laundry starch for the last quarter of a century, J. C. Hubinger has been the peer of all others, and to-day is placing on the market his latest inventions, "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best," the finest laundry starches ever offered the public.

His new and original method enables you to obtain 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, as natural as life, or one Twentieth Century Girl calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed, all for 5c. Ask your grocer.

**A Rug of Many Pieces.**  
An old friend in Washington showed to me the other day, on his dining-room floor, a remarkable rug. It is composed of 225 pieces so artistically sewn together that no seam is visible. It seems that there is a certain wild sheep in Brazil, whose general color is a solid brown, with the exception of a small spot, snow-white, about four inches square, on its breast. The rug in question is made of these white spots, and 225 sheep were killed to provide them.—New York Press.

**What Shall We Have For Dessert?**  
This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and beautiful dessert. Prepared in 2 min. No boiling! no baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At grocers, 10c.

Missouri has suffered \$15,000,000 loss by tornado since 1890.

**Farms, \$15 acre, \$1 down; \$1 week.**  
Splendid land, 8 miles thriving Canadian town. MARTIN, Grand Island, N. Y.

The French Navy Department is building a battleship which will cost nearly \$6,000,000.

**Jell-O, the New Dessert.**  
Plenses all the family. Four flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At your grocers, 10 cts.

More than 20,000 Japanese immigrants arrived at Hawaii last year.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. Kline's Invigorating Tonic. Price \$1. Trial bottle for 2 weeks' treatment. Dr. Kline, Ld., 601 Arch St., Philadelphia; Founded 1871

Japan is having built in England one of the largest battleships afloat.

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

No matter how run down it may feel the clock never takes a day off.

**I Could Hardly Breathe**  
"I had a terrible cold and could hardly breathe. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it gave me immediate relief. I don't believe there is a cough remedy in the world anywhere near as good."—W. C. Layton, Sidell, Ill., May 29, 1899.

**Cures Night Colds**

How will your cough be tonight? Worse, probably. For it's first a cold, then a cough, then bronchitis or pneumonia, and at last consumption. Coughs always tend downward. It's first the throat and then the lungs. They don't naturally tend to get well. You have to help Nature a little.  
You can stop this downward tendency any time by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Then take it tonight. You will cough less and sleep better, and by tomorrow at this time you will be greatly improved.

You can get a small bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, now, for 25 cents. For hard coughs, bronchitis, asthma, and the croup, the 50 cent size is better. For chronic cases, as consumption, and to keep on hand, the \$1.00 size is most economical.

**INSOMNIA**

"I have been using CASCARETS for insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented." THOS. GILLARD, Elgin, Ill.



**CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets**  
REGULATE THE LIVER  
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. 10c. 25c. 50c.  
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...  
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, 210  
NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.  
If afflicted with Thomson's Eye Water