



CHILDREN'S COL-UMN

A Daily Caller.

All the good wives in the neighborhood say Dear little Dimplekins rings every day. Smiling, he greets them with, "How do you do?" I'm pretty well, and my mama's well, too."

Laughing and whistling, he's off with a bound; So they have named him their "merry-go-round."

—Clara D. Cowell, in October St. Nicholas.

The Career of Henry Wilson.

The life of Henry Wilson, who rose from the position of cobbler to vice-president of the United States, should be an encouragement to every poor boy in America. No one has ever climbed to greatness through more discouraging circumstances than he. Born at Farmington, N. H., February 16, 1812, the son of a poor day laborer, his real name was Jeremiah Colbath. For some reason when he was 21 years old he had his name changed by act of legislature to Henry Wilson. When he was 10 years of age, the future vice-president had to go to work as a farm laborer. He was fortunate enough to have access to books, and he did a great deal of reading. When 21 years old, he walked to Natick, Mass., learned the trade of shoemaking, and by means of it supported himself while he took a course of study in Concord academy. After establishing a good business as a manufacturer of shoes he entered public life. Soon he became favorably known as a political speaker. For ten years he was sent to the legislature and in 1865 was elected to the United States senate, where he remained until 1873, when he was elected to the vice-presidency with General Grant as president. He died at Washington, November 22, 1875, before the end of his term. Although Wilson had exceptional opportunities for becoming wealthy dishonestly, he died a poor man.

Charles Sumner said that so poor was Wilson that when elected vice-president he borrowed \$100 from Sumner to pay the expenses incidental to the inauguration.—Trenton (N. J.) American.

Smart Horses in Fire Departments.

"If there is any animal that knows more than a horse," remarked a member of the fire department the other day to a writer for the Washington Post, "I'd like to see it. I mean one that knows more than a smart horse, for there are fool horses as well as fool people and once in awhile we get one of these fool horses in the fire department. But I will say that our horses as a rule are pretty smart and knowing."

"I remember one we had in this company some years ago that actually could count. George was his name, if I could remember rightly, and George was one of those horses that never did any more work than he was obliged to. Not that he couldn't, but just because, like some people who run across, he was opposed to looking for work. Well, every company in the fire department has a certain district to cover on first alarms. That is every company responds to certain boxes on the first alarm and doesn't go to others except on special or general alarms. Well, sir, we didn't have George many months before that horse came to know our district just as well as any one of the men. He knew the boxes we went out on the first alarm, and it is a fact that that horse got so that he'd wait and count the first round before he'd budge out of his stall. If the box was not in our district George would walk leisurely to his place, but if it was one we were due at on the first alarm he would rush down to his place. In those days we had to hitch up on every alarm that came in, whether it was in our district or not, and stand hitched for 15 minutes. George knew this, of course, and that was why he'd always take his time going to his place when the box wasn't in our district. And it's a fact that if he was eating when an outside box came in he'd just keep on eating until the foreman yelled out to bring him down to his place.

"Of course, now and then George would miscount the box and rush down to his place on a box not in our district. But when he did make a mistake like that, which was precious seldom, that horse would get so mad and feel so bad about it that he wouldn't get over it for a day or so."

The Adventures of a Gray Cat.

Did you ever hear of a cat playing scarecrow? And a stuffed pussy, too, at that. Not very long ago a lady who loves her garden very much was greatly troubled because of the flocks of hungry sparrows which came in families and companies, and picked up all the little grass and flower-seeds as fast as they were sown. They were bold, saucy, little fellows, not easily frightened away; and the lady was in despair.

"Why not have a cat?" some kind friend suggested. But no; a cat would kill the little birds. Then a bright idea came to the lady's mind; and, to her family's amusement, a sleek-looking, gray flannel pussy mounted guard over the precious seeds.

How the sparrows twittered and complained! But not one of them dared raze that fiery-looking sentinel!

All day long puss sat in the middle of the garden. But late in the afternoon she mysteriously disappeared, and the watchful birds were quick to discover her absence, so that the lady was obliged to start out on a search for the missing guard. Not very far from home there sat Miss Pussy on a neighboring perch, looking as dignified as ever. She was seized upon with great satisfaction, when a door opened and out came Mrs. Neighbor with a very merry smile on her face.

"I must tell you how completely I have been deceived," she exclaimed. "You know how very much afraid of cats I am? Well, my dear friend, I have been standing at my window for some time, clapping my hands and crying 'Shoo! 'Scat!' to that very life-like animal, and feeling much disgusted that I could not frighten it away!"

Both ladies had a hearty laugh over the funny circumstance, but it was yet to be explained how puss managed to get away from the garden. It was not long, however, before another fancy story came to the garden lady's ears. Another neighbor, out for a stroll with her baby and two pet dogs, was startled to see one of the dogs dash past, carrying by the neck a large gray cat, slaking it violently as he ran.

Mrs. Mother dropped her baby, and started in pursuit, crying: "You shall not kill that cat! You shall not!"

Can you imagine her surprise when she found that she had rescued a puss made of gray flannel and stuffed with cotton?

She could not guess its rightful home. So she left it on the step where the dog had dropped it, whence it came once more into the hands of its owner, and at last accounts was sitting in quiet dignity under the watchful eyes of the disappointed sparrows.

Wonders of the Fair.

Two of the more peculiar features of the Paris Exposition are thus described by a writer in St. Nicholas:

The wreck of a ship is so arranged that it extends from before our feet into the ocean depths which are separated from us by sheets of glass. This wreck is one which was raised from the harbor of Cherbourg and reconstructed here. Fish swam contentedly in and out among the cordage and broken spars; crabs patiently crawled up the sides of the sunken hull and explored the mysteries of port-holes. But these inhabitants of the ocean do not constitute the chief attractions. Far in dim, shadowed recesses may be seen disappearing themselves, those water-sirens or sea-fairies whose undulating dances below the waves, legend tells us cause the disturbances of the surface so menacing to mariners. Gilding, twisting, and bending, they rise and fall while a weird music fills the air, as of rippling waves swelling to surging tempests and resounding through deep-sea caverns. In another compartment, the tranquil fish are startled by the swift appearance of two pearl-divers or fishers for coral and sponges, who, holding their breath, or letting it slowly escape in silver bubbles which rise upward, tread the sea-bottom in search of treasures.

There are times when we long for nature pure and simple, and then it is that the Exposition visitor hastens joyfully toward the Swiss village. Out from the hurry and bustle, the glitter and confusion of brilliant Paris and the dazzling splendors of the Exposition, in a moment's time we may step into the peace and quiet of a pastoral village set in the hollow of an Alpine valley. Mountains tower above us. Part way up their sides stretch grassy pasture-slopes. On a high, distant rocky ledge clusters a group of rude homes of a band of mountaineers, with a tiny chapel in the midst. From another lofty height a mountain stream leaps over the crags, and after pausing a bit to lend its aid to the water-wheel of a mill below, gurgles and prattles over the stones beyond, and finally goes whispering between grassy banks bordered with wild flowers till it reaches a placid lake on whose further bank protected by an overhanging crag, stands the chapel of William Tell.

The houses and shops, with their projecting eaves, carved balconies and doorways, and curiously shingled roofs, are wonderfully executed copies of real ones. In another part of the village is a group of mountain huts, brought from Switzerland and reconstructed, timber by timber, some with thickly thatched roofs, others covered with overlapping stone slabs, while there are still others whose shingled roofs weighted down by timbers and stones suggest to us something of the violence of the mountain storms.

Not a detail of the village has been neglected nor of the natural scenery. All along the side of the brook grow the flowers and plants of Switzerland—the blue and white Alpine violets, the mountain pink, clothing in bright dress rough patches of rock, the edelweiss, low purple asters, and masses of the Alpine rose. The wild poppy brightens the landscape with its orange and gold, and in sheltered spots below the dripping waterfall ferns peep forth.

An opening in the side of the mountain invites us to explore within. Advancing through a rocky passage, we seem to come out upon some upper height, with a view of the majestic Alps spread before us. Sunlit valley, wooded mountain-side, distant, sparkling lake, and towering, snow-clad peaks are there. It is only a panorama, but so well and artistically painted that we come away with the sense of having been for a brief half-hour ally among the mountains.

The most agreeable people in the world are those who never have any opinions of their own.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The sewers of Munich discharge their contents directly into the river Isar. This river flows so rapidly and its volume is so considerable, that there has been no sensible deterioration in the river water. As a precaution, however, the building of a catchpit to remove heavier matter is contemplated.

There is an easy way to tell if a diamond is genuine. Make a small dot on a piece of paper with a lead pencil and look at it through the diamond. If it shows but a single dot the diamond is genuine. If it shows more than one, or the mark appears scattered, it is not a genuine diamond.

Consul Stone, at Huddersfield, England, notes the absence from English markets of certain American commodities that he thinks would sell well there. He specifies fresh fruit and cream cheese. He says that the peaches, pears, grapes and oranges offered for sale in England are never so nice as those in our country.

Things grow very fast in the short Arctic summer. As soon as the snow melts off in many places the ground is covered with a vine which bears a small berry something like a huckleberry, porwong it is called. It is sour and has a pungent taste, and the Indians leave off work and go porwong hunting, cramming themselves with the berries.

A new substance, to be used as a substitute for dynamite or smokeless powder in mines and rock blasting, or with heavy ordnance, has recently been invented by an Italian electrician. It is composed of a mixture of carbonates of potash and chloride of ammonia. The material is discharged by an electric spark which produces electrolytic effects upon the chemicals. The claim is made for the new cartridge that it is entirely inoffensive and perfectly safe until the passage of a current of electricity.

A German report says that in northeastern Prussia the drinking of ether as a stimulant is supplanting the use of alcohol with alarming rapidity. The reports of sales of this drug for the last year show a very large increase. The ether is taken in drinks of four or five grains, this dose producing more exhilaration and stimulation than would ordinarily be produced by four times the same quantity of alcohol. The after effects are, however, inversely serious, the victims of the ether habit suffering greatly from diffused pains and from great mental and physical depression.

LAWS OF CHEMISTRY.

Slight Indispositions Could Be Cured by People if They Knew Them.

"Did you ever notice what difference is in people in respect to their general chemical composition?" remarked a local druggist one day last week. "Some people are decidedly acid, while others verge upon the other extreme and are strongly alkaline. You can detect the difference by a handshake. For you'll find the man who is acid almost always will have a moist palm and be light complexioned. "It would be better for people," he continued, "if they understood some of the simple laws of chemistry. Acids and alkalis are opposites, and the effect of one is to neutralize the other. People take soda, an alkali, for a sour stomach, and the chemical action is simply that of neutralization, for the stomach in that condition is strongly acid. I know a man who is exceptionally acid, who has to take six soda mint tablets before he can be rid of such a trouble.

"You can see how a physician has to acquaint himself with the chemical composition of each of his patients. Medicines that would do for one person will not agree with another. Out west it is frequent to find much alkali in the soil. With some people it agrees, but others are annoyed by it. The man who has any surplus of alkali already in his makeup does not want to live in an alkali country. The principle runs all through the phases of one's physical life.

People who understand the principle often could cure themselves of slight indispositions without the necessity of consulting a physician. I believe the courses in chemistry in our public schools and colleges might be made more practical than they have been. The cook as well as the boarder would profit thereby."—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Where Isinglass Comes From.

The best isinglass comes from Russia, where it is obtained from the giant sturgeon which inhabits the Caspian sea, and the rivers which run into it. This fish often grows to the length of 25 feet, and from its air bladder the isinglass is prepared. It is subjected to many processes before being ready for sale, but the Russians, knowing it has the reputation of being the best, take great pains in its preparation, and it is the world's market it has practically no rival. A great deal is made along the Amazon in Brazil, but it is very coarse and inferior, and is used for the retining of liquors and similar purposes. The adulteration of good isinglass with the inferior kinds can always be detected by placing samples in boiling water. The best isinglass will dissolve completely, leaving no visible residuum, while the inferior variety will show threads of a fibrous tissue dark in color.

It is said that salmon, pike and goldfish are the only fish that never sleep.



It was Voltaire who said: "People whose bowels are freed by an easy, regular movement every morning are mild, affable, gracious, kind. A 'No' from their mouth comes with more grace than a 'Yes' from the mouth of one who is constipated."

Such is Voltaire's testimonial to the value of Ayer's Pills.

J. C. AYER COMPANY,

Practical Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Ayer's Hair Vigor
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Ayer's Eye Cure
Ayer's Comestone

Patience and Perseverance.

The late Townsend Harris, the first American envoy to Japan, whom the Japanese call "Our Benefactor," had that gentleness of disposition and serenity of temper which enable a man to endure without vexation the vicious and the irritating. He was also gifted with powers of persuasion, by which he often won over to virtue men of vice and turbulence. Doctor Griffin, in his life of Mr. Harris, mentions a remarkable effect of the good man's patience and persuasive power.

The ward of New York in which Mr. Harris lived, the "Ninth," was infamous for its fights between rival gangs of rowdies. One of the leading spirits of such a gang was a young Irishman, the incarnation of lawlessness. He was the son of an Irish gentleman who had lost position in Ireland by marrying his father's cook an illiterate but beautiful woman. They came to New York; the man gradually sank to the level of his wife, who added drunkenness to her ignorance.

The children grew up without moral training. The father, who had become a blacksmith, was killed in his own shop by the bursting of a bomb shell, bought as old iron.

Townsend Harris saw his opportunity. He went to the funeral, rode with the young rowdy in a carriage, and while going to the grave had a good talk with him. He invited the youth to come and see him. The rowdy went; kindness won him, and he changed his life. Mr. Harris studied the bent of the young man's mind, lent him books, and pointed out the way to better himself.

In later years, when Mr. Harris was in Asia, this reformed man represented in Congress the State in which he was then living.—Youth's Companion.

The Mad King of Bavaria.

That unfortunate scion of the royal House of Bavaria, King Otto, was afflicted from his earliest hours with that terrible malady which has proven the curse of his family, and of which his predecessor revealed unmistakable symptoms before his demise. Otto's mania proved from the outset of a far more dangerous nature, since he was subject to attacks of violence which endangered the lives of all who came within his reach. These were succeeded by intervals of extreme despondency which in turn yielded to a harmful placidity. At one such period an incident occurred which would be ridiculous were it not for the pathetic attendant upon every act of so sad a life. The King drove out one afternoon with his physician, who was also his preferred attendant at such times, revealing no signs of his disorder save the inevitable tendency to drop his lower jaw. A sudden shower coming up, drenched both occupants of the carriage and trickled down the royal throat to the king's great annoyance. "Will your majesty be pleased to close his mouth," observed the doctor, noting his patient's uneasiness. The king did as he was bidden, and at the same instant the rain ceased. "Ah!" he exclaimed, "that stopped it."—Collier's Weekly.

Petroleum in Japan.

The petroleum industry has reached a considerable development in Japan, as may be remarked from the reports recently published in the Japan Times relating to the province of Echigo. In this district as many as thirty companies now exist, some of these representing a capital of more than half a million while the total capital engaged in the petroleum industry in this region is estimated at more than six millions. As an indication of the activity which now prevails in the petroleum region, it is stated that two of the principal banks of Japan are about to make branch establishments in the cities of this district. There is some talk of installing a pipe line from the district of Echigo to Tokio, upon about the same plan as that now established in the Caucasus region.

A Chicken-Eating Frog.

Mr. Tom Ghann tells us of a large green frog. He says the frog caught a frying-size chicken near his house and held it until he killed it. The frog held the chicken by the head like a turtle, and held it to it with a death grip. Mr. Ghann says it is common to see chickens eat frogs, but it is the first time he ever saw a frog eat a chicken.—Crawfordsville (Ga.) Democrat.

An Objection That Prevailed.

A man was struck off the voting list at Streatham on its being objected that he "was an alien, had gone away, and was dead." The revising barrister said that was conclusive.—London Express.

Dumas's Kindness.

The late Alexandre Dumas was a man of kindly sympathies, but how far his kindness could go was known to but few during his lifetime. In one instance he even went so far as to alter the ending of a novel which was then appearing in serial form in one of the magazines. Shortly before its conclusion he received a note from a gentleman residing in the country. The writer begged him not to kill his heroine, a consumptive, as the plot of the story seemed to indicate, because his invalid daughter, who had taken a great interest in the story, imagined that she would share the heroine's fate. Dumas rewrote the final chapter, and predicted an unexpected cure for his heroine, although he had originally intended to close the novel with her tragic death.

Shape of Fresh Air.

The professor, who thought his system was running down, asked his old enemy, the doctor, to prescribe for him. "All the medicine you need," said the doctor, after listening to a recital of his symptoms, "is a tonic in the shape of fresh air."

"Well," responded the professor, slightly irritated, "what is the shape of fresh air?"—Chicago Tribune.

The Largest Police Station.

New Scotland Yard is the largest police station in the world. It is capable of accommodating 3000 police officers.

Each package of PURNAM FADELESS DYE colors either Silk, Wool or Cotton perfectly at one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

The tomb of Sir Henry Davy, at Geneva, which has been in a neglected state for some time, has recently been restored.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CATARRH'S help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CATARRH'S Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has G.C.C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Seventeen English municipalities own and operate street railways.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a Bottle of GROVE'S TABLETS CHILL TONIC.

It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

It doesn't require horse sense to run an automobile.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WALTON, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Frey's Vermifuge

Has been curing children of worms for 60 yrs. 25 cents. At Druggists and country stores.

Veils are always sold at their face value.

Carter's Ink is just as cheap as poor ink and is the best ink made. Always use Carter's.

California stands fifth among the States as an oil producer.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 32 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

At least fifteen automobiles are in use in Honolulu, Haw. I.

If you want "good digestion to wait upon your appetite" you should always chew a bar of Adams' Peppin Tutti Frutti.

The Brooklyn bridge is 3475 feet long and 135 feet high.

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

Bournemouth, England, has established municipal golf links.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c

A man may be right and still get left.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Cures a cough or cold at once. Conquers croup, bronchitis, grippe and consumption. 25c.

ADAM'S PEPPIN TUTTI FRUTTI

For headache (whether sick or nervous), toothache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pain around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of Adam's Peppin Tutti Frutti will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent cure.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Coughs, Hoarseness, Stiff Neck, Catarrh, Toothache, Neuralgia, Bruises, Quicker Than Any Known Remedy.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Will afford instant ease.

INTERNAL—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Croup, Hoarseness, Stiff Neck, Catarrh, Toothache, Neuralgia, Bruises, Quicker Than Any Known Remedy.

EXTERNAL—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Croup, Hoarseness, Stiff Neck, Catarrh, Toothache, Neuralgia, Bruises, Quicker Than Any Known Remedy.

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To Mothers of Large Families.

In this workaday world few women are so placed that physical exertion is not constantly demanded of them in their daily life.

Mrs. Pinkham makes a special appeal to mothers of large families whose work is never done, and many of whom suffer, and suffer for lack of intelligent aid.

To women, young or old, rich or poor, Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., extends her invitation of free advice. Oh, women! do not let your lives be sacrificed when a word from Mrs. Pinkham, at the first approach of



Mrs. CARRIE BELLEVILLE.

weakness, may fill your future year with healthy joy.

"When I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was not able to do my housework. I suffered terribly at time of menstruation. Several doctors told me they could do nothing for me. Thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine I am now well, and can do the work for eight in the family.

"I would recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all mothers with large families."—Mrs. CARRIE BELLEVILLE, Ludington, Mich.



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