



The great trouble in trying to sell what are called patent medicines is that so many claims have been made for them that people don't or won't believe what honest makers say.

We have been telling our story sixty years. Did we ever deceive you once? If we make any statement that isn't so, we will stand the loss. Go to the druggist and get your money back.

Here's an example. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a good cure for a cough that comes from a cold. Your cough, if you have one, may not come from a cold; your doctor will tell you about that.

It is a straight medicine with sixty years of cures back of it. There isn't a ghost of the ordinary patent thing about it.

J. C. AYER COMPANY,
Practical Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla	Ayer's Hair Vigor
Ayer's Pills	Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Ayer's Aque Cure	Ayer's Comatone

Leg Saved by Tickling.

Raymond Crane, aged five, while playing, got one leg so firmly wedged into a five-foot water pipe that a policeman and two brawny laborers could not get it out without danger of dismembering him. "Blow the pipe to pieces with dynamite," said one. "Send for a doctor," said another. "Sue the city," a third. "Unscrow the lad," said a policeman, a new arrival. "Tickle his foot with a straw and see if he won't pull his leg out himself," suggested Raymond's bright little sister. The plan worked well. Every time any one tickled Raymond's foot the boy would draw up his toes and wriggle his leg and draw it up a little out of the pipe. Finally he gave a last wriggle and drew his leg out.—Chicago Dispatch.

Of the 1,070 miles of paved streets in Philadelphia, only 70 remain paved with cobble and rubble.

PURE BLOOD AND STRONG NERVES

With glowing health all things are possible, small annoyances fade into nothingness and real troubles are battled with successfully. Women who are blessed with perfect health are a constant joy to themselves and all around them. The beauty which health alone can make permanent is a crown which raises a woman above other women. Such beauty is always accompanied by a sweet disposition, for snappiness is a sure sign of ill-health and leaves its mark quickly on the features.

It seems to be the fashion for women to ignore health and sacrifice it to the little every-day trials, or offer it up on the altar of devotion to daily tasks. Then again the nervous organization of women is constantly attacked by woman's natural experiences, so that it is practically impossible for her to retain the beauty which nature gave her, unless she has discriminating advice and right support.

Dr. Greene's Nervura for the Blood and Nerves.

Trials and troubles are easily overcome by the women whose strength is the genuine strength of perfect health. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, bridges the chasm that separates the sickly woman from happiness. It fills her veins with blood that is pure and clean.

Mrs. W. M. E. Boss, of 85 Farrington St., Flushing, L. I., says:

"In regard to myself, I have suffered for years with disease, having been troubled with great nervousness, female complaints, indigestion, and great weakness and prostration. I did not have strength to do much of anything. Knowing the great value of health and strength, I consulted doctors and took many medicines, but they all failed to cure me, and I grew worse rather than better. I happened to see in the papers how much good Dr. Greene's Nervura, blood and nerve remedy, was doing in restoring to health everybody who took it, and I thought I would try a bottle. I used it and to my surprise I began to gain strength every day. I am so thankful that I tried it! It is certainly the most excellent tonic and strength giver. I recommend it very highly and wish that other people who are troubled in any way would take warning and use it."

TO PRESERVE WOMANLY BEAUTY

At all the stages of a woman's life Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, is shown to be efficient to ward off the results of nervousness, or overwork, or impure blood. From early girlhood to advanced years, this world-renowned medicine builds up the forces destroyed by disease, grief, or over-exertion, and the effects of this great medicine are quickly felt and permanently retained. Let women guard well their health, and consult Dr. Greene freely. Nothing they can possibly do will so surely keep them strong and well, or repair the exhaustion from acute illness, nothing will work so continually to the preservation of beauty as the great health-giving Nervura. Dr. Greene's office is at 35 West 14th Street, New York City, where he may be consulted either by personal call or by letter. Women may write in perfect confidence, and get Dr. Greene's advice free.

A new regulator, just introduced in Swiss watches, works so accurately that timepieces furnished with it do not vary ten seconds in a month.

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE colors more goods than any other dye and colors them better too. Sold by all druggists.

The penal code of the Chinese empire is at least 2000 years old, and under its provisions about 12,000 persons are annually executed.

Best For the Bowels.

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

Since 1891 the population of London is computed to have increased by 300,000.

The Best Prescription for Cholera and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TARTARUS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

There are nearly 4000 miles of inland navigation in England and Wales.

Tourist Information, Rates, Etc., South.

Tickets are now on sale via the Southern Railway, to all prominent resorts of the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Cuba, Mexico and California. Dining and sleeping cars on all trains. The route of the Washington & Southwestern is established Limited, New York & Florida Express, Washington & Chattanooga Limited and the U. S. Fast Mail. During the winter season the New York & Florida Limited, "The Direct Train in the World," descriptive matter of the winter resort rates upon application to either New York offices, 271 or 115 Broadway, Berths in Sleeping Cars reserved in advance, and all information furnished. "No trouble to answer questions." Call on or address Alex. S. Thwack, Eastern Pass. Agent, 1185 Broadway, New York City.

Modern machinery is fast finding its way to small farms in Cuba.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHESEBURY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There are about 30,000 lepers in the Philippines.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 23 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A German firm has built a locomotive on the American pattern.

A Colonel in the British South African army says that Adams' Tutti Frutti was a blessing to his men while marching.

The United States lead all other nations in the matter of fruit growing.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

An English inventor proposes to build a boat that will cross the Atlantic in two days.

NEVER SAID.

If all the pity and love untold
Could scatter abroad their coins of gold
There would not be on the whole earth
One hungry heart or one wretched
hearth.

But, oh, if the kind words never said
Could bloom into flowers and spread and
shed
Their sweetness out on the common air
The breath of heaven would be every-
where.

"MEDICINE" HOG.

By Bourdon Wilson.

In January, 1893, I followed the advice of Horace Greeley to go west, and I have since grown up with the country, but it was due to a hog that this growth was not ended terribly almost in its beginning. I went to Silver City, New Mexico, hoping to get work there, but was disappointed; and after idling about until the latter part of February, I joined a young fellow of about my own age, and started for the mountains on a prospecting trip.

I was a "tenderfoot," and knew nothing of mining, but Billy, my partner, during several years spent about the mines had learned much of ore and "leads" and "prospects" and such things, and he promised to teach me all that I needed to know. Walking behind and driving the two little burros upon whose backs our effects were packed, a three days' march carried us to the range of mountains where Billy meant to prospect for silver.

The slopes of this range, and the surrounding country for hundreds of miles in every direction, are an all but waterless desert; but the summit is a broad, level tableland which has an elevation so great that it catches the few clouds which drift that way, and thus obtains such a rainfall that it is covered with a growth of juicy grass and splendid pines. The summit is now the range of large herds of cattle, but in the time of which I am writing the periodic raids of Apache Indians made it a dangerous place for cattlemen.

There being no water elsewhere, we climbed to the summit and had begun making our camp when we heard a crashing of dry branches in a thicket not far away, and a loud "woof! woof! woof!" Dropping everything, we seized our rifles. The next moment, to our amazement, a black hog of medium size, gaunt and long-legged, galloped toward us, grunting and "woofing" as he came. Instantly we lowered our rifles—we had nothing to fear from this familiar friend of the barn-yard.

The hog ran toward us, frisking, capering, grunting and "talking" to us incessantly, showing in every way possible that he was wildly delighted to see us. We responded by scratching his back and talking to him, and after a while he contentedly lay down, still grunting with delight.

We were glad to have him with us; he gave the camp a homelike air, and it occurred to us that our slender store of provisions might give out. But I soon became so attached to him that I could not have eaten a piece of his flesh had I been starving.

How a hog, and such a gentle one, came to be in that wild place, we could not imagine; his actions showed that there were no other hogs on the mountain, that he was lonesome, and that he had been used to regard men as friends. Later we learned that while a pig he was carried to the mountain by his owner, a cattleman, who made a pet of him, and who, becoming alarmed by reports of an Apache outbreak, moved his herd away in so great a hurry that the shout was forgotten.

We called him Dick. Seeming to understand that we were going to stay at that camp for some time, he rooted a hole beside a log, and filling it with leaves, made himself a comfortable bed. But it was plain that he lived in constant dread of being again left alone on the mountain.

He would follow at our heels, going with us to and from our work, never letting us get out of his sight for an instant; and at night the slightest noise would bring him galloping into camp, grunting inquiringly, to see if we were getting ready to leave. Thus he disturbed our sleep so often that I suggested building a brush fence round our camp to keep Dick out, but Billy would not listen to the proposal. He looked upon Dick's making friends with us as an omen of good luck, and insisted that were we to restrict his freedom in any way the charm would be broken.

"You can't bring us good luck if we don't let you come in, can you old hoggy?" Billy said, scratching the animal's back with one hand, and pulling his ear with the other. "No, no, of course you can't; and you are going to bring us the very best kind of luck, aren't you?"

To this Dick responded with a series of chuckling grunts that Billy interpreted to mean, "Sure thing! I don't 'parden' with any outfit without bringing it good luck." And so the fence was not built.

But day after day passed by without a trace of silver being found; our provisions ran low, and I proposed that we give up and go back to Silver City. Billy laughed at me; his faith in Dick was as strong as ever, and we continued pecking away on the mountain-side.

Near the end of March we were awakened before daybreak by a savage grunting and snapping; and opening our eyes, we saw a small band of Indians standing in bright moonlight but

a few yards away. Between them and us was Dick, the bristles of his back standing fiercely on end, and his jaws snapping viciously at our visitors.

The Indians were armed, and their faces were smeared with red paint. Not understanding the ominous meaning of this, we welcomed them unspiciouly, and driving Dick away invited them to seats around our fire.

They were surly at first and ill at ease, but when we had given them a good breakfast and some tobacco, their humor changed; drawing close about the fire and lighting their cigarettes, they entered into a good-natured conversation with us in Spanish. They left when the sun rose, each shaking hands with us, and saying, "Adios amigos." (Good-bye, my friend.)

As soon as they were out of sight, Billy said to me, "Pardner, we've got to get out of this; those bucks are up to mischief of some kind. When I asked them who they were and where they lived, they made out they couldn't understand, although they understood everything else. And did you notice how queerly they looked at Dick?—and at us when I asked them to come to the fire? I wonder if they aren't some of the Chirikahwas slipped back up here?" We knew the Chirikahwa Apaches were "hostiles" and off their reservation.

"Surely not," I answered; "if they are Chirikahwas, why didn't they kill us?"

"That's all right," Billy said, "but Indians aren't white folks, and at any minute they may change their minds and come back after us—you can't guess what an Indian will do. We'd better start right away, for we're going to take Dick with us, and we'll have to go slow so he can keep up with us," he concluded, going to where Dick was rooting for a breakfast.

"We're going to pull up stakes, old fellow," he said to the hog, bending over and scratching his back. "but we're not going to leave you behind; you haven't brought us any luck yet, but—"

He stopped abruptly and sank to his knees, looking intently at the ground. Presently he gave a whoop of delight, then cried excitedly, "Come here, pardner, quick! I told you the old hoggy would bring us luck—he's found a lead that will go four hundred to the ton, or I'm much mistaken!"

And in fact the rock held a vein of ore in which even my unpractised eyes distinguished faint threads of silver.

"It just beats all!" Billy exclaimed. "Here we've been walking over this ledge every day for a month, never once dreaming that a rich vein was cropping out right at grass roots! We're rich, pardner, and it all comes of our treating Dick on the square. Oh, you're a mascot, aren't you, old hoggy?" he cried, affectionately slapping Dick's face first on one side, then on the other. And Dick grunted back that he thought he was—at least so Billy understood him to say.

Running back to the fire, I brought a big batch of biscuit that we had just cooked, and gave them to Dick; and while he ate them, we gave him such a petting and back-scratching as perhaps no other hog has ever had.

Next, we carefully examined the ledge, clearing off the dirt, exposing the vein for several feet, and found that the ore grew richer the deeper we dug. Satisfied that we had "struck it rich," we broke off several specimens to take with us. Then we covered up the vein, and hurriedly packing our burros, set out for Silver City.

Owing to Dick's inability to travel far without stopping to rest, it took us six days to reach our destination; and then we found the town in great excitement. A band of Chirikahwa warriors had sneaked past the soldiers guarding the Mexican boundary, and had swept across Arizona and into New Mexico, murdering and burning as they went, and passing within a few miles of Silver City.

The Indians we had entertained at our camp were a part of this band, and it set us shivering to think how easily they could have killed us. Why they did not do so, we could not imagine. But a few years later, after we had sold our mine for a good price, I met one of these Indians on the San Carlos reservation, and first softening his heart by a gift of tobacco and money, I asked him to tell me why they spared us.

He answered readily that it was because of the "medicine" hog. Apaches look upon all hogs as being "medicine," that is, magical or supernatural, and therefore will not eat their flesh; and Dick's standing guard over us like a dog, something they had never seen before, made them think that he was peculiarly powerful "medicine." So they had not dared to harm us. And as the Indian offered to trade me two ponies and one of his wives for the secret of this "medicine," I believe that he told me the truth.—Youth's Companion.

Quail Tamed and Bantam Gone Wild.

Early in the summer I found a quail's nest at Tryon, Oklahoma, containing 16 eggs, which I put under a bantam hen, and every egg hatched. The quail are now full grown and as tame as chickens, and do not wander far from the barnyard. But what seems very strange to me is that they roost with some chickens in the top of a black tree about 25 feet above the ground. Another strange feature is that while these quail remain tame, the bantam hen that raised them has taken up with a covey of wild quail and remains with them out in the fields and wood lot and is as wild as they.—W. S. Chenoweth, M. D., in Forest and Stream.



THE EDICTS OF FASHION.

New York City.—The comfort and convenience of the basque that can be worn with or without an additional wrap requires no urging. The admira-

shoulders it is cut out to show a deep yoke and collar of taffeta silk, light blue in color. This is bordered with black velvet, and it continues down to the belt. The sleeve terminates in a cuff, with two bands of black velvet on it.

What Little Girls Wear.

Little girls wear a great deal of serge when they discard wash frocks as the season advances. There is little change in the style of making up such a gown. The old-time sailor collar blouse with its shield divides custom with the serge suit which has plain jackets and skirt. This last requires a shirt waist. These are the usual models for school suits.

Flounced White Petticoats.

French women have always been very partial to white petticoats, trimmed with much flouncing and many yards of lace, and once more they are becoming fashionable, and are ousting the silk ones from the popularity they have so long enjoyed.

A Favorite Fur.

Black fox showing a few white hairs is reported as one of the favorite furs for coats.

Child's Apron.

The apron that is attractive at the same time that it protects the gown is a necessity to every well dressed little girl. The pretty May Manton model here shown is essentially useful at the same time that it is dainty and smart, and includes the bolero suggestion that is a feature of the season and so becoming to childish figures. As



TIGHT FITTING BASQUE.

bly May Manton model here illustrated includes all the latest features, and is well adapted to all the season's cloths, chevots and the like; but as shown is of camel's hair zibeline in a deep warm tan.

The fronts are curved to give a graceful rounded figure and are fitted with single darts. The backs include side-backs and under-arm gores, and can be trusted to give the desired



PRINCESS GOWN.

tapering effect to the figure. The neck is finished with a regulation turn-over collar that forms notches with the fronts, which roll back to form lapels in coat style. The sleeves are two-seamed, finished only with stitching at cuff depth. The basque is closed at the front with small tailor buttons and buttonholes.

To cut this basque for a woman of medium size four and one-eighth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two yards forty-four inches wide, or one and five-eighths yards fifty inches wide, will be required.

Ladies' Princess Gown.

No other gown takes the place of the well fitted princess that becomes simple or elaborate as the material is simple or costly. The admirable May Manton model illustrated in the large engraving is of cashmere in the large rich red known as dahlia, with trimming of black applique and small buttons, but Henrietta in any color, French flannel, challie and a host of other materials can be substituted.

The fronts are fitted with single darts, hidden beneath the trimming, but curve to give a graceful outline. The back includes both side-backs and under-arm gores that fit to a nicety without being over-tight. Below the waist line is an inverted pleat that allows of additional fulness in the skirt and adds greatly to the stylish effect. The sleeves are two-seamed in correct style, the lower edges being lengthened, faced and turned back to form slightly flaring cuffs. At the neck is a high collar with turn-over portions attached.

To cut this gown for a woman of medium size nine and a half yards of material, twenty-one inches wide, six and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide, or four and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, will be required.

For a Girl of Twelve.

A school girl wears a frock of Scotch tartan in dark green and deep blue and black. It is made up on the straight, not on the hem, where a scanty flounce is set on like a "cut skirt." A band of black velvet covers the join. The bodice buttons up the back. In front it is bloused considerably. About the

shown, the material is nainsook, with trimming of beading, through which ribbon is run, the arm's-eyes being finished with sleeve frills of needlework, but dimity, lawn and all the range of familiar warm stuffs are equally appropriate.

The apron is shaped with front and back portions and is fitted by means of shoulder and under arm seams. At the upper edge are laid tiny tucks, which give the bolero effect and below which the fulness falls in soft folds to the hem of the skirt. The trimming is applied over the upper edge and the base of the tucks. The apron is closed at the back with buttons and buttonholes. At the lower edge is a deep hem that can be hemstitched or simply trimmed, as preferred. At the arm's-eyes, forming an epaulette-like finish, are graduated frills that are wider at the shoulder and narrow beneath the arms.

To cut this apron for a girl of six years of age two and a quarter yards of material thirty-six inches wide will be required, with two yards of bead-



CHILD'S APRON.

ing, one and five-eighth yard of needlework four inches wide, and three and a half yards of velvet ribbon to trim as illustrated.