

Sure Cure for Colds

When the children get their feet wet and take cold give them a hot foot bath, a bowl of hot drink, a dose of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and put them to bed. They will be all right in the morning.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

will cure old coughs also; we mean the coughs of bronchitis, weak throats, and irritable lungs. Even the hard coughs of consumption are always made easy and are frequently cured.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1.00.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express a large box to you, all charges prepaid. Be sure and give us your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

England's Next War in Egypt.

I have good reasons to believe that there will be an important expedition into Kordofan next year.

When the Sirdar was in England he applied for British troops to co-operate with the Egyptian army in this enterprise, but was informed that it would be necessary to wait until a large portion of the forces in South Africa could be withdrawn.

A powerful chief, with an army placed by some estimates at 100,000 men, is said to be exercising sovereignty in Kordofan and the territory to the westward of that province, and it is considered essential that his power should be broken.

The country through which the expeditionary force will have to pass is a most difficult one, but the clearing of the Nile of sudd will facilitate matters and enable the army to use the river as a base.—Assouan correspondence London Mail.

Some men become pessimistic because a girl refused them, and others develop the same symptoms because she didn't.

WHY MRS. PINKHAM

Is Able to Help Sick Women When Doctors Fail.

How gladly would men fly to woman's aid did they but understand a woman's feelings, trials, sensibilities, and peculiar organic disturbances.

Those things are known only to women, and the aid a man would give is not at his command.

To treat a case properly it is necessary to know all about it, and full information, many times, cannot be given by a woman to her family physician.



Mrs. G. H. CHAPPELL.

frican. She cannot bring herself to tell everything, and the physician is at a constant disadvantage. This is why, for the past twenty-five years, thousands of women have been confiding their troubles to Mrs. Pinkham, and whose advice has brought happiness and health to countless women in the United States.

Mrs. Chappell, of Grant Park, Ill., whose portrait we publish, advises all suffering women to seek Mrs. Pinkham's advice and use Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, as they cured her of inflammation of the ovaries and womb; she, therefore, speaks from knowledge, and her experience ought to give others confidence. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., and her advice is absolutely free.

LIVER ILLS.

DR. RADWAY & CO., New York: Dear Sirs—I have been sick for nearly two years, and have been doctoring with some of the most expert doctors of the United States. I have been bathing in and drinking hot water at the Hot Springs, Ark., but it seemed everything failed to do me good. After I saw your advertisement I thought I would try your pills, and have nearly used two boxes, been taking two at bedtime and one after breakfast, and they have done me more good than anything else I have used. My trouble has been with the liver. My skin and eyes were all yellow; I had sleep, drowsy feelings; felt like a drunken man; pain right above the navel, like as if it was bile on top of the stomach. My bowels were very constipated. My mouth and tongue were most of the time. Appetite fair, but food would not digest, but settle heavy on my stomach, and some few mouthfuls of food come up again. I could only eat light food that digests easily. Please send "Book of Advice." Respectfully, BEN ZATOG, Hot Springs, Ark.

RADWAY'S PILLS

Price, 25c. a Box. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm Street, New York, for Book of Advice.

AN UNTOLD LOVE.

Oh, the birds sang it,
And the leaves sighed it,
The brooks sang it,
And the rain cried it,
The sun glanced it,
And the flowers breathed it,
The boughs danced it,
And the buds sheathed it,
The stars beamed it,
And the winds blew it,
My heart dreamed it,
But—she never knew it!
—Madeline S. Bridges, in Saturday Evening Post.

CLARA'S CONVERSION.

"It's your own fault, Clara," said Walter May.
"Of course it is," cried out Clara, passionately, stamping her foot on the carpet. "Do you suppose I don't know it perfectly well? And that is what makes it so hard—oh, so cruelly hard to bear!"

The fact was that Mr. and Mrs. Walter May had begun life at the wrong end.
Clara Calthorpe was a pretty young girl, just out of the hotbed atmosphere of a fashionable boarding school. Walter May was a bank clerk who had not the least doubt but that he should ultimately make his fortune out of stocks and bonds.

"Clara," he had said to his young wife while the golden circle of the honeymoon was yet overshadowing their lives, "would you like a country life?"

"Oh, dear, no!" said Clara, involuntarily recoiling.

"Because," said Walter, somewhat wistfully, "my father and mother are alone on the old farm, and I think they would like to have us come and live with them."

"I shouldn't like it at all," said Clara, "and mamma says no young bride should ever settle down among her husband's relations."

Mr. May frowned a little, but Mrs. Clara had a pretty positive way of her own, and he remonstrated no further.

But at the year's end Walter May had lost his situation, the clouds of debt had gathered darkly around them, and all the pretty, new furniture, Eastlake cabinets, china dragons, proof engravings and hothouse plants were sold under the red flag. They had made a complete failure of the housekeeping business, and now, in the fourth story of a third-rate hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Walter May were looking their future in the face.

Clara had been extravagant. There was no sort of doubt about that. She had given "recherche" little parties, which she couldn't afford, to people who didn't care for her. She had patterned her tiny establishment after models which were far beyond her reach and now they were ruined.

She had sent a tear-besprinkled letter to her mother, who was in Washington trying to ensnare a rich husband for her younger daughter, but Mrs. Calthorpe had hastily written back that it was quite impossible for her to be in New York at that time of year, and still more impossible to receive Mrs. Walter May at the monster hotel where she was boarding. And Clara who had always had a vague idea that her mother was selfish, was quite certain of it now.

"There is but one thing left for you, Clara," said Walter, sadly.

"And that—"

"Is to go back to the old farm. I have no longer a home to offer you, but you will be sure of a warm welcome from my father and mother. I shall remain here and do my best to obtain some new situation which will enable me to earn our daily bread."

Clara burst into tears.
"Go to my husband's relations?" she sobbed. "Oh, Walter, I cannot!"

"You will have to," he said doggedly, "or else starve!"

So Mrs. May jacked up her trunk and obeyed. And all the way to Hazelcote Farm she cried behind her veil and pictured to herself a stony-faced old man with a virago of a wife, who would set her to doing menial tasks and overwhelm her with reproaches for having ruined "poor dear Walter." As for the farmhouse itself, she was quite sure it was a desolate place, with corn and potatoes growing under the very windows, and the road in front filled with cows and pigs and harrows and broken cart wheels. But in the midst of her tears and desolation the driver called out:

"Hazelcote Farm! Mr. Noah May's! Here's the 'ouse, ma'am."

A long, low, gray stone mansion, all garlanded with ivy, its windows bright with geranium blossoms and the scarlet autumn leaves raining down on the velvet-smooth lawn in front. Clara could just see how erroneous had been all her preconceived ideas, when she found herself clasped in arms of the sweetest and most motherly of old ladies.

"My poor dear!" said Mrs. May caressingly.

"You are as welcome as the sunshine, daughter," said a smiling old gentleman in spectacles.

And Clara was established in the easy chair in front of a great fire of pine logs, and tea was brought in and the two old people cosseted and petted her as if she had been a three-year-old child, just recovering from the measles.

There was not a word of reproach—not a questioning look, not a sidelong glance—all welcome, and tenderness and loving commiseration. And when Clara went to sleep that night, with a wood fire glancing and glimmering softly over the crimson hangings of the "best chamber," she began to think that perhaps she had been mistaken in some of her ideas.

The next day she had a long, confidential talk with her father-in-law,

while Mrs. May was making mince pies in the kitchen.

"But there's one thing I haven't dared to tell Walter about," she said, with tears in her eyes.

"What's that, my dear?" said the old gentleman.

"My dressmaker's bill," said Clara. "It came the night before I left New York—oh, such a dreadful bill! I hadn't any idea it could possibly amount up so fearfully."

"How much was it?" said Mr. Noah May, patting her hand.

"A hundred and fifty dollars," said Clara, hanging down her head.

"Don't fret, my dear; don't fret," said the old gentleman. "Walter need never know anything about it. I'll settle the bill and there shall be an end of the matter."

"Oh, sir, will you really?"

"My dear," said old Mr. May, "I'd do much more than that to buy the color back to your cheeks and the smile to your lips."

And that same afternoon, when Mrs. May had been talking to Clara in the kindest and most motherly way, the girl burst into tears and hid her face on the old lady's shoulder.

"Oh," cried she, "how good you all are! And I had an idea that a father and mother-in-law were such terrible personages! Oh, please, please forgive me for all the wicked things I have thought about you!"

"It was natural enough, my dear," said Mrs. May smiling, "but you are wiser now, and you will not be afraid of us any longer."

When Saturday night arrived Walter May came out to the old farmhouse dejected and sad at heart. He had discovered that situations did not grow, like blackberries, on every bush; he had met with more than one cruel rebuff, and he was hopelessly discouraged as to the future. Moreover, he fully expected to be met with tears and complaints by his wife, for he knew Clara's inveterate prejudices in regard to country life.

But to his infinite amazement and relief, Clara greeted him on the doorstep with radiant smiles.

"Tell me, dear," she said, "have you got a new situation?"

He shook his head sadly.

"I'm glad of it," said Clara, brightly, "for we've got a place—papa and mamma and I."

"It's all Clara's plan," said old Noah May.

"But it has our hearty approval," added the smiling old lady.

"We're all going to live here together," said Clara. "And you are to manage the farm, because papa says GAL 29

he is getting old and lazy," with a merry glance at the old gentleman, who stood beaming on his daughter-in-law, as if he were ready to subscribe to one and all of her opinions, "and I am ready to keep house and take all the care of mamma's hands. And, oh, it is so pleasant here, and I do love the country so dearly! So if you're willing, dear—"

"Willing?" cried Walter May, ecstatically. "I'm more than willing. It's the only thing I've always longed for. Good-by to city walls and hearts of stone; good-by to hollow appearances and grinding wretchedness! Why, Clara, I shall be the happiest man alive. But—"

"There," said Clara, putting up both hands as if to ward off all possible objections, "I was sure there would be a 'but.'"

"I thought, my dear," said Walter, "that you didn't like the idea of living with your husband's relations."

Clara looked lovingly up into her mother-in-law's sweet old face, while she silently pressed Mr. Noah May's kindly hands.

"I am a deal wiser than I was a week ago," she said. "And, oh, so much happier!"

"So am I!" said Walter—Waverly Magazine.

English Lightships.

Roughly speaking, lightships are only used where it is impossible or inexpedient—on account of the shifting nature of the shoal—to build permanent lighthouses, and the first one to be placed in position was the well-known Nore, in the year 1732. At the present time there are 60 round the British coasts. The English lights are painted red, and those on the Irish coast black, with the name in huge white letters on both sides. At the mast head there is a large wooden globe or cage called the day mark. The lantern encircling the mast is about 10 feet high, and contains a number of argand lamps and reflectors, 21 inches in diameter, arranged in groups on a frame, which a beautifully regulated clockwork apparatus causes to revolve, and the result is those brilliant flashes of light which practically spell the name of the light vessel to passing ships, for every light has some distinguishing characteristic, either in the period or color of the flash.

Even when the lightship is rolling or pitching in a heavy sea the light remains horizontal, as the lamps and reflectors are hung on gimbals, so as to give them free play in all directions.

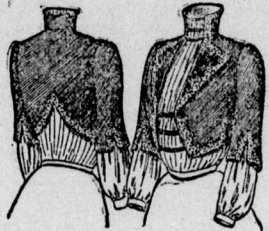
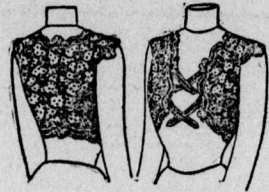
Foggy weather entails additional work for all hands, as a powerful foghorn, driven either by steam or compressed air, is kept working while the fog lasts. By means of high and low blasts from the trumpet the sailor is informed what lightship he is passing, each fog signal, as well as each light having its own distinguishing characteristic.—Notes and Queries.

Three Crosses Remain.

There are only three remaining of the thirteen original crosses built by King Edward I. to mark the resting-place of Queen Eleanor's funeral procession. One is near Northampton, one at Waltham Cross, the third at Charing Cross

THE REALM OF FASHION.

New York City.—The bolero is the all popular, all smart garment for afternoon and evening wear. The chic little May Manton models shown are



FANCY BOLEROS.

suited to an infinite variety of material and are susceptible of almost endless variation. The sleeveless design can be made of broad velvet or silk, of all-over lace or embroidery, or of jetted or embroidered net, as well as of Oriental embroidery and silk. Beneath it can be worn chiffon, mousseline, Liberty, lace or such dress materials as silk crepe de Chine, and the lovely wool crepes. The second design is suited to silk, velvet, embroidery and all the heavier materials mentioned, or can be made to match the skirt and

place by shaped straps and trimmed with tiny enamel buttons. The deep bertha is joined to the fronts and at the lower edge of the yoke in back, the stock collar being attached to the plastron and closing at the centre back. The sleeves fit snugly at the upper portion, but flare slightly at the lower edge where they turn back to form pointed cuffs. The undersleeves are full in Paquin style and are arranged over the fitted lining, which is cut full length, pointed bands finishing the wrists.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size three and a quarter yards of material twenty-one inches wide, or two yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with one and a quarter yard of all-over lace eighteen inches wide and one yard of velvet twenty-one inches wide.

The Middle of the Muff.

The muff which is not a faultless cylinder of mink, ermine or sable, is often much betrimmed. In a made muff, as such is called to distinguish it from an all-fur muff, it is customary to introduce a "middle" piece of something fine and soft to contrast with the velvet or cloth used at the ends. Black Liberty silk, cunningly shirred occupies the middle of a castor velvet muff of large dimensions. Black mousseline de soie is drawn into puffs in the centre of a ruby velvet muff, which is made up to match a ruby velvet visiting costume.

Dead Gold Ornaments.

Dead gold ornaments are among the millinery novelties, and are extremely effective on black, red, and, indeed, all dark colors. They are distinctly large and pronounced, and give the touch of



STYLISH FANCY WAIST.

be worn with some filmy peasant waist. As shown, the first is of velvet, embroidered with steel and jet; the second is of taffeta, with an edge of applique and revers of velvet. Both are essentially charming garments that are economical at the same time, as few patterns serve so admirably in remodeling last year's gowns. The large sleeves can always be cut down and the body portion requires but small pieces, yet with a simple waist of mousseline or Liberty the jacket will make the whole gown appear new and up-to-date.

The sleeveless model is cut with fronts and back only that are extended over the shoulders to form epaulettes. At the front are arranged bias bands by means of which it is held in place. The second model is also simple and fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams only, but is turned back at the fronts to form small, tapering revers. The sleeves are one-seamed and slashed at the lower edge. At the neck is a stock collar that, with the jacket fronts, is held by tiny straps of the material.

To cut the sleeveless bolero one and a half yard of material twenty-one inches wide, or one and one-eighth yard eighteen inches wide will be required; to cut the bolero with sleeves two yards twenty-one inches wide, or one yard forty-four or fifty inches wide, with quarter yard of velvet for revers.

Woman's Fancy Waist.

The bodice that gives a waistcoat effect is much in vogue and is attractive in the extreme. The very charming May Manton model illustrated in the large engraving is adapted to theatre wear and all the many occasions that call for semi-dress. As shown it is of white taffeta with black velvet and cream lace over white, but innumerable combinations can be devised, and all the popular blouse materials are suitable. Black, with Turkish embroidery and deep cream chiffon, in place of the lace, is chic.

The foundation is a fitted lining, the back and under-arm gores of which are smoothly covered with the material and which should be carefully boned. The yoking material is faced into the back, but is made separately at the front, where it is included in the right shoulder and under-arm seams and hooks over onto the left. The fronts proper are laid in three tucks at each front edge, and are joined to the narrow vest portions, which are held in

completeness. They fasten long plumes or simple bands of gold galloon. They catch the front back or hold the side in place. But in some capacity they are almost certain to be found on the chic hat.

Misses' Three-Quarter Coat.

The three-quarter coat with box front and half fitted back is a favorite of the season for young girls, as well as for their elders, and means genuine warmth as well as style. The May Manton model illustrated combines many features, and is in every way up to date. The high, flaring collar fits snugly at the throat and widens to rest against the head and makes a frame for the girlish face. The revers are sharply pointed in Directoire style, and the back is shaped after the latest imported designs.

The fronts are loose in box style and turn back to form the revers. The back is cut with side-backs and a centre seam, which curves gracefully to the figure. The side seams are open to the top of the stitching and so provide additional ease and freedom. The collar is cut in four portions, high at the back and rounds off at the front. The sleeves are two-seamed and fit smoothly. Pockets, with laps, are inserted in each front and the coat is



A THREE-QUARTER COAT.

closed with handsome buttons and buttonholes in double-breasted fashion.

To cut this coat for a miss of fourteen years of age two and five-eighths yards of material fifty-four inches wide will be required.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

A lie in its own clothes is always impotent.

It takes two to make a quarrel, but one may mend it.

A sincere man is nine-tenths right and 99 percent pure.

You may measure a man by the things that move him.

Though the fire is extinguished in death, the gold will remain.

There is only one place where gold rusts, and that is in the heart.

If home means only fine furniture, children will mean only bitterness.

It is better to have our bank in our heart than your heart in the bank.

The man who reflects deeply will soon be a light instead of a reflector.

A man's life never rises above its source, hence the need of being born from above.

It is praiseworthy to aspire to the stars, but you must also plan to drop on the earth.

Only the life that has mountain heights to tap the clouds can have fruitful valleys.

It is better to have your bank in your house than to allow fashion to ruin your home.

Only the man who can say "all my springs are in thee," can go through the dry and thirsty land.—Ram's Horn.

EAGLE A GREAT FIELDER.

Swoops Down Into Danbury and Catches a Dropped Rabbit on the Fly.

Like lightning from a cloud a monster bald-headed eagle flashed down in a crowded street of Danbury, Conn., and, seizing within two yards of the ground a rabbit that had fallen from its talons high in air, soared into the sky again, before the hundreds who saw could realize what had happened. Persons on White street, one of the principal business thoroughfares, got their first warning of the fierce bird's nearness by hearing a shrill cry above them, and then the whirr of wings. Looking up, they saw a white rabbit a hundred feet or so from the earth, falling through the air. Above it, with wings half drawn in, cutting the air like a knife, came the eagle after its prey, which had slipped from its claws. The rabbit had almost reached the ground when the eagle overtook it and, describing a sharp circle and crying in triumph, mounted into the air with the rabbit fast in its talons.—New York World.

Forgot His Horse.

A heavy-set German of the type usually caricatured on the vaudeville stage, walked puffing and wildly pawing the air at La Salle and Madison streets the other day and attracted no end of attention by the queer figure he cut. Finally he stopped short, wheeled around, and looked about him with a most perturbed expression of amazement. The big policeman was a few feet away and edged up to find out what was the trouble.

"What, golly!" burst out the little fat man, as he pawed the air more wildly than before. "I drove off mitout my horse."

The policeman stared at him as though his eyes would jump from their sockets and two or three bystanders, who had heard the exclamation gradually began to see an enormous humor in the remark. The little man opened his mouth and spake again:

"And mitout my buggy, too!" he exclaimed. "I go pack and get him!"

Puffing, steaming and pawing, the little man waddled in the direction whence he came. It was several minutes before the policeman recovered sufficiently to laugh.—Chicago News.

A Gentleman.

She was never at a loss in the interests of the family for whom she had toiled, in innumerable capacities, for years. Over the soup-suds, of a Monday morning, in the back kitchen, she heard and retailed the news. Hers was generally of funerals and weddings; theirs of the minor and major movements of home sisters, and brothers gone abroad. One of these last was expected back from the East after an absence of four years. Elbow deep in froth, she contrasted his qualities with those of his elder brother in Africa, whom she (secretly) regarded more. "Yes, now," she said, referring to her acknowledged favorite, "he was a gentleman. Mister John was. When 'e wanted 'is boots cleaned 'e'd come to the top of the stairs and call down, soft-like: 'Mrs. L., will you be so kind as to clean my boots?' Not but what Mister 'Arry's a gentleman, too, but in a different style. When Mister 'Arry wanted 'is boots done, 'e'd just drop 'em over the banisters and 'oller: 'Eads! I want my boots cleaned!'"—The Academy.

To Remove Splinters.

A splinter is a very little thing, but capable of creating a great deal of mischief, discomfort and pain. Every mother of small children should provide herself with a pair of sharp-pointed forceps for this emergency. When the splinter is embedded in the flesh of hand or foot, the point of a small pair of scissors—a manicure pair will very well answer—should be inserted directly over and following the path of the splinter, and a small incision made. If there be any bleeding, staunch it by a little pressure, then open the wound by stretching it a little, and with your forceps pick out the offending object. When the splinter is under the nail, cut a little V-shaped piece out of the nail and with the forceps the splinter is easily removed. Protect the cut made with a little colloidion of a finger-cot.—Harper's Pazar.