NAUGHTINESS AT DINNERS.

It Is Becoming More Common in New York's Swell Set.

In view of the disclosures which have been made regarding the indecent actions at the Seeley dinner in New York recently, it is not without interest to note that the practice of having as entertainers at swell society dinners members of the theatrical profession, if possible the naughtiest members thereof, is decidedly on the increase in the gay metropolis. Vaudeville performers, "sketch" teams and stars of the concert halls are no longer fads at fashionable dinners. They are fixtures—just as much a part of the menu as the oysters or the coffee. During the holiday week fifty hostesses obtained the dramatic item of their dinners from one firm alone, "and it was not such a remarkably good week, either," said the senior member of the firm.

This custom of entertaining guests at dinner with professional talent has been growing in America for the past fifteen years, and last winter found it in the fullness of its popularity. And these entertainers come high. An artist who has made any kind of a hit in a concert hall audience demands anywhere from $50 to $1,500 for an hour's work. Says one dramatic agent:

"Sooner or later most of the season's domestic and imported naughtiness gets into the homes of the rich and the fashionable. Generally the real wicked ones are booked to do their turns before a small, selected company of guests—just the intimate friends of the host or hostess, who can be trusted to keep what they have seen to themselves.

"Curious thing about it, too," the agent went on; "our best business is done during Lent. You wouldn't think it, would you? But it's so, and has been for the last two or three years. While society is doing penance and goes about in sackcloth and ashes before men, it is being entertained in its drawing rooms and dining rooms by artists whose work in the winter has made them famous or infamous, which-ever way you want to look at it.

"I am inclined to believe that the tendency for what the world calls 'questionable performances' is growing. That is as far as the private entertainments are concerned. The young folk—the buds—who a few years ago were satisfied with the parlor elocutionist type crave something a bit stronger now, especially in Lent. We gave them a sort—or the worst—we had last year, and I don't suppose they will be content with any Sunday school benefit this year."

Health Strength Soon succeed weakness and languor when Hood's Sarsaparilla is taken to purify, enrich and vitalize the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels the germs, of scrofula, salt rheum and other poisons which cause so much suffering and sooner or later undermine the general health. It strengthens the system while it eradicates disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c.

On a red hot day Hires Rootbeer stands between you and the distressing effects of the heat.

HIRES Rootbeer

cools the blood, tones the stomach, invigorates the body, fully satisfies the thirst. A delicious, sparkling, temperance drink of the highest medicinal value.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Phila. A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

DRUNKARDS can be saved without their knowledge by Anti-Jag the marvelous cure for the drink habit. Write Renova Chemical Co., 66 Broadway, N. Y. Information (in plain wrapper) mailed free.

The Old Greek Costume.

Men often wore the himation alone, without chiton. The chlamys, another rectangular garment, shorter than the himation, weighted at the corners, and fastened by a brooch so that one corner hung down in front, was worn by men, with or without the chiton. It is especially well shown in the horsemen on the frieze of the Parthenon.

Occasionally Diana, or an Amazon, wears the chlamys, but it is the distinctive garment of the young Greek.

Bands, belts and fillets were much worn. Men and women wound fillets around their heads. Women wore, often under their chiton, a breast band adjusted below the bosom, not to compress the form, but to protect the organs. Indeed, there was no temptation to compress the waist, the flowing drapery veiling the waist. The band which confined the short, or caught up the long chiton, was also of cloth, but the outer belt, holding in the loose folds of the upper part of the long chiton, was often of gold enriched with jewels, and always beautifully adorned.

Great care was taken of the hair; indeed, a mysterious virtue was supposed to lie in the locks, which, carefully washed and perfumed, were one of the bodily graces of the Greek. Women often wore elaborate head-dresses; many were revived in the latter part of the Eighteenth century and the first of the Nineteenth. Out of doors the head was covered either by folds of the peplos brought over the head and around the throat, or by a separate veil, sometimes thick, sometimes thin. —Arthur's Home Magazine.

Unnecessary Noise.

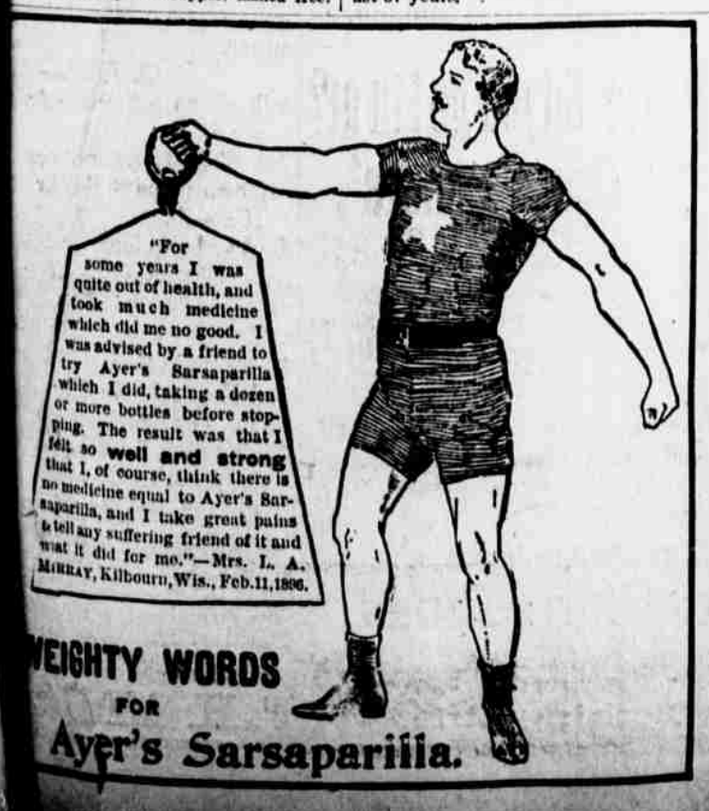
This is a noisy world. All nature's operations are accompanied by more or less noise, so that even in "the quiet country" uninterrupted silence seldom reigns. In the city the din is almost insupportable; it has increased very much during the last half century because of the vast amount of machinery employed, and the use of electric and steam power. Now night brings the city no respite, and how much of the nervousness and insomnia of the present decade is due to this increase of noise might be an interesting subject for the study of sanitarians. Humanity adjusts itself usually to all necessary noises, and even becomes so accustomed to certain sounds that many cannot sleep when the noise ceases. The noise which is most disturbing is that heard close at hand and unusual. A few nights of sleeplessness a short time ago led me to think the slamming of doors with creaking hinges, the rattling of blinds, creaking shoes, with noisy, heavy walking, were the most distracting and annoying noises. Next to this is loud conversation and whispering. The inventor of a noiseless shoe, and elastic door casings, which will enable people to shut or slam doors hard yet without noise, will confer a great boon upon nervous humanity. In the meantime, all persons, especially at night, should wear felt or cork-soled or other soft slippers. All doors and locks should be kept well oiled, and every one should try to cultivate the art of shutting doors as noiselessly as possible.

The Capitol's Weather Map.

The immensity of the rotunda impresses the visitor at the Capitol, the frescoes are attractive, the turbulence of the House and the quiet dignity of the Senate are interesting in their contrast, but, after all, the feature of universal interest in the white-domed building is the weather apparatus. It is something novel to glance at a map which tells you whether it is raining or snowing, sunshiny or cloudy in Montana, Illinois or Louisiana, or anywhere else in this broad land. You can tell whether the friends whom you left at home are wearing mackintoshes or airing their spring clothes under blue skies, while even the temperature and the direction of the wind are recorded.

But the map is not the only feature. There is something mysterious in the cabalistic characters which are traced on revolving cylinders, and which tell at a glance how hot or cold it is, or how hard the wind is blowing, or whether the sun is shining. The instruments which furnish the information are up on the roof of the Capitol, but delicate wires, charged with electricity convey the weather to the equally delicate instruments within the building. All day long a crowd of interested visitors at the Capitol throng around the pretty mechanism and never cease to wonder at the progress of the age.

The United States has produced two-thirds of the cotton consumed by the world for the last 67 years.



DR. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

A GOSPEL MESSAGE.

He Declares Woman's First Sin Was Curiosity—Eve's Fatal Inquisitiveness in the Garden of Eden and Its Awful Results to Succeeding Generations.

TEXT: "And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat." —Genesis iii., 6.

It is the first Saturday afternoon in the world's existence. Ever since sunrise Adam has been watching the brilliant pageantry of wings and scales and clouds, and in his first lessons in zoology and ornithology and ichthyology he has noticed that the robins fly the air in twos, and that the fish swim the waters in twos, and that the lions walk the fields in twos, and in the warm redolence of that Saturday afternoon he falls off into slumber, and, as if by allegory to teach all ages that the greatest of earthly blessings is sound sleep, this paradisaical somnolence ends with the discovery on the part of Adam of a corresponding intelligence just landed on a new planet. Of the mother of all the living I speak—Eve, the first, the fairest and the best.

I make me a garden. I inlay the paths with mountain moss, and I border them with pearls from Ceylon and diamonds from Golconda. Here and there are fountains tossing in the sunlight that ripple under the paddling of the swans. I gather me lilies from the Amazon, and orange groves from the tropics and tamarinds from Goyaz. There are woodbine and honeysuckle climbing over the wall and starred spaniels sprawling themselves on the grass. I invite amid these trees the larks, and the brown thrushes, and the robins, and all the brightest birds of heaven, and they stir the air with infinite chirp and carol. And yet the place is a desert filled with darkness and death as compared with the residence of the woman of the text, the subject of my story. Never since have such skies looked down through such leaves into such waters. Never has river wave had such curve and sheen and bank as adorned the Pison, the Havilah, the Gihon and the Hiddekel, even the pebbles being bdellium and onyx stone. What fruits, with no curculio to sting the rind! What flowers, with no slug to gnaw the root! What atmosphere, with no frost to chill and with no heat to consume! Bright colors tangled in the grass. Perfume in the air. Music in the sky. Great scene of gladness and love and joy.

Right there under a bower of leaf and vine and shrub occurred the first marriage. Adam took the hand of this immaculate daughter of God and pronounced the ceremony when he said, "Bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh." A forbidden tree stood in the midst of that exquisite park. Eve, sauntering out one day alone, looks up at the tree and sees the beautiful fruit and wonders if it is sweet and wonders if it is sour, and standing there says: "I think I will just put my hand upon the fruit. It will do no harm to the tree. I will not take the fruit to eat, but I will just take it down to examine it." She examined the fruit. She said, "I do not think there can be any harm in my just breaking the rind of it." She put the fruit to her teeth, she tasted, she allowed Adam also to taste the fruit, the door of the world opened, and the monster sin entered. Let the heavens gather blackness, and the winds sigh on the bosom of the hills, and cavern, and desert, and earth, and sky join in one long, deep, hell-rending howl, "The world is lost!"

Beasts that before were harmless and full of play put forth claw and sting and tooth and tusk. Birds whet their beak for prey. Clouds troop in the sky. Sharp thorns shoot up through the soft grass. Blastings on the leaves. All the chords of that great harmony are snapped. Upon the brightest home this world ever saw our first parents turned their back and led forth on a path of sorrow the broken hearted myriads of a ruined race.

Do you not see, in the first place, the danger of a poorly regulated inquisitiveness? She wanted to know how the fruit tasted. She found out, but 6000 years have deplored that unhealthful curiosity. Healthful curiosity has done a great deal for letters, for art, for science and for religion. It has gone down into the depths of the earth with the geologist and seen the first chapter of Genesis written in the book of nature illustrated with engraving on rock, and it stood with the antiquarian while he blew the trumpet of resurrection over buried Herculaneum and Pompeii, until from their sepulcher there came up shaft and terrace and amphitheater. Healthful curiosity has enlarged the telescopic vision of the astronomer, until worlds hidden in the distant heavens have trooped forth and have joined the choir praising the Lord; planet weighed against planet and wildest comet lassooed with resplendent law. Healthful curiosity has gone down and found the tracks of the eternal God in the polypi and the starfish under the sea and the majesty of the great Jehovah encamped under the gorgeous curtains of the dahlia. It has studied the spots on the sun, and the larva in a beech leaf, and the light under a firefly's wing, and the terrible eye glance of a condor pitching from Chimborazo. It has studied the myriads of animalculæ that make up the phosphorescence in a ship's wake, and the mighty maze of suns and spheres and constellations and galaxies that blaze on in the march of God. Healthful curiosity has stood by the inventor, until forces that were hidden for ages come to wheels and levers and shafts and shuttles—forces that fly the air or swim the sea or cleave the mountain until the earth jars and roars and rings and crackles and booms with strange mechanism, and ships with nostrils of hot steam and yokes of fire draw the continents together.

I say nothing against healthful curiosity. May it have other Leyden jars, and other electric batteries, and other voltaic piles, and other magnifying glasses, with which to storm the barred castles of the natural world until it shall surrender its last secret. We thank God for the geological curiosity of Professor Hitchcock, and the mechanical curiosity of Liebig, and the zoological curiosity of Cuvier, and the inventive curiosity of Edison, but we must admit that unhealthful and irregular inquisitiveness has rushed thousands and tens of thousands into ruin.

Eve just tasted the fruit. She was curious to find out how it tasted, and that curiosity blasted her and blasted all nations. So there are clergymen in this day, inspired bp unhealthful inquisitiveness, who have tried to look through the keyhole of God's mysteries—mysteries that were barred and bolted from all human inspection—and they have wrenched their whole moral nature out of joint by trying to pluck fruit from branches beyond their reach, or have come out on limbs of the tree from which they have tumbled into ruin without remedy. A thousand trees of religious knowledge from which we may eat and get advantage, but from certain trees of mystery how many have plucked their ruin! Election, free agency, trinity, resurrection—in the discussion of these subjects hundreds and thousands of people ruin the soul. There are men who actually have been kept out of the kingdom of heaven because they could not understand who Melchisedec was not.

Oh, how many have been destroyed by an unhealthful inquisitiveness! It is seen in all directions. There are those who stand with the eye stare and mouth gape of curiosity. They are the first to hear a falsehood, build it another story high and add two wings to it. About other people's apparel, about other people's business, about other people's financial condition, about other people's affairs, they are over-anxious. Every nice piece of gossip stops at their door, and they fatten and luxuriate in the endless round of the great world of little tattle. They invite and sumptuously entertain at their house Colonel Twaddle and Esquire Chitchat and Governor Smalltalk. Whoever hath an innuendo, whoever hath a scandal, whoever hath a valuable secret, let him come and sacrifice it to this goddess of splutter. Thousands of Adams and Eves do nothing but eat fruit that does not belong to them. Men quite well known as mathematicians failing in this computation of moral algebra: Good sense plus good breeding, minus curiosity, equals minding your own affairs.

Then, how many young men through curiosity go through the whole realm of French novels, to see whether they are really as bad as moralists have pronounced them. They come near the verge of the precipice just to look off. They want to see how far it really is down, but they lose their balance while they look and fall into remediless ruin, or, catching themselves, clamber up, bleeding and ghastly, on the rock, gibbering with curses or groaning ineffectual prayer. By all means encourage healthful inquisitiveness, by all means discourage ill regulated curiosity.

That one Edenic transgression did not seem to be much, but it struck a blow which to this day makes the earth stagger. To find out the consequences of that one sin you would have to compel the world to throw open all its prison doors and display the crime, and throw open all its hospitals and display the disease, and throw open all the insane asylums and show the wretchedness, and open all the sepulchers and show the dead, and open all the doors of the lost world and show the damned. That one Edenic transgression stretched chords of misery across the heart of the world and struck them with dolorous wailing, and it has seated the plagues upon the air and the shipwrecks upon the tempest and fastened, like a leech, famine to the heart of the sick and dying nations. Beautiful at the start, horrible at the last. Oh, how many have experienced it!

Are there here those who are votaries of pleasure? Let me warn you, my brother, your pleasure boat is far from shore, and your summer day is ending roughly, for the winds and the waves are loud voiced, and the overcoming clouds are all awrithe and agleam with terror. You are past the Narrows and almost outside the Hook, and if the Atlantic take thee, frail mortal, thou shalt never get to shore again. Put back; row swiftly, swifter, swifter! Jesus from the shore casteth a rope. Clasp it quickly, now or never. Oh, are there not some of you who are freighting all your loves and joys and hopes upon a vessel which shall never reach the port of heaven? Thou nearest the breakers, one heave upon the rocks. Oh, what an awful crash was that! Another lunge may crush thee beneath the spars or grind thy bones to powder amid the torn timbers. Overboard for your life, overboard! Trust not that loose plank nor attempt the wave, but quickly clasp the feet of Jesus walking on the watery pavement, shouting until he hear thee, "Lord, save me or I perish!" Sin beautiful at the start—oh, how sad, how distressful, at the last! The ground over which it leads you is hollow. The fruit it offers to your taste is poison. The promise it makes to you is a lie. Over that ungodly banquet the keen sword of God's judgment hangs, and there are ominous handwritings on the walls.

Observe also in this subject how repelling sin is when appended to great attractiveness. Since Eve's death there has been no such perfection of womanhood. You could not suggest an attractiveness to the body or suggest any refinement to the manner. You could add no gracefulness to the gait, no luster to the eye, no sweetness to the voice. A perfect God made her a perfect woman, to be the companion of a perfect man in a perfect home, and her entire nature vibrated in accord with the beauty and song of paradise. But she rebelled against God's government, and with the same hand with which she plucked the fruit she launched upon the world the crimes, the wars, the tumults that have set the universe a-wailing.

A terrible offset to all her attractiveness. We are not surprised when we find men and women naturally vulgar going into transgression. We expect that people who live in the ditch shall have the manners of the ditch, but how shocking when we find sin appended to superior education and to the refinements of social life. The accomplishments of Mary Queen of Scots make her patronage of Darnley, the profligate, the more appalling. The genius of Catherine II. of Russia only sets forth in more powerful contrast her unappeasable ambition. The translations from the Greek and the Latin by Elizabeth, and her wonderful qualifications for a queen, make the more disgusting her capriciousness of affection and her hotness of temper. The greatness of Byron's mind makes the more alarming Byron's sensuality.

Let no one think that refinement of manner or exquisiteness of taste or superiority of education can in any wise apologize for ill temper, for an oppressive spirit, for unkindness, for any kind of sin. Disobedience Godward and transgression manward can give no excuse. Accomplishment heaven high is no apology for vice hell deep.

My subject also impresses me with the regal influence of woman. When I see Eve with this powerful influence over Adam and over the generations that have followed, it suggests to me the great power all women have for good or for evil. I have no sympathy, nor have you, with the hollow flatteries showered upon women from the platform and the stage. They mean nothing; they are accepted as nothing. Woman's nobility consists in the exercise of a Christian influence, and when I see this powerful influence of Eve upon her husband and upon the whole human race I make up my mind that the frail arm of woman can strike a blow which will resound through all eternity, down among the dungeons or up among the thrones.

Of course I am not speaking of representative women—of Eve, who ruined the race by one fruit picking; of Jael, who drove a spike through the head of Sisera, the warrior; of Esther, who overcame royalty; of Abigail, who stopped a host by her own beautiful prowess; of Mary, who nursed the world's Saviour; of Grandmother Lois, immortalized in her grandson Timothy; of Charlotte Corday, who drove the dagger through the heart of the assassin of her lover, or of Marie Antoinette, who by one look from the balcony of her castle quieted a mob, her own scaffold the throne of forgiveness and womanly courage. I speak not of these extraordinary persons, but of those who, unambitious for political power, as wives and mothers and sisters and daughters, attend to the thousand sweet offices of home.

When at last we come to calculate the forces that decided the destiny of nations, it will be found that the mightiest and grandest influence came from home, where the wife cheered up despondency and fatigue and sorrow by her own sympathy, and the mother trained her child for heaven, starting the little feet on the path to the celestial city, and the sisters by their gentleness refined the manners of the brother, and the daughters were diligent in their kindness to the aged, throwing wreaths of blessing on the road that led father and mother down the steep of years. God bless our homes. And may the home on earth be the vestibule of our home in heaven, in which place we may all meet—father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister, grandfather and grandmother and grandchild, and the entire group of precious ones, of whom we must say, in the words of transporting Charles Wesley:

One family, we dwell in Him;
One church above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death—
One army of the living God,
To His command we bow.
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

Did Farm Work at 106.

Reuben Walker, an East Tennessee pioneer, died near Knoxville, Tenn., aged 106. He was able to do hard farm work until a few weeks before his death.

A 16-YEAR-OLD GIRL HAS NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

The Revivifying Effects of a Proper Nerve Food Demonstrated.

From the Era, Bradford, Pa.

Several months ago, Miss Cora Watrous, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Mr. I. C. Watrous, a locomotive fireman, of 61 Clarion Street, Bradford, Penna., was seized with a nervous disorder which threatened to end her life. The first symptom of the ailment was a loss of appetite. For some little time Miss Watrous had no desire to eat and complained of a feeling of extreme lassitude. This was followed by severe pains in the head. For three weeks the young lady was nearly crazed with a terrible headache and nothing could be procured to give her relief.

Finally, after trying numerous remedies, a physician was called and began treating the patient. He said the trouble was caused by impoverished blood, but after several weeks of his treatment the young lady's condition had not improved and the parents decided to procure the services of another physician. In the meantime Miss Watrous' nervousness had increased, the pains in her head had grown more severe and the sufferer's parents had almost given up hope of her recovery.

It was at this time that Mr. Watrous heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He found that the pills were highly recommended for nervous disorders and concluded to give them a trial. A box of the pills was purchased and before they had all been taken there was a marked improvement in the girl's condition. After a half dozen boxes had been used, the young lady's appetite had returned, the pain in her head had ceased and she was stronger than at any time previous to her illness.

Miss Watrous concluded that her cure was complete and left home for a visit to relatives in the grape country near Dunkirk, N. Y. She stopped taking the medicine and by over-exertion brought the ailment back again. As soon as the returning symptoms were felt, Miss Watrous secured another box of pills and the illness was soon driven away. She is now in better physical condition than she has been for years and declares that she owes her life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Mr. and Mrs. Watrous were interviewed by a reporter at their home on Clarion Street. Both are loud in their praises of Pink Pills. "My daughter's life was saved by the medicine," said Mrs. Watrous. "Her condition was almost hopeless when she commenced taking them, but now she is as strong and healthy as any one could be. I cannot recommend the medicine too highly."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Brave Men.

Alex McClure of the Philadelphia Times says: "The two boldest men he knows are John Wannamaker of Philadelphia and Tilly Haynes of Boston. Both went to New York. Mr. Wannamaker took the Stewart property, the finest dry goods store in the world, and Mr. Haynes took the great Broadway Central Hotel, the largest in the city. But dry rot had crept into both of these magnificent properties and no one dared to grasp them, until John Wannamaker took one and Tilly Haynes the other. A complete and unqualified success has crowned the efforts of both. Verily a good reputation is better than riches."

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. One-quarter the price of coffee. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

J. S. Parker, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the $100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

In 1830 Maryland's wealth was $219,000,000; now it is $1,200,000,000.

Bones in a Silver Vein.

If the find of a Colorado silver miner, made half a dozen years ago, be taken into account, there is but little doubt that the human race existed on this continent as long ago as the time when the silver veins were in process of formation. In the Rocky Point mine, at Gilman, 400 feet below the surface, a number of human bones were found imbedded in the silver-bearing ores. When taken out over $100 worth of ore still clung to the bones. An arrowhead made of tempered copper and four inches long, was also found with the remains.

The Left Ear the Best.

It has been ascertained by experiments that a number of persons who use the telephone habitually hear better with the left ear than with the right. The common practice of the telephone companies is to place the receiver so that it will be applied to the left ear. In order to educate the right ear to the same point of efficiency it is recommended that the receiver be held in the right hand half of the time.

A Continuous Performance.

Mandy—Come on, Silas; it costs too much to eat in thet place.

Silas—Yes, 50 cents is a lot ter pay fer a dinner, but look how long we kin eat—from 1:30 to 8 o'clock. Let's go in. —New York Tribune.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

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

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure. Ralph Enisi, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1895.

BICYCLE EXCITEMENT.

BENJ. S. LOVELL, Treas. Lovell Arms Co.

The greatest sensation of the season in the bicycle market has been occasioned by four of the leading manufacturers combining to protect the retail trade from being imposed upon by agents and others who have no reputation to lose, as bicycle dealers. This combination, of which the John P. Lovell Arms Co. are the moving spirits, have forced down the price of high grade wheels so that there is now no reason why a cyclist should ride anything but a first-class, guaranteed wheel, and at prices charged from the nameless and unguaranteed wheels. There is considerable opposition to this combination on the part of those who handle low grade wheels, but the public will be the winners, thanks to the Lovell Arms Co. A catalogue of our regular bicycle stock and a special list of wheels issued by the Big Four Combination mailed free on application.

SILOS HOW TO BUILD ASK WILLIAMS MFG. CO., KALAMAZOO, MICH.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D.C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty. since.

F N U 24 97

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

BE BEAUTIFUL! IF YOUR BLOOD IS BAD YOUR FACE SHOWS IT.

It's nature's warning that the condition of the blood needs attention before more serious diseases set in. Beauty is blood deep.

Cascarets

HEED THE RED FLAG OF DANGER,

When you see pimples and liver spots on your face.

Make the COMPLEXION Beautiful, by Purifying the BLOOD.

If the blood is pure, the skin is clear, smooth and soft. If you take our advice, you will find CASCARETS will bring the rosy blush of health to faded faces, take away the liver spots and pimples. Help nature help you!

ALL DRUGGISTS. 10c., 25c., 50c. YOU CAN, IF YOU ONLY TRY. No. 259

Agents Everywhere!

For the Lovell "Diamond" Cycles, and we stake our BUSINESS REPUTATION of over 55 years that the most perfect wheel yet made is the

Lovell Diamond '97 Model.

INSIST ON SEEING THEM.

AGENTS in nearly every City and Town. Examination will prove their superiority. If no agent in your place, send to us.

SPECIAL.—A large line of Low Priced and Second-hand wheels at unheard of figures.

SEND FOR SECOND HAND LIST.

BICYCLE CATALOGUE FREE.

We have the largest line of Bicycle Sundries, Bicycle and Gymnasium Suits and Athletic Goods of all kinds. Write us what you want and we'll send you full information. If a dealer, mention it.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., 131 Broad St., Boston.

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"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE," BUY

SAPOLIO

'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.