

PIMPLES

Cured in FIVE DAYS by the use of Dr. Thomas' Facial Ointment, apply at bedtime; cures while you sleep.

For a short time we will send a Fifty-cent box by mail, postpaid, on receipt of thirty five cents. Address,

Banner Chemical Co.,
1324 North 55th St.,
West Park Station,
12-5-20t. Philadelphia, Pa.

A Delicate Problem.
"Do you think Cholly's manner is natural or affected?"
"Well, I try to think the best of everybody—so I don't know which to think."—Puck.

Only One Living.
Friend—Does the new landlady at your boarding house appear to be getting a living out of it?
Boarder—Yes, she is, but we are not.—N. Y. Weekly.

Avoid adulteration and wholesale and retail profits by buying your whiskey direct from the distillery. See the Hayner Distilling Co. announcement in this paper, which explains how to get four full quarts of pure Seven-Year-Old Rye Whiskey, express prepaid, for \$3.20. They guarantee pure goods and full measure.

Couldn't Be Done.
Lady (in dress with long train)—I wish my portrait taken.
Photographer—Take this seat, madam.
"Oh, but I want it full length."
"Hum! Very sorry, madam, but my panoramic camera is out of order."—N. Y. Weekly.

REMARKABLE CURE OF CROUP.
A Little Boy's Life Saved.
I have a few words to say regarding Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It saved my little boy's life and I feel that I cannot praise it enough. I bought a bottle of it from A. E. Steele of Godwin, S. D., and when I got home with it the poor baby could hardly breathe. I gave the medicine as directed every ten minutes until he "threw up" and then I thought sure he was going to choke to death. We had to pull the phlegm out of his mouth in great long strings. I am positive that if I had not got that bottle of cough medicine, my boy would not be on earth to-day.—JOE DICKSON, Inwood, Iowa. For sale by the Middleburg Drug Store.

Good Luck.
"Your friend Bumhunter was out gunning again to-day."
"Yes, and he had great luck."
"Nonsense! he didn't bag a thing."
"I know, but the last time he was out he bagged a cow."—Philadelphia Press.

A Cure for Lumbago.
W. C. Williamson, of Amherst, Va., says: "For more than a year I suffered from lumbago. I finally tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it gave me entire relief, which all other remedies had failed to do. Sold by Middleburg Drug Store."

The Casual Observer.
This old world has some curious ways. You watch with eager eye. And don't know if you ought to laugh or if you ought to cry.—Washington Star.

Not Comme Il Faut.
Van Twiller—What makes you think he isn't used to society?
Van Winkle—He detected his hostess cheating at bridge.—Town Topics.

The sensible way to buy whiskey is to get it direct from the distillery. This saves wholesale and retail dealer's profits, also insures pure goods. The Hayner Distilling Co. will ship you four full quarts Seven-Year-Old Rye Whiskey, express prepaid, for \$3.20. See large advertisement in this issue.

Innocent.
"Papa," said little Reginald.
"What is it, my child?"
"Did anybody ever try to buy your vote?"
"No. You see, I am a gentleman. Nobody has ever found out that I have a vote."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Real Preferences.
Mabel—Here's a writer on health who says we mustn't eat pickles at all.
Irene—O, well. I don't really care for them. If I can have all the chalk and all the slate pencils I want I don't care if I never see a pickle.—Chicago Tribune.

PIMPLES

My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CARCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first CARCARET I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of CARCARETS. FRED WARTMAN, 578 North 22nd Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. NEVER SICKEN. Wholesale and Retail, 25c. per box.
CURE CONSTIPATION.
Solely Preparing Company, Chicago, Ill., and New York, N.Y.
NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to 471 321 Tobacco Habit.

THE OLD WORLDLING.

He shambles by each sunny afternoon;
His portly form is shrunken as a specter,
His face is vacant as the morning moon;
Quaffed is his nectar.

Out of his eyes the dancing light is gone;
Out of his blood the wanton warmth that thrilled it;
Out of his air the charm that conquers won
When fancy willed it.

Proud was his port and taftly his array;
His days and nights o'erflowed with song
and laughter;
He never dreamed that these would pass
away
And this come after.

He courted pleasure and secured it still;
He asked for friends, and loves, and these
were given;
He craved all worldly good and had his fill;
He sought not Heaven.

His friends have vanished never to return;
His pleasures, treasures, all his heart's desire;
His passions only in their embers burn;
Mute is his lyre.

For him the eventide has brought no light;
Its sighing breezes pity as they kiss him;
The dark will bear him to the wastes of night;
Earth will not miss him.

Alas, the life that has no upward look,
No sacrifice of self, no high endeavor;
Its taste becoming like the seed's book,
Bitter forever!
—Edward N. Pomeroy, in Boston Transcript.

WHEN THE "RAG ROW" CLOSED

By D. H. TALMADGE.

LET it be distinctly understood that no man conforms precisely to the estimate put upon him by the world. He is human, and consequently too deep in places for human comprehension.

Duggles is considered to be a very wicked young man—a man of menace to the better social interests, who obtains his living in a manner prohibited by the statutes and thereby assists the police reporters of the daily press to obtain their honesty, which fact has a bearing upon some problem or other in moral philosophy. He is not a bad-looking young fellow when he appears in police court after a comfortable night's sleep, and it is noted on these occasions that a young woman with big brown eyes, which seem to melt and run down her face when she looks at the prisoner, invariably occupies a seat near the door. This young woman has come to be as much a feature of interest to the court habitués as Duggles himself, and the police department even goes so far as to suspect her of complicity in certain crimes, which is as great a compliment as the police department is capable of paying to any person outside of itself. But it never does more than suspect, because the only thing against her is her friendship for Duggles, and friendship for a criminal does not constitute a crime in this country, nor will it so long as men of different moral standards are compelled by motives of political policy to associate with one another. Some state legislature will make such a law perhaps after awhile. Anything may be expected from state legislatures, which as a rule are composed of conscientious men who labor under the frightful delusion that if they fail to make laws they are failing in their duty to the commonwealth, and who, poor creatures, are woefully pushed at times to obtain raw material. This, however, has nothing to do with Duggles in particular.

Duggles appeared one night at the Three Corners, a locality frowned upon by those good people who believe that vice should be cloaked respectfully, and crooked his finger at a certain window. The window drapery fluttered responsively, and a moment later the girl of the brown eyes appeared in the "family entrance" of the beer saloon known to many shuddering readers of the daily prints as "Bud's Place." "Bud" was the girl's father. Also he was a warm friend to Duggles.

"Evenin'," said Duggles. He gently grasped the hand that the girl extended towards him and held it. They seated themselves upon the doorstep. "Didn't look for me to-night, did you?" He smiled.

"No," replied the girl; "but that makes me all the gladder to see you."
"Naw!" He was greatly pleased. "Warm, ain't it?"
"Twas warmer where I was last night."
"Was it?"
"I bet you!" He rubbed the stable of his chin with his disengaged hand and chuckled. Then he pressed a bit closer to her. "Molly, what would you say to buyin' a house and movin' into it, you and me?"
"What you givin' me?"
"Straight goods, me girl. See here: There was a select little stag party up on Avenue B last night, and I was to it; dropped in without bein' bid about two o'clock. No matter how I got in; 'twasn't by the door; and what I got wasn't what I went after; I didn't touch a thing, and when I left I covered every track."
"You heard somethin'?"
"Gee, but you're clever, Molly! How did you tumble so easy?" He contemplated the girl in frank admiration.

"Stop givin'! What did you hear?" He closed one eye cunningly.
"You'll have to let me whisper it into your ear, and you'll have to take chances of gettin' kissed while I'm whisperin' it."
"Don't you dare, BIRD Duggles!"

The girl scowled fiercely, then rested her head upon his shoulder. "Ain't it nice they didn't put an are on this side the buildin'?" she murmured.
"M-m-m-m," he agreed.

A policeman passed, twirling his night stick. A bevy of girls, chatting and laughing shrilly, paused, nudging one another. A child, carrying a tin pail, appeared and stood waiting until Duggles arose and made way for her to enter the saloon.

"There was only two men in the party," he went on, "and one of 'em was old Drimmer, chief squirt of the Rag Row bank, and the other was Bowd, the cashier. I come within an inch of breakin' right in on 'em. My hand was on the doorknob, and—"
"Cut the trimmin's," the girl interrupted impatiently. "What did you hear?"
His reply caused her to start. "Go in to close—Friday—the Rag Row bank—aw, say, now!"

"It's straight, I tell you. They went over the whole thing, figures and all. There's a shortage of 16,000 plunkers and some cents on the bank books, and they're goin' to sneak with what they can get their claws on before the thing comes out. They don't want to do it. Old Drimmer sniveled like a kid, but Bowd didn't; he cussed 'em both for speculatin' with other people's spuds; said they might as well make a clean job of it now. As near as he could tell there was \$15,000 apeece for 'em, all cash."
"Well?" said the girl, after an interval.
"Well, it's up to me to do somethin'. This is Tuesday. What'll I do?"
"I don't know. Dad keeps his money in that bank."

"Yes, and the Mulltons do and the Tolands and the Kiggleses and all our folks; but they'll pay nothin' to the one that saves the stuff for 'em—not a pistarene. There's the makin' in it. Molly, of a nice little front room with plate glass fixtures and a nice little back room with easy-chairs and a velvet sofa. All I've got to do is to ask for \$5,000 and I'll get it."
"Ask who?"
"Old Drimmer."
"He'd laugh at you; he'd say no one would believe you."
"He wouldn't laugh when I worked the shortage gag on him; that's where I'd have him dead to rights. I know a newspaper guy that'll give me a hundred in cold cash, and maybe more, for the steer the minute the thing's proved; and he'll see that it's proved devilish quick, too, and won't ask unpleasant questions."
They were silent for a time. A cab rattled over the cobbles, and fragments of "The Wearing of the Green," played on an accordion, wafted from a near-by alley.

"Bill," the girl spoke first.
"Yes?"
"T'wouldn't be honest; 't'wouldn't be square."
"Maybe not, me girl. You think I'd better put the coppers on, and let the chance go?"
She did not reply at once. Softly he stroked her hair, waiting. Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. A quarter-hour. Then, very slowly:
"Yes, Bill, you'd better let the chance go. We'd never feel just right about it. Let it go."
Duggles hesitated. His forehead was wet with sweat, and he ground his teeth. The hand in which he held that of the girl contracted with such vigor that she gave utterance to an exclamation of pain. But the tone of his voice was cheerful.

"All right, Molly."
Impulsively the girl put her arms about his neck. "I'll marry you, Bill, any time you say," she whispered. "You're awful good."
He gasped. "You said you wouldn't till I was fixed to buy a place. You ain't guffin' me, are you, Molly?"
"Nit," she replied. "I've changed my mind. I'd rather have you poor but honest than to have you rich with the spuds stole from our own people by swell thieves. Our people trusted 'em, Bill, and they've proved false. I'm surprised that you'd think of takin' the—"

"I didn't want the stuff, Molly," he interrupted; "on the dead I didn't; I wanted—you. I can graft enough from them that can afford to lose it to keep us goin', dear."
"If you can't," she said, and the note in her voice was one of high purpose according to her lights, "we'll starve, old man."
"You know it!" said Duggles.

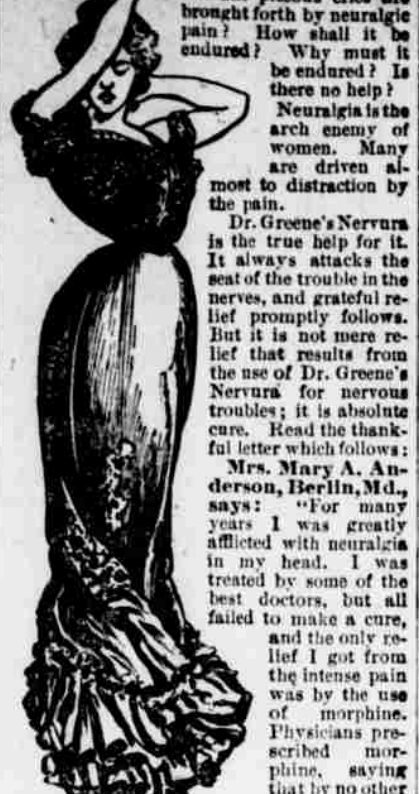
And the next day two miserable men were transferred from homes wherein the Three Corners district was never thought of except with horror to that place where the state confines the violators of its laws until they shall be tried.

Mrs. Logan Attains Fresh Honors.
Mrs. John A. Logan has been elected to the head of the new organization. Application has been made to the commander in chief of the Spanish war veterans for a charter as a national woman's auxiliary by a number of women of Washington, who have elected officers, selecting Mrs. Logan as president. The application is strongly indorsed by Lieut. Gen. Miles, recently commander in chief of the veterans, and by other prominent officers. It is proposed that the National Woman's Auxiliary shall have a status with the Spanish War Veterans similar to that enjoyed by women's organizations connected with the Grand Army of the Republic, Union Veterans' union and other patriotic associations. If the charter is granted Mrs. Logan's auxiliary will be the mother and issue charters to such women's auxiliaries as may be organized throughout the country.

Men Can Only Be Picked.
She—Why don't you pick out some nice girl to marry you?
He—I guess you don't know the girls in our set. They do the pickin' out.—Boston Herald.

WOMAN'S ENEMY

True Help for Body-Racking Pains found in Dr. Greene's Nervura which Brings Absolute Cure.



What piteous cries are heard forth by neuralgia pain? How shall it be endured? Why must it be endured? Is there no help? Neuralgia is the arch enemy of women. Many are driven almost to distraction by the pain. Dr. Greene's Nervura is the true help for it. It always attacks the seat of the trouble in the nerves, and gradual relief promptly follows. But it is not mere relief that results from the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura for nervous troubles; it is absolute cure. It is the thankful letter which follows: Mrs. Mary A. Anderson, Berlin, Md., says: "For many years I was greatly afflicted with neuralgia in my head. I was treated by some of the best doctors, but all failed to make a cure, and the only relief I got from the intense pain was by the use of morphine. Physicians prescribed morphine, saying that by no other means in their power could they relieve my sufferings. I became addicted to the use of the drug, which was gradually getting me more and more in its power, when I was fortunately induced to try Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy. "From that time to the present I have not taken a particle of morphine or opium in any of its forms, save once; neither have I had a recurrence of the severe neuralgia pains in my head. I really do not feel like the same person."

A Genuine Pleasure.
A couple were getting married, and the man who was acting as "father" was an extremely fussy person. When the question was asked, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" to the amusement of both the clergyman and the congregation this gentleman stepped forward and said: "I have very much pleasure in doing so."—Tit-Bits.

Why She Liked Them.
After three-year-old Frances' little guests had departed, her mamma asked:
"Frances, do you like little girls to visit you?"
"Yes'm; I like little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."—Harlem Life.

What It Is That Comes.
"Do you believe that all things come to him who waits?"
"No," answered the hustler, decisively. "Pretty nearly everything that a man doesn't want comes to him who waits, but the things worth having come to him who gets up and humps himself."—Chicago Post.

Method in Her Madness.
Dashaway—Last night I experienced a novel sensation. Miss Twilling invited me out to dinner as her guest, and insisted on ordering and paying for everything. I wonder what she did it for?
Cleverton—She probably wanted something to eat.—Harlem Life.

Try four full quarts of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old Rye, express prepaid, for \$3.20. For particulars, see announcement of the Hayner Distilling Co., Dayton, Ohio, which appears elsewhere in this issue.

Evidently Neither.
Farmer Hayrake—Deacon Snodgrass has bin in New York for a week.
Farmer Snakeroot—Business or pleasure?
Farmer Hayrake—Neither, I reckon! He didn't hev ter send fer money enough ter git home with!—Puck.

High Qualification.
"Can he cook?" asked the proprietor of the restaurant.
"Cook?" asked the caller, who was rooting for a friend out of a job.
"Can he cook?" Say, I've seen that man make four squab pies out of one old pigeon!—Chicago Tribune.

The Close Friend.
Just through a foolish word or two I lost my closest friend.
How does it feel? I never knew.
What I asked: "Say, Jack, have you a V or X to lend?"
—Philadelphia Press.

A Good Recommendation.
"I have noticed that the sale on Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets is a most invariably to those who have once used them," says Mr. J. H. Weber, a prominent druggist of Cascade, Iowa. What better recommendation could any medicine have than for people to call for it when again in need of such a remedy? Try them when you feel dull after eating, when you have a bad taste in your mouth, feel bilious, have no appetite or when troubled with constipation, and you are certain to be delighted with the prompt relief which they afford. For sale by the Middleburg Drug Store.

Crushed Him.
Maud Faircast—And what did father say when you asked him if you might pay your addresses to me?
Young Sparclaub—He said he was surprised to hear that I was capable of paying anything.—Ally Sloper.

Not Synonymous.
Mrs. Tuftunter—I suppose you've heard my daughter is to marry a nobleman.
Mrs. Planebuddy—Why, no, I heard it was a gentleman who was her accepted lover.—Philadelphia Press.

JOHN E. REDMOND.

Patriotic Leader Who Is Explaining Irish League Objects to American Audiences.

John E. Redmond, the Irish leader, who, with Patrick McHugh and Thomas O'Donnell, is now in America



JOHN E. REDMOND.
(Official Representative of the United Irish League.)

to explain to the people of the United States that the purpose and scope of the United Irish League, distinguished himself in Trinity college, where he was educated, and was called to the bar at Gray's inn in 1886, and at the King's inn in 1887. For a time Mr. Redmond was clerk in the vote office of the house of commons and was perfectly familiar with the ways of parliament before his election in 1881 as member for New Ross. In 1891 he was elected for Waterford, and in the year following for Waterford city. Mr. Redmond has consistently clung to the Parnell side of the Irish movement, and he has been a leading Parnellite in Irish affairs ever since the party was divided. He is an eloquent orator and a highly interesting personality. His trip to America is considered very timely, owing to recent developments in the Irish question growing out of the Boer war.

WORTH \$300,000,000.

The President of a certain big Oil Company is said to be worth \$300,000,000. A tidy bit of money and no mistake. And yet he isn't happy. In an address to a Bible class he spoke of trials and troubles of the rich and the loads they have to carry. A young lady whispered to a friend that he might wear a Benson's Porous Plaster on his back, better still, divide the money among the members of the class. I don't know why her idea about the plaster makes me want to laugh, but it does. All the same I have seen plenty of people laugh after putting Benson's Plasters on their backs or chests, or on any other spot where there was weight, heaviness, weakness or pain. It may be the sharp stab of neuralgia, the aches and wrenches of rheumatism; it may be colds in muscles or bones; it may be those kidney or lumbago thrusts that make you yell as at a dog bite; or it may be a strain or cramp, anything that wants quieting and comforting. Don't bother with salves, liniments, lotions, etc., or with any of the stupid and useless old style plasters. Clap on a Benson's. It relieves at once and cures quickly. It stops the pain and makes you laugh for the very ease and good feeling of it. But watch out against imitations and substitutes. All druggists, or we will prepay postage on any number ordered in the United States on receipt of 25c. each. Seabury & Johnson, Mfg. Chemists, N.Y.

Saying the Affable Thing.
Agnes—Dorothy, you don't mind it that I didn't write to you while I was gone, do you?
Dorothy—No, indeed, Agnes; I've been so busy myself that I'd have been mad at you if you had.—Brooklyn Life.

Meat and Vegetables.
Dre increase in their cost we see. Ere long we will begin To fear that pork and beans will be As rare as terrapin. —Washington Star.

OBSERVANT OF THE AMENITIES.
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The Truth

Is told by most people. If it were not the whole commercial and social fabric would fall to pieces. There are thousands upon thousands of people who testify to the cures effected by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

They are representative people in their communities. You would believe their word on any question of knowledge. They speak the simple truth when they testify that Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures dyspepsia, "weak" stomach and other diseases of the stomach and its allied organs of digestion and nutrition. It cures when all other remedial means have failed. It cures perfectly and permanently. There is no alcohol in the "Discovery" it is free from opium, cocaine and all other narcotics. Accept no substitute for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. There is nothing "just as good."

It was a total wreck—could not eat or sleep—writes Mr. J. O. Beers, of Berryman, Crawford Co., Mo. "For two years I tried medicine from doctors, but received very little benefit. I lost flesh and strength, was not able to do a good day's work. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and when I had taken one bottle I could sleep, and my appetite was wonderfully improved. I have taken five bottles and am still improving."
Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser, paper-covered, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

LOOKING FORWARD.
"Don't you think, dear, we might afford one of the horseless carriages?"
"We might take the horseless paragon and wait for fortune to bring us the rest."—Leslie's Weekly.

HAYNER'S PURE WHISKEY
DIRECT FROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER.
Four Full Quarts \$3.20 Express Prepaid.
Saves Dealers' Profits. Prevents Adulterations.
OUR OFFER!
We will send four full quarts of Hayner's 7-Year-Old Double Copper Distilled Rye for \$3.20, express prepaid, shipped in plain packages, so as to make it impossible to detect counterfeit. If not satisfactory, return it at our expense; we will return your \$3.20.
Such Whiskey can't be had elsewhere for less than \$5.
REFERENCES: Third Nat'l Bank, Dayton; State Nat'l Bank, St. Louis; or any of the 1000's of THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO., 222-224 West Fifth St., Dayton, Ohio, 309-311 So. Seventh St., St. Louis, Mo.
We guarantee above firm will do as it agrees.—E.

GEN. GRANT'S WIDOW.
Former Mistress of the White House Is Just Recovering from a Rather Serious Illness.
Mrs. Julia Dent Grant, who is just recovering from a rather serious illness following upon her last visit to



MRS. JULIA DENT GRANT.
(Her Recovery from Serious Illness Has Just Been Announced.)

Canada, is now in her seventy-fifth year and has enjoyed excellent health and spirits almost all the years of her life. The widow of the great soldier and president was born at St. Louis the daughter of Frederick and Ellen Dent. It was soon after her graduation from a boarding school that the charming Miss Dent met and captured the heart of the then Lieut. Grant, who was stationed at St. Louis. The marriage took place on August 22, 1845. When Gen. Grant left the white house his wife accompanied him on his travels around the world and shared in all the honors bestowed on the hero of the civil war. After the general's death congress passed a bill giving his widow a pension of \$3,000 a year, upon which she has chiefly subsisted since that time.

DON'T TOBACCO SMOKE
and SMOKE Your Life away
You can be cured of any form of tobacco habit easily, by made well, strong, magnetic, full new life and vigor by taking **NO-TO-BAC** that makes weak men strong. Over ten pounds in ten days. Over 500,000 cured. All druggists. Cure guaranteed. Get the advice FREE. Address: STRONG'S REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York.