The Nimble Nickel.

The nimble nickel works wonders in all lines of trade, and the oftener it is turned the greater is the purchasing power in any line.

The Endless Chain Starch Book will enable you to get with the nimble nickel one large 10c. package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c. package of "Hubiager's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, as natural as life, or one Twentieth Century Girl calendar, the finest of its kind ever printed, all for 5c. Ask your grocer.

Spread of the English Language.

Writing on the decline of the French language, M. Jean Finot points out that at the end of the last century French was the language spoken by the greatest number of civilized people, whereas now it stands fourth. English is spoken by 116,000,000, Russian by 85,000,000, German by 80,000,000, and French by 58,000,000.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. { SEAL } A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

What Shall We Have For Dessert?

This question arises in the family daily. Let us answer it to-day. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in 2 min. No boiling! no baking! Simply add a little hot water & set to cool. Flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. At grocers. 10c.

Dresden, Germany, publishes a daily paper, and all profits are spent on public parks.

The Washington Mutual Mining Investment Co., Mutual Life Bldg., Seattle, Washington, guarantees 6 per cent. interest on all investments, and equal participation in profits made in mining in Alaska and elsewhere. Great advantages to small investors. Write for circular. Highest references.

A man walking day and night without resting would take 428 days to journey around the world.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

On and after May 1 the plasterers of Toledo will receive 45 cents an hour.

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

A Queen's Collection of Dolls.

Queen Wilhelmina has preserved her dolls and adds constantly to her collection.

Spring
Annually Says Take
Hood's Sarsaparilla

In the spring those Pimples, Boils, Eruptions and General Bad Feelings indicate that there are cobwebs in the system. It needs a thorough brushing, and the best brush is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which sweeps all humors before it. This great medicine eradicates Scrofula, subdues Salt Rheum, neutralizes the acidity which causes Rheumatism—in short, purifies the blood and thoroughly renovates the whole physical system.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla has been taken in our family as a blood purifier and spring medicine with satisfactory results." LENAH RICHARDSON, 135 West William street, Bath, N. Y. Be sure to get Hood's.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup Is the best remedy for bronchitis. It relieves the troublesome cough at once, effects an easy expectoration and cures in a few days. Price 25c. at all druggists.

Changed the Place.

It is said that Jared Sparks, chosen president of Harvard college in 1849, yielded promptly and courteously to the opinions and wishes of the faculty where no important interest was at issue, but wherever the welfare of honor of the college or of its individual members was concerned, he adhered immovably to his own judgment. A case in point, says Doctor Peabody, in his "Harvard Graduates Whom I Have Known," occurred when Kossuth was making his progress through the country. Mr. Sparks was one of the few who were disinclined to pay homage. The then usual spring exhibition, normally held in the college chapel, was at hand, and it was understood that Kossuth would be present. The faculty voted unanimously, or nearly so, to hold this exhibition where the commencements were held, in the First Parish church. Mr. Sparks declared the vote, but added: "It is for you, gentlemen, to hold the exhibition where you please. I shall go to the chapel in my cap and gown at the usual hour." The vote, of course, was reconsidered.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

Tells About Her Daughter's Illness and How She was Relieved—Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

"MRS. PINKHAM:—I write to tell you about my daughter. She is nineteen years old and is flowing all the time, and has been for about three months. The doctor does her but very little good, if any. I thought I would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, but I want your advice before beginning its use. I have become very much alarmed about her, as she is getting so weak."—MRS. MATILDA A. CAMP, Manchester Mill, Macon, Ga., May 21, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—It affords me great pleasure to tell you of the benefit my daughter has received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After beginning the use of your medicine she began to mend rapidly and is now able to be at her work. Her menses are regular and almost painless. I feel very thankful to you and expect to always keep your Vegetable Compound in my house. It is the best medicine I ever knew. You have my permission to publish this letter if you wish, it may be the means of doing others good."—MRS. MATILDA A. CAMP, Manchester Mill, Macon, Ga., September 18, 1899.

NEW YORK FASHIONS.

Designs For Costumes That Have Become Popular in the Metropolis.

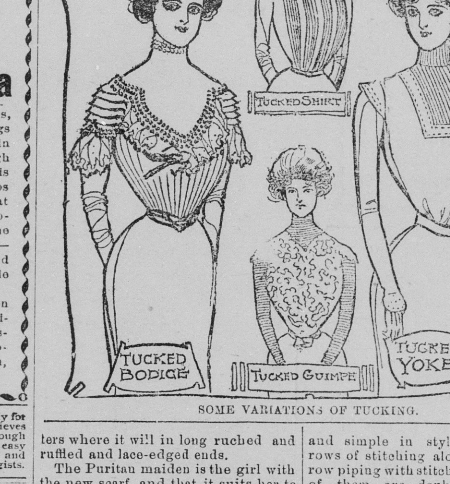
NEW YORK CITY (Special).—The Puritan maiden will remain beyond Easter, for she represents a fetching spring fashion.

THE PURITAN MAIDEN.

Demure as she looks, this fin de siecle Puritan, she may be a daughter of Marie Antoinette as well as of Priscilla, for, with all her quaintness, she does not lack coquetry.

Her kerchief is of gauzy chiffon, white or black or palest gray or blue, and it fastens above her bosom with a glittering brooch that would not be approved by the elders.

Or it becomes a fichu outright, and knots in front and falls to the waist, and knots again upon the hips and flutters where it will in long ruched and ruffled and lace-edged ends.



SOME VARIATIONS OF TUCKING.

The Puritan maiden is the girl with the new scarf, and that it suits her to wear it with a gray Lenten gown and a modest poke hat adorned with spring flowers is just a part of the girl's charm and whimsically—these qualities being often one.

It is said that Miss Beatrix Hoyt, the famous girl golfer, was the first to wear the new scarf. Fashionable dressmakers are adapting it to costumes for the South, to bridesmaids' dresses for Easter weddings and to all manner of fresh and filmy summer gowns.

Tucks on Everything.

The vogue of the tuck is something startling. Everything is tucked from milady's hat to the bow on her dainty evening slipper.

The shirt waist revels in tucks until one is ready to vote the shirt which boasts none a sorry affair. Then there's the entire bodice, for evening wear or otherwise, which is tucked. And very beautiful it is. In some elaborate instances the entire dress is tucked to below the knees.

Then there's a mere tucked yoke; most dainty little finish in taffeta for a taut little blouse bodise. The tucked guimpe is the yoke plus sleeves, though it is tucked in the opposite direction—crosswise that is. The one pictured in the large illustration is of mousseline.

As we all know the world of lingerie rests on a foundation of tucks. A few ornament the plainer specimens, while the splendid sorts are masses of tucks, tucks bias, tucks straight, tucks in lattice effect, tucks without number.

So much for the tuck, and it seems that the "latest tuck" is to get as many tucks as possible.

Great Vogue of White.

As to colors there's a new choice. It is white!

Time was when this color—or lack of it—was supposed to be the especial prerogative of babies and brides. Such is no longer the case. White has been declared ever so proper and modish, which means that everybody, from the debutante to your grandmother, is thus arrayed.

And it's rather a pity, since all the women in white and all the men in black give assemblages rather a dull appearance.

Belts For the Shirt Waists.

Belts for the new shirt waists are of the familiar little narrow-stitched bands of silk to match or of contrasting silk, when the waists are trimmed. When the waists are tucked lengthwise, the tucks on the sleeves going around, instead of lengthwise, are pretty, and make the arm look larger. Many of the sleeves are finished with a few little tucks across the top of the sleeves, such as have been worn for some time.

Style of the New Corset.

Corsets are important factors of dress. The new corset is absolutely straight in the front, curving in only at the sides and back. Corsets are left very loose at all points above the waist line, where they begin to tighten, and the hips are laced snugly. This gives the required decided dip in the front of the waist line. Everything is done to stand correctly that these lines may be produced.

Golden Ribbons.

Some beautiful new ribbons are woven of gilded threads and are soft, shining and wondrously flexible. They deserve their name of gold ribbons. If you buy them wear them at once and get the good of them instead of saving, because there is the possibility of their tarnishing, when the odor of the rusting metal becomes unpleasantly in evidence.

Wrought With Silver.

How showy is the waistcoat, collarband or fichu of white satin clouded with silver-wrought net! Sometimes the satin is wrought with silver and then the effect is liked almost as well. Silver cords are appliqued down to a white satin stock collar, and are also used to loop across from one silver button to another.

Tucks in the New Skirt.

A popular skirt for spring and summer wear is that which is tucked to fit the hips closely. The tucks are usually narrow, and depend to the knees or a little above. Here they terminate to form Vandyke points and a gracefully flowing flounce, which may or may not be ornamented with lace in applique designs.

Ways to Wear the Hair.

Many ladies are wearing their hair parted a little to the side, slightly waved, and a few soft curls straying over the forehead on one side only. Young girls dispense with the waving and fold the hair loosely on either side, so that it falls over in an artistic fashion, but a girl needs to be pretty to wear her hair this way.

Jackets For Spring.

Jackets for spring are very short and simple in style, finished with rows of stitching alone, or very narrow piping with stitching above. Some of them are doublebreasted, with handsome buttons for a finish. Eton coats are shaped down below the waist line in front much as they were made in the autumn.

The Popularity of the Chain Purse.

Chain purses still continue to retain their hold on milady's fancy. Very pretty new ones for spring now on view have a hinged top with amethyst, topaz, turquoise and other bright-colored stones for ornament. Bright silver, French gray and oxidized finishes are all to be had.

A Novelty For Separate Waists.

One of the novelties in material for separate waists is a plaid silk, either pale blue or pink and white, divided in diamond square with narrow Valenciennes lace insertion.

A Brace of Handsome Hats.

Here is a brace of spring hats, both pictured by Vogue, which is lovely enough to appeal to any feminine reader. One is in a dead old-rose straw, very soft and satiny, and is simply festooned with chrysanthemums. These beautifully-made flowers, looking very natural in the various shades of old rose, are bunched high at the left. The same design is carried out in other floral favorites and even followed with cherries and frosty grapes.

The second example is in black chiffon, its odd feature being the ecru applique in point de Venise on the accordioned length which forms the brim. This is pleasing, as well as new, for the lace, being applied over

TWO PRETTY SPRING HATS.

the edges of the plaits, gives a rich depth rather than a flat effect.

The accordioned chiffon is merely drawn up with a swirl at the left.

NATURE'S MIRACLE.

He who loves not a noble tree
No fellowship may claim from me.

Deep in the earth its great roots spread,
But heaven's own blue surrounds its head.

It holds the joy of summer morn,
The strength of winter's wildest born.

God's birds find shelter in its arms,
Secure from everything that harms.

It bows when south winds wander past,
But breasts unharmed the fiercest blast.

'Tis Nature's miracle to me,
Her fairest work—a noble tree.

—Ninette M. Lowater, in the New York Sun.

MOLLY'S DRESS.

BY MIRA L. COBBE.

Molly was determined to go to the party, and yet she knew she would be the worst-dressed girl in the room. Her frocks were shabby, and none of them more so than the one she would be forced to wear if she accepted Frank Gillman's invitation. With a deep sigh she rose from the bed where she had been lying thinking the whole matter over, and turned towards the tiny closet where all her dresses hung. Reaching into its musty recesses, Molly drew forth a much bedrabbled gray dress and looked at it sadly. When new the preceding summer it had served as a best gown, and in that capacity did enough service to have been placed upon the retired list, but Molly was not as considerate as that. With considerable ingenuity she had transformed the coat basque into a low-cut evening waist, and the long sleeves into pretty little puffs. Around the neck she had draped a little cheap chiffon, and above it her soft white neck had emerged like a lily. Now, however, the dress was creased and stained and the chiffon rumpled. She might afford new chiffon, but that would not cover the stains or a great tear in the skirt. All the other girls were going to have new dresses, but that was something beyond her scanty purse.

"Oh, dear," she sighed again, tossing the dress aside and sinking back on the bed, "if I were a girl in a story book I'd have some convenient garret to go to and there I'd find a handsome piano cover, or a lamp mat or a bedspread, or something equally useful, out of which I'd rig up a dress that would make all the other girls turn green with envy. As I am just Molly Prentiss, a clerk on five dollars a week I can't have a new dress, oh, dear! oh, dear!" and poor Molly buried her pretty face in her hands and sobbed bitterly. She was only 20, and it was so hard to deny herself all the things of her age most love. At last she roused herself, and sitting down wrote a courteous refusal to Frank Gillman's invitation, although her eyes were so blinded with tears that she could scarcely write the address. Not waiting, for fear she would change her mind, Molly caught up a shawl, and, throwing it around her, rushed out to the nearest letter box and dropped the letter in. As she saw it disappear she caught her breath, and would have given worlds to have recalled it, but it was too late, and she returned to her room very much depressed in spirits.

A boarding house is not the most cheerful place in the world, and Molly thought hers had never seemed so gloomy as it did that evening, and when she went to bed at last she sobbed herself to sleep.

The party upon which she had set her heart was not a great social event, but to her it was of vast importance. It was merely a dance given by the young men in the store where she was employed, and Frank Gillman was the floor walker of Molly's department. For some time she had noticed that he had paid her special attention, overlooking little things she said and did, but it was not until she had read his note, which was awaiting her when she reached home the preceding night, that she realized that he regarded her with any special favor.

When she took up her position behind the counter and tied her black apron about her waist, Molly saw that Frank's eyes were fixed upon her face, which still bore the traces of her weeping, and she tried to smile at him, but her eyes filled with tears. The young man noticed her emotion, but was too busy to go over and inquire into the cause of it for several hours. When he did so she had recovered her self-possession and merely laughed away his inquiries. When Frank received her little note, however, he began to understand that something was worrying her and he resolved to discover the cause of her depression. During the days which followed, however, Molly avoided him constantly, and he felt that he must have offended her in some manner or other, when he overheard a little conversation between another girl and her which enlightened him wonderfully. It was the day of the party, and all the girls were chattering about it upon every opportunity.

"Say, Molly," whispered one of the girls to Molly, as the two were sorting out some of their stock towards the close of the day, "what are you going to wear tonight?"

"I'm not going," Molly replied, with a little catch in her voice.

"Not going? Come, now, that's too bad. Didn't you get a bid?"

"Yes."

"Then why don't you go?" was the astonished question.

"Because I have no fit dress," Molly replied, the tears standing in her eyes. "I won't go in debt for anything, and you know I have nothing except what I earn, since my brother died last winter."

"Oh, that's too bad," returned her companion, carelessly, turning away to wait upon a customer, and Molly, after making a dab or two at her eyes, continued her work, unaware that Frank had been listening to her little confession. A few moments later she was waiting upon a disagreeable customer, and he was calling to the cash girls to hurry, yet he managed to give her a tender, bright smile as he passed, that lifted the heavy cloud which was hanging over her, and she started for home with an almost light heart. As she was hurrying along the street she heard some one call her name and, looking around, saw Frank. Her cheek flushed, and she looked as though she would have liked to have run from him. He gave her another tender look, saying, as he took her hand and drew it through his arm—

"Why didn't you tell me your reason for not accepting my invitation?"

"Because," Molly began, and then hesitated.

"I know what it was. I heard you telling Nelly this afternoon," Frank continued, looking down at her blushing face.

"Oh, gracious!" Molly said, half crying. "I wouldn't have had you know it for anything."

"And why not?"

"Because I wouldn't," Molly returned, striving to draw her hand away from his arm.

"You are silly," Frank said, with considerable energy. "Is there any disgrace in being poor? It is a good deal more to your credit that you weren't willing to make your landlady wait for her money so you could have a new dress, than if you had cheated her. I'd sooner starve myself than do as most the fellows do—go into debt as deeply as they can; so you see I admire just that quality in you."

"Well, it's the right thing to do," Molly replied, softly.

"Indeed it is, and now I want you to do me a favor, will you?"

"Of course."

"I want you to go home and put on whatever dress you have, no matter what it is, and I'll bring you some roses and we'll go to that party. No matter what your dress is, you will be the prettiest girl there, to me at least. Will you?"

To her surprise Molly said yes, and hurried along, her heart beating so hard she could hear it.

Without waiting for any dinner she rushed up to her room and again took out the despised dress. At night perhaps it wouldn't look so awfully bad, she thought, as she shook it out and began to sponge the stains, and by the time she had pressed it with a hot iron she begged from the cook, it really was improved. Removing the soiled chiffon she replaced it with a little lace, cheap and somewhat torn, but clean, and when she added a bow of ribbon to hide the mended place in the skirt Molly felt that it looked almost like a new dress. She had scarcely finished dressing when Frank arrived, and putting on her wraps she ran down to meet him, her face flushed and her eyes sparkling. No one was in the hall as she came down, and Frank bent and kissed the face which had become so dear to him, saying as he did so—

"You know that I love you, don't you?" and Molly could only look her answer.

When they reached the hall where the dance was to be held, Frank gave her a large bunch of flowers he had been carrying and left her at the door of the dressing-room. A few moments later he called for her and started when he saw what a transformation happiness and a dozen roses had wrought. She had pinned a great cluster of them in the torn lace, their glossy leaves and velvety petals hiding all deficiencies of the trimming, while one of them nestled in her soft brown hair. Her cheeks glowed like companion roses, and her eyes were like stars. He said nothing, but Molly knew by his admiring look that he would not be ashamed and she felt satisfied.

After spending the most enjoyable evening of her life, Molly said, as she and Frank were walking to the street cars—

"I've had the best time I ever had."

"Have you dear?" Frank returned, pressing her arm to his side. "Are you willing to make me the happiest man in the world?" and his voice trembled as he looked down at the little figure.

"How?" Molly whispered, without looking up.

"By promising to marry me," he returned, and Molly's answer must have satisfied him, for he said as they parted on the steps of the boarding-house—

"Now mind, Molly, this dress must be kept. We'll put it under glass and keep it the parlor, won't we, dearest?" and Molly answered, as she unlocked the door—

"Yes, we'll keep it, for it showed me that you care for me and not for my clothes."

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Four things come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life, the neglected opportunity.—Hazlitt.

The entire object of true education is to make people not do the right things, but enjoy the right things.—Ruskin.

Beware of accepting as final your world as you find it. Nothing is more sure to make you a second-class person.—Robert Grant.

The great difficulty is always to open people's eyes; to touch their feelings and break their hearts is easy; the difficult thing is to break their heads.—Ruskin.

If you want to be miserable think about yourself, about what you want, what you like—what respect people ought to pay you and what people think of you.—Charles Kingsley.

There is just now a strong movement of mind toward the recognition of the fact that the spiritual side of life is quite as well worth study as the physical side.—Washington Gladden.

Life strikes many an unheeded, prophetic little note. A word, a trivial happening, gives hint, like a theme in music, of something that is to be more or less recurrent all the way along.—A. D. T. Whitney.

He who cannot preserve the equanimity of his soul in patience, despite the raspings of circumstance, can expect but little comfort in a world like ours, keyed though it is to grand possibilities.—Eli Fay.

Our own will can never be satisfied, even if it should have power over everything it wishes, but we are satisfied from the instant we renounce it. Without it we cannot be discontented, with it we cannot be contented.—Pascal.

A psalm which cultivates the spirit of gratitude is a psalm which we ought often to read. If we were more grateful both our joy and our strength would be increased. Gratitude is born in hearts which take the time to count up past mercies.—Charles E. Jefferson.

Be cheerful; do not brood over fond hopes unrealized until a chain, link after link, is fastened on each thought and wound around the heart. Nature intended you to be the fountain spring of cheerfulness and social life, and not the traveling monument of despair and melancholy.—Arthur Helps.

On Choosing a Country House.

"I would say to any one who is thoroughly in earnest about a country home—make it yourself. Xenophon, who lived in a time when Greeks were Greeks, advised people in search of a country place to buy of a slatternly and careless farmer, since in that event they might be sure of seeing the worst, and of making their labor and care work the largest results. Cato, on the other hand, who represented an effeminate and scheming race, advised the purchase of a country home from a good farmer and judicious house builder, so that the buyer might be sure of nice culture and equipments—possibly at a bargain. It illustrates, I think, rather finely an essential difference of the two races and ages—the Greek earnest to make his own brain tell, and the Latin eager to make as much as he could out of the brains of other people. I must say I like the Greek view best."—Arthur Reed Kimball, in Scribner's.

SHE WAS SURE.

She was sure, she said,
That she never would wed;
That she had not the least inclination
To take to herself,
For love or for pelf,
A husband, no odds what his station.
She would talk every day
In a masterly way
(And her speech was as good as a tonic),
Of the beauty that lies
If we but ope our eyes,
In affection that's purely Platonic.

It was certain, she claimed,
Hearts would cease to be maimed
And lie around bleeding and broken,
If people would choose
To fall in with the views
Of which the old Greek sage has spoken.
This falling in love,
Cooing round like a dove,
Was worse than the plague called bubonic;
And yet the disease
Could be conquered with ease
By the use of affection Platonic.

Perhaps you will judge
That this talk was all fudge,
But remember she had just left college,
Where they taught her to speak
French, Latin and Greek,
And gave her but little real knowledge.
That was why she would sit
And think she was IT,
While she exercised power mnemonic,
Recalling the while,
With a confident smile,
What she'd read of affection Platonic.

* * * * * * *

Ten years passed away,
And I met her one day,
When greatly I wondered and wondered;
And was almost afraid
She was not the same maid
Who so loudly 'gainst Hymen had thundered;
For she had with her then
Three sturdy young men—
That is, three young men embrionic—
Who called her "Mamma,"
Whence I judged their papa
Was not stuck on affection Platonic.

—Minneapolis Journal.

HUMOROUS.

"Do you think, dear, you would love me any better if my hair were some other color?" "I don't know. What other colors have you?"

"Fall in!" thundered the captain, as they were crossing the Tugela. "Not me, cap!" faltered the Dublin recruit, "Oi can't shwim."

"Jones grumbles at cold weather?" "Yes." "And he grumbles at hot weather?" "Yes." "What does he like?" "He likes to grumble."

"What is bad form?" "It is doing things in a way other people have quit doing them, or doing them in a way they have not yet heard of."

Mr. Pepper—H'm! I've forgotten as much as you ever knew. Mrs. P.—I know it, John. You always were the most forgetful man I ever saw.

Brown—How did Smith manage to secure the nomination? He has no political influence, has he? Jones—No, but he's simply rolling in affluence.

She wedded a count, but she bragged too soon
Of titles, estates and a life so gay;
For the count skipped out by the light of the moon,
And now she has count-less bills to pay.

"He has a great faculty for putting the cart before the horse." "Oh, I wouldn't say that. Say he has a habit of trying to make the wheels run the motor."

Mrs. Grill—Oh, dear! I've sung to this baby for an hour, and she hasn't stopped crying yet. Mr. Grill—Probably she has been waiting for you to stop.

Clara—Did you notice that fine-looking gentleman turn and look back at me after he had passed? Maude—Yes. Isn't it queer how little it takes to turn a man's head.

Servant—A gentleman at the door wants to know if Mr. Brown lives here? Mr. Brown—Tell him no; that Mr. Brown boards here. Mrs. Brown is probably the person he wishes to see.

"I wonder why it is," said the proud father, "that Willie has suddenly developed a preference for saying his prayers to me?" His wife laughed scornfully. "He knows you can't correct him if he makes a mistake or cuts them short," she said.

Noozy—Your husband appears to be a man of great self-control. Mrs. Srongmind—Yes, he is. Noozy—I suppose he inherited the quality from his father, the judge? Mrs. Strongmind (significantly)—No. It's a virtue he acquired since his marriage.

The New Dialect.

"Anything new, Scratchard?" inquired the publisher, as he toyed with his diamond studded seal.

"Yes," said the author, eagerly, as he drew a bulky wad of manuscript from a much soiled newspaper. "I've got an original story here that is simply great."

"What's great about it?"

"The dialect. It's all Boer."

The publisher slightly started.

"That seems like a good thing," he said "Let's hear a little of it."

The author moistened his lips, unfolded the manuscript, and began:

"'The bronzed young Uitlander paused beside the spruit, which was now little more than a dusty sluit. He had come through the krantz, and over the nek, and along the poort, and past the kopje, and straight across the level veldt, and he was tired. Raising his bottle of dop to his lips he was disappointed to find it was empty. He filled the flask at the fontein, in the kloof, close to the drift, and, moistening a little biltong, ate eagerly. "I wish I had some mealies," he muttered, "but I can't expect it until I reach the next kraal. Even then I doubt the wisdom of showing myself. I feel pretty sure that the zarps were put on my track as soon as the voorlooper recognized me."'"

The great publisher waved his hand.

"Splendid!" he cried. "That's just what we've been looking for. We'll have it on the bookstands in ten days. Can you fill a sequel with some more of the same rot?"

And the happy author said he thought he could.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Side Views of Life.

If money really talks about all it says is "Let me go."

A heart that has been often tendered becomes tough.

Writer's cramp is more likely to be found in the stomach than in the wrist.

A good resolution is about the only thing that is stronger at its birth than at any subsequent period of its existence.

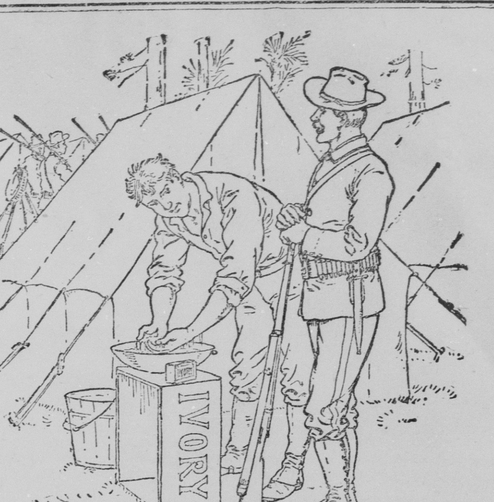
A married man's idea of home comfort is a shirt that wasn't made a home.—Chicago News.

A Meterological Surname.

The Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, moderator of the Church of Scotland, has a magnificent voice. An Englishman said to him one day, "Doctor, how do you pronounce your name?"

The doctor was somewhat taken aback, but answered with dignity and some force, "Think of a cloud, sir, a dark storm cloud."

"Thank you, doctor, but you need not use the voice of thunder to carry out the illustration."—Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.



There is enough wear and tear on the soldier without the discomforts that come from having to use a strong laundry soap. Common brown soaps, when constantly used for washing the person, are extremely irritating. Ivory soap is the ideal soap for the soldier, suitable for all purposes, for the kitchen utensils, for washing clothes, and for the bath.

Ivory Soap is not easily lost, for—it floats.

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I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

A woman's International Union Label League has just been formed at Muncie, Ind.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. Kline's Invigorating Tonic. FREE $1 trial bottle for 2 weeks' treatment. Dr. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia. Founded 1871.

The socialists and Dock Workers' union of London will build a $100,000 hall, capable of seating 1,500 people.

WIDOW WAS GLUTTONOUS.

Devoured Twelve Ears of Corn for Dinner Every Day.

All men and women eat. If they don't they won't last long, and no one need worry as to whether they count for much or not. But good eaters are usually very depend-on-able. By good eaters I do not mean large eaters or greedy eaters, though I may include some of both; but I mean the men and women who enjoy what they eat and show no disposition, either from dyspepsia or other form of indigestion, to quarrel with their food, says John Gilmer Speed. Gluttons, however, are not very lovely. I sat at table once with a woman at a summer resort who, every day for dinner, ate twelve ears of corn from the cob. That is more than the regulation mid-day feed for a horse. And in the operation she greased her hands and her cheeks, and every now and again her nose was decorated with the well-buttered grains. She was a sight, and at the end of the table she bred a famine that it took waiters to relieve. And she was in repose not by any means a bad-looking woman; but in action—in action at the table she was a kind of human cyclone, leaving desolation in her path. She had had three husbands and is a widow again. What became of the poor men I never knew. Maybe she ate them.—Criterion.

A Contrary Man.

Nixon—"Would you call Dickson a contrary man?" Fundenberger—"Contrary? Why, that man would try to toboggan up hill."—Harper's Bazar.

Need Not Hunt for It.

Why should a man borrow trouble when he can pick it up almost anywhere?—St. Louis Star.

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NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
Sure as taxes is the cure of them by
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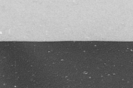

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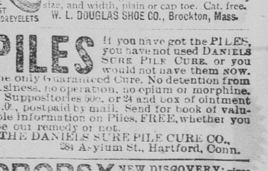

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