

OF INTEREST



WOMEN

The lowest thing in chairs is named for the American girl, the Vicereine of India, Lady Curzon. This is in wicker, very broad and deep and exceedingly low.

Perfumed "Savon" Bags.
French perfumed "savon" bags, or as they are called in common parlance, bran bags, come prepared ready for use for fourteen cents, says the New York Times. The bag is pressed slightly with the hand in the water to give it a pleasant consistency, and the bag is then used as a sponge. It may be dried and used again three or four times. It has a sweet savor and a French text on the outside, all of which tends to make it attractive and worth while for the woman who has fourteen cents to spare. It is supposed to possess medicinal qualities which benefit the skin.

A Fine Field For Women.
Upwards of 2000 women find daily employment at the exposition in all capacities from weeding gardens and tending flowers and washing dishes up to managing exhibits. They earn wages that run from \$2 to \$250 a week up to \$60, with an average that is probably considerably below \$10. More are employed in the Midway than in any other section of the exposition. There they are ticket sellers, ticket takers, cashiers, waitresses, hallyhoos performers and managers. Nearly 500 of them are doing work of one sort or another in the Midway.

In the main show, outside of the Midway, they are employed in great numbers as waitresses in the restaurants scattered about the grounds. These are nearly all in the low grade as far as salary is concerned. In the great manufacturers' and machinery buildings they find work to do that is much better paid. Some of the exhibits are in the sole charge of women—exhibits that depend very largely on the skill and cleverness of the attendants for their success and popularity. This is especially true of all the food exhibits.

Athletic Contests For Women.
Physical training aims to enable women to meet conditions and emergencies that formerly filled woman with a nervous timidity that can hardly be said to have been marked by womanly dignity or grace. If, for example, there is an obstruction in the road, physical training enables a woman to get over it easily and make it unnecessary for her to wait for assistance. In case of fire, physical training makes it safer for such a woman to be lowered by a rope to the ground if that should be necessary. Physical development, in other words, takes away from woman no grace of manner, no natural dignity or reserve, but fits her for physical tasks and emergencies for which she could be fitted in no other way.

Athletic contests are perhaps as inevitable as any other kind of contests. They are stimulating and strengthening, and the spirit of sport which necessarily enters into them may express itself in somewhat strenuous movements and tones, but there is no reason to believe that these contests, entered into as part of a scheme of physical training and conducted with the decorum that ought to characterize every educational exercise, have an injurious effect on the manners of the contestants.—Boston Globe.

The Secret of Youth.
An acute observer is quoted by the London Queen as remarking: "Women have given up growing old. I suppose they are tired of it." Most of us soon tire of growing old. It is a fatiguing process, and one that humanity in general would be glad to dispense with. According to my observer, our women of to-day do dispense with it, but our men do not. He went on to remark, "A modern woman of forty looks, say, thirty to thirty-two." What is the secret of this eternal youth?

People who live exceedingly quiet lives in the country, whose greatest dissipation is a rare garden party, whose hour for bed is 10, and whose hardest labor is a game of tennis or the gentle wedding of a border, declare that in the rare garden party, in bed, tennis and wedding of borders is eternal youth to be found. Others say that a quiet mind is the best "make up" in the world, and that the mind cannot be quiet in a great city. Certainly one of the youngest looking women for her age whom I have ever seen does live one of these peaceful lives, far away from the roar of traffic and the gayeties so many of us cling to. She is famous, and she says she is forty-one, yet in bright daylight she looks more often than not like a radiant girl. The whole world has rung with her name, yet she cares nothing for the world. She adores peace, fresh air, simplicity, early hours, and, as I have said, at forty-one she is like a beautiful young girl.

But the surest way of keeping young is to preserve your interest in people and in things.

New Styles in Collars.
It would not be misquoting those who may be accepted as authorities on the subject to state that collar styles show an inclination to most decided change. For some years the

fold collar has reigned supreme; every other style was a mere second proposition. Just as the manufacturers have learned how to make fold collars, fashion rudely orders them to go to something else. The new mode favors low fold collars and wings. Of course, the wing collars were not designed to take the place of fold collars, as one was distinctly a winter style and the other just as distinctly a summer style. The wide fold collar has been practically abandoned by the fine trade, and now two and one-half inches is considered the limit, except in the cheaper grades. The low fold collars are both sensible and slightly. They vary in width from one inch up to two inches—the one and three-eighths and one and three-quarters being very popular. Square corners have the call in the lower collars and round corners in the higher styles. A style that is now being sold extensively in some of the best retail shops, but which has not as yet appeared in any of the "brand" lines, is the fold collar that shows about half of the width of the cravat band. It is possible that this collar will shortly be introduced in the leading brands. It is a good style, both for summer and winter, as a large or small cravat may be worn with it.

Nearly every house in Troy is preparing wing collars for fall trade. These will be sold collars, as the inserted wing was discarded as being inferior to the solid wing years ago. The new collars will show wings of moderate proportions. Poke collars will also be given prominence in the new lines. The idea of marking collars with the height as well as size has been taken up and will be made a feature in one or two of the most prominent brands. We think that this will be a great help to the consumer as well as the retailer. It will at least do away with the necessity for so many names.

Boydoir CHAT.
The new woman is conquering new fields. In Babylon, L. L. she has attained the dignity of a street-car conductor.

Although Colorado has a smaller population than the older States, it ranks fifth in the number of its women's clubs.

The first woman to be appointed a colonel in Illinois is Miss Edith Ames, of East Chicago, who heads the State's Sixth Regiment.

With the low style of hair dressing the younger women are wearing wreaths of flowers, and small roses are among the prettiest.

Miss Susannah Rattray, an old playmate of Tom Moore, recently died in Dundee at the age of ninety-seven. She had a pocketbook which once belonged to the poet.

The statue of Frances E. Willard to be presented by the State of Illinois to the National Capitol at Washington will be modeled by Helen F. Mears, of Oshkosh, Wis.

The women of Crete, in Crete, it is said, have formed a society to oppose the luxuriousness of dress. The members of the society wear only the simplest of costumes and anathematize jewelry and ornaments.

The young Duchess of Marlborough, Consuelo Vanderbilt, is wearing, among other gowns, a black net with sequins for evening, and with this her magnificent strings of pearls are to be seen to the best advantage.

At a recent meeting of "The Society for Promoting the Return of Women as Poor Law Guardians," held in London, Lord Meath said that all the reforms introduced into the workhouse had been effected by the few women on the boards.

Women are just beginning to realize that the habit of biting off odd bits of thread or silk when sewing is an important factor in the size of the dentist's bill. The sawing off of the enamel which results from this practice has given rise to a new branch of dental work in repairing the damaged portions of "thread teeth."

BOOGLEANINGS FROM THE SHOPS.
Soft white felt hats for women, untrimmed.
Light, open-work foundations for stock collars.
Leather-covered sofa pillows in pyroetched designs.
Women's round-end stock ties of plique and duck.
Wash dresses trimmed with galleons of black chantilly lace.
Women's little, narrow plique belts, with small silver buckles.
Feather boas in black and white, made of coque and ostrich.
Outing hats of French felt for late summer and early fall wear.
Women's Panama hats—both genuine and imitation—trimmed with soft silk.
Louisine ribbon in light colors and widths suitable for sash and neck-trimming uses.
Rubber coats for women, made of heavy, smooth, white rubber and trimmed with dark-colored velvet collar and cuffs.
Light-weight shawls for out-door summer use in a wide variety of materials and colorings.—Dry Goods Economist.

ORIGIN OF THE CHEROKEES.

Creeks Massacred the Keetoowahs to Found a Lasting Peace.
From the legends of the fullblood Cherokee, who are known as the Keetoowahs, who are desirous of retaining their old laws and customs, some interesting facts may be learned.

The Keetoowah is not a new order of the Cherokee. There was a time when this order was dreaded by all the tribes of the American continent. The Cherokee were at one time all members of the Keetoowah society and were sworn enemies of all other tribes. In those days there were no white Indians, half white blood or mixtures. The Keetoowah warriors went in bunches of from six to twelve and would kill a hunting party of any other tribe they chanced to meet. On one occasion the Creeks bunched up and went out on a hunt—enough of them to withstand a large bunch of enemies—as they expected to be attacked by their friends or enemies, as the case might be. A portion of the Creek warriors kept in the background and did not show themselves in the daytime.

They would lie around the camp during the day and would go on guard at night while the regular hunters took their rest. One morning a band of Keetoowahs made a raid on the Creek hunting camp, but the Creeks were ready for them. The arrows fell like hail into the camp. The Creeks were apparently greatly scared and made a dash for liberty, but it was a made believe, as they had reserved their arrows and hid them near their camp. When the Keetoowah warriors rushed into the camp the Creeks showered their arrows directly into their midst and each Keetoowah warrior got a deadly arrow, save one who was wounded slightly and captured. All the others, some eighteen or twenty, were riddled with Creek arrows.

The live Keetoowah warrior was kept closely watched for a couple of days and then taken to his dead comrades and shown what a Creek could do with a Keetoowah when he made up his mind to do so. This live Keetoowah was told that hereafter the Creeks would treat them all the same way every chance raid. The captured Keetoowah was an old man.

He was told that if he would go home and warn the other members of his tribe they would spare his life and would call him their elder brother. He promised to do that, and true to his promise he went back to his own camp and cautioned the young Keetoowahs to be careful about a Creek camp and since that time the Creeks and Cherokee, or Keetoowahs, have been friends. The Cherokee or Keetoowah is or has been termed the elder brother of the Muskogee or Creek ever since that raid on the Creek hunter's camp. The Cherokee were known by all other tribes as Keetoowahs. The name Cherokee was not known until a later date. Tradition tells us that the Choctaw were also dealt with in the same manner by the Creeks. The friendship of the Choctaws after many years wore out and in General Jackson's war with the Creeks a large party of the Choctaws joined General Jackson in fighting the Creeks.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Advertising Problems.
In the little Dutch city of Leiden the municipality itself manages the public advertising, and so frees the picturesque, canal-cut streets from unkept boardings. The city erects at the principal corners and by the canal bridges boards of neat and attractive design for public notices. A projecting top prevents the rain from tearing or washing away the bills, the boards are surmounted by ornamental wood-work, and the advertising is thus not only kept in bounds, but is made almost artistic. Of like purpose, and better known, are the familiar kiosks of Paris, and the city-owned pillars of anaerobic bills. In Paris vigorous agitation has lately arisen against the defacement of building fronts by hugely lettered signs, and there are ordinances which prohibit the attachment of notices to any tree on the public way, or to the municipal lighting apparatus.

In Rome the municipal and Government acts are posted on marble tablets owned by the Government and reserved for this use. Private announcements are on bill boards, of regulated size and form, which can be erected only on permission from the property owner and from the city.—Current Literature.

An English Country Bank.
Rural customers attach great importance to the bank's outward appearance. A thrifty tradesman having opened a deposit account with a bank distant some thirty miles from his home the cashier had the curiosity to ask why he traveled so far when there was a branch of the same bank almost at his door. The depositor smiled knowingly and replied: "I lodged opposite here all the time while this bank was being built, so I know it's safe." Balance sheets to the rustic are a meaningless and arbitrary arrangement of figures; iron bars he understands.

In a Northern city there is a bank widely known for the artistic merit of its doors. Designed by an eminent sculptor they are executed in relief in copper or bronze, and appear to represent tableaux from Aesop's Fables and Greek history. About a week after they were unveiled an old man, who had been a depositor for many years, withdrew his balance and took it to a rival bank almost opposite. Questioned as to his reason for changing he replied: "I don't hold 'em them doors of theirs. Punched tin ain't businesslike, and it ain't safe."—Longman's Magazine.



TALES OF PLUCK AND ADVENTURE

Blanca's Savage Pets.
NE of the anecdotes related by Cleveland Moffett in the eighth of his "Danger and Darling" papers in the St. Nicholas, shows how necessary is presence of mind, if one aspires to be a tamer of wild beasts.

This recalls a story that Mr. Bostock told me, showing how Blanca's fondness for her lions persisted even in the face of fierce attack. It was in Kansas City, and for some days Spitzire had been working badly, so that on this particular afternoon Blanca had spent two hours in the big exhibition cage trying to get the lioness into good form. But Spitzire remained sullen and refused to do one perfectly easy thing, a jump over a pedestal.

"Ask Mr. Bostock to please come here," called Blanca finally, quite at her wits' end, with the performance hour approaching and hers the chief act. To go on with Spitzire in rebellion would never do, for the spirit of mischief spreads among lions and tigers as among children. Spitzire must be forced to jump over that pedestal.

Mr. Bostock arrived presently, and at once entered the cage, carrying two whips, as is the custom. There is something in this man that impresses animals and tames alike. It is not only that he is big and strong, and loves his animals, and does not fear them; that would scarcely account for his extraordinary prestige, which is his rather because he knows lions and tigers as can only a man who has literally spent his life with them. From father and grandfather he has inherited precious and unusual lore of the beasts of the den, he sleeps always within a few feet of the dens, he eats with the lions in his care. And his principle is, and always has been, that he will enter any cage at any time if a real need calls him—which has led to many a situation like that created by Spitzire's disobedience.

It should be borne in mind that there were many groups in the menagerie at this time, each with its regular tamer; and while Bostock, as owner and director, watched over all of them, it often happened that months would pass without putting his foot inside this or that particular cage. And in the present case he was practically a stranger to the four lions and the tiger now ranged around on their pedestals in a semicircle thirty feet in diameter, with big Brutus in the middle and the snarling Spitzire at one end.

"Well," said Mr. Bostock, explaining what happened, "I saw that Blanca had made a mistake in handling Spitzire from too great a distance. She had stood about seven feet away, so I stepped three feet closer and lifted one of my whips. There were just two things that Spitzire could do: she could spring at me and have trouble, or she could jump over the pedestal and have no trouble. She growled a little, looked at me, and then she jumped over that pedestal like a lady.

"The rest was easy. I put her through some other tricks, circled her around the cage a couple of times, and brought her back to her corner. Then, as she crouched there and snarled at me, I played a tattoo with my whip-handle on the floor just in front of her. It was just a sort of flourish to finish off with, and it was one thing too much; for in doing this I turned away from the rest of the group and made Brutus think that I meant to hurt the lioness. He said to himself: 'Hullo! Here's a stranger in our cage taking a whip to Spitzire. I'll just settle him.' And before I could move he sprang twenty feet off his pedestal, set his fangs in my thigh, and dragged me over to Blanca, as if to prove his gallantry. Then the Frenchwoman did a clever thing; she clasped her arms around his big neck, drew his head up, and fired her revolver close to his ear. Of course she fired only a blank cartridge, but it brought Brutus to obedience, for that was Blanca's regular signal in the act for the lions to take their pedestals; and the habit of his work was so strong in the old fellow that he dropped me and jumped back to his place."

Warren's Thrilling Escape.
In Forest and Stream A. M. Cheney, the well-known pisciculturist and writer, gives the following detailed account of the thrilling accident that befell E. Burgess Warren, of Philadelphia, at Lake George:
"The daily newspapers have had more or less accurate account in brief of a fishing accident on Lake George July 18. Mr. E. Burgess Warren, of Philadelphia, owner of the fast steam yacht Ellide, has another steam yacht on Lake George named Cyric and both are used for fishing, the latter being about sixty feet long. Mr. Warren, his fisherman and pilot, Alec Taylor, his engineer and his valet were on board the Cyric fishing for lake trout.
"Dinner was about to be served when a storm came up. The curtains on the sides of the boat were fastened down to keep out the rain, but the wind was so severe that it rolled the boat until the water came in and the steam had gotten so low that the

boat could not be headed into the wind. After twice rolling the boat went down by the stern but a water-tight compartment in the bow held the bow out of water.

"Mr. Warren and his valet in the stern of the boat were caught in a trap, but the valet cut the curtain and released Mr. Warren and himself and the valet and crew passed a line around Mr. Warren and held him on the bow. The men were washed off again and again, and were pounded against the boat by the wind and waves, and one of Mr. Warren's ribs was broken before men in small boats put out from the shore and rescued the entire party after they had been in the water nearly an hour. I understand that Mr. Warren begged the men to let him go and save themselves, but all were saved and the boat afterward towed ashore. I cannot yet understand how the Cyric was capsized, although I know what the wind ran do on Lake George, for I cannot comprehend what Alec Taylor was doing without steam.

"Mr. Warren was about to eat his dinner when the storm came, and he put his waistcoat, containing a valuable gold repeater and a pocket knife, which he had carried nearly forty years, on one of the seats, where there was a quantity of fishing tackle. Everything that went out of the boat went down in more than one hundred feet of water, and the waistcoat and contents went down.

"Yesterday, the day after the accident, some fishermen saw some cork fishing floats on the water near where the yacht capsized, and they rowed there and secured them, and found they were attached to a fishing line or line. For there was a mass of them; pulling them in, they found a weight on one, and this proved to be Mr. Warren's waistcoat, with the watch and the knife still in the pockets and they were promptly returned to him. The cloth of the waistcoat had caught in some hooks, to which were fastened lines with cork floats, and thus the watch and knife were saved. Real fishing stories are often more extraordinary than imaginary ones."

Snatched Child From Death.
Speeding at a high rate down a hill in Plymouth Township, Penn., William McCauley, a motorman on an electric car, saw a five-year-old boy standing on the track. At the point where the boy was standing a trestle spans a stream. It looked like certain death, for the little fellow could not step to the side for fear of falling into the water.

McCauley applied the brakes and tried to stop the car, but could not. In a second the boy would have been dashed to pieces. McCauley crawled around to the front bumper where with one leg hanging down and the other on the bumper, he held on with one hand. The car dashed upon the trestle, and he snatched the boy from the ties and clung to him until the car stopped.

Boy Defeated Eagle.
A big eagle attacked the two children of Hiram Schmitt, August, aged ten, and Maggie, seven, at Pleasant Mount, Penn. It dashed at them, knocked them down and tried to carry off the little girl. She was too heavy, however.

As the eagle flapped along over the ground, dragging Maggie, the boy bravely attacked it with a stick, but could not make it release its hold. Then he dashed into the house, returned with a large carving knife and slashed at the bird until one of its legs was nearly cut off.

Not till then did the bird release the girl and attack the boy. He was knocked down and badly scratched. The mother, working in a field, heard the children scream and drove off the bird with a club. Afterward Joseph Decker, a neighbor, shot it. It measured eight feet from tip to tip.

Poor Lion Wanted a Ride.
Miss Jessie Bowler was driving home from an orchard several miles from Cavendish, Idaho, about sunset, when a mountain lion sprang from a brush. She applied the whip to the horse, but the lion started in pursuit and finally jumped into the back of the buggy.

The frightened horse ran for town, and when it reached there the lion jumped from the buggy and escaped and Miss Bowler fainted.

Great Britain's Poisonous Snakes.
Though the natural instinct of the great majority of human beings is to believe in the deadly nature of every species of snake, and even to include under the hated designation some kinds of reptile, such as the common British blind-worm, which are not scientifically snakes at all, the really marvellous thing about poisonous snakes is their rarity in comparison to the whole number of species. Poisonous snakes bear no general resemblance to one another which would enable us, were we by nature disposed, to make such a distinction, to discriminate the harmful from the innocent; the most venomous varieties are very often closely akin to others who have no power to do more than terrify us through our own ignorant prejudice and the reputation of their dread relatives. It is hard to understand, again, what purpose their death-dealing power fulfills in the case of the poisonous kinds; it is seldom or never used in the pursuit of food, thus differing from the constrictive power of certain other dangerous species; while the fact that the closely-allied species which are unprovided with it apparently fare equally well, makes it difficult to believe that in the aggregate it amounts to an effectual weapon of self-protection. It may be, of course, that this difference is an adjustment of the balance.—London Globe.

Church Tower Out of Plumb.

It is not generally known that Vienna possesses a church with a leaning tower. This ancient edifice at Ober St. Veit was included in 1840 in the Vienna Bishoric. It was burned down by the Turks in 1529, rebuilt in 1660, and again destroyed by the Turks in 1683. In 1742 the rebuilding of the church was once more undertaken, and was completed in three years. The new tower, owing to some defect in the construction, leans towards His Majesty's Thiergarten, although the drop is not observable from the high road.

Borneo in Line for Naval Honors.

The remote monarchy in Borneo known as Sarawak, the ruler of which is a Rajah and a nephew of the Englishman who rescued the territory from barbarism, has a little navy of its own. It is made up of two gunboats of 175 and 118 tons respectively, of low speed, and each armed with two guns.

The Absence of It.

If there is any truth in the saying that happiness is the absence of all pain, mental and physical, the enjoyment of it can only be found in heaven. But so far as the physical is concerned, it is within easy reach; at least measurably so, as far as cure will go. The sum of human misery in this line is made up of greater or less degrees of physical suffering. The minor aches and pains which afflict mankind are easy to reach and as easily cured. There are none in the whole category, which, if taken in time, cannot be cured. They must in some form afflict the nerves, the bones, the muscles and joints of the human body. They are all more or less hurtful and wasteful to the system. St. Jacobs Oil is made to cure them, to search out hidden pain spots, and to cure promptly in a true remedial and lasting way. Very, very many have not known happiness for years till they used it, and very many are putting off cure and happiness because they don't use it.

The annual expenditure of the Mexican Government to-day is three times what it was thirty years ago.

Best For the Bowels.

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

Eighty thousand cats are yearly exported from Great Britain. The total number on those islands is estimated at 7,000,000.

\$100 Reward.

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

People in the West End of London are spending much money this year on external floral decorations for their houses.

ETH 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. B. H. KLINE, Ltd., 601 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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British exports to the Cape and Natal increased thirty-four per cent. last year.

Improve Pilo's Care for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. T. J. BROWN, 1125 Maple St., Norwich, N.Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

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P. N. U. 39, 1900.

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The diamond if laid in the sun and then carried into a dark room shows distinct phosphorescence.

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Don't forget that it's "Ayer's" Sarsaparilla that will make you strong and hopeful. Don't waste your time and money by trying some other kind. Use the old, tested, tried, and true Ayer's Sarsaparilla. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about the grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and you will be satisfied.

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