Misnaming a Child.

Not long ago a child was brought to me for baptism, and when I asked the father for the desired name, he replied that it was Bathsheba, writes the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., in "When Things are Against Us" in the Ladies Home Journal. Now, why any parent should wish to give to a child the name of that infamous creature of Scripture times, passes beyond my understanding. I have often felt at the baptismal altar, when names were announced to me, like saying, as did the Rev. Dr. Richards of Morristown, New Jersey, when a child was presented him for sprinkling and the name given, "Hadn't you better call it something else?" There is no excuse for any assault and battery on the cradle when our language is opulent with names musical in sound and suggestive in meaning, such as John, meaning "the gracious gift of God"; or Henry, meaning "the chief of a household"; or Alfred, meaning "God our salvation"; or Nicholas, meaning "victory of the people"; or Ambrose, meaning "immortal"; or Andrew, meaning "manly"; or Esther, meaning "a star"; or Abigail, meaning "my father's joy"; or Anna, meaning "grace"; or Victoria, meaning "victory"; or Rosalie, meaning "beautiful as a rose"; or Margaret, meaning "a pearl"; or Ida, "Goodlike"; or Clara, meaning "illustrious"; or Amelia, meaning "busy"; or Bertha, meaning "beautiful"; and hundreds of other names just as good that are a help rather than a hindrance.

THE TRUST AFTER NO-TO-BAC.

Estimated That Half a Million Tobacco Users Will Be Cured in '94 by the Use of No-To-Bac, Causing a Loss of Many Millions of Dollars to Tobacco Manufacturers.

CHICAGO, August 11.—[Special.]—It was reported to-day that a large sum of money has been offered the proprietors of the cure for the tobacco habit called "No-To-Bac," which is famous all over the country for its wonderful effect. This offer, it was said, was made by parties who desire to take it off the market and stop its sale, because of its injury to the tobacco business. Mr. H. L. Kramer, general manager of the No-To-Bac business, was interviewed at his office, 45 Randolph street, and when questioned promptly said:

"No, sir; No-To-Bac is not for sale to the tobacco trust. We just refused a half million from other parties for our business. Certainly No-To-Bac affects the tobacco business. It will cure over a half million people in 1894, at an average saving of $50, which each would otherwise expend for tobacco, amounting in round figures to $25,000,000. Of course, tobacco manufacturers' and dealers' loss is the gain of the party taking No-To-Bac. Does No-To-Bac benefit physically? Yes, sir. The majority of our patients report an immediate gain in flesh, and their nicotine saturated systems are cleansed and made vigorous. How is No-To-Bac sold? Principally through our traveling agents. We employ over a thousand. It is also sold by druggists, wholesale and retail, throughout the United States and Canada. How are patients assured that No-To-Bac will affect a cure in their case? We absolutely guarantee three boxes, costing $2.50, to cure any case. Failure to cure means the money back. Of course there are failures, but they are few, and we can better afford to have the good will of an occasional failure than his money. We publish a little book called 'Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away,' that tells all about No-To-Bac, which will be mailed free to any one desiring it by addressing the Sterling Remedy Co., 45-49 Randolph street, Chicago."

Aluminum.

Experiments are being conducted at the armory in Springfield, Mass., in the use of aluminum for the bayonet scabbards for the new rifle. While the metal works well in bending and is about fifty per cent. lighter than the steel scabbards, no satisfactory method has been devised for soldering the edges together.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Labratory Binghampton, N.Y.

There are 13,000,000 men of military age in the United States.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

In 1889 Chinese subjects paid $24,000,000 taxes on land. 33

Karl's Clover Root, the great blood purifier, gives freshness and clearness to the complexion and cures constipation. 25 cts., 50 cts., $1.

Weak All Over

Hot weather always has a weakening, debilitating effect, especially when the blood is thin and impure and the system poorly nourished. By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

strength will be imparted and the whole body invigorated. People who take Hood's Sarsaparilla are almost always surprised at the wonderful beneficial effects.

Hood's Pills are safe, harmless, sure.

A HANDSOME PICTURE FREE

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID a fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 15 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, game, etc. WOOLSON SPICE CO., 450 Huron St., TOLEDO, OHIO.

PATENTS TRADE MARKS. Examination and advice as to patentability of invention. Send for Inventors Guide, or how to get a patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, WASHINGTON, D.C.

COLLEGE Normal, Business, Music, Art Dep'ts. Typewriter free to grad's. Low rates. E. B. Webster, Pres., W. Farmington, O.

1000 Stickers, your name and address, only 10c. THE HERALD, No 148A Lum St., Phila., Pa.

FRANKLIN COLLEGE, New Athens, Ohio. Board, room and books $2 per week. Catl. free.

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

TELL ME ONCE AGAIN.

Tell me once again,
With tender, loving voice,
That cheers like sunshine after rain
And makes my soul rejoice;
Tell me once again,
When changing years have flown,
That in my heart a love will reign
Which I may call mine own,
Tell me, oh! tell me once again.

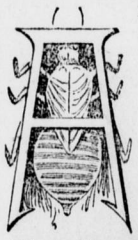
Tell me once again,
When time's relentless frown
Has chilled the current of my life
And changed my locks of brown,
That yet within thine eyes
Mine own may fondly gaze,
And see that still within them shines
The light of other days.
Tell me, oh! tell me once again.

Tell me once again,
If on my dying couch
You would be there to soothe my pain
With love's caressing touch,
And kneeling by me then
Would breathe a fervent prayer
That He who watches over men
Would take me to His care.
Tell me, oh! tell me once again.

Tell me once again,
If death's unyielding grasp
Should gather me into his fold
And to his bosom clasp,
That you would on my tomb
A loving tribute lay,
And memory's urn implant thereon
To mark my dying day.
Tell me, oh! tell me once again.

—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

THE MISSING SIGNET.



"ALL right. Show him up, George." The scene was Mr. Hydenseke's well-known office in Long Acre, and the speaker was that estimable gentleman himself, addressing his confidential clerk, who had just brought in a caller's card to his chief.

George disappeared, and soon returned with the visitor, for whom he placed a chair and then discreetly retired.

"Mr. Hyndenseke?" he inquired, in a quavering voice.

"At your service, sir," replied the detective.

"You know me by name, Mr. Hydenseke?"

"Everybody knows Sir Jacob Truelove," answered our friend, with his suavest bow.

"I have come to consult you, Mr. Hydenseke, on a most private and important matter. I need hardly say that whatever I may tell you must be regarded as strictly and absolutely confidential."

"Quite so," nodded Mr. Hydenseke. "You may trust my discretion, I assure you."

"Thank you; I feel that I can. Now, Mr. Hydenseke, you know, perhaps, that I am a great collector of antique gems?"

"I have heard that you possess about the best private collection in England."

"Well, I think I do. At least, I am aware of none better, with the possible exception of that belonging to my friend, the Duke of X——, at B—— Castle. His father, you know, spent fabulous sums in acquiring rare specimens. He was a great connoisseur. But his son hardly appreciates or values his splendid collection sufficiently. However, that has nothing to do with the present case. What I have come to consult you about is this: I have just been robbed of the most valuable gem in my whole collection."

"Ah!" said Mr. Hydeneke, laconically, screwing up his eyes and waiting to hear more.

"The gem in question," continued the old man, in an excited voice, "is a signet ring of the Roman Emperor Vespasian, a rare sort of blood-stone, engraved with a miniature Colosseum, and round it the letters T. F. V. I. (Titus Flavius Vespasianus Imperator), in a setting of African gold. The workmanship of the ring is beautiful—beautiful. That alone would render it valuable. But what makes it almost priceless is its extreme rarity. There are only two others like it in England, or, I believe, in Europe."

"And these are—where?"

"The one at the British Museum; the other in the collection of which I was speaking just now—the Duke of X——'s, at B—— Castle."

"When did you first miss this ring, Sir Jacob?"

"Yesterday, when I opened my jewel safe to arrange and classify some new purchases."

"And when had you last opened it previously?"

"The day before that. I had a call from Janshikoff, the great dealer in antique gems, and I then opened my safe in his presence to ask his opinion about one or two seals which I picked up last month in Brussels, and of the genuineness of which I was not satisfied."

"The ring was not missing then?"

"No; to that I can swear. The fact is, Mr. Hydenseke (and I may as well confess at once), that I have a suspicion—amounting almost to a certainty—that Janshikoff took the ring."

"Hem!" coughed Mr. Hydenseke, performing his favorite operation of scratching his chin. "You believe that, do you?"

"I am convinced of it."

"Have you communicated with the police?"

"No; I have expressly refrained from doing so. I must recover that ring, Mr. Hydenseke (dropping his voice and speaking very impressively) without either scandal or publicity. In fact (and I have heard of your doing such things), I wish it got away from Janshikoff without his knowledge. There is a secret connected with it which must never be divulged."

"A dangerous secret?" inquired Mr. Hydenseke.

"Yes; dangerous in a sense—that is, if it were known in certain quarters that I possessed the ring I might be obliged to hand it over to its original owners. You remember the big jewel scandal at the Vatican fifteen years ago?"

"Perfectly."

"Well, a ring closely resembling that which we are discussing disappeared from the Pope's collection at that time, and could never be traced. This one—I mean the one I have just lost—I picked up at a seedy second-hand shop in Paris two years back. I paid a good price for it, and I asked no questions. You take me?"

"I think so, Sir Jacob," answered Mr. Hydenseke, with his peculiar smile.

"You will understand, then," the other continued, "why I am anxious to have the matter kept strictly private."

"Of course. And, perhaps, Janshikoff took that into account—eh?"

"Most probably. He is a very sharp fellow. But now, Mr. Hydenseke (he spoke very excitedly, leaning over and placing his hand on the detective's sleeve), I must get that signet back without delay. For if Janshikoff once parts with it, good-bye to our chance of ever seeing it again. Will you undertake the job, Mr. Hydenseke?"

"What's the figure?" asked our friend, thoughtfully.

"A cool thousand and all expenses."

"Very well, Sir Jacob, I'm your man."

Mr. Hydenseke now produced his notebook, and put the Baronet through a lengthy catechism, jotting down his replies in shorthand. At the end of this process, which occupied about an hour, Sir Jacob rose to take his departure.

"You will lose no time—no time, Mr. Hydenseke, will you?" he said, in a voice of absolute entreaty. "If I fail to recover that signet it will almost kill me."

"Make your mind easy," was the brisk rejoinder. "I shall start my investigations at once. You shall hear from me shortly how I succeed. Good morning."

As soon as the Baronet was fairly off the premises Mr. Hydenseke sent for a cab and drove straight across to the British Museum. Upon entering that somber edifice he betook himself to the room where the old Roman gems are on show, and there, with the assistance of a catalogue and a civil attendant, he discovered the Vespasian signet. This he carefully inspected through the glass by which it was guarded, finding it answered exactly to the description which Sir Jacob had given him. He made a careful drawing of the ring, which he relegated to his notebook, and then returned to the office in Long Acre to consider his next step.

After half an hour spent in careful reflection he summoned the most trustworthy member of his staff, and instructed him to keep a watch on Janshikoff for the next twenty-four hours.

He did not, indeed, think it probable that the astute dealer in antiques would attempt to dispose of his spoil at present. Still it was better to be on the safe side, and to have him kept under close surveillance, while he (Mr. Hydenseke) conducted certain preliminary investigations in another direction.

"I heard nothing of a Vespasian signet at the time, I am sure," soliloquized Mr. Hydenseke, frowning perplexedly, "I will go and ask Pinkerton. Pinkerton is sure to know."

Acting on this resolve, he had no sooner given his employe the necessary instructions about watching Janshikoff, than he walked round to Mr. Pinkerton's shop in Wardour street. Jeremiah Pinkerton keeps an emporium for articles of virtu, which he knows more about than any other man in England. He is an old-fashioned man; old-fashioned in his appearance, his methods, and, more particularly, in his honesty. But he is very shrewd; gifted with a most capacious memory; and, as an expert in Greek and Roman gems, without an equal.

Mr. Hydenseke had often had occasion to consult him, and knew him intimately.

"How are you, Pinkerton?" said our friend, shaking hands with the dealer; "give me five minutes' private talk. You know the Vespasian signet at the British Museum, I suppose.

"Rather," answered Pinkerton.

"How many are there like it in existence?"

"Only one other; that is in the Duke of X——'s collection at B——."

"So I thought. But I have been informed to-day, Mr. Pinkerton, that there was a third specimen, which was stolen from the Vatican in that great jewel robbery fifteen years ago."

"I don't believe it," said the dealer, decidedly. "The principal gems missing were all mentioned—in fact, a list of them was printed and circulated by the police among all the chief dealers in Europe. I had one sent here, I recollect, and I am quite certain that a Vespasian signet—which would have been the most precious of the whole lot—was not included."

On leaving Pinkerton's emporium, our friend hailed a cab, drove to his private house, where he kept the vehicle waiting while he packed a Gladstone bag, and then ordered the driver to take him with all speed to Paddington. He was in time for the afternoon down mail, by which he proceeded to B——, reaching that quaint country town about 5 o'clock. Having ascertained at his hotel, the X—— Arms, that the Duke was in residence at the castle, he betook himself thither with as little delay as possible.

His Grace, for whom Mr. Hydenseke had more than once acted in confidential matters, readily saw the detective, and gave him permission to inspect his collection of rings, being himself present during the process. The result of this inspection and of a long conversation with the Duke, was that an urgent telegram was dispatched to Pinkerton asking him to come down to B—— as early as possible next morning.

It was two days later, and Mr. Hydenseke was standing before the fire in his office, with his hands, in true British fashion, behind his coat-tails. A rather odd smile, suggesting triumph and self-satisfaction, flickered about the corners of his mouth. He had sent a messenger about an hour previously to request Sir Jacob Truelove's attendance at the office as soon as convenient, and he was now awaiting that gentleman's arrival.

By and by the street bell rang, and a minute or two later the Baronet was ushered in.

"Good morning, Mr. Hydenseke," he began, with an eager, anxious look on his cunning face—"you have got the ring! You told me in your note you have got the ring!"

"Yes," rejoined Mr. Hydenseke, pursing up his lips and speaking incisively, "I have got the ring."

"Then, for the love of God, give it me at once," cried Sir Jacob, with strange excitement. "Here—here (pulling out his check book from his breast-pocket) I'll pay you your thousand pounds at once. The ring, Mr. Hydenseke—give me the ring."

"Wait a minute, Sir Jacob," said the detective, coldly, waving back the other's outstretched hand. "I have a word or two to say first. I always deal square with those who are square with me. I am not squeamish, not I. I take up almost any cases for those who pay me well, and I carry out my client's wishes to the best of my power, without raising any inconvenient questions of right and wrong, or anything of that sort. But I make one stipulation. My clients must be square with me; and they must tell me the truth!"

"What do you mean, Mr. Hydenseke?" muttered Sir Jacob, beginning to turn pale.

"It is nothing to me," the detective went on, without heeding the interruption, "that you have tried to steal that ring from the Duke of X——, or that, finding yourself forestalled, you laid a plot to steal it from the man who had anticipated you. But it is a great deal to me that, instead of telling me the truth, you tried to delude me into your service with a pack of silly falsehoods and a trumped-up story about a third Vespasian signet, stolen from the Vatican, which had never had any existence, either there or elsewhere."

"I—I—don't understand you. Do—do—you realize whom you're talking to?" stammered the Baronet, trembling, however, in every limb. "You must be mad, Mr. Hydenseke."

"I have tracked out the whole affair from first to last," continued the other. "You had better listen, and deny any of my statements if you can. You intended (taking advantage of your intimacy at B——, and of the Duke's comparative antiquarian ignorance) to steal the Vespasian signet from his collection and substitute a forged one in its place. You employed Janshikoff to make you the necessary imitation. He gained an inkling of your plan, and thinking the idea a good one made a second imitation for his own use, and paying a visit to B—— just one day before you forestalled you in filching the real signet. You went down and duly effected your theft, but when you came to examine your spoil you found it only a sham that you had got. Knowing that Janshikoff had been there the day before (for the Duke showed you some gems which Janshikoff had brought down for his inspection), you easily guessed what had happened, and being determined to get the real signet from that astute dealer—a thing which your own skill could never have accomplished—you enlisted my services. Now, if you had told me the truth, I would have done my best for you, even as matters stood. But as you have seen fit to try and impose on me, and to gain my help by false pretenses, you must accept the consequences. The ring has been restored to the Duke of X——, and is now back in its place at B——."

"It's a lie—the whole thing's a lie," persisted Sir Jacob. But his looks declared the guilt which his words denied in vain.

"I have forced a full confession from Janshikoff," Mr. Hydenseke said; "in the face of which, and of other convincing evidence, your denial or admission is perfectly immaterial. Now, Sir Jacob, you had better pay me my thousand pounds and let the affair be closed?"

"What?" the Baronet almost shrieked, pay you a thousand pounds for—for—playing me false and making a fool of me."

"Those are my terms," said Mr. Hydenseke, quietly; "you may accept them, or you may decline them and accept—the consequences."

"It is scandalous," protested Sir Jacob, furiously. "I'll not submit to be blackmailed in this infernal manner."

"Look here, Sir Jacob," said the detective, with his sternest and most determined air, "you have tried to fool me, and you must pay for it. Whether in money or exposure, decide yourself."

The Baronet raved, swore, protested, pleaded, was abject, insolent, pathetic, hectoring, but to no purpose. Mr. Hydenseke remained unmoved by all these demonstrations, and they ended (as our wily friend foresaw they would) in Sir Jacob drawing the required check.

When the latter had taken his departure—in a perfect storm of impotent oaths and curses—Mr. Hydenseke sat down at his writing table, and, with a very comfortable smile, worked out a short addition sum upon his blotting pad.

From the Duke of X——	£1,000
" Janshikoff	1,000
" Sir J. Truelove	1,000
	£3,000

"And all earned in three days," chuckled Mr. Hydenseke. "If Sir Jacob had been square with me I should have had to be square with him. But I'm glad he wasn't!"—London Truth.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The newest science is seismology, the study of earthquakes.

The bed of the ocean is supposed to be of mountainous formation.

The application of electricity to the smelting of iron is being experimented with in Sweden.

It is asserted that in ninety-nine out of 100 the left side of the face is the more perfect in outline.

The number of telephonic stations in Germany, which was 1504 in 1881, had increased at the beginning of the present year to 63,558.

A bullet from one of the new rifles in use in the Italian army will penetrate five inches of solid ash at a distance of three-quarters of a mile.

The German Government has decided to paint their topedo boats bluish-gray, this color being, they consider, the least visible under the electric light.

Annealed glass has not yet come in any practical form, but an advance has been made recently in making sheets of glass with fine wire threaded through them, so that in case of breakage the parts will hang together.

In Germany they have been analyzing and experimenting with dust swept from the floors, seats and walls of the railway coaches. One hundred and seventeen animals were inoculated with this dust; many died of various contagious diseases, three of marked tuberculosis.

The average weight of the brain of an adult male is three pounds eight ounces; of a female, two pounds four ounces. The nerves are all connected with it directly or by the spinal marrow. These nerves with their branches and minute ramifications probably exceed 10,000,000 in number.

Dr. Bembo, of St. Petersburg, Russia, advocates cutting the large blood-vessels of the neck as the most humane mode of slaughtering animals. When this is done unconsciousness sets in in a few seconds, and the movements observed are due to cerebral anæmia. Moreover, the flesh of animals which have been bled to death keeps best.

Pasteur, the French scientist, has shown that all fruits and vegetables when undergoing even partial decay contain bacteria, which, if taken into the stomach, may cause disease. Fruit grown near to the ground may contain the bacteria of typhoid fever, tetanus, diphtheria or cholera, which may have found their way into the material used for fertilizing, or may have become incorporated with the dried dust. Hence one should never neglect to cleanse fruit. Especial care should be taken with imported or shipped fruit—more particularly that from districts where there are infectious diseases.

They Wear Medals of Honor.

There have been but three gold medals awarded by Congress to persons in the United States for heroism in saving life. One of these is in the possession of Captain Alfred Sorensen of the steamer Charles L. Mather, of Boston; another is owned by a man named Daly, of San Francisco, who was presented the medal in 1884, for plunging boldly into the surf and saving a life, and the third by a Gay Head Indian, who saved the life of a passenger in the City of Columbus wreck, Vineyard Sound, in 1884. A day or two ago Captain Sorensen and Mr. Daly met on Washington street, in this city. The Californian had his medal pinned to his coat lapel, and for a moment the captain thought his own treasure had been lost, but on finding it in his pocket he accosted the stranger, and the two heroes became acquainted and fast friends at once.—Boston Transcript.

An Unusual Wedding.

"The funniest church wedding I ever saw," said a confirmed victim to the wedding habit, "was one in a Protestant Episcopal church in this city the other day. The bride's father was rector of the church; her brother was also a clergyman. The bride wanted her father to marry her. When the bridal party started up the aisle two flower girls came first; then the bride, walking alone; a few feet back of her the maid of honor, next two bridesmaids, then the mother of the bride unattended, and lastly two more bridesmaids and the ushers. The mother gave her daughter away, the father married them, the bride's brother assisted in the ceremony. Altogether it was entirely different from any wedding I had seen before, though very decorous for all."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Beware.

Look out for the young woman who frankly declares that she is bound to die an old maid. Before you are aware of it she will be wearing your name, together with a broad gold ring on the third finger of her left hand.—Boston Transcript.

A Marvellous Showing.

The U. S. Government, through the Agricultural Department, has been investigating the baking powders for the purpose of informing the public which was the purest, most economical and wholesome.

The published report shows the Royal Baking Powder to be a pure, healthful preparation, absolutely free from alum or any adulterant, and that it is greatly stronger in leavening power than any other brand.

Consumers should not let this valuable information, official and unprejudiced, go unheeded.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Didn't Believe It.

Proportionately to population, Indiana has more money to spend on schools than any State in the Union. It was in Indiana, not so very long ago, that the daughter of an old White River farmer was reading the county paper to him. She had got to the "Personals," and red this:

"Mrs. Willie Morritts, nee Black, has returned from a visit to her parents in Indianapolis."

"I don't quite understand that," said the old gentleman.

"What don't you understand?" inquired the daughter.

"That part about 'Mrs. Willie Morrits nay Black.' What does that 'nay black' mean?"

"Oh, that's French and means she was born Black."

"Born black!" exclaimed the father, excitedly.

"Yes; nee is French for born."

"Well, it ain't so," ejaculated the old man, jumping up and shaking his fist; "I knowed her parrents and they was as white as anybody that ever lived in Indianny, and I'll see that editor about it," but before he could get away, the daughter explained matters and the old gentleman cooled down."—Free Press.

Balloonists.

The first aerial voyage was made Sept. 18, 1783, by a sheep, a cock and a duck to a height of 1,500 feet. The first human traveler through the air was M Francois Pilatre de Rozier, who mounted the following month in a balloon.

UNFORTUNATELY summer musicians are not all of good sound judgment.—Syracuse Courier

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Ethan Allen's Sword.

The sword of Ethan Allen, preserved in the National Museum at Washington, is an old-fashioned blade about twenty-seven inches in length and slightly curved. The handle is made of horn or bone, and is some seven inches long. The mounting is of silver, marked with gold, but the latter is partially worn off. A dog's head of silver forms the end of the handle, and from this to the guard runs a silver chain. On one of the silver bands of the venerable leathern scabbard is the name "Ethan Allen" engrossed in large letters; on another band, "E. Brasher, maker, N. York;" while on a third band appears the name "Martin Vosburg, 1775."—Philadelphia Ledger.

SAVE DOCTOR'S BILLS

by paying attention to properly regulating the bowels thereby preventing a thousand and one derangements of the system which follow neglect of this precaution. Once used for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are always in favor. They're purely vegetable and far better, as a liver pill, than blue pills or calomel. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular—not to constipate.

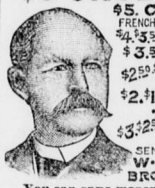
MISS MARY ANGUISH, of *Glen Easton, Marshall Co., W. Va.*, writes: "Two years ago I was pale and emaciated, food fermented in my stomach. A physician pronounced my case 'Catarrh of the Stomach,' but he could not help me. I lived a month without solid food and when I tried to eat I would vomit. At this time I began taking Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and in two weeks I was decidedly better. I am now in good health, and never felt better in my life. I have a better color, eat more, and have no distress after eating—having gained thirteen pounds since I began taking them.

MISS ANGUISH.

P N U 33 '94

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
·LADIES·
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.



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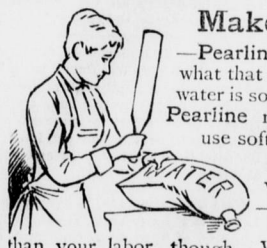

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