

Berlin mashers are now largely patronizing London tailors.

No, Not One. There is not a human being physically perfect. Much of this imperfection comes from heritage, much more from accident, neglect or ignorance. All of this mass of mortal suffering is manifest in aches and pains of more or less intensity, or in some kind of unnatural distress. Hence all strive for relief. The simplest and surest is of course the best, and true economy demands to have it always at hand. When we know that an ordinary sprain may make a cripple for life, we should seek the best remedy at once, and at once we know that it is found in a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. Those who in any way doubt this can experiment and be sure of cure. Thousands have done so.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by E. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for circular and testimonials, free. Address: E. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. 21c for 6, 50c for 12. Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache, etc. P. N. 51

You Never Buy Poor Meat. That good health, strong nerves, physical vigor, happiness, depend upon pure, rich, healthy blood. Remember that the blood can be made pure, rich and healthy, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

No, of course not. You never want anything poor in the food line. Be careful when buying your buckwheat.

Hecker's BUCKWHEAT Is by far the best and most wholesome.

If your skirt edges wear out, it's because you don't use



BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDINGS It's easy to prove it for yourself. Don't take any binding unless you see "S. H. & M." on the label, no matter what anybody tells you. If your dealer will not supply you, we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

I Want Agents to sell and advertise my specialties. Write to me for my FREE SAMPLES (with full address, with stamp, J. J. FLECK, 1111 N. O.)

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 30 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio. World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD. IMPERIAL GRANUM Many competing FOODS have come and gone and have been missed by few or none, but the popularity of this FOOD steadily increases! Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE! John Carle & Sons, New York.

Widow—"Do you know, Mr. Caller, that you remind me very much of my late husband?" Mr. Caller (looking at watch)—"Why, it is late, isn't it? Excuse me. I really had no idea of the time."—Richmond Dispatch.

Dr. Maybe and Mustbe.

You choose the old doctor before the young one. Why? Because you don't want to entrust your life in inexperienced hands. True, the young doctor *may* be experienced. But the old doctor *must* be. You take no chances with Dr. Maybe, when Dr. Mustbe is in reach. Same with medicines as with medicine makers—the long-tried remedy has your confidence. You prefer experience to experiment—when you are concerned. The new remedy *may* be good—but let somebody else prove it. The old remedy *must* be good—judged on its record of cures. Just one more reason for choosing AYER'S Sarsaparilla in preference to any other. It has been the standard household sarsaparilla for half a century. Its record inspires confidence—50 years of cures. If others *may* be good, Ayer's Sarsaparilla *must* be. You take no chances when you take AYER'S Sarsaparilla.

WE HAVE AGE ENOUGH

No American Need Long for Objects of Veneration at Home. We are accustomed to speak of everything in America as brand-new. It smells to us of varnish more than anything else, and when we go abroad we say of buildings and of institutions, "Alas, we have nothing at all of this sort in America!" There is truth in this, and yet perhaps we do not sufficiently realize how long our American civilization has been growing, and how much of the world's history has been made in the last 250 years. It is interesting to find a suggestion of this nature emanating from so thoroughly English a source as the London Spectator, the attention of which has been drawn to the age of our American colleges by a book of illustrations of our university buildings.

Let us follow out this suggestion, and, taking Harvard University as a measure of age, see where the world was standing at the time of the foundation of that institution. This was in 1638, Charles I. was on the throne of England. Cromwell was a young man, "guileless of this country's blood," and had just been turned back from his plan of coming to America. The face of Germany was then denuded with the Thirty Years' war. Richelieu had just formed the French Academy, and was in the zenith of his power. The Spanish Inquisition was pursuing its relentless work, and Galileo was yet busy with his literary labors. It was sixty years before Peter the Great applied in London for his naval apprenticeship, and nearly 100 years before Frederick the Great came into his inheritance. We are apt to think of English literature as auto-dating our American civilization; yet at the time the New World had taken on the educational and moral strength which gave us Harvard College, English literature was practically unwritten. If we except Chaucer, Spenser and Shakespeare, "Paradise Lost" was only a dream of Milton, who was 80 years old in 1638, and then began his continental journey. Dryden was 6 years old; Bunyan was 10, with no thought of serving under Cromwell or being jailed for his views. Pope, Swift, Addison, Bolingbroke, Bishop Berkeley, were yet unborn.

These reflections show us how large a part of human history belongs to the period since the foundation of our oldest university. Into the life of this young and growing republic all these things entered—the growing hatred of absolutism, the spread of religious toleration, the literary inspiration of Milton's day, the artistic spirit that breathed from St. Peter's dome. The American of to-day need not lack for objects of veneration in his own country. It is old enough. Its founders and those who have preserved it with sufferings and death, and sometimes harder service of living effort and denial, have left bright spots in the dark and devious straggling of the human race. To emulate rather than to disparage their character and service is the duty and privilege of the intelligent patriot of today. Moreover, to consider the matter from another point of view, the paradox is true that, if we are to look to antiquity, the present age is the oldest.

A Curious Transformation.

A fashionable audience in Paris recently listened to a lecture on chemistry by a celebrated chemist. At the conclusion of the lecture a lady and gentleman who were among the first to leave the hall had reached the open air, when the lady caught her escort staring at her. "What is the matter?" asked the madame, in surprise. "Paradise, but you are quite blue!" The lady returned to the hall and approached a mirror. She started back in horror. The rouge upon her cheeks had been converted into a beautiful blue by the chemical decomposition which had taken place under the influence of the gases which had been generated during the lecture. The majority of the women in the audience had suffered in a similar manner. There were all sorts of colors—blue, yellow, violet and black. Some whose vanity had induced them to put ivory on the cheeks and black on the eyebrows had undergone a ludicrous transformation.—New York Tribune.

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MONEY IN MAKING CENTS

THE LITTLE COPPER COIN HAS TAKEN A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

Uncle Sam Makes a Profit of \$870 on Every Million Coined—150,000 Are Turned Out Daily.

THE long despised copper cent has entered upon a new era of usefulness according to the authorities of the Mint at Philadelphia. The Mint has been turning out pennies lately at an astonishing rate, says the New York Journal. Ever since September 1 three presses have been working eight hours a day stamping Uncle Sam's design upon little disks of bright new copper. The average daily output has been 150,000 cents. This represents a profit to the Government per diem of a trifle over \$130.

There is money in minting cents from the Government's point of view. The copper "blanks" are not made by the Treasury, but are bought under contract. They are turned out by a firm in Waterbury, Conn., and they cost Uncle Sam only \$7300 per million. In other words, for seven and three-tenths cents he obtains material which by a simple process of stamping is transformed into the worth of \$1. The profit on each 1,000,000 cents issued is \$870.

Until within the last few years the blanks for cents and nickels were made at the Philadelphia Mint, but it was found to be more convenient and about as cheap to purchase them from private parties. The contract for producing them is awarded annually to the lowest bidder, and on this account their cost varies somewhat from year to year. These cents are considered merely as tokens, and their intrinsic value is of no consequence whatever. They are neither counted nor tested by assaying at the Mint, being weighed in bulk only.

One pound avoirdupois of the blanks for cents costs the Government twenty cents, and makes \$1.40 worth of pennies when coined. In other words, there are 146 blanks to the pound. The blanks are shipped to the Mint in strong wooden boxes. They are extremely pretty, looking like so much gold when bright and new. In fact, visitors to the Mint frequently mistake the contents of boxes that stand open for gold, and it is a common thing for them to say that they wished they could be permitted to take away all that they can carry. This oft-repeated remark always excites a smile, inasmuch as the strongest man could not carry \$100 worth of the blanks without great difficulty.

All of the United States cents are made at the Philadelphia Mint. During the last fiscal year 26,044,277 of them were minted. The production of cents rose three years ago to nearly 100,000,000 for a twelve-month. A steady stream of these little coins flow from Philadelphia to most parts of the country, though in some localities they are not circulated at all. But it often happens, as at present, that the demand exceeds the supply.

The odd prices fixed by dry goods firms nowadays have something to do with the unusual demand, inasmuch as they require the making of small change on nearly every purchase. Such prices seem to have an attraction for the public, and particularly for women, who are apt to buy an article for \$1.98 when they would not pay \$2. Then, again, the slot machines absorb an immense number of pennies. But after all the movement in favor of cheaper newspapers has done more to place the little old red cent on a plane of respectability than any other agency.

Very few pennies come back to the Mint for remelting. The stream of coppers flows out continually, but its history is like that of many rivers in Western deserts, which are lost finally in the sand. Nobody knows what becomes of the millions of millions of cents that are minted annually; they simply vanish out of sight and are gone forever. The phenomenon seems a strange one, but it is easily accounted for. Pennies are subject to more accidents than any other coins; they change hands ten times as often as dimes, it is reckoned, and being of small value, they are not cared for. People say: "What becomes of all the pines?" The answer is the same in both cases.

Odd Result of a Snake Bite. It is a general popular dictum in sections where snakes abound that those who have been bitten will be troubled by a recurrence of the trouble caused by the bite every year for an indefinite period. This seems to hold good in the case of the Rev. N. L. Jones, pastor of the Port Folio M. E. Church, who has just returned from Greenwood Sanitarium, where he was treated for snake poisoning. Mr. Jones was bitten by a red headed adder a year ago while at Rising Sun, and he had to walk nearly a half hour before he gained medical assistance. He was unconscious for several hours, and it was thought he might not recover, but finally he did get well. This year, nearly at the corresponding date at which he was bitten, all the symptoms reappeared in a milder form, his ankle swelled and his skin discolored in spots. He suffered at the same time much pain. He fears that he will have a recurrence of the trouble every year, especially since it is well known that the father of the Rev. W. H. Sheets, of this city, suffered in a similar manner for eleven years from the effects of a snake bite.—Indianapolis News.

A Famous Trotting Cal.

The famous trotting calf Xenophon, owned by Hank Hibble, of Lexington, Ky., is to be entered in a handicap race at the County Fair at Louisville, Abdallah, a Kentucky thoroughbred, will trot against Xenophon.—New York Mail and Express.

THOMAS AND SARAH LINCOLN.

Last Resting Place of the Great President's Father and Stepmother.

At the Shiloh Church, half way between the quiet country towns of Farmington and Janesville, in the southern part of Coles County, Ill., is a beautifully situated country burying ground known as the Gordon Cemetery.



SARAH LINCOLN.

Here, among the modest headstones that mark the graves of other pioneers, to wewers the marble shaft of one who, while living, was reckoned no better or greater than his neighbors, yet, now that time is still adding luster to the fame of his great son, the name of Thomas Lincoln and all that pertains to his life, his death and place of burial is coming into historic prominence. The graveyard is a pleasant drive from Mattoon, Charleston or Greenup, and many visit it during the summer months, but as the grave is overgrown with weeds and no flowers are near, it would seem that the visitors are attracted more through curiosity than to do honor to the dead.

The grave of Thomas Lincoln was left unmarked from the time of his death in 1831 until 1880. After Abraham Lincoln was elected President he visited his father's grave and left word to have estimates sent him of the cost of a tombstone, but the war coming on it was never attended to. Thus rested the ashes of the pioneer, almost forgotten in the excitement of the times when his only son was acquiring the height of his fame, until Geo. B. Balch, a local poet of no mean talent, wrote a poem on "The Grave of Abraham Lincoln." The verses were published in Lippincott's Magazine and other publications and a copy sent to Robert Lincoln, who promptly responded by offering to pay the expense of a monument for his grandfather's grave. Meantime the poem had aroused the patriotism of Coles County citizens and some funds had been raised, so that when the draft was made on the younger Lincoln it was for only \$116. The monument is a plain Grecian obelisk of Italian marble, 9 feet 8 inches in height, by no means the finest in this rural graveyard, and bears the following simple inscription:

Clearly a Stand-Off. Some years ago two officers in the British army in India had a difficulty which resulted in a duel. The colonel, the challenged party, was an old campaigner who had won his laurels in the Crimea, and was a gallant soldier. The choice of weapons being his, he named pistols, and elected that the affair should occur in a dark room. We secured a room twenty-feet square (says the narrator of the incident), closed every crevice that would admit light, placed our men in corners diagonally opposite and withdrew. Each man was provided with three charges, and when these were exhausted we rushed in to gather up the mutilated remains. Each man stood erect and soldier-like in his corner, untouched; but directly behind the officer who had given the challenge were three bullet-holes made by the colonel's pistol. "How is this?" said the grizzled major; "had you been standing here when those shots were fired, you would have been killed." The culprit was forced to admit that he had dropped to one knee. "You are a coward, sir, and unfit for the company of soldiers and gentlemen!" cried the major. "Hold on, major!" said the colonel; "it is a stand-off. While he was on his knees in one corner I was on my stomach in the other."

"Bunkins, I guess, is about the smartest man of his years in this community," said the citizen who observes. "Knows a great deal, does he?" "Knows a great deal? I should say so. Why, sir, that man knows almost as much as his 19-year-old daughter who is in the high school."—Washington Star.

When a woman isn't invited to a party, she says that her health is so poor that her physician would not allow her to attend.

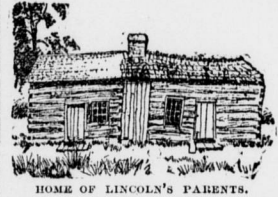
FOUR CHICAGO GIRLS ABROAD.

They Are Giving Concerts and Winning Flattering Commendations in Musical Circles.



MISS HITA LAWTON. MISS NONA WILLIAMS. MISS WINIFRED NIGHTINGALE. MISS BELLE BREWSTER.

he would be killed. He only laughed and said in his characteristic way that he "guessed not," but his fears were realized. She died in 1863, and such was her fame that the whole surrounding country joined in the funeral procession. No stone marks her last resting place. Two miles southeast of the graveyard is the old Lincoln farm on Goose Nest prairie—so named in early days because the woods surround it in the form of a goose nest—to which Thomas Lincoln moved from Macon County, the only move he ever made after coming to Illinois. Abraham Lincoln helped build the old log cabin here, but never lived



HOME OF LINCOLN'S PARENTS.

with his parents in it, having started in life for himself just at this time, but it was on this memorable ground that his father and stepmother spent their last days. John Hall, a landmark in the country's history and a good type of the now almost extinct Illinois pioneer, owns this farm and makes his home here. His mother was a step-sister of Abraham Lincoln, and they rode in the wagon that brought the Lincoln family from Spencer County, Ind., to Illinois, in 1830, when he was but a year old, the future President driving the ox team that hauled them. After the death of Thomas Lincoln, Mr. Hall bought the place of John D. Johnston, Lincoln's step-brother, and has held it since, Grandmother Lincoln making her home with him until her death. In 1891 John Hall sold the old log house to the Abraham Lincoln Log Cabin Association to be removed to the World's Fair. He also transferred to them, hoping they would be better preserved in their keeping, all the relics he had in his possession.

On the base is the word "Lincoln" in large letters, and a small footstone bears the letters "T. L." The monument was placed where it now stands on the 7th day of May, 1880, twenty-nine years after Mr. Lincoln's death. Thomas Lincoln's second wife sleeps by his side, and she, too, deserves more than passing notice in the pages of history. Abraham Lincoln loved her as a mother, and it is said that he owed much of his straight character and nobleness of soul to her training. When he was elected President, and before going to Washington, he visited his father's grave and the lowly home that had sheltered him for so many years. She, with a mother's intuition, was fearful of the great task he was undertaking of leading the nation in its hour of greatest peril, and told him she knew

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

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

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

FITS stepped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The street accidents of London amount to about 3,500 a year—nearly 10 a day.

Dr. Kline's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory Building, Hampton, N. Y.

King Humbert, of Italy, has a private fortune of 46,000,000.

SYRUP OF FIGS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

THE APIMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/10 what it was. It has many branches all over the world, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Gear, Steel, Galvanized-Steel, Cast-Iron, and Fixed Steel Pumps, Steel and Iron Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Brakes. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st, at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

RUPTURE CURED. ELASTIC TRUSS. POSITIVELY HOLDS RUPTURE. Worn night and day. Has an adjustable Pad which can be made larger or smaller to suit changing condition of RUPTURE. This Cat. sent securely sealed by G. H. House, Mfg. Co., 14 Broadway, N.Y. City.

GOLDEN FIG THE ONLY GUARANTEED CURE FOR ALL FEMALE WEAKNESSES and COMPLAINTS. Relief in one week. Full particulars free on receipt of two stamps. One month's treatment \$1.00. ADDRESS Golden Fig Co., Sayre, Pa. Lock Box No. 56. Agents Wanted

PENSION ON W. W. MORRIS. SUCCESSFULLY PROSECUTES CLAIMS. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. Write in last war, 1861-1865, and allow examination. FIVE DOLLARS. Winton, N.C.

\$2.42 CASH WITH ORDER. NICKEL PLATE, RUBBER PLATE, 6 SHIRT COLLARS, 6 COLLAR BANDS, 6 CUFFS, and we will ship C.O.D. \$1.00, and allow examination. FIVE DOLLARS. Winton, N.C.

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

Send \$3 a day sure. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make a day's abatement sure, we furnish the work and teach you the work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Box 118, Detroit, Mich.

National economy. There's room for a little more of it. Too many women are wasting time and strength over a wash-board; rubbing their clothes to pieces; wasting their money. You'd be astonished if you could figure up the actual money saving in a year by the use of Pearlina. Millions of women are using it now, but just suppose that all women were equally careful and thrifty, and that every one used Pearlina! It's too much to hope for—but the whole country would be the richer for it. Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlina, be honest—send it back.

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY SAPOLIO 'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END