X-Rays

Of test and trial prove Hood's Sarsaparilla to be unequalled for purifying the blood because

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

Findings—

"The best, of course," you tell your dressmaker, and trust to her using the

S·H·&M· REGISTERED TRADE MARK

BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDING

Why don't you *tell* her to use it or, better still, buy it yourself?

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Samples showing labels and materials mailed free. "Home Dressmaking," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, telling how to put on Bias Velveteen Skirt Bindings sent for 25c., postage paid.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

RIPANS TABULES

Mr. P. T. Barry, who has general charge of the advertising contracts of the Chicago Newspaper Union, is compelled to pass a large portion of his time in journeying to and fro in the interests he represents. Speaking of Ripans Tabules, Mr. Barry says that he has carried them with him in his satchel on all his trips, since he first became acquainted with their excellent qualities. He uses four or five a week, being always particular to take one after a hearty or, more especially, after a hasty meal. He never requires more than one. Mr. Barry does not remember how he was first induced to make trial of Ripans Tabules, but now he buys them of the nearest druggist whenever his supply is exhausted. "They are specially convenient," Mr. Barry says, "and a mighty nice thing—just what a man needs when traveling, if he needs a medicine at all."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

D. T. MORGAN, Manager, Box LF, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day: absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free you work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once.

RUPTURE All who wish to get rid of Rupture and tormenting trusses should send to S. J. SHERMAN, Hernia Specialist, Nos. 1 and 3 Ann St., New York, for his most interesting book of **full information**. Price by mail, 15 cts.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D.C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since

Lots of men who are looking for work wouldn't know what to do with it if they should find it.

Out-Door Sports.

The hardy, strong, athletic man, after months of out-door life and sports, feels all the better, although he may have suffered as many do, from serious sprains and bruises. If sports were stopped on that account, we would have no more of the great baseball games, sports of field and turf, of oar and gun, of rod and racquet, but all sportsmen and athletes take sprains and bruises as an accompaniament with composure, because they know how easy and certain it is to use St. Jacobs Oil and get rid of permanently the worst forms of any such accidents. There may be some, indeed, many, not quite up to date in being prepared for the season's enjoyment, and such should undoubtedly have a supply of this great remedy for pain.

MELANCHOLY WOMEN.

AFRAID SOMETHING DREADFUL IS GOING TO HAPPEN.

How a Little Baby Girl Rolled the Clouds Away.

Of course a woman will naturally see the dark side of everything when tortured by some form of female disease, which her doctor cannot or does not relieve. No wonder she is melancholy when head and back ache, pains run through the whole body and loins, nerves are weak, stomach out of order, digestion poor, sense of fullness and bearing-down, poor sleep and appetite, always weak and tired, irregular menstruation, whites, etc.

She probably is not so fortunate as to know that all female ailments are indicated by these never failing symptoms, and are controlled by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; all female weaknesses quickly disappear by its use. It has been the thinking woman's safeguard for twenty years, and all druggists sell large quantities of it because it can be relied upon.

Still another woman speaks:

"I wish you would publish my name with your testimonials. I want every one to know that your Vegetable Compound has made me well and strong. I sing its praises all the time. When I was first married I was very weak and had female troubles badly; Oh, I was so weary, sick and melancholy, but the Vegetable Compound built me up, and now I have a dear baby girl, and I am so happy. No home is complete without a dear little baby and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to roll the clouds away."—MRS. GEO. CLAUS, 35 Danforth St., Buffalo, N. Y.

PNU 23 96

If you accept a substitute, you must not fuss because its not as good as genuine HIRES Rootbeer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

SHE IS SO SWEET.

She is so sweet she never knows
Aught but to pity human woes;
And in her pathway blooms the rose—
She is so sweet, so sweet!

She is so sweet the violets stir;
The lily is her worshiper;
The spring's best blossoms rain on her—
She is so sweet, so sweet!

She is so sweet that if a song
Had quivered in its music wrong
God's love would bear the strain along—
She is so sweet, so sweet!

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

DR. BUCKLE'S ADVENTURE.

"BUCKLE, sir—the Rev. Dr. Buckle." he said, leaning over the back of the seat before me and grasping my hand heartily.

"Glad to know you," I replied. "Indeed, I've been longing for some one to talk to, for it seems to me that this journey is interminable."

"Slow train—bad road," said my new-made friend, throwing his high hat on the back of his head.

I pressed my face against the window and peered out into the dismal country through which we were running. Now we were plunging through lonely stretches of dark woods; now running across wide reaches of newly cleared fields, with here and there a log house rising above the waste of fallen trees, just visible in the half light of the moon which was rising above the mountains a few miles away. Following us as we spun along was a white, smooth road that glistened in the moonlight close to the track. Once in a while we lost it in the darkness of the woods, but as quickly as we emerged into the more open country we could see it at our side again, hugging us close, which, I reflected, was but natural in such a dreary land.

"Fine country, eh?" said Dr. Buckle, "I don't think, as my third son, a clever lad, if there ever was one, says. It just happens that I knew this region pretty well. There! Did you see that place where the road crossed a creek on a wooden bridge. That was where they dropped me."

"Dropped you?" I ventured inquiringly.

"Pardon me. I thought that I had been telling you about it," returned the minister, tilting his tile still further back on his head. "What memories the sight of that place engenders! You see, sir, some ten years ago I had a charge in this very locality—at Poleville, five miles down the road. There were two churches, one at the village and the other back in the country some six miles, and I alternated between them. The charge was indeed a poor one, but I was a struggling young divine then, with a wife and four little ones to support, and I was glad enough to have a snug parsonage, a salary of $500 per year and an average of three donation parties per annum. It was the salary question that eventually drove me away from the place—a change for the better, to be sure, as I have now a splendid church in Punkington. By the by, I wish if you ever stop there you would give us a call and see our new pulpit furniture."

"But your story," I interrupted, for I saw that he was prone to wander from the subject of his discourse.

"Ah! there I was forgetting my tale to speak of pulpit trapping. Your pardon. The trouble was that fully four-fifths of my salary was paid by two families, both wealthy farmers, the Bunders and the Springhouses. Unfortunately for me these families had been at odds for years over a matter of a line fence. In the West there would have been some lead exchanged, but this is a peaceable country, so they contented themselves by quarreling in court and never passing a word elsewhere. To the rule, however, there was one exception—Henry Bunder and Kate Springhouse."

The Doctor was evincing such garrulity that I felt a little uneasy and broke again the thread of his history.

"See here, I think I know the rest. They sang in the same choir; they loved; you married them clandestinely; salary cut off; left you a parsonage, $500 per year and three donation parties."

"True, true," said the divine, stroking his long beard, "but that was not what I was going to tell you about. I proposed to relate the events as they affected me and not the young couple; to tell you how the wedding ended where the road crossed the bridge. May I go on?"

"By all means. Your pardon; I believed that I had divined your tale."

"In general, yes; in detail, no. But to continue, I was not aware of this exception until one October night just about ten years ago, when a loud banging at the parsonage door awakened my wife and me from our sleep. At my request Mrs. Buckle went down stairs to see what it was.

"'Who is there?' she called through the keyhole.

"'John Bunder,' came the answer, 'and he wants Preacher Buckle pretty quick, too.'

"Believing it a matter of importance, my wife rashly called me down stairs to attend to the matter in hand, while she retired. And still more rashly, I opened the door a crack and demanded to know what was wanted at such an hour.

"'It's John Bunder and Kate Springhouse wants you to marry 'em, Preacher,' said the big fellow whom I saw stamping to and fro on the porch. 'And you'll have to do it quick.'

"'Indeed,' says I, 'and this is a nice hour to wake an honest preacher for such a purpose.'

"And then my curiosity getting the better of my discretion I unchained the door and opened wider the crack that I might obtain a good view of the party at the gate. There were three of them sitting in a light spring wagon, to which were attached two lively mules. In the moonlight I could just discern the small form of Kate Springhouse, clad in white, and seated in front beside her burly lover, young Bunder. I realized at once that this wedding was fraught with not a little danger to me, and hence decided to act cautiously.

"'I would prefer that you and your friends would go elsewhere,' I said to the man outside. 'For instance, over the mountains to Brother —'

"Before I had finished my objection the girl screamed, 'They're coming!' The big fellow on the porch threw his weight against the door with such violence that I, small man as I am, flew backward to the floor with such force as to partially stun me. When I recovered my senses I found myself on the hind seat of the wagon, with a man at either side, and Henry Bunder, his sweetheart clinging to him, before me, madly lashing the mules.

"'He has come to,' one of the men whispered.

"Kate Springhouse gave a little scream of joy, which was followed by another of fear, and an involuntary seizure of her lover's arm.

"'I hear them,' he said, 'but we will be married before they catch us.'

"As I sat there in that rough, rushing, bounding wagon, hatless, with no protection from the autumn winds other than a light horse blanket my kidnappers had thrown about me, the words of an old sermon of mine came back to me, bringing endless comfort. It was from the first clause of Proverbs i., 17: 'Better is a dry morsel.' In that discourse I made a point of the fact that anything is better than nothing; that as we are is better than not being; that better is a dry morsel than no morsel. Now if you refer back to First Kings ii.—"

"Excuse me for interrupting, Doctor," I exclaimed. "But I shall certainly attend church in Punkington to hear your discourse, but for the present about this elopement."

"Pardon, pardon," said the minister, relighting his cigar. "I was wandering, to be sure. The young people lost no time in explaining what was wanted, and I, realizing that the quicker it was done the closer to home they would leave me, was not unwilling to begin. We had by this time struck into this road that we are following, and were swinging along at a steady run. The light wagon swayed to and fro so that I had difficulty in retaining my feet where I stood up to perform the ceremony. The bride and groom remained seated, for the latter was busy with the driving. Scarcely had the first words left my mouth when we heard behind us a faint call to stop, and turning I saw a buckboard drawn by two dashing horses just appearing into view over the brow of the hill a quarter mile behind. I saw the moonlight gleam on something that savored of guns, and a cold chill crept over my frame.

"'It's pa!' exclaimed the bride. 'But go ahead, Mr. Buckle. It will do no good to let your teeth chatter.'

"My teeth did chatter, and with cause, for the persons following us fired a gun. I heard the report and ducked, and I am positive that a bullet whistled a few inches above my head, with that peculiar sound we read so much of in war history. The marriage ceremony is really very short, but performed under such conditions it seemed to me endless. But at length it was done.

"'I suppose you will let me off now,' I said, for I could hear clearer than ever the clatter of horses' feet behind us, and knew that our pursuers were closing. I did not want to witness the meeting.

"'Not just yet, Doctor,' said one of the big fellows at my side. 'The marriage certificate next; and the heaviest signs first.'

"And with that he drew from his pocket the needed paper. Mary Springhouse put her name in the proper place and then young Bunder signed. The rattle of wheels came louder, but we were in the woods and could not see the pursuers.

"'My turn next,' says I, seizing the pencil from the groom.

"'Not on your life,' yells the big fellow who held me. 'Heaviest first.'

"And with that he seized the certificate and pencil and witnessed the paper. Then he leaped off behind and disappeared in the woods. We had emerged into that clearing where you saw the bridge when a call to stop came to us again. I dared not look back, but I saw the whip fall on the mules and they plunged forward with a lightened load, for the second witness had signed and left us. There was a report, and again I seemed to hear the whistling bullet intended for the groom, a fact that caused me to involuntarily start to jump, to find my escape balked, for the bride clung fast to my blanket.

"'Sign the certificate,' she screamed!

"I signed—a very peculiar signature to be sure, but it satisfied her, and she expressed her satisfaction by giving me a push that sent me flying from the vehicle into the road by the bridge.

"When I regained my senses I was lying in the ditch at the roadside, my feet partially immersed in the waters of the creek. My position was such that my prostrate body could not have been seen from the road, and the pursuers must have driven by the spot, little suspecting that one of the chief and most unwilling actors of the drama lay bleeding within a few feet of them. For bleeding I was; my head was badly cut; my back and sides bruised so that every step caused me misery. I listened attentively, but heard no sound of hoofs or wheels, and so determined that the pursuit was now far away. Weary, cold and wounded, I set out for home, five miles back along the dreary road and through those lonely woods. The sun was just rising when I dragged myself up the steps of the parsonage and fell exhausted into the arms of the agonized Mrs. Buckle."

"Did Henry and Kate get away safely, Doctor!" I asked.

"Yes, they did," was the reply. "That was why I got away too. The little affair created such enmity between the two families and myself that they refused to contribute longer to the church. But as Solomon says in Proverbs v. and—"

"Punk-ing-ton," bawled the brakeman, banging the door open.

I did not hear the verse from my companion, for it was lost in the clanging of bells, scrape of brakes and the scuffle of passengers' feet.

"I've enjoyed meeting you immensely, sir," said the divine, seizing my hand. "I hope we will see you at our church if you ever stop here. Goodby!"

And he was gone.—New York Sun.

Where Washington Took Oath.

An interesting relic of the early days of the Republic was discovered by workmen who are remodeling the old Senate chamber in the Court of Common Pleas building, adjoining Independence Hall, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The apartment has long been used as a courtroom and is now being restored to its original state by the Society of Colonial Dames. In the course of the work the court platform was removed and underneath it was found an old platform, which the members believe was that of the Senate chamber, and they argue that there is little or no room to doubt that upon these boards George Washington was inaugurated President.

The historical associations of this building, and particularly of the room in which the old platform was found, are thus briefly recorded on the tablet placed on the Chestnut street wall: "In this building sat the first Senate and first House of Representatives of the United States of America. Herein George Washington was inaugurated President, March, 1793, and closed his official career when herein; also John Adams was inaugurated second President of the United States, March 4, 1797."

Brave Japanese Physicians.

One instance of the gallantry of the Japanese medical corps is noted at Wei-hai-wei, where, as a regiment exposed to the sudden action of the quick-firing guns of seven vessels had many men killed and wounded in a very few seconds, and was obliged to fall to the ground and crawl to shelter to escape annihilation, the medical officers, separately and accompanied by stretchers and attendants, walked across the beach in the face of an incessant hail of bullets, "and," says a recorder of the event, "in twenty minutes stretcher-bearers, attendants, and medical officers, walking quietly and coolly away, had removed every dead and wounded officer and man from the beach, the Chinese ships having kept up a continuous and terrific fire upon them all the time." Their special addition to the army surgery appears to be the use of straw ash, which, free from grit and closed in antiseptic gauze bags as devised by Dr. Kikuchi, was applied as pads to the wounds and was very serviceable.

The Pest of the Canary.

Canary birds are often tormented with little pests that are hard to detect. The insects that make themselves most objectionable are little red mites. They come out to worry him at night and have him irritated all over, while they retreat to the cracks of the cage in daytime. The insect powder does no good because it is not long enough on the skin to kill them if they are there, which is doubtful, for, as I said, they are nocturnal. Still, you may powder him well, especially under his wings, with pyrethrum powder, then wrap him in a handkerchief, and hold him for a quarter of an hour until the powder has time to work. Then give him a clean, new cage, and have the old one either dipped in boiling water for several minutes or baked in the oven; nothing short of this will destroy the horrors. To know if they cause the irritation cover the cage at night with a white cloth, and if there are any about you will see them, like little red specks, in the morning.

Character in T's.

From the letter "t" alone can one read character, says a French graphologist. The vertical line represents the fatality of life, and the horizontal bar the influence human volition exercises upon this fatality. That part of the vertical line projecting above the horizontal bar indicates the measure of ideality in the writer's makeup. The practical and material part of man's character is shown in the inferior part of this line. Take the poet. He generally crosses his t's above the vertical line; his aspirations are high. The practical man invariably crosses his t's midway between the ideal course and the material. He proves himself to be in neither altogether. The optimist crosses his t's with a line sloping upward, from earth to sky, so to speak. The pessimist, on the other hand, crosses his t's by commencing at the ideal part of the letter, but from there he descends with a downward stroke.—New York Herald.

A Bicycle Boat Propeller.

New Ideas of Philadelphia notes the fact that a patent was recently granted to the sixteen-year-old son of J. F. Forward, of San Diego, Cal., for a propeller for boats, which is worked by foot power. It works something on the bicycle principle.

A GLOOMY JOURNEY THAT LASTED TWO YEARS.

A Turn in the Lane at Last Brings Health and Gladness—An Interesting Narrative With a Happy Ending.

From the Gazette, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

The *Gazette* recently called attention in these columns to the case of Herbert Spencer, in this village, and his release from suffering after long bondage. Interested in all things pertaining to the betterment of the moral and physical welfare of our community, we had no sooner given to the readers of this paper one article for their perusal and thought when we sought information regarding more such. Our south side druggists, Gardner & Davis, reported that Mr. Frank Williams, of Warner, N. Y., a flourishing hamlet four miles south of this village, had been greatly benefited by the use of that widely-known and highly-regarded medicinal preparation known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. To fully set forth the facts concerning the case at Warner, we drove to that village one pleasant July evening. Mr. Williams was not at his pleasant little home in the suburbs of the village on our arrival, but we found him just entering the store of George Burr, in the center of the town, near the N. Y. C. tracks. Mr. Williams is a tall, pleasant looking man, six feet and one-half inch in height, with a face which at once impresses you with a belief in his candor and honesty. In response to our inquiry as to whether he had ever used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and his willingness to publish abroad his opinion of this medicine, Mr. Williams said:

"I am glad of the opportunity to let my friends and the public generally know of the results of my taking this widely-advertised remedy. I want people to know there is an escape from the evils of some diseases, at least, and that there is reliability and virtue in one of the many advertised remedies now before the people."

We stepped over to a show case nearby where we could write with ease and Mr. Williams continued:

"I have resided in Warner and vicinity for twenty-one years. Am forty-six years of age, and by occupation a carpenter and general utility man, finding employment nearly, if not quite all of the time. In January, 1891, I was attacked with a severe nervous trouble, which greatly weakened me and continued to grow gradually worse, with pains everywhere, sometimes in my fingers, again in my toes, but mostly in the heart region. For a year and a half I was unable to do a full day's work. For over three years I tried the skill of the physicians and grew worse under their care. Also tried some well-known proprietary medicines, and while, perhaps relieved for a time, yet the nervous twitching continued, and for two years I felt that there was no help for me. One day I read in a newspaper a testimonial from a man whose case seemed to resemble mine, and he claimed to have been cured by a medicine advertised under the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Before I forget it, I desire to say that there was no shaky trouble in my hands, only a quivering of the muscles, sometimes showing in my face. I resolved to try these pills and first purchased a box at the drug store of Gardner & Davis, in Baldwinsville. I felt so much better at once that I continued their use until I had taken eighteen boxes, when I felt entirely well again, and have never had a return of the disease, excepting after a period of severe, hard labor, when I feel a bit of the old nervous twitching, but no pain, and when these come on, which is very seldom, I take a few pills and I am all right again. I might also add that my daughter was troubled with palpitation of the heart, and used two boxes, which gave her instant relief. Regarding my present condition I am able to work every day, and my neighbors attribute my cure to something akin to the miraculous."

Mr. Williams was more than willing to make affidavit of the truth of his statements, and we drove to the residence of Justice of the Peace Charles T. Fowler, where the following acknowledgment was recorded:

FRANK S. WILLIAMS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of July, 1895.

CHARLES T. FOWLER,
Justice of the Peace.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk, or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—REV. D. BUCHMUELLER, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '94.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life.

Benjamin Terry, father of Ellen Terry, the actress, is dead in London.

Is it *probable* that what a million women say after daily trial is a mistake? *They* say they *know* by test that Dobbins' Electric is *most economical*, purest and best. They have had 21 years to try it. *You* give *it one trial.*

Dr. C. P. Frost, dean of Dartmouth, N. H. medical college, is dead.

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

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

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

C & B GERMAN ELIXIR. ALL DRUGGISTS. For Skin and Blood Diseases

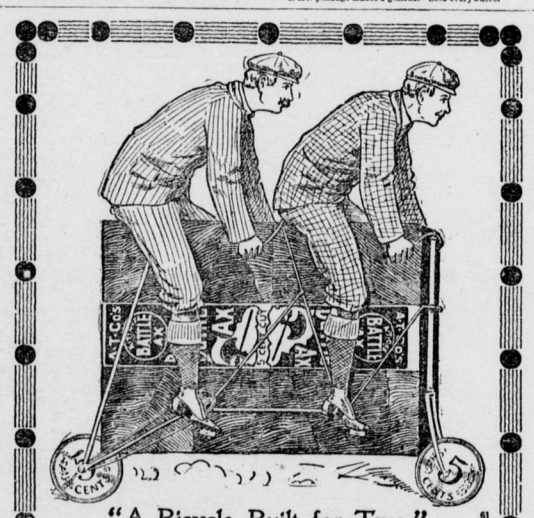
PNU 23

AGENTS WANTED to handle high-grade bicycles. Big discounts; exclusive territory. Wheel shipped anywhere for examination. Catalogue and particulars of Bicycle Headquarters Co., Baltimore.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

OPIUM and WHISKY habit cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

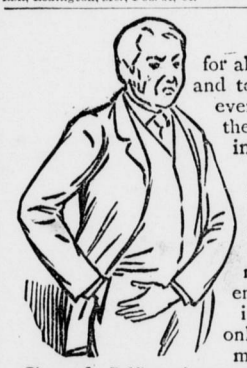


"A Bicycle Built for Two." 61

BattleAx PLUG

A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS

Five cents' worth of "BATTLE AX" will serve two chewers just about as long as 5 cents' worth of other brands will serve one man. This is because a 5 cent piece of "BATTLE AX" is almost as large as the 10 cent piece of other high grade brands.



Who pays

for all the clothes, etc., that are worn out and torn to pieces in the wash? Whoever it is, he or she ought to insist that the washing shall be done with Pearline, and with Pearline only. Then that ruinous, expensive rub, rub, rub, over the wash-board, which makes all the trouble, will be done away with.

It isn't a little matter, either, this needless wear and tear. It's big enough to pay any man to look after it, and stop it. Pearline saves not only hard work, but hard-earned money.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 493 JAMES PYLE, New York.

500 VIRGINIA FARMS Write for our *Real Estate Herald* sent free to any address, giving descriptions of 500 Virginia Farms at from 10 to 1000 acres each, at from $5 per acre upwards, with buildings, fruits, timber, water, etc.; best climate in U. S.; good markets, great variety of crops, vegetables and fruits; noted for healthfulness; future prospects bright. Address FYLE & DeHAVEN, Real Estate Agents, Petersburg, Va.

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