

# Econo- Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1.  
Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache.

**The War of the Future.**  
"How many seamstresses have we in the army?" asked the general.  
"Now, what do you want to know that for?" asked the aid-de-camp, who had been a hired girl and still retained her lack of respect for authority.  
"Why, I read somewhere that Napoleon often won his battles by hemming the enemy in."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

**Quaint Old Custom.**  
On Good Friday a quaint old custom was carried out at St. Bartholomew the Great, London. Twenty-one poor widows went to the graveyard, and each picked up a sixpenny piece from a certain flat tombstone. Then a church officer gave each of them a bun and two shillings. No one knows the origin of the custom.

**Postage Stamps by Grasset.**  
France has a new series of postage stamps designed by the poster artist, M. Grasset. He was selected by M. Lebon, the Minister of Posts and Telegraphs, to draw the new French model, after a public competition had resulted in the rejection of all the designs submitted.

When a woman whitewashes her cellar she is said to look worse than when she cleans house.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It speedily relieves irregularity, suppressed or painful menstruations, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, leucorrhoea, womb trouble, flooding, nervous prostration, headache, general debility, etc. Symptoms of **Womb Troubles** are dizziness, faintness, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues," and backache. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all this trouble as sure as the sun shines. **That Bearing-down Feeling**, causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. It is wonderful for **Kidney Complaints** in either sex.

P. N. U. 26 90



August 8, 1895. In an interview with Mr. Chas. E. Johnson, manager of the "Fair," Seventh and Franklin avenues, St. Louis, he said: "Several years ago I was troubled with an aggravate case of Dyspepsia, and of course the first thing I did was consult a physician. As I had always enjoyed the best of health I was worried a good deal over this, my first illness—that is, the first I could remember since the ailments common to childhood—and my only desire was to get well as speedily as I could. I took regularly all the medicines as my doctor prescribed them. I must say that in a short time I felt all right, thought I was cured, and stopped taking the medicine. But it wasn't long before I was feeling as badly as ever, and again I had recourse to the doctor. This kept up for some time, until at last I made up my mind I would quit doctoring and try some of the remedies I saw advertised from day to day. Well, this was worse than ever, and in most cases I didn't even get temporary relief. So I didn't know what to do, and made up my mind that I would have to pass the remainder of my days in suffering. Well, to cut a long story short, I had read so much of Ripans Tablets that I concluded I would give them a good trial. It said, 'one would give relief,' and I thought if one could give relief a whole lot might cure me. I purchased two boxes from a druggist for one dollar, and when I had finished them I was feeling better than I had for years. I continued to use them, and to-day believe I am a well man. Once in a great while I do have a slight touch of the old malady, but a few of the Tablets fixes that all right. I generally keep a box in my house."

Ripans Tablets are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 19 Spruce St., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

## AN EVENING SONG.

Sunset and star, love,  
But love's skies are clear;  
Heaven's not so far, love,  
But you can bring it near  
Sun, sky, may sever,  
Roses bring rue;  
But love lives forever,  
And love lives for you?  
—Atlanta Constitution.

## THE TWILIGHT MINE.



For me, I was just one of the thousands that came west to grow up with the country, and not many moons after, had good reason to believe that I was gone up with the country instead. After a while I drifted into Gold Cross camp. It was in the days before Gold Cross had come to the front as a good thing, and the big mills that are now eating the sides out of the hills up there hadn't been thought of. The boys were running rockers down in the gulch then, and most of them didn't make more between meals than they could eat—and drink—up at grub time. And it was pretty quiet when Pizen Bill Johnson came to town.

But Pizen Bill woke up the camp. Bill wasn't at more than one place at one time, but his reputation was everywhere at once in the diggings, and it didn't improve with age, either. William was dressed to kill. Whenever he moved you were apt to see the handle of another weapon, that had escaped your observation before, sticking out from some new angle. His record was worse looking than he was—which is saying a good deal. You might lay his ugly looks to some disposition of Providence that he didn't quite see the drift of, but few people would care to charge a disposition like his to anything but Satan. Sorrow was his shadow, and the wailing of widows and the crying of orphans had followed him out of more than one camp. But, somehow, when he struck Gold Cross, the general air of condensed shiftlessness seemed to take the place of his usual original encephalitis, and, being above working, he just settled down and drank between meals and ate between drinks.

Finally, one day, he developed enough energy to climb up Emper Hill, which is the west side of the gulch. After that he made several trips up there, generally after the sun had closed up his day's business, and by and by he let it leak out that he had located a first class quartz claim on a ledge where the pitch was not too steep to pile rock, and also volunteered the statement that the name of his new bonanza was the Twilight mine, so christened because he found it better to work up there after nightfall; his explanation being that it was too hot to do any locating or anything else up there in the day time—which explanation was probably as near the truth as he usually got. In those days we mostly thought that quartz mining was the calling of arch idiots, it being so much easier to run a placer, and so a good many of the boys laughed at him on the sly; but those who had heard of him most, and therefore worst, just shook their heads and surmised he was up to something. Not being interested in the cemetery business, they didn't try to investigate. As for Pizen Bill Johnson, when he got his claim located to suit, he just sat down and waited and waited.

I came to Gold Cross on the hog train, and, being discouraged with mining that didn't pan out board bills, took the first job that offered itself, which happened to be that of bar-keeper in the Golden Oriole; for, when a man is a hundred miles from nowhere, without money and without friends, his conscience gets sleepy when there is a promise of bread and butter in sight, unaccompanied by the prospect of a term in jail.

The Golden Oriole was in a niche in the side of the gulch, where some enterprising idiots had washed out a few hundred tons of dirt in the hope of finding something rich, but had finally concluded that there was more money and considerable less work in holding up stage coaches. Then a jag-promoter from Sacramento appeared on the scene, and, judging from the looks of the thirty inhabitants that there were several good openings that needed filling, built a board palace on the ruins, "headless of the bed," and shortly afterward there was revelry in card tables in that neighborhood. It was a pretty solid establishment, and I was a pretty solid customer for those days, and I hung up close on one end of the side of the gulch. An auction piano furnished inspiration at one end of the big room that constituted the interior of the joint, and I, with the valuable assistance of the bar, furnished the inspiration at the other end. There was a window at one end of the bar, the sill of which was on a level with a burro trail that the miners had spoiled when at the innocent work of laying a foundation for our house, and I used to retire through it to gaze upon the awe-inspiring scenery outside and meditate upon the beauties of nature and the comfort of solitude, whenever the guests got to hurling solid arguments at each other and commenced shooting off something besides their mouths. It was really a big institution for Gold Cross, and the proprietor consumed considerable time in trying to make up his mind what to call it, not being able to decide whether "palace" or "pavilion" was the proper handle, and eventually compromising on "Golden Oriole." There was a big table down the centre, which was sometimes used for an ex-

hibition dance and sometimes for laying out a corpse, and surrounding it were a lot of small tables.

One day Pizen Bill Johnson's wait came to an end. The young fellow that got off the stage was so green that I couldn't help looking him over to see if he didn't have an express tag on, which, in some measure, would account for his being able to get so far away from home, but the boys were feeling pretty blue about then, and he made a kind of pleasant contrast of colors. He hadn't more than passed one meal time till Pizen B. Johnson, who was a smooth smiler when he tried to be, had him in tow and knew all about him and all his folks. And pretty soon after I observed he was showing the youngster some of the finest specimens of free milling ore from his Twilight bonanza that a man ever stole. I rather pitied the fellow, but then I knew that if I had any money, somebody would get it mighty quick, and besides B. Johnson had enough to answer for without my tombstone casting any reflections on his character. So the announcement next day that he had sold a two-thirds interest in the Twilight for \$1800 to the young chap from Boston was not altogether a surprise.

The next two days it rained, but the green young cuss from the East seemed to thrive out in the damp, for he worked away developing his sated Twilight mine, while the patrons of the Golden Oriole speculated on what kind of a row he would raise when he discovered the job—if he ever did. When the wind got around in the north the mountains began to shed water lively, and the little creek that tumbled through the camp grew into a torrent and began to spread itself promiscuously over the claims along its bed. The clouds went to work in dead earnest, and when you got out from under shelter, it wasn't a difficult job to imagine that some fire department was taking you for a conflagration, and you were shortly much put out.

And so when Eddie Freeman, dripping wet, slid in with a gust of wind through the door of the Oriole that night, the racket inside didn't begin to compare with that which the creek, now taking on the airs of a river, was making outside. I felt uneasy about that creek, and wondered if the fellows who had tacked their cabins up against the hillside hadn't shown considerable horse sense after all. But there was a sparkle in Eddie's eye and such joy in his voice that I forgot all about the creek for the time being, when he slammed the door and hove up to the bar. Then he skipped over to where Pizen Bill was absorbed in reflection and gin, and held out to him a sack of ore. Bill smiled after the fashion of the evil one; but when he went to diving into the rock as big a change came over his face as a landslide makes in the side of a mountain. In another minute we were all examining some of the finest specimens of gold-bearing ore that was ever found in California. There wasn't any doubt about it. Bill Johnson's salt was merely spice for a mighty fine pudding.

Then the venom in William J.'s nature showed itself in his face, but his words were unbecomingly pleasant.

"That's a mighty fine mine yer have," he said, "and I am mighty proud that I am the man that's put yer in the way of such extraordinary luck. I knowed I wuz givin' yer a great thing, but bizness in other places wouldn't allow me to put in my time on that, and besides I took a big fancy to yer, ez I luv'd to smart young men, and wanted yer to come out on top of the heap. Bein' ez I'm partner in this yer great luck, supposin' we do a little celebratin'?" Let's hiker up a little then hev a little so-called game to commemorate, and pretty soon Freeman agreed, and pretty soon there was a lively four-handed game in progress, punctuated with cinders for various kinds of refreshments. But about that time my attention was divided, not to say scattered. I knew that William of the tribe of Johnson was up to some evil job, for he was getting the youngster, whose beverage before he crossed the mountains had evidently been coffee, to do most of the drinking, ably assisted by two other players; but the storm outside seemed to be putting up some kind of a bad job on us all, and pretty soon the crowd commenced to thin out, and I could hear the mingled sound of profanity and splashing of water as the miners stepped out, by token of which I judged that the backwater of the creek was visiting us, and so I sauntered over to my bar window and unfastened the catch.

About the time the fun over in the card party's corner began to get hilarious, the water began to creep across the floor in black rivulets, looking like neocassia seeping holes and the last of the uneasy guests sidled out, excepting my interested company in the corner. It struck me that it was a good time of year for them to leave, but a glance at Pizen Bill's countenance gave me to understand that it wouldn't be altogether to my interest to make such a suggestion, and besides, the proprietor, who was peacefully snoozing in his cabin on the hill side, would give me an everlasting farewell if I turned out paying patrons. So I stayed, with one eye on the window, one on the party, and both ears out for the storm. The rivulets on the floor had spread out, and pretty soon we had a good foundation for a natatorium.

Talk was getting pretty loud around the card table and young Freeman's face held a better flush than his hand could raise. But even he noticed that it seemed to be rising tide time, and he remarked:

"Don't want (hie) to get my feet wet. Lesh go up in the baley'n." And Bill's mouth curled up at the corners while they tossed the small table on the larger one, and followed after with

the chairs. Booze had made them all reckless, and Bill had an object worth taking risk for.

The candles flickered along the walls and the black water eddied beneath them. They had the table decorated with some large bottles to save ordering; and, while I sat on the edge of the bar and longed for home, sweet home, the game went on. Bill's yellow face looked more demou-like than ever, and the shadows of the players made fantastic figures in the dim light on the water. But it was a triumphant devil that was looking out of his eyes, and I knew that the Twilight mine was mighty near within his clutches again.

Two of the players had dropped out on a hand of William's deal, and were trying to look intelligent and interested in spite of the loads they were carrying. Freeman's brow looked troubled, and his face had kind of whitened.

"Well," said Bill, deliberately, stacking his pile of chips, which had absorbed all the others. "If thought you were a man uv nerve. Supposin' yer are busted? Wot's the matter with the Twilight? I'm a gentleman, an' I got san'—an' I posed that was others wot was present. Ef yer hev a good han', that's a mighty fine chance for yer to show it. I hev hera a leet' furtshun in chips, an' I hev on the hill I hev a thir part on the Twilight. Jest to show yer that I'm a true sport an' that no gent this side of hell kin run or bluff on Bill Johnson, whether he's from California or Illinois, I'll put up then valuable agin yer interest in the Twilight. I didn't want yer skeer anybody," he added, contemptuously, as he saw Freeman's face grow a little whiter, "but I ain't bin us't ter doin' bizness with anybody but men, an' never had eny expeerience with chicken-livered cusses wot's afared of the darr'."

The blood ran up in Freeman's face till it was almost black, and his voice had the snap of a steel trap in it as he quietly said:

"I take that bet. And I don't want anything but fair play, either," and he had a new revolver, not long from some store in Sacramento, on the table.

Now, Bill was an expert with that weapon, and so his smile grew a little sardonic, as he hitched around till one of his numerous destroyers was within easy grasp. As for me, I slid along the counter and opened my private exit somewhat. There are times when we wish to be alone. And, as the window slid up, I heard a peculiar roar—a deep growling above the minor rackets of the storm that made me wonder.

About that time Pizen Bill Johnson met with the second of the three surprises to which he was treated that night. He felt reasonably certain, being fairly sober, that he had successfully fixed the cards; but somehow that best laid plan didn't work, and Freeman spread out four aces and a king to Bill's three kings, a jack and a ten. For a moment the men sat there and glared at each other, while I reached for the window, and as I did so the meaning of that growling roar flashed upon me.

Suddenly there was a movement at the table, a flash in the yellow light, and Pizen Bill had his man covered. His voice sounded like the ripping of a buzz saw.

"Yer would play Pizen Bill, would yer?" but a mighty roar drowned the rest, and as I slid rapidly through the window I felt the building twist and shake, and more than once, as I scrambled up the hill side, the muddy water reached after me and clutched me.

The next morning, while I and the proprietor of the late Golden Oriole, were straying along the side of the gulch, trying to get an idea of the amount of damage the waterspout had done, I happened to glance up the side of the hill, and saw Edward Freeman, Esq., sitting on a pile of rock, and calmly wringing out an exceedingly damp coat.

"I guess this fool was born to be hanged," he observed, after receiving my congratulations. "I saw Bill Johnson's hat hanging on a bush down the gulch a-ways," he added, "and I think the best part of him was saved. But I believe all the rest of the outfit was buried with the Golden Oriole."—*San Francisco Argonaut.*

**Did Not Mind the Rain.**  
A pretty little incident took place in connection with the recent visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Salford. When the carriage drew up at the doors of the Institute, rain began to fall heavily upon the dense crowds assembled, and the Duchess put up her umbrella. This, however, rather disappointed the loyal folks, among whom one young woman was found courageous enough to protest. "Oh! do not put it down, please, and let the people see you? You're bonny enough for anything!" she cried. The Duchess smiled, blushed very prettily at the compliment, and put the umbrella down, nor did the heavy rain tempt her to put it up again.—*T.R. Bits.*

**Fads of Some Famous Men.**  
Here are hobbies or amusements of some of England's great men: Mr. Balfour indulges in golf, bicycling and philosophy, and he once played "Hamlet." Lord Salisbury studies science and tries experiments with a test tube. Mr. Chamberlain raises orchids. Mr. Gladstone, of course, used to chop trees, and now reads Greek when he feels the need of rest. Prince Bismarck drinks beer, smokes and reads Du Boisgoby. The Prince of Wales is fond of bowling. The Duke of Devonshire, Sir John Millais, Andrew Lang and William Black are expert fishermen.

By reason of severe drought for the last three years the Australian wool clip of 1895 fell off unprecedentedly.

**WISE WORDS.**  
Our heaviest burdens never crush us.  
The smaller the soul the bigger a dollar looks.  
Some very good sawlogs have big knots on them.  
Friendship, like phosphorus, gives its light in the dark.  
The man who makes his own god always has a little one.  
A lazy man is always going to do great things—after awhile.  
There are too many people who never pray until they have to.  
In trying to keep all he gets, a stingy man steals from himself.  
Some people become very pious as soon as they get in a tight place.  
When we cannot understand a man, we are too apt to call him a crank.  
When one is low enough to insult you, be too high for him to reach.  
The man who has the most claim upon us is often the one we have the least claim upon.  
The man who repents on a sick bed and gets well generally backslides before he pays his doctor.  
Adversity shows a true man, as the night brings out the stars obscured while the sun is shining.  
Poverty is an icy wind, and the higher the situation of the impoverished, the colder it blows.  
Educating your children is investing at a high rate of dividend. Lay up in them, and they will lay up for themselves.—*Ran's Horn.*

**Where Anchors Are Made.**  
There are a larger number of ship's anchors manufactured in the little town of Camden, Me., than in all the other places in this country combined. All of the stately ships that come out of the Maine shipyards look to the village on Penobscot Bay for their anchors. Sturdy smiths swing their hammers day after day all the year long in the black, smoky, long, low Camden shops, where only anchors are forged. Sometimes the trip hammers are going all night about the forges, and the blazing of the fires and the ring of the hammers are seen and heard for miles across the bay.

Thousands of tons of old iron are purchased by these queer Camden establishments every year, for anchors are forged largely from cast off iron. The material is cut up into small pieces by great shears, that clip through the iron as easily as a cheese knife slices a cheese. The pieces are bound into bundles by strong wires, and are then fused in the forges. Then they are pounded and welded into the various parts of an anchor, some working men fashioning rings, others shaping the flukes, others hammering out the palms, and others forging the shanks. Then the "completer" take the different parts and fuse and weld them into the finished anchor. Anchors of all sizes and weights are turned out from the noisy shops of Camden, from the graceful little pleasure boat anchor, weighing but a few pounds, to the 5000 and 7500-pound anchors for the biggest ships.

The visitor at Camden will see many interesting relics in the line of rusty and broken anchors that did duty in their day on famous merchant vessels, historic warships and sturdy whalers. The anchor of the famous frigate Cumberland was repaired and fitted with a new stock at the Camden works, and is now at sea on the forecastle of a big ship. The old stock was splintered up for the gratification of relic hunters, and there is only a sliver or two of the historic wood left in Camden. This was the anchor which went down with the Cumberland when she sank after her fight with the Merrimack in Hampton Roads, hence the great demand for splinters of the stock.

There are something like 5000 people living in Camden and anchor making is the principal industry there.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

**Frightened by the Ticking of a Clock.**  
A funny story comes from Formosa. Mr. Hiyama, a Japanese officer, was recently married to a daughter of one of the native chiefs. She was an untutored child of the forest, who had seen little of civilization, and lived in a hut of bark and bamboo near the summit of one of the great mountains in the center of the island. But she truly loved her husband, and accompanied him to Tamsui with a happy and cheerful heart. During the first night she spent in her new home, however, she was awakened by the ticking of a clock. The persistency and the monotony of the sound suggested to her mind that the instrument must be possessed of an evil spirit. She awoke her husband, and listened to his explanations, but they did not allay her fears, and when he had gone to sleep again she slipped quietly from the bed and escaped to the primeval forest, where she was safe from the influence of the ticking demon.—*Washington Post.*

**Mammoth Cave Rats.**  
In the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky are found blind rats which have large and blinding eyes. When exposed for a month or so to a mild light, they acquire a dim perception of objects. The cave rat is the same color as the domestic variety, but its body is very long, like that of a weasel; its whiskers are longer and its ears are nearly twice as big. It would be interesting to breed a few generations of blind animals from the caves, and see if their descendants would revert to the original form that had eyes.—*New York Journal.*

Napoleon III. said to Octave Feuillet: "To one returned from America everybody in Europe seems to be asleep."

**And There Was No Blood Shed.**  
I overheard the following conversation on a Market street car yesterday between a couple of young men:  
"I told you that fellow Moore was a scoundrel," declared one, "and I told him so yesterday."  
"You did?" And the other commenced looking his friend over for evidences of a conflict. "What did he say?"  
"Oh, I didn't listen to him. I told him he was a liar, a thief and a scoundrel, and that I would punch his nose if he said a word to me."  
"What did he do?"  
"Nothing; he is a coward."  
"I don't believe that. I have seen him fight at the drop of a hat. Didn't he say a word back?"  
"I don't know; I hung up the telephone."—*San Francisco Post.*

**Catarrah and Colic 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 the Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colic, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsillitis and Deafness. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

We have not been without Pilo's Cure for Consumption for 23 years.—*LIZZIE FERRILL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.*

Dr. Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

**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.

Tasmanian apples are now selling in London at 6d per pound.

**The Modern Beauty**  
Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form grows with health and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant Syrup of Figs. Made by the California Fig Syrup Company.

The insurance upon St. Paul's cathedral, London, is said to be about \$475,000.

Buy \$1.00 worth Robbins Floating-Dress Soap of your grocer, send wrappers to Robbins Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, Pa. They will send you free of charge, postage paid, a Worcester Pocket Dictionary, 256 pages, bound in cloth, profusely illustrated. Offer good until August 1st only.

The King of Italy, like his father, Victor Emmanuel, only takes one meal a day.

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

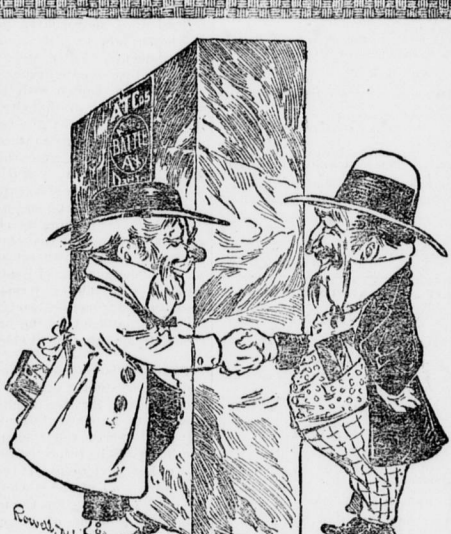
FITTS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Nervousness cured. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Inflamed with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggist's sell it, 75c.

## AYER'S ARGUMENT.

If there is any reason why you should use any sarsaparilla, there is every reason why you should use Ayer's. When you take sarsaparilla you take it to cure disease; you want to be cured as quickly as possible and as cheaply as possible. That is why you should use Ayer's: it cures quickly and cheaply—and it cures to stay. Many people write us: "I would sooner have one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind." A druggist writes that "one bottle of Ayer's will give more benefit than six of any other kind." If one bottle of Ayer's will do the work of three it must have the strength of three at the cost of one. There's the point in a nutshell. It pays every way to use

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla.



The Governor of North Carolina said "to the Governor of South Carolina"

## Battle Ax & PLUG

"BATTLE AX" is the most tobacco, of the best quality, for the least money. Large quantities reduce the cost of manufacture, the result going to the consumer in the shape of a larger piece, for less money, than was ever before possible.

## "IF AT FIRST YOU DON'T SUCCEED," TRY SAPOLIO

Of course it's imitated—anything good always is—that's endorsement, not a pleasant kind, but still endorsement. HIRE'S Root-beer is imitated.

**CRIPPLE CREEK GOLD STOCKS.** Write. We tell you how to make big money in Gold Stocks on small investments. Reliable information mailed free. Address The Gold Stock Investment Co., Colorado Springs, Colo. P. O. Box 567. Agents wanted.

**OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 30 Days.** DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio. DR. W. W. MOORE, Atlanta, Ga.

**DR. WILSON'S** habit cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. H. M. WOOLLEY, Atlanta, Ga.

P. N. U. 26

**DON'T DRINK IT!** More deaths caused by foul water than by any other cause. Our Water Purifier Machinery purifies the dirt, dirt and debris which cause face contaminations and effectively kills them out. There is money in drinking with modern and first-class machinery. **LOOMIS & NYMAN, Timin, Ohio.**

**SPIGAS CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**