

# Health Hood's Sarsaparilla

Impossible without pure, healthy blood. Purified and vitalized blood results from taking Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels. 25c.

**A Pumice Stone Barrier.**  
A floating barrier of pumice stone, nineteen miles long, over a thousand yards wide and fifteen feet deep, closing a seaport to all vessels as effectually as a boom could do, it not being the sort of thing one is likely to forget. And yet that was one of the results of the Krakatoa eruption, the port being Telok Retoung in Sunda straits. Formed in a few hours, it would almost seem to be the supreme effort of nature in the pumice-making line, were it not that such immense quantities are found at the bottom of the sea. A queer place for pumice stone; but pumice when produced is really heavy; it is only the air cavities in it that makes it light, and as it floats it becomes water-logged, and down it goes. Most of the pumice we use in Europe comes from the Lipari Islands, north of Sicily, "the home of Vulcan," whence Vulcanus as the name of one of them, and our "volcano" as descriptive of the natural feature of which it is the type. Here are the pumice quarries—at Monte Chirica and its craters Monte Pelata and Perga Vecchia—where over a thousand men are at work in the narrow tunnels and galleries, lighted by clay lamps of antique form. The whole hillside is perforated with groups of these tunnels, which number between 200 and 800, and are so narrow that the men can hardly pass each other in them. And just as coal is found in beds alternated with sandstone and shale, so the pumice is in layers between harder lavas and ashes.—Leisure Hour.

**A Despotism Postmistress.**  
She was postmistress of Penzance, Cornwall, and ruled her office with a hand of steel. She had two rules which admitted of no exception—she never gave change, and she would not open the office window when "Box Closed" or "Mail not Sorted" was placarded. The sport-loving gentry often tried to break through her cast-iron rules. Two such attempts Mr. Baines, sometime inspector general of her majesty's mails, chronicles in his book, "On the Track of the Mail-Coach."  
A traveler wagged that he would break through the blockade of "Box Closed." He knocked so persistently at the little window, that at last it was opened far enough for him to thrust in a bundle of letters. He thought for a moment that he had won; but he didn't know the postmistress, who flung his letters into the street.  
Then a colonel undertook to undermine the postmistress's position on the giving-of-change question. Presenting himself at the window, he tendered a half-crown, requesting to be supplied with a shilling's worth of postage stamps.  
"I give no change," said the lady.  
"Oh, very well!" replied the colonel. He withdrew for a minute or two, and then returned with a bag of sixty pennies. Tapping gently at the window, he snavely said, "A penny stamp, if you please, madam."  
She fixed him with the glittering eye of triumph, took the penny, gave the stamp, and shut the window. A minute later there was a second knock, and a second request, "A penny postage stamp, if you please, madam!" At the thirtieth penny the postmistress surrendered and agreed to give change.

**A Mean Man.**  
"He is the meanest man living," said Mrs. Newlywed to a lady friend.  
"In what sense is he mean?"  
"When Jack and I were on our bridal tour he was sitting right opposite to us in the car, and whenever we came to a long tunnel he lit a cigar."—Texas Sifter.

**CAN'T HELP TELLING.**  
No village so small.  
No city so large.  
From the Atlantic to the Pacific, names known for all that is truthful, all that is reliable, are attached to the most famous of legends.  
They come to Lydia E. Pinkham, and

tell the one story of physical salvation gained through the aid of her Vegetable Compound.  
The horrors born of displacement or ulceration of the womb:  
Backache, bearing-down, dizziness, fear of coming calamity, distrust of best friends.  
All, all—sorrows and sufferings of the past. The famed "Vegetable Compound" bearing the illustrious name, Pinkham, has brought them out of the valley of suffering to that of happiness and usefulness.

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



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**THE TRYST.**  
At night beneath the silver stars,  
The gleaming stars, the dreaming stars,  
She waits beside the pasture bars,  
Till down the path I pass, O;  
And all the whispers of the air,  
The shifting airs, the drifting airs,  
Are freighted with the angels' prayers  
To guard my little lass, O.  
Her eyes are like a summer sea,  
A heaving sea, a grieving sea,  
And, ah, their light is all for me,  
And all for me her love, O;  
As waiting there amid the gloom,  
The darkening gloom, the hearkening gloom,  
She breathes the evening's faint perfume  
That broods the fields above, O.

Oh, Margery, my little love,  
My nearest love, my dearest love,  
Soft-eyed and gentle as a dove,  
Across the fields she trips, O;  
And, ah, the all-entrancing charm,  
The captured charm, the raptured charm,  
To feel her hand upon my arm  
And touch her dewy lips, O.  
Beside the bars with shining eyes,  
With youthful eyes, with truthful eyes,  
The listening vastness of the skies  
Bends low to see us meet, O;  
Till up the lane she goes from me,  
She starts from me, she parts from me,  
And all the grasses bow to see  
And kiss her passing feet, O.  
—Guy Wetmore Carryl, in Truth.

## ZULEIKA'S WOOING.

AN ENGLISH COLONEL'S STORY.



It is a good few years ago since one April found me quartered at Peshawar, in India. Out on the frontier, as most of you know, our extreme outposts are Michni, Abazai and Shubkudr, three as dreary spots as a man could ever hope to see. They have not, as I dare say you know, a single redeeming feature, being solitary mud buildings which hold the police and native troops who are supposed to overawe the tribesmen, and which, except the commandant and the doctor, don't offer many attractions in the way of society. You know what frontier service in the old days was like. Forays by the tradesmen, and punitive expeditions by the Sirkar, carried to such an extent that we almost realized the idea of "Brankstone Tower," in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," and "drank the red wine through the helmet barred."  
You know the sort of life—rows with the tribesmen eternally springing up and dying down again in individual localities, while as a matter of fact there was always trouble at one or more places along the frontier.

At the time I am speaking of, the post of commandant of the frontier forts was not in much quest. I don't know that the authorities at Simla were much troubled by eager applicants; in fact I think the general at Peshawar usually detailed some unlucky major from the Staff Corps and sent him noisens volens to hold the fort as long as he could with decency be made to stay. There was trouble brewing that April, and in Peshawar we all knew it. How it came about we none of us cared much, but the man before the then incumbent had gone home sick, and the commandant pro tem, was reported to be in daily fear of his life.

Well, unpleasant as it was, it was scarcely a surprise, when, one morning the assistant adjutant general rode up to my bungalow in great excitement, and told me I was to out at once and assume command of the forts.

"You're to lose no time," he said, "Poor So-and-so" (mentioning the late commandant) "was shot last night by some scoundrel, and the general wants you to try and find out who did it. The police are making inquiries, but you know what that means. By the way, he wants to see you before you go."

A soldier never has much time to make his arrangements, and that very evening I rode out to the forts, having received a long lecture from the general on that confounded word "tact," which, as we find in the service, is always on everybody's lips, and not understood by one man in a hundred who uses it.

Well, I must get on with my story, or we shall be in the Thames before I come to the point of it. I never thought much about tact, but I always believed that a well-born native is as much a gentleman as an English duke, and will behave to you just as you treat him. I soon discovered my unfortunate predecessor had tried to ride rough-shod over the tribesmen, and had made his hand felt in every corner of his command. A Pathan is as venal as a Corsican of good family, and will carry his teuds as far as a self-respecting American desperado. There are always ready with knife or rifle to exact vengeance from any enemy, and near Peshawar will often murder the wrong man, if they can't find the right. An Englishman who is accustomed to living in a law-abiding country is no match for them, and so my predecessor found to his cost. They shot him as he was smoking his pipe after dinner one night, on his own veranda in view of the guard. Of course I never found his murderer—I never expected I should—but I did find that my own system of treatment paid better than his, and before very long I had, as the politicians would have expressed it, "established excellent relations with the surrounding tribesmen."  
There was a very simple way of testing this. A few hundred yards from the gate of the fort a former commandant had made for himself a garden, sunk a well, and planted trees. Here most of the vegetables used by

the garrison were grown. The Pathans broke down the walls, and stole the water courses and stole the vegetables. But I started a different system; I was civil to the neighboring Kahns and sent them baskets of vegetables, and before very long I found my produce grew in plenty, and more, on the fine summer evenings, after the heat of the day, when I went across to the garden and sat under the trees and smoked my pipe, one or other of the Kahns would drop in for a chat, and in a short time I reckoned many friends among the supposed irreclaimable blackguards who owned the frontier villages.

Among them all there was none with whom I got on better than a grand old fellow named Mahomed Asim Khan, chief of a village near the fort. He was a thorough gentleman, had served in his younger days under the Sikh generals, and was as proud of his home and his scars as any honorable man need be. Many were the pleasant evenings we spent together, for, as I have said, European society was limited, and a fine old fellow like that a perfect godsend to a lonely man.

Well, for a time all went merry as a marriage bell, till one unlucky day a case arose regarding a theft of cattle from old Asim Khan's village. The thief was caught red-handed and tried by a native magistrate, and condemned chiefly on the Khan's evidence. After the trial, I met the old gentleman casually and exchanged a few sentences with him. Not five minutes later I heard a shot. Alarmed by the cries, I ran in the direction, and to my horror found my old friend weltering in his blood. Inquiry soon showed that the assassin was the thief condemned that day. He had escaped from custody, armed himself somehow, and before finally taking himself off had shot his neighbor.

We always kept a portion of the cavalry escort in readiness for emergencies, and in less time than it takes me to tell you, the assassin was being followed by a mounted party. My horse was soon saddled, and I, too, tried to follow, but unsuccessfully, they were too far ahead, and I had to sit at home and wait for news.

It was late in the afternoon when my search party returned, unsuccessful. They had ridden after the murderer, and, being slightly better mounted, were rapidly gaining on him, when the way was barred by a broad, broken nullah, beyond which lay a village. The assassin knew the ground, his pursuers did not. The advantage enabled him to get clean across the nullah, while the cavalry were looking for a road for their horses. He rode boldly into the village, from which, unluckily, all the men happened to be absent, and finding an elderly woman munching a chupatti, snatched it from her hand, ate a portion, and proclaimed that he had eaten of their salt, and claimed sanctuary. You know the Pathans. By the time my party got across the nullah he was securely hidden, and while they were haggling, a second search party arrived from Michni under command of a European officer. Had the natives been left to themselves they would probably have secured their man, but the officer, in wholesome dread of the authorities' orders regarding frontier complications, said he must withdraw, as they were out of British territory, and sent both parties home. Personally, I think I should have risked a wiggling, as the Pathans were little like to object to the capture of a British subject who had murdered one of themselves. But my subaltern ruled differently.

Of course we were disappointed, but one or two Khans who were with me bade me be of good cheer; the murderer would be caught. I said I hoped so.

Next day a fine young Pathan, who was a sower in the cavalry detachment at the fort, came to me and asked for long leave to visit his home. I granted it without hesitation, but that night, as I rode past the spot near my garden where his relatives had buried the body of poor Mahomed Asim Khan, I saw that a lamp was burning on the new-made grave, and flowers were strewn upon it; and happening to meet one of the Khans, I was told that where public punishment had failed, private vengeance would step in. The young sower, Asful by name, had taken up the vendetta, and Asim's murder would assuredly be avenged.

It was six weeks later when, one evening, my servant brought me news that Asful, the sower, would like to be admitted to my august presence. I readily granted the permission, and in he came. He was a great swell. His flowing, white garments were new and spotless, his hair carefully dressed, and his face clean shaven, except his mustache. I asked him what brought him to see me, and a smile of pride lit up his face as he replied, with many curses on the dead scoundrel, that Asim's murderer had met his deserts, and that he himself had slain him. Shocked as I was, I asked for particulars. He told me how with infinite patience he had tracked the assassin from village to village as he fled from the vengeance which was, he knew full well, sure to follow. How he had assumed disguise, and traveled hard, often hungry and thirsty, through the valleys, till at last, one evening at sunset he had overtaken his enemy. He had found him in a quiet spot kneeling, with his face toward Mecca, beside the shrine of some forgotten saint, going punctiliously through those devotions which no pious Mussulman, however bloodstained his hands may be, ever neglects. He described how he stood watching him paying his last devotions on earth, his own finger on the trigger of his carbine, and how, as he finished his devotions, he rose and folded up the shawl he had used as a carpet. This was Asful's opportunity. Calling upon the assassin to turn, he

covered him with the carbine, and reviling him in all the expressive terms of Pathan abuse, he then and there, as the sun disappeared in the west, shot his enemy like a dog.

You know how hard it often is to fit our English notions of justice on to native customs. Personally, I should have liked to let the boy, for he was little more, go scot free. But the commandant of the frontier forts dared not do so, and to Asful's surprise I ordered him into custody. I did so with great regret. After he was securely looked up I sent for the Tehsildar and asked if he was safe. I think the man guessed my anxiety, for he said gravely, as an Oriental will, even when he is making a joke: "Sahib, that young man is as safe as we can make him, but our prison is a very bad one. Men escape."

"But Asful won't?" I asked, eagerly.  
"These things, my lord," he answered, "are in the hands of Providence. We must wait and see."  
Next morning the Tehsildar was early at my house. As he spoke I could not help thinking that the suspicion of a smile was lingering round his fat face.

"My lord," he said, joining his hands and bowing to the ground, "a miracle has happened. In the night that young man broke his bonds and escaped. I fear we shall not see him again."

I need not tell you how I held an inquiry and censured all concerned. I do not think they minded much. None of them seemed to think I was in earnest. However, there was no help for it—Asful had vanished.

That night I rode away toward old Asim Khan's village. As I approached it I heard sounds of merriment, and presently there issued from the village a gay procession. First came a group of horsemen all gayly attired, and preceded by drums and horns—among them was one I thought I knew—then followed a closed litter, and then a lot of men driving buffaloes and carrying distaffs, cooking-pots, and a large native bed, painted in gaudy colors. As they saw me the musicians beat louder than ever, and I thought the horseman waved his hand. I determined to inquire. An old graybeard volunteered information.

"Your lordship," he said, "probably knew the late Mahomed Asim Khan, who is now with the prophet in Paradise. He had a lovely daughter, Zuleika, who loved a young man, Asful by name. The chief did not favor the match, for he was rich and the young man was poor. Well, the chief was slain, and Asful undertook to avenge him. Now the beautiful Zuleika is his bride, these are the marriage gifts. They are going Asful's home in a distant village."

I turned my horse's head home more or less contented, though I pondered, too, over the strangeness of frontier customs.  
That was the only excitement while I was commandant. Well, lads, that's my yarn. Make the best of it. If we don't turn in, it will be daylight before we get to bed. Good-night.—Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.

## A Crack Shot.

"Out our way we are apt to think that an Eastern man cannot shoot a pistol," said H. T. Jenkinson, of Choyenne, at the Metropolitan, "but I had one experience at Laramie that convinced me this idea is incorrect. A finely dressed young man stepped into a saloon to get a drink, where a lot of cowboys were having a good time. The sight of the 'tenderfoot' was the signal for some fun, and half-a-dozen pistols were drawn just to scare the man from the States. The stranger wore a silk hat, and the cry went up, 'shoot the tile.' The man turned with his glass at his lips and without a tremor drew a pistol from his coat pocket. By the time the drink was swallowed six pistols lay on the floor; he had shot every one of them out of their owners' hands. They crowded around him, and the tenderfoot was not allowed to pay for anything that night."—Washington Star.

## Horned Toads Are Useful.

"The ugliest and yet most useful things in California are horned toads," said A. L. Mason, of Los Angeles, at the Shoreham. "They are by no means pleasant to look at, and the Indians formerly held them in sacred reversion. The people of California do not regard them very highly, and they are killed whenever found by many who imagine that they are venomous, which is not the case. The Hawaiians, however, know their value, and President Dole has written to different sections of California to arrange for having several thousand sent to Hawaii for the purpose of destroying certain insects. Careful investigation has shown that they are exceedingly valuable for this purpose, and there is now a good deal of talk about preserving them more carefully in California."—Washington Star.

## New Use for Glass.

Somebody has been experimenting, and finds that glass is a substitute for marble and granite in cemetery work. Glass gravestones are inexpensive, extremely durable and almost without serious objection of any kind. They are not porous, therefore will absorb no disease germs or unpleasant odors. The elements have practically no effect on them, and it is said that inscriptions placed on them will be everlastingly enduring, and after a couple of centuries will be as fresh and bright as on the day they were set up. This idea was developed by watching the wear of the glass in the port holes of steamers. This resists the heaviest shocks of the waves, and is more durable than any other known substance that can be used for this purpose.

## Italian Adventures in Abyssinia.

Comparable in many respects to our Indian fighting, the disastrous campaign in Abyssinia has not merely taught the Italians a hard lesson, but has supplied them with a fund of stories of individual bravery which will prove bracing to the national valor, though the main result of the campaign is crushing to the national pride. Men engaged in desperate conflict with the North American Indians are known to save one charge in their rifles or revolvers to be used on themselves at the last extremity—to save them from Indian torture. It is estimated that hundreds of Italians died by their own hands in the battle of Adowa and during the terrible days which followed it for the same reason.

General Arimondi is known to have committed suicide in the presence of his remaining men; but this was rather from chagrin and grief than from fear of torture at the hands of the enemy.

Sometimes the Italian officers were too ready to hasten their fate, and in some instances they estimated too unfavorably the character of their enemy. Captain Ademollo and Lieutenant Menarini, after being both badly wounded, fell into the hands of the Abyssinian chief, Sebati. They expected to be put to death, but through the intervention of the chief they were given drink and set at liberty.

Soon, however, they were surrounded by another band of about a dozen natives. By this time the two officers had been joined by an Italian corporal, who had his rifle. Giving themselves up for lost, the two officers were about to shoot themselves.

"Don't be such fools!" said the corporal. He led the way to a rock, and the three white men leaned their backs against it. Then the corporal proceeded to bring down three or four of the Abyssinians to skilfully that the rest took to flight. Captain, lieutenant and corporal all succeeded in reaching a place of safety.

The name of the corporal is not preserved by the Italian papers which narrate this adventure, though he seems more worthy of fame than many men of higher rank.

## Hogs that Swim.

It is generally believed that hogs cannot swim, but Capt. Alfred Platt of Burlington, N. J., says his can. Capt. Platt owns a farm on Burlington Island.

Several days ago he was looking over his stock, when he became aware that some of his hogs were missing. He began a search for the fugitives, and going down on the beach he was surprised to find a dozen of them swimming around in the water.

He tried in various ways to coax them to shore, but in vain. After having stayed in the water as long as they cared to they slowly made their way back to their sty without so much as a glance at their owner.

A few days later there were some little pigs born, and before they were twenty-four hours old they were taken for a swim by their parents, who had become so fond of the sport that they visited the beach daily.—New York Herald.

## "Uncle Billy" Hubbell of Bath, N. Y.

From the Advocate, Bath, N. Y.  
Residents of Bath, N. Y., have taken a great fancy of late to Lake Salubria, which lies just outside the village, and during the past two years a score of new cottages have come up on its shores. These locations are becoming scarce and the early settlers are careful now to keep what dooryard they have left. Your correspondent visited the site recently and dropped in to see "Uncle Billy" Hubbell in his comfortable cottage under the pines. Mr. Hubbell established himself at the Lake before the boom commenced, and has one of the prettiest locations there.

Mr. Hubbell said that this was the first spring in twenty years in which he had been free from his old enemy, sciatic rheumatism. He thought he had contracted this disease while running an express messenger on the Erie and other railroads between 1849 and 1853, although he did not feel its acute symptoms till some fifteen years later. Mr. Hubbell is now the second oldest expressman in the United States and recalls many interesting reminiscences of these early days. In 1876 he went to the Western frontier, and has suffered from sciatic rheumatism ever since. Speaking of the many efforts he had made to get relief from this painful ailment, he said that while in New Mexico he visited the Las Vegas and Hamas springs, and later he tried those at Mantou, Col., and Little Rock, Ark. Coming east he tried the White Sulphur Springs, Ohio, St. Catherine, Can., and Clifton and Axon, in New York, but without being able to get the slightest relief. As he advanced in age, his trouble became more painful. "Why," he exclaimed, pointing to the farm house of William Burisson, about six hundred feet distant, "I would yell so when those twines caught me that they could hear me down there."

William H. Hall, owner of Hubbell's bank, in Bath, is a nephew of Mr. Hubbell, and last winter he insisted that "Uncle Billy" should try Pink Pills for Pale People for rheumatism. Mr. Hubbell is free to say that he had no faith in the pills whatever, and only tried them because of the insistence of Mr. Hall. He had already tried "more than a million remedies" before he came to Pink Pills and as none had rendered him the slightest benefit, he was pretty well discouraged. However, to please Mr. Hall, he got a box of Pink Pills. Since then (some three or four months), Mr. Hubbell has not felt a single trace of rheumatism, and is now on his fourth box of the pills. He cannot explain how this marvelous relief was effected, but he is sure it was the pills which did it, and is now as "artistic" in their endorsement as was his nephew, Mr. Hall. Mr. Hubbell now comes into Bath daily, every day, and says he could ride a bicycle if he only had some one to help him on and off.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22d day of May, 1896.

W. H. FREN, Notary Public.  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The 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, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

**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 you find it in stock ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life.

## As Advertised.

New Yorker—But you advertised that you had running water on both floors. Jayhawker—So we did, stranger; and 'twas a foot deep in the cellar, but we hadn't had no rain naow gona' on a week to-morrow.—Exchange.

**Bloods—Here's a rather clever little book, "Don'ts for Club Men." Slubbs—It isn't the don'ts that worry me; it's the dues.—Philadelphia Record.**

**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. CUREY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.  
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Curey for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.  
WATER & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

**WALDING, KINNAID & 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.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 30 Minutes.**

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder honorably in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.  
WATER & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

A herring weighing six or seven ounces is provided with about 30,000 eggs.

All who use Dobbins' Electric Soap praise it as the best, cheapest and most economical family soap made; but if you will try it once it will tell a still stronger tale of its merits itself. Please try it. Your grocer will supply you.

The first church on the site of St. Paul's, London, was built in 610.

**FITS STOPPED FREE AND PERMANENTLY CURED.** No fits after first day's use of Dr. KILPATRICK'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free 2-trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Laketer, 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.

Sword-fish as food is infinitely superior to salmon.

There are soaps and soaps but only one

# Sunlight Soap

which is the soap of soaps and washes clothes with less labor and greater comfort.

Makes homes brighter  
Makes hearts lighter

Lever Bros. Ltd.,  
Hudson & Harrison Sts., N. Y.

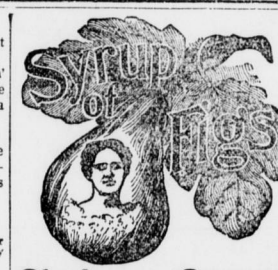
"It Bridges You Over."

# Battle Ax

## PLUG

"Battle Ax" bridges a man over many a tight place when his pocket-book is lean. A 5-cent piece of "Battle Ax" will last about as long as a 10-cent piece of other good tobaccos. This thing of getting double value for your money is a great help. Try it and save money.

**"Don't Put Off Till To-morrow the Duties of To-day."**  
Buy a Cake of **SAPOLIO**



## 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 physician, 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.

## Nothing

so Clean,  
so Durable,  
so Economical,  
so Elegant  
as

**S. H. & M.**  
REGISTERED TRADE MARK  
BIAS VELVETEEN  
SKIRT BINDINGS.

You have to pay the same price for the "just as good." Why not insist on having what you want—S. H. & M.

If your dealer WILL NOT supply you we will.  
Samples mailed free.

"Home Dressmaking Made Easy" a new 72 page book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, tells in plain words how to make dresses at home without previous training; mailed for 25c.

**DROPSY**  
Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousands and case pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear. From ten days all swellings, dropsy and all other ailments of the system cured. FREE. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail. DR. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.

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