

Bluebirds, the heralds of spring, have already been noticed in New Jersey and Pennsylvania.

**Hidden Places.**  
Why a weasel should hate a rat is strange, as he is only an elongated rat himself. Hats and mice love hidden places, and a weasel is about the only living thing that can find them out. Aches and pains are like rats and mice. They seek out the hidden places of the human system and gnaw and ravage the muscles and nerves. St. Jacobs Oil, like a weasel, knows how to go for them. It will penetrate to the secret recesses of the pain, and breaks up its habitation and drives it out. Rats and mice shun the corners where a weasel has been, and pains and aches once fairly driven out by St. Jacobs Oil are permanently cured and seldom come back to their old haunts. There must be patience with the treatment; some chronic forms are stubborn and resist, but the great remedy will finally conquer and give health and strength to the afflicted parts.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10c., 25c.

**FRANK J. CENNY** makes oath that he is the sole partner of the firm of F. J. CENNY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State of Ohio, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH which cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

**SWORN TO before me and in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1896.**  
A. W. GIBSON,  
Notary Public.  
HALL'S Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for full particulars free. F. J. CENNY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc.

John P. Cuddy, a farmer of Baltimore County, Maryland, died on March 10th, in his 84th year. Mr. Cuddy made the first trip on Peter Cooper's locomotive over the B. & O. on August 29th, 1830. He was also present when Professor Morse said the first telegraphic message over the B. & O. wires between Baltimore and Washington.

Each salmon produces about 20,000,000 eggs.

**No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.**  
Over 400,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate or remove your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50 cents and \$1.00, at all druggists.

Bet tonds are sold at 8 pence apiece in Paris.

Pilo's Cure for Consumption is an A. N. O. 1 Asthma medicine. - W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ill., April 11, 1896.

**CASCARETS** stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe; 10c.  
**Shake Into Your Shoes**  
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. Price, 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

## Life and Health

Happiness and usefulness depend upon pure blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes pure blood. This is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because the blood is now loaded with impurities which must be promptly expelled or health will be in danger. Remember.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**Who opened that bottle of HIRES Rootbeer?**  
The popping of a cork from a bottle of Hires is a signal of good health and pleasure. A sound the old folks like to hear—the children can't resist it.  
**HIRES Rootbeer**  
It is composed of the very ingredients of the system requires. Aiding the digestion, soothing the nerves, purifying the blood, a temperance drink for temperance people.  
Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes ten.

**PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS.**  
JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, 10 adjudicating claims, etc., since.

**GET RICH!** quickly, send for "300 Inventions" WARD—Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, N. Y.

## Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of Ayer's sugar coated pills. They treat the liver as a friend, not as an enemy. Instead of driving it, they coax it. They are compounded on the theory that the liver does its work thoroughly and faithfully under obstructing conditions, and if the obstructions are removed, the liver will do its daily duty. When your liver wants help, get "the pill that will."

## Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

## THE CURE OF DIABETES.

A Case Successfully Treated in Madison County, N. Y.

From the Press, Utica, N. Y.  
On the recommendation of Mr. William Woodman, of South Hamilton, New York, that Mr. Amos Jaquays, a resident of Columbus Centre, New York, be interviewed regarding his extraordinary recovery from advanced kidney trouble, embracing diabetes in its worst form, Mr. Jaquays was visited and willingly made the accompanying statement:

"I am fifty years of age, and five years ago began to suffer with pains in the back and weakness in the region of the kidneys, and I had a tremendous flow of urine. Strange to say, my appetite increased to an extraordinary degree, but instead of giving me strength my food seemed to make me weaker and thinner, and I was terribly constipated. My mouth was pasty, I had continuous heartburn and pain across the lower part of my stomach and frequent vomiting. Indeed, all, or nearly all, my functions became impaired, my sight was dim, memory deserted me, and life became irksome. I consulted the best medical talent in the county, and they all diagnosed my case as sugar diabetes in its most aggravated form, but gave me no relief whatever. At last I was in such a desperate condition that a council of physicians was called, but their good offices did me no good, and I looked forward to death with satisfaction as the only relief I could expect."

"My old friend, William Woodman, about this time came to visit me, and from him I learned of the Hall's Family Pills, which he declared had cured him of rheumatism, with which he had suffered all his life, and he believed they would do me good, so he had a box of them sent me, and I began to use them. I believe it was next day after Mr. Woodman's visit that Mr. F. Hyde, of South Hamilton, New York, called on me, and I was told that the Pink Pills had saved his life and he advised me by all means to try them."

"This settled the question, and I at once began a course of home treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Within a week the medicine began to do its work, the constipation was relieved, my skin, which had been dry and hard, assumed its normal feel and appearance, I no longer had that insufferably bad taste in my mouth, and though still weak and almost helpless, the pain in my back and kidneys began to abate and the flow of urine decreased. But I was far from health, and built very few hopes on permanent cure, though I continued to take the pills constantly for the next year and a half, growing slowly but surely during that time better and better. They began to reach the daily dose, and kept mending until six months ago, when I discontinued them, and I was entirely cured."

"I am still subject to cold, which is apt to settle in my kidneys, and always keep Pink Pills by me, as they bring me round very quickly. In all, I believe, taken fifty boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and shall never be without them as long as I have half a dollar. I have recommended them to all my suffering friends, and they seem to be good for any disorder of the system, as they have never failed to do their work in any case that I know of, and some were pretty low."

"I certify the above statement to be true in every particular, and if I could give a stronger language, I would use it in praising Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."  
"Amos Jaquays,"  
Mr. Jaquays is a highly respectable and well-to-do farmer and builder, and highly connected in Madison County.  
The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills state that they are not a patent medicine, but a prescription used for many years by an eminent practitioner, who produced the most wonderful results with them, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or watery nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir. The pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppression of menses, chronic constipation, bearing-down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. They are entirely harmless and can be given to weak and sickly children with the greatest good and without the slightest danger. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or for 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

**Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!**  
Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of Grain-O, the new cool drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. Grain-O has that rich smell of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach relieves it without distress. One-quarter the price of coffee, 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

The Baltimore Chamber of Commerce has decided to charge an inspection fee of 30c. per 100 bushels for the inspection of grain at the Baltimore wharves. This charge heretofore has been 50c. per 100 bushels.

**PITS** stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. King's GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free trial bottle and treatment. Send to Dr. King, 601 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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

**Best Fire-Proof Doors.**  
Numerous experiments to determine the best fire-resisting materials for the construction of doors have proved that wood covered with tin resists fire better than an iron door.

It is no affair of ours. But is it not? Does not the man or woman who fails to speak the needed word at the right moment, to give the inspiration of sympathy or of counsel, become morally accountable for the failure?

## THE HOLLY-SPRIG SPOON

**R**IM winter, when it fell at Osceola, fell with amplitude. If you stood on the upper bridge—a high, open bridge—you saw the canal stretching far up and down, a level trench of snow, its whiteness emphasized here and there by a patch of brown earth showing from some underwash in the banks. In one corner of the mill pond on the morrow, if the morning chance was to be Sunday, in a pool relieved of ice for the occasion and hedged about by a throng of spectators, there would be a baptism of the latest converts of the winter revivals.  
In milder seasons the prevailing form of social entertainment was even-ting teas, but now there was apt to be a round of rather stately dinner parties. The ladies came in carefully treasured black silk gowns, of the richest and stiffest material, with wide collars of white lace, and lace-edged white lawn undersleeves. The men wore coats of black broadcloth, no less carefully kept and no less excellent in quality, and high, stiff collars, swathed in black silk or satin neckerchiefs. The dinner, cooked mainly by the hostess's own hands, was served in two courses, but out of its abundance might easily have furnished forth twelve or fifteen of the daintiest which courses acquire when they are made a particular point of.  
The company came to table for these dinners with a certain hesitation and awkwardness, and for a little while after they were seated conversation lagged. First there fell a sharp, expectant silence until the minister, if present, as he usually was, had invoked a blessing. Then, as the host took carving knife and fork in hand and rose from his chair with a certain fixed intentness, every eye and all attention fixed intently on him, and remained so fixed.  
It was almost doing violence to custom when, at a dinner by Mrs. Hamlin Wampler, Mrs. Luther Gears began, in the very height of the carving, to tell a story of the loss of a spoon. She told it in a plaintive tone; how, after a dinner given by herself ten days before, to substantially the present company, when she came to collect her silver, with a view to washing and putting it away with her own hand (as her careful custom was), she found a spoon missing—one of her holly-sprig spoons.  
Nobody attended much, for Wampler was really doing a very neat job. At the conclusion of Mrs. Gears's recital two or three ladies murmured a perfunctory "that was too bad," and Dr. Dudley asked in his blunt way, "What is a holly-sprig spoon?" But he gave no outward sign of listening to Mrs. Gears's explanation that holly sprig was the design, and that the loss was especially grievous because it occasioned the first break in a set given her at her marriage by her mother, who had brought it at an early day out from New Jersey, sewn up for safety in her petticoat, a gift to her at her marriage from her own mother, Mrs. Gears's grandmother, and to the latter previously at her marriage from her mother, Mrs. Gears's great-grandmother, for whom it had been expressly made by a London silversmith; the only set of its design ever seen or heard of. At the words "grandmother" and "great-grandmother" the doctor's head nodded slightly, but his eye, like all other eyes at the table, even Mrs. Gears's, was on Wampler's knife.  
Wampler shaved away the last bit of breast and raised his instrument for the master stroke through the flank. The guests dipped forward a little further. The knife descended, pierced—then stopped abruptly. Wampler's face grew red. Mrs. Wampler's grew red, too, out of sympathy.  
"You must have struck a tough turkey, mother," said he.  
"It's a young turkey," protested Mrs. Wampler, "and it seemed very tender when I was dressing it."  
"Then you didn't cook it enough," urged Wampler.  
"I had it in the oven four hours," said Mrs. Wampler.  
The other ladies averred that if your oven was right four hours was long enough.  
By pushing and sawing like an amateur with a dull blade, Wampler finally cut through, and sought to retrieve himself by a special dexterity on the other side. But again the knife, after entering keenly, came to a sudden halt, and had to be driven on by main force. Wampler finally wrenched off the breast bone and resumed his chair.  
In the course of this office Wampler thrust a large spoon deep into the mound of stuffing. There came a metallic clink which everybody distinctly heard and again fixed eyes on the host. Then, on bringing up the spoon, he turned up with the handle of another, a smaller one, which everybody saw. Since there could be no concealment, Wampler sought escape from the misadventure by jocularly, and saying:



## A FAMILY STORY

"Well, well, you must have run short of bread crumbs for your stuffing," drew forth the spoon and held it up in full view.

"It's my spoon," cried Mrs. Gears, fairly shrieking, "the one I lost—my holly-sprig!" and she stretched out her hand as if to recover it, if need be, by force.  
"At any rate it's not mine," said Mrs. Wampler.  
"Oh, it's mine, it's mine! I should know it anywhere," persisted Mrs. Gears excitedly, and Wampler handed the spoon over to her.  
"It must be yours," said Mrs. Wampler. "I remember the design, and it's not like any of mine. I never saw it, unless at your house, until this moment, and the turkey I dressed and put into the oven with my own hands."

The other guests commented a little on the singularity of the incident, and ventured to make a joke or two upon it, then dropped it from the talk and were studious not to recur to it. One and all departed, however, with it still sufficiently in mind, and more than made themselves amends ultimately for any self-denial they have suffered regarding it in the presence of their host and hostess. Very soon the whole town knew the story, and Mrs. Gears's holly-sprig spoon became celebrated.  
The next time Mrs. Gears and Mr. and Mrs. Wampler met they barely knew each other; and the next time after that they knew each other not at all. Then it became impossible to invite them into the same companies, and through the circles of their common acquaintance there began to steal, like a line of spilt oil across a floor, a separation out of sympathy.  
By the time the separation became fully defined, Mrs. Gears's unbraced at the Wampplers had come to positive grounds. She did not scruple to think and to freely say: "We have no direct proof; but it's very singular that the spoon should be found in their possession, and they never offered any explanation."

The difference grew into an open feud. Finally it was carried into the church. A document was laid before the session urging it to summon Mr. and Mrs. Wampler to an explanation. Their conduct, the document set forth, in thus far refusing an explanation, was neither brotherly nor Christian; it savored, if not of guilt, at least of self-righteousness and pride, and in either case they were amenable to the session. There was prolonged argument in the session, and some plain speaking and strong feeling. At the vote the lay members divided evenly, and it devolved on the pastor, the Rev. Cornelius Holt, to decide. He was a man of rare humility, but of a steady sense of justice and an obstinacy in following it that no amount of aggression could outwear. He decided against the petition and in favor of the Wampplers.  
There was moisture in his eyes and a half sob in his voice as he concluded with "Let us pray," and in the prayer he offered a brief, fervent prayer for gentle counsels and confiding hearts. He was checked several times by his emotion. The other members of the session were deeply touched, and repaired to their homes with pure and exalted feelings and with a mind resolved, every man of them, to do his utmost to keep the congregation in harmony.

But, unfortunately, the congregation had not come under the spell of the pastor's moving judgment and prayer, and divisions of such magnitude ensued that the laymen of the session forgot their good resolutions, and the session itself became a seat of war. Mr. Holt had served in his present pastorate ten years. Ten years' service in no office lessens the number of a man's critics, unless he be a man of supreme talent; and that Mr. Holt was not. From his installation there had been in the congregation a dissatisfied minority, and it had grown, with the passage of time, more numerous and more outspoken. It now found, in his vote against having the Wampplers before the session, what, unconsciously, it had long been waiting for—a point of union and onset. The pastor's friends, however, were in main stance, and open opposition only intensified their ardor. The session divided again about evenly; but the opponents of the pastor were the more cunning faction, and finally persuaded two of his supporters to disregard personal preference and join them in voting a request to Mr. Holt for his resignation.

With his session thus become practically unanimous against him, and a good third of the congregation fiercely urging the session on, the minister would gladly have yielded up his charge and fled. But this, it seemed to him, would be moral weakness, a clear violation of his duty to the larger fraction who devoutly besought him to star. So he refused to comply with the session's request. Appeals followed to higher bodies, and a tedious, complex, exhausting contest, ending in defeat for the opposing minority, which thereupon withdrew from the

church in a body and organized a new society.  
And this is the origin of what is since known in Osceola as the New church, the church which in recent years has been so marvellously blessed. But it had a hard struggle in the beginning. It began to prosper only after the Rev. Mr. Holtwell took charge. He is a natural pulpit orator, a man thoroughly abreast with the times. He began by prefacing his sermons with a familiar talk on current topics, and every three months he preached a sermon exclusively for men, and another exclusively for women, and one for the young people, and by these and other novelties he soon awakened an interest which has continued, until now the New church congregation is much the largest and wealthiest in the town. Then Andrew Jarboe, a rich old bachelor farmer, died and left the church \$10,000, and that was a great help to it. In life Andrew had not been a notable supporter of churches, but Mr. Holt had once rebuked him sharply for failing to supply a due weight of butter, and it is supposed that this had somewhat to do with determining his surprising bequest to the New church.  
Mr. Holt, after the New church began to come up so conspicuously, suffered a certain decline in the regard of his congregation. The members were still free in expressions of devotion to him; but it became evident that in their feelings they had a little cooled, and Mr. Holt finally sought another charge.  
There was a woman known as Gypsy Ann; keen-eyed, dishevelled, shrill-voiced, half-mad creature, held, as her name betokened, in a certain suspicion and fear, and often a word in the mouths of inert mothers to intimidate wilful children. She dwelt alone in a remote, ramshackle cabin, living mainly on charity, but earning a little money now and then by helping in the rough work of the kitchens. She had always some special patrons.  
They changed, however, from time to time, for in her moods she was apt to quarrel with her benefactor. Among the most devoted of them had once been Mrs. Wampler and Mrs. Gears; but on some fancied provocation both were abruptly dismissed from her regard, as a number of others had been dismissed and never had light to do with her for many years. Of all her dislikes the bitterest hitherto had been of the churches. At the name of any particularly honored member, her wont was to cry out, with a wild gesture: "My hand! a Lily beside his black heart." With, therefore, word went abroad that Gypsy Ann had presented herself at the "conqueror's" bench, Osceola quivered with interest through all its members. The high and the low, the full-robed and the ragged were alike excited; and at the next meeting the swift runners after sensations thronged the church.  
The object and hope of these intruders were of the vaguest, but the entertainment they sought they found. In the confidence that a new life had begun for her, Ann seized the occasion to renounce her past, item by item, in the presence of the congregation. The renunciation lacked somewhat of the humility that usually characterizes such performances; but aside from this, it proceeded quite prosaically, and would have yielded no particular relish to the curious, but that toward the end she disclosed—altogether incidentally and as a matter of no more importance than any other she had touched upon—that she was the demon behind the mystery of the holly-sprig spoon. A distinct murmur passed through the house as Ann related how, in revenge for an injury which she thought had been done her by Mrs. Gears, she stole the spoon, and then in revenge of another which she thought had been done her by Mrs. Wampler, "tucked it away," as she said, in Mrs. Wampler's turkey. "And I mind me to this day," said she, "what a temper I had—the oven was so hot, Mrs. Wampler gone from the kitchen only for a minute, and the spoon such an unhandy shape. But, somehow, Satan let me succeed—as he always lets us, if only we tried hard enough—and little I thought of all the trouble it would make! But, maybe it's done some good, too. On account of it, ye might say, there's two churches now where there was only one before. So perhaps it'll be some-wise forgiven me."

The ice in the millpond was thicker last winter than it had been for years, but it cracked again and again under the weight of the crowd that gathered the next Sunday to see Gypsy Ann baptized.—New York Sun.

## THREE HAPPY WOMEN.

Each Relieved of Periodic Pain and Backache. A Trio of Fervent Letters.

Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health was gradually being undermined. I suffered untold agony from painful menstruation, backache, pain on top of my head and ovarian trouble. I concluded to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and found that it was all any woman needs who suffers with painful monthly periods. It entirely cured me.  
Mrs. GEORGIE WASS,  
923 Bank St., Cincinnati, O.

For years I had suffered with painful menstruation every month. At the beginning of menstruation it was impossible for me to be more than five minutes, I felt so miserable a little book of Mrs. Pinkham's was sent me, and I sat right down and read it. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can heartily say that to-day I am a woman; my monthly suffering is a thing I shall always praise the Vegetable Compound done for me.  
Mrs. MARGARET ANDERSON, 563 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruation and backache. The pain in my back was dreadful, and the agony I suffered during menstruation nearly drove me wild.  
Now this is all over, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and advice.—Mrs. CARRIE V. WILLIAMS, South Mills, N. C.

The great volume of testimony proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a safe, sure and almost infallible remedy in cases of irregularity, suppressed, excessive or painful monthly periods.

**FREE!** We direct special attention to the following remarkable statements:  
Dear Madame: I recommend the Moore treatment because I have tried it, and know it to be just what he says it is. I was cured by it, and have remained so eight years; have known of many others being cured of the very worst cases. My all money get was for the Moore treatment.  
Yours truly, W. E. PENN,  
BURKES SPRINGS, ARK.  
The above is a letter written by the late Rev. W. E. Penn, the noted evangelist to Mrs. W. H. Swanson, New Albion, N. Y.

**Restored His Hearing in 5 Minutes.**  
My age is 63. I suffered from Catarrh 10 years. Had intense headache, continual roaring and ringing in ears, took cold easily. My hearing began to fail, and for three years was almost entirely deaf, and continually grew worse. Everything I had tried failed. In despair I commenced to use Aerial Medication in 1888, and the effect of the first application was simply wonderful. In less than five minutes my hearing was fully restored, and in a few months was entirely cured of Catarrh.  
Mt. Brown, Jackboro, Tenn.

"Whereas I was deaf, now I hear."  
At the age of 69, after having suffered from Catarrh of the ears for twenty years, am truly thankful to state that I am entirely cured by Aerial Medication. My hearing, which had become so bad that I could not hear a watch tick, or conversation, is fully restored. I will verify this statement.  
W. M. REICHE,  
Derby Center, Vt.

**Medicine for 3 Months' Treatment Free**  
To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that Aerial Medication will cure Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will, for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address, J. H. Moore, M. D., Dept. K, 7, Cincinnati, O.

**JONES ON A SCALE**  
GUARANTEED Accuracy-Durability, LOWEST PRICES.  
JONES-BINCHAMTON, N. Y.

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

**H.W. JOHNS' ASBESTOS LIQUID PAINTS**  
THE STANDARD PAINT FOR STRUCTURAL PURPOSES.  
Pamphlet, "Signatures for Exterior Decoration," Sample Card and Descriptive Price List free by mail. Asbestos Roofing, Building, Roof, Steam Packing, Boiler Covering, Fire-Proof Paints, Etc., Asbestos Non-Conducting and Electrical Insulating Materials.  
H. W. JOHNS MANUFACTURING CO.,  
87 Maiden Lane, New York.  
CHICAGO: 240 & 242 Randolph St. PHILADELPHIA: 170 & 172 North 4th St. BOSTON: 77 & 79 Pearl St.

**ANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets**  
CURE CONSTIPATION  
REGULATE THE LIVER  
ALL DRUGGISTS  
ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative. Never grip or sicken, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Wash. D. C., or New York.

**ALABASTINE.**  
IT WON'T RUB OFF.  
Wall Paper is Unsatisfactory. ALABASTINE IS TEMPORARY, ROTTS, RUBS OFF AND SCALES.  
ALABASTINE  
For Sale by Paint Dealers Everywhere.  
FREE  
A Tint Card showing 10 desirable tints, also Alabastine Souvenir Book sent free to any one mentioning this paper, but cannot be had otherwise.  
ALABASTINE CO., Evansville, Ind.

"A Fair Face Cannot Atone for an Untidy House."  
Use  
**SAPOLIO**

**Don't Push THEY RUN EASY**  
**Columbia Bicycles**  
Unequaled, Unapproached.  
STANDARD OF THE WORLD.  
\$100 to all alike.  
POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.  
Catalogue free from dealers or by mail for one 2-cent stamp.

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
**3 DOLLAR SHOE**  
BEST IN THE WORLD  
FOR 14 YEARS this shoe, by merit alone, has distanced all competitors.  
INDORSER BY OVER 1,000,000 WEARERS as THE BEST in style, fit and durability of any shoe ever offered at \$3.00.  
IT IS MADE IN ALL THE LATEST SHAPES and STYLES and of every variety of leather.  
ONE DEALER IN A TOWN given exclusive sale and advertised in local paper on receipt of reasonable order. Write for catalogue to W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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