

The History of Our Flag.

One of the most interesting pieces of history connected with the American flag remains to be told. For eighty-nine years after the Stars and Stripes were adopted, they were made of foreign goods. All through the War of 1812 and Civil War no American soldier or sailor ever fought under a yard of American bunting. No bunting was made in this country for two reasons; first, because nobody knew how to make it, and second, because nobody could make it and compete with England. General Butler indeed Congress in 1865 to put a tariff of forty per cent on bunting, and a man was sent to England to learn how to make it, and when he returned twelve looms were put in operation, and then on February 24, 1866, a notable event occurred in Washington. The first American flag, made of American bunting, was hoisted over the National Capitol. The flag was twenty-one feet by twelve feet, and was the gift of General Ben Butler.

We said there were twelve looms engaged in making bunting in 1865; well, that was a good many then, but in twelve years afterward there were 13,000 looms making the same article. Under free trade in bunting we paid from \$25 to \$35 a bale for the goods, and under a protective tariff the price fell to \$18 for a first-class article.—Food du Lac (Wis.) Commonwealth.

Miss Sibyl Sanderson



This is the singer whom Antonio Terry, the wealthy Cuban, has frequently announced his intention to marry as soon as the divorce court released him from Mrs. Terry. As this event has come to pass in the shape of a decree issued by the French courts no legal barrier now stands in the way. Miss Sanderson has won distinction on the operatic stage, and is at present singing in St. Petersburg, where rumor says she is receiving much attention from the Czar. When she becomes Mrs. Terry she will not need to sing, as her husband to be is reputed to be worth between \$4,000,000 and \$5,000,000.

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 today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Few people are aware of the variety of goods shipped from the South to all parts of the world. The steamer route, the Old Bay Line, plying on the Chesapeake Bay between Baltimore and Norfolk, recently brought into Baltimore for shipment consignments of Southern goods to Cape Town, Africa; Kingston, Jamaica; Shanghai, China; and London, England. A part of the Chinese consignments was cigarettes made in North Carolina.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. 25c. a bottle. Treatise Free. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Albert Burch, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life. I would say for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c."

There is a class of people who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called Grain-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomachs digest it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-quarter as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 25c. and 50c. per package. Try it. Ask for Grain-O.

DULL ACHING PAINS

Palpitation of the Heart—All Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I was troubled with a dull aching pain in my right kidney, and I also had palpitation of the heart. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and since then I have never been troubled with either of these complaints. Hood's Sarsaparilla is also helping my wife very much." H. E. Scott, Marlboro, New York. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure indigestion. 25 cents.

NOTHING SUCCEEDS LIKE MERIT. The Rocker Washer has proved the most satisfactory and durable clothes washer on the market. It is warranted to wash 100 PIECES IN ONE HOUR, as clean as can be for the price and full description. ROCKER WASHER CO. Liberal inducements to live agents.

SHREWD INVENTORS! Don't waste money on patent advertising prices, medals, "No patent no pay," etc. We do a regular patent business. Low fees. No charge for advice. Highest references. Write me to CAPT. T. W. HOLMES, Solicitor of Patents, 902 F. St., Washington, D. C.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of a new thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their \$100 prize offer and full list of one thousand inventions wanted.

AT TWILIGHT.

Out of the dusk, wind-blown and thin, The shadowy wood-boats gather in, And twilight hushes the harbor's din— Sleep, little head, on my shoulder!

The gold lights wake through the evening gray In the little village beside the bay. And a few cold stars gleam far away— Sleep, little head, on my shoulder!

The sailor turns his face once more Where his sweetheart waits at the opened door; The lone light washes the wave-swept shore— Sleep, little head, on my shoulder!

Here where the dancing shadows warm Our driftwood fire is bright and warm; Beyond our window wakes the storm— Then sleep, little head, on my shoulder! —William Carman Roberts, in Century.

A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS.

WHY is it a law of nature that tall women must marry short men? I want to marry. But what man of decent stature will wed five feet nine? I refuse to marry anything under six feet, so I shall have to die an old maid. "It's very hard."

"You will scarcely be measuring the man's inches when you fall in love, Anna," said her friend.

Perhaps the heavy-figured, plain-featured woman of nine-and-twenty would not have been averse to changing places with the tall, supple-limbed young Amazon who benighted her ill luck from the long deck chair on the sunny vicarage lawn, and would have taken Fate's fling of a possibly short husband kindly enough.

"I shall measure his inches before, and so I shall not fall in love, wise Lu—don't you see?"

"And you would rather marry a man like Charlie Langley, six feet of well-built sturdiness, than, we will say, Mr. Royce, who is clever and—"

"Handsome, and almost a pygmy. I allow Mr. Royce to be the miniature model of what a man should be—but I do not wish to marry a model, I want the man. Some big men are handsome and clever as well; but big men like little wives, and so I must go handsomely. Charlie Langley worships little Flossie Cressold. Heigh ho! What am I to do? I must be off, Lu, or I shall be late for dinner."

On the other side of the thick quick-hedge stood Owen Royce, the clever little artist, of whose future great things were predicted. Walking carefully beside the overhanging Hawthorn and wild-rose, he had been caught and held by a straggling thorn; but impatiently unfastening the detaining bramble the words spoken in the garden had fallen on his ear. He was clear of the thorns at last; he was standing erect and still in the meadow, his eyes on the low summer sun, and with a thorn in his heart piercing and hurting as no mere physical pain could do. He had walked carelessly through the summer, as he had walked through the brambles—to find himself suddenly riding and boating with Anna Waymore had not left him heart whole. Heart whole! He bit his lip, and put a hand across his eyes; he could see her mentally, tall even among the tall women of the day, beautiful in her strong grace. Like many small men, the artist was wonderfully active and wiry; neat-handed, and quick of eye, he was an expert in all he did; during his two months' stay at Greyland Manor he had good-naturedly coached Miss Waymore in her drawing, at tennis, and had taught her to ride with some of the knowledge which he himself possessed. That teaching had been a dangerous pastime; particularly dangerous were their long readings and talks together; perhaps it was then that the artist had fallen headlong in love with his beautiful pupil, when the "Amazon" had been laid aside, when the gracious, gentle woman had sat beside him with her tender, deep gray eyes, and with color coming and going had learned to love Beatrice and Juliet, and to know, through him, her Shakespeare and Dante by heart. And all the time she had thought of him merely as what he was—"almost a pygmy." He saw himself suddenly as little more than a dwarf—a laughable atom! He envied the dull booby Langley his broad shoulders and great frame; what beautiful woman—such a woman as Anna Waymore—could care for such a scrap of humanity as himself? Yet he had dared to love her, to love her as intensely as any six-foot Hercules could do, though he learned to know it only when he learned that she—the Pygmy—sarcasically ranked in her eyes as a man at all.

Anna stood armed with her golf clubs on the Manor terrace; Louisa stood beside her, a study in drabs, a foil to the fresh, brilliant coloring of her friend.

"Now, Mr. Maxwell is what I call a man, Lu," the girl was saying.

"He is big and well-made. I cannot speak as to his head-piece. And he appears to have no dislike to a tall woman, my dear." Said Louisa drily.

Anna twirled her club.

"No, I do not think he dislikes me. Jack has asked him to stay on for the cub-hunting."

"Has your brother persuaded Mr. Royce to remain as well?"

"Yes; his picture will give him quite another month's work. He has grown very stupid lately. I cannot think what has come to him; he paints and paints, and is as dull as an owl," and she moved off to join the stalwart young Maxwell, who was patiently

awaiting her pleasure at the park gate.

Louisa went back to the house to speak with Mrs. Waymore, the widow lady of the Manor. At the door she came on the artist, who stood watching Anna and her companion crossing the park, watching so intently that he was unaware of her neighborhood until she spoke. He turned with an apology.

"I was watching the golfers; they make a handsome pair, do they not, Miss Blackston?"

"She followed his gaze; when she looked back at the man, two queer little upright furrows marked her forehead.

"You admire her?"

"I am an artist. I must admire her."

Her eyelids were lowered as she went by him into the hall; she was shivering, though the September afternoon was warm and bright.

That evening, after the choir practice, she said abruptly to Anna:

"My dear, I think why Mr. Royce has grown stupid is because he loves you."

The girl leant against the garden gate, and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks—the notion was so funny. Louisa's notions often were.

"Love me! Mr. Royce! Why, if he wore elevators in his boots he would barely reach to my shoulder. It never occurred to me that the little manikin could fall in love. How absurd!"

Louisa turned, almost angrily.

"Though it has not occurred to you it might to him. And you are such a fool that you cannot see the man in him! You make me impatient, Anna. Flirt with Gerald Maxwell by all means; it is all you are fit for."

"Why are you cross, Lu? Mr. Royce is clever and I like him; he is very kind. Poor little scrap! I like him very much. But he is in love with his Academy picture, not with me."

So, through the glorious September days Anna grieved, hunted and cycled with Gerald, and the artist painted, trying to forget the pain which held him in its grasp. He sought in his bruised soul to rejoice that the man on whom her choice would probably fall was at least a healthy-minded, honest country gentleman; he only asked humbly that she might be happy.

He stuck doggedly to his picture—he said he was too busy to play—and he kept his pain, he believed, locked in his own breast; but the queer, upright furrows were on his forehead as on Louisa's, and they deepened as the days went by.

He had been painting hard down by the wood until the afternoon sun was low. At last he put up his brushes and started on his two-mile walk back to the Manor. Gerald Maxwell overtook him and the two men went on together. The stopped at the foot of the railway embankment, lounging against the rail, to watch the express pass. They could hear her thundering in the distance and waited to see her sweep round the bend to the left, dash across the straight piece of line before them and then take the curve to the right. Gerald was in high spirits, whistling carelessly in the pauses of his talk. The artist stood silent, content to listen. Then, to their right, along the line, came the beat of flying hoofs; both men turned to see and both gave a simultaneous exclamation of horror, as round the bend, out of all control, galloped headlong beside the metals Anna's bay mare, tearing furiously on toward the rushing train, then rounding the opposite curve. Anna sat back in her saddle, white as death, trying to stay the runaway, but powerless against the creature's mad flight.

"She may pass safely on one side," gasped Gerald.

Even as he spoke the mad brute plunged into the centre of the iron road. She seemed for the first time to sight the train whistling and screaming out its warning, but powerless to check in time. She reared straight up, and then stood planted and immovable in the centre of the metals, starting, paralyzed with terror, at the advancing monster. It had all happened in a second or so, leaving but scant time for thought or action. Both men shouted to the girl to fling herself off, but she, too, seemed turned to stone. She sat dumb, looking before her with agonized eyes, though her trembling hands yet mechanically strove to turn the horse. In half a minute it would be too late. Gerald flung up his arms, shouting his warning. He stood there alone, the artist was gone; he had scaled the steep embankment, his small, lithe figure springing up like a cat; one hand, strong as steel with dumb-bell exercise, was on the horse's bridle, backing her a step to the side, the other was on the girl, pressing her from the saddle, telling her to fall—to trust him and fall. Thank heaven! She understood and obeyed. Amid the thunder and crash of the train he knew that she had swung clear of the metals. There was a blow and he was down, and all was dark.

It was a miraculous escape. Maxwell wiped the moisture from his brow as he told the story; Royce had rushed in with the train almost on him, when it seemed that horse, man and girl must all be cut to pieces; nothing but his wonderful quickness had saved Anna, who, bruiséd and shaken, had yet fallen clear of worse harm. Poor "Black Bess" was cut to bits. Royce's face was terribly out by the blow which had felled him, yet, mercifully, he had fallen, stunned, in the hollow between the rails, and so had escaped with his life; but he would never paint more, his right arm had been frightfully crushed; amputation had had to follow as his only hope of life.

The Manor people nursed him devotedly through his illness; nothing they could do could, they felt, repay what they owed to him. He was very

grateful for their care and attention. He made no allusion to his ruined career, though his eye sometimes rested on the half-finished picture which stood in his room. He looked resentfully at the reflection of his scarred face, at the empty right sleeve. He had all his life looked at trouble between the eyes; he had never shrieked or quailed before it. The man's spirit, at least, was no small one. But as Christmas neared and he grew fairly convalescent he began to grow restless. In spite of protest, he declared himself well enough to return to his rooms in town. He had stayed at the Manor to paint, now he must trespass no longer.

"Dear old chap, why go?" said Jack. "The matter worships you. Can we not amuse you here? Anna will try to; she will read to you, sing to you. Surely you might stay for Christmas with us?"

He smiled, but repeated that he must go.

He lay very still when Jack left him, looking out at the red winter sun and the wheeling rooks in the Park elms. Yes, Anna would be good to him; he knew that. She had been kind—so kind, that to stay on would be worse torture than the loss of his arm! When Maxwell returned, as of course he would, his suffering would become unbearable. He was not so strong as he had been, and things went deeper; he would be better away in town.

Then Anna learned their guest meant to quit them. Anna had changed of late; she professed to be tired of dancing, she said she no longer cared to hunt, that she liked best to be quiet at home. She had grown very gentle, very womanly, and her gray eyes would become wonderfully soft and tender when they rested on Owen Royce's disfigured face and poor maimed body. She became strangely wistful now as she said softly:

"But we would rather you stayed."

"Still I must go," he answered, picking up his book with unsteady fingers. She was behind his couch, and stood looking at him in silence with an oddly frightened expression; then she blushed hotly over cheek and brow as she said inconsequently:

"I did not want Gerald Maxwell to come for Christmas. I told Jack not to ask him; but—I did want you here."

"There was a pause. The man on the sofa drew his breath quickly, and a tear splashed down. It lay on the scarlet silk cushion, a round, dark stain. He raised himself quickly and looked at her. Yes, the tears were raining down her face. With his left hand he caught her dress.

"Anna," he said, hoarsely, "did you guess then, that I loved you?"

"Yes," she said in a whisper. "I read it in your eyes when you caught my horse's head on that awful day. Louisa had guessed it before, and told me, but I had not believed."

He was lying back again on the cushions, watching her with quiet, hopeless eyes.

"Yes, heaven knows I loved you," he answered. Then he told her what on that summer's day he had overheard in the vicarage garden. "You did not love me then, Anna. Now, I am a disfigured and a cripple. You are kind and good—I understand—but it is only pity you can have for me. You would not marry me, save in pity."

She was on her knees beside him, half laughing, half crying.

"In pity! In pride and joy. Did I not say, 'a tall woman must marry a small man'? Are you too proud to take a tall wife, Owen? Must I die an old maid because I am overgrown. Don't you know that to me you stand high among men; that your scarred face is your V. C.; that your empty sleeve is your badge of glory? Don't you know that had you died under the train, I should have had no wish to live? I knew whom I loved then. If you are too proud to marry me because of your poor arm, because of my heedless, stupid speech—then I am not too proud to say that your pride will make one wretched woman. And, Owen, I am not too proud to accept your pity—but the pity is yours, not mine, to give."—Household Words.

New York's Pinnaced Sky-Line.

The sky-line of New York is changing so rapidly that the American traveler who goes abroad can recognize with more certainty the profiles of the foreign cities he approaches than that of his own metropolis as he sees it from the deck of the steamer on his return. It may be his first visit to Europe; he may know London, Rome, and Paris only from views of them in old prints. But, if he has an eye for such things, his first glimpse of St. Paul's, St. Peter's, or Notre Dame will tell him to what place he is coming, for all the world knows these pinnacles, has known them for centuries. They are as conspicuous and characteristic in the silhouettes of their cities as they were when they were built. One of the Dutch Governors of New Amsterdam, seeking in spirit some familiar earthly habitation, might find old Amsterdam, for it cuts the same figure in the sky to-day that it did when he left it, but the last dead boss of New York, if by any chance he should get away from where he ought to be, would search the horizon in vain for the face of his city. The features his eye would seek are there: Old Trinity still stands, its steeple, like the spires of the old cathedrals, uplifted high above the earth; but its solitary prominence is gone. The modern office building has risen higher than the head of the cross, and the church has lost its distinction. The enterprise of business has surpassed the aspiration of religion.—From "The Modern Business Building," by J. Lincoln Stephens, in Scribner's.

The average yield of potatoes to the acre in France is 102 bushels; in Germany, 121; in Italy, 164; in Holland, 177; in the United States, 75.

A BAG OF BIG GAME.

Royal Sport Enjoyed by the Guests of an Indian Prince.

In the Century there is an article entitled "After Big Game in Africa and India," written by H. W. Seton-Karr. Mr. Karr was a guest of the Maharaja of Kuch Behar in the latter country, and he describes an exciting hunt from elephant back. He says:

The Maharaja of Kuch Behar ever since his youth has always had a large staff of elephants, and hunted in this way, and since big game is now comparatively scarce even in Assam, we should not have made any bag worth speaking of if we had not had the benefit of his experience. Not more than three or four beats could be accomplished in one day. Considerable distances had often to be traversed from one jungle to another, and the intervals were often long and tedious under an Indian sun; but most of us carried books and papers to read while the elephants were getting into position. When the beat had once begun, however, all one's senses were on the alert. By the men's turbans, or the white sunshade of one of the aides-de-camp bobbing up and down, one could generally distinguish over the tops of the reeds the position of the beating-line in the far distance, and hear an occasional shout and the shrill trumpet of an elephant.

In the midday stillness, broken only by the constant flapping and fanning of the elephant's huge ears, one can distinguish the approach and mark the path of most of the wild animals by the rustling in the grass and reeds. But the approach of the panther and the tiger is heralded by no such sign. By experience one's eye becomes trained to discriminate between the swaying of the reeds caused by the wind and that due to the cautious advance of an unseen beast, whether deer, boar, bear, or something bigger still. When tiger or "rhino" are known to be at home, such small fry as these are allowed to pass unharmed, for fear of turning the object of pursuit; but when the larger game are advancing at full speed, it needs no expert to distinguish their appalling crashes from the whispering of a breeze. Will he break cover in front, or will the next gun get the shot? Standing in expectation, with guns loaded and heart beating, this is the most exciting moment of the day. The howdah elephants being thus placed at intervals, and usually out of sight of one another, one was not always able to judge by the shots fired as to what was going on; but I was unusually fortunate in the number of animals breaking cover at a point immediately opposite to me, and consequently in the chances I obtained.

I took leave of the Maharaja shortly before the breaking up of the second shooting camp, which took place about a month later, in his own country; but the total bag included seventeen tigers, seven rhinoceroses, and nearly forty buffaloes, besides bison, bear and panther.

Real Rest and Comfort. There is a powder to be shaken into the shoes called Allen's Foot-Ease, invented by Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., which druggists and shoe dealers say is the best thing they have ever sold to cure sore and tender or aching feet. Some dealers claim that it makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It certainly will cure corns and bunions and relieve instantly sweating, hot or smarting feet. It costs only a quarter, and the inventor offers a sample free to any address.

How to Prolong Life. "Intemperance anticipates age," so said the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson. The more the social causes of mental and physical organic diseases are investigated, the more closely the origin of degenerative organic changes leading to premature degeneration and decay are questioned, the more closely does it come out that intemperance, often not expected by the person himself who is implicated in it, so subtle is its influence, is at the root of the evil. When old age has really commenced, its march toward final decay is best delayed by attention to those rules of conservation by which life is sustained with the least friction and the least waste. The prime rules for this purpose are—to subsist on light but nutritious diet, with milk as the standard food, but varied according to season. To take food in moderate quantities four times in the day, including a light meal before going to bed; to clothe warmly, but lightly, so that the body may in all seasons maintain its equal temperature; to keep the body in fair exercise, and the mind active and cheerful; to maintain an interest in what is going on in the world, and to take part in reasonable labors and pleasures, as though old age were not present; to take plenty of sleep during sleeping hours; to spend nine hours in bed at the least, and to take care during the cold weather that the temperature of the bedroom is maintained at sixty degrees Fahrenheit; to avoid passion, excitement and luxury.

Two Uses for Money. Money is what it will do. A piece of money was seen "doing" what it was never made for, in front of the Mail and Express office this morning. A smoker had a cigar and a match, but no convenient place to strike a light. The sole of his shoe was damp, and he may have had an esthetic reluctance to join that ignoble army that marks buildings with salt-petre scars. He fumbled in his change pocket, found a half dollar, struck his match upon it, and walked away serenely puffing the cigar of the Havana.

Not every wearer of eyeglasses knows that a piece of paper money is the best thing with which to polish dull lenses. Sometimes the clean, soft handkerchief carried for the purpose fails to remove that blur on the glass that so vexes the wearer. A bill of any denomination, but not too new, will, if used in place of the linen, make the lens like crystal in a moment. The action may look like vulgar ostentation of wealth, but it costs nothing after all.—New York Mail and Express.

Two Big Garden Parties. Sheffield's Mayor is the Duke of Norfolk. On occasion of Queen Victoria's visit he gave a feast to 50,000 school children and their 1800 teachers at his country house near by, where he subsequently gave a tea to 8000 persons over sixty years of age.

ANT HOUSES IN AUSTRALIA.

Mounds in Which Millions of the Insects Live in Perfect Amity.

One mound in particular, a grained columnar structure, was eighteen feet high. This was not far from Port Darwin. The discoverer believes that originally the mound was conical in shape. The sides were smooth. It has evidently been in use for many years and the columnar effect noticeable, he believes, is due to the fact that the ants incessantly traveling the pathways up and down the mound produced the grooves that are seen and resulted in giving the effect of a columnar formation. The entrance to the mound, examination showed, had varied in location, for there was distinct evidence that apertures of this sort had been walked up in several instances.

The interior of the mound referred to showed as much as anything the remarkable instinct of the ants. It was divided up very much after the fashion of the tall buildings which are now becoming so common, with an immense court within the structure itself—that is, there were hundreds of tiny cells built in from galleries which were terraced one above the other. The galleries were connected by paths or stairways, each of these being constructed with architectural exactness. The cells were almost uniform in size, and reminded one, the explorer said, of the cell of a monk. The earth in each instance was as hard and smooth as marble and bore evidence of long-continued usage. A portion of the ground floor, or basement, of the mound had been divided up into storerooms, and here it was evident the ants had carefully packed away the provender which they had secured from various points about.

While naturalists and students of the intelligence of insects and animals have long been inclined to believe that the ant exceeded in at least keenness of instinct all other creatures of its kind, it has never been conclusively shown until demonstrated by the just-made announcement of Mr. Saville Kent—San Francisco Call.

Historic. "I hear Miss Evangate's new play is a historic one."

"Why not? She's getting somewhat historic herself."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Philadelphia Inquirer cites an instance of a man who "was struck by lightning and rendered unconscious in Pennsylvania over twenty years ago." Well, he'll probably stay in that State forever.

After six years' suffering I was cured by Dr. J. C. Carey's Sore Throat, 200 West Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 13, 1894.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and allays pain, cures whooping cough, croup, and allays pain.

Real Rest and Comfort. There is a powder to be shaken into the shoes called Allen's Foot-Ease, invented by Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., which druggists and shoe dealers say is the best thing they have ever sold to cure sore and tender or aching feet. Some dealers claim that it makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It certainly will cure corns and bunions and relieve instantly sweating, hot or smarting feet. It costs only a quarter, and the inventor offers a sample free to any address.

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