More and Greater

Are the cures produced by Hood's Sarsaparilla than by any other medicine. If you are suffering with scrofula, salt rheum, hip disease, running sores, boils, pimples, dyspepsia, loss of appetite or that tired feeling, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. You may confidently expect a prompt and permanent cure. Its unequaled record is due to its positive merit. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills do not cause pain or gripe. All druggists. 25c.

MYSTERY SOLVED BY SCIENCE.

Microbes Can Draw Nitrogen from the Air and Give It to Plants.

Besides buying well-selected fertilizers, the progressive farmer of the future will also provide himself with bottled billions of the microbes which enable plants to obtain nitrogen from the air. It was a long puzzle to chemists to learn how nitrogen is absorbed. It was clear that under ordinary circumstances plants are unable to appropriate directly from the air the nitrogen they absolutely require for their growth. The air in the pores of the soil contains plenty of it, but the roots are not capable of causing it to become a constituent of the sap or fiber. Leguminous plants, such as beans, peas, and clover, require a great deal of nitrogen, and it was of special interest to provide them artificially, if possible, with this important constituent.

The mystery was dispelled by a recent discovery that the roots of plants capable of absorbing nitrogen bear little protuberances, and it is through these protuberances that the nitrogen is taken in. Further study with the help of the microscope revealed the fact that the protuberances contain millions of bacteria, and that it is these bacteria that absorb the nitrogen and give it to the roots of plants in a form in which it can be used by them. To the activity of these beneficent bacteria, plants—particularly leguminous plants—owe their vigor and perhaps their existence in their present form. The plant life in this view, is a result, in incidental product, of the vital processes of microbes, a million of which could swim with comfort in a single drop of water. The next step was to isolate, by methods with which bacteriologists are familiar, the varieties of bacteria suited to each crop, and to breed them artificially in paying quantities.

This has been done. A German firm breeds seventeen species of bacteria of the nitrogen-absorbing species and sells them to agriculturists in bottles under the name of "nitragin." A bottle containing some thousand billions of the useful bacteria and selling for $1.25 will "inoculate," it is said, an acre of ground. The experience of farmers with "nitragin" is too brief to qualify them to speak with certainty of its practical utility. Some have obtained encouraging results, while others have not. It has been on the market less than a year and began to be used too late in the season for a fair test. "Nitragin" ought to be used before it is two months old, and its vitality is impaired, if not wholly lost, when it is four months old. It must be kept in a cool place, and is best applied, perhaps, at night, since it is injured by exposure to the light. Its function is to assist germinating seeds and small roots to put forth the desired protuberances.

It is accordingly useless for growing plants, and in soils already well supplied with nitrogen in the required form. Under favorable conditions several experimenters have obtained, it is said, excellent results. Cereals have not been found susceptible to its influence to an appreciable extent. Much remains to be determined as to the extent of its utility. It is yet undecided, it seems, whether the seed or the soil is to be inoculated—whether the seed should be mixed with the gelatine containing the "nitragin," or whether the "nitragin" should be mixed with a quantity of the latter scattered over the area to be treated. In any case, agriculturists have in nitragin an interesting subject of experiment.—Baltimore Sun.

Why Not Grow Beets?

Germany has 1,900,000 acres of land in sugar beets, and France has 1,700,000. Ten or twelve tons of beets can be grown to the acre and will yield a ton of sugar. One million acres of sugar beets give a crop worth $50,000,000. One million acres in corn at present prices give a crop worth $6,250,000. Why not grow sugar beets?—Leavenworth Times.

Precise.

One day a boorish client entered a lawyer's office and found him writing. The stranger took a seat, and after informing the lawyer that he had come to consult him on a matter of some importance, observed, "My father died and made a will."

"You say," remarked the lawyer, writing steadily, "your father died and made a will."

"Yes, sir, my father died and made a will."

"Humph!" still writing and paying no attention.

"I say, Mr. Call, my father died and made a will."

"Very strange!" writing and not noticing his client.

"Mr. Call, I say again," taking out his purse and placing a fee on the table, "my father made a will and died."

"Oh, now we may understand each other," said the lawyer, all attention; "your father made a will before he died. Why didn't you say so at first? Well, now, go on, let's hear."

Webster and Clay Raise the Wind.

The recollections of John Sherman, the tallest and thinnest man in Congress, do not embrace the best story of Webster and Clay. Both were great money-makers, and both were forever in the hardest financial straits. One day Clay went to Webster and said:

"Got any money, Dan? I want $250."

"I was going over to borrow that amount of you," said Webster. "I am dead broke."

"Wonder where we can raise it? We need $500 between us."

They formed themselves in a committee of ways and means, and after much thought evolved a plan.

"Clay, if you will make a draft on me at thirty days I will indorse it, and we can get the money at the bank."

The draft is in a Washington bank at this day, bearing both signatures. The two "old boys" got the money and the next day were skirmishing around for more.—New York Press.

A New "Ad" Scheme.

Advertising threatens to break out in a new place. Many barber shops in this city have recently received from a corporation, officered with men of distinguished surnames, a circular proposing an ingenious enterprise. The company writes to obtain the privilege of posting advertisements on the walls and ceilings of barber shops at such points as shall come within the range of vision of persons that submit themselves to the hands of the barber and his assistants. It is the hope of the company that the barbers will yield up their wall space in return for so many shares of stock per chair in the company, and the glittering hope is held out that when the business is once well established the stock at a par value of $10 will pay dividends of 50 per cent. annually. It is announced that the business is already established in 3,000 barber shops in Philadelphia.—New York Sun.

A Rare Bird.

The rarest species of bird now extant, and one which is almost extinct, has its home in the jungles of South America. The ornithological curiosity is known to science as the palamedra cornuda, and to the common people as the "horned screamer." As a rara avis nothing could excel the cornuda, unless it should be the accidental discovery of a living moa, or an epinornis. But few of the bird books even let you know that such a horned paradox ever existed, let alone telling you that living specimens of the queer creature are occasionally met with. The only one now in captivity in North America, if the writer was not misinformed, is that belonging to the aviary of the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens, and which arrived in this country about three years ago. The creature is about the size of a full-grown turkey hen, and of a blackish brown color. One of its distinguishing peculiarities is a ruffle of black and white which surrounds the head.

Old-Time Scotch Obituary.

The following death notice appeared in the Edinburgh Weekly Magazine of March 2, 1775: "Feb. 12—At New Reay, in the county of Caithness, much regretted, Francis Tait, parochial school master there, in the one hundred and second year of his age; a man of an athletic form, of a saturnine complexion and his size about six foot. He lived chiefly upon vegetables, was a favorite of the muses and at times drank freely. He was no less distinguished for his piety than for the good order he observed in his school, for his easy method of teaching and for infusing into his pupils a laudable spirit of emulation. He retained his senses to the last."

Ayer's

is the name to remember when buying Sarsaparilla. It has been curing people right along for more than 50 years. That's why.

Depth to Plant Potatoes.

The wet weather this summer is causing a good many fields of potatoes to rot. In all such cases the rot is most prevalent on potatoes planted shallow, and which, therefore, produce their tubers near the surface of the ground. The reason appears to be that the fungus germs are very easily washed from the leaves to the tubers when they are near the surface, while if set deeper the germs lose their effect before the tubers are reached. As the shallow planted potatoes sunburn badly in hot, dry weather, that is another reason why potatoes should be planted deeply. The only objection to deep planting is for the very earliest, when the soil is cold and wet. But even then the deep-planted potatoes will not rot in the ground if planted whole, or if the cut pieces are well dried before being put in the soil. It is more labor to make a deep furrow for potatoes, especially if they are planted on a sod. But if the jointer plow is used, and four or five inches of loose soil is turned up, the furrow into which the potatoes are to be dropped may easily be made that depth. It does no harm to ridge over the pototoes when covering them, provided the ridge is worked to a level before the potatoes come up.

To Raise Ducks Successfully.

George Pollard, of Pawtucket, R. I., has been in the duck-raising business for the past five years, and, last season raised 5000 ducks, as well as 800 chickens. His success in duck raising since the start has been greater than that of most beginners, and he now has the business on a substantial and profitable basis.

Mr. Pollard says that the foundation of success in this business lies in the breeding stock. More failures occur on account of the breeding stock being weak than from any other cause. The best of stock, unless kept properly, will soon get weak and worthless, says Samuel Cushman in Rural New Yorker. When mating breeding ducks in November, he provides a drake for every five ducks. Later in the season, about the last of May, a drake should have as many as six or seven ducks. For breeding, he prefers ducks and drakes in their second year to those raised the same season, although a part of those used are young stock. No ducks are kept, however, longer than two or three years.

No whole grain is fed the breeding ducks. He gives them a mixture composed of three parts of wheat bran, three parts cornmeal and one part beef scraps. One part of a cheap grade of flour is also added to keep the mass together. This makes it scatter less and prevents much waste. It is mixed with hot water in winter to take off the chill, but not to cook it. Sound cabbage is also bought and fed, as well as boiled turnips and clover. Crushed stone or grit, the same as is fed to hens, is kept by them all the time, as well as crushed oyster shells.

In cold weather the ducks are housed at night, but they are invariably fed out of doors every day in winter. When snow is on the ground, a place is cleared in front of the house for this purpose.

Eggs are not secured in any number until December. Although the ducks are allowed the run of their yard during the laying season, nine-tenths of the eggs are laid in the house. They do all their laying by ten o'clock in the forenoon, after which they are given free access to a pond or swimming place.

Mr. Pollard has tried nest boxes and stalls as nests, but finds them of no advantage. The ducks are liable to rush from one end of the room to the other and the whole flock are liable to go slam bang against them and pile up in them, if they happen to be in their course.

The house floor is covered with planer shavings, and the ducks make their nests right on the floor, and less eggs are broken or lost than under any other plan followed. Planer shavings suit Mr. Pollard best for bedding, though they hurt the value of the manure. Cotton dirt is excellent, and is, also, of value as manure.

Dairy Notes.

On many of the larger dairy farms there is now a problem which seems to bother the dairymen. What shall they do with the old cows? A farmer seldom cares to keep a cow to more than ten or twelve years old, and if he has kept her highly fed to stimulate a large milk production, he may think it best to dispose of her much earlier than that age.

Butchers will not pay much for old cow beef, though it may be well fattened. In fact, they value them so low that it scarcely pays to feed an extra bushel of meal to fatten one after she has dried off. In some country towns butchers will not buy them at all.

Some farmers get such cows tested with tuberculin and sell them to the State, it is said, but not all will do that, and as they cannot keep their families upon cow beef the year through, it is a serious question how to dispose of the surplus.

Shall they let them go to the city markets at $10 or $12 per head? Or would it be cheaper to kill and bury them?

What is the difference in value between a good cow capable of making 300 pounds of butter or more in a year and one that will make not more than 150 pounds? What should be the difference in price? There are herds that have even higher records than 300 pounds, and individual cows that would exceed 400 pounds in a year on just ordinarily good feeding, and herds that with nearly as good care do not come up to 150 pounds per head. We say nearly as good care, for as a rule the man who has and keeps such cows does not feel interest enough in his business to take much pains with them.

He is apt to be sure that "farming don't pay," and that "it costs more to keep a cow than all you can get out of her," which is true, in his case, at least; but he has got cows in some way, perhaps by inheritance, perhaps by purchase, and he has fodder to be used up in some way, partly bog hay, partly English hay cut late and dried until it has lost all juiciness and flavor, and there are the corn stalks that the cows manage to pick some leaves from when they are taken to the barn, and there is some grass among the bushes and rocks in the pasture, and so he keeps the cows to turn all this into a little manure for his fields, which need it badly enough, and takes what milk he can get, and grumbles, but does not try to get better cows or better feed.

We all know that sort of farmer, or have known him, for they are dying out, and their children usually have left the farm for other business and not one would go back to it if it was given him.

That is the sort of farmers that keep 150-pound or possibly 100-pound cows. If they needed to buy another they would not be willing to pay over $25 for her, and would not put on another $5 for the best cow in town, but would go a dozen miles farther to find one for $20.

But the man who has a 300-pound cow is by no means satisfied. He believes there is a profit in keeping cows if he can only get the right sort of cows. If he has to buy a cow he would like one better than any he has now, and the higher the price asked the farther he will go to see it, and the quicker he will buy it if he can see indications of the qualities he desires. But he likes better to raise the calves from his best cows and from the best bull he can get, and feed them up to maturity, with the object of making them better than the parents.

Having good cows he feels that he ought to give them good care and good food, and if he makes butter he has so much that he must have the best appliances for the work, and follow the most approved methods, and seek the best market.

The difference then is more than the difference in getting there whether you take the electric cars or take a seat on the stone wall. It is the difference between advancing or moving backward, between prosperous farming and failure.

The 150 pounds of butter a year at present prices will not pay for even the poor keeping and little care we have described as being given to that kind of cows. The 300 pounds will pay for much better food and care and give a little income besides, and the 400-pound cow will yield about as much income as a thousand dollars in the bank, beside paying for good hay and grain.

If the man with a 150-pound cow gets a living, he earns it by hard work upon the land or elsewhere, and pays for the luxury of having the cow. If he has a large herd of such cows, he needs a good income from other sources to support them.

At the prices of hay and grain near the cities and large towns of New England, it costs not less than $40 a year to feed a cow and shelter her in the winter. That will require 200 pounds of butter at twenty cents a pound. In the more rural districts, hay and pasturage being cheaper, and with good hay and corn ensilage grown upon the farm, it may be done for $30, but certainly not for less.

It is then for every farmer's interest to know just what his cows are doing for him, and if he cannot make them approximate closely to the 300-pound limit, to begin the process of weeding out the poorest and obtaining better, even if the cost is much higher.—American Cultivator.

Insects That War With the Mosquito.

There are two natural enemies of the mosquito, the dragon fly and the spider. The latter, as we know, wages constant warfare upon all insect life, and where mosquitoes are plentiful they form the chief diet of their hairy foe. The dragon fly is a destroyer of mosquitoes in at least two stages of life. The larva dragon fly feeds upon the larva mosquito, and when fully developed the latter dines constantly upon the matured mosquito. The dragon fly as a solution of the mosquito pest question is not satisfactory, for while there is no serious difficulty to be encountered in the cultivation of dragon flies in large numbers, yet it is manifestly impossible to keep them in the dark woods where mosquitoes abound, the hunting ground of the "darning needle" being among the flowers and dry gardens where the sunshine prevails. For this very important reason the scheme of hunting one kind of insect with another must be abandoned as impracticable.—Washington Star.

AROUND THE BEND.

There comes a time just once a week
When nothing matters much;
I'm waiting for a step I know,
A smile, a voice, a touch:
"He's coming, coming," sings the wire,
With sweet, prosaic jar.
For Dick, my Dick, dear fellow,
Takes a common, five-cent car.

But never maiden rich and fair
'Mong cushions satin fine,
In gown of silk and laces rare,
Had dearer love than mine.
So every Saturday I wait
The happy moment when
His car comes swinging round the bend,
And Dick has come again.

He glances up: I know it, though
I will not let him see;
For not yet may I tell him
That I love as fond as he.
Then comes the bell's far tinkle
And the maid's reluctant feet,
And then I hear him on the stair,
And then at last—we meet.

My heart beats so I cannot speak,
He thinks me coy and cold;
It is because of depths of love
The which I have not told.
But when the autumn leaves are crisp,
When snow has come again,
Dear Dick will be my own, my own!
Perhaps I'll tell him then.

—Cora Stuart Wheeler, in Woman's Home Companion.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Time flies, you know." "Not always. It is now possible to make a century run."—Indianapolis Journal.

He—"Do you believe in woman taking man's place?" She—"Yes; in a crowded street car."—Philadelphia Record.

"Miss Highsee is a beautiful singer, isn't she?" "Very. That was what made her singing endurable."—Washington Times.

He—"I love you better than my life." She—"Considering the life you lead, I cannot say that I am surprised."—Standard.

Mrs. Howso—"Did the butcher send the lobsters?" Bridget—"He did, mum, but I sent them back. They wuzn't ripe."—Brooklyn Life.

"I never did have any head for mathematics." "Um! I have always understood that at home you did not even count."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Hope is whispering "All is well."
Busy men do not deny it;
Some are bringing wheat to sell,
Others are digging gold to buy it.
—Washington Star.

Friend—"Does your town boast of a baseball team?" Suburbanite—"No. We used to boast of one, but we have to apologize for it now."—Puck.

"Say, old man, you are so absent-minded, I believe you are in love!" Hobson—"Me? Oh! ho! ho! ho! Why, don't you know I'm married?"—Puck.

"I hope, Ophelia, that you are not so foolish as to call yourself a 'wash lady.'" "'Deed I don't, Miss May. I calls myself a laundry lady."—Indianapolis Journal.

Jack—"How is your sister getting on with her singing lessons?" Cissie—"Well, papa has taken the wadding out of his ears for the first time today."—Fliegende Blaetter.

"There is one queer thing noticeable at all picnics." "What is that?" "The man who makes the most fuss about carrying the basket always eats more than anybody else."—Chicago Record.

"It looks like rain," said the milkman to the lady of the house. After examining the milk, she came to the conclusion that it must be either rain or water from the pump.—Norristown Herald.

He—"For my part I can't see why you women should want to ape men, anyhow." She—"Oh, anything for a little change. We've been making a monkey of him long enough."—Cleveland Leader.

He—"There is one thing to be said about the Scotch dialect stories now floating about." She—"And what is that?" He—"They may be the same old stories, but no one will recognize them."—Yonkers Statesman.

Landlord—"Did they discover the identity of that petrified body which was found in the valley yesterday?" New Yorker—"I don't know; but I think it was a man from whom one of your waiters refused to take a tip."—Judge.

"Say, paw! is it anything to brag about when you don't do something you can't do?" "I'm inclined to think not. Why do you ask?" "'Cause I've just been readin' that cherry-tree story 'bout Washin'ton."—Detroit Free Press.

Surgeon—"Hurry up. Get the instruments in readiness. We'll amputate his leg." Student—"But it seems to be nothing more than a simple fracture. I should think the leg might be saved." Surgeon—"Certainly it might; but don't you see that he's unconscious?"—Cleveland Leader.

Old Mrs. Kelley entered the parlor unexpectedly, and spoiled a very nice tableau. "I was just whispering a secret in Cousin Jennie's ear," explained Jimmie. "I am sorry, James," said the old lady gravely, "that your eyesight has become so bad that you mistake Jennie's mouth for her ear."—Boston Traveler.

Railway Capital.

A recent writer has drawn attention to the large amount of capital and skill belonging to the English and American people which has been invested in railroads. There are 181,717 miles of railway in the United States, in Europe, out of the 155,284 miles of railway, 20,977 are on British soil. In Asia, out of 26,890 miles of railroad, 19,700 are British. The British railway mileage throughout the world is 74,129 miles. When we add the figures together we find a total of 255,846, or about three-fifths of the railways of the world belonging to the English speaking race. And this is, of course, independent of railways under other flags which are due to English or American capital or skill.

CLEVER ADVERTISERS IN PARIS.

Even Quick-Witted Americans Might Be Given Pointers.

The recently notorious Barrison sisters first came into notice as an advertisement of a play, "The Fairy's Well," run by Owen Ferree in New York, and while hardly more than babes were seen every day riding in an Irish jaunting car through the streets of New York. That was ten years ago. All these methods are common enough in the States, and much more frequently used than such of the public as is not familiar with the business section of the city knows. Now hear how it is done in France:

"To-day," writes a Paris correspondent, "on the boulevards I came across a wedding party, which, to my astonishment, drove up in a splendidly appointed equipage and alighted in front of a fashionable restaurant. The men were in evening dress. The bride had on her orange blossoms and veil; a pretty bride she was too. Everything about the party was au fait. They took their seats on the terasse and, of course, a crowd at once began to gather near them, for while bridal parties are not an uncommon sight in Paris, still, as a rule, the blushing bride hides herself discreetly in some far-off, obscure restaurant, rather than flaunt herself in the face and eyes of the boulevards. Sipping their absinthe, the party chatted and laughed and the gaping people about them drank in every word. They talked in unconscious audibleness, and every word they said was simply a glorification of the Montmartre cafe That done they passed on to their next stand."

Yet even that has not yet discounted the manner in which Yvette Guilbert was advertised last year. At that time, during the racing season, long light overcoats became the fashion in France—those startling affairs that reached to the heels, and only became slight and elegant figures, although in Paris at that time almost every smart man who could wore one. Never more than half a dozen ever came to Boston. At that time one constantly met on the streets in Paris a dozen well-dressed men wearing these coats. They wore silk hats and patent leathers, and had field glasses swung over their shoulders. They looked so clean, so happy, so altogether attractive and correct that everyone stared at them—and envied them—until the leader shouted out "Yvette Guilbert," and the rest of the crowd responded "To-night—9 o'clock—at La Scala." The snap being given away, the crowd marched on, laughing and jesting, to attract another hearing, and like Frenchmen they played the part well. It seems to me that after that it may well be claimed that the French want no lessons from us.—Boston Herald.

Siam's King.

Siam's outspoken monarch is to visit Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle next summer. He will go to Europe in his 2,500-ton steam yacht Maha Chakri, which was built for him in Scotland four years ago.

Cupid steals a base every time lovers look at the moon.

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. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of Grain-O, the new food 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 seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. One-quarter the price of coffee. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DIETER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1894.

In a Duck.

A duck shot by Edward Jackson, of Atchison, had a nine-pound fish in its esophagus.

THE TURN OF LIFE

Is the most important period in a woman's existence. Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying and sometimes painful symptoms.

Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble. Those hot flashes are just so many calls from nature for help. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life.

The Vegetable Compound is an invigorating strengthener of the female organism. It builds up the weakened nervous system and enables a woman to pass that grand change triumphantly.

It does not seem necessary for us to prove the honesty of our statements, but it is a pleasure to publish such grateful words as the following:

"I have been using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for some time during the change of life and it has been a saviour of life unto me. I can cheerfully recommend your medicine to all women, and I know it will give permanent relief. I would be glad to relate my experience to any sufferer."—MRS. DELLA WATSON, 524 West 5th St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

REWARD.

A friend of mine had the misfortune to lose several of his Pigeons and asked me to advertise for their return. Each bird had a metal band on leg marked as follows: L5073 S1742, S9771, C17821, C17522, C17525, C24844 C24353, C1340, F1176, F9287, F8298, F8299, F8842, F38828, K4882 Pigeon fanciers, kindly look through your lofts for above birds. A liberal reward for each bird returned. J. FREUND, 64 Morton Street, New York.

WANTED EVERYWHERE—Farmers and mechanics to sell directly to their own class of industry. No mere toy or novelty, but an actual labor-saving Hoist by means of which one man can do his butchering, change rigging of wagon, put up buildings, put away hay and grain, stretch wire fence, handle stone and logs, and other work heretofore requiring extra help. Address, THE BURR MFG. CO., Cleveland, O.

GET RICH Quickly. Send for Book, "Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, N.Y.

KLONDYKE IS ALL RIGHT.

But why pay $100 a share for stock with nothing but "talk" to back it, and 9,000 miles from home? I will sell you dividend paying Colorado Gold Mine Stock for 25 cents a share, in certificates from 100 shares up. Other stock in proportion. Address, Broker BEN A. BLOCK, Denver, Colo. Member Stock Exchange. Suite 306-7 Symes Building.

DRUNK ARDS can be saved without their knowledge by Anti-Jag the marvelous cure for the drink habit. Write Renova Chemical Co., 66 Broadway, N. Y. Full information (in plain wrapper) mailed free.

INVENTORS! Don't waste money on Patent Agencies advertising "No patent no pay." Prizes, medals, great riches, etc. We do a regular patent business. Low fees. Advice free. Highest references. Write us. WATSON E. COLEMAN, Solicitors of patents, 902 F. Street, Washington, D. C.

How to Sell Mss. Writers who wish to see their manuscripts in print should send to the U. S. Authors' Exchange, 165 Broadway, N. Y., for circular which sets forth means of making copy which publishers will buy. Instruction to young writers. Composition, punctuation, etc., taught.

AGENTS wanted, ladies and gents, to sell our fast selling household necessities everywhere. Brand new. Immense sellers. Steady job. Big pay. Hub Novelty Co., Indianapolis, Ind

TO KLONDIKE Start Feb. 1st. Cost $22.00. Send 25 cts for book on Alaska. The Standard Co., Mound City, Mo.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty. since.

CANCER CURED AT HOME; send stamp for book. Dr. J. B. HARRIS & CO., Pike Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

PNU 40 '97.

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

Solid Comfort

for every Columbia rider. No worrying or apprehension about safety or speed. Columbias are justly famous for their superior strength and mechanism.

1897 Columbia Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD. $75 TO ALL ALIKE.

1897 Hartfords,	$50
Hartfords, Pattern 2,	45
Hartfords, Pattern 1,	40

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know.

A tube like this used in Columbias of	Is just as strong as one like this of	Which in turn is just as strong as one like this of
5% Nickel Steel	.50% Carbon Steel	.25% Carbon Steel

"A Fair Face May Prove a Foul Bargain." Marry a Plain Girl if She Uses

SAPOLIO