

Poisoned Blood Malaria

These come from poisonous miasms arising from low marshy land and from decaying vegetable matter, which, breathed into the lungs, enter and poison the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla and there will be little danger from malaria. The millions take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best in fact the One True Blood Purifier. The best family cathartic. Hood's Pills.

The Old Brute.

"I just hate that old Mr. Browne," said the New Girl.

"Really?"

"Really. We girls are going in for hunting, you know, and when I told him how I had killed a dozen birds he only said, 'Oh, that wasn't so bad, but I've got a dog that killed thirty rats in thirty minutes.' Hateful old fogy!"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

At the Zoo.

Little Elsie (looking at the giraffe at the Zoo)—Oh, mamma! They have made that poor thing stand in the sun, haven't they?

Mamma—Why do you say that, my dear?

Little Elsie—Look at all his freckles.—Philadelphia Times.

The Way to Do It.

"What I want is to achieve fame at a single bound."

"Then go to Cuba and lose yourself."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Terrier's Revenge.

This dog story was told to a New York Mail and Express reporter by a lady who vouches for its accuracy. Remarkable as it is, she affirms that it is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

An up-the-State family had two dogs, a bulldog and a black-and-tan, between which there existed every evidence of deep friendship. The family went into the country some sixteen miles from home. They took the black-and-tan with them, but left his companion at home. They had not been established in their summer quarters more than a few days before the small dog had managed to pick a quarrel with a neighbor's bulldog, in which the black-and-tan got much the worst of the argument—so much so that when he disappeared after the battle his owners were much worried. They searched high and low, but no trace of that small dog could be found.

The next morning there were seen coming up the road, side by side, the black-and-tan and his faithful companion, the bulldog from home. The two marched straight past the hotel where the family were staying and halted in front of the home of the black-and-tan's enemy. In some unknown manner the country bulldog was summoned, and immediately his city contemporary fell upon him. The struggle was severe and prolonged, but the issue was never in doubt. The country bulldog was completely conquered and retired in as good order as possible under the circumstances. The victor, once his task completed, wheeled about and without a stop retraced the sixteen miles home. The black-and-tan crawled into the hotel with every indication of complete satisfaction on his diminutive countenance.

He Reads the Papers.

Teacher—Tommy, what is the animal with two legs which neither runs nor walks?

Tommy Smarted—Guess it must be a messenger boy.—New York Tribune.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE SAVED.

The craving for drink is a disease, a marvelous cure for which has been discovered called "Anti-Jag," which makes the inebriate lose all taste for strong drink without knowing why, as it can be given secretly in tea, coffee, soup and the like.

If "Anti-Jag" is not kept by your druggist, send one dollar to the Renova Chemical Co., 69 Broadway, New York, and it will be sent postpaid, in plain wrapper, with full directions how to give secretly. Information mailed free.

ALABASTINE IS WHAT?

A pure, permanent and artistic wall-coating ready for the brush by mixing in cold water. FOR SALE BY PAINT DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

FREE! A Tint Card showing 12 desirable tints. Also Alabastine Souvenir Book sent free to any one mentioning this paper.

ALABASTINE CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.


PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS.

JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Late Principal Examiner U. S. Patent Bureau. 3 yrs. in last war, in adjusting claims, etc., since.

LET RICH quickly send for "200 Favorable Cases Wanted." Eborac Park & Co., 242 Broadway, N. Y.

WEIGHTY WORDS FOR AYER'S PILLS.



"I have been using Ayer's Pills for thirteen years, and find that nothing equals them for indigestion. They are the only relief I have found in all these years for the suffering of dyspepsia and indigestion. Mrs. MATTIE S. MITCHELL, Glad Hill, Va., Feb. 21, 1886.

"I have been using Ayer's Pills for years for biliousness and constipation. I find them very effective, and mild in action. They suit my system in every respect."—JOHN F. ASHLEY, Pelican, La., July 19, 1895.

A Crawling Rug.

Among the first "instruments" to be used toward the education of the little son of the Duke and Duchess of York is a crawling-rug, designed by Miss Emma Windsor, who is famous for her intelligent interpretation of the Froebel idea of education.

Froebel, she says, constantly urged upon mothers the necessity of the infants' education beginning at their mothers' knee, and thinking of this has led me to the invention of the babies' crawling rug. It is a large floor-picture of animals, birds and domestic figures, made of real skin, swansdown, and other materials sewn on to flannel, and is quite in harmony with Froebel's idea.

For as soon as baby is put on the rug the first thing that the mite does is to begin to kick and stretch out its limbs; then it begins to roll over and look about, and tries to clutch at the pretty animals on the rug. Then baby finds it beyond its reach, and the first attempt to crawl is after puss, or some other equally familiar form which it sees on the rug.

The kicking, the stretching out the hand, the observation, the crawling, and so on, are all what Froebel calls education.

As baby grows older it learns, with the help of mother and nurse, to imitate the different sounds which the animals make, to pick out one from the other, and to learn their names.

Then baby should be taught to stroke each animal gently, and to speak its name in tender tones. Then the infant will early learn that love of animals calls forth the love of mankind.

It is a good plan to teach the baby to notice pictures of animals in children's books, and to call its attention to living animals and their actions. As the child grows older its delight in its zoological carpet increases; and children of seven years of age are known to greatly appreciate them.

The place for the rug is the nursery, the drawing-room, the bath-room, the seaside, and on shipboard.

A BOY'S OWN RAILROAD.

Built the Locomotive, Laid the Track, and Operate It Himself.

Robert M. Tyler, the son of William M. Tyler, has built a perfectly equipped railroad, with rolling stock and locomotive, on the farm of his father at Buck's Hill, a suburb of Waterbury, Conn.

He built the locomotive himself. He surveyed the line, decided upon the grades and curves, and, aided by ordinary labor, made the roadbed, laid the rails, and now runs the engine. It is a real railroad and not a toy—a railroad over which the engine, built by the boy, runs daily, hauls stones, lumber and other materials and farm products, and has an existence with a definite and profitable purpose. Hunters found a field with their dogs take Tyler's road to get a lift toward the hunting grounds, and lots of people have been delighted with an excursion trip over the line.

It was manifest that profit as well as fun awaited the success of a miniature railroad running over Buck's Hill. Tyler, who went to work at it in a very crude, small-boyish way at first, soon compelled his elders to have faith in him as a civil and mechanical engineer and road constructor. Then the necessary cash capital was forthcoming as fast as it became necessary for Tyler to invest in material.

The boy engine-builder very sensibly refrained from attempting to follow the lines of drive-wheel locomotive. Tyler was indifferent to appearances, but bent on practical results. The boy's sensible aim was to save and make money, and not to expend it extravagantly. The engine and boiler and the car on which these are mounted cost not less than \$500. The further equipment of Buck's Hill line consists of two cars, each four-wheeled and each having a capacity of 1,500 pounds.

In running the line the boy surveyor humored the topography of the region with which he had to deal, and did not contract for any steep cuts or for any rock work. The stony, gravelly surface was easily converted into a solid bed. The rails used were of steel, and the cross ties were of chestnut. The gauge is twenty-six inches. The grade in its steepest part is 370 feet to the mile. The whole cost of constructing the railway was at the rate of \$600 per mile.

More suicides occur in June than in any other month, and fewer in December.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. 32c a bottle.

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

SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere, I know, we shall find them all, The rose that blossomed beyond our reach.

The star that hid 'neath an ivy pall Just as we staggered across the beach; The glory he had that once was dream, The words unspoken, come loud and clear, That words withheld in the dim, sad past, Shall fill with rapture our listening ear.

The heart's best pulses beat sweet and fast.

—Hamilton Jay, in the Florida Times-Union.

A FLOOD THAT HELPED.

GRANDMOTHER

Melton lit the kitchen lamp and set it in the middle of the table.

"We might as well have supper," she said. "You're father probably won't be back till late."

Fred and Polly drew up their chairs, and Grandmother Melton brought a steaming bowl of mush from the stove and dished it into two smaller bowls.

"I'm as hungry as a bear," observed Fred, between mouthfuls. "I think it's a shame we have to go so far to school. There isn't a single boy or girl in Springfield that has to go half so far as we do."

"I don't see why father doesn't move down there," complained Polly, pouring more of the rich yellow milk over her mush; "he could get to his work just as well, and it would be ever so much pleasanter than this lonesome place."

"You must remember that your father isn't a rich man," answered Grandmother Melton, gently. "He owns this cottage, and if he moved he would have to rent another one, and perhaps he couldn't sell this one."

The Meltons had only been in their new home since the summer before. Both Fred and Polly had enjoyed it very much indeed during the pleasant warm weather of August and September. Then the wide, swift Mississippi had gleamed through the willows, and there had been unlimited boating and swimming and fishing. But with the coming of winter the roads choked full of snow and ice, and the winds swept over the river sharp and cold, and it was a dreary, lonesome walk of four miles to school at Springfield. As the winter progressed they had complained more and more, and now for a week, owing to the spring freshets, Polly had been unable to go at all, and Fred was compelled to make a long detour over the bluffs to avoid the lagoons in the river bottoms.

"They'll all get ahead of me," Polly had sobbed; "and I can't pass my examinations."

That morning Father Melton had gone up the river to help watch the levees. Reports had been coming from St. Paul, St. Louis, Cairo and other points farther up the great river that the water was rising rapidly. The levees must be watched night and day to prevent breaks. On leaving his home that morning Mr. Melton had told Fred that he would be back before dark, and that there was no danger to fear from the water. All his neighbors had told him that his cottage was high enough to be safe, even in the greatest floods.

"It's after 9 o'clock now," said Polly, as she arose from the table; "I wonder where father is?"

"I'd go out and watch for him if it wasn't raining so hard," said Fred, and then he looked around toward the doorway, anxiously.

He caught his breath suddenly. Then he half rose from the table and pointed at the floor. Grandmother Melton dropped her fork noisily on her plate and her eyes followed the direction indicated by Fred's finger. Polly sat still and gazed at the other two, wondering what it all meant.

There on the floor, crawling from the crack under the door, was a dark wriggling object. At first Fred had taken it to be one of the swamp rattlers so common to the Mississippi bottoms, and his first impulse was to spring for his father's rifle which stood in the corner.

"It's the flood," said Grandmother Melton when she could get her breath. By this time the black ribbon of water was spreading, slipping into the cracks and creeping over the floor toward the table. Polly broke into a cry of terror. Even Grandmother Melton seemed uncertain what to do.

Fred suddenly roused himself. He remembered that he was the man of the house, and that he must watch over and protect it in his father's absence. So he sprang from his seat and threw open the door, not without a throb of fear. It was dark outside, and the rain came down in torrents. Curling up over the step they could see the muddy water, and they could hear the sound of it slapping against the house. It stretched away into the darkness in all directions as far as Fred could see. He knew that already it must be a foot or more high around the house.

"The levee's broken," said Polly, in a scared, awed voice. "Do you think we'll be washed away?"

At that moment something bumped against the side of the house with so much force that the dishes rattled. Fred ran to the side of the window, peered out, and found that a big log had washed down against the building.

Grandmother Melton, who was usually cool and brave under the most

somewhere, the laurel we missed while here The bays our foreheads reached for in vain.

Somewhere the chaplet shall ne'er grow here Nor loss prove victor o'er laggard gain; The glory be real that once was dream, The words unspoken, come loud and clear, That words withheld in the dim, sad past, Shall fill with rapture our listening ear.

The heart's best pulses beat sweet and fast.

—Hamilton Jay, in the Florida Times-Union.

trying circumstances, was wringing her hands in terror.

"Run up stairs," shouted Fred, "and Polly and I'll bring all the stuff we can with us."

Grandmother Melton waited no longer. She crept up the narrow stairway to the little attic. Fred ran to the cupboard and began filling his arms with dishes of food, while Polly in her excitement seized the first thing that came to hand—grandmother's rocking-chair—and struggled up the stairs with it.

"We'll need clothing more'n anything else," called Grandmother Melton.

"Fred ran back. The floor of the cottage was now entirely covered with water. He splashed through it and seized all the clothing, coats and jackets he could carry. Polly bravely wiped away her tears and when Fred brought the loads to the doorway she ran with them to the bedroom where Grandmother Melton was sitting.

By this time the building had begun to shake and quiver as the water beat against it.

"She's going soon," shouted Fred. "I'm afraid the water will reach us up here," suggested Grandmother Melton.

Fred looked up. The ceiling was low, and just above him there had been an old trap-door, now nailed up. Instantly Fred seized the ax and burst it open. Above they could see the dark sky and the rain coming down in steady torrents. Fred climbed a trunk on top of the table and climbed out on the roof.

He couldn't see far, but he could hear the roaring of the water from every direction. His heart sank; he felt sure that they would all be drowned. Suddenly something thumped heavily against the side of the building, and the next instant the front end of the room went up and Grandmother and Polly slipped down toward the rear end. Fred narrowly escaped being hurled off the roof.

"We're going! We're going!" screamed Polly.

"We're just off the foundation," answered Fred, as bravely as he could.

Then he swung back down into the bedroom and helped Grandmother Melton and Polly up through the trap-door to the roof. He covered them up as well as he could and told them to cling to the ridgepole whatever might happen. Then he ran for a coil of clothesline. This he tied firmly to the window at one end of the bedroom, carried the other end up through the trap-door, along the roof and dropped it over the eaves. Down he went again and fastened it to the other window frame. It would do to hold to. Hardly had he finished his work when the building gave another great lurch.

"Hold on!" shouted Fred.

The words were hardly out of his mouth when he found himself thrown violently from his feet. He caught a glimpse of the water pouring up the stairway, and then the lamp was capsized and went out. Next he found himself pounding about in the water.

"Fred! Fred!" came the agonized voice of Polly.

"Here I am!" spluttered Fred. In falling he had caught the edge of the trap-door and Polly helped him to the roof.

"We had all we could do to hold on," gasped Grandmother Melton.

"We're moving," shouted Polly.

They rocked and scraped and bumped along, with the water swirling and crashing around them.

"It's our first voyage," said Fred, with an effort to laugh; "p'raps we'll wind up in the Gulf of Mexico."

But Polly didn't laugh, neither did Grandmother Melton.

A few minutes later they heard some one shouting far out on the stream and they saw the glimmer of a lantern. They shouted in return, but there was no answer, and presently the lantern was swallowed up in the darkness and the three castaways were even more lonesome and terrified than before.

They were compelled to cling firmly to the rope and the ridgepole all the time, for the house was continually bumping against obstructions in the stream and careening and jolting like a boat in a rough sea. Besides this, they were wet to the skin and shivering with cold and fright. Occasionally huge forms would loom up near them, and they would see the outline of trees or buildings floating down the river. They were momentarily afraid lest their boat should bump into something and be broken up. If this happened they knew they would have small hope of escape.

Quite suddenly they felt the building grind on something, and then, with a jolt, it came to a standstill. They could hear the timbers strain and creak and the current of the stream splashing about it, but it did not move.

"Well, we're anchored," said Fred. "I suppose we're out somewhere on a sandbar in the Mississippi."

How Flowers Fascinate Insects.

Professor F. Plateau, of the University of Ghent, has for many years carried on a series of observations on the mode on which insects are attracted to flowers, the results of which are published in the bulletin of the Royal Academy of Sciences of Belgium. His conclusions are not in accord with those of Darwin, that the bright color of the corolla acts as a beacon to attract insects. He believes that they are attracted chiefly by some other sense than that of sight, probably that of smell.

In the case of the dahlia (single) and other species of Compositae, the removal of the conspicuous ray florets have but little effect on the visits of insects; nor had the removal of the conspicuous part of the corolla in other flowers, as long as the necessary conditions are met. On the other hand, says Nature, the artificial placing of honey on otherwise scentless flowers resulted in their being immediately visited by numbers of insects. Where the same species varies in the color of the flower, as between blue and white, or red and white, insects visit quite indifferently flowers of different colors belonging to the same species.

The Compass Plant.

What is known as the Compass plant, Pilot weed, and Polas plant in different localities, is quite curious, and in former days, when there were no railroads, was of great value in guiding travelers. The leaves in variously pointed north and south. Mango Park has immortalized it as he says he was guided by it, when otherwise his way would have been lost and he would have perished on the dry plains. The peculiar faculty of thus pointing to the north and south attempted to be explained by the fact that both surfaces of the leaves display equal susceptibility to light whereas the upper surface of the leaves of plants, in general, is more sensitive to light than the lower; hence the vertical position of the Compass plant, as unerring as the mariner's compass. Professor Asa says of it "on the wide open prairie the leaves are said to present their faces uniformly with the north or south."—American Gardening.

Victoria's Double.

Her majesty the Queen has a double in the person of an elderly lady who occupies—or occupied—a position in the Middlesex Hospital, where she was known as the "Queen of Middlesex." She is the exact age of the Queen, and became a widow in the same year that the Queen lost her consort.

PHYSICIANS BAFFLED.

Prof. R. S. Bowman, Instructor of Natural Science in Hartsville College, Cured of a Severe Illness by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People After Physicians Failed.

From the Republican, Columbus, Ind.

Prof. R. S. Bowman, the able instructor of natural science in the famous Hartsville (Ind.) College, is well and favorably known, not only as an educator, but also as a minister of the gospel, as for a number of years he was pastor of the United Brethren church at Charlotte, Mich., before coming to Hartsville.

"Do you think we have reached Memphis?" asked Polly, anxiously.

To Polly it seemed as if they had been drifting for hours.

For a long time they remained almost still. Occasionally they joined their voices in a great shout, but there was no answer. Fred said the water roared so loud that no one could hear it, anyway, but it eased their spirits to be doing something.

At last they started again with a jerk and a shiver, as if some of the timbers of the building had given away. They bumped on for what seemed an endless time, and then, after scraping along for some minutes, they again stopped. By this time the rain had ceased and the moon shone out faintly through the clouds.

"There's lights," cried Polly, joyfully.

Sure enough, on the hill, not such a great distance away, they could see many lights gleaming out over the water. Nearer, there were other lights moving about, as if in boats.

"It's Memphis," said Polly, and then they all shouted at the top of their voices.

But no one heard them. The water roared too loudly. So they sat for hours and hours—it seemed to them—until the gray light of morning began to break in the east. They strained their eyes as it grew brighter and looked off across the gray flood of water with its scattering heaps of wreckage to the town on the hill.

"I thought Memphis was a bigger city than that," said Polly.

"It isn't Memphis," said Fred, with a little joyful ring in his voice that made Polly and her grandmother look around quickly; "it's Springfield."

And Springfield it was. They could see the little weatherbeaten church on the hill, and the red brick schoolhouse, and Judge Carson's home, and a great many other familiar places, although some of the buildings that had stood near the river had disappeared.

"But haven't we come only four miles?" said Grandmother Melton, looking greatly surprised.

Half an hour later two boats came alongside and the castaways were carried ashore. On the bank Polly found herself in the arms of her father crying and laughing all at once. Father Melton looked old and worn and worried. He had given up his family for lost, and he was bravely helping the other people in the work of rescue.

After the flood was subsided the Meltons went down to look over their home. Father Melton hardly knew what to do, but Polly spoke up quite promptly.

"I tell you, father, let's leave it right here and live in it; Fred and I won't have so far to go to school."

And what do you think? That is just what Father Melton did. He straightened the house around, built a new foundation under it, and the Meltons are living there to-day, quite happy and contented. So you see the flood helped two persons at least—Polly and Fred.—Chicago Record.

Such was Professor Bowman's wonderful story, which was fully endorsed by the following affidavit:

HARTSVILLE, Ind., March 16, 1897.

I affirm that the above accords with the facts in my case.

R. W. BOWMAN.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 16th day of March, 1897.

LYMAN J. SCUDDER, Notary Public.

STATE OF INDIANA, ss.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form, by the dozen or hundred) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for free trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KING, Ltd., 361 ARCH ST., PHILA., Pa.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER ALL DRUGGISTS

10¢ 25¢ 50¢

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the best laxative. NEVER GRIPE, COLIC, OR CAUSE ANY UNDESIRABLE RESULTS. Sample and booklet free. AD. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York. 311.

THE CLEANER 'TIS, THE COSIER 'TIS. WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT SAPOLIO

Here It Is!

Laugh at the Sun Drink HIRES Rootbeer Keep Cool-Drink HIRES Rootbeer

Keep Well-Drink HIRES Rootbeer Quenches your thirst HIRES Rootbeer

Want to learn all about a Horse? How to Pick Out a Good One? Know Imperfections and Guard against Fraud? Detect Disease and Effect a Cure when same is possible? Tell the Age by the Teeth? What to call the Different Parts of the Animal? How to Shoe a Horse Properly? All this and other valuable information can be obtained by reading our 100-PAGE ILLUSTRATED HORSE BOOK, which we will forward, postpaid, on receipt of only 25 cents in stamps.

BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard St., N. Y. City.

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SILOS HOW TO BUILD ASK WILLIAMS MFG. CO., KALAMAZOO, MICH.

FISO'S CURE FOR GIBBS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Cough Syrup, Throat Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

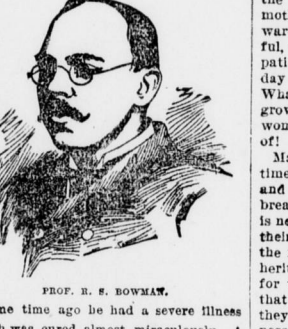
CONSUMPTION

Let the Little Ones Sleep.

"God giveth His beloved sleep," and little children should have plenty of it. It is the tendency of the times to disregard this necessity; hence the increase of nervous diseases among our young men and women. Sleep means growth with young people, and unless there is much sleep there will be no healthy growth.

Nature teaches a little child to lie down and sleep whenever it is weary, and after a bath or after its mid-day meal, and it is only through artificial influences that a little child leaves off the habit of taking a daily nap, and it is generally due to the mother's neglect that it is finally dispensed with. Yet the world often sympathizes with the mother rather than the child when toward night baby grows cross and fretful, while the mother often grows impatient, forgetting the long, tiresome day which the little one has endured. What wonder that these little ones grow up into nervous young men and women, with no constitutions to speak of!

Many grown people are pressed for time to accomplish all that they desire, and in their march for gold or daily bread, find little time to rest, yet there is no reason why they should begrudge their children an extra hour's sleep in the morning because they have an inherited idea that it is more healthful for them to rise early, and they fear that if they are allowed to sleep until they naturally awaken, habits of laziness will be formed which will mar their after lives.



Some time ago he had a severe illness which was cured almost miraculously. A reporter hearing of this, interviewed him regarding his experience. Prof. Bowman was in the midst of his work when the reporter called, but he cheerfully gave him a hearing.

"A year ago last fall," said the professor, "I broke down with nervous exhaustion, and was unable to properly attend to my duties. I tried different physicians but with no relief, and also used many different proprietary medicines, spending almost fifty dollars for these medicines alone. I then succumbed to a seige of the grip in the middle of winter, and was left in a very weak condition. My kidneys were markedly disordered, and my digestion became very poor. I was indeed in a bad condition.

"A minister in conference learning of my condition advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I had heard much about the wonderful curative powers of this medicine, but it was with reluctance that I was finally persuaded to try it, as it seemed that nothing could do me any good. However, I procured three boxes of pills and took them strictly according to directions. By the time the last dose was taken I was almost cured, and in better health than I had been for years. I continued using the pills awhile longer and was entirely cured. I can cheerfully recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

At Frederick, Md., on the B. & O., is a freight station that was built over sixty years ago. A tower on the top contains an old bell that was tolled in the days gone by when a rain was sighted. In those days horses were the motive power.

I use Pileo's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inlander, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

The fly lays four times each summer and eighty eggs each time.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Over 400,000 cured. Why not 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.

The female fly is always larger and lighter in color than the male.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sickens, weakens or gripes! 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 is 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 corns, itching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. Makes health and manhood. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Cimstead, Le Roy, N. Y.

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Allen's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

The Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Company has arranged with Pullman's Palace Car Company for a new equipment of observation parlor cars for use during the summer months between Pittsburg and Washington. These cars are Wheeling and Washington. These cars are new and will be the first of this style to be used on the mountain divisions of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

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