

Horseless Carriage.
Edison thinks that there will be a horseless carriage on the market, combining the lightness and trimness of the bicycle and costing not more than \$100. There are no insurmountable difficulties in the way. The thing is feasible enough, and an army of inventors is at work upon it. When it comes the bicyclist will have the choice of working his own passage or having it worked for him. Some of them pretend to like the former, but with the alternative in reach the chances are that they will develop an indolent and luxurious preference for the latter. The vehicle is certainly on the way, various in type and function, and Mr. Edison's declaration that it will speedily arrive is the more significant from the fact that he ought to know what he is talking about.—Farmer's Review.

Penalty for Desertion.
Desertion in time of war is punishable, in all armies, by death, usually inflicted by shooting. In time of peace it is regarded by various governments with different degrees of severity, according as the military system is mild or severe. In France, Germany or Russia desertion, even in time of peace, is very harshly punished, but in the United States it is punishable by a term of imprisonment at hard labor. As a matter of fact this penalty is rarely inflicted. The desertions in our army number from 1,000 to 1,200 annually, and few of the runaways are ever caught.

SCROFULOUS HUMOR

Sores Healed by Hood's Sarsaparilla and How Never Returned.
"I was a sufferer with scrofulous humor, and had a very large sore under my chin. It caused me much pain. I also felt tired and despondent, but after taking a few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla my sores were healed and have never returned." Mrs. C. N. Rockwell, White's Store, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills

Assist Digestion and cure Constipation. 25 cents.

A Spelling-bee.
"I'm going to have a spelling bee tonight," said Uncle John, "and I'll give a pair of skates to the boy who can best spell 'man.'" The children turned and stared into one another's eyes. "Best spell 'man,'" Uncle John? Why, there is only one way," they cried. "There are all sorts of ways," replied Uncle John. "I leave you to think of it a while." And he buttoned up his coat and went away.

Time went slowly to the puzzled boys for all their fun that day. It seemed as if that after supper time would never come; but it came at last, and Uncle John came, too, with a shiny skate-runner peeping out of his great-coat pocket. Uncle John did not delay. He sat down, and looked straight into Harry's eyes. "Been a good boy to-day, Hal?"
"Yes—no," said Harry, flushing. "I did something Aunt Mag told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me to. I can't bear a boy to dare me. What's that to do with spelling 'man'?" he added, half to himself.

But Uncle John turned to Bob. "Had a good day, my boy?"

"Haven't had fun enough," answered Bob, stoutly. "It's all Jo's fault, too. We boys wanted the pond to ourselves for one day; and we made up our minds that, when the girls came, we'd clear them off. But Jo, he—"

"I think this is Jo's to tell," interrupted Uncle John. "How was it, boy?"
"Why," said Jo, "I thought the girls had as much right on the pond as the boys. So I spoke to one or two of the bigger boys, and they thought so, too; and we stopped it all. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way." There came a flash from Uncle John's pocket. The next minute the skates were on Jo's knee.

"The spelling match is over," said Uncle John, "and Jo has won the prize." Three bewildered faces mutely questioned him. "Boys," he answered gravely, "we've been spelling 'man,' not in letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we've proved it here to-night. Think over it, boys, and see."

To be popular with some people, all that is necessary is to say "Thank you" in a very loud voice.

Woolen Ingrain Carpet, 33c. Imported Velvet Carpet, 89c.
Our entire force is working day and night filling orders. You, also, can save 50 to 60 per cent. on a carpet by writing for our new Colored Carpet Catalogue which shows all goods in lithographed colors and with exact dimensions. The book costs you nothing. If you wish quality samples, send 5c. in stamps. Our new 12 page general catalogue of Furniture, Draperies, Crochets, Stoves, etc., will be ready after Nov. 1st. Write for it now.
JULIUS HINES & SON, BALTIMORE, MD.
Please mention this paper.

Catarth Cannot be Cured
With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarth is a blood or constitutional disease, and with exact directions you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarth Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarth Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonic known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients what produces such wonderful results in curing catarth. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CRENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

ALASKA FISH.

They Are Used for Food, Light and Heat by the Natives.

A species of fish abounds in the waters of Alaska that are useful both as food and fuel. They are taken in immense quantities with nets and lines. After being caught they are dried and stored away until the long winter months arrive, when it gets dark early and the Alaskan is snowed up. Here comes an opportunity for using them. Not a bit at a loss for light, the Alaskan takes one of these dried fish, inserts its tail into a crack in his rough wooden table and lights its nose. The fish burns with a bright and steady light of about three candle power, giving a clear, white light and a very considerable amount of heat. A fairly large fish will burn for a period of three hours.

The scientific explanation is extremely simple. The vertebrae which form the backbone of the fish are found to be largely formed of phosphorus, which not only causes it to ignite easily, but also accounts for the strength of the flame and the heat developed. The substance of the fish, which consists so largely of fat, acts as a retarder to the rapid burning of the vertebrae in precisely the same way as the tallow acts in an ordinary candle. The fat of the fish is largely composed of stearine, which is also the chief chemical constituent of the tallow used for making candles, and which gives them their firmness and consistency.

Valuable as is the fish for its lighting properties, it also has its value as a food. If necessary it can be eaten after having been used as a candle, it then being simply smoked, or it can be boiled or cooked in the ordinary manner. In whichever way it is treated, to a hungry man it serves as a very welcome and appetizing dish. In flavor it is much like the smelt, having the same sweet taste, but is much fatter. Still another use to which it can be put is as a substitute for cod liver oil, which, if taken in sufficient quantity, by aiding the natural heat of the body, proves an excellent protective against the severe cold. The oil is obtained from the fish by immersing them in cold water and squeezing the product obtained being almost equal in quality to the genuine cod liver oil.

Inherited.

"Is that young one going to stay awake all night?" asked Mr. Lushforth, indignantly.

"There is no right for you to complain," retorted his wife. "He inherits the habit from you."

A TALK WITH MRS. PINKHAM

About the Cause of Anemia.



Everybody comes into this world with a predisposition to disease of some particular tissue; in other words, everybody has a weak spot. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the weak spot in women is somewhere in the uterine system. The uterine organs have less resistance to disease than the vital organs; that's why they give out the soonest.

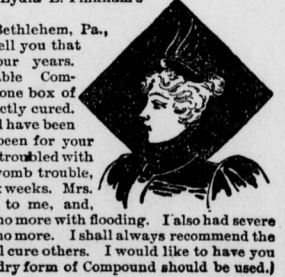
Not more than one woman in a hundred—say, in five hundred—has perfectly healthy organs of generation. This points to the stern necessity of helping one's self just as soon as the life powers seem to be on the wane.

Excessive menstruation is a sign of physical weakness and want of tone in the uterine organs. It saps the strength away and produces anemia (blood turns to water).

If you become anemic, there is no knowing what will happen. If your gums and the inside of your lips and inside your eyelids look pale in color, you are in a dangerous way and must stop that drain on your powers. Why not build up on a generous, uplifting tonic, like Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

Mrs. EDWIN EHRIG, 413 Church St., Bethlehem, Pa., says: "I feel it my duty to write and tell you that I am better than I have been for four years. I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one package of Sanative Wash, one box of Liver Pills, and can say that I am perfectly cured."

"Doctors did not help me. I should have been in my grave by this time if it had not been for your medicine. It was a godsend to me. I was troubled with excessive menstruation, which caused womb trouble, and I was obliged to remain in bed for six weeks. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine was recommended to me, and, after using it a short time, was troubled no more with flooding. I also had severe pain in my kidneys. This, also, I have no more. I shall always recommend the Compound, for it has cured me, and it will cure others. I would like to have you publish this letter." (In such cases the dry form of Compound should be used.)



TERROR ON THE DEEP.

IT COMES SURE ENOUGH WHEN A WATERSPOUT IS SEEN.

The Most Appalling Experience of the Sailor Man—An Old Salt Who Counted Twenty of Them at One Time—When One Strikes the Ship.

"Cyclones, hurricanes and icebergs have sent many a good ship to her doom, and will send many more—but there's something to be dreaded worse." So spoke a veteran sea captain, from whom I was trying to draw out something interesting on the subject of storms.

"I can't imagine what it is," I said—though I had my guess.

"Well, it's a waterspout; and the mariner may thank God they are not to be met with every week. I know men who have sailed for thirty years without sighting one, but it has happened that they have come my way pretty often. I saw one on my first voyage as cabin boy, and it wasn't over four weeks ago that one came mighty nigh doing the business for this old bark. Man and boy, I've followed the sea for over forty years, and the peril most to be feared is the one you are almost helpless to guard against. You want to hear some stories? After I've told the mate about getting up that new topsail I'll spin you a few."

Ten minutes later we were ready and he began:

"Everybody knows that a waterspout is formed by a whirlwind passing along the surface of the water. On land it would suck up dust and grass and paper, and perhaps rip the roof off a house or barn. There are little waterspouts and big ones, according to the strength of the wind. I've counted twenty little ones playing around at once, and no great fear need be felt of them. It's the big ones—the old chaps holding water enough to float a ship over a stone wall—that make your hair curl when they come sweeping down your way. In the China Sea, thirty years ago, as the clipper ship Champion was sailing along one day in a moderate breeze, I was sent aloft on some job about the fore-topmast. I was working away when I happened to look into the northwest, and I beheld a curious sight. About three miles from the ship, which was headed the other way, was a patch of what looked to be black water.

"This patch was perhaps a quarter of a mile square, and it stood out on the green-white sea in strange contrast. It began to boil as I looked, and then the water in that particular spot seemed to be racing 'round and 'round. A minute later, and the center of the patch began to rise, and the next thing was a waterspout. The water was sucked up as by a pump, and when thousands and thousands of barrels had been lifted the spout began to travel. The stem of it was about as big as a ship's mast, but it writhed and twisted about like a serpent. The spout did not come near us, but we were shaking with fear for a quarter of an hour."

Suppose that a big waterspout should strike a ship—what then?" I asked.

"I can give you a plain answer to that," replied Captain Griggs. "In 1878 I made a voyage from Liverpool to the Cape of Good Hope in the brig Steadfast. We had left St. Helena about 400 miles to the north of us, when one morning there came a dead calm. About two miles to the south of us lay a Russian merchantman—a big fellow, with a crew of at least thirty men. Up to noon there wasn't air enough to flare a candle. Then came the cat's paws from every point of the compass, and after a while a small waterspout formed near the brig and traveled away to the east. We took alarm at that and got ready.

"It had just gone four bells (2 o'clock) when the man who had been sent aloft an hour before hailed the deck in great excitement, and then came sliding down a backstay. A waterspout, which had formed to the south of us, was coming down toward the two ships. It was an ugly sight. It had drawn up so much water that its top was a black cloud a mile in circumference, and as it came along the sea under it was boiling and leaping as if a dozen great whales were at play. The Russian had a gun aboard, and opened fire with a solid shot, hoping to hit the stem or break it by concussion. They told me that has been done, but I beg to doubt it.

"He fired three shots while the spout was dancing about in an uncertain way; then a current of wind sent it fairly down upon him. We could hear the sailors shouting and see them running about, but all the ships on salt water could not prevent what happened. Every one of us had his eyes on the spout when it struck the ship. There was a smash and a crash, and a moment later only a few floating fragments remained of the big craft. Tens of thousands of barrels of water fell upon her from a height of half a mile, and she was literally torn to pieces. We lay a full mile away, and yet the fall of that great body of water upon the surface of the ocean kicked up such a sea that we had to hold on for dear life. The edge of the spout just hit us, and we got rain in sheets and bucketfuls. When a wave rolling in against a breakwater will overturn a block of stone weighing fifteen or twenty tons, you get some slight idea of what might happen under the fall of a whole lake from the sky in a body."—Philadelphia Press.

Eiffel Tower Bridge.

French engineers are constructing a peculiar bridge over the Seine at Rouen. On each bank of the river miniature Eiffel towers 175 feet high have been erected. From these heavy steel cables will support a track bed which is to be suspended 160 feet above the surface of the water.

QUAINT EPITAPHS.

Curious Inscriptions on Gravestones in an Old Baptist Burying Ground.

Some curious inscriptions are often found on ancient gravestones in country cemeteries. In an old Baptist burying-ground, near Hightstown, N. J., are many that are remarkable for quaintness and originality.

The lament of a wife for her husband is as follows:

My head and stay is took away,
And I am left alone,
My husband dear, who was so near,
Is took away and gone.
It grieves my heart that I must part
With one who was so kind;
I must be still, it is God's will
That I am left behind.

An inscription bearing the date 1790 is:

Come stop and see
What death has done.
This is the place
We all must come!

Another reads:

Farwell, dear family, here below,
Now Christ has called, and I must go;
As I am now, so you must be,
Prepare for death and follow me.

But more interesting even than these are two old graves lying solitary in the midst of a field now well covered with ripening corn. Every year the plough has encroached on the plot that once surrounded them, and they would now be completely obliterated were it not for the stones. One of these has been thrown down by a careless ploughman, and it was only by turning it over and scraping off the dirt and moss that the following inscription was deciphered:

Sacred
to the memory of
Ann Hutchinson,
Relict of
Wm. Hutchinson, Esqr.,
deceased this life
June 4th, 1801.
Aged 101 years
9 months and seven
days. She was mother
of 13 children and
grandmother and great-
grandmother of
575 persons.

Raising Sunken Vessels.

Some months ago, when one of our great ocean liners was stuck in the sand at a point only a few hours distant from her destination, the suggestion was made to get the ship out of her environment by washing the sand away from her sides by means of heavy pumps. Very little force would be required to pull her into deep water. It was rumored then that masterly inactivity was the policy of some of the parties concerned in her release. Since that time there has been a great deal of discussion as to the best methods of raising sunken vessels and lifting those that were stuck on sand bars. It is unquestionably the fact that if powerful pumps could be so arranged that streams of water would pour into the sand around the hull of the ship there would be very little time lost in releasing it. In connection with this means it has been suggested that heavy iron cylinders be attached to the sides of the vessel as low down as possible. These are pumped full of air or gas and would assist in lifting the vessel and floating her out of harm's way. It is predicted that this will be the salvage process of the future. Heavy bands of webbing made of strong and suitable material can be worked under the bottom of the ship. To the ends of this webbing these iron cylinders can be attached. Pumps are then applied and gas or air is forced into them. Then the pumps are started and as the sand is washed entirely away from the sides of the ship the buoyancy of the cylinders slowly lifts the great body to the surface. Either means used by itself might not have the desired effect, but applied together this is unquestionably the most practical method by which such enormous bulk can be raised. The webbing or bands could be placed so close together that they would practically form a network under the hull of the ship. By means of slender rods, ropes could be pushed underneath and the webbing could be drawn through and properly adjusted.

When There Were No Postage Stamps.

In these days postage stamps are a familiar necessity. Their loss would occasion almost as much confusion and difficulty as the loss of our money system; and yet, fifty years ago the world never had seen a postage stamp nor even an envelope.

Before the days of postage stamps it was customary to pay in cash at the postoffice the charges for transporting the letter, and the postmaster stamped the word "paid" above the address. The first stamps were of two denominations, five and ten cents. The first bore the likeness of Franklin in rose color, and the second that of Washington. Envelopes were not in use in those days, but a sheet of paper was carefully folded and sealed with a red wafer. For a letter of one sheet of paper for a distance less than 300 miles the five-cent stamp sufficed. When envelopes, including the stamped envelopes, came in 1851, a revision of postal practices was necessary, and weight, instead of the number of sheets of paper, became the standard measure. Postage was in that year very much reduced, and the three-cent price for the half-ounce letter was adopted.—Chicago Record.

Children at Home.

The future of nations rests in the hands of the children of to-day and with the fast-increasing educational facilities of the present, parents should use their endeavors to aid their children, so that when they become men and women they will be well fitted to fulfill their mission in life, endowed with both good health and firm characters.—Life and Health.

How some people eat at Eaton Rapids, Mich., may be guessed by the record of a housewife who in a year has baked eighty-four loaves of bread, 729 biscuits, 140 cakes, 158 fried cakes, 191 pies and 1026 cookies.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Zoologists say that all known species of wild animals are gradually diminishing in size.

A mechanical device recently patented pastes paper labels on 100,000 tins in ten hours.

Some wonderful stalactite caves were discovered recently at Sterkfontein, eight miles to the northwest of Krugersdorp, in the South African Republic.

Professor Hillebrand, a scientist of British Columbia, who has been living for some time in Indian villages in the interior, now claims to have discovered positive proof that the Pacific coast Indians are of Malay-Polynesian origin.

French authorities say that the intensity of the electric light used on men-of-war has caused eye complaints among the sailors, some of which have led to complete blindness. Gray and blue eyes are more likely to be affected than brown eyes. The eye troubles are due not only to the intensity of the light, but also, it is said by some, to the action of the ultra violet rays.

It is asserted by a correspondent of the Gardener's Chronicle that wasps not only devour ripe fruits, such as apricots, grapes and pears, but that they extend their ravages to rosebuds and blown roses. The blossoms and buds belonging to him were destroyed by wasps, in spite of the battle which he waged with the insects for the preservation of his flowers.

"A Calcutta physician who was attacked by a swarm of bees," says Popular Science News, "was stung on the hand, head, face and neck, no fewer than 150 stings being afterward taken from his neck. Fortunately he had some ipecacuanha powder with him, which he immediately had made into a paste and smeared over the head, face and neck. The effect was most marked, preventing to a large extent the swelling and pain which invariably follow the bee's stings."

Statistics tending to prove that the average duration of man's life has been increased through modern improvements in medicine and hygiene are always interesting. Among the most recent instances is a table prepared by a correspondent of Nature, showing a steady increase in the proportion of sexagenarians among the population of Canada. In 1851, out of every one hundred persons living in Canada, 3.70 were sixty years of age or over. In 1861 the percentage of sexagenarians in the population had increased to 4.49. In 1871 it had become 5.10, in 1881 6.32 and in 1891 7.01.

An Extraordinary Fish.

A few weeks ago one of the most extraordinary fish ever known came to light in Devonshire, England. It was a chub, found in a muddy pool, and certainly it was as hideous a thing as one could well imagine. It was imprisoned in a sort of cage formed of the roots of an elm tree that projected under the water, and it had evidently wormed its way into this prison when quite small. Being unable to find its way out, it had been forced to grow in the shape of its cage instead of the natural form that all chubs should take. With no room to develop the fish's tail had disappeared altogether, save for a little deformed stump that had wedged its way between the roots of the tree. The back fin had also vanished, for there was no room for it to grow in. The whole body of the luckless chub was distorted and had grown into the gnarled and twisted form of the root cage. The scales were incrustated with mud and arranged in layers, like the roof slates.

It is a puzzle to imagine how the fish fed and lived during its growing years in that watery prison, and what it did when times were hard and no food came by. It seemed contented enough, and was certainly healthy and strong, in spite of its distorted shape.—New York Telegram.

Queen Victoria's Loss.

Queen Victoria has just suffered a very serious blow in the death of Annie McDonald, who for close upon half a century has been her senior dresser—that is to say, her principal lady's maid. The very personification of discretion, common sense, tact, and yet independence of character, Annie, who was not a Presbyterian, but a Methodist, enjoyed to a greater degree the confidence of her royal mistress than do many of her majesty's great court dignitaries and cabinet ministers. She is frequently referred to in the pages of the Queen's published diary of her life in the Highlands, always in a kindly fashion, and her portrait, sketched by the hand of the sovereign herself and handsomely framed, occupied a conspicuous place upon the walls of the corridor at Windsor Castle beside those of John Brown, Lord Beaconsfield, Dean Stanley, General Grey, Sir Robert Peel and Lord Melbourne. Her influence upon the Queen was vastly superior to that of John Brown, far greater, indeed, than any one would be tempted to believe, and that it was disinterested was certain by her absolute and blind devotion to the Queen, the world in her eyes beginning and ending with her majesty.—Chicago Record.

Recovery of Speech.

Vocalists will be interested to know that Professor Dronot, the famous physiologist and the principal of the French Dumb Institute, has just published a report upon the mysterious recovery of speech of Gaudard, the young man who was dumb for twenty-three years. Vocal organs were normal, but that being paralyzed owing to some reason or other, he became dumb. As he grew his muscular system recovered, and by a violent effort to speak he regained the power of speech.

PRaises THE COUNTRY.

Former Governor of Alaska Speaks Kind Words for the Territory.

James Sheakley, who has returned from a ten years' residence in Alaska, the last four of which he was governor of the territory, speaks in terms of the highest praise of the country and its great gold resources. He says that the territory will furnish the country with gold for a century. The great bodies of low grade ores buried in Alaska, he says, are practically inexhaustible. The most important information brought back by the former governor, however, is to the effect that the American territory contains regions as rich in gold as the British. He urges the necessity of an early start to the mines. "When the Yukon freezes up," said Mr. Sheakley, "it freezes to a depth of six and seven feet, and blocks of ice pile up so that no boat left in the river could possibly be saved. Alaska's resources are her mines and her fisheries. The fur business is a passing industry that will disappear with all the seals in a few years unless the strictest protection be accorded the animals." Mr. Sheakley says that Alaska has no agricultural possibilities and will never have any. There is no soil, he adds,

and no climate. It never gets warm enough for crops to mature. Wheat and oats, even if they could be grown, would stay green until Christmas and would not mature. At present there is hardly any government in Alaska. There are no taxes, no Legislature, and no multiplicity of laws. There are a United States district court, a United States marshal, with seven deputies, a district attorney and seven commissioners or judges. But, according to the recent governor, the territory's mineral prospects are unlimited.



JAMES SHEAKLEY.

The Bridal Tour.
"I want to go abroad the worst way," exclaimed the young thing.
"Then you should marry. I know of no worse way."—Detroit Journal.

"I want to go abroad the worst way," exclaimed the young thing.
"Then you should marry. I know of no worse way."—Detroit Journal.

HALL'S Sicilian HAIR RENEWER
Prevents the hair from falling out, and makes a new growth come in. You save what you have and get more. No gray hair.

GET THE GENUINE ARTICLE!
Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast COCOA
Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.
Costs Less than ONE CENT a cup.
Be sure that the package bears our Trade-Mark.
Walter Baker & Co. Limited,
(Established 1780.)
Dorchester, Mass.

Fall Sense
If you are going to bicycle, bicycle now—don't put off healthful pleasure—'tis a long time to spring—months of the best of riding days—Columbia riders wheel on certainty.
1897 Columbias, \$75 TO ALL ALIKE.
Hartford Bicycles, \$50, \$45, \$40.
If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity, let us know. POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Bear in Mind That "The Gods Help Those Who Help Themselves." Self Help Should Teach You to Use
SAPOLIO

Song of Winter.

Winter's comin', winter's comin',
Get your blankets on;
Bring your furs out, Mary;
Grease your boots up, John.
Batten down the windows,
Stuff the broken panes;
Winter winds er whistlin'
O'er the frosty plains.

Winter's comin', winter's comin',
Roll the apples in;
Cover up peraters,
Naked in the bin.
See the stock is cosy,
Bag the cider pile;
Winter's on the rampage,
Meet him with a smile!

Enthroning an Archbishop.

Whenever a new archbishop of Canterbury is appointed he has to pay out nearly \$4,500 in fees before he can be "enthroned." Some of the recipients of this tax are the officials of the board of green cloth, the gentleman usher of the black rod and other similarly obsolete and useless functionaries.

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-milk of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives 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. 16 cts. and 35 cts. per package. Try it. Ask for Grain-O-milk.

Its permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. 50 trial bottles and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KING, Ltd., 311 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 50c a bottle.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Pilo's Cure. RALPH ERING, Wilk. Hantsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1888.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 50c per bottle.

Remember this sign whereby it Conquers Pain.
St. Jacobs Oil
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Soreness, Stiffness, and Burns.

Seattle Klondike Alaska
FREE INFORMATION
SEATTLE, WASH.,
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
BUREAU.
SEATTLE, KLONDIKE, ALASKA, Washington State, Seattle, 65,000 population; Railroad, Commercial, Mining and Agricultural Center; Best Outlet for Lowest Prices, Longest Experience, Largest City; Safest Routes; Address Secretary.

DRUNK
ARISE can be saved without their knowledge by Anti-Flag, the marvelous cure for the drunk habit. Write Benova Chemical Co., 48 Broadway, N. Y. Full information (in plain wrapper) mailed free.

LOOK AT THESE
8 CENTS
DUMB BELL LINKS.
CATALOGUE FREE.
P. N. U. 43 '97.
D. M. Watkins & Co., PROVIDENCE, R. I.

PISO'S CURE FOR GOUTS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Do not stop by drugs.
CONSUMPTION.