

Rheumatism

Caused Great Suffering—A Well Man Since Taking Hood's.

"I was afflicted with rheumatism and have been a great sufferer with this disease and also with stomach and heart troubles, but thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla I am now a well man. My wife has been cured of kidney disease by Hood's Sarsaparilla." Ato. SCHREIBER, 317 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Deafness Cannot be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portions of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed for ever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh of the Eustachian Tube. It is a diseased condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

J. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Do You Love Music?
If so, secure one of the latest and prettiest two-step or three-step songs, in the form of a (silver or stamps) to cover mailing and postage, to the undersigned, for a copy of the BIG FOUR TWO-STEP (Two-Step) and (Two-Step). We are giving this music which is regular fifty-cent sheet music, at this exceptionally low rate, for the purpose of advertising, and testing the value of the different papers as advertising mediums.

J. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Passenger Traffic Manager,
"Big Four Route," Cincinnati, O.

A Practical Test.
Dom Pedro, the last emperor of Brazil, was a man of a practical turn of mind, as the following story told of him well illustrates, says Harper's Round Table.

He once gave an audience to a young engineer who came to show him a new appliance for stopping railway engines. The emperor was pleased with the idea, but wished to put it to a practical test.

"Day after to-morrow," said he, "have your engine ready. We will have it coupled to my saloon-carriage and start. When going at full speed I will give the signal to stop and then we will see how your invention works."

At the appointed time all was in readiness. The emperor entered his carriage, the young inventor mounted his engine and as they sped for several miles as fast as they could go. There came no signal, and the engineer began to fear that the emperor had fallen asleep. Suddenly the engineer came to a sharp curve around the edge of the cliff, when, to his horror, on the track directly ahead of them the engineer saw a huge boulder.

He had just sufficient presence of mind to turn the crank of his brake and pull the engine up within a couple of yards of the fatal block.

Here the emperor put his head out of his car window and demanded to know the cause of the sudden stoppage. The engineer pointed to the rock, and, much to his surprise, Dom Pedro began to laugh.

"Push it to one side and go on," he said, calmly.

The engineer obeyed and kicking the stone was still further astonished to see it crumble into dust before him.

It was nothing more nor less than a block of starch which the emperor had had placed on the rails the night before.

A Simple Fire Extinguisher.
Hand-grenades, the simplest form of fire-extinguisher, can be made at home cheaply and easily. And it is well to have at hand a simple contrivance for extinguishing a small fire at its start.

Take twenty pounds of common salt and ten pounds of sal ammoniac (nitrate of ammonia, to be had of any druggist), and dissolve in seven gallons of water. Procure quart bottles of thin glass, such as are ordinarily used by druggists, and fill with this, corking tightly and sealing, to prevent evaporation.

In case of fire throw so as to break in or near the flame. If the fire is in such a place as to prevent the bottle from breaking, as in wood or cotton, knock off the neck and scatter the contents.

The breaking of the bottle liberates a certain amount of gas, and the heat of the fire generates more, thus working its own destruction.

Whenever you see a man visiting a thropodist there is something on foot.

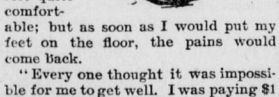
A LETTER TO WOMEN.

A few words from Mrs. Smith, of Philadelphia, will certainly corroborate the claim that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is woman's ever reliable friend.

"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly.

"For nine weeks I was in bed suffering with inflammation and congestion of the ovaries. I had a discharge all the time. When lying down all the time, I felt quite comfortable; but as soon as I would put my feet on the floor, the pains would come back.

"Every one thought it was impossible for me to get well. I was paying \$1 per day for doctor's visits and 75 cents a day for medicine. I made up my mind to try Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has effected a complete cure for me, and I have all the faith in the world in it. What a blessing to woman it is!"—Mrs. JENNIE L. SMITH, No. 324 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.



"I was afflicted with rheumatism and have been a great sufferer with this disease and also with stomach and heart troubles, but thanks to Hood's Sarsaparilla I am now a well man. My wife has been cured of kidney disease by Hood's Sarsaparilla." Ato. SCHREIBER, 317 West 59th Street, New York, N. Y.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

A Railroad "Hold-up" Frustrated by the Unexpected Action of the Head Brakeman of the Train—Brave Action of a United States Consul in Smyrna.

"Dr. Depew's suggestion that the wreck of the Buffalo special at Garrison's the other night was possibly the work of train wreckers who were after the \$350,000 or more in the safes of the express company in the express car recalls to me," said an old railroad man who had seen a good deal of service in the West, "a desperate attempt of a gang of road agents to hold up the Overland Flyer, east bound, on the Union Pacific road, near Rawlins, Wyo., in the fall of 1888. This attempt was frustrated by the unexpected action of the head brakeman.

"It will be remembered about this wreck at Garrison's that just before the crash came the engineer shut off steam and started to apply the air, at the same time letting go three sharp whistles. It occurs to me that it is possible that he saw the train robbers ahead of him and thought that they were traps on the track and that he was in danger of hitting them. He may have shut off and whistled and they may have got off the track. Then he may have opened the throttle and gone ahead to the disaster. In that case the train wreckers saw the terrible effect of their use of dynamite and realized that the only thing for them to do was to get out of the country as quickly as possible, all chance of booty having gone into the river with the train.

"The affair near Rawlins was just about as nery as an attempt to hold up the Buffalo special would have been. It was understood that there was \$250,000 coming east in the express car of the Overland Flyer that day. Overland Flyer—No. 2, as she was known on the train schedule of the Union Pacific—was the biggest train on the road, the only fast through passenger from the Pacific coast. She usually carried from nine to eleven coaches, including the sleepers, and was always heavily loaded, so that road agents attempting to rob her had to reckon on holding up or standing off a good many men, and in that country, where nearly every man carries a gun, it was a risky piece of work.

"Four miles this side of Rawlins there was a tank where No. 2 used to stop every night for water. She reached there about half past 2 in the morning. The night on which this attempt at robbery was made was a clear starlight night in August. No. 2 pulled up at the tank and the engineer jumped down to oil around, while the fireman climbed onto the tender and turned on the water. There were two baggage and express cars, a smoker, two passenger coaches and four sleepers on the train. As the train stopped the head brakeman dropped off, and with his lantern swinging on his arm, walked over to the engine to gossip with the engineer. Just as he set his lantern down beside the engine two men rose out of the ditch with rifles. One commanded the engineer to throw up his hands and the other covered the fireman, who was standing upon the coal in the tender. But there was nobody to cover the brakeman. He was the unlooked-for chance on which the plans of the train robbers went to pieces. Incidentally it demonstrated the foolishness of endeavoring to pull off a hold up with rifles instead of revolvers. With a gun, as Western men call the revolver, one man can cover several others, but with a rifle he can cover only one, because anybody can always tell whether the rifle is pointed at him or not.

"As these two men covered the engineer and fireman the rest of the gang scattered along down the train were beginning preparations for the actual work of robbing the express car. When the brakeman took in the situation he ejaculated softly to himself, 'Well, this is no place for me,' and stooped over as if to pick up his lantern. It happened that right beside the lantern lay a big lump of coal. The brakeman saw it, recognized his opportunity and took it. He picked up the lump of coal instead of the lantern, and, as he straightened up, swung round with all his force, hit the fellow who was covering the engineer on the head and staved in his skull. The man fell with a groan, and the other bandit let go at the fireman standing up on the tender.

"The engineer took in the situation in an instant. He dropped his oil can and jumped into his cab, and with his heavy torch, smashed his cab lights. The fellow who had been covering the fireman shot once at the engineer and then turned to the brakeman, who, instead of following the engineer into the cab, had started to run back to the front platform of the first baggage car. Just as the brakeman climbed up on the car a bullet from the train robber's rifle caught him in the hip, but he hung on.

"At the first shot from the man at the engine the other fellows along down the train opened up indiscriminately, shooting through the car windows. The engineer wasted not a second. As soon as his lights were out, so that he gave the robbers no mark, he tipped over his reversed lever and opened the throttle. He realized that it was possible that the robbers had placed some sort of obstruction on the track ahead of him, and the best thing for him to do was to go back; besides it was nearer to Rawlins than the station ahead. So back he went as hard as he could go, with the train robbers firing as long as they thought they had any chance of hitting anybody.

"When the train pulled into Rawlins the brakeman was found hanging

to the first platform of the baggage car. The fireman had crawled down over the coal into the cab before they got to Rawlins. His right wrist was broken, and the brakeman's right hip was broken. That was practically all the damage that was done, except some bullet holes in the cars. It just happened that not a passenger was hit. They were a mighty frightened lot that got to Rawlins. If it hadn't been for the coolness and quickness of the brakeman the probability is that the thieves would have got the money in the express car, as well as the valuables of the passengers. That was just about as nery as it would have been to try to wreck and rob the Buffalo special."—New York Sun.

Brave Action of an American Consul.
Since Mr. Carl Decker's good right, guided by his cool, courageous head, and backed by the Journal, accomplished what diplomacy and humanity failed to do, stories of valorous deeds of rescue are being revived everywhere. One of them is the story of Colonel Madden, Consul to Smyrna.

It was about this time last year, and the Turks and Kurds and Druses were murdering the Christians in all directions. While the storm was still brewing the Rev. J. H. Wiley and other American missionaries stationed in Smyrna were watched by the Turks, but having a fear of the United States frigate Marblehead, lying in the harbor, they left the missionaries alone and confined their attentions to their neophytes and catechumens. Finally they arrested a number of these, despite the protests of Mr. Wiley and his friends, and lodged them in jail. The missionaries declared that the catechumens were either American citizens or their children and were under the protection of the United States.

The proper, time-honored thing to do, of course, would in the first instance have been to go and pay down so many sequins as ransom; but the missionaries were not wealthy enough for this, and even if they had been their democratic instincts forbade them. Nevertheless, time was moving on, and the Moslems gathered in greater force in front of the jail each day. They were simply thirsting for blood.

"Colonel Madden," said the Rev. Mr. Wiley, in desperation, "the situation is horrible! Our Minister in Constantinople does not seem to have any say in the matter. What shall we do?"

"I think I know what's to be done," replied the Consul, who is a Grand Army man and six feet two in his stocking feet, and, so saying, he went to the nearest hardware store and purchased an ax for an American dollar. Throwing the ax over his shoulder he moved toward the jail, followed by a crowd composed of men of all nationalities, who wondered what was going to happen.

"Open the door," demanded the American Consul of the jailer, "and release Nazaron Demetros and others claiming protection of the United States Government."

The jailer grinned behind his bars, when lo! the ax descended, and the front of the wooden building was soon in splinters.

"Good!" cried Missionary Wiley, with tears in his eyes. "Here's a war veteran with a nerve and a backbone!"

And now the missionary element all over Asia Minor wants Colonel Madden kept in his place, though he is a Democrat and an appointee of Grover Cleveland.

Castaways in the South Seas.
Second Mate Olsson, of the Norwegian bark Seladon, Captain Jaeger, from Newcastle, N. S. W., July 13, 1895, for Honolulu, which was wrecked in the South Seas, in August, 1896, has arrived in London with a dozen of the survivors and tells a terrible story of their experience.

The Seladon struck the reefs off Starbuck Island on August 7, 1896. The crew were obliged to take to the boats, and the vessel filled so rapidly that there was no time to save clothing, while they barely got a few provisions, the ship's compass and a chart. They forgot the sextant.

Eight men manned each of the two boats and made for Malden Island, as there was no refuge at Starbuck Island. Failing to find Malden Island, they tried to find Christmas Island. After eleven days the first mate's boat was capsized and the mate drowned. His companions entered the other boat, which was already disabled, and drifted, dangerously overloaded.

The heat of the sun peeled their faces and bodies; their lips blackened and swelled from want of food and water. The only food they had in addition to the small quantity of provisions which they carried away from the vessel was a few small flying fish.

Finally the captain and the carpenter became ill. Still there was no glimpse of Christmas Island. Then they tried a course they thought perhaps would bring them to Samoa on Fiji Islands. Finally Captain Jaeger died. After twenty-three days, when food and water were exhausted, they caught a little rain in tarpaulins. The party drifted without food for six days and finally, on September 6, they were cast on a coral island and their boat was smashed by a big wave.

The island upon which they were thrown proved to be Sophia Island, inhabited by ten persons and belonging to an American subject living in Samoa. They lived there for ten months on turtles, birds and bananas. The carpenter died soon after they landed. A few steamships passed their island, and they tried to attract their attention by the waving of signals, but failed. Finally they put off in a small boat and hailed a steamship, which took them to Suva, and from that place they traveled to Sydney.

Mrs. Longstreet is in Atlanta making a strong fight for the office of State Librarian, and so are about a dozen other candidates, all men.

WISE WORDS.

A fool's company is not hard to find. Opinions never change the weather. Honesty has never found a substitute.

Gold loses its shine when it is gotten by guilt. The best safe for your money is a prudent wife.

A giant among giants is not aware of his own size. The ass might sing better if he didn't pitch his tune so high.

The man robs others who does not make the best of himself. No man ever gets discouraged in trying to live without working.

Woman is a lovely dream—and dreams always go by contraries. Everybody says "Go up higher" to the man who is "getting there."

Call a little man great and other little people will throw up their hats. Absence sometimes makes the heart grow fonder—of some other person.

To get the good out of the years we must learn how to live each hour well. A shallow man may always see the face of a fool by looking into a deep well.

Love may be blind, but it can smell the cloves on a man's breath just the same. Patience may roost on monuments, but truth seldom finds a place on tombstones.

When a man freely admits that his wife is not stubborn, he can afford to stop praying. The man who figures on marrying an heiress often finds he isn't well up in mathematics.

Some men are like a bass drum—they make lots of noise, but there's nothing in them. Kites to Be Life Savers.

Kites have been called upon to do many things of late, and now they are expected to save life at sea. With a vessel hard aground on a lee shore, all her boats either smashed or carried away, and a gale of wind blowing so hard that neither lifeboats nor life-lines can reach her, the usual ending of such a marine disaster is the loss of the entire ship's company.

But Dr. F. W. Riehl, of San Francisco, thinks he can prevent such fatalities in the future by calling kites to the aid of the storm-beset mariners. He recently gave an exhibition of the practical working of his idea from the deck of the battleship Oregon in San Francisco bay.

At the time of the test a good breeze was blowing, which speedily carried the kite well up in the air and away from the vessel. Donning a bathing suit, Dr. Riehl wrapped his clothing in a waterproof cloth and threw the bundle overboard. As it floated down wind he hauled in on the kite line, throwing the slack overboard. He then jumped overboard, took a turn of the line around his body, and, pulled along by the kite, went to leeward after his bundle of clothing. A twenty-minute test of the device seemed to prove that the inventor's claims were well founded. A report of the experiment will be forwarded to Washington by the officers of the Oregon.

Dr. Riehl asserts that his kite would take a man or a rope ashore through breakers in which a boat could not live. Of course if the wind was off shore the kite would be of no use, but statistics prove, he asserts, that in ninety cases out of one hundred in the event of shipwrecks the direction of the wind has been toward the land.—New York Press.

Grandmother at Thirty-Four.
Mrs. Sarah Davidson, handsome and only thirty-four years old, gives one an entirely new notion of how a grandmother may look.

Just a week ago to-day the event happened which gave her the right to call herself a grandmother. Bay Beatrice Esther Britz opened her soft brown eyes to this world last Monday and behind her youthful grandmother and her own dainty mamma, the latter only twenty years old. Altogether, the three generations of the gentler sex have nothing to complain of on the score of youth or good looks, and a happy trio they make.

There is a strong resemblance between Mrs. Davidson and her grandmother, and the mamma says frankly, "I always thought my mamma was prettier than I, and baby does look just like her."

Mrs. Sarah Davidson, the very youthful grandmother, lives in a pretty flat at No. 351 East Seventy-second street with her husband and four children—two boys and two girls. At first glance one would hardly take her to be over twenty-five, there is such an air of cheerfulness and vitality and magnetism about her.—New York Journal.

Lynched by Swallows.
A successful lynching took place on the farm of Jerome Butler, south of Marlette, Mich., the other day. In the barn a swallow's nest was seen clinging to the side of a beam from which was suspended an English sparrow, hung by the neck with a hair from a horse's tail. While Franklin Butler and Orla Albertson were sitting in the barn they noticed a sparrow go into the swallow's nest, from which he began pitching the young birds. Three swallows, attracted by their outcry, immediately pounced upon the intruder. After confining him to the nest for a few minutes they threw him out. He dropped about a foot, there was a jerk, and Mr. Sparrow was hanged as nicely as though an expert hangman had been in charge. The hair was wound around his neck several times, and after a few ineffectual struggles he kicked his last.—Grand Rapids Herald.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Mislaid Smile—When It Is Rude.
An Impossible Combination—Murders the Queen's Own—The Old, Old Delusion—Challenged a Generalization, Etc.

I to the first one day went
And ordered quite a lot of roses
And to my love I had them sent
With verses like a swain composed.

Her cheek was to the rose compared
(I'm quite a clever fellow)
But none of this the florist knew—
The rose he sent was yellow.

When It Is Rude.
"What is a rude awakening, pa?"
"Well, it is an awakening before 8 o'clock in the morning."—Chicago Record.

Murders the Queen's Own.
He—"My friend is opposed to everything English."
She—"Yes, I noticed that in his conversation."

Challenged a Generalization.
"The child," said the shoe clerk boaster, "is father to the man."
"Oh, no, always," said the Cheerful Idiot. "Sometimes it is a girl."—Indianapolis Journal.

An Impossible Combination.
"Danber can't be much of an artist."
"Why?"
"He seems to be a good business man."—Cleveland Leader.

His Method.
Mr. Younglove—"What do you do when your baby gets sick at night?"
Mr. Oldpop—"I generally lie still and wait to see if my wife isn't going to get up and attend to it."—Chicago News.

Sisterly Attention.
He—"Do you know, what I like about your sister is the way she looks you straight in the face when she's talking to you."
She—"Yes, she has an awfully bad profile."

Procrastination That Profited.
"She saved the whole family from drowning once."
"Indeed! She must be an Amazon."
"Oh, no; she simply dressed so slowly that they all missed the boat!"—Chicago Record.

Physiologist.
Instructor—"What is it that gives to the blood its bright red color?"
Little Miss Thavnoo—"I know. It's the corpuscles. But ours ain't red. They're blue. Mamma says so."—Chicago Tribune.

The Old, Old Delusion.
"Darling," he whispered, "it costs no more to keep two bicycles in repair than one."
Love is eternal; its allusions, even, are mutable only in respect of their terms.—Detroit Journal.

A Wall From the Menagerie.
"It's hard," said the menagerio lion.
"What's hard?" asked the kangaroo.
"To be starved when I'm alive, and stuffed when I'm dead."—Pick Me Up.

Hard to Reconcile.
Crimsonbeak—"You have heard the trembling voice of the blushing bride at Hymen's altar?"
Yeast—"Oh, yes!"
"Well, isn't it difficult to associate it with the one you hear in the airshaft calling to her husband to bring up the coal?"

Conveniences of the Languages.
The Count—"I have been told, madame, your daughter has got bad temper."
The Mamma—"Ah, yes, count, but you know she loses her temper so easily."
The Count—"Ah, how lovely!"—Detroit Journal.

When She Throws.
"I wish you would get your wife to throw her influence for me," said the woman who was running for office in the Woman's Club; "I'm sure it would have some effect."
"Yes," was the thoughtful reply; "I know when she's ever thrown anything at me it's been effective."

The Important Point.
"We are willing," said the practical politician, "to trust to the intelligence and honesty of the average American citizen."
"Yes," replied Farmer Corntassel, "but that ain't the question. What the average American citizen wants to know is whose intelligence and honor he is going to trust in."—Washington Star.

Regret.
"Did your railway make money?"
"No," replied the promoter; "we wouldn't let well enough alone."
"There was a chance of its being profitable, then?"
"Yes; but we weren't satisfied with selling stock. We had to go ahead and try to build the road."—Washington Star.

A Safe Guess.
"How old would you guess her to be?"
"Oh, about twenty-five would be a safe guess."
"She's surely older than that?"
"I said twenty-five would be a safe guess. It is always safer to underestimate a woman's age. She may hear of it."—Indianapolis Journal.

Selling State Domain.
The State domain of France, valued at \$700,000,000, and consisting of palaces, public buildings, forests, etc., is in great measure unproductive, and it is proposed to sell \$50,000,000 worth of it and put the money into the navy.



No. 203.
This quarter-writing desk is polished like a piano. It has a 6-inch beveled plate glass in top and a deep drawer below. Artistic French legs; also finished in mahogany. \$3.95 is our special price for this \$10 desk.

(Mail orders filled promptly.)
We will mail anyone, free of all charges, our new 112-page Special Catalogue, containing Furniture, Draperies, Lamps, Stoves, Crockery, Mirrors, Pictures, Bedding, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages, etc. This is the most complete book ever published, and we pay all postage. Our lithographed Catalogue, showing carpets in colors, is also yours for the asking. If carpet samples are wanted, mail us 5c. in stamps. There is no reason why you should pay your local dealer 40 per cent profit, when you can buy from the mill. Drop a line now to the money-saver.

JULIUS HINES & SON,
Baltimore, Md.
Please mention this paper.

Curative of Bad Temper.
"When the little girl is naughty," says Miss Jessie M. Fowler, giving a mother directions for curing her small daughter's bad temper, "put on her best gown, and you will see that she cannot withstand its influence."

CHILKOOT PASS.
President Wallace says that with the completion of the rail and tram-way over the Chilkoot Pass, February first next, passengers and freight from Dyea can be landed at Lake Lindeman in twelve hours, which means via St. Paul and Northern Pacific, to Lake Lindeman, from Chicago eight days. Send two cents postage to Chas. S. Free, General Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn., for the latest and best map folder on the Klondike and Alaskan mining country. The Northern Pacific is the pioneer line in Alaska passenger business and runs solid vestibuled, steam-heated passenger trains to Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, with dining cars, Standard and Pullman tourist, and free colonist sleeping cars. Both reservations can be made through any district passenger agent.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 5c a bottle.

We have not been without Pilsno's Cure for Consumption for 20 years. L. W. LITTLE, 1000 Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1894.

The Smithsonian Institute has just come into possession of the Hallett Phillips collection of Indian implements and antiquities from the Potomac Valley.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 50c.

Most Wonderful Temple.
The most wonderful temple in the world is built on a rocky stone on the summit of a mountain in Northern India. It is impossible to imagine a more wonderful situation than that of this temple. The rocky stone is situated on a mountain over twenty thousand feet high. It weighs many thousands of tons, but is balanced on so fine a point that a comparatively light pressure is sufficient to make it sway. Whether or not the great rock was raised to its present position by human hands is a mystery to scientific minds. If it was, the labor was one to which no modern engineering feat can be compared. The Hindu priests teach their followers that the rock was placed in position by the help of the gods. In this way they add considerably to the feeling of awe which they desire to create. The worshippers at this shrine must first make the ascent of the mountain, a matter of great difficulty. Then they spend seven days of preparation in a temple built on the solid mountain before they are permitted to make the final passage to the mysterious rocky stone. To reach the stone it is necessary to cross a bridge over a great chasm. Nature and man had combined to make this Hindu shrine awe-inspiring to the devout. After crossing the bridge the pilgrim mounts a ladder, to which he clings in terror for his life here and in the hereafter. The temple on the rock is necessarily a small place. Three priests officiate in it. The mysteries which take place there no man is permitted to reveal. Europeans have seen it from a distance.

HOW?
By soothing and subduing the pain. That's the way
St. Jacobs Oil
CURES Neuralgia.

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,
Dorchester, Mass.

"He That Works Easily Works Successfully." 'Tis Very Easy To Clean House With
SAPOLIO

CANCER AND TUMOR
PERMANENTLY CURED
without knife, plaster or pain.
All forms of BLOOD DISEASES thoroughly eradicated from the system. Six weeks Home Treatment for \$10. Book of Information free.

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SHREWD INVENTORS! Don't waste your money on Patent Agencies advertising prizes, medals. No patent to pay for. We do not require patent business. Low fees. No charge for advice. Highest references. Write us. WATSON E. COLEMAN, Solicitor of Patents, 905 F. St., Washington, D. C.

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water
CONSUMPTION AND CATARRH
Are result of Contracted Nostrils. Druggists Cure. Send for FREE NASAL INSPIRATOR or 6 cts. for pamphlet by G. F. NASAL, Perth, Ont., Canada.

THIS GOLD PLATED SCARF PIN, Handle bare for Hygiene, with our handsome CATALOGUE FREE to anyone sending 3 cents for postage. D. M. WATKINS & CO., Mfg. Jewelers, Prof., R. F.

Life, Endowment and Tontine INSURANCE POLICIES PURCHASED Richard Herzfeld, 35 Nassau St., New York.

CANCERS AND TUMORS CURED or no pay. Merrill's Inst., Middleborough, W. Va. P. N. U. 49 '97.

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GIVES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time and be cured. Beware of cheap imitations.
CONSUMPTION

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,
Dorchester, Mass.

"He That Works Easily Works Successfully." 'Tis Very Easy To Clean House With
SAPOLIO