

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." **Auto. Kearns, 347 West 8th Street, New York, N. Y.**

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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 circulating a remedial agent in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the only one that does this. It is a powerful blood purifier and restores the hearing apparatus to its normal condition. It is the only one that does this. It is a powerful blood purifier and restores the hearing apparatus to its normal condition.

F. J. CENNEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Do You Love Music?

If so, secure one of the latest and prettiest two-steps of the day, by mailing Ten Cents (silver or gold) to cover mailing, and postage to the undersigned, for a copy of the "BIG FOUR TWO-STEP." (Mark envelope "Two-steps.") We are giving this music, which is regular fifty-cent sheet music, at this exceedingly low rate, for the purpose of advertising, and testing the value of the different papers as advertising mediums.

E. O. McCORMICK,
Patent Office, 1120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

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 tomorrow," 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 on 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 emperor 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 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 this 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 chiropodist 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 from 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 get up 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."—**Mrs. JENNIE L. SMITH, 224 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.**



Every one must have noticed the difference in size and productivity of different chestnut trees in our woods, says the Massachusetts Ploughman, some producing large handsome nuts in quantity, while others yield only a meager crop of inferior size.

None of our native nuts, however, compare at all for size or attractiveness with the chestnuts of Spain, Italy and Japan, which are easily grafted upon the common chestnut of our woods.

The peculiarities of these large nuts are not propagated with certainty by growing seedlings; these differ widely from each other and from the parent tree. It is, however, by no means difficult to graft the chestnut, and by this method the different varieties are perpetuated with certainty.

Trees grown from our native nut make excellent stock upon which to graft the large varieties.

The Italian and Spanish chestnuts are not hardy enough to endure our climate, but there are several large varieties from Japan that are entirely hardy and much larger than any of our native nuts.

If one wishes to grow stocks on which to graft chestnuts he should save the nuts now and pack them carefully in sand in boxes made of hemlock boards, which mice and squirrels dislike to gnaw into, and these boxes should be covered with a foot of earth in a dry place out of doors; in spring the nuts should be taken out and planted in rows two and one-half feet apart, setting the nuts six inches apart.

After the trees have made one or two years' growth, they should be grafted near the ground in early spring and banked up with earth so as to cover the place where the scion is inserted, but leaving its point exposed to the air. As with any other grafting it is necessary to bring the inner bark of the scion and stock together in order to effect the union and to keep out dry air and sunshine until the union is well perfected.

The chestnut is a very useful tree both for its nuts and wood and deserves to be planted much more largely upon our rocky hills where it grows naturally, except in the more northern parts of New England.—**Farm, Field and Fireside.**

More Profit in Sheep Than Poultry.

No one questions the value of a flock of poultry on a farm when well kept. All the estimates as to profits are too low. There are eggs and chickens that go into the farmer's table that never get into the account book. My experience has proved that with a good market near by, a small flock, well cared for and skillfully managed, will produce eggs, worth out of difficulty, in clear profit, the interest on \$50 a year for each hen. This is only \$3, and I have made with the best of care and management fully \$6 a year from a small flock of light Brahmas from eggs and chickens alone. No fancy prices were received for the eggs. They were simply sold for domestic use, and were fresh and guaranteed to be not more than three days from the hens. The brooding chicks, too, were fed well and reached a good size early, so that they were tender and sweet to eat, and brought a high price.

Perhaps it will not be thought reasonable, but I have found it true in practice, that a sheep may be kept for no more than a hen, if managed as they may be. This is counting things at cost, for it is not fair to charge a flock with fodder and grain at the selling price and then expect to pay another second profit. But this is often done, and yet this second profit is really made from the sheep. I have fed sheep for seventy-five cents a year over and above the value of the fleece in cases where they have had to be fed on costly food and hand-fed the whole winter. Elsewhere I have fed sheep for seventy-five cents a year, all expenses included. This is where they have been pastured nearly the entire twelve months. It has cost me the same amount to feed a hen, that is, as it must be fed to make a profit. And in the case of the flock I have sold three-month-old lambs for \$10 a head, and the ewes, fat in the fall, at a profit of \$3 a head. All this was clear profit, for in the most expensive method of feeding the fleece never failed to pay the sheep's feeding. But as a rule it is quite possible to feed a sheep for the same cost as five hens and at the average value of their products the sheep will be far more profitable than the hens will.

There is the home market, however, for the sheep reared on a farm, to the extent of at least twenty head, and at the average value of the meat a sixty-pound mutton will be worth six or seven dollars. And just here the farmers' meat clubs will serve a good purpose. These are mutual associations, each member of which kills a beef or a mutton in turn, dividing up the meat according to some rule established on a fair and mutually satisfactory basis. In this way the meat is disposed of at the full butcher's price, and at the end of the season an accurate division is made of the funds in hand or of the credits, the balance in cash accruing to each creditor being settled. In this convenient way the cost of the meat

supply is reduced to its actual value and at least one-half the money otherwise paid will be saved. For this mutual co-operative business, the sheep is most acceptable.—**Henry Stewart, in American Agriculturist.**

Farm and Garden Notes.

Get rid of all surplus stock. See that the pullets have comfortable quarters. Sell off all hens that do not show signs of moulting.

The early hatched pullets will lay twice as many eggs this winter as the old hen.

It will pay to have the garden plow all cleared and ready for plowing this fall. In fact, won't it pay to plow it as soon as the crops are off?

Those contemplating the erection of beet sugar factories will do well to remember that for expert assistance and management a small factory will cost quite as much as a large one.

The secret of winter eggs is: Hatch the pullets early and keep them growing; have warm quarters; do not crowd too many in a small place; keep them exercising, and feed properly.

If any of our readers neglected to repair and oil the harness last spring when it should have been done, they should make a note of the fact and attend to it at the first opportunity.

Again we say radical changes in the food of animals should be made gradually as possible. This is especially true of cows, for sudden changes effect the quality as well as the quantity of the milk.

Corn and alfalfa go splendidly together, especially for feeding fattening animals. Corn being deficient in protein, and alfalfa rich in the same ingredient, serves to more nearly balance the ration.

Hauling corn fodder up from the field every few days as wanted during the winter is, in most cases, a very slavish and unnecessary operation. No time should be lost now in getting it into mow or stack.

On many farms we see the stock still tramping over the meadows as it has done ever since January. We never thought it paid to thus secure a little fall picking at the possible expense of the hay crop the next year.

Here is the way a prominent stockman puts it: We are going to have the best times we have seen in fifteen years, and the stock-raising interest will, with proper management, have its full share in the general prosperity.

One objection urged against winter dairying is that it is so much trouble to raise the calves when they cannot be turned out on pasture. This difficulty is not a serious one if you have a good, warm barn, clover hay and ensilage.

Those of our readers who took our advice and saw that the pigs and shoats received through the summer a fair proportion of bone and muscle forming foods, have now a staunch frame upon which to lay the fat produced by a corn diet.

JAPANESE SELF-MURDER

HARA-KIRI, OR "HAPPY DISPATCH," IS STILL IN VOGUE.

It Originated Among the Military Class in Japan.—A Privilege of the Upper Classes.—Often Made a Function, With Elaborate Ceremonies.—A Famous Instance.

Hara-kiri, or "happy dispatch," as it has been freely translated, is still the mode of suicide among the Japanese. This was shown by Counselor Katayama's attempt to kill himself in Yokohama the other day.

Katayama is a bright young graduate from the class in diplomacy in the Foreign Office in Tokio, who had been sent to assist the Japanese Minister, Shimamura, in the recent complications with the Hawaiian Government. He was recalled, and believing that it was owing to his failure to accomplish his government had instructed him to do, he cut himself open and slit his throat.

Hara-kiri means, literally, stomach-cutting. The expression, though widely known outside of Japan, is not much used among the Japanese themselves. They use the word seppuku, which is derived from the Chinese, as are so many of their polite terms, such as French words are used by those who affect elegance in this country.

According to Basil Hall Chamberlain, an Englishman, Professor of Japanese in the Imperial University in Tokio, seppuku is not a custom of the aboriginal Japanese, but came into vogue some time before 1500 among the samurai, or members of the military class, the feudal nobility and the gentry. It was a brave death and ghastly in its conception, as any one familiar with the Japanese theatre can testify. Its carrying out demonstrated beyond doubt that the doer was at least possessed of physical courage, and by the act he who performed it wiped out whatever stain may have sullied his personal honor. He died like a gentleman.

Seppuku was a privilege of the upper class. The death sentence with those above the merchant, farmer and artisan was not carried out by the public executioner. They killed themselves in the presence of officials sent to witness the deed. It was performed like all other acts in old Japan, even to tea drinking, with elaborate ceremony and detail. Mitford, in his "Tales of Old Japan," describes it vividly. He was detailed as a representative of the English Government to witness the sentence carried out on a rebel who had fired on the allied fleet at Shimonoseki over a quarter of a century ago.

In his "Story of the Forty-seven Ronin" in the same volume he gives an account of the most famous instance of seppuku on record. The ronin were detached samurai, or military retainers, without a master. Asano, Lord of Ako, who had been master of the Forty-seven Ronin, was sentenced to commit seppuku for laying his hand upon his sword in one of the palaces of the Shogun, or Yeeoon, the generalissimo, and actual ruler of the country during the centuries which the Mikado was in retirement.

The ronin, with full knowledge that they would be sentenced to seppuku likewise, broke into the yashiki, or palace, of Kira, the noble who had evoked the breach of etiquette on the part of their lord, and forced him to commit seppuku. They offered up his head at a neighboring temple and then awaited calmly the sentence, which came in due course and was carried out.

Often seppuku was performed in temples. The priests prepared a banquet. The relatives of the condemned man, his friends and the Government officials assembled and feasted. The condemned man, robed in white, the color of mourning in Japan, ate and exchanged wine cups with all present. Then seating himself in the centre of the room arranged for the ceremony, he threw his robes from his shoulders and was naked to the waist. An attendant placed a low stand before him, on which was a cup of tea and the *ku*-*sun*-*go*-*ku*, the shorter of the two swords worn by a samurai.

Tucking the flowing sleeves of his robe under his knees, he wrapped a sheet of paper about the blade so as to leave about an inch of the point exposed, and drew the blade across his abdomen from left to right, with a little turn upward at the end of the stroke. Then leaning forward he reached for the cup, and his chosen friend, standing at his post beside him with a drawn sword, severed his head from his body so that it hung by a bit of the skin at the throat as by a hinge. The witnesses stamped their report with their seals and departed.

In those days death was the fate of whoever had the business to memorialize the Government, but this did not deter the patriotic. The petitioner, with his prayer written in the form of a letter and concealed about his person, knelt before the gate of some public building, and, having disembowled himself, would thrust the knife through his neck from ear to ear, and push it forward till it fell into his lap and he expired. The paper would be found and its contents read by the official to whom it was directed.

Young Katayama's case is not extraordinary. Native students, fearful of failure in examination, have done what he attempted.—**New York Journal.**

Weathercocks in New England.

The earliest weather vane in New England were cocks, trumpeters, simple plates, disks and arrows, and not to be overlooked, the sacred codfish. In Boston, cocks or broad arrows were on all the old churches. On the Province House, where General Gage had his headquarters, there was a statue of an Indian with drawn bow and arrow, ready to shoot.—**Boston Globe.**

LITTLE OLD-TIME AGUE NOW.

The Chills and Fever of Other Days Almost Unheard Of.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star reminds its readers of the "good old days," when there was no joke in the ague, when to live was to shake, for nobody was exempt by reason of age, sex, position in society or color. Those were the days when there were three synonyms for ague, besides plain chills and fever. They were Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, and the greatest of these was Missouri. There were two divisions of severity in those days: Those who "shook" on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Sunday made up one division, and those who shook on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and remitted with the other the next Monday were the other. In those days the invitations to social functions read:

"Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Laria present their compliments to Mr. C. A. Fever and beg to inform him that they will not be shaking on Tuesday, and would be pleased to have his presence at their dark green tea."

This would be the answer: "Mr. C. A. Fever acknowledges the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Laria, but begs to inform them that Tuesday is his day to shake."

Many an otherwise happy social function was shattered, too, by the inability of the Mr. and Mrs. of the household to get their ague for the season started off on the same day. Of course, under this circumstance the whole family would be compelled to miss the entire season or disturb gathering they attended.

"To-day the dismissing sign reads: 'This is my busy day.'" In early Missouri times "This is my day to shake" was the correct form.

But all this is changed now. No longer is the congregation at church changed every Sunday, and no longer are two preachers, guaranteed not to shake on the same day, necessary. It was almost a part of the contract in those days. For the old-time chills are no more, and the ague has almost disappeared. There are a few places in the South where it is still the custom, but it very seldom crosses Mason and Dixon's line now. In some of the parts of Arkansas where typewriters and bicycle bloomers were not penetrated, there is yet some ague, but it seldom gets North of those secluded spots. At present Dr. G. O. Coffin, city physician, is treating two cases of real, old-fashioned fever and ague, but they are the first he has seen in Kansas City in ten years, he says.

Dr. D. R. Porter, who came here from Ohio thirty years ago, and has been here ever since, says he has not seen a case of old-time chills and fever in five years. Dr. Coffin says it is because of the improved sanitary conditions.

Dr. Porter says it is because people drink better water.

In the early days, Dr. Porter said to a reporter for the Star, three-fourths of his income came from ague patients. Doctors grew rich treating malarial poison. The favorite and principal prescription then was, "Rix quinine, twenty grains," in as many variations as the doctor's education and medical dictionary could conjure him, distinguished and high sounding terms to substitute for the word quinine. And when both ran short, or the patients found it out and went to prescribing for themselves, it was an easy matter for the doctor and the druggist to get together behind the prescription case and agree upon something new and cryptogrammatic.

A Convict Buys Diamonds.

Isaac Rushmore, who has just been released from the Auburn State Prison, where he had served a term for grand larceny, celebrated his return to the world in a truly worldly way. He had a carriage waiting for him at the prison gate and was driven at once to a tailor, where he fitted himself out with expensive clothing, and thence to a jeweler's where he paid \$400 for diamonds and a watch.

Then he proceeded to the leading hotel of the city, registered and spent the night in drinking and carousing. Soon after rallying out the next morning he fell in the street, besmearing his fine black suit, light-colored top coat, silk hat, patent leathers and gloves with Auburn mud. He was taken to jail, where he was fined \$5, which he paid, and started on the next train for New York.

Rushmore when quite young received a legacy of \$15,000, and as he began to spend it lavishly he was restrained from its use. Then he resorted to stealing in order to gratify his expensive tastes, and so reached State Prison. It is the remainder of his legacy that he has now started in to spend.—**New York Journal.**

The Whale Sold For Junk.

The old submarine boat in the Brooklyn Navy Yard which goes by the name of the Whale is to be sold as old junk. Every time an attempt was made to test her lives were lost. Her owner and inventor have passed out of sight and out of the records, and no one knows who they are or were. She was built in the early seventies, and the Government paid an installment of \$10,000 on her, but declined to have more to do with her after thirty-two men had lost their lives in attempted tests.—**Press.**

Bearded Belles of Ancient Rome.

Among the Roman women at one period there was a morbid ambition to grow beards, and they used to shave their faces and smear them with unguents to produce these inappropriate appendages. Cicero tells us that at one time to such an extent did the mania for beards grow upon women that it was found desirable to pass a law against the "adorment."—**London Mail.**



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Baltimore, Md.
Please mention this paper.

CURATIVE OF BAD TEMPER.

"When the little girl is naughty," says Miss Jessie M. Fowler, giving a number of 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 Ry. to Lake Lindeman, from Chicago eight days. Send two cents postage to Chas. S. Fee, 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 vestibule, steam-heated passenger trains to Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, with dining cars, Pullman and Pullman tourist, and free colonist sleeping cars. Berth reservations can be made through any district passenger agent.

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

We have not been without Pisco's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—**LIZZIE FRENZEL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1884.**

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. 25c.

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.

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Nature Hates a Bachelor.

Some curious figures have lately been made public by a celebrated Berlin physician, which seem to point to the fact that if a man wants to live long and preserve his health and strength he ought to marry. Among unmarried men between the ages of 20 and 45 the death rate is twenty-seven per cent. Among married men between the same ages it is only eighteen per cent. For forty-one bachelors who live to be 40 years of age seventy-eight married men triumphantly arrive at the same period. The difference gets all the more marked as time goes on. At 60 years of age there are only twenty-two bachelors to forty-eight married men; at 70, there are eleven bachelors to twenty-seven who are married; and by the time they reach 80 the married men are three to one, for there are nine of them to every three bachelors.

Clear Understanding at the Start.

Landlady—Have you a young man, Bridget?

Servant—No'm. He's older'n I be.—**Boston Courier.**

New Tunnel Completed.

The improvement on the Pittsburg Division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, 22 miles west of Cumberland at Falls Cut, will be completed by December 1st and trains will be running over it within ten days thereafter. Falls Cut is a cutting through a spur of the mountain and is about 60 feet in depth and has continually given trouble by rock sliding down on the track. It has had to be braced with heavy timber every 200 feet for its entire length, some 200 feet, and requiring constant care and watchfulness, was, therefore, very expensive to keep up.

In order to eliminate this cut it was necessary to build one mile of new roadway which involved the construction of a double track tunnel 530 feet in length and three bridges.

By this change the road was straightened considerably taking out some sharp curvature and introducing curves of a longer radii. The improvement is on what is known as the eastern slope of the Alleghenies and the grade is about 34 feet to the mile. The tunnel and bridges were constructed with the view of double tracking the entire Pittsburg Division sometime in the future.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Cures head and tree-free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, L.D.S., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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