Pain in the Side

Could Not Do Hard Work Until Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"I had a severe pain in my left side and could not do any hard work. My husband got me a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and I began taking it and soon I was able to do my work. I was also troubled with scrofula sore throat, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured this." MRS. EMMA PEPPER, North Hudson, N. Y. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25c.

Saber Cut in a Skull.

Dr. William B. Fletcher has a grim souvenir of the work of a famous surgeon, the Baron Larrey, whom Napoleon remembered in his will with a gift of 100,000 francs, and the tribute "to Larrey, my surgeon, the most virtuous man I have ever known."

The relic is the upper part of the skull, the valvarium, and shows a saber cut extending from the junction of the occipital and parietal bones forward to the orbital ridge on the right side.

"I well knew the man whose skull this was," said the doctor, turning the calvarium in his hand. "He was a German—I have forgotten his name—and lived in this city many years, dying about 1875, at the age of 80 years. He took care of horses for Dr. Parvin and myself along about 1865, and also sawed wood to earn his living.

"He was taken care of by the Catholic sisters here in a hospital during the last years of his life, and as he had saved his earnings, small though they were, he left them a small farm in Kansas at his death.

"He was a German in the French army, and received this terrible cut from a Russian saber, as he told me, during the retreat from Moscow in 1812. He told me that Baron Larrey operated on him. He was about 17 years old at the time, and though his life was saved, he was partially paralyzed on one side ever after, and dragged one foot until the day of his death.

"Here is where Baron Larrey, 83 years ago, trephined the skull and lifted up the depressed bone to relieve the brain. The orifice and the saber cut through the skull both closed up with a membrane like a drum head."—Indianapolis News.

A LIVING WITNESS.

Mrs. Hoffman Describes How She Wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for Advice, and Is Now Well.

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before using your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer. I have been sick for months, was troubled with severe pain in both sides of abdomen, sore feeling in lower part of bowels, also suffered with dizziness, headache, and could not sleep. I wrote you a letter describing my case and asking your advice. You replied telling me just what to do. I followed your directions, and cannot praise your medicine enough for what it has done for me. Many thanks to you for your advice. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me, and I will recommend it to my friends.—MRS. FLORENCE R. HOFFMAN, 512 Roland St., Canton, O.

The condition described by Mrs. Hoffman will appeal to many women, yet lots of sick women struggle on with their daily tasks disregarding the urgent warnings until overtaken by actual collapse.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometimes past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS — FARM SEEDS — Salzer's Seeds are Warranted to Produce. E. Walter, LeRaysville, Pa., astonished the world by growing 250 bushels Salzer's corn; J. Breider, Minlstein, Wis., 173 bush. barley, and F. Sinast, Randalia, Iowa, by growing 196 bush. Salzer's oats per acre. If you doubt, write them. We wish to gain 150,000 new customers, hence will send on trial **10 DOLLARS WORTH FOR 10c.** 11 pkgs of rare farm seeds, Hog Pea, Sand Vetch, Mo. Wheat, Sheep Rape, Jerusalem Corn, etc., including our mammoth Seed Catalogue, telling all about the $400 gold prizes for best name for our new marvelous corn and oats, "Prodigies," also sample of same, all mailed you upon receipt of but 10c. postage, positively worth $10, to get a start. 100,000 bbls. Seed Potatoes at $1.50 a bbl. 35 pkgs. earliest vegetable seeds, $1.00. Please send this adv. along. Catalog alone, 5c. No A. C. 5. — JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LACROSSE, WIS.

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. **NATURAL REMEDY CO.,** Westfield, Mass.

FENCING For Poultry, half cost of Netting. Also farm, yard, cemetery fences Freight paid. Catalogue free. K. L. SHELLABERGER, 43 F. St., Atlanta, Ga.

MEN WANTED. TO TRAVEL for old established house Permanent position. $40 per month and all expenses P.W. ZIEGLER & CO., 240 Locust St., Philadelphia.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

P N U 7 '98.

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

"BIG BEN."

Great Bell Cracked, Broken Up, Recast, and Then Cracked Again.

"Big Ben," so called after Sir Benjamin Hall, who was the first commissioner of works, when the order for the clock was given, was cast in 1856 at Norton, near Stockton-on-Tees.

From the North of England this enormous bell, weighing sixteen tons, was conveyed to London by sea, where it had, on a small scale, almost as adventurous a passage as the Egyptian obelisk which now graces the Thames embankment. Once or twice during the voyage, indeed, it was feared that it would send the vessel bearing it to the bottom of the ocean. Not very long after the clock had been placed in a temporary position at Westminster—on Oct. 24, 1857—and while it was being rung, as was customary for a short time at 1 o'clock on Saturdays, it was noticed that it had a cracked, uncertain sound.

On a minute examination with a lighted candle a crack was discovered to extend from the rim about half way up the side. The catastrophe to an instrument which cost £3,363 raised the question as to who was to pay for recasting it. The founders repudiated responsibility, declaring that too heavy a clapper (it weighing 12 cwt.) had been used. The authorities, however, placed on record that it was "porous, unhomogeneous, unsound, and a defective casting."

Be that as it may, "Big Ben" was broken up and recast at a cost of £700. Its weight was 13 tons 10 cwt. 3 qr. 15 lbs., its diameter 9 feet, and its height outside 7 feet 6 inches. It was rung for the first time on Nov. 18, 1858.

Alas! in less than a year after this the new bell ceased to strike the hours, having become more seriously cracked than its predecessor. The crack, which was inside, was three inches in extent. For about three years afterward the hours were struck on the largest of the quarter bells. The experiment was then tried of turning the great bell round so as to present a fresh place for the hammer, or clapper, to strike on. With a light hammer this experiment proved so far satisfactory that during the thirty-eight years that have elapsed the fissure does not seem to have increased; and it is possible when the wind is favorable to distinctly hear it in most of the suburbs booming out the midnight hour.—London Mail.

The First Polar Explorer.

The hardy mariners who were the pioneers in polar discovery achieved wonders, considering that they had everything to learn about methods of arctic work and their vessels and equipment were very inadequate. One of the greatest of all arctic voyagers, says Harper's Weekly, was the man who commanded the first true polar expedition, William Barntz. He sailed from Holland in 1594 on the little fishing smack Mercurious, and the object of his voyage shows how ignorant the merchants and seamen of those days were as to the navigability of arctic seas. Barentz pushed into the unknown for the purpose of sailing around the north end of Nova Zembla, and finding a northeast passage to China; and so for a month he skirted the wall of ice that barred his way, seeking in every direction for a lane by which he might travel through the pack, putting his vessel about eighty-one times, and traveling back and forth along the ice edge for seventeen hundred miles. The highest north he attained during this careful examination of the ice edge was 614 statute miles south of the highest point reached by Nansen or 874 miles from the pole.

A Beautiful Girl's Affliction.

From the Republican, Versailles, Ind.

The Tuckers of Versailles, Ind., like all fond parents, are completely wrapped up in their children. Their daughter Lucy, in particular, has given them much concern. She is fifteen, and from a strong, healthy girl, three years ago, had become weak and kept falling off in flesh, until she became a mere skeleton. She seemed to have no life at all. Her blood became impure and finally she became the victim of nervous prostration. Doctors did not help her. Most of the time she was confined to bed, was very nervous and irritable, and seemed on the verge of St. Vitus' dance.

"One morning," said Mrs. Tucker, "the doctor told us to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which he brought with him. He said he was treating a similar case with these pills and they were curing the patient. We began giving the pills and the next day could see a change for the better.

Discussed Their Daughter's Case for Hours.

The doctor came and was surprised to see such an improvement. He told us to keep giving her the medicine. We gave her one pill after each meal until eight boxes had been used when she was well. She has not been sick since, and we have no fear of the old trouble returning. We think the cure almost miraculous."

FRANK TUCKER,
MRS. FRANK TUCKER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of April, 1897.

HUGH JOHNSON, *Justice of the Peace.*

These pills are wonderfully effective in the treatment of all diseases arising from impure blood, or shattered nerve force. They are adapted to young or old, and may be had at any drug store.

Conservative Investors

Can largely increase their income by placing their accounts in my hands. Twenty years of Wall Street experience, in addition to reliable INSIDE INFORMATION, enables me to advise you most successfully. Write for particulars, which are interesting to those having money to invest. CHARLES HUGHES, Investment Broker, 63 Wall Street, New York City.

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

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Diana of the Sierras—A Nineteen-Year-Old California Girl Who Goes Hunting Wildcats Alone—A Woman's Fierce Battle With Wolves in the Northwest.

Miss Cornie Chittendon is only nineteen years of age, but more game has fallen before her unerring rifle during the past six years than can be placed to the credit of many male hunters in the neighborhood of her home at Cummings, Cal. Game has been especially plentiful around that section of the country lately, and Miss Chittendon has taken the full advantage of the fact. During the past six years no less than forty-five fat deer have fallen to her gun, fifteen of these having been killed by her during the past year.

Miss Chittendon possesses the keenest instincts of a sportswoman. Since babyhood she has been accustomed to live an outdoor, self-reliant life. Her parents, with whom she had been brought up, own a sheep ranch of some four hundred acres, part of it having been pretty rough country, and over this and the surrounding forests and hills Miss Chittendon has been accustomed to roam at will almost since she was first able to toddle. Her education would have been incomplete had she not been thoroughly trained in the use of firearms. When quite a little girl she was taught how to handle a gun, and very soon became so expert in its use that she could hit a bird on the wing three times out of five.

When she reached the age of twelve Miss Chittendon began to look for bigger game than that which passed on the wing over her father's ranch, and very soon her rifle was heard speaking in the surrounding country, where gathered the deer, coons, foxes, wildcats, and even fiercer game. The mere killing of a deer and carrying home its antlers as a trophy did not long satisfy Miss Chittendon's ambitious soul, so one day she decided to astonish the folk at home by taking back with her an abundant supply of deer meat for the domestic larder. The first deer she shot that day she proceeded to dress after a novel fashion originated by herself. Tying a rope to the horns of the deer, a noble animal with a fine eight-pronged set of antlers, she threw the rope over the branch of a tree, fastened the end to the pommel of her saddle, and whipped up the horse, thus pulling the deer into position for dressing. In this way she was able to dress the deer with ease and take it proudly home on the horse's back. Since then she has gone out alone on hunting trips, and has always dressed the game she killed and brought it back with her ready for cooking.

Last winter Miss Chittendon developed a fancy for hunting wild animals and trapping wild animals and coons, which abound in the forest around her father's ranch. She has had many encounters with fierce wild hogs, which, single handed and alone, she has attacked and killed with her gun, a weapon she handles with the ease acquired by most women only after half a lifetime of practice. Her father's ranch is hung around with the antlers of deer and the tusks of wild animals, while the floors are covered with the furs of foxes, bears and wildcats that have fallen before the deadly aim of this modern Diana. All the accomplishments of a past mistress in forestry are hers. She knows the meaning of all the signs that guide a trained hunter that is following the trail of game, and can track a wildcat or a fox with the unerring instinct of an Indian.

On one occasion she followed for five hours the trail of a wildcat that had been prowling around her father's ranch and doing great damage to the live stock. Following the trail up hill, down dale and through woods for several miles, she at last came upon the wildcat crouching in the boughs of an enormous tree. Being unable, on account of the intervening branches, to get a fair shot at the animal, Miss Chittendon's first bullet clipped a twig and went wide of the mark. The wildcat sprang at Miss Chittendon, but before it could reach her she had loaded again and met its rush with a ball fairly between the eyes. She treasures the skin of this animal as one of her most highly valued trophies.

A Battle With Wolves.

Last autumn, says the Youth's Companion, a German settler in the wilderness not far from the headwaters of the Mississippi River, Otto Gewehrsen by name, came into the land office at Grand Rapids, Minnesota, to "prove up" his claim. He also brought with him three wolf-scalps, and demanded the bounty on them.

"Did you kill these?" he was asked.

"No," said the German, "my voman kill him mit an axe."

He showed the places in the skins where they had been lacerated by many blows with a sharp implement, and told how the skins came to his hand.

Gewehrsen had a wife and children, and also a flock of sheep. Wolves had formerly troubled him a good deal, for his claim is in a wild part of Itasca County. In September last he left his eldest boy, twelve years old, accompanied by an old sheep-dog, to guard the sheep in a piece of grassy woodland near the house. The boy was armed with an old gun loaded with buckshot. The father, in going away from home on a necessary errand, apprehended no trouble, for the wolves had not been seen all summer, and he imagined they had at last left the neighborhood.

The boy seems to have had no fear of trouble either, for while the sheep were quietly grazing, he wandered away from them a little distance, looking for something to shoot. The dog stayed with the sheep.

Before long the boy heard a great commotion and fierce yelping in the direction of the glade where the sheep were left, and presently saw the sheep coming running in terror through the woods toward him. He hurried on toward the place from which the noise came, and there found the old dog in deadly struggle with three full-grown wolves. A fourth wolf was engaged in tearing the body of a sheep he had killed.

The boy fired at the wolf which was tearing the sheep, and it ran limping away. However, the shot, and the cries of the wounded wolf, brought the three other wolves upon him; they left the half-dead dog, and flew at the boy.

The youngster, having no other charge in his gun, climbed a tree with agility and presence of mind. There he began to yell for help. The house was within no great distance, and the boy's mother heard the shouts. There were other sounds which spoke to her of wild animals; and seizing an axe, she ran as fast as she could to the place.

She reached the tree. Whether or not the boy was safe in it did not appear to have entered her thoughts; she saw simply that he was threatened by the wild beasts, and without any deliberation she attacked them. They turned upon her and fought hard. But a woman struggling in defence of her children is no mean antagonist under any circumstances, and this woman had a formidable weapon in a sharp axe. Her greatest danger was that the wolves were three in number, and attacked her from all sides.

She was too quick for them, however, and in a few moments she had laid them all out on the ground, dead. Then she helped the boy down out of the tree, and got him into a place of undoubted safety. Then, like the thrifty German woman that she was, she proceeded to skin the wolves while they were warm and skinnable, in order that there should be no doubt about getting the bounty that the State pays for the destruction of such wild animals.

Fell Before an "L" Engine.

"Harlem express!" yelled the ticket chopper. "First stop Fifty-ninth street!"

The crowd on the Cortlandt street station of the Ninth avenue "L" surged toward the edge of the platform. It was 6 o'clock, and there were many passengers for the express. So sudden was this concerned movement that one man was pushed off the platform and fell headlong to the track.

The express engine came howling along, her lights half obscured in a cloud of white steam. Those on the station platform shouted and waved their arms. Then, as the engine rumbled up along the platform, they turned their face away and bowed their heads. One woman tore off her hat and stood crushing it in her hands, her features working convulsively.

In the cab of the locomotive the engine driver had heard the shouts and divined that something was wrong. He put on the brakes hard, and the station vibrated with the jarring of locked wheels over the rails. But it was too late. Not until the engine had passed by more than its own length the spot where the man had fallen did it come to a standstill.

Such of the crowd as could nerve themselves to look upon red horror peered down at the wheels, while the stoker and gateman prepared to climb down to the track. Before they could do so, however, a head popped out between the locomotive and the platform of the first car, and the missing man clambered into the glare of the station lights.

"Narrow squeak, that!" he said, as he punched out the dents in his hat. "I had just room and just time to crawl in under the platform and make myself as small as I could."

"What's your name?" demanded the conductor, bent on making a report.

"Oh, never mind my name," replied the stranger. "The joke's on me and not on Uncle Russell this time."

"First stop Fifty-ninth street!" yelled the ticket chopper.—New York Journal.

Presence of Mind Under Water.

A marvellous experience happened to Matthew Dolan, of Jeffersonville, Ind. Dolan was coming down the river on a tow pushed by the steamer Sam Clark, and in the darkness fell off. He is a vigorous swimmer and diver, and knew his safety depended on holding his breath. Before he could rise, the tow, an eighth of a mile long, was over him, and he, feeling the bottoms of the boats, knew he must dive. To come up a moment too soon meant death by the steamer's wheel. Feeling his way until the prow of the boat struck him, he remained under water by a superhuman effort. Then he rose and swam to Six Mile Island, whence he was rescued by a skiff. He says that he had no idea of drowning, and thought of nothing but how to get out of his predicament.

They Didn't Beard Him.

"Why, ho!" exclaimed the stranger at the Zoo; "would you beard the lion in his den?"

"Nay," said the keeper, fingering his shears with a grimace. "On the contrary, we are merely going to trim his whiskers."

And, uncanny as the surroundings were, there echoed, from wall to wall, a wild shriek of animal laughter.

How the Brain Acts.

Although the brain is perpetually active, the whole of it is never active at one time. The two hemispheres or halves do not operate simultaneously, but alternate in action—now it is the one-half, then the other.

A NATIONAL HIGHWAY.

THE PROPOSITION TO BUILD A ROAD ACROSS THE CONTINENT.

Postal Savings Bank System Suggested as Means of Revenue—By This Method Other Great National Thoroughfares Could Be Built—Vast Fund Available.

Much has been written and said of the proposed great road across the continent, that was suggested some time ago by General LeRoy Stone, of the Highway Commission of the Department of the Interior, and which his arguments showed could be built practically out of its own benefits.

The great good to the country at large that would be derived from such a highway cannot be overestimated, as the proposed plan would bring it through the principal commercial centres of the country. It would not only be a universal boon to cyclists, but farmers and others within miles of its course would profit from its existence.

In 1861 the British Government established a postal savings bank system, and since that time many countries have done the same, and their efforts have been crowned with success in this direction.

It has been proposed that the United States Government inaugurate a system of postal savings depositories throughout the country, and a question has arisen in connection therewith as to what use the Government could put the money.

Of course there are many persons who are opposed to the plan, and a claim has been set up that Uncle Sam would not have the means by which all the money that would flow into his coffers from mysterious hiding places and other unique sources, could be put into circulation so as to be of benefit to the people.

Sterling Elliott, of Boston, one of the best known authorities on highway improvements and an unfailing worker in the cause of good roads in general, and who was at one time President of the League of American Wheelmen, has a suggestion that is well worth consideration all who believe that a grand thoroughfare across the foremost country of the new world would be an achievement of which the Government and the people would have good cause to feel proud.

Mr. Elliott suggests that no better use could be made of the money to be derived from the establishment of a postal savings system than by devoting it to the cause of furthering highway improvements.

The postal savings deposits would furnish a vast fund which would enable the Government to make the necessary advances, and which could be repaid in payments running from ten to twenty years, or such length of time as would best suit the convenience of those to whom the money was advanced, and the Government.

Not only this, but other great highways of National importance could be constructed on a similar basis, and the benefits to the country at large would be such as to assume great importance.

A good bicycle, with decent use, will last six seasons or more, and a pair of road tires of fair weight may be ridden from 6000 to 10,000 miles on ordinary roads. An English authority states that a pair of tires in one instance was known to run 25,000 miles and still be fit for use. This same rule applies to wagon tires, but, unfortunately, in the outlying districts, particularly in the South and West, good roads are at a premium. The cost to farmers in carrying produce to the markets in the larger commercial centres is consequently increased tenfold.

With one grand thoroughfare connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean, the saving in wear and tear on vehicles, not to mention the saving in live stock, would be enormous. Remote places many miles from this great route could be reached, for those living along such roads would be encouraged to keep them in repair, and when once on the continental road it would be an easy matter to reach commercial centres. The saving in freight alone would be enormous, and heretofore unheard of possibilities for the use of the bicycle would be developed.—New York Herald.

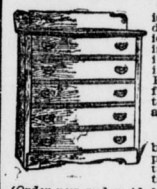
To a Strange Land.

Frequently the ships that come from Europe bring little children to friends or relatives in this country, tagged as express packages would be tagged. Only the other day five little children arrived in New York. One little girl of five years came from Russia. She wore a shawl over her head and carried a handkerchief full of playthings. Her father was in this country trying to make a home for her and her mother, but her mother died in Russia, and the little girl was sent to her father here. Her name was Itke. Another one was nine years old, whose name is Ilona, came with a little sister of seven from Russian Poland; and the little girl of nine years, the officers of the steamship said, was a little mother to her sister all the way over. Two more little sisters named Freda and Ganna came from Austria. Both wore tags about their necks with the names and address of their relatives in this country to whom they were coming.

When One Faints.

Remember that fainting proceeds from a disturbance of the circulation, by means of which the blood is drawn suddenly from the head. The first thing to do is to lower the fainting person to the floor in such a position that the head is lower than the rest of the body. Loosen the clothing across the chest and at the throat. Bathe the face and temples with cold water in which a little cologne water or aromatic vinegar has been used, and use smelling salts. It is a serious mistake to prop up the head with pillows or administer alcoholic stimulants.—New York World.

No. 088.



This highly Polished solid oak 5-drawer Chiffonier measures 54 inches high, 32 inches wide, 19 inches deep. Each drawer is furnished with the best locks, and **$3.39** buys this exact piece of furniture which retails for $8.00.

(*Order now and avoid disappointment.*)

Drop a postal for our lithographed Carpet Catalogue which shows all colors with exact distinctness. If carpet samples are wanted, mail us 6c. in stamps. Why pay your local dealer 60 per cent. more than our prices when you can buy of the mill? The great household educator—our new 112 page special catalogue of Furniture, Draperies, Lamps, Stoves, Crockery, Mirrors, Pictures, Bedding, Refrigerators, Baby Carriages is also yours for the asking. Again we ask, why enrich your local dealer when you can buy of the maker? Both catalogues cost you nothing, and we pay all postage.

Julius Hines & Son
BALTIMORE, MD.
Please Mention This Paper.

Taste for Apples.

The superabundance of the apple crop last year has had one good result for the future of the orchardist. It rendered apples so cheap that the consumption was greater than ever before. A taste of this kind, once stimulated, generally continues; consequently the demand will be larger in seasons to come than it has been hitherto. This year apples have been in Philadelphia markets the whole year through. Last year's supply of late varieties, such as the Baldwin, had scarcely disappeared before the Russian variety, Tetoffsky, came in from Virginia. These, of course, will be followed by better kinds.—Mehan's Monthly.

Sea Water.

On a bright, sunny day visitors are often puzzled at the numerous colors visible on the surface of the sea. There will, perhaps, be some four or five streaks of green, blue, yellow, black and so forth, making the water appear as though it were painted in color stripes of mathematical precision.

To the initiated these several stripes have their meaning. They are nearly all produced by the character of the ocean bed, and, as a rule, are only seen in close proximity to land.

"Lucky" Pigs.

The favorite badge just now of the smart Englishwoman is a tiny "lucky" pig of bog oak, made in Ireland and worn upon her neck chain. To bring real luck these pigs must be Irish, but they can be bought in the London shops.

All Figured Out.

"Yes," said the young man with the square chin; "I am going to Klondike, or thereabouts. I may get richer than I am here, and if I die I won't die any deader than I would if I stayed at home."—Indianapolis Journal.

Sweden Makes Butter.

During last year over 23,500 tons of butter were exported from Sweden, nearly all of which went to Britain.

The question is being agitated as to what earthly use the letter "q" is in our language, so long as we have the letter "k." But then, men are apt to stick to many a thing after it has become a dead letter, merely from force of habit.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. ☞ Sold by Druggists; price, 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Land and a Living

Are best and cheapest in the New South. Land $3 to $5 an acre. Easy terms. Good schools and churches. No blizzards. No cold waves. New illustrated paper, "Land and a Living," 3 months for 10 cents in stamps. W. C. RINEARSON, G. P. A., Queen & Crescent Route, Cincinnati.

A post-mortem examination of a cow which died near Sheerness, England, showed that a lady's hairpin, six inches in length, was embedded in the animal's heart.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

It is claimed by some that the best pictures ever taken by the camera are the daguerreotypes which ushered in the art of sun-portraiture.

There are more clocks made in America than in any other country.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best.
Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

The Pope can speak English, German, Italian and French perfectly.

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

Once Wasted.

Modern man is gradually waking up to the fact that he can utilize everything. Coal is not only a source of heat and light, but a storehouse of colors, tastes, medicines, perfumes and explosives. From 140 pounds of gas tar in a ton of coal over 2,000 distinct shades of aniline dyes are made.

The same substance furnishes quinine, antipyrine, atrophine, morphine and a host of other drugs.

Of perfumes there can be obtained heliotropine, clove, queen of the meadows, cinnamon and bitter almonds, camphor and wintergreen.

It gives to us bellite and picrite, two powerful explosives, and supplies flavoring extracts which cannot be told from currant, raspberry, pepper and vanilla.

Scientists also get from the coal tar benzine and naphtha and the photographer gets from it his hydroquinone and likonogen.

It gives forth paraffin, pitch and creosote, material for artificial paving; saccharin, which is 300 times sweeter than sugar; lampblack, material for red inks, oils, varnish, rosin and a great supply of ammonia.

Knocked Out.

It knocks out all calculations of attending to business in the right way for a day when we wake up in the morning sore and stiff. The disappointment lies in going to bed all right and waking up all wrong. There is a short and sure way out of it. Go to bed after a good rub with St. Jacobs Oil and you wake up all right; soreness and stiffness all gone. So sure is this that men much exposed in changeful weather keep a bottle of it on the mantel for use at night to make sure of going to work in good fix.

Salzer's Grasses and Clovers

Are warranted. They produce! We are the largest growers in America. Lowest prices. Seed Potatoes only $1.50 per barrel. Big farm seed catalogue with clover and grain samples (worth $10.00 to get a start) sent you by the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 10c postage. A. C. 5.

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

SYRUP of FIGS

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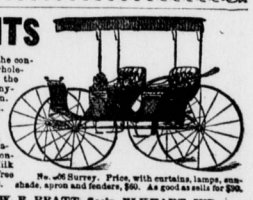

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