

# Pimples

Are the danger signals of impure blood. They show that the vital blood is in bad condition, that health is in danger of wreck. Clear the track by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and the blood will be made pure, complexion fair and healthy, and life's journey pleasant and successful.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. \$1; six for \$5. Hood's Pills cure indigestion, biliousness.

**Ever Have a Dog Bother You?**  
When riding a wheel, making you wonder for a few minutes whether or not you are to get a fall and a broken neck? Wouldn't you have given a small farm just then for some means of driving off the pest? A few drops of ammonia shot from a liquid pistol would do it effectually and still not permanently injure the animal. Such pistols sent postpaid for fifty cents in stamps by New York Union Supply Co., 135 Leonard St., New York City. Every bicyclist at times wishes he had one.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINKARD, Springfield, Ill., Oct. 1, 1904.

It is said that in some of the farming districts of China pigs are harnessed to small wagons and made to draw them.

**No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.**  
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

A new sunburet, a sort of poke headgear, has been designed and tried on a thousand camels. Out of these animals, which have marched all the way from Assam, only one animal died from the effects of the sun, and that was a camel which had lost its hat.

**Five Cents.**  
Everybody knows that Dobbin's Electric Soap is the best in the world, and for 13 years it has sold at the highest price. Its price is now 5 cents, same as common brown soap. Bars full size and quality. Order of grocer. Ad.

According to oculists, poor window glass is responsible for eye strain, on account of the faulty refraction.

The silkworm is liable to over one hundred diseases.

**Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**  
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c. or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

## EUGENIE AT COMPAGNE.

Rarely Beautiful and Fascinating Woman in Her Prime.

Much has been said and written about this beautiful and fascinating woman, but, however great the praises bestowed, they have never, to my mind, been exaggerated, says the Cornhill Magazine. It would be possible, no doubt, to find more perfectly faultless features, even more beautiful eyes and complexion, but I have never seen the woman who united so many perfections. The creamy luster of the skin, the expression of those tender and sympathetic eyes, the radiant smile, the glorious mass of quite golden hair, the slope of the graceful shoulders, all these charms, enhanced by a toilet as exquisite as Parisian taste could conceive, united to make a perfection that seemed to eclipse and utterly to destroy the beauty of every other woman present, although there were many celebrities of all nations present who were famed, and justly famed, for the gifts that Venus had bestowed upon them. But yet the empress was not just now what the French call an *beaute*, for the event so deeply interesting to France, so important to the imperial pair concerned, was not very far distant, and great care was needed, although the imperial lady herself somewhat pooh-poohed many extra precautions; at any rate, she never allowed herself to show or professed to feel any unusual fatigue.

**Only Case on Record.**  
Through all his passionate pleadings she sat absolutely unmoved. It was the first instance ever noted where a woman sat thus who had secured possession of a piazza rocker.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## REGAINED HEALTH.

Gratifying Letters to Mrs. Pinkham From Happy Women.

"I Owe You My Life."

Mrs. E. WOOLHISER, Mills, Neb., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I owe my life to your Vegetable Compound. The doctors said I had consumption and nothing could be done for me. My menstruation had stopped and they said my blood was turning to water. I had several doctors. They all said I could not live. I began the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it helped me right away; myenses returned and I have gained in weight. I have better health than I have had for years. It is wonderful what your Compound has done for me."

"I Feel Like a New Person."

Mrs. GEO. LEACH, 1009 Belle St., Alton, Ill., writes:

"Before I began to take your Vegetable Compound I was a great sufferer from womb trouble. Meneses would appear two and three times in a month, causing me to be so weak I could not stand. I could neither sleep nor eat, and looked so badly my friends hardly knew me."

"I took doctor's medicine but did not derive much benefit from it. My druggist gave me one of your little books, and after reading it I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I feel like a new person. I would not give your Compound for all the doctors' medicine in the world. I can not praise it enough."

## CUBA'S GREAT SMUGGLER

WHY HAD THERE TWO HOUSES IN HAVANA WITHOUT A PARALLEL.

They Are the Marti Fish Market and the Tacon Theatre, and They Were Built Under Strange Conditions by a Notorious Contrabandist—His Bargain.

There are two structures in the city of Havana said to be without a parallel all over the world. These are the Marti Fish Market and the Tacon Theatre.

The former is a building between one hundred and fifty and two hundred feet long. The roof is supported by huge arches which rest on marble pillars. Through the entire length of the centre extends a broad counter of white marble. One side of the structure is open to the street and the opposite side to the harbor. The history of its origin is not the least interesting incident connected with it.

Early in the thirties of the present century, the greatly commended and severely criticised Tacon wielded the Spanish power in the island of Cuba. With great energy he attempted to correct abuses from which the island suffered. One of the most flagrant which met his notice was the wholesale smuggling carried on in the port of Havana under the very nose of the port officials. There was a duty of ten dollars a barrel on flour brought into the island, and many other articles were highly taxed, so that a very comfortable living offered itself to any one daring and cunning enough to run the risk of smuggling. The numerous bays and finely protected harbors of the West Indies afforded shelter for the swift craft of the smugglers.

Tacon determined that stopped it should be, and that at once. So, commanding the presence of the officers of the fleet, he gave orders that the long, lazy corvettes in the harbor should hoist sail and proceed at once upon a search among the bays and straits surrounding the island for the haunts of the outlaws.

Four months passed, and in spite of his vigorous efforts there was not the least abatement of the evil. Cargoes of smuggled goods were landed in broad daylight under the very guns of Morro Castle. Tacon was only wiser to the extent that he had learned the smugglers were led by a bold, daring fellow called Marti. All indications pointed to the fact that Marti was an unusual man, possessing marked executive ability, great power over his associates and wonderful cleverness in personal adventure. A high reward had been offered to the person who would deliver him, dead or alive, at the Governor's palace.

By occupation he was supposed to be a fisherman, and might often have been seen on one of the million smacks that plied between Yucatan, Florida and Havana. His ability to adapt himself to masquerade permitted his frequent undetected visits among the Government officials, by which means he kept himself informed of every detail in their plans against him and his followers.

One cloudy evening near midnight, a tall, commanding figure, wrapped in a military cloak, lurked in the shadow of the gate post at the Governor's palace. Carefully and deftly stealing his way, aided by the shadow of the wall, he reached the marble steps. Ascending the broad marble stairway, he entered the apartment of the Governor, whom he found writing at a table.

Looking up with contracted brows, Tacon demanded: "Who enters here unannounced and at this hour?" "Giving the military salute, the stranger replied: "Excellency, I am here on business of great import to the Government."

"How came you past the guard?" "Never mind that, Excellency, I—" "But I do mind," interrupted the Governor, growing impatient for an explanation of this extraordinary visit.

But the wily visitor made a judicious, calm reply that warded off further explanation, and proceeding cautiously, succeeded in gaining confirmation from the Governor's own lips that he had not only offered a free pardon to anyone who would turn State's evidence and reveal the haunts and doings of the contrabandists, but that he had offered a large reward for any information whatever concerning them—a double reward to anyone who would deliver up their leader. He so guardedly and skillfully conducted the conversation that he gave no clew to his own identity until, having bound the Governor by his honor as a knight, he told him that he knew his character well, and that he would fulfill his promises. He then announced himself as Captain Marti, saying he was ready to fulfill to the letter his part of the contract.

Unconsciously he reached for his pistol. Marti, noticing this, took his own from his belt, and laying them on the table, said: "Henceforth I have no use for these. Hereafter my weapon is to be diplomacy."

Tacon found himself in the ridiculous position of having granted a free pardon to the man upon whose head he himself had set a goodly price. He could not but admire the shrewdness of this fellow.

The exchange of a few more words brought about the understanding between the two that Marti should be placed in confinement over night, his name concealed, and that in the morning he should start as pilot on a vessel that should be guided to the rendezvous of the smugglers. The expedition was made. No human being was found anywhere, while unmistakable signs of very recent habitation by the outlaws were manifest everywhere. A few small ships and their cargoes, amounting to very little, were captured; but that was all. The

## GOVERNOR WAS SATISFIED THAT THE HAUNTS

were made known, and no one else inquired very closely into the matter. On the return of the expedition Tacon was about to pay to Captain Marti the promised reward, when the latter interrupted him with a peculiar proposition. He said he was immensely wealthy, and cared not for money, while the treasury of Cuba was poor. He proposed that, instead of the reward, to him should be granted a monopoly of the fish trade of Havana, and that he be permitted to employ his contrabandists as fishermen. In the event of such a grant he promised to build the finest fish market in the world, and at the end of twenty-five years to return his privilege of monopoly and the fish market to the Government.

Tacon accepted the proposition, seeing in it his opportunity to hold control over Marti. And for a quarter of a century the Havana market was supplied with the finest fish caught by smugglers, absolutely safe from the law in all that they did.

This monopoly filled to overflowing the already well-supplied purse of Marti, and he looked about him for another investment for his money. He conceived the idea of a theatre monopoly, somewhat on the plan of his fish market. He communicated with Tacon, who granted him the privilege for twenty years, on condition that the building be made the largest of the kind in the world and named Tacon.

**Danger in Poaching.**  
No offenders against the British law are punished so severely as the poacher. The fields and the woods of all England are now overrun with game. Hares are as plentiful as flies almost, while partridges, pheasants and the like are so numerous as to be in some places actual pests. Yet they are not for the laborer, or the plowman, or the rustic of low degree. Should some poor cottager, with larder lean and pocket empty, steal out at nightfall to a spot where he knew hares were feeding, and making his way through a field gate or through some well known opening in the hedge, fire and kill a single hare, he makes himself liable to prosecution for trespass, for carrying a gun without a license, and for having game in his possession unlawfully. If it should happen that he is near the highway when the shot is fired, he is also liable to be prosecuted on the charge of firing a gun in proximity to the public road. If he is arrested there is no escape from long imprisonment in the jail.

It is this stigma that turned poaching over to the moral delinquents of the parish, although the "amateur poacher" is still to be found in every neighborhood—some sport-loving rustic of good name and standing from whom the rigor of the law and the disgrace that would follow detection have failed to drive the fascination of a night spent among the rabbit runs and hare paths. The amateur poacher is an eager spirit, and he argues that a law which declares that the love of adventure in the field and a genius for woodcraft are criminal when possessed by those unfavored by birth or fortune, is a law against a higher law of nature, and one against which it is no crime to wage war.—New York Sun.

**"Pouring Oil on Troubled Waters."**  
Lientenant Charles M. McCartney writes an article on "Ocean Storms" for St. Nicholas. In describing the great hurricane of Nova Scotia on August 29, 1891, Lientenant McCartney says:

The Indiana was kept dry by the dripping of oil from both bows; and although tremendous seas were running and breaking, they could not come on board.

This was certainly a most practical illustration of the old saying as to the "pouring of oil on troubled waters"—a proverb as old as the Bible, but only very recently applied, thanks to the Hydrographic Office of the United States, and now very generally followed by seamen the world over.

It was an American also (Redfield) who first thoroughly found out and explained the true character of these revolving storms, and to him all seamen are forever indebted.

In using oil, it is astonishing how small a quantity will suffice—just a quart or two, in a bag stuffed with oakum, hung over the bows, and allowed to drip, drop by drop, on the sea, where it spreads out in a thin, greasy film over the surface of the water. Over the film the wind slips, as it were, and has no power to bank the water up into waves which would break over the ship. Hundreds of reports are on file in the office, attesting the marvelous results of this simple agent of safety.

**Eyeglasses and Spectacles.**  
"You say you never wore spectacles?" said the near-sighted man. "Well, if you ever put on a pair you'll never wear anything else. I wore eyeglasses for years. I thought they looked better on me, and then I imagined that they were more convenient; that I could take them off and put them on more readily and all that. But after wearing a pair of spectacles once for a few days—I had put them on, as I thought at first, temporarily—I discovered that spectacles were the glasses for comfort.

"There are, to be sure, people who do not wear glasses all the time, but only for reading or writing, and soon, to whom eyeglasses may be more convenient; and then I believe that eyeglasses are made nowadays that have more scientifically adjusted grips, and all that sort of thing; but I tell you that the thing for real comfort is spectacles."—New York Sun.

At Russian railway stations grievance books are kept in which passengers may enter complaints. The books are sent to the central office once a month and all complaints investigated.

## HEROES OF WAR.

The feeling of admiration for heroes of war seems to be innate in the human heart, and is brought to the surface as the opportunity and object for such hero worship presents itself.

Among those who proved their heroism during our Civil War was A. Schiffenecker, of 161 Sedgwick street, Chicago. He is an Austrian by birth, came to America at the age of twenty and soon became an American citizen. He was living in Milwaukee when the call for volunteers came early in 1862, and he promptly enlisted in Company A, of the Twenty-ninth Wisconsin Volunteers. In the Army of the Potomac our hero saw much fighting, campaigning in the Shenandoah Valley.

In the first day's fighting at the battle of Gettysburg, Schiffenecker received a wound in the right side, which afterward caused him much trouble. With a portion of his regiment he was captured and imprisoned at Ball Island and Andersonville. He was afterward exchanged. He returned to his regiment, which was transferred to the Army of General Sherman, and marched with him through Georgia to the sea.

In this campaign Mr. Schiffenecker's old wound began to trouble him and he was sent to the hospital and then home. He had also contracted catarrh of the stomach and afterward exchanged. He returned to his regiment, which was transferred to the Army of General Sherman, and marched with him through Georgia to the sea.

"I happened to read an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People about a year ago," he said, "and thought that they might be good for my trouble. I concluded to try them. I bought one box and began to take them according to directions. They gave me great relief. After finishing that box I bought another, and when I had taken the pills I felt that I was cured. I recovered my appetite and ate heartily. I can testify to the good the pills did me."

**MILITARY PUNISHMENTS.**  
Death is resorted to only in extreme cases except in war.

The systems of deciding the various military punishments in the United States is by court-martial. Certain officers are appointed by the military authorities to hear the facts in the case and whatever defense the culprit may care to make, explains the Philadelphia Inquirer. When they have heard all sides of the subject they decide whether or not the prisoner deserves punishment and of what kind it shall be. The punishment used in the American army and navy are: Death, confinement in the guard house or in a military prison, hard labor (for some of the worst offenses with ball and chain), forfeiture of pay, dishonorable discharge from the service and confinement on bread and water, but the latter cannot be for more than fourteen days at a time. If the culprit is an officer, sergeant, corporal, etc., he may be reduced to the ranks. Death is seldom resorted to except in very extreme cases, but in time of war this mode of punishment is more frequent.

A soldier who falls asleep when on picket duty and thus gives the enemy a chance to surprise the camp may be sentenced to be shot. Great cowardice in battle may be punished in the same way, and every boy knows that a spy, if captured, is apt to be hanged. Spies are very dangerous to the welfare of an army, and while being shot does not seem so bad to some soldiers, the thought that death will come by hanging is much dreaded. Desertion also is frequently punished in war time by death. During our civil war if a soldier or sailor was caught stealing from his comrades he was severely punished, more so than he would have been had he not been in the army. A novel way of punishing a coward was to march him through the camp with a placard bearing the word "coward" fastened about the neck. The officer in charge of a military prison once adopted a peculiar way of punishing a man who tried to escape. The fellow found a ladder and one night placed it against the wall of the prison, intending to climb over and get away. He was caught, and the commander ordered that for five hours he should climb up the ladder and down again. The soldier laughed at the punishment, but pretty soon his back began to grow lame, and at the end of the five hours he had to be taken to the hospital. If any of the boys who read this article care to visit Governor's Island, or any military station, he will see a number of men digging about the grounds, wheeling dirt and stones and doing the work of a laboring man. These soldiers are dressed in brown canvas suits, and each has a large number fastened upon his back; some among the number may be wearing a chain about one ankle, and a small cannon ball will be fastened to one end of the chain. These soldiers are being punished for fighting with their comrades, disobeying orders, or overstaying their leave of absence. In both the American and English service probably the worst punishment next to being sentenced to death is dishonorable discharge, when the culprit loses not only his profession, but is disgraced in the eyes of his friends and acquaintances.

**Helping Bankrupts to Begin Aftersh.**  
The bill which became a law in the closing hours of Congress was a compromise on the Nelson bill in the Senate, and the Torrey bill in the House. It is the result of an agitation among business men of more than fifteen years' duration. The bill is quite liberal in its provisions, especially on the terms of discharge. It is confidently believed that this legislation will enable from 150,000 to 200,000 bankrupts to fully re-establish themselves. Furthermore, it will enable manufacturers and merchants to secure a fair division of their debtors' property, and go a long way toward preventing embezzlement, fraud, and useless waste of valuable property. It will be of great assistance to the bankrupt who, through honest, has been forced to the wall.

## BABY FOR A CHURCH'S MASCOT.

Wee Bit of Humanity Cuts Queer Capers in the Pulpit.

Central Methodist Church, of Memphis, Tenn., has a mascot. Now "a mascot is a mascot" to begin with, but this particular mascot is a wee tot of three, probably four summers. She is just a little dot of humanity that belongs to everybody and to nobody. She is no higher than the chancel rail, but makes herself at home in the big pulpit-chairs, in the pews, on the organist's seat, or any place where it suits her fancy to be. Her name is Nelle, and that is all any one knows. She goes to Sunday-school and to church, and visits the neighbors with the freedom of a Westerner who scorns restraints and formalities. The people in the neighborhood do not take kindly to her informal visits, but the Rev. Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Hamner, the pastor and his wife, receive the little stranger and treat her with much consideration. The result is she is very fond of them, and shows her appreciation in one very promising way. Little as she is, she could give an "old salt" some points on the modern methods of swearing, but Dr. Hamner has told her it is not nice to swear, and she religiously refrains from swearing when in his presence, and is his most attentive listener during the sermon. She may deliberately enter the pulpit and climb up into one of the pulpit chairs or sit on the steps of the chancel or stand on the chancel cushion and rest her little chin in her hands while her elbows rest on the rail and she gazes intently at the speaker during half the service, but she hears every word he says. The other day she took her seat in the gallery and scattered rose leaves on the congregation below. She horrifies the staid and formal members of the congregation, and more than one has tried to restrain her and keep her in dignified bounds, but they might as well have tried to have restrained the sparrows of old that built their nests in the altars, told of in the Psalms. Like the average woman, "when she wills she will, and there is an end of it."

Nelle is a brown-haired maiden whose straight locks her mother keeps braided in two tiny braids down her back, or rather her neck. She is neatly dressed, and is sun-browned until she is "brown as a berry." She speaks with a foreign accent, leading those who do not know her parents to believe she is either a descendant of the American aborigines or of some European nation, or may be of the isles of the sea.

**Bismarck's Intolerance of Authority.**  
By one of those strange contradictions which are not infrequent in such characters as Bismarck, this great apostle of supreme and unquestioned authority was always singularly intolerant of every kind of authority himself. His Saxon boswell, Dr. Moritz Busch, has chronicled with admiring minuteness the first flashes of that haughty and indomitable spirit which was one day to trample in the dust the pride of Austria and of France. Being called to account while a student at Göttingen for some breach of university rules, Bismarck swaggered into the presence of the horrified President, booted and spurred, with a rakish student cap and a sorely-stained velvet jacket, an enormous bulldog at his heels, and a cudgel worthy of Donnybrook Fair under his arm. Later on, not long after he had entered the Civil Service, a superior official to whom he had to make a report began to drum carelessly on the window pane with his fingers while Bismarck was speaking. The haughty "Junker" determined not to be outdone, deliberately walked to the other window and struck up a louder tune upon it. On another occasion, being kept waiting for a considerable time by one of these little great men, and then curtly asked what he wanted, the future Chancellor sternly replied, "I came to ask for leave, but now I request my dismissal." Such sallies as these, coupled with his almost boyish love of athletic feats, his reckless exposure of himself to all weathers, and his wild gallops across country at the imminent risk of his neck, earned him the nickname of "Mad Bismarck," and made many prim old gentlemen of the Metternich school shake their empty heads over him as a wild, harum-scarum lad who would come to no good.—New York Times.

**The Old Jacky of the Navy.**  
The ancient Jacky has nearly gone out of the navy—along with the smooth-bore guns and the running rigging. Not wholly gone, because we still retain some of the old ships, mainly for sentimental reasons, on the navy list; and a few of the new gunboats are provided with sails, because there are times when a man-of-war can cruise just as well under canvas as under steam, and so save money for her owners. Then, besides, we still cling to the old Jacky education. We teach knotting and splicing ropes, and loosing and reefing and furling sail, and getting up and down yards and fitting rigging, to the young enlisted apprentices, with the same gravity and insistence that we enforce this obsolete knowledge upon their future commanders at Annapolis. We simply cannot get rid of the idea that the real difference between the sailorman and the land-lubber is, that the former has this information stored away somewhere in his noddle and the latter has not, regardless of the fact that it may be quite as useless for all practical purposes to the one as to the other.—New York Independent.

**A Queer Invention.**  
Earthquake railroad ties, the invention of a Japanese, have been recently experimented with at Shimabashi Station, Japan. Fairly good results were obtained, and it is said the increased cost will be more than compensated by their freedom from decay.



The bath can be made an exhilarating pleasure by the use of Ivory Soap. It cleanses the pores of all impurities, leaving the skin soft, smooth, ruddy and healthy. Ivory Soap is made of pure, vegetable oils. The latter forms readily and abundantly.

IT FLOATS.  
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**The Catarrh's Health.**  
From St. Petersburg come poor accounts of the health of the Empress of Russia. Very little is said about it, as the Tsar greatly objects to all references to the subject; but, as a matter of fact, there has been cause for some anxiety about the empress for some time past. She has never been very robust, and the attack of measles from which she suffered early in the winter has left her painfully weak. An English visitor, writing from Russia, says: "The Tsaritsa looks so fragile that she can be the mother of the two exceedingly fat babies to whom she is so passionately devoted."

**Dante in Chinese.**  
At a recent lecture delivered in Nuhlhhausen, Germany, a missionary named Elchler read extracts from a Chinese book of the eleventh century which presents some striking points of resemblance to Dante's "Inferno."

**Beauty Is Blood Deep.**  
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sticky bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

When the snake sheds his skin, which occurs frequently as often as every four or five weeks the skin of the eye comes off with the rest. Translucent in most parts, the skin over the snake's eye is perfectly transparent.

**To Cure Constipation Forever.**  
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

A traveler can journey round the world in 50 days.

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