

"Evil Dispositions Are Early Shown."

Just so evil in the blood comes out in shape of scrofula, pimples, etc., in children and young people. Taken in time it can be eradicated by using Hood's Sarsaparilla.

In older people, the aftermath of irregular living shows itself in bilious conditions, a heavy head, a foul mouth, a general bad feeling.

It is the blood, the impure blood, friends, which is the real cause. Purify that with Hood's Sarsaparilla and happiness will reign in your family.

Blood Poison—I lived in a bed of fire for years owing to blood poisoning that followed small pox. It broke out all over my body, itching intensely. Tried doctors and hospitals in vain. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla. It helped. I kept at it and was entirely cured. I could go on the house tops and about about it. Mrs. J. T. WILLIAMS, Carbonale, Pa.

Scrofula Sores—My baby at two months had scrofula sores on cheek and arm. Local applications and physicians' medicine did little or no good. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him permanently. He is now four, with smooth fair skin. Mrs. S. S. WROTE, Farmington, Del.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver, bile, non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

By a vote of the California Senate no wine, beer or other spirituous liquor was served at the inaugural ball.

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

In Russia you must marry before 30 or not at all, and you may marry only five times.

Pretty Underwear.

The variety of pretty silk and woolen underwear to be had at such reasonable prices, is very tempting to dainty women, yet many refrain from purchasing such on account of their liability to injure in laundering. If the work is perfectly done this trouble may be avoided. When ready to begin fill a tub half full of warm water, in which dissolve a fourth of a bar of Ivory Soap, and wash the articles through it with the hands, rinse in warm water, and squeeze, but do not wring. Hang on the line and press while still damp.

Eliza R. Parker.

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 sickly, bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Why She Refused the Room.

A German lady, arriving for the first time in England, drove to a first-class London hotel, asked for a room, and was shown into a very small, scantily furnished one. She said, in a determined manner, and in very broken English: "I will not have this room." "No, ma'am," said the porter, and brought in the first box. "Man!" repeated the lady, emphatically, "I will not have this room!" "No, ma'am," said the porter, and brought in the second box. The lady thought her faulty grammatical construction was the reason for the porter's continued obstinacy, and repeated, with a stern distinctness: "Man, I will this room not have." "No, ma'am," said the porter and brought in the third box, whereupon the lady left the room indignantly, but the porter drew her hurriedly back across the threshold, pulled a rope, and to her intense astonishment, the lift went up.—Tit-Bits.

Domestic Repartee.

She (indignantly)—"Now, you know I never can get in a word." He—"No, but get plenty of them out."—Detroit Free Press.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 29,602]

"Two years ago I was a great sufferer from womb trouble and profuse flowing each month, and tumors would form in the womb. I had four tumors in two years. I went through treatment with doctors, but they did me no good, and I thought I would have to resort to morphine.

"The doctor said that all that could help me was to have an operation and have the womb removed, but I had heard of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and decided to try it, and wrote for her advice, and after taking her Vegetable Compound the tumors were expelled and I began to get stronger right along, and am as well as ever before. Can truly say that I would never had gotten well had it not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound."—MARY A. STAHL, WATSONVILLE, PA.

Another Tumor Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

What Mrs. Pinkham's Letter Did.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—After following the directions given in your kind letter for the treatment of leucorrhoea, I can say that I have been entirely cured, and will gladly recommend them to my friends.

"Thanking you for your kindness, I am gratefully yours, A. B. DAVIDS, BINGHAMPTON, N. Y."

THE AUSTRIANS HEARD THE NEWS.

Their Ironclad Hove In Sight Just After Cervera's Fleet Had Sunk.

When the American fleet was operating in Cuban waters, foreign men-of-war occasionally happened along to see what was going on. It chanced that, very soon after the vessels of Sampson and Schley had destroyed Cervera's fleet, an Austrian ironclad hove in sight. The Indians steamed out to meet it, and soon a boat, with a lieutenant, left the Austrian to visit the Indiana. The Washington Star tells the story:

The Austrians had heard nothing but a distant cannonading, which might have been salutes. The lieutenant's visit was merely one of ceremony.

His countenance betrayed astonishment when he came aboard, and saw the decks blackened with powder, and men and officers begrimed and covered with perspiration; but he asked no questions until he was conducted to the captain's room, and found it filled with the stifling smoke of gunpowder. Then the Austrian officer asked Captain Taylor what such a state of things indicated.

"It indicates," answered the captain, "that we have just engaged the enemy."

"What? Cervera?"

"The same."

"But what were your losses?"

"None."

"But where is the Spanish fleet?"

The Austrian was now thoroughly excited.

"Come up on the poop and I will show you," said Captain Taylor.

They steamed in the direction of the shore, and the Austrian officer had his glasses leveled.

"There is one, and there another, and a little out of view, there is the Cristobal Colon," said Taylor, pointing out first one Spanish wreck and then another.

The Austrian, whose sympathies were undoubtedly with the Spaniards, was shocked beyond expression at this picture, typical and declaratory of the ruin of a nation. The Americans respected his feelings, and he departed in silence.

Club's Woman's Joke on Herself.

"Here is a good story which a club woman tells about herself," says the New York Sun:

"At one time," she says, "we had a colored butler who stayed with us for years, and who admired my husband immensely. He thought that Dr. H— was a marvel of manly beauty, as well as the embodiment of all the virtues, domestic, professional and otherwise. Of course, I quite agreed with the butler on this point, but the fact is, I sometimes pined to have him pass his enthusiastic compliments around to the family, and not bestow them all on the Doctor. So one morning, when Dr. H— had just left the breakfast table, and was even then to be seen, an imposing picture, as he stood on the front steps drawing on his gloves, I remarked to him:

"Dr. H— is a handsome man, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am! 'Deed an' he is, ma'am!" with gratifying enthusiasm.

"Then, hoping to get a rise from James, I added with an absent-minded air as if I scarcely knew what I said but was just uttering my inmost thoughts:

"How in the world do you suppose that such a handsome man as Dr. H— ever happened to marry such a homely woman as I am?"

"Well, James just stopped short and rolled his eyes and shook his head as if he gave it up. Then he ejaculated:

"Heaven knows, ma'am!"

Ermine.

White fox and ermine are not popular furs in this country, though abroad they are in great demand for large wraps or pelisses of fur. One would think that for a theatre cloak in winter time such a pelisse would be charming. As it is, Russian and Polish ladies have, with the Chinese, almost a monopoly of these handsome garments. "All-fur" pelisses of fox or marten are the very things for sleighing in, and these, with an ermine cape, make a pretty, warm, and most attractive costume for every-day driving in the snow.

Ermine never seems to attract in England. It is reserved for little children and very old ladies. It is quite plentiful, as the little ermines are only stoats turned white in the winter, but, as they are Siberian and Canadian stoats, they have closer under fur than the English breed. Some years ago some wealthy fur dealers made an arrangement with some leading costumers for a great coup in ermine fur. The furriers bought up the ermine, and the costumers agreed to design dresses to suit it and to start the fashion. But, for once in a way, this "combine" was a complete failure. People do not long for change in fur as they do in colors or woven fabrics, or even in the designs of costume.—The Cornhill Magazine.

He Should Be a Popular Justice.

That the tying of the matrimonial knot affords one of their fruitful and reliable sources of revenue is a fact seldom lost sight of by North Missouri Justices of the Peace, and if they fail to coax business their way it is owing to no lack of willingness to offer inducements. For instance, one of them breaks into local print with the following: "Having assumed the office of Justice of the Peace, I will continue as my predecessor, Love, in making a present of a nice solid silver spoon, engraved with the name of lady and date of marriage, to all couples coming to me to be united in marriage, but please do not all come the same day. My office is in the Republican Building, W. B. Dolsen, Esq."—Kansas City Journal.

HERE THIS IS IT.

Know by the sign



ST. JACOBS OIL

CURES

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Soreness, Stiffness.

The value of the warships for the United States Navy building by Americans is \$42,393,192.

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

Professor Max Muller has completed his 75th year, and also the golden jubilee of his career at Oxford.

Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer, No equal for Colds.—PAUL L. MILLER, Colorado, New York, Nov. 17, 1897. 50c. a bottle.

Pope Leo has granted a constitution to the new English College of Saint Beda for English Roman Catholic converts who intend to go back to England as missionaries.

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

His Glugham Aprons.

Perhaps the most unusual presents ever received by a man were bestowed this Christmas upon a Brooklyn man who cooks. They were two big blue-and-white checked gingham aprons, long and large, and with ample strings to encircle the masculine waist. The man makes at times a descent to the kitchen when the maids are away and demonstrates how a good steak should be broiled or some other of the numerous things of the preparation of which for the table he considers that he has an expert knowledge. Upon such occasions it has been his custom to borrow the first maid's apron convenient. This good, housewife tendency to use an apron being known, there came to the man from out of town the two big aprons, which were probably the best appreciated of all his Christmas gifts and were exhibited with the greatest pride.—New York Times.

Reluctant Witnesses.

Counsel—I insist on an answer to my question. You have not told me all the conversation. I want to know everything that passed between you and Mr. Jones on the occasion to which you refer. Reluctant Witness—I've told you everything of any consequence. "You have told me that you said to him: 'Jones, this case will get into court some day.' Now, I want to know what he said in reply." "Well, he said: 'Brown, there isn't anything in this business that I'm ashamed of, and if any snootin', little, yeh-havin', four-by-six, gimlet-eyed lawyer, with half a pound of brains and sixteen pounds of jaw, ever wants to know what I've been talking to you about, you can tell him the whole story.'"—New York Herald.

Progress.

The gentleman who had rung the bell several times before the servant let him in, was looking surprised and a trifle apprehensive when Mrs. Blykins came into the room.

"I called," he explained, "to inquire about your husband's health. He and I belong to the same organization, and several of the members desired me to call and see how he is getting along. We were very sorry to hear of his illness."

"It's very kind of you," she answered.

There was a crash which shook the chandelier.

She paid no attention to it.

"I think it will be only a day or two before he is able to get out and go down town," she added.

The slamming of doors echoed heavily through the house.

"Has he been dangerously sick?"

"Not until to-day."

"But I understood you to say that he was convalescent."

"I think I may say he is so. He wasn't well enough to be dangerous till this morning. But before noon he had discharged the trained nurse, quarreled with the cook, smashed a rocking-chair against which he stubbed his toe and thrown the canary bird out of the window. Those are always hopeful symptoms with him, and I feel fairly justified in saying that he is convalescent."—Washington Star.

The Kaiser's First Yachting Trip.

An eminent nautical authority relates how the Kaiser and his brother, Prince Henry, first acquired the germs of that passion for the sea which has had so potent an influence over their lives.

In 1871 the Crown Princess Frederick took her two elder boys for a change of air to Wyk, a primitive little bathing-place on the Schleswig coast. Just at that time Herr Wentzel, of Hamburg, had built for himself a sixty-ton yawl, the first sea-going craft that ever flew the pennon of the Nord-Deutscher Regatta Verein. While cruising in the North Sea he anchored the yacht one day off the fishing-village, and the two young princes, who had never enjoyed a near view of such a vessel, displayed a keen interest in all that concerned it. This came to the owner's knowledge, and he ventured to offer to show them over his yacht and to take them out for a sail. Their mother graciously gave her consent, with the result that Wilhelm and Heinrich had such a treat as had never been thrown in their way before. For they were kept very strictly to their work as lads, and their pleasures were purely of the domestic order. For months they talked of nothing but this experience, and the highest flight of their ambition was to possess a yacht. —Vanity Fair.

Cradles of Indian Babies.

Babies of civilized nations would open their eyes in wonder if they should see the queer contrivances which the babies of the native tribes of North and South America and Africa have in place of cradles and cribs. The Indians of North America strap the infant to a board, which is slung over the mother's shoulder or over the bough of a tree when she is busy. In South America and some parts of Africa reeds are woven together, forming the letter "U." The infant is placed in it in a sitting position and securely fastened with cords. While in this contrivance the child has free use of its legs, although its arms are securely fastened by the cords.

A GOOD GARDEN

is a pleasure and a profit. Gregory's seed book directs a right beginning. Gregory's seed insure the most successful ending. Get the book now! It's free. James J. H. Gregory & Son, Marlborough, Mass.

WANTED—Case of bad health that R-T-P-A-S will not benefit. Send 5c to Ripans Chemical Co., New York for 10 samples and 100 testimonials.

THE DEATH OF A NOTED FOX.

For Years He Had Been a Faithful Stand-by of the Eager Hunters.

George Washington, the hoary and sporty old fox that has lived in the South Valley hills at Valley Forge, Penn., for so many years and has figured in a score or more hunts, met with a tragic end a few days ago by being torn to pieces by a pack of hounds.

About a dozen members of the Perkiomen, Port Kennedy, Washington and Black Rock Hunts with a pack of twenty hounds, turned out for a hunt. After beating around the Valley Forge hills for an hour, the hounds succeeded in "jumping" old George Washington, and a lively chase followed. Foxey did some lively running among the hills for half an hour, and then made a break across the open country toward New Centerville, with the hounds in close pursuit. From Cedar Hollow the fox made a good run through Charlestown Township, and then headed for Valley Forge, with the hounds very close to his heels. Finding that he was likely to be picked up in the open stretch of country that lay before him, he popped into a groundhog hole when about half way back, and none too soon, for the hounds were close on him. The hunters got picks and shovels, and, as the hole proved shallow, they uncovered him after an hour's digging.

The fox was muzzled, and Earl Davis, of the Black Rock Hunt, seated him on the pommel of his saddle and started off for Valley Forge surrounded by the pack. He had not proceeded far, however, when the old fox made a wild leap and went bounding among the hounds. He had scarcely touched the ground before a dozen of the dogs were on him, and before Mr. Davis could alight from his horse the old fox had been nearly torn to pieces. The hounds were driven away and when the hunters came up and saw what had happened they almost cried, for they would rather have lost a horse or cow than lost old George. Mr. Davis secured the brush.

Old George was a great runner and had figured in many big hunts. He was frequently captured and kept for big drop-hunts, and, while he often made narrow escapes, he always managed to save himself by some trick or good stroke of luck. All regret that he was fated to meet such an unportsmanlike end.

A Dilemma.

"People ought not to take children to the theatre," said the bachelor.

"Not if they can possibly avoid it," answered the young mother. "The noise on the stage does keep the poor little things awake so."—Washington Star.

Right in Line.

"Tonner's coal yards were burned last night."

"Damaged much?"

"I don't know. But I see he has a fire sale advertised for to-morrow."—Philadelphia North American.

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THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Easy Days—Soft Sawyer—The Unrelenting Relatives—Right in Line—As to Robinson—Her Opinion—A Significant Sign—Good Cause For Tears, Etc., Etc.

We met upon the gleaming sands Beside the murmuring sea; She let me hold her little hands, And gave her love to me.

The days have come and gone since then, Our dream of bliss is o'er— She does not smile on other men, Yet we hold hands no more.

For, oh, the maiden that I met Upon the gleaming sands Is mine, and I've no time, you bet, To waste in holding hands.

—Chicago News.

Soft Sawyer.

"When I was discharged my employer let me down easy."

"How so?"

"He said I could get work more readily than an inferior man."

The Unrelenting Relatives.

"They kept company for a long time before they were married."

"Yes, and they've kept it most of the time since. Her relatives seem bound to live on them."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

As to Robinson.

Little Harry—"Pa, do you think Robinson Crusoe was very unhappy on that desert island?"

Pa—"Well, if he was he was foolish. He didn't have his wife with him."—Cleveland Leader.

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Ivory Soap, because of its purity, is especially valuable for bathing the skin of infants and very young children.

Particular care should be taken to wash the children's clothing in Ivory Soap. The garments will be whiter, cleaner and sweeter. The lather of "Ivory" is clean. There is no oil or grease in it.

IVORY SOAP IS 99 PER CENT. PURE.

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Emerson on Newspapers.

Many years ago Emerson, in a letter to a college boy, said: "Newspapers have done much to abbreviate expression and so to improve style. They are to occupy during your generation a large share of the attention, and the most studious and engaged man can neglect them only at his cost. But have little to do with them. Learn how to get their best, too, without their getting yours. Do not read when the mind is creative, and do not read them thoroughly, column by column. Remember, they are made for everybody, and don't try to get what isn't meant for you. The miscellany, for instance, should not receive your attention. There is a great secret in knowing what to keep out of the mind as well as what to put in. You can't quote from a newspaper. Like some insects, it died the day it was born."

How He Won Her.

"Ah," sighed the rich widow; "how do I know that you do not wish to marry me simply for my money?"

"Darling!" cried the man, who was young enough to be her son, "have I not written poetry for the magazines? And did you ever hear of a poet who allowed money matters to enter into his calculations?"

Those Loving Girls.

Ella—Clara is certainly a lucky girl. She must have been born with a gold spoon in her mouth. Hattie—Yes, and from all indications I should judge it was a table-spoon.—Chicago News.

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.

Boston's most populous cemetery is Mount Auburn. Its record is 32,415 interments.

How's This?

Whoever One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business, and capable and financially able to carry out any obligation made by him by this advertisement.

W. & T. TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. O. H. WALKER, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

For Whooping Cough, Whooping Cough is a successful remedy.—M. P. DIERCK, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1894.

When Hamlet Exclaimed: "Aye, There's the Rub!" Could He Have Referred to SAPOLIO

Lazy Liver

"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be all you claim for them, and secured a supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend CASCARETS whenever the opportunity is presented."

J. A. SMITH, 2929 Susquehanna