

"Honor is Purchased

by Deeds We Do."

Deeds, not words, count in battles of peace as well as in war. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. It has won many remarkable victories over the arch enemy of mankind—impure blood. Be sure to get only Hood's, because



I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Pilo's Cure for Consumption. —Louisiana, February 10, 1894.

In Madagascar silk is the only fabric used in the manufacture of clothing. It is cheaper than linen in Ireland.

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

Traces of gold have been found in the province of Puerto Principe.

Educate Your Bowels with Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 50c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

ANNAPOLIS CADETS. Now on Their Summer Trip in Foreign Waters.

One of the most pleasant things about being an Annapolis cadet is the chance they have of going on summer cruises. The second class men are now aboard an old-fashioned sailing vessel, such as was used by our navy before we had steam warships. These young men are required to do the work of common sailors; in fact, they do everything there is to be done on the boat. They started in June, and will return in September. They stop for a week or so at Plymouth, England, and arrangements have been made for them to spend a few days in London. Then they sail for Lisbon, Portugal, and the boys are wondering how Spain's neighbors will receive them. After that they go to Gibraltar, and then home again. Of course there is a good deal of fun to be got out of the trip, and a great deal to see; but it is a part of their four years' course at the naval academy, and they have to work hard scrubbing decks and taking in sails, and the slightest disobedience is punished. Before they left this country they stopped off Hampton Roads for a few days and went through a lot of drilling, including the "deserting of the ship." In this drill the crew puts provisions in the small boats, launch them and row away toward land, just as they would have to do if the ship took fire or were in a sinking condition.

An Unhappy Name. I remember hearing the following story from the late Canon Barsley, author of "English Names and Surnames." There was once a woman—"a little crackey," I think—said the canon, by way of parenthesis—who had a son whom she had christened "What." Her idea seems to have been that when in after days he was asked his name, and kept saying "What," amusing scenes would follow, which was likely enough, especially if the boy was careful to pronounce the aspirate. Such a scene did, I believe, occur once when he went to school, and was told, as a newcomer, to stand up and furnish certain particulars. "What is your name?" asked the teacher. "What," burst out the boy, amid the laughter of the class. "What is your name?" asked the master again, with more emphasis. "What," replied the boy. "Your name, sir!" roared back the infuriated pedagogue. "What, What!" roared back the terrifiedurchin. The sequel I forget, but I believe it one of those cases in which the follies of the parents are visited on the children of the first generation.—Notes and Queries.

Getting Him to Work. "I notice that your boy mows the lawn every three or four days. How do you get him to do it?" "S-sh-h! Don't let him hear. His papa threatened, when he bought the mower, to punish him severely if he ever dared to take it out of the basement."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Yang-Tu, China's delegate to the peace congress, was educated at Harvard.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 9128]

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For some time I have thought of writing to you to let you know of the great benefit I have received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Soon after the birth of my first child, I commenced to have spells with my spine. Every month I grew worse and at last became so bad that I found I was gradually losing my mind.

"The doctors treated me for female troubles, but I got no better. One doctor told me that I would be insane. I was advised by a friend to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and before I had taken all of the first bottle my neighbors noticed the change in me.

"I have now taken five bottles and cannot find words sufficient to praise it. I advise every woman who is suffering from any female weakness to give it a fair trial. I thank you for your good medicine."—MRS. GERTRUDE M. JOHNSON, JONESBORO, TEXAS.

Mrs. Perkins' Letter. "I had female trouble of all kinds, had three doctors, but only grew worse. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and used the Sensitive Wash, and cannot praise your remedies enough."—MRS. EFFIE PERKINS, PEARL, LA.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Affections are the roots of life. The love that is not split, is spoilt. Large doors swing on very small hinges. It is not the length but the depth of a life that tells.

The more perfect the trust the more perfect the peace. There is no mortal whom pain and disease do not reach. The grace of sympathy is purchased at the cost of suffering.

"Half a mind" is never worth half as much as a whole one. He who drifts to ruin, will get there just as surely as he who drives.

Our children have liberty born in them, but law they have to learn. Reason is the glory of human nature. He is next to the gods whom reason, and not passion, impels.

Drudgery is as necessary to call out the treasures of the mind as harrowing and planting those of earth. Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one on which we must first erase.

If you have good health be happy, for you have nine-tenths of all that nature has ever given to any man. Many an act of duty or self-sacrifice, at first sight supposed to be impossible, has, by continued contemplation, become so attuned to the disposition that it has been performed with ease and even with pleasure.

The willingness of young men to give or receive money on the mere turn of a chance is a token of the decay of manliness and self respect, which is more alarming than almost anything besides. It has an inherent baseness about it which shows a base soul.

SOMETHING NEW IN STEEL.

Alleged Discovery That Is Expected to Revolutionize a Great Industry.

Just as Americans begin to feel that they are upon the verge of developing superiority to Great Britain, not only in shipbuilding, but in the steel trade, in which such a number of valuable foreign contracts have lately been taken by our manufacturers in the face of British competition; and just as nature seems to encourage the American aspiration by showing that the English coal mines will be exhausted within another fifty years, science seems to be coming to the aid of the Britisher, and may be about to open new fields of competition in steel in which America must take part if she is to maintain her hard-earned prestige.

The discovery has been demonstrated in London, and is being made much of by the English press, that the ability to produce perfect steel by casting it in a vacuum made by liquid hydrogen with a process that it is not proposed to make public, has at last attained practicability. A company has been formed with a capital of thirty thousand pounds to experimentally develop the process and if the plan is as successful as Professor Dewar, the discoverer, presumes it will be, the air bubbles that now cause flaws and weakness in steel will be done away with and a metal will result such as the world has never seen. To say that this means a possible revolution in the steel trade is to put it mildly, and if the English government can control the process, as it is now intimated may be the case, then American scientists and those of other countries will be put upon their mettle to get even with the Britishers.

Liquid hydrogen, which is the great agent now discovered, is described as a clear, colorless, transparent and very volatile fluid, no clearer than pure water, but only one-fourteenth the density of water. In its lightness it is out of all proportion to any known liquid. A piece of paper when placed in it sinks. The difference between liquid hydrogen and liquid air is as great if not greater than the difference between the ordinary temperature and liquid air. Liquid hydrogen places temperature at within twenty degrees of absolute zero, which is represented by 494 degrees Fahrenheit and 273 degrees Centigrade below zero. The boiling point of liquid hydrogen is 252 degrees below zero, at which it is capable of enormous pressure.

The discovery must affect every problem of physics and chemistry. Its possibilities are illimitable. It may revolutionize the methods that have been laboriously built up during the last three hundred years.

Whose Umbrella? Sometimes an umbrella seems to arouse suspicion, even when it is in honest hands. Thus a London paper tells a painful tale of a young man in a street-car, who carried an umbrella which had been his birthday gift.

On the seat facing him was a lady with a precocious boy, evidently about five years old. The youngster regarded the young man with attention for a few moments, and then his eyes wandered to the umbrella. He gazed at it in silence for a second, then he wriggled in his seat, clapped his hands and shouted:

"O mamma, don't that look like papa's umbrella?"

"Hush, hush, my child," said the mother.

"Papa was looking for his umbrella this evening, mamma," continued the boy.

"Yes, yes, but he found it," said the mother, hurriedly, as the conversation was becoming of interest to other passengers.

"Why, mamma," continued the youngster, "you know he didn't. You told him that he didn't know enough to keep an umbrella. Why, mamma—"

At this stage the young man left the car.

HE LOST HIS PENCILS.

But the Reporter Wrote His Story with an Electric Light Bulb.

"Did I ever tell you about the time that I wrote a story with an incandescent light bulb?" said the police reporter to a few of his professional friends.

"No? Well, it's a fact, just the same, and all I had to write with was one of these glass globes."

The hearers moved uneasily and one was heard to say something about taking another draw. The police reporter was undaunted, however, and went on:

"This is no pipe dream. I was working on the Brooklyn Eagle and had been sent down to a small interior town on one of the hottest stories you ever heard about—double murder with a good mystery end—dead people both prominent, and suspected murderer a prominent citizen."

"I pulled into the station at exactly 11 o'clock and of course went into the station, the only telegraph office in the town, to tell the operator that I'd have some 'stuff' to file not later than 1 o'clock in the morning. He was an agreeable fellow, and he said he would go home and get two hours' sleep and be back in time to handle my story. I jumped in the town and in an hour was back to the telegraph office, which the operator had left open for me."

"I peeled off my coat and vest and sat down to write the crime story of my life. My hand sought my upper vest pocket, where I carried my pencils, and, jumping Jupiter! I had lost every one of them. I remembered that I had them a little while before when taking some notes, but they were gone now."

"I then began to gaze around the office. The operator had plenty of ink, but nary a pen or pencil could I find. I was in a beautiful hole. Within an hour of filing time and not a thing to write with. I just thought and thought, and in doing so happened to look again at the operator's desk. There lay a pad of this paper and between the first and second sheets was a piece of carbon paper. The way out of my difficulty came to me like a flash."

"In the little office were three incandescent lamps. I turned the key and put one out, unscrewed it, and in another moment had the pad of paper with its carbon sheet in front of me. At the big end of the bulb was a protruding point of glass. I took the globe in my hand, holding it like a stylus, and marked on the top sheet: 'The Eagle, Brooklyn, N. Y.' Imagine my joy when I lifted the upper carbon paper to find that it had taken the impression perfectly. Then I went to work and at 1 o'clock when the operator arrived, had a starter for him of a thousand words."

"Did you finish the story that way?" was asked.

"Yes. The operator offered me writing material, but the novelty of the thing had taken hold of me. So I ran the other 1500 words out in the same way."

"Then," drawled the court recorder, "you waked up." — Atlanta Constitution.

Tactful Messenger Boy.

"One of the beautiful traits in the makeup of Washington messenger boys," said a railroad man who lives in Washington, "is their tactfulness. I think otherwise. They are chock full and loaded down with tact—with the copper on. To illustrate:—

"My wife went over to New York city a few weeks ago to attend the bedside of a seriously ill relative, who was not expected to live. This morning I was sitting in my office, wondering why I didn't get a letter from her by the first mail when a tousie-headed messenger boy joggled open the door.

"Where'll I find de office o' Mr. —?" he asked mentioning my name.

"Right here, son," said I. "You're talking to him."

"Well," said the kid, measuring me up with the probable expectation that I'd do a stage back fall, "I've got a death message for you, an' they tole me at th' office that it was important."

"Nice, mild, tactful way of putting it, wasn't it? He just left it up to me to wonder, while I was ripping the envelope open, whether the message announced the death of our aged relative or the decease of my wife. It happened to be the former, but Lam inclined to believe that that boy would have been just a bit better pleased had it been the latter." — Washington Post.

How They Catch Scorchers in London.

A great many communications have recently been sent to the London papers saying that at the Kingston police always catch the wrong person when they attempt to stop the wheelmen from furious riding. The policemen have contradicted these accusations. There seems to be a mistake somewhere. Possibly the true explanation may be found in what is said to be a "true American story" printed in the London Mail. This story, says The Mail, has a great bearing on the case at hand. There is a certain time when the vision of the officer loses the real offender and he never gets him within the range of his eyes again. Here is the story, which is said to explain matters: "A gentleman was leaning out of a railway carriage window to kiss his wife, who was on the platform bidding him good-by. The train, however, moved on with that celerity for which American trains are famous in anecdote; so fast, indeed, that the chas-e salute was bestowed on a porter at the next station. The suggestion is that, as the cyclists travel so fast in Kingston, the police do not catch the scorcher, but the slow rider who is coming up just behind him."

A Mouse's Uncomfortable Situation.

Julie Lill witnessed a scrimmage the other day between a couple of chicken hawks at a great elevation. The track proved to be over a mouse which one of them was carrying, finally being compelled to drop it, when the bird that had been doing the scrapping swooped down on the mouse and succeeded in catching it before it had fallen 30 feet. — Preston Plain Dealer.

BREEZY KANSAS YARNS.

How Eastern Correspondents Add to the Unique Fame of a Great State.

Mr. Coburn, the agricultural commissioner of Kansas, charges all the notoriety that Kansas has suffered from during the last quarter of a century to eastern newspaper correspondents, who, he says, have visited that state, and have tried to interest their readers by inventing freaks and fabulous stories.

"It has been left to the correspondents of eastern papers to portray Kansas to the world in all the various shades and tints," says Mr. Coburn, "from those of gloomiest midnight and deepest woe to brightest noonday and heaven's gilding. His finest work, that which has always stamped him as possessing the true artistic temperament, has been his treatment of weather conditions, especially our impulsive zephyrs and periods of pro-tracted rainfall. The lines of thought always discernible in his work are that we are in a chronic condition of cyclone, drought or blizzard, variegated by invasions and devastations of chinchbugs and grasshoppers. In dealing with the former he describes the wind which he says blew a cow up against the side of a barn and held her there for 12 days, or until she starved to death. The same wind, says this veracious chronicler, blew the cracks out of the fences, sucked a cistern from the ground, moved the township line and changed the day of the week, while it yanked the bung-hole out of a barrel and buried it in a sandhill 80 miles away."

"On another occasion, when stopping at a farmhouse, a cyclone came up and he, with the family, went into the cellar. The house was soon blown away; presently the cellar went, too, rolling over and over like a silk hat. He was early spitted out, but with infinite labor dragged himself back in the teeth of the wind, intending to take refuge in the hole the cellar came out of, but to his great consternation he found that the hole had been blown away also. Shortly after this, a farmer was riding along the road with a jug of sorghum tied with a strap to his saddle-horn. A cyclone came up, and after it had passed the jug handle was found inside the jug and the strap was sticking out of the jug's mouth, the jug having been blown inside out without spilling a drop of the molasses. During the same blow a goat happened to get in its path, and his hair was blown off until he looked as clean as a skinned banana. This made the goat look so much like a Mexican dog with horns that it was placed on exhibition at the World's fair, attracting attention as one of the great curiosities of the century."

"The eastern correspondent is equally at ease in dealing with the intervals occurring between showers, which the extreme elasticity of his conscience permit him to describe as 'droughts.' Whatever portion of his vocabulary has not already been exhausted in describing the 'cyclone' is at once available for writing up the 'drought.' Through him a wondering world learns of the alleged Kansas ferryman who was to haul water ten months in the year in order to keep his boat running; of the families who each morning are compelled to run their wells through clotheswringers that they may obtain water for cooking purposes; of neighborhoods where it is so dry that water is wet only on one side, and where fish, to allay thirst and rince the dust from their throats, swarm out on the prairies and lap the boiling dew from the buffalo grass. He it is who says this distressing scarcity of moisture is forced upon us by the corporations that have cornered the water supply to put into their stocks, and to such an extent that farmers have to soak their hogs over night in order to make them hold still."

"Another remarkable story is told of a man who was driving over the divide north of Dodge City, when a shower came up. He was riding a buckboard, which has a bottom made by fastening cleats between the axles with spaces o' half an inch between the cleats. The water fell so fast that it could not run through the bottom of the buckboard as fast as it fell. Rushing down the side of the divide the water struck a barbed wire fence and dammed up until the water ran over the top wire of the fence. This was because the rain came so fast that it couldn't get through between the wires of the fence. On the same trip the traveler says he saw a jack rabbit drown while it was jumping through the air."

Left His Daughter in the Well. George Smith of Blaine, Me., while drawing water for his cows, lost a tin pail in the well. He had let his eldest daughter, a girl of 17, into the well by a line to recover the pail, when he saw that his cattle had entered a field of potatoes that had been newly poisoned. In his desire to save his cows from death he forgot all about his daughter. When he came back half an hour later she had wept herself into convulsions and was making a desperate effort to climb to the stones in the well to escape drowning. Smith has promised her an \$85 organ if she will stop talking about the event.—New York Sun.

A Picked Nine. There was a game of baseball the other day at one of the local ball parks between a local team and a picked nine. A clerk in one of the dry goods stores got the afternoon off and took his girl, who was not a connoisseur of a ball game. In the second inning the ball came skipping into the grandstand and the umpire called "foul." "Say," said the wise girl, "why did he call that ball foul? I didn't see any feathers on it." "Didn't I tell you that it was a picked nine?" he replied.

Are You Using Allen's Foot-Ease? It is the only cure for Swollen, Smarting, Itching, Aching, Burning, Sweating Feet, Corns and Bunions. Ask for Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmstead, Lowell, N. Y.

Kamchatka may soon become as popular a resort as the Klondike, as gold has been discovered there in promising quantities.

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.

In an exciting battle with a lot of copperhead snakes, on Richard Edward's farm, near Shamokin, Pa., Hugh Jenkins killed seven of them.

BOGUS ANCIENT MANUSCRIPT.

The Alleged Treasures Were "Faked" in Central Asia.

Orientalists will do well to be on their guard in connection with Central Asian manuscripts, which have of late provided them with such an endless subject of discussion, says the Scotsman. It was Capt. Bower who first discovered the existence of some extremely ancient manuscripts during his great journey across central Asia, and Dr. Sven Hedin brought back a rich collection for the edification and mystification of orientalists. Since then the supply of ancient manuscripts has been very great, but it is stated that the gravest suspicion is now cast upon the authenticity of a very large proportion of these so-called relics of antiquity.

An English officer who is now engaged in some exploring work in Central Asia has discovered that there exists in Khotan a regular manufacture of the manuscript relics, and so large is the output that he believes that at least 95 per cent of the manuscripts which have reached Europe from central Asia during recent years are spurious. The process of manufacture has been explained to him, and so impressed is he with the difficulty of distinguishing between the genuine and the counterfeit that he has himself adopted a rule of never under any circumstances buying any ancient book offered to him for sale. Meanwhile there is much searching of hearts among the owners of the manuscripts which have already found their way into European collections.

A Tasteful Appearance in Dress Often Comes as Much from Good Laundering as from the Quality of the Clothing. Good Laundering Requires Good Soap and Ivory Soap is the Best.

The fading of delicate shades is frequently the ruination of an expensive garment. Any color that will stand the free application of water can be washed with Ivory Soap.

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A tasteful appearance in dress often comes as much from good laundering as from the quality of the clothing. Good laundering requires good soap and Ivory Soap is the best. The fading of delicate shades is frequently the ruination of an expensive garment. Any color that will stand the free application of water can be washed with Ivory Soap. Copyright 1898 by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

ABOUT BERNHARDT.

Mme. Bernhardt gives the following account of her admission into the Conservatoire: "Auber was present, and asked me: 'Your name is Sarah?' 'Yes, sir.' 'You are a Jewess?' 'By birth, sir, but I have been baptized.' 'Sarah then recited two verses of 'Les Deux Pigeons,' and was interrupted. 'That will do; you are admitted.' Then came the business of selecting the right class. Beauvallet declared for tragedy, Regnier for comedy, Provost for both, and Sarah selected both, and thus devoted herself simultaneously to the culture of the two muses, Melpomene and Thalia.

It seems that at first the future queen of the stage did not care for it in the least. Above all she hated her daily journeys to and fro in the omnibus, and to this day I detest promiscuous assemblies and miscellaneous crowds." Mme. Bernhardt next assures us that she was never able to win a first prize at the Conservatoire, only a second, and that but once, and for tragedy. After a year's study at the Conservatoire, Mme. Bernhardt passed into the company of the Theater Francaise, and made her debut in Racine's "Iphigenie." She writes: "My arms were so long and so thin that when in the scene of the sacrifice I uplifted them before the altar the house burst into a roar of laughter and I was mortified to tears. I next played Valerie in Scribe's play of that name, with Coquelin as Ambrose, and I was successful. But even then I could not overcome my innate dislike for the stage. I never put foot inside the theater except for rehearsals and performances."

In 1879, as all the world will remember, Sarah Bernhardt went to London for the first time, appearing in "Phedre." She at once established her position in that country and was not only a success on the stage, but the "lioness" in chief of the London season, every fashionable hostess seeking the privilege of her acquaintance, and no party was considered complete without her presence.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money. Licenses for Horsehoers. An enactment in Washington requires horsehoers to pass an examination and to be licensed.

The improvements that are being made to the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern Railroad between Parkersburg and East St. Louis are being pushed rapidly to completion. Seventeen thousand tons of 85 lb. steel rail have been placed in the track and there are still 25,000 tons to come, delivery being delayed on account of rush of orders at the mills. The company has also put in 125 miles of gravel ballast and expects to set out 200 miles more during the season and it is hoped by fall that the track will rank as the best in the west. A great many grade reductions and changes in line are also being made between Cincinnati and St. Louis. The purpose is to make a uniform one-half of one per cent. grade between Cincinnati and St. Louis, as well as to eliminate a large amount of objectionable curvature. At one point, for instance, the line is to be shortened a mile and a half, 360 degrees of curvature eliminated and seven bridges abandoned.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHASEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Chasey for the last 16 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WELLS & BEVEL, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. WATSON, KISSAM & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. 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.



What does it do? It causes the oil glands in the skin to become more active, making the hair soft and glossy, precisely as nature intended.

It cleanses the scalp from dandruff and thus removes one of the great causes of baldness.

It makes a better circulation in the scalp and stops the hair from coming out.

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Ayer's Hair Vigor will surely make hair grow on bald heads, provided only there is any life remaining in the hair bulbs.

It restores color to gray or white hair. It does not do this in a moment, as will a hair dye; but in a short time the gray color of age gradually disappears and the darker color of youth takes its place.

Would you like a copy of our book on the Hair and Scalp? It is free.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Vigor write the Doctor about it. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

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The telegraph will be extended 1,000 miles south of Khartoum by the end of the year.

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.

The toll of an ordinary ship passing through the Suez Canal averages about \$4,000. The distance is ninety-two miles.

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

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 such relief the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented." J. A. SMITH, 2920 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.



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