"One Year's Seeding, Nine Years' Weeding."

Neglected impurities in your blood will sow seeds of disease of which you may never get rid. If your blood is even the least bit impure, do not delay, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once. In so doing there is safety; in delay there is danger. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address,
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. BUCHMUELLER, Lexington, Mo., February 24, 1894.

On the few occasions when the Queen is present at a State banquet at Buckingham Palace, she has Royal silver plate weighing about four tons sent from Windsor. The silver plate stowed away in the pantries and cupboards at Windsor is estimated at a million and a half sterling.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

In spite of the law the destruction of birds in the Italian part of Switzerland continues on a large scale. In the canton of Tessin alone the guards destroyed last year 13,000 traps for birds.

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

National Pride.

It is now almost two full centuries since England and Scotland were united, in 1707, under the name of Great Britain. Yet up to the present time the world continues to employ the familiar terms English queen, English army, and so on, with no mention of Scotland. This slight has often been commented upon by Scotchmen, but never perhaps more happily than at Trafalgar. Two Scotchmen, messmates and bosom cronies, from the same little clachan, happened to be stationed near each other, when the now celebrated signal was given from the admiral's ship: "England expects every man to do his duty. "No a word o' puir auld Scotland on this occasion!" dolefully remarked Geordie to Jock. Jock cocked his eye a moment, turning to his companion, "Man, Geordie," said he, "Scotland kens weel eneuch that nae bairn o' hers needs to be tell't to do his duty—that's just a hint to the Englishers."

Unseen by Telephone.

A business house of Aberdeen, Scotland, recently engaged as office boy a raw country youth. It was part of his duties to attend to the telephone in his master's absence. When first called upon to answer the bell, in reply to the usual query, "Are you there?" he nodded assent. Again the question came, and still again, and each time the boy gave an answering nod. When the question came for the fourth time, however, the boy losing his temper, roared through the telephone: "Man, a' ye blin'? I've been noddin' me held aff for t' last haut 'oor!"—New York Tribune.

Pain Conquered; Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 92,649]

"I feel it my duty to write and thank you for what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. It is the only medicine I have found that has done me any good. Before taking your medicine, I was all run down, tired all the time, no appetite, pains in my back and bearing down pains and a great sufferer during menstruation. After taking two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt like a new woman. I am now on my fourth bottle and all my pains have left me. I feel better than I have felt for three years and would recommend your Compound to every suffering woman. I hope this letter will help others to find a cure for their troubles."—MRS. DELLA REMICKER, RENSSELAER, IND.

The serious ills of women develop from neglect of early symptoms. Every pain and ache has a cause, and the warning they give should not be disregarded.

Mrs. Pinkham understands these troubles better than any local physician and will give every woman free advice who is puzzled about her health. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass. Don't put off writing until health is completely broken down. Write at the first indication of trouble.

The University of Notre Dame
NOTRE DAME, INDIANA.
Classics, Letters, Economics and History, Journalism, Art, Science, Pharmacy, Law, Civil, Mechanical and Electrical Engineering, Architecture.
Thorough Preparatory and Commercial Courses. Ecclesiastical students at special rates.
Rooms Free. Junior or Senior Year, Collegiate Courses. Rooms to Rent, moderate charge.
St. Edward's Hall for boys under 13.
The 56th Year will open September 5th, 1899. Catalogues Free. Address
REV. A. MORRISSEY, C. S. C., President.

ASTHMA POSITIVELY CURED.
CROSBY'S SWEDISH ASTHMA CURE does this. A trial package mailed free.
COLLINS BROS. MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE STORY OF OLD BIBB.

HOW TOM CORWIN PAID A DEBT OF GRATITUDE.

A Dramatic Scene in a Court Room in Illinois Years Ago — The Famous Ohioan Secured the Acquittal of His Boyhood's Benefactor.

Luther Laflin Mills, when he was several years younger, but almost as well known, delivered a lecture at Rockford, Ill. Presiding over his meeting was a venerable-looking man with a white beard, which hung well down toward his waist. Mr. Mills was told that the Chairman's name was Bibb, and that he was formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio. After he had finished his lecture Mr. Mills walked home with one of the members of the Reception Committee. As they strolled along Rockford's almost deserted streets, under the light of the full harvest moon, Mr. Mills asked:

"Who is this man Bibb? They tell me he used to be Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio."

"What!" exclaimed his companion, stopping in the road. "Don't you know who Bibb is? Haven't you ever heard the story of Bibb?"

"No, I never have."

"Why, I thought every one had heard the story of Bibb! And so you really don't know it? Well, you mustn't live another hour without hearing it. Sit right down here and I'll tell you the story of Bibb."

So the two sat down on the grassy, moonlit bank in quiet Rockford, lit their pipes, and Luther Laflin Mills listened attentively while the farmer told his tale.

And this is the story of Bibb as related to Mr. Mills those long years ago—a story which he loves best of all to repeat because its hero was Thomas Corwin, candidate for President of the United States, noted lawyer, most famous of stump speakers in antebellum days, Governor of Ohio, Minister to Mexico and member of Congress.

Bibb, in the early days of Ohio's history, was active in politics. He was well liked, though regarded as eccentric. He was elected Lieutenant-Governor after filling minor positions. When Bibb stepped out of this office he had grown tired of the maelstrom of political life. He loaded his family and household goods into a few wagons and came West, settling down on a farm in Winnebago County.

He grew graver in his new home, living a quiet, happy life, respected by all his neighbors. His family grew up about him, sharing the respect with which the father was held. In the course of time Bibb's eldest daughter had blossomed into beautiful womanhood and became engaged to one of the honest young farmers of Winnebago County.

The wedding was celebrated under the Ohioan's roof in right good old-fashioned style; but later in the evening a half-intoxicated charivari party paid a call, waking the echoes with horn, pan and drum. Old Bibb had left Ohio to get away from just such noise and confusion, and so, stepping to the door, angrily exclaimed:

"Get off my land!"

The merrymakers laughed at him.

"I'll give you just three minutes to leave my property."

There was more laughter and annoyance. Bibb went into the house.

"Your three minutes are almost up," he said threateningly, returning an instant later.

More noise, more beating of pan and drum.

Promptly upon the expiration of the three minutes Bibb again stepped to the door—this time with a shotgun in his hand.

"Bang! bang!" twice spoke the old gun.

Bibb had killed two of the first young men in Winnebago County.

Quietly stepping back into the house, he put the gun back on the old rack, kissed his wife and his daughter, whose wedding night was thus darkened by a double tragedy, went to the barn, silently hitched up his rig, drove to Rockford, and give himself up to the Sheriff.

Winnebago County in the space of less than an hour was at fever heat. The fathers whose sons had been shot down led a mob against the jail, but the Sheriff by cool action saved his prisoner from the infuriated farmers, so Winnebago County settled down to nurse its deep wrongs and heap maladictions upon the head of Bibb.

And the newly made wife spoiled her honey-moon and eyes by weeping.

A special grand jury was summoned, and Bibb was indicted on two charges of murder. There was no session of court for six months, so Bibb made himself as comfortable as possible, and the countrymen talked over the tragedy again and again as they worked in their fields.

About a week after the shooting there rode into Rockford a stranger on a roan mare. He was tall, smiling, and wore a black sombrero. He went to the village hotel, handed his mare over to the hostler, and said he intended to stay awhile. No one knew who the guest was or whence he came; but each morning he rose at 5 o'clock, breakfasted, saddled his roan mare, rode out into the country, and returned in the evening. During the day he made it his business to call on the farmers. He dined with this family, he got a drink of water in that house, he took supper with the next family.

And wherever the mysterious stranger went he made friends.

No man had the fund of stories on tap that he did, no man in all Winnebago County could tell stories as he could. The antics he played, too, with his facial muscles were wonderful to behold. Fear, humor, sadness, joy chased over his countenance at will, enlivening and emphasizing each narrative. Happy was the farmer who had the privilege of entertaining the mysterious stranger. The guest kept the whole household in a roar of laughter, made the chills creep up the spine or the blood tingle at some stirring tale.

In the evening the stranger entertained the loungers about the hotel and soon the lobby of the country hostelry was crowded each night with men who came to laugh or wonder at the guest's stories. At the end of three months the man with the black sombrero had made friends with every man, woman, and child in Winnebago County.

He continued his daily visits, he praised the farmers' stock, he paid delicate compliments to the rosy-cheeked daughters, he had words of admiration for the grandmothers' needlework, he smacked his lips and said he had never tasted such butter. He swore by all the stars that he had never seen such fine colts as the farmer's boy had raised from the foal. His genial ways won the confidence of all. He acted as arbitrator in family disputes and made friends of both sides, and chased away the clouds with the magic of his speech.

At the end of five months every man, woman and child in Winnebago would have almost walked through fire and water for the winning stranger.

Six months drew around and the stranger was still there, and Bibb's case was called.

There hadn't been a murder trial in the county for years, and never one of such absorbing interest as this.

The farmers drove in from miles about. They brought their wives and children and lunch, and hitched their heavy farm teams to the Court House Square railing.

The courtroom was jammed to the doors and boys hung like monkeys to the window ledges, trying to get a peep within.

The stern tattoo of the bailiff's hammer silenced the excited tones of conversation. The clerk called Bibb's case.

"Guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge.

"Not guilty," said old Bibb.

"Are you ready for trial?"

"I am."

"Have you a lawyer?"

"I have none. I will defend myself," was Bibb's resolute answer.

There was a stir in the crowd and from out of it stepped the man with the black sombrero.

"This man has a lawyer!" exclaimed the stranger, in a voice which had almost challenge in it. "I'll defend him."

"Who are you?" asked the Judge.

Facing now court, now audience, the man with the sombrero replied in dramatic tones:

"Back in Ohio they call me Tom Corwin. Tom Corwin is my name. Years ago, when I was a barefooted boy on the tow-path, this man Bibb befriended me. He took me by the hand and led me to higher and broader paths. Anything I am in life I owe to old Bibb. He was my friend when I needed friends most of all. He was a friend such as few poor boys have been blessed with. And when they told me back in Ohio that old Bibb was in trouble, I saddled my roan mare and I rode at once to Winnebago County, and I have been here ever since, and I intend to stay here until the steel doors of your jail are thrown open and Bibb walks out a free man!"

The great audience broke into applause at the words of the famous Ohioan.

"Why, that's the man that took dinner with us last week," said one old farmer.

"I swan if that ain't the same feller what told such fine stories down ter the scule-house," said another. "I always knew he was some great man."

"And so it war Tom Corwin what said we had the best bay mare in the whole deestrick," added another.

"We are ready for trial," said Corwin when the gavel had restored some semblance of order, and he laid his hand on the shoulder of his benefactor and with head thrown back and with shoulders squared glanced about as though he had thrown down a gauntlet and looked to see who dared pick it up.

The work of securing a jury commenced at once. Of the twelve men selected every one was Tom Corwin's sworn friend—and it couldn't have been otherwise, as he had bound all men in Winnebago County to him with those magnetic ways which had made him most beloved to all Ohioans.

Corwin knew every phase of the shooting and just whom to call to the stand, for he had heard the case discussed and rediscussed in a hundred farmhouses. He tried the case as only a great lawyer can try a case. The jury, after brief deliberation, filed back to their seats and the foreman said: "Not guilty."

The second murder indictment was quashed and "the steel doors of the jail were thrown open and Bibb walked out a free man."

Corwin had caused a complete change in sentiment in the county, and Bibb was borne home like a conquering hero. There were feasting and merrymaking at the farmhouse, and the daughter whose honeymoon had been as sad as a funeral laughed for the first time in six months.

Then Tom Corwin saddled up his old roan mare and rode back to Ohio.

A Easy Feat.

One day Tommy accompanied his mother on a shopping expedition, and seeing a large candy man in a confectioner's window, he paused in front of it with a wistful look; then, turning away regretfully, said:

"Mamma, I could lick the fellow with both hands tied behind me!"—Troy Times.

AN OCTOPUS DINES.

The Sea Monster Observed in the Act of Catching and Eating Its Dinner.

Never before has it fallen to my lot to see as terrible a monster as the octopus we encountered on the last passage from San Francisco toward Nanaimo in the bark Willscott, of Honolulu, writes a correspondent of the San Francisco Call.

We knew that the octopus grew to an immense size, as Banks and Solander, who accompanied Captain Cook in his first voyage around the world, found the dead carcass of one floating on the water to the westward of Cape Horn. It was supposed to be twenty by thirty feet, the body only; the tentacles were hanging under water. It was surrounded by myriads of birds, which were feeding greedily on its remains. Pliny also mentions a similar monster having eight arms, thirty feet long, and a corresponding girth; and many other writers, too numerous to mention, have certified to its actual existence. But I did not believe that anything similar to the terrible "devil fish" described by Victor Hugo was really in existence until I had ocular demonstration of the fact on this passage.

I will now quote our log book in relation to the monster we saw: Light breeze from north by east, dry, cloudy weather; smooth sea, except for the usual slight undulating swell from the northwest. Ship under all sail, braced sharp upon the starboard tack, going five knots per hour, but scarcely making a ripple on the water. At 2.30 p. m. my attention was called by the Quartermaster, Frank Bastas, of San Diego, Cal., to a terrible commotion in the water about three points forward of the lee beam.

Its eyes were large, of a greenish tint, and somewhat protruding; its mouth, however, was not so very large, and it appeared to be shaped like a parrot's bill; its tentacles were tapering, and, like its body, of a grayish color, covered with spots. It appeared to possess the chameleon-like power of changing the color of these spots in a most extraordinary manner as fast as the eye could detect the changes; they varied from a very rich crimson to a dark, dull brown, these changes, no doubt, indicating the high state of excitement under which the creature was at the time.

Suddenly the octopus discharged a huge jet of a dark-colored fluid full into the eyes of the sunfish, and then rushing forward with the rapidity of an arrow it encircled its prey with the long tentacle, and in another moment the victor and the vanquished had disappeared below the surface of the water.

In a few moments more we had sailed right over the scene and found the water was colored almost black for a space fully 200 feet in diameter, and we noticed an odor slightly resembling iodine rising from the water; our patent log line of snow-white cotton, which was towing astern, was colored almost black, and it has not yet assumed its white freshness, although it has towed in the water fully 800 miles since the above episode.

About twenty minutes after we had passed over this spot we saw the huge creature again on the surface, enjoying its meal in a very leisurely manner, rolling the body of the unfortunate sunfish over and over and biting off large mouthfuls with its cruel-looking beak.

I knew before that these huge octopods and their relatives, the decapods, were not altogether mythical, as they have at the United States National Museum in Washington a papier mache cast of one of the later which was found stranded on the north shore of Trinity Bay, Newfoundland, on the 22d day of September, 1877. The total length of this specimen, including tentacles, was only sixty feet, so it is quite safe to infer that it had not become of age when it was wrecked.

The Wooden Spoon at Cambridge.

Having now had the distinction of providing Cambridge with a Senior Wrangler, India may one day achieve the complementary success of winning the "wooden spoon." This coveted trophy goes to the man who comes last—as the Senior Wrangler is first—in the mathematical honors' list. It is not a distinction only in name, for the wooden spoon is a reality. Provided by fellow-students, it is a huge, spadelike thing, decorated with the arms and colors of the college with which its winner is associated; and as the latter passes out of the Senate House after taking his degree it is lowered from the gallery, where it has been kept ready until the psychological moment. It may be mentioned that while the last man in the Tripos is known as the "wooden spoon," the last dozen (of whom he is one) are popularly designated "the twelve apostles." A few years ago the coxswain of the university boat won the spoon, and the glory of even the Senior Wrangler paled in comparison with his on that occasion.—London Chronicle.

Henderson and Holman.

David B. Henderson, who will be the Speaker of the next House of Representatives, once fired a rather hot shot at Holman, of Indiana, whose savage opposition to any and all appropriation measures earned him the title of "watch-dog of the Treasury." Some years ago, when an appropriation for Holman's own district was up for consideration, the latter arose, and, departing from his usual custom, made a warm speech in its favor.

The instant he sat down Henderson was on his feet. "Mr. Speaker," he said, "the member's address brings to mind Byron's lines:

"'Tis sweet to hear the 'watch-dog's' honest bark
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home."

—San Francisco Argonaut.

LIKE BANQUO'S GHOST.

Question of Conductors and Pennies to the Fore Again.

It was in a suburban trolley last Sunday that the question of the conductor's reluctance to receive pennies in change came up again, says the New York Herald. This penny question is like Banquo's ghost and will not down. A woman passenger had given the conductor a nickel and five pennies for two fares. "I would rather change $5 for you, madam, than take those pennies," the conductor said, in a grumbling yet perfectly respectful tone. "Why?" asked the woman. "Because the company will not take them from us. That is the only objection I have to railroading. We must turn in nickels or silver when our work is done." "But why do you not sometimes give those pennies to men? You always palm them off on women." "Well, the women always seem to keep them specially for us. Now, if the public could only know what a trial they are to us sometimes they might understand our reluctance to take them. For instance, one of the extras, a man who had been out of work for a long time, after making the number of trips required of him, found he had fifteen pennies among his change. He did not have a cent belonging to himself, and there was no money at home, and the pay that was coming to him at the office for his week's work was needed by his wife and children for bread. They would not take the pennies at the office, and he could not draw his pay until his fares were accounted for. When, after considerable trouble, he got three nickels for fifteen pennies and returned to the company's office it was closed, and he had to go home without his pay."

Another Blue Grotto.

The famous Blue Grotto of Capri has now a rival in the state of Minnesota. It occurs in a lake on the shore of which there is a cavern of white limestone flooded with water. A swimmer enters the cave, and turning to look outward sees the most beautiful shades of green and blue in the water and a silvery sheen over his submerged limbs.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes Tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot, Callous, Aching and Sweating Feet. Sold by all Druggists, Grocers and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

There are now published in Paris 2,585 periodicals, nearly 100 more than were issued at the corresponding date last year.

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.

A German army officer estimates that in the century just closing no less than 30,000,000 men have been killed in war in civilized countries.

Ayer's Pills

Does your head ache? Pain back of your eyes? Bad taste in your mouth? It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills. They cure constipation, headache, dyspepsia, and all liver complaints. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers**
50 CTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

Biliousness

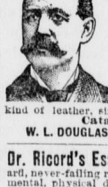
"I have used your valuable CASCARETS and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them, to every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family." EDW. A. MARX, Albany, N. Y.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 311

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to **CURE** Tobacco Habit.

W. L. DOUGLAS
$3 & $3.50 SHOES UNION MADE.
Worth $4 to $6 compared with other makes.
Indorsed by over 1,000,000 wearers.
ALL LEATHERS. ALL STYLES
THE GENUINE have W. L. Douglas' name and price stamped on bottom.



Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest makers of $3 and $3.50 shoes in the world. Your dealer should keep them—if not, we will send you a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue C Free.
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

Dr. Ricord's Essence of Life since 1868 has been the standard, never-failing remedy for all cases of nervous, mental, physical debility, lost vitality and premature decay in both sexes; positive, permanent cure; full treatment $5, or $1 a bottle; stamp for circular. J. JACQUES, Agent, 176 Broadway, N. Y.

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

P. N. U. 33 '99

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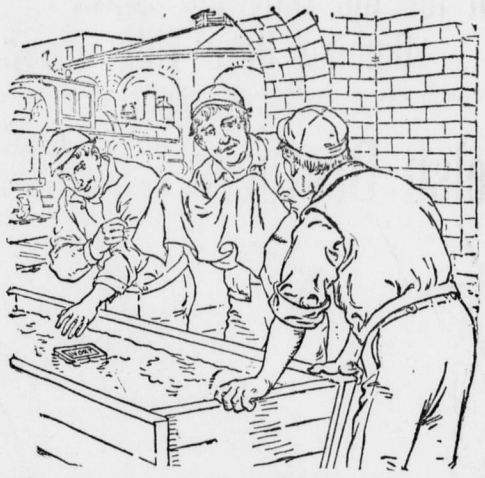

Cleaning up at the shop after a long, dirty run, is a severe test of soap quality. The pores of the skin need opening, the oily exudations from them demand instant removal, for health and cleanliness. Ivory Soap meets the severest tests squarely, does what you expect. It floats, produces a copious lather, white and pure. Loosens the dirt and grease, rinses thoroughly and leaves the skin soft and clean. Economical because best.

IT FLOATS.

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NIAGARA'S VOICES.

They Are Not Rumbling or Rapid, but Plangent and Silvery.

Niagara has many voices, and some of them are thus described by Mrs. van Rensselaer in the Century: "And the noise of Niagara? Alarming things have been said about it, but they are not true. It is a great and mighty noise, but it is not, as Hennepin thought, an 'outrageous noise.' It is not a roar. It does not drown the voice or stun the ears. Even at the actual foot of the falls it is not oppressive. It is much less rough than the sound of heavy surf—steadier, more homogeneous, less metallic, very deep and strong, yet mellow and soft; soft, I mean, in its quality. As to the noise of the rapids, there is none more musical. It is neither rumbling nor sharp. It is clear, plangent, silvery. It is so like the voice of a steep brook—much magnified, but not made coarser or more harsh—that, after we have known it, each liquid call from a forest hillside will seem, like the odor of grapevine, a greeting from Niagara. It is an inspiriting, an exhilarating sound, like freshness, coolness, vitality itself made audible. And yet it is a lulling sound. When we have looked out upon the American rapids for many days, it is hard to remember contented life amid motionless surroundings; and so, when we have slept beside them for many nights, it is hard to think of happy sleep in an empty silence. Still another kind of music is audible at Niagara. It must be listened for on quiet nights, but then it will be heard. It is like the voice of an orchestra so very far away that its notes are attenuated to an incredible delicacy and are intermittently perceived, as though wafted upon variable zephyrs. It is the most subtile, the most mysterious music in the world. What is its origin? Why should we ask? Such fairy-like sounds ought not to be explained. Their appeal is to the imagination only. They are so faint, so far away, that they almost escape the ear, as the lunar bow and the fluted tints of the American falls almost escape the eye. And yet we need not fear to lose them, for they are as real as the deep bass of the cataracts."

Woman Finds Wealth.

quartz mine. The vein is from 200 to 600 feet in width and is intersected in its source by Atlin City. It has been traced over three-quarters of a mile. Miss Florman's father is a mine expert and numerous assays of the ore which (Tacoma, Wash., Cor. Chicago Record)

Miss Frankie Florman, of Black Hills, S. D., has discovered what Atlin mining men regard as an immense he recently made disclosed values running from $8 to $27 per ton on the surface. Mining Expert Frank Baker and William Partridge have bonded the property for $200,000. Partridge left here yesterday for London to place it on the market there.

At Roubaix, one of the Socialist strongholds of France, the 11,000 public school children receive free food and clothing, at the expense of the town.

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.

Sir Frederick Bridge, the organist of Westminster Abbey, has a brother who is also a Doctor of Music. Before Sir Frederick was knighted, his friends used to call him "Westminster Bridge" to distinguish him from his brother.

The disproportion of the sexes is still very great in Australia. In West Australia there were only 54,000 women in a population of 168,000.

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.

The railroads of Australia have never discovered that it is possible to take up tickets on the train, hence the passengers are locked in the cars to prevent any of them stealing a ride, and when they arrive at their station and hustled out through a turnstile and held up for their tickets.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

New York's Highest Point.

Perhaps the highest point in the borough of Manhattan is at Ninety-sixth street and Madison avenue. This is where the New York Central Railroad tunnel begins, and from this elevation a fine view is obtained of Harlem to the north and the East river and Long island to the east. One can look over the roofs of the five-story houses of Harlem clear to Washington Heights and distinguish many points in the borough of the Bronx.

From here there is a sharp decline to the East river, and the tall chimney at the foot of East Ninety-fifth street does not look so very high from this altitude. It is altogether a sight well worth seeing.

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

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