

Mother

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. Then she tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was speedily cured."
D. P. Jolly, Avoca, N. Y.

No matter how hard your cough or how long you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you can take. It's too risky to wait until you have consumption. If you are coughing today, get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he says not to take it, then don't. It's your own life. Leave it to him. We are willing to give a refund of \$100.00.

Liver Pills

That's what you need; something to cure your biliousness. You need Ayer's Pills.

Want your complexion or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use Buckingham's Dye.

50c. of druggist or P. H. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

SCARCITY OF TOMATOES.

Last Year's Pack Exhausted and Demand Heavily.

It is thought that there will be a slight scarcity in canned tomatoes this season, in view of the fact that last year's pack has been entirely exhausted, and this year's demand will have to be supplied altogether from this year's pack. Tomato packing this year began during the last week in June, which is several weeks ahead of the usual time. This was due to the low condition of the stock. Even at that time, it is stated, the pack of 1901 was practically disposed of. Canned tomatoes are now quoted at 8¢ cents a dozen for spot No. 3 standards and 8 1/2¢ cents a dozen for September, October and November delivery, which prices are slightly higher than the corresponding period last year. There is also some scarcity of canned pineapples, and prices are firm. The packing of pineapples began in June and continued throughout July, and the purchases by jobbers and distributors up to the present time have been about 75 per cent of the season's pack.

A New York paper has been investigating the Four Hundred and prints a number of receipts of bills of the last century showing that a Stuyvesant sold handkerchiefs; a Depyster, beans; a Rhineland, hats; a Brevoort, pewter spoons; a Beekman, molasses, and a Roosevelt, lamblack.

TO YOUNG LADIES.

From the Treasurer of the Young People's Christian Temperance Association, Elizabeth Caine, Fond du Lac, Wis.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I want to tell you and all the young ladies of the country, how grateful I am to you for all the benefits I have received from using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered for



MISS ELIZABETH CAINE.

eight months from suppressed menstruation, and it effected my entire system until I became weak and debilitated, and at times felt that I had a hundred aches in as many places. I only used the Compound for a few weeks, but it wrought a change in me which I felt from the very beginning. I have been very regular since, have no pains, and find that my entire body is as if it were renewed. I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to everybody."

MISS ELIZABETH CAINE, 69 W. Division St., Fond du Lac, Wis.—\$6000 profit if above testimonial is not genuine.

At such a time the greatest aid to nature is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It prepares the young system for the coming change, and is the surest reliance for woman's ills of every nature.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all young women who are ill to write her for free advice. Address Lynn, Mass.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Use in time. Sold by druggists.


CONSUMPTION

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of instructions and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. M. GREEN'S HOME, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

P. N. U. ST. 02.

If afflicted with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

Children's Column



Teddy's Query.

One brother was tall and slim, the other chubby and short. Teddy sat looking at them one night, apparently lost in thought.

"Mamma," he asked at length, "Which would you like the best, for me to grow north and south, like Tom, or, like Willie, from east to west?"

—Youth's Companion.

The Feast of Dolls.

On the third day of the third month comes the Japanese festival of dolls. Some of the dolls that appear on the scene among the dwellers in the Land of Chrysanthemums are over a hundred years old, and at least three days are given up to festivities. Some are dressed like the Mikado and his wife; and many of the old dolls are surrounded by the furniture in miniature in keeping with the same period, and a doll's feast is yearly prepared, when the small bowls and cups are filled with anything that dolly may require in the way of good fare, combined with harmless drinks. But, after the three days are over, dolly returns once more to the sanctity of private life.—Beacon.

The Intelligent Box-Turtle.

The box-turtle is an especially amusing pet. A correspondent tells of keeping one in a large but shallow box filled with sand to the depth of about four inches. The box was covered with wire netting and contained a large dish of water, plenty of fresh moss, and growing ferns. In the winter the turtle was allowed to roam around the house, as I have seen them in school-rooms. This correspondent gives an amusing account of the manner in which the turtle went down stairs, falling from step to step, each time landing on its back. After a struggle he would turn over and then try the next step as before. Arriving on the ground floor, he always made his way to the kitchen and established himself in a corner near the kitchen fire.

The French Apprentice.

For the "companions" are fighters—good fellows, but fighters. It is their trade tradition. Jealousies between the workmen's corporations result in "Homeric" combats, bloody battles. It is the one bad side of an institution that is otherwise so truly fraternal.

They start out in companies, rarely alone, to make their "our of France." Before coming back to continue their work in their own villages, the young apprentices go together from town to town, to study on the ground the masterpieces of their trade, and to see the best that the genius of their ancestors has produced. It is the poetic phase, the voyage of adventures, the "knight errantry" of the workman.

He earns his living en route, perfects himself in his profession, learns from one master and another, sees, compares, studies, admires. He gathers his humble harvest of souvenirs and impressions, enjoys the full vigor of his early years, and passes his youth along the sunny highways.

Unfortunately, there is a disagreement among the "societies." In everything there is found a pretext for quarrels. The society of the "Pere Soubise" is jealous of that of "Maitre Jacques," and the "Infants du Solomon" take part in the quarrel whenever possible.

Two companies meet on the road. The two leaders—the "master companions"—stop at 20 paces from each other.

"Halt!" says one.

"Halt!" cries the other.

"What trade?"

"Carpenter. And you?"

"Stone cutter. Companion?"

"Companion!"

"Your society—country?"

And according to the reply they drink from the same gourd or—fight. The melee becomes general. They fight—fist and stick—until the road is littered with those who are wounded—sometimes even to death.—Andre Castaigne, in Harper's.

Ragsey's Happy Day.

What a horrible noise that hand-organ is making!" sighed poor Mrs. Willetts, putting down her book in disgust. Her nerves were not strong and the doctor had said she must have rest and quiet for the winter.

"It isn't a very pretty one," said Harold, sympathetically, from the window seat where he was curled up half buried in cushions and reading the "Jungle Book."

"What isn't pretty?" inquired Uncle Bert, coming in at that moment.

"That terrible piano-organ," replied Mrs. Willetts. "I suppose it is foolish to be annoyed, but they are such a nuisance! This is the third today. I don't understand why they are permitted. Do send him away, Bert; there's a good fellow."

"All right, my dear," said Uncle Bert, indulgently. "Come on, Harold. Let's have our walk. You haven't been out today."

Harold reluctantly put down his book and emerged from the pillows.

"All right," he said, yawning. "It's a stupid, gray day, and I've read the 'Jungle Book' twice in a month."

When he had found his hat and coat and kissed his delicate little mother good-bye he went out, carefully closing the door behind him, knowing that a bang would cause her real suffering. Boys with nervous throats learn to be thoughtful and unselfish.

Uncle Bert was talking to the swarthy organ-grinder in some unknown tongue. The latter had stopped playing and stood grinning broadly. As Harold came out he took up the handles of his organ and started westward at a lively pace.

"Come on!" said Uncle Bert, leading Harold in the same direction.

"Where are we going?" asked Harold. "Walks with Uncle Bert in town or country were sure to be interesting."

"We're going where the hand-organ will be more welcome," said Uncle Bert, smiling.

As they went farther to the westward, the houses became shabbier and shabbier. Each avenue they crossed was lined with smaller and poorer-looking stores. Most of them had their wares—dry goods or groceries—exposed on the sidewalks, with large price marks on them. The stone-paved streets were swarming with men, women and children—especially children. There were children big and children little, children fat and children thin, children crying and children laughing, and children scurrying in and out among the horses' feet, escaping a knock-down by a hair's breath. All of them were dirty, and none of them seemed comfortably clothed for such a cold day.

At the sight of the organ, they all stopped and swarmed toward it. The good-natured Italian was obliged to grind whether he would or no—though indeed, he seemed very willing. He began to play—a merry tune it was—and you should have seen those children! Most of them began to dance. There must have been a hundred, all dancing at once, and such dancing! Some whirled about, some bobbed up and down, others jerked forward and backward and still others merrily skipped back and forth in time to the music. A few girls danced demurely in couples, with as much grace as court ladies, but most of them footed it alone, their hands on their hips, their chins in the air and their hair floating out behind.

"Isn't it fine?" said Harold. "It's lots nicer than dancing school."

A very ragged little boy stood by Uncle Bert. He had on a man's coat which had faded from black to a dull green, and hung in tatters. His trousers were terribly torn and his legs were bare, but on his feet were a pair of much-worn shoes, several sizes too large and laced with common brown wrapping cord.

He was very dark and his face was narrow and pinched, but his eyes were twinkling with humor. "I never saw anybody so thin," thought Harold. Just then the music stopped, and one of the children called: "Come on, Ragsey!"

"Aw, yes! Come on, Ragsey," yelled the crowd. "Ragsey, Ragsey, Ragsey!"

"The face of the boy by Uncle Bert's side never changed. Solemnly he stepped out into the open space the children had cleared for him on the sidewalk. The organ-grinder changed the tune. It was queer, wild music, evidently a dance, but Harold had never heard it before.

Ragsey put his thin, grimy hands on his hips and began to dance—slowly at first and then faster, shuffling on the ground with his clumsy shoes; then bounding into the air with a strange cry, he started off with wonderful lightness on a new dance all his own. He was so absorbed as he went on that he forgot the street and his audience. He was unconscious even of the strangers, apparently knowing only his own feet and that he must go on as long as the music continued.

The children at first had encouraged him by clapping, beating time with their feet, and with cries of "Go it, Ragsey! Keep her up, Ragsey!" and the like. Now all were silent, fascinated by the dancer.

"By Jove," whispered Uncle Bert, "that boy's an artist!"

Suddenly the music came to a stop, and the organ-grinder took up his handles and trundled his instrument away, through what appeared to be a solid mass of children, all shrilly protesting and urging him to stay. Several pennies had been thrown from upper windows where frowsy mothers leaned in spite of the cold, watching the dance. These Ragsey picked up and handed to the "music-man" as the latter forced his way through the throng grinning broadly and patting the boy on the hand.

"That is where they like hand-organs," said Uncle Bert after a long silence, as he and Harold walked home.—New York Mail and Express.

Pleasantly Situated.

"Poor man!" said the lady visitor, addressing one of the inmates of the insane asylum, "don't you often feel very sad shut up here?"

"Oh, no," the patient answered. "The lunatics who come to look at us are generally very amusing."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A PUCKERVILLE MODEL.

When Tom was twenty, people said. "He is a model youth."
He like him, little children, he is industry and truth."
Now Tom is forty.—Yesterday
We heard a mother shout:
"That boogee man'll get you
If you Don't Watch
Out!"
—Indianapolis Sun.

HUMOROUS.

Van Dabble—This is my latest picture; I sold it yesterday. Visitor—Indeed? You are a genius!

"Blinks asserts that he always tells the truth." "So he does, but unfortunately, he seldom stops there."

Nell—Did Miss Billyuns act as if it was a severe blow when she didn't get the prince? Belle—Yes; she took the count.

Miss Oldgirl—Do you care for pet dogs? Mr. Oldbach—Well—er—yes, when they are stuffed and placed in glass cases.

House—What's wrong, old chap? Forgot something? Lotts—Yes; forgot what! And that isn't all, I've forgotten what I forgot!

Wigg—A woman can generally be depended upon to hit the nail on the head. Wagg—Yes; even though it may be her finger nail.

"Pa, what does a diplomat mean when he speaks of 'expediency'?" "Usually, my son, it means that his diplomacy has failed."

"You dentists may be pretty smart, but you can't improve on nature," said the man in the chair. "Oh, yes we can," replied the dentist. "The teeth we make never ache."

Sharpe—I have invented a revolver for shooting cats. Wheaton—Is it different from any other revolver? Sharpe—Yes; it is a nine-shooter—a shot for each of a cat's lives.

"Say," said the first messenger boy, "Snaketoothed Sam, the Desert Demon, is a pretty long story, ain't it?" "Naw," replied the other. "Yer kin do it easy in two messages."

Angier—Is this a good place to fish? Boy—I guess it is. "What can you catch here?" "I don't know, but it must be a great place for the fish, 'cause I never see any of 'em leave it."

Old Gentleman—So you think my daughter loves you, dudu; and you wish to marry her? Sireleigh—That's what I called to see you about. Is there any insanity in your family? Old Gentleman—No, sir; and there's not going to be any.

Benevolent Old Gentleman (pointing a moral to village school children).—Now, why do I take all the trouble to leave my house and come over here and speak to you thus? Can any boy tell me? Bright Child (innocently)—Please, sir, it's because ye like to hear yerse! talk.

"How about that historical novel?" asked the publisher. "No good at all," answered the reader to whom it had been assigned. "The man doesn't understand how to write historical novels, and he hasn't perverted the truth as we know it enough to make any kind of a rumpus among the critics. His book would fall flat."

Improved Golf Caddy.

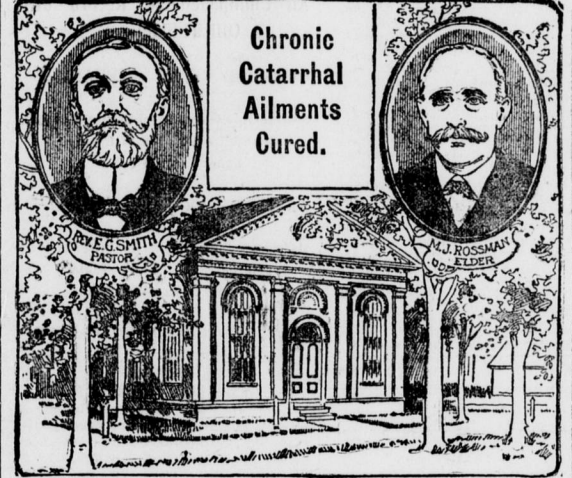
Interest is being shown by the golfers of the local clubs in an improved caddy bag, says the Providence, R. I., Journal. The new carrier has a round base, with a steel rod running through the center. At the top of this rod is a circle of flexible rubber, in which there are eight indentations for holding the clubs. At the base, which is of wood and leather, are eight holes corresponding to the indentations, in which the grip ends of the clubs rest, the top of the clubs, of course, fitting in the rubber at the top of the shaft. Through the rod in the centre runs a smaller steel one, which is sharpened at the end, and when the player wishes to set the carrier down to extract a club for playing a stroke, he pushes this brass rod into the earth by means of the handle of the carrier attached to the inner rod, and whether the carrier is on level or slanting ground it will retain its upright position ready for the player to take it up without effort and continue his play across the green. In the wooden base is a circular cavity fitted to hold eight balls. One of the best features of the new carrier is the arrangement for preventing the clubs from warping. The straight steel shaft with the base and upper holder always holds the clubs in firm position, and when one returns from playing around a wet course, where the moisture from the grass has gathered on the shafts of the clubs, he can still throw his carrier where he chooses and the shaft remains straight and even. The flexible bag allows the clubs to warp.

Now the Sphinx is Crumbling.

Mr. D. C. Longworth of the Cairo Sphinx brings the warning that that wondrous marvel of the ancient world, the Egyptian Sphinx, is rapidly decaying. It will not be able long to withstand the altering climate of Egypt, due to the irrigation of recent years.

A few years ago an hour's downfall of rain once a year was a novelty in Egypt. The natives regarded it as some dire message of reproach from the gods. The irrigation and the many trees about the Delta have changed this. Fifteen to eighteen days' heavy rain falls now every year on the head of the Sphinx. The severe "khamsim" sandstorm follows and cuts into the soddened limestone of the ancient monument, whitening away all over the surface.—London Mail.

PRESBYTERIAN PASTOR PRAISES PE-RU-NA.



Chronic Catarrhal Ailments Cured.

First Presbyterian Church of Greensboro, Ga., and Its Pastor and Elder.

THE day was when men of prominence hesitated to give their testimonials to proprietary medicines for publication. This remains true to-day of most proprietary medicines. But Peruna has become so justly famous, its merits are known to so many people of high and low stations, that no one hesitates to see his name in print recommending Peruna.

The highest men in our nation have given Peruna a strong indorsement. Men representing all classes and stations are equally represented.

A dignified representative of the Presbyterian church in the person of Rev. E. G. Smith does not hesitate to state publicly that he has used Peruna in his family and found it cured when other remedies failed. In this statement the Rev. Smith is supported by an elder in his church. Rev. E. G. Smith, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Greensboro, Ga., writes: "Having used Peruna in my family for some time it gives me pleasure to testify to its true worth.

"My little boy, seven years of age, had been suffering for some time with catarrh of the lower bowels. Other remedies had failed, but after taking two bottles of Peruna the trouble almost entirely disappeared. For this special malady I consider it well worth a special fee."

A skeleton dug up in Texas has an eight-inch jaw.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

About ninety-nine per cent. of the starch made in the United States is made from corn.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatment free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 261 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The average duration of life in towns is calculated at thirty-eight years; in the country fifty-five years.

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

One of the greatest rivers of the world, the Orinoco, is also one of the least known to Europeans.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mas. THOMAS ROBINS, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

British Columbia loggers are preparing to export cedar in large quantities to all parts of the world.

THERE IS NO SLICKER LIKE TOWER'S FISH BRAND.

Forty years ago and after many years of use on the eastern coast, Tower's Waterproof Oiled Coats were introduced in the West and were called Slickers by the pioneers and cowboys. This graphic name has come into such general use that it is frequently though wrongfully applied to many substitutes you want the genuine. Look for the Sign of the Fish and the name Tower on the buttons.

MADE IN BLACK AND YELLOW AND SOLD BY REPRESENTATIVE TRADE THE WORLD OVER. A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS. ESTABLISHED 1858.

RIPANS

If more sales of Ripans Tabules are made daily than of any other medicine, the reason may be found in the fact that there is scarcely any condition of ill health that is not benefited by the occasional use of a Ripans Tabule, and a package, containing ten, is obtainable from any druggist for five cents.

At druggists. The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary course. The family bottle, 80 cents, contains a supply for a year.

FOR WOMAN'S EYE

The Sanative, Antiseptic, Cleansing, Purifying, Beautifying Properties of CUTICURA SOAP render it of Priceless Value to Women.

Much that every woman should know is told in the circular wrapped about the Soap.