$100 Reward, $100.

The reader 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, 25 cents.

AFTER all, it is the condition of trade that regulates the fashions. Nearly all kinds of garments are worn longer in dull times than in prosperous ones.—Boston Courier.

A PHILOSOPHER is a man who does not try to argue with others until he knows he can down them.—Galveston News.

Keep Your Weather Eye Open.

Fraud loves a shining mark. Occasionally spurious imitations spring up of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the great American family remedy for chills and fever, dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness, nervousness, neuralgia, rheumatism and kidney disorder. These imitations are usually fiery local bitters full of high wines. Look out for the firm signature on the genuine label and vignette of St. George and the dragon.

YOUNG MAN—"Tommy, you are such a nice little boy!" Tommy—"No use talking that way to me, Mr. Deadgone. Sis already has a fellow."—Truth.

THE breath of suspicion is generally scented with cloves.—Puck.

Catarrh in the Head

"For the past nine years my head and nasal passages have been clogged up, and in consequence I was unable to breathe through my nose. My breath became very bad and offensive. Powders and medicines were useless and I was discouraged. I had read considerable about the good being done by Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Sarsaparilla and decided to give it a trial. I had not taken more than one bottle before I began to feel benefit and after taking two bottles my expectations were realized. Its effects have been wonderful for I feel like a new man." A. H. SMITH, 14 North Twelfth St. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

LOCOCK'S COUGH ELIXIR

CURES COUGHS, COLDS, —AND— INCIPIENT CONSUMPTION.

LOUIS COOK, NEW ORLEANS, says: "It gives me great pleasure to be able to say that Locock's Cough Elixir is the best preparation for coughs and colds I ever used—and I have used a good many. I cheerfully recommend it."

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
PRICE, 50c. and $1.00.
Prepared by I. L. LYONS & CO.
New Orleans, La.

WE CANNOT SPARE

healthy flesh—nature never burdens the body with too much sound flesh. Loss of flesh usually indicates poor assimilation, which causes the loss of the best that's in food, the fat-forming element.

Scott's Emulsion

of pure cod liver oil with hypophosphites contains the very essence of all foods. In no other form can so much nutrition be taken and assimilated. *Its range of usefulness has no limitation where weakness exists.*

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all druggists.

"German Syrup"

My niece, Emeline Hawley, was, taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption. She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good. Finally she took German Syrup and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. I had it from her own lips. Mrs. Mary A. Stacey, Trumbull, Conn. Honor to German Syrup.

CURES RISING BREAST

"MOTHER'S FRIEND" is the greatest blessing ever offered child-bearing woman. I have been a mid-wife for many years, and in each case where "Mother's Friend" had been used it has accomplished wonders and relieved much suffering. It is the best remedy for rising of the breast known, and worth the price for that alone. MRS. M. M. BROWNE, Montgomery, Ala.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle.
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.
Sold by all druggists.

THE GOGEBIC FAMINE.

Thousands of Men and Women Crying Loudly for Food.

Iron Mines Shut Down and Armies of Laborers Out of Work—A Brief History of the Halcyon Days of the Northern Iron Country.

[Special Milwaukee (Wis.) Letter.]

The charitable people of the entire country have recently had their attention attracted to northern Wisconsin by the pitiful tales of destitution existing among the miners of the once famous Gogebic iron mining region. The meager dispatches calling attention to the sufferings of these unfortunate people have been in no sense exaggerated. The Gogebic range extends through the upper Michigan peninsula and northern Wisconsin 20 or 30 miles south of Lake Superior and some 400 miles north of Chicago. The principal towns are Hurley, Pence and Vaughn in Wisconsin and Ironwood and Bessemer in Michigan. In these towns and in the surrounding country there are 5,000 idle men. They are mostly men of families and a careful estimate shows that 20,000 people are absolutely destitute and are living on the charity and benevolence of the more fortunate people of Wisconsin

MAP OF GOGEBIC IRON RANGE IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN AND MICHIGAN.

and Michigan. The official appeals for aid were promptly answered and carloads of supplies have been hurried to relieve the most pressing needs of the helpless army of unemployed.

The first appeal for aid came from a small gathering of men at Hurley. They wrote a polite but firm note to Gov. Peck and told him they were forced to be idle, had had no work to speak of for six months, winter was at hand and their families were starving. Gov. Peck hastily made an investigation and satisfied himself that the demand was just and reasonable and set out at once to furnish them food and clothing. He made a public call and it was quickly responded to and cart loads of supplies were started north within a few days. Gov. Peck visited the sufferers with his military staff and personally directed the distribution of the first special train of supplies. The governor visited scores of the unfortunate people and assured them that everything in his power would be done to help them through the winter.

Gov. Rich, of Michigan, followed the example set by Gov. Peck and called a meeting of the mayors of leading Michigan cities and secured funds with which supplies were procured and sent to the destitute families in the Michigan towns. Generous people all over the west have since sent money and supplies to the two governors' aid. The most of the people have been provided with enough supplies to last them several weeks. But 20,000 people make quite an army, and the most of them will have to be fed and clothed until next April or May. They will require a vast amount of food and clothing to see them through, and the supplies collected at state headquarters will be forwarded once a week or oftener.

I have just returned from a trip over the Gogebic district, and have been a personal witness to scenes of destitution and human misery that almost beggar description, to make use of a very much-abused reportorial expression. Winter set in unusually early this year, and there have been heavy snowfalls at regular intervals ever since the 1st of November. The country is rolling and snow drifts to great depths. It is now three feet deep on a level all over the range and at many places it is seven or eight feet deep. As a consequence the isolated houses and cabins are almost inaccessible, and the poorly-clad people have this element of terror and hardship to battle with in addition to the general condition of destitution. Many of these shanties are a quarter or a half-mile from the towns and I found myself in snowdrifts up to my armpits more than once. When aid began arriving there were hundreds of families without a morsel of food in their houses. In many I found only a few pounds of flour or a half peck of potatoes. Meat had been a stranger to

APPLICANTS FOR FOOD AT POORMASTER'S OFFICE IN IRONWOOD.

them for weeks and in some instances months. Men and women wept as they told of their destitution and hungry children were found in bed because they didn't have clothes enough to withstand the intensely cold weather. The thermometer has ranged from zero to one hundred and forty below since early in November, but it is God's blessing that none are so poor they cannot go into the forests and get all the fuel they can use. These towns are surrounded by dense woods, and where the men are at all thrifty they have laid in a good supply of winter's fuel.

Early in the summer typhoid fever broke out on the range, and it raged during the autumn as an epidemic. Impure water is believed to have fed the disease. There have been about 600 deaths from typhus thus far, but the cold weather and snow have frozen the malignant disease out and there are at present only about 50 cases. The unusual fatality is probably due to a lack of proper food and necessary medical attention. The foreign element in this mining community is very large, and the Cornish and Finnish men pay little attention to any kind of illness. It was asserted that some of these men were reduced to such desperate straits that they killed and devoured their dogs and cats, this meat being fed generally to the sick, who demanded something more nourishing than potatoes, or bread made of coarse flour and water. Happily this state of affairs is over for the time being, and the local relief committees are sending food and clothing to the houses of the stricken people who are unable to come for them.

The explanation of the existing condition of affairs is simple. The recent panic paralyzed the iron industry. One after another of the great iron mines shut down and men were thrown out of employment until all of the great mines on the range were closed and an army of 5,000 men was added to the unemployed. With the exception of a few men here and there at work on the ore piles, or checking the flow of water in the subterranean passages all of the great mines of the range have been idle since early last summer. To appreciate this statement it is only necessary to state that these idle mines shipped ten million tons of ore to the iron markets last year!

There is a picturesque background to this setting of abject poverty and human misery. Contrast the conditions of to-day with the Gogebic of four years ago. Then the eyes of the civilized world were turned on this section of country that had suddenly become a great commercial and industrial center. The primeval forest gave way to bustling towns and great and important mining settlements as the morning mists before the noonday sun. In the course of a year after the discovery of the original Colby and other of the famous mines, the pine forests had disappeared and towns of great importance had sprung up. The Colby mine is now known as the Norrie, the greatest iron producing and shipping mine in the world, a proud distinction indeed. Fortunes were made in a day and millionaires were as thick as sandflies. Thousands of men found employment in building the towns, in developing and working the mines and in sweeping away the forests. It was an era without parallel in the development of the country. Carpenters and artisans commanded the highest wages, miners were well paid, and in a few months' time thousands of men had been attracted to the new Eldorado. Times were prosperous, money plenty, speculators reckless and great things were planned. The inevitable happened—new iron fields were opened, the price of iron declined, the mine owners combined to reduce high pressure expenses, the speculators failed, the "mushroom iron kings" collapsed and business men came in to take their places. The palmy days were over.

Things ran along in this way until last summer, when the panic came and the very bottom fell out of the Gogebic boom. This in brief is the rise and fall of the iron community, and ex-

TYPICAL MINERS' HOME IN FAMINE DISTRICT.

plains in a measure the elements that contributed to the present deplorable condition of the range and its people.

Miners as a rule are an improvident class. They never prepare for the rainy day. They spend their money freely, as do most people whose lot is especially hard, and when a great trouble comes they are in no condition to combat with it. They are in a measure helpless, being without trades or professions, and cannot make their salt as farmers or lumbermen. If the Gogebic mines do not resume operations in the early spring, it is most likely the state officials will have to furnish means of transportation to these people to other and more favored localities. They cannot exist on the natural resources of the country with the mines idle. G. H. YENOWINE.

What She Wanted.

Elise is a bright little girl, with a taste for company, though she is only three years old. Not long ago she approached her father.

"Papa," she said, "I want you to give me a ball."

"A ball?" he inquired, rather puzzled.

"Yes, papa, but not a gum ball; I want a party ball," and she had it the next afternoon, when all her little friends were invited. — Detroit Free Press.

A Brother's Theory.

Little Dot—Isn't papa rich?

Little Dick—Yes, everybody says so.

Little Dot—Then why does he say he wants me to learn how to earn my own living when I grow up?

Little Dick—So some one will marry you, I guess.—Good News.

More Information.

Tommy—Paw, is a rent and a tear all the same?

Mr. Figg—Well, not exactly. I have known many a man who could not raise his rent because he had been on a tear.—Indianapolis Journal.

No Further Weapons Needed.

Mrs. Bluerich—Aren't you going to send your daughter to a finishing school, after all?

Mrs. Newrich—What's the use? She's as good as captured a rich young man now.—Chicago Record.

Fair-Minded.

"I'm always willing to meet a man half-way," observed Charley Shortpay, magnanimously, as he settled with his tailor at fifty cents on the dollar.—Puck.

A Trait of Hers.

Mamie—Uncle George is going to give sister Etta away at the wedding.

Tommy—Humph! leave her alone an' she'll do it herself.—Chicago Tribune.

HIS HUMBLE MEAL.

Fielding's Experience in a Typewriter-Girl's Restaurant.

Where a Man May Save Money on His Lunch Because He Will Feel so Small That a Very Little Will Satisfy Him.

[COPYRIGHT, 1893.]

I am a modest man, and I went out to eat my modest lunch, the other day, and inadvertently walked into a place where there were eight hundred young and beautiful women; all of them looked at me. If they had been men, a few of them would probably have been thinking about something, and a commonplace stranger would not have become at once the cynosure of all eyes. But these were women, careless and free, upon whom the cares of business had left no traces except the

THE SLOPPIEST MAN ALIVE.

ink stains on their thumbs. So, having nothing requiring their attention, they all looked at me, and I felt as comfortable as we do in those distracting nightmares when we roam through dignified assemblies looking for a quiet corner where we can put our clothes on. They kept on chewing with a gentle and rhythmical movement which required no conscious direction and left their minds free to consider my claims to personal beauty and engaging manner.

And then, suddenly, the entire eight hundred took their eyes off me, and forgot that I was alive. It was the only thing that could have made me feel worse than I felt when they were looking at me, and it accounts for the tinge of bitterness which may be detected in these lines. A man must be older and more philosophical than I am before he can endure with patience the humiliating reflection that not one girl in eight hundred prefers him to a plate of ham and beans.

I stumbled along through the room, and at last discovered a place at the far end where there were a few men. The only vacant seat was by a table which had men on one side and women

I FOUND HER ON MY BACK.

on the other. I fell into the chair, and instantly found myself face to face with a haughty typewriter girl who, in our elevator, has frequently repulsed with scornful eyes the advances which Heaven knows I did not make. I stole a glance at her to see whether she could still find it in her heart to crush me, humbled as I was, in the presence of so much youth and beauty. But she lifted her cold gray eyes from her griddle cakes, and looked at something which was immediately behind me. I do not know what it was, but I could feel her steely glance pass through me with the cold precision of a scalpel. And yet she is not destitute of human sentiments. I have heard her converse with the elevator boy in such moving tones that he has run by four floors where business men waited, swearing, to be taken down in the car. And I have occasionally seen her gaze into the mirrors in the car with other purpose than to contemplate her own lovliness. I have even thought that she was looking at me, but, alas, it was always when I hadn't shaved for four days.

A young man came to remove the debris of my predecessor's order. Though young, as I have said, this gentleman had already risen high in his profession. He could clean off a table as I

THEN THE WAITER GIRL CAME.

had never seen it done before. He wiped that table till it was so smooth that the dishes could hardly stand on it. And not a crumb, not a bean, not an atom of pie was spilled upon the floor. It all went into my lap, every morsel of it. He even brushed the grease spots of a previous season off the mahogany on to my pantaloons. He is positively the sloppiest man that ever raised the price of benzine, and he should command a high salary in any restaurant.

Then the waiter girl came. I think that she was shot out of a cannon, but I cannot swear to this, because I did not see her coming. In fact I did not know that she had started until I found her on my back. She laid some things down on the table. Some of the things she put down with her left hand, which was on one side of my neck, and some with the right hand, which was on the other. She was in such a hurry with the teaspoon that she snapped it up my sleeve and it disappeared. I protest that this was not my fault, and it was only a pewter spoon anyway, but the haughty typewriter girl viewed me with increased distrust afterwards.

Then the waiter girl asked me what I would have. It was an embarrassing position. It seemed as if the eight hundred girls began to look at me again. Certainly in the eyes of the six on the other side of the table I read the question: "Will he take ham and Boston?" The room was full of nodding plumes. I never before had the faintest conception of the magnificence of feminine headgear. How could I give my modest order in such an assemblage, with a full certainty that the waitress would announce it in a voice like the trump of doom? I have been a rather severe employer of typewriter girls. When my dictated letters have been signed "Yours Truly" with a capital T, I have raised a row about it and have felt a certain superiority afterwards. But at this moment, when eight hundred of them had me practically alone, oh, how they did get square with me! This was their place, and they knew the etiquette in use and I didn't. And they all looked at me once more, even those that were back to me, until I felt so small that I couldn't find anything on the bill of fare that was small enough to go inside of me. And as they looked at me they all chewed serenely, and even the sloppy young man was afraid of them, and brushed things into their napkins instead of on their dresses. When I had given my order all the girls looked at their plates again in a hurry, in order to emphasize the fact that it was the order and not me in which they were interested, and whether it subsequently killed me or not was a matter of total indifference to them.

Presently the haughty typewriter girl opposite me deigned to raise her eyes as far as my necktie. Then the girl next to her also looked at it. Originally it was a light colored tie, and if we had a decent system of street cleaning in New York, it would be so today. But the dust does fly dreadfully. I had fancied, indeed, that the part which was exposed to view looked well enough; but when the girls riveted their gaze upon it, my soul became harassed by doubt. The other four girls joined in the game, and their glances pressed so heavily on that tie that I could feel the shirt-stud underneath it being gradually forced into my bosom. Two or three girls at the table beyond turned around They knew instinctively where to look.

My eyes fell before this concentrated fire. I bowed my head, not in deference wholly, but with the idea of getting my chin low enough to cover the necktie. As I did so I saw, with the corner of an eye, this notice on the wall:

> He That Humbleth
> Himself Shall Be Exalted

It fitted my case exactly, and yet the promise involved in it seemed to be scantily fulfilled. I began to open some eggs with a trembling hand. A large piece of the shell fell into my glass. I tried to fish it out with a spoon which, such was my agitation, knocked against the glass like one of those tappers in a shop window, inviting people to come in and be robbed. Then all the girls shifted their gaze from my necktie to the piece of shell. Under such circumstances, I was not likely to catch it.

"Let me send it back and get you another," said a kindly voice behind me. It was the male superintendent of the establishment, an exceptionally polite and obliging young man. I had never been so glad to see a male of my species before. It brought my courage back. I arose and abused that gentle youth for every fault of omission and commission known to the restaurant business. He took it with the blandest courtesy. Suddenly, grown brave, I turned to see what effect my assertion of dignity had had upon the girls. They were all gone. One o'clock had struck and they had gone back to hammer some more holes in our language. Perceiving this, I apologized meekly to the superintendent, and then sat down and ate the cold egg, shell and all.

HOWARD FIELDING.

THE POMAKS.

Mohammedism Among the Bulgarians of Rhodope.

Who on earth, or what on earth, are the Pomaks? is the question which will suggest itself to most of those who glance at the heading of this article. The Pomaks are Bulgarophone Mohammedan Bulgarians; that is to say, they are Bulgarians who have adopted the creed of Islam, but retained their own language. With their native speech they have preserved certain usages and customs of their own race, thus affording to the ethnologist an admirable field for speculation as to the extent to which a change of religion, unaccompanied by other influences, can modify the ingrained characteristics of a nation.

There are Pomaks in many parts of Bulgaria; but the Pomak territory par excellence lies in the wildest, remotest region of the Balkan peninsula, in the heart of Rhodope, a terra incognita to the European traveler, and known only by report to the neighboring races; in ancient days the haunt of the frenzied Bacchantes:

> Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
> In Rhodope, when woods and rocks had ears
> To rapture, till the savage clamor drowned
> Both harp and voice—

and in later times the inaccessible retreat of fierce, fanatical mountaineers, who scorned, for centuries the rule of Turk and Christian alike, and bravely resisted every effort to bring them into subjection. It was only quite recently that a Bulgarian force succeeded in occupying the remoter portion of the Pomak territory assigned seven years ago by the convention of Top-Khane to eastern Roumelia.—Fortnightly Review.

Engaged on the Spot.

Lady of the House (to servant applying for situation)—You were in the service of my friend, Baroness K——; why were you sent away?

Servant—Please, ma'am, for listening at the doors.

Lady—Ah, then I will take you—only you must promise to tell me all you heard.—Chronique Bourgeoise.

Beyond Hope.

"This," said the attendant, as he led the way through the incurable ward, "is one of the worst cases we have. He was once a newspaper man."

"But what is his hallucination?" asked the visitor, anxiously.

"He thinks he has money," answered the attendant, sadly.—Puck.

And She Didn't Come.

Mrs. Norris—Do you mind my having a dressmaker in the house next week?

Mr. Norris (craftily)—No, not if she's pretty.—Truth.

A Double Play.

> Her piano all day she is sounding;
> But she's wholly unconscious, I fear,
> That she meanwhile is heavily pounding
> On the sensitive drum of my ear!
>
> —Brooklyn Life

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

POINTS FOR THE SPORTS.

A FAST bowler delivers a cricket ball at the speed of a mile a minute.

THE centerboard was invented by Salem Wines, a boat-builder, of Cherry street, New York. He was born in Mattituck, L. I., in 1788, and died in 1861.

A LARGE elephant had to be killed in Stuttgart on account of his temper. A single bullet from a small bore rifle delivered in his forehead dropped him dead.

BARON SCHICHLER did tolerably well this year on the French turf, on which his winnings foot up for the season nearly £35,000. He takes it as a matter of course.

ADMIRAL GHERARDI, the ranking officer of the United States navy, went on from Brooklyn to Annapolis especially to see the football game between het Naval academy and West Point.

PROMINENT AMERICANS.

ADDISON HAMLIN, who holds a position in the melting and refining department of the Philadelphia mint, is a grandson of the late Vice-President Hamlin.

MR. ROOSEVELT ROOSEVELT, of New York, nominated to be secretary of legation at London, lacks but one thing to make him entirely English. That is the hyphen, don't you know?

COL. INGERSOLL closes his lecture on Lincoln with these words: "Lincoln was the grandest figure of fiercest civil war. Lincoln is the gentlest memory of our world."

THE heirs of John Howard Payne are endeavoring to collect from the national government two hundred and five dollars and ninety-two cents due him as consul when he died at Tunis in 1852.

FILL HEROES' GRAVES.

AT Bannockburn 135,000 men fought and 38,000 were killed or wounded.

MARENGO called 58,000 men into action, of whom 13,000 were killed or crippled.

AT Gravelotte 320,000 men were engaged, of whom 48,000 were killed or wounded.

THERE were 402,000 men on the field of Sadowa, of whom 33,000 were killed or disabled.

AT Austerlitz 170,000 were engaged, and the dead and wounded numbered 23,000.

IN proportion to the numbers engaged, Waterloo was the bloodiest battle of modern times. Over 35 per cent. of the men engaged were killed or wounded.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

"It will all come out in the wash," if you use **Pearline.**

10 World's Fair Photos ... The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway has made an arrangement ... first-class publishing house to issue a series of beautiful World's Fair views ... a large size, at the nominal price ... chance of only ten cents for the ... sixteen illustrations. Nothing ... in reference to the World's Fair ... been published. The series would ... at least twelve dollars if they were not published in such large ... we are therefore able to furnish ... of art for only ten cents.

Remit your money to Geo. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago, Ill., and the pictures will be sent promptly to any specified address. This would make a handsome holiday gift.

WHEN people are blind to their own interests they will stop as soon as the way shows Horn.

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY. Brown's Bronchial Troches have for many years been the most popular article in use for Coughs and Throat troubles. Price 25c.

DEATH does not end all. Look out for a large number of contested will suits. Texas Siftings.

CURE your cough with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.
Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

TOMMY—"Willie, do you know the name of all the stars?" Willie—"No, sir." "Well, I do. That one's O'Brien."

A POSITIVE CURE FOR ALL FEMALE AILMENTS OF WOMEN is assured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a specific for those peculiar weaknesses and disorders ... compounded by an eminent physician ... the various forms of female complaint ... "Prescription" will cure Bearing-down Feeling, Irregularity, Weakness ... Troubles. By restoring the ... tions, it cures nervous prostration ...

MRS. SAYLER.

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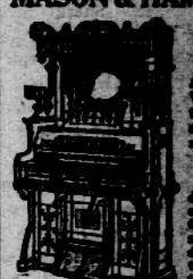
You want an Organ. Of course you want the BEST. MASON & HAMLIN ...



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BOSTON, NEW YORK, CHICAGO.

ELY'S CREAM BALM Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.
TRY THE CURE. HAY FEVER ...
A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

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CANCER ...

A. N. K., F.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS ... state that you saw the advertisement in this paper.

YOU SHOULD KNOW THIS FACT. THAT FAIRBANK & CO. OF ST. LOUIS MAKE A SOAP CALLED GLAIRETTE WHICH HAS NO EQUAL. STANDARD QUALITY & WEIGHT. ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT.