Cost of Nicaragua Canal.

The estimates as to the cost of constructing the Nicaragua Canal vary from $115,000,000 to $150,000,000. How different are the estimates of the people as to the value of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for stomach, liver, blood and kidney diseases. It is agreed everywhere that this remedy is unsurpassed for indigestion, biliousness, constipation, nervousness and sleeplessness. It is such an agreeable medicine to take. It tastes good as well as does good.

Mr. C.—"They call him a one-horse lawyer." Mr. Y.—"How did he get that name, do you suppose?" Mr. C.—"Because he's such a fine charger, I imagine."—Yonkers Statesman.

True Greatness In Medicine

Is proved by the health of the people who have taken it. More people have been made well, more cases of disease and sickness have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla than by any other medicine in the world. The peculiar combination, proportion and process in its preparation make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself and unequaled by any other.

ROGER WAS GENEROUS.

But It Was with Something He Couldn't Keep All to Himself.

A little boy in a North side kindergarten has discovered at an early age the art of making others do unto him the things he would like to have done by inducing them to believe they are getting the chief enjoyment themselves. When the hour for luncheon arrives Roger eats his own very quickly, in fact in quite the bolting fashion of the bear he pretends to impersonate. Then he is ready for his play.

"I'm a hungry little grizzly bear," he roars threateningly, "and I want you to fill me up. Come, hurry up, little boys and girls, fill me up, fill me up, or I'll grind your bones to make my bread."

And the children, enjoying the subtle frolic of the youngster, proceed to drop into the small hungry mouth bits of cake and sections of oranges and pieces of bread and butter and an occasional morsel of candy, until the "little grizzly bear" has emptied every lunch basket in the kindergarten and is the only "filled up" youngster in the school.

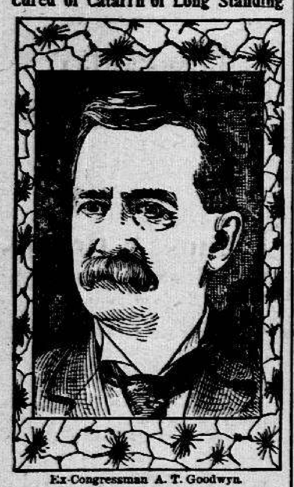
But the time came when Roger found something to give in return for the filling process. He arrived at the kindergarten one morning with a nice, aggravated case of whooping cough, and in 24 hours every companion in his class had caught it from him.

"Naturally, he would give it away, you know," explained the ironic teacher, deprived of her school. "Roger is such a generous child."—Chicago Chronicle.

Wit is folly when in the keeping of a fool.—Chicago Daily News.

A CONGRESSMAN

Cured of Catarrh of Long Standing



Ex-Congressman A. T. Goodwyn.

Ex-Congressman A. T. Goodwyn, from Alabama, writes the following letter:

The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I have now used two bottles of Pe-ru-na, and am a well man today. I could feel the good effects of your medicine before I had used it a week, after suffering with catarrh for over a year. Respectfully, A. T. Goodwyn.

Catarrh in its various forms is rapidly becoming a national curse. An undoubted remedy has been discovered by Dr. Hartman. This remedy has been thoroughly tested during the past forty years. Prominent men have come to know of its virtues and are making public utterances on the subject. To save the country we must save the people. To save the people we must protect them from disease. The disease that is at once the most prevalent and stubborn of cure is catarrh. Public men of all parties recognize in Pe-ru-na a national catarrh remedy of unequaled merit. Send to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio, for a free book on catarrh.

Potash.

ENOUGH of it must be contained in fertilizers, otherwise failure will surely result. See that it is there.

Our books tell all about fertilizers. They are sent *free* to all farmers applying for them.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

WINCHESTER GUN CATALOGUE FREE

Send your address on a postal and we will send you our 158 page illustrated catalogue free.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., 180 Winchester Ave., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

As Black as your Hat DYE Your Whiskers

A Natural Black with Buckingham's Dye.

50 cts. of druggists or R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H.

Meat smoked in a few hours with KRAUSERS' LIQUID EXTRACT OF SMOKE. Made from hickory wood. Cheaper, cleaner, sweeter, and better than the old way. Send for circular. E. KRAUSER & BRO., Milton, Pa.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

SWINDLE IS ABROAD.

Dr. Talmage Preaches on the Prevalence of Crime.

Everywhere Are Men Who Have Abused the Trust Reposed in Them—The Evils of Speculation.

(Washington, Copyright, 1899.)

This, like many of Dr. Talmage's discourses, recommends right doing for this world, as well as preparation for the Heavenly world. Text, Job, 8, 14: "Whose trust shall be a spider's web."

The two most skillful architects in the world are the bee and the spider. The one puts up a sugar manufactory and the other builds a slaughter house for flies. On a bright summer morning, when the sun comes out and shines upon the spider's web, bedecked with dew, the gossamer structure seems bright enough for a suspension bridge for aerial beings to cross on. But alas for the poor fly which in the latter part of that day ventures on it and is caught and dungeoned and destroyed! The fly was informed that it was a free bridge, and would cost nothing, but at the other end of the bridge the toll paid was its own life. The next day there comes down a strong wind, and away goes the web and the marauding spider and the victimized fly. So delicate are the silken threads of the spider's web that many thousands of them are put together before they become visible to the human eye, and it takes 4,000,000 of them to make a thread as large as the human hair. Most cruel as well as most ingenious is the spider. A prisoner in the Bastile, France, had one so trained that at the sound of the violin it every day came for its meal of flies. The author of my text, who was a learned scientist of his day, had no doubt watched the voracious process of this one insect with another and saw spider and fly swept down by the same broom or scattered by the same wind. Alas that the world has so many designing spiders and victimized flies! There has not been a time when the utter and black irresponsibility of many men having the financial interests of others in charge has been more evident than in these last few years. The bankruptcy of banks and disappearance of administrators with the funds of large estates, and the disordered accounts of United States officials have sometimes made a pestilence of crime that solemnizes every thoughtful man and woman and leads every philanthropist and Christian to ask: What shall be done to stay the plague?

There is ever and anon a monsoon of swindle abroad, a typhoon, a sirocco. I sometimes ask myself if it would not be better for men making wills to bequeath the property directly to the executors and officers of the court and appoint the widows and orphans a committee to see that the former got all that did not belong to them. The simple fact is that there are a large number of men sailing yachts and driving fast horses and members of expensive clubhouses and controlling country seats who are not worth a dollar if they return to others their just rights. Under some sudden reverse they fail, and with afflicted air seem to retire from the world, and seem almost ready for monastic life, when in two or three years they blossom out again, having compromised with their creditors—that is, paid them nothing but regret—and the only difference between the second chapter of prosperity and the first is that their pictures are Murillos instead of Kensetts, and their horses go a mile in 20 seconds less than their predecessors, and instead of one country seat they have three. I have watched and have noticed that nine out of ten of those who fail in what is called high life have more means after than before the failure, and in many of the cases failure is only a stratagem to escape the payment of honest debts and put the world off the track while they practice a large swindle. There is something woefully wrong in the fact that these things are possible.

First of all, I charge the blame on careless, indifferent bank directors and boards having in charge great financial institutions. It ought not to be possible for a president or cashier or prominent officer of a banking institution to swindle it year after year without detection. I will undertake to say that if these frauds are carried on for two or three years without detection either the directors are partners in the infamy and pocket part of the theft or they are guilty of a culpable neglect of duty, for which God will hold them as responsible as He holds the acknowledged defrauders. What right have prominent business men to allow their names to be published as directors in a financial institution, so that unsophisticated people are thereby induced to deposit their money in or buy the scrip thereof, when they, the published directors, are doing nothing for the safety of the institution? It is a case of deception most reprehensible.

Many people with a surplus of money, not needed for immediate use, although it may be a little further on indispensable, are without friends competent to advise them, and they are guided solely by the character of the men whose names are associated with the institution. When the crash came and with the overthrow of the banks went the small earnings and limited fortunes of widows and orphans and the helplessly aged, the directors stood with idiotic stare, and to the inquiry of the frenzied depositors and stockholders who had lost their all and to the arraignment of an indignant public had nothing to say except: "We thought it was all right. We did not know there was anything wrong going on." It was their duty to know. They stood in a position which deluded the people with the idea that they were carefully observant. Calling themselves directors, they did not direct. They had opportunity of auditing accounts and inspecting the books. No time to do so? Then they had no business to accept the position. It seems to be the pride of some moneyed men to be directors in a great many institutions, and all they know is whether or not they get their dividends regularly, and their names are used as decoy ducks to bring others near enough to be made game of. What first of all is needed is that 500 bank directors and insurance company directors resign or attend to their business as directors. The business world will be full of fraud just as long as fraud is so easy. When you arrest the president and secretary of a bank for an embezzlement carried on for many years, be sure to have plenty of sheriffs out the same day to arrest all the directors. They are guilty either of neglect or complicity.

"Oh," some will say, "better preach the Gospel and let business matters alone." I reply, if your Gospel does not inspire common honesty in the dealings of men the sooner you close up your Gospel and pitch it into the depths of the Atlantic ocean the better. An orthodox swindler is worse than a heterodox swindler. The recitation of all the catechisms and creeds ever written and partaking of all the communion chalices that ever glittered in the churches of Christendom will never save your soul unless your business character corresponds with your religious profession. Some of the worst scoundrels in America have been members of churches, and they got fat on sermons about Heaven when they most needed to have the pulpits preach that which would either bring them to repentance or thunder them out of the holy communions where their presence was a sacrilege and an infamy.

We must especially deplore the misfortunes of banks in various parts of this country in that they damage the banking institution, which is the greatest convenience of the centuries and indispensable to commerce and the advance of nations. In one hand it blesses the lender, and with the other it blesses the borrower. On their shoulders are the interests of private individuals and great corporations. In them are the great arteries through which run the currents of the nation's life. They have been the resources of the thousands of financiers in days of business exigency. They stand for accommodation, for facility, for individual, state and national relief. At their head and in their management there are as much interest and moral worth as in any class of men, perhaps more. How nefarious, then, the behavior of those who bring disrepute upon this venerable, benignant and God honored institution!

We also deplore abuse of trust funds, because the abusers fly in the face of divine goodness, which seems determined to bless this land. We are having a series of unexampled national harvests. The wheat gamblers get hold of the wheat, and the corn gamblers get hold of the corn. The full tide of God's mercy toward this land is put back by those great dikes of dishonorable resistance. When God provides enough food and clothing to feed and apparel this whole nation like princes, the scramble of dishonest men to get more than their share and get it all hazards keeps everything shaking with uncertainty and everybody asking: "What next?" Every week makes new revelations. How many more bank presidents and bank cashiers have been speculating with other people's money and how many more bank directors are in imbecile silence, letting the perfidy go on, the great and patient God only knows. My opinion is that we have got near the bottom. The wind has been pricked from the great bubble of American speculation. The men who thought that the judgment day was at least 5,000 years off found it in 1898 or 1897 or 1896, and this nation has been taught that men must keep their hands out of other people's pockets. Great businesses built on borrowed capital have been obliterated, and men who had nothing have lost all they had. I believe we are started on a higher career of prosperity than this land has ever seen—if and if and if.

If the first men, and especially Christian men, will learn never to speculate upon borrowed capital—if you have a mind to take your own money and turn it all into kites, to fly them over every common in the United States, you do society no wrong, except when you tumble your helpless children into the poorhouse for the public to take care of. But you have no right to take the money of others and turn it into kites. There is one word that has deluded more people into bankruptcy and state prison and ruin than any other word in commercial life, and that is the word borrow. That one word is responsible for the defalcations and embezzlements and financial consternations of the last 20 years. When executors conclude to speculate with the funds of an estate committed to their charge, they do not purloin; they say they only borrow. When a banker makes an overdraft upon his institution, he does not commit a theft; he only borrows. When the officer of a company, by flaming advertisement in some religious paper and gilt certificate of stock, gets a multitude of country people to put their small earnings to an enterprise for carrying on some undeveloped nothing, he does not fraudulently take their money; he only borrows. When a young man with easy access to his employer's money drawer or the confidential clerk by close propinquity to the account books takes a few dollars for a Wall street excursion, he expects to put it back. He will put it all back. He will put it all back very soon. He only borrows. Why, when you are going to do wrong pronounce so long a word as borrow, a word of six letters, when you can get a shorter word more descriptive of the reality, a word of only five letters—the word steal?

There are times when we all borrow and borrow legitimately, and borrow with the divine blessing for Christ in His sermon on the mount enjoins: "From him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." A young man rightly borrows money to get his education. Purchasing a house and not able to pay all down in cash, the purchaser rightly borrows it on mortgage. Crises come in business when it would be wrong for a man not to borrow. But I roll this warning through all these aisles, over the backs of all these pews, never borrow to speculate—not a dollar, not a cent, not a farthing. Young men, I warn you by your worldly prospects and the value of your immortal souls, do not do it. There are breakers distinguished for their shipwrecks—the Hanways, the Needles, the Caskets, the Douvers, the Anderlos, the Skerries—and many a craft has gone to pieces on those rocks, but I have to tell you that all the Hanways, and the Needles, and the Caskets, and the Skerries are as nothing compared with the long line of breakers which bound the ocean of commercial life north, south, east and west with the white foam of their despair and the dirge of their damnation—the breakers of borrow.

If I had only a worldly weapon to use on this subject, I would give you the fact, fresh from the highest authority, that 90 per cent. of those who go into wild speculation lose all, but I have a better warning than a worldly warning. From the place where men have perished—body, mind, soul—stand off, stand off! Abstract pulpit discussion must step aside on this question. Faith and repentance are absolutely necessary, but faith and repentance are no more doctrines of the Bible than commercial integrity. "Render to all their dues." "Owe no man anything." And while I mean to preach faith and repentance, more and more to preach them, I do not mean to spend any time in chasing the Hittites and Jebusites and Girgashites of Bible times when there are so many evils right around us destroying men and women for time and eternity. The greatest evangelistic preacher the world ever saw, a man who died for his evangelism—peerless Paul—wrote to the Romans: "Provide things honest in the sight of all men;" wrote to the Corinthians: "Do that which is honest;" wrote to the Philippians: "Whatsover things are honest," wrote to the Hebrews: "Willing in all things to live honestly." The Bible says that faith without works is dead, which, being literally translated, means that if your business life does not correspond with your profession your religion is a humbug.

Here is something that needs to be sounded in the ears of all the young men of America and iterated and reiterated if this country is ever to be delivered from its calamities and commercial prosperity is to be established and perpetuated—live within your means. Spend no more than you make. And let us adjust all our business and our homes by the principles of the Christian religion. Our religion ought to mean as much on Saturday and Monday as on the day between and not to be a mere periphrasis of sanctity. Our religion ought to first clean our hearts, and then it ought to clean our lives. Religion is not, as some seem to think, a sort of church dedication, a kind of confectionery, a sort of spiritual caramel or holy gumdrop or sanctified peppermint or theological anaesthetic. It is an omnipotent principle, all controlling, all conquering. You may get along with something less than that, and you may deceive yourself with it, but you cannot deceive God, and you cannot deceive the world. The keen business man will put on his spectacles, and he will look clear through to the back of your head, and see whether your religion is a fiction or a fact. And you cannot hide your samples of sugar or rice, or tea or coffee, if they are false; you cannot hide them under the cloth of a communion table. All your prayers go for nothing so long as you misrepresent your banking institutions, and in the report of the resources you put down more specie, and more fractional currency, and more clearing house certificates, and more legal tender notes, and more loans, and more discounts than there really are, and when you give an account of your liabilities you do not mention all the unpaid dividends and the United States bank notes outstanding, and the individual deposits, and the obligations to other banks and bankers. An authority more scrutinizing than that of any bank examiner will go through and through and through your business.

Gathered in all religious assemblages there are many who have trust funds. It is a compliment to you that you have been so intrusted, but I charge you, in the presence of God and the world, be as careful of the property of others, as you are careful of your own. Above all, keep your own private account at the bank separate from your account as trustee of an estate or trustee of an institution. That is the point at which thousands of people make shipwreck. They get the property of others mixed up with their own property. They put it into investment, and away it all goes, and they cannot return that which they borrowed. Then comes the explosion, and the money market is shaken, and the press denounces, and the church thunders expulsion. You have no right to use the property of others, except for their advantage, nor without consent, unless they are minors. If with their consent you invest their property as well as you can, and it is all lost, you are not to blame. You did the best you could, but do not come into the delusion, which has ruined so many men, of thinking because a thing is in their possession therefore it is theirs. You have a solemn trust that God has given you. In any assemblage there may be some who have misappropriated trust funds. Put them back, or if you have so helplessly involved them that you cannot put them back, confess the whole thing to those whom you have wronged, and you will sleep better nights, and you will have the better chance for your soul. What a sad thing it would be if, after you are dead, your administrator should find out from the account books or from the lack of vouchers, that you are not only bankrupt in estate, but that you lost your soul. If all the trust funds that have been misappropriated should suddenly fly to their owners and all the property that has been purloined should suddenly go back to its owners, it would crush into ruin every city in America.

A missionary in one of the islands of the Pacific preached on dishonesty, and the next morning he looked out of his window, and he saw his yard full of goods of all kinds. He wondered and asked the cause of all this. "Well," said the natives, "our gods that we have been worshiping permit us to steal, but according to what you said yesterday the God of Heaven and earth will not allow this, so we bring back all these goods, and we ask you to help us in taking them to the places where they belong." If next Sabbath all the ministers in America should preach sermons on the abuse of trust funds, and on the evils of purloining, and the sermons were all blessed of God, and regulations were made that all these things should be taken to the city halls, it would not be long before every city hall in America would be crowded from cellar to cupola.

Let me say in the most emphatic manner to all young men, dishonesty will never pay. An abbot wanted to buy a piece of ground, and the owner would not sell it, but the owner finally consented to let it to him until he could raise one crop, and the abbot sowed acorns, a crop of 200 years! And I tell you, young man, that the dishonesties which you plant in your heart and life will seem to be very insignificant, but they will grow up until they will overshadow you with horrible darkness, overshadow all time and all eternity. It will not be a crop for 200 years, but a crop for everlasting ages.

I have also a word of comfort for all who suffer from the malfeasance of others, and every honest man, woman and child does suffer from what goes on in financial scampdom. Society is so bound together that all the misfortunes which good people suffer in business matters come from the misdeeds of others. Bear up under distress, strong in God. He will see you through, though your misfortunes should be centupled. Scientists tell us that a column of air 45 miles in height rests on every man's head and shoulders. But that is nothing compared with the pressure that business life has put upon many of you. God made up His mind long ago how many or how few dollars it would be best for you to have. Trust to His appointment. The door will soon open to let you out and let you up. What shock of delight for men who for 30 years have been in business anxiety when they shall suddenly awake in everlasting holiday! On the maps of the arctic regions there are two places whose names are remarkable, given, I suppose, by some polar expedition, Cape Farewell and Thank God harbor. At this last the Polaris wintered in 1871 and the Tigress in 1873. Some ships have passed the cape, yet never reached the harbor. But from what I know of many of you I have concluded that, though your voyage of life may be very rough, run into by icebergs on this side and icebergs on that, you will in due time reach Cape Farewell and there bid good-by to all annoyances and soon after drop anchor in the calm and imperturbable waters of Thank God harbor. "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

Frank J. Gould is a great lover of dogs and owns 132 of various breeds.

While in the field against Spain Gen. Wheeler wore the same spurs he used in the civil war.

Every book given to the queen is especially bound for her majesty, and the royal arms are stamped on the cover.

The prince of Wales pays at the rate of $1,750 per 1,000 for his cigars. These precious weeds are seven inches long.

Senator Wolcott, of Colorado, has a voice of high pitch, but of good, enduring qualities. His gestures are limited, rarely passing beyond a downward stroke of one bent arm, the hand clasping a rolled-up handkerchief.

Burnett Walker, of Chicago, is said to be the only man who was born in the white house. He is a nephew of President Polk. His father was Polk's private secretary and a member of the president's household.

The queen of Italy weighs 176 pounds, Queen Victoria 171.6 pounds, the queen of Spain 147.4 pounds, the queen of Belgium 143 pounds, the German empress 136.4 pounds, the queen of Portugal 132 pounds, the czarina 129.8 pounds, the late empress of Austria 136.8 pounds.

Senator Platt carries a small watch which, besides being a most accurate timekeeper, strikes the hours. By pulling out a small lever the senator can also make it strike the minutes and seconds. Mr. Platt sleeps almost at will and when he wakes in the night can by using his watch tell the time to a minute.

John Morley has practically collected all his materials for writing the life of Gladstone. No reserve of any kind has been imposed on him by the family and his task is being greatly facilitated by the wonderful order preserved by the great man in the disposal of his papers. The actual writing, therefore, may begin at once. Mr. Morley assigns himself a limit of three years for the completion of his work. It may, however, be finished in two.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

End of an Adirondack Hunting Trip Involving a Load of Hay and a Fire.

"That story," said a sportsman, after listening to a thrilling experience which a friend once had with a runaway team attached to a farm wagon, "reminds me of an exciting and nearly fatal ride that I had on a hay cart when up in the Adirondacks shooting last November.

"I had been tramping about in the mountains all day shooting partridges, quail and all other game that came within reach of my gun, and late in the afternoon, when my bag was full, I came to the conclusion that I had had a fair day's sport and would go home. But I did not realize how tired I was until I started on my journey, and the fact that I had a heavy load to carry for five miles before I reached the farmhouse where I was staying was anything but pleasant to contemplate. However, I had gone about a mile on the country road when I heard the rumbling of a vehicle behind me, and on looking around I saw a big wagon loaded with hay. The driver soon caught up to me, and, learning that he was going a short distance from where I stayed, I asked him to give me a ride. He gave me permission, stopped his horses, and, when I had scrambled up on top, I lay down in the hay, and we went swaying and swinging pleasantly down the road.

"I was just thinking of presenting the old farmer with a few birds, when suddenly there was a bang! My gun, from which I had omitted to take the cartridges, had gone off. The horses gave a jump and the driver rolled off his seat into the ditch, where he lay stunned and motionless.

"Then I discovered that my gun had set fire to the hay, and I thought it was about time for me to jump for the road. The horses were tearing along the road as fast as they could run, but I crawled for the side of the hay and slid for the ground.

"The tail of my stout hunting coat caught on the top of a sharp-pointed standard, and there I hung to the careening wagon that threatened to upset and dump a load of burning hay on me at every turn in the highway.

"The fire was crackling and burning fiercely, and I could feel the flames getting nearer and nearer to my legs. Still the horses ran, and still my coat, in spite of all the wriggling I could do, held me fast to that seething mass of flame. My trousers began getting uncomfortably hot, and then I observed with horror that the tail of my coat was on fire. The next moment the loose cartridges in my pockets began exploding from the heat, and then I smelled my birds broiling."

"Well, you were not cremated," said a listener. "What happened next?"

"I had just made up my mind that I was going to be roasted alive when the tail of my coat burned off, and I was thrown into a ditch full of water on the roadside. Presently, when I had recovered my senses, I got up, brushed the mud from my clothes and resumed my journey without stopping to see what had become of the horses, my gun, or the old farmer. The next morning I took the first train for New York, and thus ended one of the most exciting shooting trips I have ever had."—N. Y. Sun.

A Startling Demand.

The long-haired stranger spoke rapidly.

"Yes, sir, I am in Washington on business. Business of national importance. I am here, sir, to promote an act of simple justice. And I will not leave until I have accomplished my purpose."

"May I ask what that purpose is?" inquired a bystander.

"You may. It is to secure the removal of the national capital."

"To what point?"

"To Skinnerville, sir. Skinnerville, 173 miles due west of Kansas City, on Kiyote creek. My name is Skinner, sir."

"And on what gounds, Mr. Skinner, do you base your extraordinary claim?"

"The very best, sir. Now that the government has decided to annex the Philippines to this glorious republic, the center of population of these United States will be found to be at Skinnerville, exactly at Skinnerville, sir, and in Skinnerville's name I make my lawful demand that the national capital be removed thither and at once."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Some people put on airs while others merely whistle them.—Chicago Daily News.

Buzzards never study etiquette.—Ram's Horn.

PERIODS OF PAIN.

Menstruation, the balance wheel of woman's life, is also the bane of existence to many because it means a time of great suffering.

While no woman is entirely free from periodical pain, it does not seem to have been nature's plan that women otherwise healthy should suffer so severely. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the most thorough female regulator known to medical science. It relieves the condition that produces so much discomfort and robs menstruation of its terrors. Here is proof:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—How can I thank you enough for what you have done for me? When I wrote to you I was suffering untold pain at time of menstruation; was nervous, had headache all the time, no appetite, that tired feeling, and did not care for anything. I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one of Blood Purifier, two boxes of Liver Pills, and to-day I am a well person. I would like to have those who suffer know that I am one of the many who have been cured of female complaints by your wonderful medicine and advice. —MISS JENNIE R. MILES, Leon, Wis.

If you are suffering in this way, write as Miss Miles did to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for the advice which she offers free of charge to all women.

Ironical Its.

If you kiss a miss she doesn't miss the kiss.

If a man keeps cool he commands himself and others.

If you would elevate the stage put it on an elevator.

If a man can't trust himself he is apt to trust to luck.

If you would succeed stick to your business with the glue of industry.

If a man is wedded to art he is apt to find the dowry unsatisfactory.

If a man is unable to hold his pen his ability to hold his tongue is useless.

If some men didn't boast of their abilities others would never know they possessed them.

If some people ever get to be worth their weight in gold they will have to use a lot of anti-fat.—Chicago Evening News.

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. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

More for Her Money.

"I hear that your daughter has broken off her engagement with the count. Is it true?"

"Yes; she ran across a chance to get a duke at the same figure."—Chicago Journal.

A Skillful Man.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—A western paper tells us about a tornado that struck a train, and the only man in it who wasn't hurt was the baggage man.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Perhaps he succeded in checking it.—Yonkers Statesman.

"I am told that he is her fifth husband." "Say, it must be awful to a man to feel that his wife looks on him as a mere habit."—Indianapolis Journal.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but the ugliness of those who say so generally goes to the backbone.—Town Topics.

The most of man's contentment is due to his ignorance.—Chicago Daily News.

The man whose wife chased him with the frying pan said the spider made him fly.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Nothing to Take Back.—The editor ran his eye critically over the manuscript the young poet had tendered. "It occurs to me," he said, "you use a faulty form of speech when you apostrophize the 'brave old years.' What is there brave about the years?" "Well," replied the young poet, with some stiffness, "there are comparatively few people who can make a century run."—Chicago Tribune.

As he ate some of the sympathetic housewife's chicken she asked him about his life. "I had to leave home or starve, lady," he explained, wiping away a tear with his sleeve. "How was that?" she asked. "The table that my wife set wouldn't have supported a fly," he explained. "And couldn't you get her to do any better?" she inquired. "No, mum," he answered, as he finished the last bit of chicken and edged away. "Why not?" "She said it was because she couldn't get any money from me to buy things." And then he vanished through the back gate.—Chicago Evening Post.

The aged attorney looked keenly at the young lawyer. "Do you love my daughter?" he asked. The youngster hesitated. "Before I give you a direct answer, judge," he said, with much earnestness, "I want you to pledge me your word that the information will not be used against me."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mrs. C.—"I wonder where in the world the alarm clock has gone! I saw it on the mantel yesterday." Mr. C.—"It was there yesterday, but I heard it going off this morning." Mrs. C.—"Well, I hope it hasn't gone where you told it to go."—Yonkers Statesman.

A cake walk is like a circus; if you have seen one, you have seen all of them.—Atchison Globe.

Bill—"Has the boss raised your pay?" Jill—"Well, no; he hasn't been able to raise it for three weeks now."—Yonkers Statesman.

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He—What allowance do you think your father ought to make us when we are married?

She—Well, I think if he makes allowance for your faults he will be doing as much as can be expected of him.—Chicago Journal.

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Some Solace.

To the victors belong the spoils, and to the vanquished the privilege of indulging in sarcastic criticism.—Puck.

There is one attractive feature about a war drama on the stage; no investigating commission appears in connection.—Atchison Globe.

"I care not," said the capitalist, "who makes the laws of the country, so long as I can help form the trusts."—Life.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Mrs. Frank Mobbs, 215 W. 23d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

"Don't you think she fully appreciates her husband?" "Oh, no; she loves him too much for that."—Town Topics.

Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar relieves whooping cough.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Philosophy with some men means the love of their own wisdom.—Ram's Horn.

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4 Child's Set, Knife, Fork and Spoon	35	22 Knives and Forks, six each, buckhorn handles	300
5 Salt and Pepper, one each, quadruple plate on white metal	60	23 Clock, 8-day, Calendar, 7 Barometer, Barometer	400
6 Razor, hollow ground, fine English steel	80	24 Stove, Wilson Heater, size No. 25 or No. 40	800
7 Butter Knife, triple plate, best qual.	60	25 Tool Set, not plaything, but real tools	800
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