The Pursuit of Happiness.

When the Declaration of Independence asserted man's right to this, it enunciated an immortal truth. The bilious sufferer is on the road to happiness when he begins to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the most efficacious regulator of the liver in existence. Equally reliable is it in chills and fever, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism, kidney trouble and nervousness. Use it regularly, and not at odd intervals.

No good comes of blaming others for our misfortunes.

Cure Corns With Physic.

Might as well try that as to attempt the cure of Tetter, Eczema, Ringworm and other cutaneous affections with blood medicine. Tetterine is the only absolutely safe and certain remedy. With it cure is sure. It's an ointment. 50 cents at druggists or by mail for 50c. in stamps from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

The world that the bird dies over is not the same that the snail crawls on.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The girl who hesitates may not be lost, but she is apt to become an old maid.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. Townsend, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, 1894.

Always give your wife her own way; it will save her the trouble of taking it.

Chew Star Tobacco—The Best.
Smoke Sledge Cigarettes.

Hope and happiness are so clumsy that when one dies the other commits suicide.

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

Never make a mistake, is the biggest mistake any man can make.

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.

Not to hear your conscience is the way to silence it.

Use "C C C" Certain Chill Cure.
Best in the world. Certain Cure Co., Evansville, Ind.

Voice Cultivation.

The deaf and dumb young lady was conversing on her fingers with a friend.

"I'm going to have my voice cultivated," she spelled.

"How nice! What manicure parlors do you patronize?"—New York World.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The Champion in Frugality.

Guy, the founder of Guy's hospital in London, was as parsimonious in private life as he was munificent in public. A good story illustrative of this is told of him in connection with John Hopkins, one of his contemporaries, who was nicknamed Vulture Hopkins on account of his rapacious mode of acquiring his immense wealth. On one occasion he paid a visit to Guy, who, on Hopkins entering the room, lighted a farthing candle. Hopkins, on being asked the object of his visit, said: "I have been told that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving than any man living, and I therefore wait on you for a lesson in frugality. I have always regarded myself as an adept in this matter, but I am told you excel me." "Oh," replied Guy, "if that is all you came to talk about, we can discuss the matter in the dark," and thereupon he blew out the candle. Struck with this example of economy, Hopkins acknowledged that he had met his superior in thrift.—Medical Record.

The widow of Ferris, the inventor of the great Ferris wheel, is reported to have married a "healer." Mr. Ferris is not able to turn over in his wheel, but it is possible that he'd kick the end out of his coffin if he knew that his widow's broken heart had been so speedily "healed" by a traveling faker.

Was Nervous

Troubled with Her Stomach—Could Not Sleep—Hood's Cured.

"About a year ago I was troubled with my stomach and could not eat. I was nervous and could not sleep at night. I grew very thin. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now well and strong, and owe it all to Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mary Pezzen, 90 South Union Street, Rochester, N. Y. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is the best—The One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the favorite cathartic.

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Business College
EVANSVILLE, IND.
Leading Business College of the North. Bookkeeping and Shorthand. Actual business from the start. Cheap board and reasonable tuition rates. Write for terms. Address M. H. LOCKYEAR, President.

LADIES three lovely aluminum hairpins sent you, postpaid, for ten cents. Look like silver; won't tarnish. F. M. Holmes, Dep. 16, Mecklenburg, N.Y.

RODS for tracing or locating Gold or Silver Ore, lost or buried treasures. M. D. FOWLER, Box 387, Southington, Conn

A REALLY PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

Is She Who Follows the Well-Beaten Paths of Life.

Edward W. Bok, writing on the theme "On Being Old-fashioned" in the Ladies' Home Journal, contends that much of the so-called progress of to-day is not progressive; in fact, that "old-fashioned" women who follow well-beaten paths, adhere to old customs and accept well-established teachings, are the really progressive ones, for the reason that their efforts meet with no interruptions, nor is there possibility of collapse in whatever engages their attention. "In domestic life the 'progressive' woman has had a very busy time," says Mr. Bok. "She began by upsetting the old sewing-basket. It was narrowing to a woman, she discovered one dark morning. Likewise was cooking, and the care of children. A woman who stayed at home and looked after the comfort of her husband and children was 'wishy-washy': she cramped her life, dwarfed her intellect, narrowed her horizon. Clubs by the score, societies by the hundred, schemes and plans by the thousand were started, organized and devised to rid 'poor woman' of her 'thraldom.' And these 'progressive' women were so busy for the elevation of their sex! But there were a few hundred thousand women who kept right on being busy elevating their children, helping their husbands, and believing that the sex in general was perfectly able to take care of itself. And these women are still busy sewing, cooking and caring for their children. And, gradually, they have seen sewing classes introduced in college and seminary courses, domestic science branches attached to nearly every educational institution which girls attend, while the care of children has received the endorsement of state and the specific attention of the national government. And what of the 'progressive' woman? Truly, the places that knew her once know her no more!"

Birds Puzzled by Kites.

Many amusing experiences have been the lot of the scientists who have been manipulating kites for scientific purposes. Large birds are always interested in the strange devices floating in the air and cannot quite make out what they are. Prompted by sharp curiosity, they hover around the floating kites and subject themselves to the danger of becoming entangled in the silken string and being dragged down to earth.

No bird, however, has ever alighted on a kite or attacked one, says the Chicago News. While one scientist was flying a train of five kites a couple of years ago a large silver-tipped eagle came suddenly out of the higher air and swooped round and round the first kite, looking against the sunset sky like a huge silver ball. As the train of kites was pulled in the eagle followed, visiting one kite and then another, seeming uncertain just what to do. In a few minutes when he seemed to have decided that they were not good to eat, and he knew nothing about them anyway, he indignantly flew off and was lost to view.

Another experience was had with a stork that came from the New Jersey side of the Hudson and flew straight for the queer object in the air. He apparently had made up his mind to go straight through it, but changed and dived underneath it. He went around and above it, and through a glass it could be seen that he cocked his eye at the intruder in a most comical manner. He started away a few hundred feet, changed his mind and came swooping back. He finally reluctantly went away, mystified over this queer addition to the inhabitants of the air.

While kites were high in the air one March flocks of geese flying in the V-wedge flew over. They invariably stopped, broke up and hovered about the queer object, and at last slowly reformed and flew away. While the larger birds all come from heights above the kites, the small birds of the air will alight on the string holding the kite and sway to and fro.

In the State of Illinois one branch of human endeavor is bound to remain dry and unnourished howsoever much other industries may be soaked in the wave of prosperity. This is the creation of corporations. The law passed two years ago has in effect made an invidious distinction between the poor and the rich, so that nowadays a man must have at least $50 before he can get himself created into a corporation with a capital of $1,000,000,000 or 1,000,000,000 times that if he chooses. Formerly any tramp with $7 could in a few hours become a duly constituted corporation, with a capital seven times larger than the Bank of England. Now he must pay a fee of $1 for every $1,000 in his corporate capitalization. This, of course, bears very hard on the poor. Three young men, we will say, having accumulated the price of a month's desk room in a small office, desire to be made into a Klondike mining company and to put themselves on a par as to capitalization with the First National Bank. They find that the fee ruthlessly demanded by the State would absorb their entire assets and leace a deficit at least 1,000 times greater than the whole sum of money they have to invest in their enterprise.

Ayer's

For asthma, bronchitis, croup, or whooping cough, there is no remedy so sure and so safe as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

This standard remedy for coughs, colds, and all diseases of the throat and lungs, is now put up in half size bottles at half price, 50c.

Cherry Pectoral.

FIELDS OF ADVENTURE.

THRILLING INCIDENTS AND DARING DEEDS ON LAND AND SEA.

Farmer Lloyd's Quick Shot Prevented His Little Son Being Carried Off by a Big Eagle—Botanist Saved From a Monster Rattlesnake by a Companion.

It was just inside the New York of the future—a mile within the boundaries of the great city. The dusk was closing in upon a perfect day.

From somewhere out of the boundless expanse of blue that marked a cloudless sky, says the New York World, a tiny speck appeared, grew larger, blacker and became the likeness of a gigantic bird. In wheeling circles it flew ever nearer to the earth, uttering fierce screams of hunger every now and then, and ever coming nearer to the earth. It was an eagle, as wild and savage as any that have brought terror to the Andes. Yet it was hunting within the circle of Greater New York.

Round and round it swung on pinions that seemed motionless, in a spiral which meant death to some poor creature. As it reached the lower stratum of air above the present village of Cedarhurst in what will soon be the Borough of Queens, there came a sudden and mighty clamor of crows. They rose from wood and harvested field, an army of frightened and vociferous cawers, for they knew that a terrible enemy was near. Their alarm probably saved a human life.

Right over the farm of prosperous Thomas M. Lloyd the eagle hovered, looking for prey. Soon its sharp eyes found it, for there back of the barn was playing little James Thomas Lloyd. He was a boy of three, fat and chubby, a most delicious morsel for bird or cannibal. Above him the fierce bird hovered, preparing to descend, its talons drawn up to strike. Yet the fierce bird hesitated, for there were men in sight.

Its hesitation was fatal. While it was hovering undecided the cawing of the crows attracted the attention of the farm hand Max. He thought some hen hawk must be menacing the poultry yard and ran out to see what was the matter. He almost fainted when he beheld the ponderous bird circling above the child of the house, the only son.

"The gun—the gun!" he screamed to Farmer Lloyd, who was luckily not far away. And then he ran toward the child, swinging his arms and shouting.

A moment later Mr. Lloyd appeared at the door of the barn, a shotgun in his hand. In an instant he had taken in the scene. His nerve did not desert him. He saw the eagle swooping toward his boy. He saw the latter on his knees, looking upward without fear, wondering at the big bird over him. And then he let fly the contents of the gun straight at the savage bird.

The charge entered its wing and the eagle flopped, floundered and then pitched headlong to the ground. The foxy bird closed its eyes, laid its head upon the ground and feigned that it was dead.

"Go get a bag," said Mr. Lloyd to Max.

The huge bird never opened its eyes nor made offer to move while the hired man was gone. But when he came back with a potato sack, and the two men started to throw it over the head of the bird, it suddenly came to life again and fought with a fury of beak and talons that left red streaks across the hands of its human enemies. It was caught at last and placed untamed and savage in a large hen coop.

Farmer Lloyd was completely unnerved after the excitement was over. He took his little boy in his arms and wept over him like a child.

"What was it, papa, a snipe?" asked the little fellow, looking up in wonder at his father's tears. He had often heard the latter talk about going out to shoot snipe, and he thought that this must be one.

An attempt was made to measure the pinions of the bird, but it fought so fiercely that its captors were glad to let it go. It was estimated that they would measure full twelve feet from tip to tip, and perhaps even more. It was a monstrous bird.

The eagle made short work of a woman visitor's pet dog that tried to make friends. The bird reached out a hungry bunch of talons between two slats of the pen and the dog was translated to the happy hunting ground.

Charmed by a Rattlesnake.

Professor Charles Rice, the botanist, had a thrilling experience with a monster rattlesnake one day last week, and it was only his coolness and presence of mind that saved him from death. Professor Rice and Doctor Tyman, the bugologist, were up in the higher altitudes of the Sierras in search of rare specimens, and were camped at a place called Moore Creek. They had a small tent with them, which they had pitched near a stream of water that was fed by a spring higher up on the side of the mountain.

Friday evening of last week the professor and his companion, who were completely worn out with their day's tramp in search of rare flowers and bugs, retired to their tent, rolled themselves up in their blankets, and were soon in dreamland. Just as daylight was breaking the professor was awakened from his slumbers by feeling a soft and clammy substance crawling over his face and down onto his chest, and on raising his head a little to his horror he discovered it was a monster rattlesnake. The reptile had coiled itself, with its head raised about a foot, and ready at the least movement made to strike.

Cold drops of perspiration oozed from every pore of the Professor's body, while his muscles became as rigid as bars of iron, and his eyes became fixed with a stony glare as he gazed at the head of the monster, which was about six or seven inches from his face and swinging from one side to the other with the regularity of a clock pendulum. The suspense was becoming unbearable, but still he knew that the least move that he made meant death in the most horrible form. How long he remained in this terrible position he does not know, but it seemed ages, when suddenly he felt his muscles relax, his vision grow dim, everything around him became dark, and in a few seconds he was oblivious to everything around him. The doctor was quietly sleeping a few feet away, unconscious of the terrible danger of his companion. When he awoke the sun was brightly streaming into the tent, and as he rolled over in his blankets toward his companion his blood seemed to chill in his veins at the sight presented to his view. His companion was stretched at full length upon the ground, with his eyes closed and his face as white as a piece of marble, while coiled upon his breast was a huge rattlesnake, apparently asleep.

He quietly seized a shotgun that was standing near by, and, cocking both barrels, raised it to his shoulder and was about to fire, when he realized that if he did he would probably injure his companion. Just at this moment his companion moved a little, when the snake gave a rattle and again raised his head. The doctor, seeing his chance, fired, and at the report of the gun his companion gave a yell and jumped to his feet, throwing the reptile some three or four feet away from him in its death struggle. The doctor's aim was true, for the reptile's head was blown completely off.

On being measured it was found to be four feet nine and a half inches in length and had seventeen rattles and a button. The professor's nerves were so shattered by his terrible experience that he was hardly able to walk, and the following day, in company with his companion, he returned to this place, where he is at present recuperating under the doctor's care.—Calaveras (Cal.) Chronicle.

A Hero of Chitral.

Charles Lowe contributes to the Century an article entitled, "The Story of Chitral." Mr. Lowe says.

It was 7.15 when the fort was regained by Townshend's party, and at eight o'clock Surgeon-Captain Whitchurch also returned, staggering along under the burden of poor Captain Baird, who had been mortally wounded early in the action; hence the failure of his flanking force of fifty men to co-operate at the expected moment with that of Townshend in a bayonet rush upon the loopholed village. But for the most unfortunate wounding of the gallant Baird, the Chitral drama might have taken a very different course.

Whitchurch had brought in Baird by a circuitous route of nearly three miles, in the face of great difficulties and dangers. With a little guard of a dozen devoted Ghoorkas, several of whom were killed and wounded, they had to fight their desperate way back to the shelter of the fort. Repeatedly had they to set down their wounded charge and rush with the bayonet on sungars, or stone breastworks, thrown up right across their path, Whitchurch himself frequently using his revolver with effect. Baird was again twice hit by the bullets. That the little party reached the fort at all was regarded as a miracle.

But a still greater miracle, almost, was the coming in, or rather creeping in, two hours later, of Jemidar (Lieutenant) Rab Nawaz Khan, of the Fifteenth Bengal Lancers,—Robertson's political news-writer,—who, in crossing the polo-ground, had been set upon by the enemy's swordsmen, and received no fewer than eighteen tulwar slashes, but who lived to tell the tale and positively thrive upon his wounds. Out of the one hundred and fifty of Townshend's two hundred men who had actually been engaged, twenty-three were killed and thirty-three wounded. What the corresponding loss of foe was could not be ascertained; but the British expenditure of ammunition on this disastrous day had been 15,935 Snider rounds, or about 106 cartridges per man engaged, though much of this was lost through the men lying down with open pouches.

A Cougar Shot in His Doorway.

"If I had left my house five minutes later one morning not long since I should have stepped upon a seven-foot cougar in the vestibule," said T. F. Drew, a mining man from the West. "It was not a camp in the wilderness, but my house on Pike street in Seattle, Washington. It was a misty morning when I walked out at the door to go to my place of business. Five minutes later I heard several shots fired back of me in the direction of my house. It was not until my return at noon that I learned that the shots which I had heard had killed a cougar in my doorway.

"The beast had got lost in the fog and wandered into the town. He was first seen just after I had left the house by the motorman of an electric car, crouching by the wayside in readiness to spring at the car. The motorman sounded the gong and cracked on speed, and at that the cougar turned, ran into the vestibule of my house and crouched at the doorsill. The motorman hailed my neighbor, Mr. Chapin, now President of a leading bank, and told him about the cougar. Chapin stepped back into the house, got a Winchester rifle and shot the creature where he lay. It was rather an odd combination, a booming city, the electric cars and a cougar crouched in your doorway, but things quite as strange happen now and then in the towns that spring up overnight."

An Easy Trick When You Know It.

Writing on "How I Do My Tricks," in the Ladies' Home Journal, magician Harry Kellar explains how to accomplish the difficult feat of blowing a piece of cork into a bottle—a trick that will defy every one who does not know the only way by which it may be done. "Ask some one," Mr. Kellar directs, "if he thinks he can blow a small bit of cork, which you have placed in the mouth of a bottle, so that it will go into the bottle. Lay the bottle on the table upon its side, an place the bit of cork about an inch or less inside the open end. He will blow until he gets red in the face, and the cork will invariably come out of the bottle instead of going into it. Simple reason for it, too: the direction of the air, forced by the one blowing, brings it against the bottom of the bottle. The air compresses within the bottle's walls and must find outlet, therefore is turned and forced out at the only vent the bottle has, necessarily blowing the cork out with it. But take a common lemonade straw, place the end of it near the cork in the bottle neck, blow very gently—and the cork rolls in."

Death has all seasons for his own, but the football season is undeniably one of his favorites.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Berlin Ladies Use Canes.

The latest freak among the Berlin elegantes is to use canes. One can notice scores of fashionably dressed women strolling down Unter den Linden any fine day with gold-headed or jewel-mounted or silver-incrusted canes, many of them entwined with fluttering silk or satin ribbons.

Greatest Bonnet For Old Women.

Braided felts and the chenille bonnets make the prettiest bonnets for old women. The universal trimming is of dull-finished or lustreless black grosgrain silk, shirred and applied either in bands, upstanding loops or in large leaves stiffened inside. There are several shades of black, and it is well to select the blue-black shade instead of the dull black, which soon grows to look rusty.

Chinchilla in Vogue.

There is no doubt that chinchilla is again one of the very popular furs of the winter. It is stylish, refined in effect and very expensive. Silk velvet Russian blouses, capes and jackets will be very much trimmed with this fur. On cloth costumes of dahlia, Russian green, dark blue or plum color, small pieces for various portions of the bodice look soft and dainty against a clear complexion, be it fair or dark.

War on Feathers.

Stirred by the sight of thousands of aigrette plumes and dead birds shown by the milliners for fall and winter bonnet decorations, the Illinois Audubon Society is to call a mass meeting of women to protest against the wearing of the feather ornaments.

Every one of the big millinery openings has been attended by a member of the organization, and the magnitude of the trade in birds and the revival of the feather fashion have been noted. The constitution provides for a fall meeting of the members, but it is intended, in view of the manifest increase in the number of birds slain for fashion's sake, to hold an open meeting and to get speakers of note to appeal to Chicago women to leave every bonnet which bears any feather save an ostrich plume or a cockerel's tail on the shelves of the shops where they are shown.—San Francisco Examiner.

"Mrs. Green, Captain."

Many a grand old man and weather-beaten marine has commanded the fine steamers of the Louisville and the Cincinnati Mail Line Company during its long and successful existence, and none of them in their day and generation ever dreamed that the time would come when a woman would walk the roof of a steamer in the same line, a "monarch of all she surveyed."

But the time did come, and it came yesterday. The H. K. Bedford arrived from Cincinnati last evening in the service of the company, under charter, and returned again, and it was a novel sight to see a woman on the roof in command of the boat. She was Mrs. Mary B. Green, who, with her husband, Capt. Gordon Green, owns the steamers Bedford and Argand—she in command of one and he in command of the other, and both experienced boatsmen, commanders and pilots.

Mrs. Green is a regularly licensed master and pilot and her experience, fine judgment and business ability place her among the successful people of the marine fraternity. Mrs. Captain Green met with a cordial reception here upon the occasion of her first visit and trip in the Mail Line service, and Commodore Laidley certainly appreciates her services and abilities or she had not pulled the biggest string on a steamboat in his famous line.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Two New Women.

Two of the very latest types of the new woman were discovered by a Pittsburg Dispatch reporter in the woods back of Wall's station, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, last week. These two women—or rather girls, as the oldest does not appear to be over twenty years of age—have broken in on the occupation immortalized by Abraham Lincoln. They split rails and make pit posts and caps for the Spring Hill Coal Company, whose works are between Wilmerding and Wall's.

Annie and Mary Wilson are the names of these two new women. They are sisters. When the reporter made their acquaintance they were swinging an eight-foot cross-cut saw through an oak tree with apparently as much ease as some women run a typewriter. They do all the work of felling the trees, sawing them into proper lengths, and finally with their axes splitting them into pit posts. They are assisted to some extent by their younger brother.

They came from Indiana, where it is a common thing for women to work in the timber. "The work is not hard when you get used to it," one said, "and then we can make more splitting rails and making pit posts in one day than we could in a week working in a kitchen. What's the difference, so long as the work is honest, how one earns a living?

"Although I work hard every day, rain or shine, I never get sick. I was never sick in my life. The people around here all talk about us, but we don't care for that. We are earning a good living and don't owe any one a cent."

By this time the tree was sawed through and ready to split into posts. One of the girls set an iron wedge into one end of the log and with a large maul weighing about twenty pounds drove it in, splitting the log from end to end. The operation was repeated until the log was split into sizes for posts. Then the axes were brought into play and the posts trimmed up and shaped.

Gossip.

The Australian federation convention has rejected a proviso favoring female suffrage.

The Montana State Land Department employs two women to draw township plots in different land offices.

Miss Susan Randall, daughter of the late Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, is a clerk in the Friends' Library in Germantown, Penn.

Mrs. Longstreet is in Atlanta making a strong fight for the office of State Librarian, and so are about a dozen other candidates, all men.

Carmen Sylva, Doctor of Philosophy, it will be hereafter, Emperor Francis Joseph having authorized the Budapest University to confer that degree on the Queen of Roumania.

A mouse which ran down the aisle of the Castle Square Theatre, Boston, caused a panic among the women, whose screams frightened the rest of the audience in other parts of the house.

Fourteen of the prettiest girls in La Grange, Ga., were put up at auction and sold, the receipts going to the construction of a woman's library. It is said that several marriages may grow out of the affair.

The Hon. Ella Scarlett, the oldest daughter of Baroness Abinger, widow of third Baron Abinger and daughter of the late Commodore Magruder, U. S. N., is completing a course of medical studies at Dublin.

The will of Mrs. Sarah Russell, of Boston, widow of Charles Theodore Russell, and mother of the late Governor Russell, bequeaths a sum of money for the endowment of a free bed in the Cambridge (Mass.) Hospital, to be known as the "Russell bed."

Miss Leila McKee, President of the Western College for Women at Oxford, Ohio, is a native of the blue grass region of Kentucky. She is a tall, handsome woman, with dark eyes, an expressive face and graceful carriage. She talks like a typical Southerner.

At a ladies' night at the London Microscopical Society recently 104 ladies sat about high-powered instruments and listened to a lecturer. All were expert microscopists, and several were possessors of titles and prominent figures in the social life of the British capital.

Mrs. Stevenson, widow of the novelist, brings the news from Samoa that the estate of Vailima, on the improvement of which much money was spent, is offered for sale for $20,000. That Stevenson loved his island home his Vailima letters amply prove. It was a place of pilgrimage while he lived, but since then it has reverted to much of its former loneliness.

Fashion Notes.

Pompadour scrolls appear on satins, and trellis patterns on silks.

Garniture of old black Mechlin lace is exquisite on gowns of white chiffon.

Rows of velvet ribbon, also tucks, are edged with narrow silk novelty fringes.

A sash and ends and tucked yoke of sky-blue glace taffeta trim a gown of mauve cashmere.

The gilt buckle, very long and narrow, seems to be the favorite pattern for belts and for hats.

A tiny silk fringe edges cross tucks or bands of velvet ribbon trimming the front of skirts and waists.

The new mode of shaking hands is merely a meeting of palms and a gentle swing from right to left, for an instant.

Black velvet ribbon rosettes centered with cut-steel buckles are used to head a lace bertha ruffle around a low neck.

Foulards are being made with plaited skirts, and white satin squares are appliqued upon the bodices and bordered with guipure.

Currant red of a purplish cast appears in taffeta for linings and petticoats; red silk petticoats are quite a fad nowadays.

Epaulets or sleeve caps and the top of collars are often edged on a velvet-trimmed gown with velvet ribbon loops, like a fringe.

A belt of black velvet will be worn with many a light-colored evening dress, fastening it in front with a gold or rhinestone buckle.

Neck fancifuls combine everything possible in decorative fixings, fur, chiffon, jet and ribbon frequently being employed in one French conceit.

Small buckles are used on collars of silk or velvet folds, one back and front, with the lace ruff appearing only at the sides, or in the back as well if becoming.

Neat black gowns are relieved by collar and belt of black satin fastened with gilt buckles, a row of small gilt buttons down the side opening and a scroll braiding over the waist front of black satin ribbon edged with gilt soutache.

The new poke bonnet is a dream when it frames a pretty face. It is a rare specimen just at present, but it is here, made of velvet, both shirred and plain, with a medium high crown and a medium wide brim, which disappears entirely at the back, and trimmed with feathers and a rose or two tucked inside next the hair.

An exquisitely pretty hat is made of velvet. The brim is moderately wide, rolled up at one side and completely covered on the upper side with thick ostrich plumes. Ends of the plumes fall over each side of the brim at the back, and upright feathers are supported against one side of the crown.

A beautiful dress for a bridesmaid is of net lace. Through the meshes of the lace are run daisy ribbons, forming diamond-shaped figures about ten inches long from point to point. Three or four rows of the ribbons are put in, crossing at the points in basket fashion. At the lower edge of the skirt, where the last row of diamonds finish, are clusters of loops of the ribbon, which may be further embellished with jewels or fancy beads.

How to Wash With Care.

Hard water, strong lye, or inferior laundry soap are responsible for the yellow clothes seen in many households. To wash properly, fill a tub nearly full of hot water, put the white clothes in first, rub with Ivory Soap, scald, rinse and starch. When dry, sprinkle and fold down over night and iron carefully. Eliza R. Parker.

An Indian Actress.

An Indian girl is playing Puck in Marie Wainwright's production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Her name is Ollie Heath, and she was born and raised among the Cheroke tribe. Sussequently she attended a seminary and there gained her first knowledge of stage art.

An English critic says of the "Book of Beauty of the Victorian Era," published not long ago, that the most agreeable types are the American ladies, who, by dint, of dollars, have made their way into the peerage; while the English beauty of the present day "looks discontented, almost disgusted, and bored to death," because she has "a wearisome sense of the uselessness of shining before noblemen whose dreams are all of dollars." But what is to prevent these ennuied English girls from catching rich American husbands? Nothing apparently, if the American girls will agree to a fair division.

There would seem to be some sense in the application of the X-rays to the discovery of gold in the Klondike region. There will no doubt be many people there who will stand in need of an "X" now and then, and if they can't get that a "raise" for even a smaller sum will be acceptable.

The population of Sweden includes 4,066 Germans.

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T. C. Bell.

San Antonio, Tex., writes: In 1862 I had **Chronic Dysentery** and **Periodical Constipation. Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine** cured me then, and I have raised my Daughter, Miss Julia Bell, whose picture I send, on it. Some Dealers try to force "Zeilin's Regulator" on me, but I always return it.

Profuse Menstruation.

Flooding is always an annoying and sometimes a very dangerous disorder. When the menstrual discharge is natural, it is so gradual that by mixing with the vaginal secretions it is prevented from coagulating, while in this disease, clots are often formed. Where there is a tendency to costiveness, laxative doses of **Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine** should be taken, and to give tone and strength to the pelvic organs **Dr. Simmons Squaw Wine Wine** should be used continuously for weeks, to effect a permanent cure.

Gulena Wilson.

Dublin, Tex., writes: **Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine** has saved many lives in this malarial country. It prevents **Bilious Malarial Intermittent Fever and Congestion.** It thoroughly cleanses my system without any pain, while the "Zeilin's Regulator" and "Black Draught" I used caused great uneasiness in bowels and griped. I think it as far ahead of them as noonday is ahead of midnight.

Painful Menstruation

Is caused by disordered nervous system, vitiated blood, uterine derangements, displacement of womb, excessive menstruation, and often completely incapacitates suffering women for anything except suffering untold agony. For relief of pain apply cloths wet with hot water to back and hips. For permanent cure take one tablespoonful **Dr. Simmons Squaw Vine Wine** before each meal for three days before and during the monthly period, and each night during the period take a dose of **Dr. M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine**, and cure is certain.

Keep Your Eyes Open. Some men for money we learn are trying to deceive the public with a preparation called "Black Draught," telling the people "it's just the same" as M. A. S. L. M. The statement is false. There is none genuine without the Name, Picture and Autograph of Dr. M. A. Simmons.

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