HOBSON'S SENSE OF DUTY.

Incidents in the Early Life of the Hero of Santiago.

Donaldson Caffrey, jr., son of the United States Senator, and District Attorney for his judicial district, was a classmate of Hobson's at the Academy of Annapolis.

"Hobson," said Caffrey the other day, "is one of the most exalted characters I have ever known. He had a will of iron. His religious tendencies somewhat associated him in my mind with Stonewall Jackson, it was so pronounced. He was a hard student, attended with the most scrupulous regularity to every detail of discipline and of duty, and in all his work at the academy never forgot his Bible.

"There is an unwritten law at Annapolis that the officer of the senior class in the last year shall not report small irregularities and infractions of discipline among his classmates, and, like everything at the Naval Academy, this law is rigid, and is always respected. Hobson, however, saw his duty in disregarding it, and made himself so unpopular with the boys that to a man they all cut him. This had not the slightest effect upon him, however, for he was doing what he conceived to be his duty, and nothing could ever deter him from the performance of duty. I only saw one variation from this rule of his, and I am inclined to believe it was in his conscience no variation at all. It was when we went out cruising. Those young tigers were on the alert for the slightest opportunity to haze, and the man who is so unfortunate as to give an opening, has a rocky time of it, indeed. I remember that inadvertently I threw myself down on the mess-table on the first day out. My comrades pounced on me, and, pretending this was a heinous offense, had some fun at my expense, which I shall never forget.

"You must know we have all the amiable traits of young savages and just about as much mercy. I wondered on this trip if Hobson would have the temerity to kneel and pray. There was not a man of the crowd, out of the many superb youngsters, who would have flinched in the mouth of the cannon, with the hardihood to kneel and pray before the boys. But Hobson quietly kneeled and prayed before turning in for the night. The boys succeeded in making that unbearable for him in time and he eventually quit it. I am convinced, however, that he desisted simply because he concluded the quiet of his bed would be better conducive to a religious frame of mind, and not because he had not the moral courage to kneel and pray before the whole body of us. However, a great many of us, I am sure, did the same thing."

Water for Troops.

The character of the watershed which a river or stream drains should be a matter of careful attention when it is selected for a source of water supply, with special reference to the possibility of sewage contamination. Shallow wells are usually filled with impurities from the surface, and any well will drain a radius of four times its depth, according to Nother and Firth.

Captain Harris, writing in the Journal of Military Science Institute, says the amount of water required for sewerage, is estimated at twenty-five gallons per head. Woodhull states that a man on the march drinks from six to eight pints a day, and needs the same amount for washing his person. Horses require from six to ten gallons for drinking, and three gallons for police purposes.

With reference to the location of posts, or of camps, temporary or permanent, we know that hilltops are to be avoided, as too exposed; the bottoms of deep valleys as probably damp, and ravines as both damp and subject to alternating currents of hot and cold air.

Ground covered with rank vegetation has a subsoil water too near the surface. Marshes and marshy grounds are malarious, as well as points leading to leeward of them. The soil should be free from organic contamination, dry and permeable, with good natural drainage in at least one direction. It should be remembered that a soil which is good in itself may be spoiled by an impervious layer of clay for instance, beneath t, thus holding the water as in a basin.

The Deacon's Ante-Nuptial Compact.

A curious document was filed in the Hampshire county registry of deeds at Northampton, being an agreement between Fordyce Whitmarsh of Easthampton and A. Minerva Cleveland of Plainfield, which records some prehymeneal arrangements concerning the rights of ownership of property after marriage. The conditions of the instrument are as follows:

"All real and personal estate shall remain the separate property of the party owning the same, to the same extent as when married.

"Property acquired by either party shall remain the property of the person acquiring the same.

"Each party can manage or dispose of the property without consulting the other.

"The said Whitmarsh will pay the said Cleveland during the first five years of their marriage fifty cents per week for her personal use.

"Five years from the date of their marriage he will pay to his wife the sum of $500, or, in case of the death of either party, it will be payable from or to the estate of the deceased.

"After five years the husband is to pay his wife $1.50 per week."

Mr. Whitmarsh is an old resident of Easthampton. He is seventy years old and has always lived a quiet life. He is deacon of the First Church and a man of considerable property, owing to frugal habits and long years of economy. He has been twice married. His second wife having been dead about two years.—Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

A Woman Gravedigger.

A woman as a gravedigger! The idea seems almost impossible, but in the town of Lewes, England, there is a lady who fills the office of sexton. Everybody knows her, and until recently she dug all the graves in Lewes cemetery. Now, at the age of sixty, she contents herself with filling them up and attending to the mounds and flowers.

Mrs. Steel—the name of the sextoness, if one can use such a term—is a very healthy old lady, and she has been heard to say that she will never leave her post until it is her turn to have a grave dug for her. May the time be far distant.

It is a wonderful sight to see the old lady use the spade.—Tit-Bits.

ALLIGATORS PLAYING PYRAMID.

Rules of the Game as They Appear to an Outsider Watching the Sport.

Did you ever see the alligators at a Zoo play "pyramid" or any other of their famous games? They wrestle like old-time Graeco-Roman boys, and strain and struggle in all sorts of ways at it. When, finally, one wins by getting the other on his back, a funnier thing occurs. The victor makes a sound like escaping steam, then the others make sounds like escaping steam—alligators' applause, if you please. Then they all become still and watch the vanquished brother squirm to get off of his back and onto his legs again. If he's longer in doing it than the gang think is proper they move up in single file and give him a jab with their jaw in his upturned body. When finally he gets himself righted all hands again set up the steam escaping racket, cheering him long and as loud as they did his victor. Their meaning no fight is shown by their never hurting each other.

A great midsummer pastime of the alligators in the Zoo at Cincinnati is playing pyramid. The 'gators play pyramid several times a day. To see it done you'd declare that the ugly things had been trained to it. But no. It's just one of the ways of the sporty side of their life. The game comes on by one of the bigger alligators uttering the steam hissing noise. This calls the others to attention. Then the big ones says a line or two of alligator talk and stretches himself full length in the center of the pen. No sooner is this done than a little bit smaller alligator crawls on top of the other and stretches out lengthwise, but head to tail with the other. The second one being settled, a third, a little smaller alligator, climbs on top of the second and settles down as the second one did. They keep this up until six or seven have builded themselves into as strange a pyramid as ever an eye beheld. After each one has settled on top of the other he lies perfectly motionless, so that when the pyramid is completed it appears as same marvelous carving.

But this effect lasts only about two minutes after the pyramid is finished. Then comes a new chapter of the act. The Sandow 'gator underneath all starts to crawling. He heads for up and down places in the pen, the game clearly being to see how long it will take him to jolt his strange pyramid load to pieces. And right here develops what appears to be a strict rule of the game. Say there are seven in the pyramid, and the sixth from the bottom jostles off first, taking, of course, the seventh one with him. You'd naturally think the game done for that sixth and seventh alligator. But not at all. It seems that the sixth one is in disgrace for having been shaken off before the seventh one, who was top of the heap. Therefore, what does the seventh do but cling to the back of the sixth, after they have fallen off, and proceeds to ride Mr. Alligator No. 6 around the pen until Mr. Sandow Alligator has succeeded in dumping the whole shooting match. If the fourth is shaken off before the fifth, the fifth like the seventh, proceeds to ride his disgraced "next" until Sandow gets rid of all his load and another game is started.

The Little Brother Was Urgent.

A Cleveland youth called the other evening on a young woman who resides not far from his home, and when he rang the bell her little brother came to the door, relates the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Good evening," said the little brother.

"Good evening," said the youth. "Is your sister at home, Georgie?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "she's home. Do you want to see her?"

"Yes," said the youth. "Please tell her I am here."

"Won't you come in?" inquired the boy.

"No, thank you," said the youth, "I'll wait on the porch."

"Better come in," said the boy.

"No," said the youth.

"Better," said the boy.

"No," said the youth.

"Well, maybe you know best," said the boy.

"Yes," smiled the youth.

So the boy went in, and the youth sat down on the porch and propped himself against the post.

Pretty soon, with much rustling of skirts, Miss Alice appeared in the doorway.

"Mercy! Mr. Skimple, is that you? Didn't you notice the porch had just been painted?"

And then poor Skimple remembered with a sickly smile how urgent her little brother had been.

But that wouldn't remove the paint.

How Bicycles Kill Sparrows.

On almost every cycle path in Minneapolis may be found the dead bodies of sparrows. To the greater number of those who travel over the paths it has always been a mystery why the sparrows should be found on the path instead of on the road. If they had been injured there were plenty of other places for the disposition of their bodies, but for one found elsewhere there were always four or five on the cycle paths. The secret of it is this, vouched for by many cyclists: The sparrows in flying close to the ground have occasion many times to dodge a bicycle. As the wheel revolves rapidly they do not see the spokes and make a dash to get through. The result is, of course, fatal in almost every instance, and the body of the bird is left lying on the cycle path.—Minneapolis Tribune.

In each wing of the ostrich twenty-six [illegible] white plumes grow to maturi[illegible] months. In the male these ar[illegible] white, while those of the female [illegible] to ecru or gray.

Why the Paper Collapsed.

A few weeks ago Uncle Russell Sage set up a financial news plant for a young man who nailed a paragraphic lie that reflected on him. The newspaper looked prosperous, but while it was growing it was running behind a little. When Mr. Sage dropped in to look at the profit and loss account he found $30 on the wrong side of the ledger. The young man was puffing a Park row perfecto. "How much did that cigar cost?" asked Uncle Russell. It had been given to the young editor, but he told the old man that it was worth about 5 cents. "This is downright extravagance!" cried Mr. Sage, petulantly. "Five cents a day for 365 days would amount to $18.25. Do you know what that would amount to at compound interest in ten years—hey?" The editor confessed that he wasn't good at figures. "Well, stop the paper," said the disgusted millionaire. "I can't be beggared by running a business at a loss of $30 a week, in the control of a man who burns money, as the saying is, smoking 5-cent cigars. My friend Daniel Drew used to smoke stogies at 60 cents a hundred, but that was extravagance, too." And so the editor and the manipulator parted. This is the first instance on record of a promising journal going up in 5 cents' worth of cigar smoke.—New York letter in Pittsburg Dispatch.

Hawks Fight to the Death.

A fierce combat between a large gray hawk and a smaller red one occurred a few days ago on the farm of George Williams, in Bristol Township. Mr. Williams was standing in his corn field when he heard a series of fierce squawks in the air above him. Two hawks circling about each other and dropping rapidly to the earth next attracted his attention. The birds fell almost at his feet and continued to fight with great ferocity. It was evident from the very start that the battle was a very unequal one, the gray bird being much too heavy for his opponent. The farmer seizing a stick sailed in to take a hand in the fight. He made several rigorous swipes at the rapidly revolving bundle of claws and feathers, but somehow or other he always failed to land. Then he foxily decided to stand off and wait until one bird had been killed, whereupon he would jump in and dispatch the victor. The red hawk was growing weaker every moment, and finally he fell over on his back, and the gray victor drove his beak deep into the breast of the vanquished. With a squawk of triumph the gray fellow suddenly raised himself upon his broad wings and sailed away before Williams realized what he was about. The red hawk lay dead upon the field literally clawed to ribbons.—Philadelphia Record.

Thibet Is Unexplored.

The immense territory of Thibet is almost completely surrounded by mountain ranges of appalling magnitude, which, especially along the southern, western and northern frontiers, constitute formidable barriers against ingress. From the Pamir plateau, in the extreme west ("the world's backbone") radiate the great natural ramparts which shut out India on the one hand and the Tartar countries of Bokhara and Turkestan on the other. No Asiatic or western conqueror has ever dared to penetrate this mountain world and even Genghis Khan, the scourge of Asia, whose ravages extended from Pekin in the east to Moscow in the west, was obliged when invading northern India to take the circuitous route via Kashghar and Afghanistan, instead of crossing Thibet. Secure on their loft plateau and practically isolated from the rest of the world the people of Thibet have remained undisturbed for ages, and have developed characteristics for which we would vainly search in any race of the globe. The Chinese "conquest" has not produced the slightest change in their mode of life or exercised any appreciable influence upon their peculiar culture.—Boston Transcript.

It is a significant fact that a colony of English-speaking people, instead of abandoning their native tongue and embracing that of their adopted nationality, invariably adhere to their own language and eventually color that of the people with whom they are brought into contact. It is also significant that English is the only language which is now showing rapid growth. Most of the other tongues are slowly dying.

"Darling," said a Chicago lover, "don't you know that it is unlucky to postpone a wedding?" "I can't help that," was the reply of the adored one; "my dressmaker is sick, and I'm afraid it would be more unlucky if I were to go ahead and get married before having all the clothes I want made while my father is still willing to pay for them." Whereupon he concluded to defy the fates and wait for the dressmaker to get well.—Chicago Post.

The Real Battle.—Christianity abandons the rivalry with science and history on the field of knowledge to win greater victories over man's heart and the inner springs of action.—Rev. J. G. Schurman, Presbyterian, Ithaca, N. Y.

Endless Torment.—Not one passage in the Bible, nor the whole Bible taken together, asserts explicitly or clearly implies the endless torment of even those who reject the Gospel of Christ. —Dr. J. C. Jackson Jr., Congregationalist, Columbus, Ohio.

Good Blood Makes Health

And Hood's Sarsaparilla makes good blood. That is why it cures so many diseases and makes so many people feel better than ever before. If you don't feel well, are half sick, tired, worn out, you may be made well by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

TELL THE ADVERTISER you saw it in this paper. VNU 38-98.

The Rush For Gold.

From the Times, Bluffs, Ill.

The rush of gold seekers to the Klondike brings thrilling memories to the "forty-niners" still alive, of the time when they girdled the continent, or faced the terrors of the great American desert on the journey to the land of gold. These pioneers tell some experiences which should be heeded by gold seekers of to-day. Constant exposure and faulty diet killed large numbers, while nearly all the survivors were afflicted with disease, many of them with rheumatism. Such a sufferer was Adam Vangundy, who now resides at Bluffs, Ill., where he has been justice of the peace and was the first president of the board of trustees. In a recent interview he said:

"A Forty-niner."

"I had been a sufferer of rheumatism for a number of years and the pain at times was very intense. I tried all the proprietary medicines I could hear of, but received no relief.

"I finally placed my case with several physicians and doctored with them for some time, but they failed to do me any good. Finally, with my hopes of relief nearly exhausted I read an article regarding Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which induced me to try them. I was anxious to get rid of the terrible disease and bought two boxes of the pills. I began using them about March, 1897. After I had taken two boxes I was completely cured, and the pain has never returned. I think it is the best medicine I have ever taken, and am willing at any time to sign my name to any testimony setting forth its good merits."

(Signed) ADAM VANGUNDY.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 29th day of September, A. D. 1897.

FRANKLIN C. FUNK, *Notary Public.*

Mr. Vangundy's statement ought to be regarded as the criterion of the good merits of these pills. What better proof could a person want than the above facts.

Truth and Freedom.—We must ever remember that the truth alone can make us free. How splendid it is to give our lives in a search for truth!—Rev. J. Lloyd Jones, Unitarian, Chicago, Ill.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Government shells are marked "U. S. Pro.," which stands for "United States projectile." Certainly these shells at least are pro-Spanish.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Comedian—I'd like something heavy to eat this morning. Tragedian—For my part, I would not be averse to a few light rolls.—Boston Courier.

Protect Your Ideas by Letters Patent.

The firm of Vowles & Burns, Patent Attorneys, No. 237 Broadway, N. Y., whose advertisement will appear in our next issue, procure patents either on cash or easy installments. Write for terms. Sales negotiated.

A woman changes her mind so often that it keeps her busy speaking it.

Lyon & Co's "Pick Leaf" Smoking Tobacco is the "best of the best." 2 ounces and cigarette book for 10 cents. Try it.

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.

England has had a "sailor King" within the recollection of many of our older readers. When did the United States ever have a sailor President? When, at any time, was a sailor seriously talked of by the politicians and newspapers for that office? It's really worth thinking about—this discrimination against our laureled victors whose victories are won on the water. Our wars have made many Presidents. The Revolution gave the country President Washington. The War of 1812 gave it President Jackson. The Indian wars gave it the first President Harrison. The Mexican campaign gave it President Taylor. The War for the Union gave it President Grant. Hayes, Garfield, Benjamin Harrison, William McKinley were helped toward the White House by their war records. But every man of them all did his fighting on land. In the early years of the republic, the "stout old Commodores" contributed much more glorious pages to its history than the Generals, and a good many more of them. Yet which one of the Commodores ever got within seeing distance of the White House? Which one of them so much as dreamed of casting an ambitious glance in that direction? Farragut, the Admiral, was as illustrious a figure as Grant, the General. He had a far more striking and picturesque personality. His fame is no less immortal. The people wondered delightedly at his matchless exploits. They honored him in their hearts as he deserved to be honored. But they never even thought of making him President, nor did he ever dream that they would. The man who goes into the American navy for life bids an everlasting good-by to political ambition at the water's edge. Why it should be so seems inexplicable. That it is so cannot be disputed.

A West Point officer, Captain Parker, writing for a recent magazine, shows that the great need of our volunteer army is trained officers. It is estimated that in an army of 400,000 men we would need 16,000 officers. The original idea of the West Point academy was to provide a reserve of officers who in civil life would always be available to command and train raw levies. In 1815, with a population but one-tenth what it now is, the maximum number of cadets at West Point was fixed at 260. It is only 371 to-day. The original purpose of the academy has been lost sight of. Captain Parker recommends that the number of cadets authorized by law be increased from 371 to 2,200, or that three military academies be established, having all told the needed 2,200 cadets. It would be understood that all these men would not remain in the army, but they would be organized into a reserve of officers, all of them subject to the call of the government in case of war.

"The Higbees are going to housekeeping again." "Tired of hotel life?" "No; but their dachshund has got tired of hotel food."—Brooklyn Life.

"Tell me, doctor," asked the ambitious young disciple of Galen, eagerly, "what was the most dangerous case you ever had?" "In confidence, now that I am about to retire from practice," answered the veteran physician, frankly, "I will confess that it was my medicine-case."—Puck.

Living Christs.—Wherever there is any man who has some fellowship with God and the eternal, who ministers to the higher and better life of man, there is the Christ of to-day.—Dr Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist Brooklyn, N. Y.

Browne—Allow me to have the pleasure of returning that five dollars that I borrowed the other day. Smythe—Thanks; the pleasure is mine.—Harlem Life.

The Growth of Socialism.

It is argued by deep thinkers that the growth of socialism is due to the large standing armies of the world, in which men are often made to enlist against their will, and thus become discontented with existing conditions. The growth of a stronger race of people is due to the large sale of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is the best medicine for costiveness, dyspepsia, fever, ague and all nervous troubles. Try one bottle.

A woman's idea of strategy is to spend a dime in order to save a nickel.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed. 10c, 25c, 50c.

Poor is the minister whose voice fills the church and empties the pews.

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.

Usually the more a man is wrapped up in himself the colder he is.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

When a man is a bore he is always the last to discover it.

Free to mothers: a box of DR. MOFFETT'S TEETHINA (TEETHING POWDERS) will be sent free to any Mother writing Dr. C. J. Moffett, St. Louis, Mo., giving name of Druggists not keeping them. TEETHINA Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels and makes teething easy.

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

Some men marry maids and some are married by widows.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. $1. All druggists.

Money often wins the first battle but seldom the second.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

The man who is wedded to art should have a model wife.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures. Mrs. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, 1894.

Be sure you are right, then go ahead, regardless of the road others take.

NO WOMAN IS EXEMPT.

Regularity is a matter of importance in every woman's life. Much pain is, however, endured in the belief that it is necessary and not alarming, when in truth it is all wrong and indicates derangement that may cause serious trouble.

Excessive monthly pain itself will unsettle the nerves and make women old before their time.

The foundation of woman's health is a perfectly normal and regular performance of nature's function. The statement we print from Miss GERTRUDE SIKES, of Eldred, Pa., is echoed in every city, town and hamlet in this country. Read what she says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel like a new person since following your advice, and think it is my duty to let the public know the good your remedies have done me. My troubles were painful menstruation and leucorrhœa. I was nervous and had spells of being confused. Before using your remedies I never had any faith in patent medicines. I now wish to say that I never had anything do me so much good for painful menstruation as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; also would say that your Sanative Wash has cured me of leucorrhœa. I hope these few words may help suffering women."

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

All suffering women are invited to write freely to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for advice about their health.

CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was rich I would give $100.00 for each movement; it is such a relief." AYLMER L. HUNT, 1689 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 323

Most people appreciate a good thing at a fair price, but some few will only have the things that cost the most money.

The Ivory is the favorite soap of most people. Some few want the high-priced toilet soaps and think they must be better because they cost more. No soap is more carefully made, or is made of better materials, than Ivory Soap

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory';" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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EXPOSURE to WET AND COLD

HAS proven disastrous to many women. Wet feet and damp clothing chill the entire system and the delicate female organs are at once effected. Painful, Profuse, Suppressed or Obstructed Menses, Whites, Falling of the Womb, or some other health-destroying disease is almost certain to follow such exposure unless proper precautions are taken. When any of these diseases appear women should begin the use of

GERSTLE'S Female Panacea.

TRADE (G. F. P.) MARK.

It will regulate the menses, cure all forms of female disease, and give health and strength. It is used in the privacy of the home. No consultations. No humiliating examinations. If there is any tendency to constipation or indigestion take mild doses of **St. Joseph's Liver Regulator.**

MY DAUGHTER SUFFERED INTENSELY

From female irregularities, and had tried physicians and other remedies, but could get no relief, and we had despaired of her recovery. We were induced to try Gerstle's Female Panacea, and I believe it saved her life.

A. J. MACE, Jamestown, Tenn.

For Sale at Drug Stores, $1.00 per Bottle.

L. GERSTLE & CO., Props., Chattanooga, Tenn.

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Liberal premiums in all Departments, for Fine Stock, Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Swine, Poultry, Agricultural Products. Program of amusements will be especially fine this year. Racing every day, Athletics, Foot Ball, Bicycle Races. Free open air performances, Tented Shows and numerous other attractions. Address for catalogues and all information,

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Attend the leading Business College of the South. Tenth year. Positions guaranteed. Teachers all specialists. Send for free circulars and interesting booklet No. 17. Address, BIRMINGHAM BUSINESS COLLEGE, Birmingham, Ala.

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If you want to know how to increase the efficiency of your gins 20 per cent. at a cost of $25.00, write to

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Cut this out and show it to your ginner.

$3.19 Cash with order buys this Auto. Self Cocking Nickel Plated Rubber Handled 6 Shot Revolver, 32 or 38 C. F. or send 25c. & will ship C. O. D. $3.99 and allow examination. Fire Arms Co. Winston, N.C.

AGENTS WANTED—"Our Naval War With Spain;" complete book, including terms of peace, ready September 1st; 700 pages illustrated; outfit free. Address National Publishing Company, Lakeside Building, Chicago.

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

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