WINE OF CARDUI

Weak Nerves Made Strong.

CINCINNATI, Ark., July 14.
I suffered long with weakness, nervousness, headache, and sick stomach. I lost flesh until my neighbors hardly knew me. The doctor's medicine did me no good. My husband bought me a bottle of Wine of Cardui and some Black-Draught, and before I had taken half of it I felt like a different person. I am now entirely well.
MRS. MINNIE HOLT.

McELREE'S
Wine of Cardui

Nothing pulls down a woman's strength like nervousness. Her face becomes haggard and full of disfiguring lines. The form loses its roundness. Beauty fades away, and of the former self only a wreck remains. Nervous women are easily scared. They "fly to pieces" at the slightest provocation. A little noise startles them. After a while, fainting spells and hysteria come on. The trouble is nearly always due to some derangement in the organism of womanhood. A little ailment there makes a deep effect upon the nerves. Wine of Cardui cures nervousness by correcting the cause—by strengthing the ailing organs, stopping drains and building up the whole system. It brings back color to the cheeks and plumpness to the form. It is little short of marvelous what great good this vegetable Wine does for woman, no matter what the trouble with which she is afflicted.

LADIES' ADVISORY DEPARTMENT.
For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, *Ladies' Advisory Department*, The Chattanooga Medicine Co. Chattanooga, Tenn.

DRUGGISTS SELL LARGE BOTTLES FOR $1.00.

WINE OF CARDUI

YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM.

THIS WAS JOBSON'S CONCLUSION ABOUT WOMEN IN GENERAL.

It Was Prompted by a Midnight Experience With His Wife, In Which the Revenge That He Had Planned So Well Went Sadly Astray.

Mr. Jobson got home from his office at 4:15 one afternoon not long ago and found a note from Mrs. Jobson saying that she had gone to hear the performance of a long haired pianist and that he'd find his dinner all ready for the girl to serve it.

"That's a good thing, too," mused Mr. Jobson sulkily when he had read the note. "It's a wonder these mattress headed geniuses that come over here to this country and rake in American dollars, hating Americans all the time, wouldn't call their game at an hour that 'ud permit a toiling man's wife to be on hand at home to give him something to eat when he wants it," etc.

The opportunity was too good for Mr. Jobson to miss, so he declined to eat any dinner when the servant put it on the table. Instead he slammed on his hat and went down town.

He wanted to give Mrs. Jobson a lesson. He ate an unsatisfactory dinner at a restaurant and then poked around until it was time for a variety theater to open its doors. He had to watch a lot of poorly played billiard games in order to put in this time and to talk with a lot of bachelors, from whose ways of thinking he had departed.

He was bored exceedingly by theater time. The show bored him still more, but he stuck it out, for he wanted to get home as late as possible, the better to rub it in on Mrs. Jobson. By 11 o'clock he reflected that he had had a pretty poor sort of an evening—his evening paper unread, his favorite pipe neglected for a lot of cigars that gave him heartburn, a poor dinner, idle talk with a slew of men that he didn't want to talk to, and finally a tawdry, cheap variety performance that might have got a laugh out of him ten years before, but was only so much ribaldry to him now.

He took in a couple more billiard games, however, after the show and threw a couple of cocktails into himself, not because he cared to drink, but because he wanted Mrs. Jobson to smell his breath and thus perceive the awful consequences of her conduct.

Mrs. Jobson was comfortably tucked in bed when Mr. Jobson got home about half an hour after midnight. She had not even left a light burning in the vestibule or in the bedroom. She woke up very leisurely when Mr. Jobson started one of the gas jets going. She didn't say anything, however.

Mr. Jobson had expected to find her up, fully dressed and in tears. He was disappointed. He was more disappointed that she didn't greet him with repinings. Mr. Jobson saw that she was likely to go to sleep again and that he wasn't causing any grief at all by being naughty and keeping still. So he cleared his throat and said:

"Did he play the buck dance concerto in Z minor with his hair, and how was it?"

There was a lot of sarcasm in the way Mr. Jobson asked this question.

Mrs. Jobson didn't turn over at all.

"What are you talking about?" she inquired sleepily.

"I want to know if that Dutchman that kept you away from your duty of serving a meal to your husband after his day of grinding labor gave you your money's worth; also if you think you're making any kind of a hit with anybody by these methods, hey?"

"Oh, the recital; that's what you're speaking of, isn't it?" said Mrs. Jobson sweetly. "Well, I didn't go. I had intended to go when I started out shopping in the morning and left the note for you telling you so, but I thought it might annoy you to have me away from dinner, and so, when I concluded my shopping, about 4 o'clock this afternoon, I decided not to go to the recital. The Fourteenth street car that brought me up town passed the car that took you down town. I saw you on the car and wondered why you were going in that direction. I suppose you had to go back to your office to work. It's shameful the way they're overworking you, you poor old thing," and then Mrs. Jobson, who knew that Mr. Jobson hadn't been working at his office, turned over and subsided into dreamy slumber.

"You can't beat 'em," thought Mr. Jobson when he got into bed. He was thinking of women in general.—Washington Star.

Her Turn.

Guests were expected to dinner at little Flossie's home the other evening, and she was in consequence hustled off to bed and milk and bread an hour earlier than usual.

"Here you grown up folks" she sighed as she was laid away, "are going to sit up in your best clothes all evening and eat all those nice things, while I've got to go up stairs with nothing to eat but old bread and milk and go to bed early. Never mind," after a reflective pause. "After a while I'll grow up, and then I'll have all the nice things, and you'll all be dead."—Kansas City Star.

THE MAGIC LAMP.

'Neath a moonlit sky in the days gone by,
As the ballads of old relate,
When a lad was bold and his lady shy
He would wait at the postern gate.
For she feared as he strummed her a drowsy lay
He would waken the sire that slept;
So she fastened her casement, hid in spray,
And out to the postern crept.

Now, I know not that postern gate of yore,
I see not the casement's light,
But I've watched with the crowd at the dingy door
That leads to a stage bedight.
The hoofs of the manager's horses stamp,
For they long for the great man's "Home!"
While the others must wait by the guttering lamp
Like the poor at the gates of Rome.

The fairy who danced in the spangled dress
Must change, for the night wind's cold,
Though I fear me she loses her comeliness
In her overcoat warmly rolled.
It's sometimes a mother that waits this same
Great goddess who charmed the shrine;
And you hear with a shudder her Christian name
Pronounced as "Matildar Jine."

And it's sometimes a youth with a big cigar
And a hat at an evil rake.
It's a youth who is feared by Matilda's "mar;"
Hence she comes for Matilda's sake.
He is dressed in a vast Newmarket "sack,"
Where the seaming is overlaid,
And the goddess familiarly calls him "Jack;"
For she isn't a bit afraid.

And it's sometimes a dear little gallery boy,
Who dreams in his dizzy heights,
It would be the hope of his highest joy
To speak to the girl in tights.
But the painted curtain falls, alas,
And the dancers fade from view,
So he waits in the glare of the stage door gas
To watch till his girl comes through.
—J. M. B. in Sketch.

A BLOOD STAINED HORSE.

The Effect It Had In Subduing a Party of Ruffians.

For sheer, cool nerve and absolute, inspired genius in dealing with men, commend me to Clarence King, the geologist, if a story that is told about him be true. Mr. King, the tale runs, was in the field all one summer with a government expedition. The field happened to be in the far west, and the men he was compelled to employ as assistants were a band of cheerful ruffians, half breed desperadoes and "greasers" scamps. Bad as they were, they worked well, and they were indispensable.

One night one of them deserted. Mr. King knew what that meant. It meant a stampede and an empty camp if the deserter were allowed to go unpunished. He chose a companion on whose silence he could depend, mounted and took the trail. On the third day the deserter was overtaken, captured and landed in a convenient fort. The runaway had subsisted for the three days of his liberty on such game and birds as he could kill. His horse was white, and as he rode often with prey slung to the saddle, the animal was streaked and stained with blood.

The man being in safe keeping, Mr. King and his companion rode back to camp leading the crimson streaked horse, with all the deserter's belongings strapped to his back. They spoke no word of the missing man to his former companions, but dismounted in grim silence. The men endured the pangs of curiosity as long as they could. Then they sent a committee to Mr. King to make inquiries about the fugitive. Mr. King gave a meaning glance at the blood stained horse and made answer briefly.

"He is gone," he said impressively. "He is gone where anybody else who tries to desert will go too."

Half breeds and "greasers" gasped, and from that day on no one of them all ever tried to desert.—Washington Post.

The Tables Turned.

Birds, we know, are sometimes trained to fire off pistols, as well as to perform other unusual feats, but it is not often that a wild bird in the woods shoots a man with his own gun, as related in "South American Sketches" by Robert Crawford.

A pavo del monte, a bird of Uruguay not unlike the turkey, had been winged by a hunter. It fell to the ground, but was at once on its feet and ran away.

Throwing his gun hastily aside, the hunter started in pursuit, and a game of hide and seek ensued.

In one of its doublings and turnings the bird passed over the gun, which was lying on the ground, and its foot chanced to strike against the trigger of the undischarged barrel, the hammer of which, in the hurry of the moment, had been left at full cock.

There was a loud report, followed by an exclamation of pain from the man. The bird escaped, and the luckless hunter had an ugly wound in the fleshy part of his leg to remind him for weeks afterward of the adventure.

A Surprised Barber.

"Wearing wigs has not gone out of style by any means," said a New Orleans barber who has an eye for the oddities of the trade. "The only reason why we don't notice so many of them is that they are made a great deal better than they used to be. Why, even the barbers get fooled now and then.

"The other day a gentleman came into the shop to get shaved. The barber finished the job without noticing anything unusual, and as he laid aside the razor he sprung the usual chestnut. 'I notice a good deal of dandruff is accumulating on your scalp,' he said, 'and if you don't look out you'll begin to get bald.' That seemed to tickle the customer, and he grinned from ear to ear. 'Oh, I guess I've got hair enough to last for awhile!' says he, still grinning. 'You have plenty now,' says the barber, 'but with all that dandruff it will soon commence to thin out. Better let me give you a nice shampoo.'

"As he spoke he ran his hands through the gentleman's hair and gave it two or three hard rubs, and, upon my word, the whole thing came off, just as if he had been scalped. The poor man yelled murder, and the barber stood there paralyzed, holding the wig in his hands and his eyes sticking out like hat pegs. He told me afterward he was never so scared in his life. Since then he hasn't said a word about dandruff."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Rushlight.

Home manufactured rushlights and candles were in constant use by the Scotch peasantry. Boiled animal fat gave the required tallow, and the same green rushes as were used for cruisie wick supplied it also in this case.

In making rushlights all the green coating of these rushes was stripped off, but for candle wick a thin strip was left on either side of the pith to strengthen and support it. Otherwise the manufacture of these two lights was very similar. This substance from the rushes when dried was tied to a rod, then dipped into the boiling fat and allowed to cool, and this process was repeated until the rushlight, or candle, had become the desired thickness. In later years candles were made in molds. The tape was passed through a hole in the center of the mold and knotted to prevent it slipping. The fat was then poured in and allowed to cool.

These molds, during the days of the candle tax, were jealously guarded by the owners and hidden in the most secret corners from the prying eyes of the exciseman. The candles were usually made at night in some outhouse, and watchers were posted at convenient corners to give timely warning of any approach of the ubiquitous officer.—Good Words.

A Good Parrot Story.

A maiden lady of a certain town in Cornwall owned a parrot, which somehow acquired the disagreeable habit of observing at frequent intervals, "I wish the old lady would die." This annoyed the bird's owner, who spoke to her curate about it.

"I think we can rectify the matter," replied the good man. "I also have a parrot, and he is a righteous bird, having been brought up in the way he should go. I will lend you my parrot, and I trust his influence will reform that depraved bird of yours."

The curate's parrot was placed in the same room with the wicked one, and as soon as the two had become accustomed to each other the bad bird remarked, "I wish the old lady would die," whereupon the clergyman's bird rolled up his eyes and in solemn accents added, "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!"

The story got out in the parish, and for several Sundays it was necessary to omit the litany at the church services.—Household Words.

William Black's Disturbed Dip.

There lingers in Oban a legend to the effect that one hot day William Black, the novelist, went to a quiet place out of sight to swim. He undressed in a remote part of the rocks. When he was in the water, a woman, deeply immersed in a blue volume, which was "The Princess of Thule," came and sat unwittingly near his clothes. The swimmer, tired with his exercise, was anxious to return to his garments, but the lady on shore was far too engrossed with the fortunes of Princess Sheila to heed the coughing intimations of his presence. Presently matters came to a crisis. A sportsman passed along the rocks and discerned Mr. Black's dark head bobbing above the waves. He took it for a seal and was taking a deadly aim when Mr. Black jumped up in the water and implored: "Don't fire. I'm a human man."

THE MAN FROM TEXAS.

His Vivid Picture of Conditions in the Lone Star State.

He was registered from Texas, and the hotel reporter, being anxious to see a Texan fresh from his native heath, asked the clerk to point him out and at once proceeded to interview him.

"You are from Texas, I believe?" he said in his winning reportorial manner as he stood in front of him.

"I beg your pardon?" responded the gentleman, with a slight frown.

"I'm a reporter," hurriedly explained the interviewer, somewhat abashed, "and would be glad to have a little talk with you on Texas matters. How are times down there?"

"Oh, ah, I beg your pardon," said the Texan. "I did not thoroughly comprehend the purpose of your approaching me, and, being somewhat apprehensive of strangers, I felt a natural hesitancy, don't you know, in greeting you with that bonhomie, not to say camaraderie, so characteristic, I believe, of the gentlemen of your profession. Now that I am apprised of your identity I shall be pleased to communicate any information I may possess, and in response to your eminently pertinent inquiry I may say that, as far as my knowledge extends, the times in my political division of the Union are notably salutary."

The reporter wondered if the clerk hadn't made a mistake.

"Business, I presume," he said, "is good?"

"The commercial industries of Texas," responded the gentleman, "exhibit a most encouraging absence of those phlegmatic conditions which certain individuals, who are prone to look upon the Tartarean side of every entity, have persisted in prophesying would necessarily follow certain political coalescences with capitalistic combinations, which it is not exigent at present to designate or discuss. It is sufficient to say that the calamitous climacteric which they were so bombilatons in fulminating has signally failed of eventuation in my own or any contiguous community."

But the reporter had fled.—Washington Star.

The Largest Trees In the World.

The largest tree in the world is to be seen at Mascali, near the foot of Mount Etna, and it is called "the Chestnut Tree of a Hundred Horses." Its name rose from the report that Queen Jane of Aragon, with her principal nobility, took refuge from a violent storm under its branches. The trunk is 204 feet in circumference. The largest tree in the United States, it is said, stands near Bear creek, on the north fork of the Tule river, in California. It measures 140 feet in circumference. The giant redwood tree in Nevada is 119 feet in circumference.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Through Lovers' Eyes.

Clara (on the wrong side of 30)—I am sure I don't know what he sees in her.

Cholly—Well, they say love is blind.

Clara—Blind! Nonsense! I never saw a man in love yet who did not see ten times as much in his sweetheart as I could.—Harlem Life.

It is Incontrovertible!

The Editor of the "Christian Million," under the heading of General Notes, on August 20, 1896, wrote:—

"A good article will stand upon its own merits, and we may rely upon it that nothing will continue long which does not, in a more or less degree, harmonize with the statements which are published concerning it."

Mr. Hall Caine,
Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," "The Christian," etc., when speaking on "Criticism," recently, said:—

"When a thing that is advertised greatly is good it goes and goes permanently; when it is bad, it only goes for a while: the public finds it out."

The Proprietor of
BEECHAM'S PILLS
has said over and over again:—

"It is a fallacy to imagine that anything will sell just because it is advertised. How many nostrums have been started with glare and snuffed out in gloom? The fact is, a man is not easily gulled a second time; and every dissatisfied purchaser does ten times more harm than one satisfied does good. Assuredly the sale of more than 6,000,000 boxes of BEECHAM'S PILLS per annum, after a public trial of half-a-century, is conclusive testimony of their popularity, superiority and proverbial worth."

Beecham's Pills have for many years been the popular family medicine wherever the English language is spoken, and they now stand without a rival. In boxes, 10 cents and 25 cents each, at all drug stores.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

takes married women through the whole period of pregnancy in safety and comfort. It is used externally and it relaxes the muscles so that there is no discomfort. It prevents and relieves morning sickness, headache and rising breasts, shortens labor and preserves the mother's girlish form.

$1 a bottle at druggists.

Send for a FREE copy of our illustrated booklet about

MOTHER'S FRIEND.

The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

CLEAN PEOPLE

Cleanliness goes with health. If we have catarrh anywhere we cannot be wholly clean.

Make systematic efforts to be free from this disgusting disease. Mrs. L. A. Johnston, 103 Pilham and Ripley Sts., Montgomery, Ala., tells her experience with catarrh of the stomach and how she was cured:

"I will state to you that I have taken eight bottles of your Pe-ru-na and two of Man-a-lin and rejoice to say, 'God bless Dr. Hartman and Pe-ru-na.' And I earnestly assure you that it has done me more good than any medicine I have ever taken in my life. I prescribe it to every one I meet who is suffering, as the best medicine in the world, and have made many converts who are now rejoicing in the great good which they have derived from the same. I can tell you that I am almost entirely relieved of indigestion, that great foe which has tortured me so many years, and can now eat anything I desire without it is fruits or something acid."

To understand the scientific action of Pe-ru-na it is best to have Dr. Hartman's special book for women or his book on chronic catarrh. These books are mailed free by the Pe-ru-na Medicine Company, Columbus, O. All druggists sell Pe-ru-na.

His Friend's Opinions.

Galimard is an artist, and one year he decided to exhibit something. The picture on its completion enchanted him. It had been painted in the strictest seclusion for fear the idea might be stolen, but now that the time for sending it in has arrived that anxiety is removed, and he invites two friends to inspect his work.

First Friend—Ah, ah! So that's the thing, is it? By Jove, but it's good, old fellow!

Second Friend—Hurrah for the dog! Where did you get your idea?

Galimard—Oh, it's quite a long story! I was coming back from Nanterre one day, and from the car window I saw this garden, with the children playing among the trees and the big dog running and jumping around them. The thing so fascinated me that I went back on foot, made several studies, and here you are.

First Friend—My dear boy, it's a fine piece of work.

Second Friend—It's simple, but you've hit it just right. Where did you find the youngsters?

Galimard—They are my little nephews.

First Friend—There is one little thing I notice, though. Do you mind my speaking of it?

Galimard—Why, of course not. One cannot always judge of effects oneself. Good advice is always welcome.

Second Friend—Especially a friend's advice.

First Friend—Well, then, old fellow, your sky is a trifle too clear. You should cloud it a little.

Galimard—Do you think so?

First Friend—Yes; because, you see, you didn't pose your brats out of doors, and they haven't the—you catch what I mean?

Galimard—Yes, yes. Let me see—a little smudge of cloud right here perhaps. Well, if you think—

Second Friend—Oh, yes, my dear boy, yes, and put one in here too.

First Friend—That youngster there is hit off to life, isn't he, Chose?

Second Friend—Seems to me he has a sort of frightened look. If I were Galimard, I would take away the other one, the one who's laughing, because you can't see what he's laughing at. Don't you think so, Machin?

First Friend—Oh, he could leave the one who's laughing if he liked and take away the frightened one, for, as you say, they don't correspond—one or the other would have to go.

Galimard—Why, I thought they were rather effective, the two contrasting faces.

Second Friend—That's all very well, my dear boy; but then it ceases to be a picture. It is simply a study of heads, of grimaces.

First Friend—He's right. Take out the laughing lad. Besides, he isn't as well done as the other. He looks just a little bit like a monkey.

Galimard—But, you see, that one all alone—

First Friend—I agree with you perfectly, but this is what you could do: To explain his fright let the house be burning up. He could be running away from the fire.

Second Friend—Good! That's a capital idea, but in that case he would have to take away the trees, otherwise you couldn't see—

Galimard—But that changes my whole picture. I would rather leave in the laughing one.

Second Friend—Oh, of course, if you like, only what in the world is he laughing at? Besides, if you wanted to make him your principal subject, you should have put him in the foreground.

First Friend—The fact is that over there in that corner, where the dog is, the perspective is not at all clear, and then your house is all mixed up with the trees in the foreground. You ought to put your trees behind.

Second Friend—Or take them away altogether. That would free the house.

Galimard—But, you see, if I only leave one child—

Second Friend—I have an idea. Will you allow me? Take out the house and trees and put them off there in the background, leave the frightened boy where he is and make a lion rush down upon him from a mountain. Your sky is warm, the whole thing will look like an African scene.

Galimard—A great idea! But how about the costume?

First Friend—Oh, that's simple enough. Chose is right. You'd have a superb effect there. All you have to do is to dress the little fellow like a Bedouin. Come to think of it, you should make him larger—a young man, in fact.

Second Friend—Or an old man with a gray beard.

First Friend—Oh, I'll tell you what would be stunning. A negro with snow white hair. You'd make a sensation then and no mistake.

Galimard—Yes, but that's entirely departing from my subject.

First Friend—Not necessarily, only altering it a little. Make your negro nude. In that way you'd have a fine relief effect, and it would be strange indeed if your picture did not create a stir.

Galimard—I would never have believed—

First Friend—Well, you see, you asked our opinion, and, being friends, we gave it to you.

When his two friends have left, Galimard hurries off to consult others.

One alteration after another is suggested, until finally he is advised by some to change the subject of his picture to a "Cabstand" or the "Arrival of an Excursion Train" and by others to the "Wreck of the Meduse," the "Execution of Louis XVI," etc.

In short, Galimard never exhibited at all, because in the end he became insane.—From the French for Short Stories.

Keeping Up Appearances.

A "licensed pawnbroker" who does a great deal of work in the west end of London lately gave to the writer particulars of a strange sort of pledging that has become common of late and that often defeats men of his kind.

Backing up his statement with actual names and dates, he said:

"A bailiff and I enter a showy flat, say, and my accustomed eye at once falls on a handsome or at least a pretentious piano. I say to myself that this piano will sell for what I require. I go to it, but find that it is locked. I ask for the key, and when this is reluctantly produced I find that there is in reality nothing but a case. All the inside of the instrument is gone. The fact is that people in difficulties who still want to keep up appearances can borrow money, while still apparently retaining their piano, by allowing the lenders to take away the main part, or inside, of the instrument. One man in the west end in particular does a considerable business by lending money on pianos in this way.

"I suppose that when visitors want to play on an instrument of this kind the host pleads that the key is lost. Anyhow I have in my own business had quite 50 examples of gutted pianos during the last two years, and I never mark a piano down in an inventory now till I have closely examined it."—London Answers.

A Neighing Cock.

Camden says the Thames was once called the Cockney, and therefore a cockney means simply one who lives on the banks of the Thames. Wedgewood says a cockney, or cockerney, is one pampered by city indulgence, in contradistinction to rustics hardened by outdoor work. There is, however, a legend, almost too good to be true—namely, that a Londoner who had never before slept out of sound of Bow Bells had occasion to go into the country and was detained all night.

He was much disturbed by the lowing of the cattle, the grunting of the pigs and other sounds of country life, which he could not understand, and in particular he was frightened by the crowing of the cock. In the morning, in response to the farmer's inquiries, he said the sound of the wild beasts had kept him awake. Just at that moment the cock crowed again, and the Londoner said: "That's the one! He's been neighing like that for hours!" Since then Londoners have been called cockneighs, or cockneys.

Learning the Truth.

A school inspector was examining a class in grammar and trying to explain the relations of adjectives and nouns by a telling example.

"Now, for instance," said he, "what am I?"

That was an easy question, and all the children shouted, "A man!" and then looked around triumphantly, as much as to say, "Ask another."

"Yes. But what else?" said the inspector.

This was not so easy, but after a pause a boy ventured to suggest, "A little man."

"Yes, but there is something more than that."

This was a poser for the youngsters, but after a moment's puzzled silence an infant phenomenon almost leaped from his seat in his eagerness and cried to the inspector:

"Please, sir, I know—an ugly little man!"

Japan's Area.

The empire of Japan is composed of four large and 3,000 small islands, forming an arc of a large circle extending from the northeast within a few miles of Kamchatka, southwest about 2,000 miles, and, with Formosa nearly 3,000 miles from an arctic climate, to one of perpetual spring and everlasting summer.—Keystone.

GOLD DUST

Something New!

5¢

Large package of the World's best cleanser for a nickel. Still greater economy in 4 pound package. Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY,
Chicago. St. Louis. New York. Boston. Philadelphia

CELERY KING
NATURE'S CURE

Comrades, Attention.

I served from '61 to '64, and was wounded on May 10, 1864, in the Battle of the Wilderness. I would like to have my old comrades know what Celery King has done for me. In 1890 my old complaint, chronic diarrhoea, came back. The doctors could not stop it, but Celery King has cured me, and I am once more enjoying life.—Frank Beebler, Owosso, Mich. Co. F, 49th N. Y. V. I.

Celery King for the Nerves, Stomach, Liver and Kidneys is sold in 50c. and 25c. packages by druggists and dealers. 5

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask you Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee
Looks like Coffee
Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O
Accept no imitation.

GEMS IN VERSE.

Be Yourself.

Just be yourself always,
In face of blame or praise.
Say what you think right out,
Despite the jeer of doubt.
Stand ever strong, erect,
In truth and self respect.

Don't hold in stern disguise
Your heart from those you prize.
Tho' all the world may laugh
And your fondness chaff,
With all your might defend
Your trusting absent friend.

Just what you are appear,
With little care or fear
Of those who criticise
By "Mrs. Grundy's" eyes.
For, far too many heed
That babbling, idle creed.
—Kathleen Kavanaugh in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Plain Old Kitchen Chap.

Mother's furnished up the parlor—got a full, new, haircloth set,
And there ain't a neater parlor in the county now, I'll bet.
She has been a-hoardin pennies for a mighty tedious time,
She has had the chicken money, and she's saved it every time,
And she's put it out in pictures and in easy chairs and rugs;
Got the neighbors all a-sniffin, 'cause we're puttin on such lugs;
Got up curtains round the winders, whiter'n snow and all of lace;
Fixed that parlor till, by gracious, I should never know the place,
And she says as soon's it's settled she shall give a yaller tea
And invite the whole caboodle of the neighbors in to see.
Can't own up that I approve it; seems too much like fub and fuss
To a man who's lived as I have—jest a blamed old kitchen cuss.

Course we've had a front room always; tidy place enough, I guess.
Couldn't tell, I never set there, never opened it unless
Parson called or sometimes mother give a party or a bee,
When the women come and quilted and the men come round to tea.
Now we're goin to use it common. Mother says it's time to start,
If we're any better'n heathens, so's to sweeten life with art;
Says I've grubbed too long with plain things, haven't lifted up my soul;
Says I've denned there in the kitchen like a woodchuck in his hole.
It's along with other notions mother's gettin from the club,
But I've got no growl a-comin—mother ain't let up on grub.
Still I'm wishin she would let me have my smoke and take my nap
In the corner, side the wood box. I'm a plain, old kitchen chap.
—Holman F. Day in Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Our Standing Army.

We have no standing army?
Nay, look around and see.
The man who plows the furrow,
The man who fells the tree,
The statesman and the scholar,
At the first word of fear,
Turn to their country, breathing
"My mother, I am here!"

Not of a dumb, blind people
Is this our army made.
Where schoolhouse and where steeple
Have cast their friendly shade
Our army grows in knowledge,
As it to manhood grows,
And, trained in school and college,
Stands ready for its foes.

The brawny arms of gunners
Serve minds alert and keen.
The sailor's thought has traveled
To lands he has not seen.
Not for the joy of killing,
Not for the lust of strife,
Have these come forth with gladness
To offer up their life.

Behold our standing army.
Not, as in other lands,
An army standing idle,
With empty minds and hands.
But each one in his station,
And peaceful victory
Is training for the nation
Heroes of land and sea.
—Margaret Vandegrift in Youth's Companion.

Constancy.

Ther' ain't nothin happens that ain't fer the best,
And that's the main reason I ain't dispressed
When everything looks like it's goin wrong,
And ther' ain't no tune to the grand sweet song.

I can recollect now one year when I had
A fine Jersey cow, and I had her bad.
Her eyes was velvet, and her hair was silk,
And I reckon she give two bushels uv milk.

She cost me more'n a hunderd, by gum,
And the way ez I worshiped that cow was some,
And I always p'inted to her with pride,
Till one March mornin she up and died.

Fer awhile I thought that the sun had set
At seven a.-m., and my eyes was wet
With a barrel uv tears, but it cheered me a bit
The less that I got to thinkin uv it.

I traded her hide that very same day
To a man fer a couple uv bundles uv hay
And I traded the hay, by a lucky chance,
To a chap fer a load uv strawberry plants.

I set them plants out there in the lot
Where the cow used to use—"a hallowed spot,"
The schoolmarm said—and it beat the band
The way that they growed on that sacred land.

I tended the patch purty much ex how
I useter nuss and cuddle the cow,
And I sold my crop uv strawberries fer
A-plenty to buy me two cows like her.
—New York Sun.

Pain.

I am a mystery that walks the earth
Since man began to be.
Sorrow and sin stood sponsors at my birth,
And terror christened me.

More pitiless than death, who gathereth
His victims day by day,
I doom man daily to desire death
And still forbear to slay.

More merciless than time, I leave man youth
And suck life's sweetness out.
More cruel than despair, I show man truth
And leave him strength to doubt.

I bind the freest in my subtle hand,
I blanch the boldest cheek,
I hold the hearts of poets in my hand
And wring them ere they speak.

I walk in darkness over souls that bleed.
I shape each as I go
To something different. I drop the seed
Whence grapes or thistles grow.
—Grace Denio Litchfield in Independent.

The Difference.

Some silly poet sets afloat
This thought in silly rhyme:
The millionaire can only eat
One dinner at a time.

But what of that? This fact exists,
When all is done and said:
The millionaire has cash saved up
For dinners till he's dead.
—Chicago Record.

Love Rules All.

In peace Love tunes the shepherd's reed.
In war he mounts the warrior's steed.
In halls in gay attire is seen;
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above,
For love is heaven, and heaven is love.
—Sir Walter Scott.

Jumping at Conclusions.

He—Are any of your sisters married to foreign noblemen?

She—No; they are all married to good American citizens.

He—Then the reports I have heard concerning your father's wealth must be exaggerated.—Chicago News.

Prejudiced Against Mince Meat.

Chappie — Averted tewibble twagedy just now.

Chollie—No! How?

Chappie—Man said he would pound me to mince meat if I did not give him half a dollah, and I gave him half a dollah.—Tit-Bits.

A London burglar was set upon by a pet orang-outang in a house he was robbing, and was so badly bitten and mutilated that he died.

Most of the so-called protections against burglary, do not protect any more than most of the so-called "remedies" protect from the burglary of the "house of this body" by the crafty burglar—Disease. Like the regular burglar, disease works with as little disturbance as possible.

You think you have that jewel of health you possess in perfect safety. But little disturbances if they were heeded would show the burglar at his work. Loss of appetite precedes loss of flesh. Then comes weakness, followed by the more disturbing symptoms of lingering cough, sore throat, bronchitis and bleeding at the lungs. When any or all these symptoms appear, begin the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the best of all medicines. It is non-alcoholic. It helps the stomach and separates the good parts of the food from the bad. It supplies thin, impoverished, run-down blood with the needed rich red corpuscles. It makes solid flesh—the sort that strong people have. If you value your health, don't allow the dealer to sell you something else. Insist upon having Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

"I must say Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the most wonderful medicine I ever used," writes Geo. S. Henderson, Esq., of Denaud, Lee Co., Florida. "I had a bad bruise on my right ear, and my blood was badly out of order. I tried local doctors but with no good results. Finally I wrote you the particulars in my case and you advised your 'Golden Medical Discovery' which I began to take. From the first bottle I began to feel better and when I had taken eight bottles the sore was healed up."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation and biliousness. They never gripe.

TELL HIM HE LIES

It has cost us time, money and much labor to perfect Bar-Ben the great Nerve Tonic. Some druggists object to selling it because it costs them almost double the price of inferior articles. These druggists may tell you they haven't Bar-Ben, but can sell you something "just as good." Tell them they lie. There is nothing can equal Bar-Ben. It is not a "patent medicine," but is prepared direct from the formula of R. E. Barton, M. D., Cleveland's most eminent physician, by Hjalmer O. Benson, Ph. D., B. S. Bar-Ben is not a temporary invigorator. It creates solid flesh, muscle and strength. It clears the brain and makes the blood pure and rich, causing a general feeling of renewed life. One box will work wonders; six will cure. Bar-Ben is for sale at all drug stores. A 10-dose box for 50 cents, or we will mail it, securely sealed on receipt of price.

DRS. BARTON AND BENSON,
4i BAR-BEN BLOCK, CLEVELAND, O.

Drummond Was on Top.

Professor Henry Drummond had a boyish spirit when a man, and at the age of 26 invented a game for some friends at a country house one rainy evening. He said: "They play it in America with bowie knives. Four men are locked in a dark room, each in a corner, and the survivor wins. We'll do without the knives; the door and the shutters shall be shut, each of us will stand in a corner, and the first who gets on another man's back will be the winner."

Dr. Smith was in the game, and he says it was the most exciting one he ever played. "Nobody stirred from his corner for 20 minutes. Then I heard a scuffle between two of the others, felt my way to fling myself on both of them, when Drummond pounced on me, and we all rolled in a heap, he, of course, on top, as he always was."

The Easy Food
Easy to Buy,
Easy to Cook,
Easy to Eat,
Easy to Digest.
Quaker Oats
At all grocers
in 2-lb. pkgs.

WANTED—Case of bad health that R-I-P-A-N-S will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., New York for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials.

Legal Notice.

Joseph Heal, whose place of residence and postoffice address is Osage, Iowa, Frederick Heal, whose residence and postoffice address is Chaddar, Somerset, England, and Lavina Spencer, whose residence and postoffice address is Cheddar, Somerset, England, will take notice that the undersigned, as executor of the last will and testament of Sidney Heal, deceased, on the 10th day of May, 1899, begun an action in the Probate Court of Summit county, Ohio, being cause No. 2828, the object of which action is to authorize said executor to complete a certain contract for the conveyance of real estate made between said John King and said Sidney Heal, deceased, during his life time.

That the prayer of said petition is for an order of the Probate court authorizing said executor to complete said contract by delivering to the purchaser of said real estate under said land contract, a good and sufficent deed in fee-simple upon the payment of such purchaser of the balance found due thereon.

That said cause will be for hearing on and after the 26th day of June, 1899, by which date the above named, Joseph Heal, Frederick Heal and Lavina Spencer, are required to answer.

JOHN KING, Executor.
Sauder & Rogers, attorneys for plaintiff.
May 13 20 27 June 3 10 17

Assignee's Sale.

On Monday, May 29th, 1899, from 1 to 2 p. m., I will sell a house and lot and 32 good building lots to highest bidders on premises, on South Main street, at "Falor's Crossing," South Akron. You will not have such a chance again soon to get a good building lot at your prices. This is the H. S. Falor allotment surrounded by busy shops. Only one-third cash at sale.

A. E. KLING,
Assignee of H. S. Falor.
April 29 May 6-13-20-27

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Board of City Commissioners' Office,
Akron, Ohio, May 20, 1899.

Sealed proposals will be received at the office of City Commissioners until 12 o'clock noon, Saturday, June 3rd, 1899, for the construction of an iron bridge over the Little Cuyahoga river, on Cook street, in accordance with the profile and specifications now on file in the office of the City Civil Engineer, where bidding blanks can be obtained.

Each contractor bidding must furnish his own plans.

Each bidder, in addition to the amount of bail required in proposal, must deposit with the Clerk of Commissioners at