

**That Terrible Scourge.**  
Malaria disease is invariably accompanied by disturbance of the liver, the bowels, the stomach and the nerves. To the removal of both the cause and its effects the Serravallo's Tonic is fully adequate. It is a powerful tonic, and its effects are performed in a most thorough manner. Its ingredients are pure and wholesome, and it is admirably adapted to the treatment of malaria, liver and stomach ailments, and nervousness and general debility.

**Inhabitants of Washington, D. C.**  
The residents of Washington do not vote. The persons living there who have no legal residence there vote at their old homes if they vote at all. Between 1871 and 1873 the District of Columbia had a territorial government and the inhabitants voted; but in 1873 most of the taxpayers appealed to Congress to abolish the territorial government as it was too expensive and corrupt. Congress heard their prayer, and now the residents have no voice in the government of the District, which is managed wholly by Congress.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure**  
Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

In order to arrive at a certain point at a certain time, it is not necessary to run fast. It is only necessary to start in good time.

**Shake Into Your Shoes**  
Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25 cents, in stamping trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Diamonds in an Extinct Volcano.**  
An interesting discovery from a geological point of view was recently made by an explorer in the mountains of Wintzies Hoek, Natal. On the summit of an extinct volcano, on the edge of a lake that occupies the crater, soundings revealed a layer of sand inclosing small diamonds. It would be interesting to know whether these diamonds were there accidentally, that is, as the result of washing operations carried on by the natives or whether this discovery corresponds to an actual mine of diamonds, for the hills of Wintzies Hoek are not situated in regions known to contain diamonds. On the last hypothesis the presence of precious stones in the crater of a volcano would doubtless throw some light on the formation of the gems in nature.—La Genie Civil.

**ABLE OMAHA LAWYER.**  
James M. Woolworth Who Addressed the American Bar Association.  
James M. Woolworth, of Omaha, whose sensational address to the American Bar Association at its Cleveland meeting created much comment, is perhaps the foremost lawyer in Nebraska and one of the most remarkable men in America. His father was a noted New



JAMES M. WOOLWORTH.

York lawyer, and as soon as young Woolworth left Hamilton College he began the study of law under the preceptorship of his father. As early as 1856 left Syracuse, N. Y., and went to Omaha. He was the first City Attorney of Omaha, and has steadily devoted himself to the pursuit of his profession, declining all temptations to wander into political fields foreign to the law. He was admitted to practice before the Supreme Court of the United States in 1882, and since that time has argued more cases before that court than any lawyer west of Chicago. Apart from law books, Mr. Woolworth's studies have been wide and varied. His essays, addresses and lectures on general subjects show his great versatility and comprehensiveness of mind. In 1875 Racine College conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. In 1882 the University of Nebraska made him L. L. D. and in 1889 he was given the degree of D. C. L. by Trinity University of Toronto. He has laid by a snug fortune from his earnings, and is a large part of the backbone of the citizenship of Omaha.

**Current Condensations.**  
St. Louis has more brick buildings than any other American city of equal size, nine-tenths being the ratio.

Manistee has an Indian over 100 years old who has but one leg, and still carries his own living by sawing wood and begging—mainly the latter.

A drop of water in the eye to remove a foreign body is as efficacious and more often manageable than the frequently recommended fassaxed.

To call a man a German spy is in France a sure way of securing his arrest, and it is said to be the only form of calumny for which there is no legal redress.

In experimenting to find the effect of sunlight on disease germs, it has been discovered that such spores are killed by the blue and violet rays of sunlight in a few hours.

As the result of readjustments for proposals to build a small reservoir in Boston the contract was awarded for \$60,000 to a firm whose previous bid for the same work was \$100,000.

Captain Alex. McDougall, the inventor of the whaleback, has something new to spring on an unsuspecting and defenseless public. Hereafter, instead of breaking the wine the lady will lose a cage full of birds, which will fly in all directions as the ship begins to move. He borrowed the idea from the Japs, who used it before he or his whaleback idea was born.

Hiram Walker has given his farms in Kent and Essex, Ontario, jointly to his three sons, with the exception of the Essex farm, which goes to E. C. Walker, and the Ladbroke farm to his nephew, Hiram A. Walker. With his sons he owns nearly all of the stock of the Lake Erie and Detroit River Railway, and absolutely owns every manufactory concern in Walkerville with one exception.

The deer colony at Forest Park, Springfield, Mass., is being increased by gift and the usual process of nature. A Japanese deer was born there last year, and unless all signs fail there will be an elk fauna here before the summer is over. Curdon Hill presented the commissioners with a young bull moose. The animal was captured about 200 miles north of Quebec by a son of A. J. Turcotte, a prominent Canadian.

At the "International Apron Bazaar," held in Pine Bluff, Ark., recently, an apron contributed by the sewing department of the Kansas Agricultural College was sold for \$5 to W. W. Carney. The apron was made from the finest white muslin, and across the bottom ran a border of sunflowers with "I want to be in Kansas, where the sunflowers bloom" woven skillfully between. The strings were also ornamented with sunflowers.

Thirty thousand elk are wintering in the Jackson's Hole country of Wyoming, according to the estimate of the game warden, who says that in one herd which he saw there were 15,000 of them, stretching over a distance of six miles. The slight, he said, surprised anything he has ever seen, and utterly amazed him. "The elk's trail over the snow was like flint ice," he said, so hard had the snow been packed down. The animals are seen by thousands any morning, moving along the Snake river from the Great Swamp to the Gros Ventre hills, and at night the walls of the valley straying from their mothers may be heard.

Make hay while the sun shines, but make haste when it rains.

**HAPPY TIMES.**  
There's something like a jingle an' a tingle in the air,  
Per the honey's jest a-drippin' from the hives:  
The fields are lookin' frosty with the white that blossoms there,  
An' the corn eraps' jest the biggest of our lives!

Summer's a goin'—  
Needn't beat the drums;  
We're bound to have a showin'  
When the fall time comes!

There's something like a jingle an' a tingle everywhere,  
An' the blue smoke has a meanin' as it curls;  
They're tunin' of the fiddle, an' there's music in the air,  
An' we'll soon be swingin' corners with the girls!

Summer's a goin'—  
Needn't beat the drums;  
We're bound to have a showin'  
When the fall time comes!  
—F. S. STANTON, in Atlanta Constitution.

**"ONLY PAULINE."**

BY ETTA J. WEBB.

The day was a cheerless one even for November. Perhaps it was for that very reason that the shabby little sitting-room looked so cosy. There was a bright wood fire in the grate diffusing a genial warmth and light. Katherine loved warmth and light, she loved roses, too; not the sweet, wan, fragile kind that overran the beds in garden in summer, but heavy, rich-scented crimson roses, such as Jack Donelson sent in great handfuls daily. There was a bowl of them now on the piano, making a blot of vivid color against the sombre background.

But it was not Katherine who stood on the hearth rug with fingers interlaced staring moodily into the fire. It was "only" Pauline. The warm glow lent a faint color to her olive cheeks and brought out a certain lustre in her hair that was not there excepting in a strong light. Too, it revealed a lurking bitterness about her mouth and in her eyes. Pauline's thoughts were not pleasant ones. She was feeling at odds with herself and all the world—that disagreeably antagonistic feeling that sets one's moral teeth so sharply on edge.

"Only Pauline!" Long ago—so long ago that it seemed to her sometimes as if it could never have been otherwise—she had become reconciled to the fact that Katherine and Katherine's wishes must always receive first consideration. But then Katherine was so beautiful that the best of everything seemed hers by right. It was not hard to yield to her as to a plainer person or one less charming. Indeed, Pauline was not beautiful. Beside, no one had ever gone so far as to call her good looking.

The light of Katherine's exceeding loveliness, she was plain even to insignificance. Pretty, vain Mrs. Ward had never been quite able to understand why her two daughters were so unlike.

"Katherine is all Morton," she was wont to say, "but Pauline is all me." The sigh and deprecating little shrug were more effective than any mere words could have been in the completion of her meaning.

Pauline had heard the above remarks without number, and had given little heed. But when, one day, Wilton Eliot, she felt a sudden rush of rebellious feeling that brought tears to her eyes and a choking sensation into her throat. Did it need that to make him fully conscious of her unattractiveness? Surely he could see it without. For the first time in her young life she felt that she had not been treated fairly by her mother and Katherine.

It was the thought of this, and not the sunless, chill November day that gave to her face its touch of gloom. So absorbed in reflection was she that she did not hear when the door behind her opened softly and some one came into the room.

"Pauline!"

She turned to confront the slight, boyish-looking young fellow who just pronounced her name.

"Oh, it's you, Jack," she said, smiling a little. "I did not hear you come in."

"Your mother said I should find you here. What a nice fire!" He came and stood before her on the hearth rug. "Katherine—is she not at home?" he asked, unhesitatingly.

"No, she has gone to make some calls with Mrs. Westford."

He drew a deep, quivering breath, at which the girl looked sharply up at him.

"Am afraid you think I'm not very hospitable, Jack. Won't you have a chair?"

"No, thank you, I can't stay long enough for that. Katherine promised to go driving with me this afternoon, but I suppose she forgot," he added, bitterly.

"I suppose so," Pauline answered, slowly.

Her eyes fell beneath his questioning gaze.

"Pauline, tell me!" he cried out suddenly. "Does that man still come here?"

"Do you mean Mr. Eliot? Yes, he still comes here."

A quiver swept his face.

"Will she do you think—oh, Pauline, is she likely to marry him?"

The girl's hand, hanging among the folds of her gown, was clinched until the knuckles stood out whitely.

"How can I tell?" she answered wearily. "You ought to know Katherine well enough by this time to understand that she will do exactly as she pleases."

"But if she pleases to marry him I could not bear it—oh, I could not bear it!"

The anguish in the young voice stirred Pauline strangely. She turned and laid her hands upon his shoulders.

"Oh, yes, you could," she said. "It would be hard, but you could."

"Do you think to comfort me by telling me that?" he said, bitterly. "You are very good, Pauline, but you don't understand these things."

He drew her hands from his shoulders and clasped them tightly together.

"No, I suppose I don't—as you understand them," she said, with a touch of sarcasm.

He looked at her in surprise.

"Why, I believe you are out of spirits, too, Pauline! Can it be the weather, do you think?"

"Oh, it must be. The weather is always to blame for everything, isn't it?"

"I think a drive would do us both good. Won't you take pity on me since Katherine has left me in the lurch?"

At any other time Pauline would have been only too glad to enjoy the delightful privilege of a drive behind Jack's handsome bays, but to-day she felt that even in so slight a thing as this she could not bear voluntarily to make herself second to Katherine.

"Thank you, Jack," she answered, gently. "I'm afraid I'm too dull to make an agreeable companion, so, I think I'll practise for an hour or so, and see if I can't get into a more comfortable state of mind."

"Well, I won't urge you, Pauline. How dark it has grown within the last hour! There isn't an inch of blue sky to be seen anywhere," he added, glancing from the window as he turned to go.

Pauline accompanied him as far as the door, then came back and seated herself at the piano. She was still there, running over scales with feverish velocity when Katherine came in, flushed and a little tired from walking.

"For goodness' sake, Pauline, do stop that dreadful banging! It is enough to drive one wild! I wonder mamma has patience to endure it," she exclaimed, fretfully.

She went over to the fire, and sank in a low chair began impatiently to remove her long gloves. Pauline left the piano at once, and came and stood beside her sister.

"Did you not have a pleasant time, Katherine?" she asked.

"No—yes! Has any one been in this afternoon?"

"Jack has."

"Oh, Jack!" Katherine said a little contemptuously. "Any one else?"

"No one."

"Hasn't Mr. Eliot—"

"Why can't you understand, Katherine," Pauline interrupted, sharply. "That 'no one' includes Mr. Eliot the same as every one else?"

Katherine looked up at her tall, young sister, half startled. Pauline was not wont to speak thus to her.

"I think, Katherine," Pauline went swiftly on, "that you ought to feel ashamed to treat Jack Donelson as you do. He is entitled to a little consideration, at least, and when you speak of him as a 'dull fellow' and then deliberately without a word to make some unnecessary calls, it is not considerate, to say nothing of its being downright rude."

A slow angry flush rose in Katherine's beautiful face.

"Dear me, Pauline," she cried, scornfully. "You are really quite dramatic. Would you mind saying that again a little more slowly? I'm afraid I did not fully understand it."

It was Pauline's turn to blush.

"Be as scornful as you please, Katherine," she said, "but it's true, and you know perfectly well that if it wasn't for Wilton Eliot's money you would never give him a second thought in the direction of the river."

With that she went swiftly out of the room, too angry to trust herself farther with words.

The atmosphere of the house seemed to stifle her. She felt that she must get into the open air. To think, with Pauline was to act always. Five minutes later found her walking rapidly in the direction of the river. It was a dark, swollen flood that crept along between the shelving banks on either side. By-and-by, when the ice had formed on its surface, it would be the scene of many a gay skating frolic. But now, as Pauline stood beside it, watching absently a few fluttering snowflakes fall one by one into the current, the river seemed to typify her own dark mood.

A step sounded behind her, and she turned to meet the grave, questioning gaze which Wilton Eliot was regarding her.

"Miss Ward," he began.

"Only Pauline," she corrected, smiling a little bitterly.

"I beg your pardon for having startled you," he said, taking a step forward to the station, and seeing you in the distance, I thought I would stop and say good-by."

"Are you going away then?" Pauline asked in surprise.

"Yes, I find my affairs have been getting into some confusion through my business, and my neglect of them may be many months before I am in Sterling again."

He scanned her face eagerly.

"I am sure—we all shall miss you," she said, trying to make the words contain the proper amount of polite regret and feeling that she had failed miserably.

"I shall say 'good-by'."

"I, of course, Mr. Eliot."

Pauline was getting more and more uncomfortable every instant under that keen gaze. She wished he would go away, and yet—

"But you avoid me on every possible occasion. I never see you when I call. What can I have done, Miss Pauline, to merit your dislike?"

"You have done nothing, and I needn't Mr. Eliot, I do not avoid you," Pauline said, very earnestly.

"Then it must have been my fancy. Since you have nothing against me, Miss Pauline, you will surely shake hands with me and wish me good luck at the end of my journey?"

He held out his hand, and Pauline could not choose but put hers into it.

Far down the river a tralling line of smoke marked the approach of the train.

"You'll have to hurry," she exclaimed.

"How anxious you are to be rid of me! Well, I shall go again, remember, little Pauline! Be sure you do not miss me. I shall be back down into her face with a curious smile. "And now, good-by."

He lifted her hand to his lips, then dropped it and hurried away.

Katherine wondered not a little at her sister's subdued and preoccupied manner that evening. She wondered, too, that Wilton Eliot should have gone away without so much as bidding her good-by. For Pauline had given a matter-of-fact account of her chance meeting with him by the river. But she had no mind to make herself unhappy over it, especially as she had just received a letter from the aunt whose namesake she was which enclosed a generous check and the request to merit your Pauline had given her wardrobe. Katherine's elasticity of temperament was one of the most delightful facts about her.

A week later Sterling, the social portion of it, at least, was startled by the news that Wilton Eliot had lost all his fortune through an unwise speculation. It was Mrs. Westford who brought the news to the Weas, Pauline, who had been for a walk, came in to find her mother and Katherine still in the first bewilderment of their surprise.

"Oh, Pauline, what do you think has happened to Mr. Eliot?" was the exclamation that greeted her as she entered the room.

Pauline turned perfectly white, but managed to control herself sufficiently to ask—

"What has happened to him, mamma?"

"He has lost all his money. Did you ever hear of anything so dreadful?" and Mrs. Ward drew a little fluttering sigh of sympathy and condolence. Her relief was so genuine that Pauline felt she must either cry or laugh. "I'm afraid," she chose the latter alternative as the more agreeable.

"Oh, is that all?" she said.

"Why, your ridiculous child!" screamed Katherine. "What more did you expect? For my part, I can't possibly imagine a worse disaster to befall a man like Wilton Eliot."

"I can—several," said Pauline, who had grown suddenly grave.

"What?" demanded Katherine.

"But her sister slipped out of the room without replying.

For several days thereafter Wilton Eliot's misfortune was the theme of conversation in the Ward household—possibly for Pauline had no mother, but for Katherine and her mother, that the affair did not care to hear it discussed.

Then the nine days' wonder ceased to be a wonder, and Wilton Eliot dropped out of the minds of everybody apparently.

So few months glided by. One morning Pauline had been sitting at the piano a long time, playing mechanically, for her thoughts were not on the music before her. Suddenly her hands fell from the keys into her lap and a tear rolled down her cheek, splashing upon her blue gown. At that moment two hands were laid upon her shoulders, and Jack Donelson's voice, vibrating with happiness, sounded in her ear.

"Pauline—Pauline, guess what Katherine has just been saying to me! Katherine, my Katherine now, for she has promised at last to be my wife."

Pauline sprang up with a little joyful cry.

"Oh, Jack, has she really? Oh, I am so glad! Dear, dear Jack, you cannot know how glad I am!"

"Oh, yes, I can," the young fellow said, laughing and coloring, "for I am so glad myself." Then for the first time he noticed Pauline's tear-wet lashes.

"No crying, Pauline—surely not crying!"

Pauline laughed nervously.

"I don't know but I shall—for joy. Let me go, Jack; I want to find Katherine."

And she rushed out of the room in search of her sister.

She entered the parlor, gazing abstractedly out of the window at the snow-filled street. She turned about as Pauline entered.

"Oh, Katherine, Jack has just told me! He is so happy. Are you? Pauline threw her arms about her sister, and looked affectionately into her eyes.

"Of course I am, silly pater! Jack is a dear boy, and with money enough to make one very comfortable. After all, that is the chief consideration."

Pauline's arms fell heavily to her sides.

"Oh, Katherine!" she said.

"There, you needn't look so woe-begone. Of course I'm fond of Jack, and I do not doubt we shall make a most devoted couple. And Katherine bent with a softened look in her beautiful eyes to kiss the grave young face.

So it had all come about as Pauline once thought it never could. Jack's happiness—I will not say Katherine's—revealed to her the sad longing of her own heart. Whether Wilton Eliot loved her or not she loved him with all the strength of her nature. As the winter wore into spring she wondered vaguely if his promise to come again would ever be fulfilled, or if in the great crisis through which he had passed he had lost all thought of it—anger. She was glad that the preparations for Katherine's wedding in June took so much of her time, and worked feverishly until even Katherine was compelled to bid her take a rest last week fall. And then came the first sweet month of spring—March, not cold and stormy as was its wont, but warm and bright.

It was Pauline's wont to walk by the river, where the brown sedge grasses were changing to palest green, and there one sunny morning Wilton Eliot found her.

"You see I have not forgotten my promise," he said, as he took both her hands in his, and looked anxiously into her suddenly pale face.

"What! Not a word of welcome for me? Not a word? Why, Pauline—Pauline!"

Nevertheless he understood her silence better than words. Presently, when he had soothed her into something like composure, he asked—

"Will you mind marrying a poor man, dear? I am rich no longer except in being rich in your love. Tell me, Pauline!"

"Shall I mind?" she said. "I who have been used to being poor all my life? Then she laughed her bright, sweet laugh. "It is you who ought to mind marrying so insignificant a person as myself, Mr. Eliot, for to the end of the matter I shall be 'only Pauline.'—Waverley Magazine.

**Too Emotional.**  
If the men who become the objects of hero-worship could see the evidence of the feeling they inspire, they would possibly be even more appalled to leaving this sphere for any other, better or worse. Sometimes they do know; and then they need to exercise abundant charity.

An American who has lived much abroad says that he was present, on one occasion, when a countryman of his met a famous poet. She saw the object of her idolatry. She rushed forward and struck an attitude.

"And is it possible," she cried, dramatically, "that I look upon Browning as a man?"

One feels that Doctor Johnson, in the same circumstances, would have remarked, gruffly, "Don't be a fool, madam!"

Again, there are times when bathos is showered only upon the dead. T. F. Silcock says that on one of his holiday excursions he visited Mount Vernon, where, in the grounds, he came upon a middle-aged lady, kneeling before a building at some distance from the monument. She was bathed in tears. Mr. Silcock walked up to her, and asked if she were in trouble.

"No, sir," said she, "thank you very much. I am not in trouble, but my patriotic feelings overcome me when I gaze upon the tomb of the Father of his Country."

"I quite understand," said Mr. Silcock, gently, "but, my dear madam, you have made a mistake. This is not the tomb of Washington. It is over yonder. This is the ice-house."

And drying her tears, the lady moved quietly away.

**It Is a Mistake.**  
To work when you are not in a fit condition to do so. To take off heavy underclothing in the evening, simply because you have become overheated. To think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become. To believe that children can do as much work as grown people, and that the more they study the more they learn. To go to bed late at night and rise early, and break and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better. To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To sleep exposed to a direct draught at any season. To think any nostrum or patent medicine is a specific for all diseases, that flesh is heir to. To imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better—as alcoholic stimulants—is good for the system, without regard to the after effects. To cat as if you had only a minute in which to finish the meal, or to eat without an appetite, or to continue after it has been satisfied merely to gratify the taste. To give unnecessary time to a certain established routine of housekeeping when it could be much more profitably spent in rest or recreation. To expect a girl or woman to be handsome when the action of her lungs is dependent on the expansive nature of a cent's worth of tape.—Philadelphia Record.

**A GOOD THING**  
For Women to Remember.  
That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham they are communicating with a woman—a woman whose experience in treating women's ailments is greater than that of any living physician—male or female.

A woman can talk freely to a woman whose life is greater than that of any man—besides a man does not understand—simply because he is a man. Many women refuse to relate their private troubles to a man—besides a man does not understand—simply because he is a man. Many women refuse to relate their private troubles to a man—besides a man does not understand—simply because he is a man. Many women refuse to relate their private troubles to a man—besides a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Write His Own Proverbs.  
"He gives twice that gives quickly," urged the collector, earnestly.

"True," responded Snaggs, calmly, "but I've often noticed that he that gives slowly very frequently doesn't have to give at all."—Harper's Bazar.

**LAST MONTH**  
Of the Tennessee Centennial and Industrial Exposition.  
The month of October closes this greatest of all Expositions ever held in the South, and next to the Columbian, the best ever held in this country. For the closing month, special attractions have been arranged, and the rates from all parts of the country have been made lower than ever before known. The location (Nashville, Tenn.) is on the main line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, directly on its through car route between the North and South, and the trip in either direction via that city can be made as cheaply, if not cheaper, than via any other route. Ask your ticket agent for rates, or write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for rates and information.

**Booming.**  
"How do you find business?" asked the kind old lady of the man at the back door with a pall on his arm.

"Everything's on the jump with me. Could I sell you some frog legs?"—Detroit Free Press.

**Home Seekers' Excursion West.**  
Northwest and Southwest.  
Are offered via The Nickel Plate Road. Only 50¢ and 10¢ about one fare for the round trip. Inquire of agents.

Mrs. Winslow's Soreness Suffer for Children from itching, redness, inflammation, itchy skin, cure wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

No man is a hero to his hired girl.

**It Is True**  
That Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all other medicines fail to do any good! whatever. Being peculiar in combination, propolis and process Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative power. It absolutely and permanently cures all impure originating in or promoted by impure blood.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Is the best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier.  
Hood's Pills the best family cathartic and best stimulant. 25¢

**MRS. PETERSON'S STORY.**

I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb.

The doctor wanted me to take treatments, but I had just begun taking Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and my husband said I had better wait and see how much good that would do me. I was so sick when I began with her medicine, I could hardly be on my feet. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything.

I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used three packages of Sarsaparilla Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not helped me.

—MRS. JOSEPH PETERSON, 513 East St., Warren, Pa.

**HOME SEEKERS' EXCURSIONS**

VIA THE "Banner Route." **Wabash Line**

OCTOBER 4-5-18 AND 19, 1897.

From All Principal Stations, TO POINTS IN THE Southwest, West & Northwest

Round trip tickets for these Excursions will be sold at LOW RATES. For full particulars and excursion tickets, call either our Agent Wabash R. Co. or connecting line, or C. S. CRANE, G. F. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

**Positions Secured**

At once by all who take our Business and Short-handling Courses. For particulars, contact Building, 1000 Broadway, New York.

**Indianapolis BUSINESS UNIVERSITY**

Established Sept. 1, 1896. Building, Magnificent quarters.

**\$12 to \$35 PER WEEK** can be made working. Particulars given on our circulars. Write for them. Circulars sent free. Openings for women only. 25¢ per week. Circulars sent free. Openings for women only. 25¢ per week. Circulars sent free. Openings for women only. 25¢ per week.

**PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS.**  
JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C.  
5 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, 400-500

**The Pill that Will.**

"The pill that will," implies the pills that won't. Their name is legion. The name of "the pill that will" is Ayer's Cathartic Pill. It is a pill to rely on. Properly used it will cure constipation, biliousness, sick headache, and the other ills that result from torpid liver. Ayer's pills are not designed to spur the liver into a momentary activity, leaving it in yet more incapable condition after the immediate effect is past. They are compounded with the purpose of toning up the entire system, removing the obstructing conditions, and putting the liver into proper relations with the rest of the organs for natural co-operation. The record of Ayer's Pills during the half century they have been in public use establishes their great and permanent value in all liver affections.

**Ayer's Cathartic Pills.**

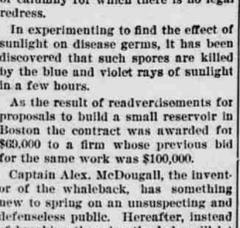


Illustration of a woman, likely related to the Mrs. Peterson's Story.

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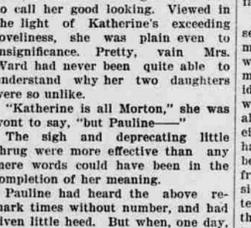


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