HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian
HAIR RENEWER
Drives off old age; restores lost color to the hair; gives it the richness and gloss of youth; prevents baldness. No dandruff.

A Joke on the Jokers.

Two well-known jolly jokers of the city were the recipients the other day from their victim of a cancellation of the obligation in their own coin. The jolly jokers had business at the court house, and while there they concluded that it would be fun to purloin the watch of a county official and enjoy the worried look of the sad official for a day or two, when the watch should of course be returned. The ticker was secured and the jolly jokers went away in high glee. But the official knew a thing or two on the joking line, as the result will show. The jokers were calmly about their affairs the next morning, when each was called upon by an officer with a warrant for his arrest on the charge of stealing a watch.

"That's all right," said the jokers to the officers, thinking the warrants were bogus; "I see he's onto us; just tell him to name his drinks." But their glad laugh was changed to a sickly smile when the officer insisted that the warrants were genuine, and in a tone that meant business ordered them to appear before Squire ——. The chagrined jokers appeared in court, which was illuminated with the bright and smiling countenance of the intended victim. One of the "jay jays" tried to turn State's evidence, but it didn't "go," and just when the jokers were wondering how far the owner of the watch was going to carry his joke, the prosecution was withdrawn and the crowd adjourned to Mullery's.—Chattanooga Times.

Lorenzo Dow's Wooing.

Numberless anecdotes are related of the eccentricities and characteristic acts of the Rev. Lorenzo Dow, the famous itinerant Methodist preacher. Mr. Collins relates that when he was a widower he said to the congregation one day at the close of his sermon:

"I am a candidate for matrimony, and if there is any woman in this audience who is willing to marry me I would thank her to rise."

A woman rose very near the pulpit, and another in a distant part of the house. Mr. Dow paused a moment, then said: "There are two; I think this one near me rose first; at any rate, I will have her for my wife."

The woman was in good standing and possessed of considerable property. Very soon after this eccentric wooing she became Mrs. Dow.—Youth's Companion.

The Nervous Americans.

Americans are a fearfully nervous people. It takes less provocation to send the average American into a nervous spasm than any other person on earth. If there is a nation which should let stimulants alone we are the nation. Yet—to say nothing of liquor, as to which we are no worse than others—we are insatiable coffee drinkers. Yes, and the practice helps fill our hospitals and penitentiaries. Why not drop coffee and drink Grain-O instead? The latter does not act on the nerves, while it does nourish, warm, soothe, cheer and build up the body. It gives you what you need and does no harm. Prepared from pure grain. Try it and you won't go back to coffee. The whole family can drink Grain-O, at night, too, if you like—then sleep soundly. Ask your grocer for a package; 15c. or 25c. each.

All About a Crab.

Is a crab an animal? The case is being argued before the Calcutta High Court, where a native woman is charged with cruelty to animals by breaking the crabs' legs and backs to show purchasers the quality of the meat within the shell. The defense is that the crab does not come under the act which forbids the torture of an "animal or domesticated bird."

Dandruff forms when the glands of the skin are weakened, and if neglected, baldness is sure to follow. Hall's Hair Renewer is the best preventive.

Then She Kept Still.

A good Highland minister was endeavoring to steer a boatload of city young ladies to a landing place. A squall was bursting and the steering was difficult. One of the girls annoyed him by jumping up and calling anxiously, "Oh, where are we going?" "If you do not sit down and keep still, my young leddy," said the minister-pilot succinctly, "that will verra greatly depend on how you were brought up."

Continued Popular One Dollar Sunday Outings by Nickel Plate Road.

For parties of five or more, traveling on one ticket, these reduced rates are available from all stations in Ohio and Indiana to any station within a radius of one hundred miles, to which the round trip may be made the same day. See Station Agent.

A bushel of corn makes four gallons of whiskey, which retails for $16. Out of this the Government gets $3, the railroads $1, the manufacturer $4, the vender $7, the farmer 40 cents and the drunkard gets the delirium tremens.

TRAINING FOR THE KLONDIKE.

The Famous Chilkoot Pass Will Have No Terrors for This Man.

Chilkoot pass is not going to daunt a barber of Ellsworth, Maine, when he strikes it next spring. He has gone into training for it and if he survives the training he will probably be able to haul his pack into the Klondike.

TESTING HIS ENDURANCE.

His course of training is somewhat novel. He takes a castiron cogwheel weighing ninety pounds and tries to carry it to Mount Desert bridge, nine miles distant. When he is able to carry the wheel to the bridge and back before breakfast he will consider himself in condition for the Klondike. So far he and his wheel have been carried home from various points along the road by an early milkman going in that direction.

Give Us Rest.

This is the prayer of the nervous who do not sleep well. Let them use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and their prayer will be speedily answered. Insomnia is the product of indigestion and nervousness, two associate ailments, soon remedied by the Bitters, which also vanquishes malaria, constipation, liver complaint, rheumatism and kidney complaints.

Duel of Giant Turtles.

Several fishermen at Highland Lake, near Middletown, N. Y., had an exciting experience with two immense snapping turtles recently. The turtles were engaged in a deadly combat fifty feet from shore and the men attempted to take them with hook and line. The fishermen summoned two companions to aid them, but the turtles fought vigorously and the men were defeated. The turtles then renewed the battle between themselves some distance from shore. The smaller of the two, weighing forty pounds, was finally captured and safely landed, but its adversary hastily made its escape. The captured turtle, the oldest and largest ever seen in the vicinity, was served in soup at one of the hotels the same night.—New York Herald.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

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

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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

To Make an Egg Reveal Its Age.

To ascertain the freshness of an egg, without breaking, hold it before a strong light and look directly through the shell. If the yolk appears round and the white surrounding it clear, the chances are that the egg is fresh. Or you may drop it into water: if the egg sinks quickly and remains at the bottom it is in all probability fresh, but if it stands on end it is doubtful, and quite bad if it floats. The shell of a fresh egg looks dull, while that of a stale one is glossy.—Mrs. S. T. Rorer in November Ladies' Home Journal.

Sarcasm.

"I don't want the oysters too large, nor too small, nor too fat, and they must not be too salty; they must be cold, and I want them quick."

"You hasn't said yit, sah, if you would hab 'em wid or widout pearls."—Tammany Times.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Mifflinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '95.

Gold was known much earlier than silver, and was at first the cheaper of the two metals, but the price of silver was lowered by the discovery of silver mines in Cilicia, Spain and Laurium.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

A fresh mind keeps the body fresh. Take in the ideas of the day, drain off those of yesterday. As to the morrow, it is time enough to consider it when it becomes to-day.

Send for Glenn's Sulphur Soap if troubled with an eruption or an abrasion of the skin.
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

An unjust acquisition is like a barbed arrow, which must be drawn backward with horrible anguish, or else will be your destruction.—Taylor.

Hunters' Excursion Rates.

Parties of three or more may secure one fare rates to designated local points on the line of the Nickel Plate Road, in Western Ohio and Indiana; also single tickets will be sold to points in the Northwest and Southwest.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

A NECKLACE OF PEARLS

Is a beautiful possession. If a woman owns one, and if a single pearl drops off the string, she makes haste to find and restore it.

Good health is a more valuable possession than a necklace of the most beautiful pearls, yet one by one the jewels of health slip away, and women seem indifferent until it is almost too late, and they cannot be restored.

To die before you are really old is to suffer premature death, and that is a sin. It is a sin because it is the result of repeated violations of nature's laws.

Pain, lassitude and weariness, inability to sleep, dreadful dreams, starting violently from sleep, are all symptoms of nerve trouble.

You cannot have nerve trouble and keep your health. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the womb, the ovaries and the bladder are affected. They are not vital organs, hence they give out soonest.

Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, by building up the nerves and restoring woman organism to its natural state, relieves all these troublesome uterine symptoms. In confirmation of this we, by permission, refer to the following women, all of whom speak from experience: Miss Celia Van Horn, 1912 Sharswood St., Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Grace Collord, 1434 Eastern Ave., Cincinnati, O.; Mrs. Newell, 50 Ryerson St., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mrs. Isabel Oberg, 220 Chestnut St., Woburn, Mass., Mrs. A. H. Cole, New Rochelle, N. Y., and many others.

For special symptoms Mrs. Pinkham has prepared a Sanative Wash, which will cure local troubles. Give these medicines a trial.

Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., if you are not quite satisfied; you can address private questions to a woman.

THE JOURNEY.

I think of death as some delightful journey
That I shall take when all my tasks are done;
Though life has given me a heaping measure
Of all best gifts, and many a cup of pleasure,
Still better things await me further on.

This little earth is such a merry planet,
The distances beyond it so supreme,
I have no doubt that all the mighty spaces
Between us and the stars are filled with faces
More beautiful than any artist's dream.

I like to think that I shall yet behold them,
When from this waiting room my soul has soared.
Earth is a wayside station, where we wander,
Until from out the silent darkness yonder
Death swings his lantern, and cries, "All aboard!"

I think death's train sweeps through the solar system
And p[illegible]es suns and moons that dwarf our own,
And close beside us we shall find our dearest,
The spirit friends on earth we held the nearest,
And in the shining distance God's great throne.

Whatever disappointment may befall me
In plans or pleasures in this world of doubt,
I know that life at worst can but delay me,
But no malicious fate has power to stay me
From that grand journey on the Great Death route.

—Baltimore American.

BY A BRACELET.

ALL the anger had died out of his voice, the half-smoked pipe had dropped from his fingers upon the sand, and his head was bowed despondently. The girl seated on the upturned boat clasped her hands behind her neck, and swung back, watching him furtively.

"I'm sorry I spoke as I did just now, Kitty," he said, with a plaintive gesture of conciliation. "You're only jokin', ain't you? I guess I ain't half good enough for you; but you ain't goin' to throw me overboard, are you? The pictur' was grand, and no mistake; an' you looked just like yourself. It ain't the pictur'; it's—it's——"

He broke off short and glanced at the little circle of gold that spanned the girl's white wrist. With a quick movement she drew down the sleeve of her pink blouse, covering it from sight.

"You've good cause for it, Jem," she said. "Perhaps you didn't mean all you said, an' I hope you didn't, lad, for 'twas no way to speak o' your betters. Did I ever promise to marry you, or anyone else? Can't I take a present from anyone without bein' spoke to as if I'd committed murder or robbery or summat worse? Well?"

"I guess you can do what you like, itty," he said, sadly; "an' nobody—least of all me—has no right to say a word."

"That's good. Maybe, for the futur' you'll know your place. Good night."

He watched the little figure in pink hurrying over the sands till it dwindled and disappeared among the shadows of the gabled street, and then drew out a boat to row across the bay. By and by there was a shout, and he glanced over his shoulder and apathetically backed the oars.

"Can't you look where you're going, you dolt? Do you want to run me down?"

"I guess I'll set you swimmin' if you're not civil," he said, squaring his shoulders. "Mebbe you think we've no blood in our veins because we live rough, an' don't dress fine an' ain't able to earn much money. I guess if you an me quarrel you'll be the sorriest; so stand clear! Good night!"

The young man in the tweed suit stood up, heedless of the heavy pollock tugging at his line, and started after the retreating boat.

"The impudent hound!" he blurted out. Then, as he cleverly played the fish, and drew it in, till it lay gasping under the thwart, he laughed softly. "Another of the girl's admirers, I suppose," he said.

In the morning Jem and Ted Trewlowe came down the village street together. Jem carried a coil of rope and a pointed iron bar—the stock-in-trade of his hazardous profession, that of egg hunter.

The boat was headed for the graywhits column across the bay, the Witches' Pillar. They scrambled up the rift in the cliff, and reached the breezy uplands. The iron bar was driven deep into the soil, and five minutes later the figure of a man swung high over the sea, terrifying the birds, and looming black against the lighter background of the cliff.

Little Trewlowe sat steadying the swaying rope, his heels firmly wedged in the holes he had cut to keep them from slipping, and his black cutty gripped tight between his clenched teeth. There was a frightened look in his eyes, for Jem had seemed so queer and so little like himself.

Suddenly the rope slackened, and then grew taut again with a fierce jerk that started the bar a full inch and seared his hands. Then it swayed limply against the cliff edge, and a faint cry from below sent his heart into his throat.

He peered over the brink with almost sightless eyes, and called again. The rope streaked down, slackened and limp. He fancied he saw a dim blurr of bubbles scarring the smooth surface of the distant water and his head reeled.

With trembling fingers he knotted the rope firmly to the bar, and throwing off his coat, swung himself over the brink.

The sun climbed the sky and slid down lazily behind the Witches' Pillar, decking the sky with gold and the big eye of the far-off lighthouse started dazzling through the gloom. The boats came in one by one.

Long after the light in the west had melted into a hazy gray, Kitty sat and mused in the cottage porch. When the shadows drew in the lighthouse unclosed its ponderous eye and glared at her for a moment like some huge beast as it circled round, cleaving the darkness.

"I think I'll just run down an' see Mrs. Trewlowe, dad," she said, shakily, looking through the open door.

Jem's little cottage, with its screen of tall fuchsias, stood silent and deserted. The frenzied beat of her knuckles on the door echoed back to her mockingly through the two tiny rooms.

A panting woman, with a dingy shawl thrown over her head, met her half way down. Some instinct intangible and undefined, seemed to tell each what she wished, yet dreaded to learn; for no words were spoken, no questions asked. Their hands met in unspoken sympathy, and hand in hand they descended the hill.

They paused on the bluff, straining their eyes in hopes of seeing a dark speck crawl out under the shadow of the cliffs. A boat was moving outward toward the deeps where the conger lay, and the girl's heart grew bitter against its occupant, and the tiny band of gold upon her wrist seemed to scorch her flesh.

When they stood below the creaking sign of the Merry Mariners the woman hung back, and looked at her piteously.

"I'll go in," said Kitty, touching the woman on the arm.

There was a sudden hush as the white-faced girl tottered in and gave a hurried glance around.

"Is—is he here?" she gasped. "I—I mean——"

An old hag, seated in the far corner of the room, bared her toothless gums and uttered a cracked laugh.

"No, he hain't, dearie. I seed him goin' congerfishin' in his swell clothes. P'raps, if I axed him prettily, he'd put me in a pictur', too! Eh, dearie? He! he!"

"I mean Jem—Jem Holt—my Jem," as she panted, catching her breath. "Ted Trewlowe an' him went nestin' on the Pillar this mornin'. Ted ain't back, an' my Jem ain't back, an—Jem and Ted Trewlowe—my Jem—is—is—"

She broke down, covering her face with her hands. The men laid aside their pipes and went out softly, whispering among themselves.

The sad-eyed woman was waiting for her, and together they hastened to the beach and launched old Andrew's boat. The others were far across the bay already.

The oars splashed sluggishly, and the boat sped on through the creeping dusk. At last the girl peered over her shoulder and stood up, covering her mouth with her hands.

"Hallo!"

An answering cry in a man's deep tones echoed across the water, and she bent to the oars once more. Then she drew back her arm and tossed something into the air—something that glistened with a yellowish tinkle at the artist's feet.

It was a narrow chain of gold, embellished with a heart-shaped pendant—his gift returned.

The nose of the boat veered round and they headed up the bay. The woman still rocked herself, sobbing softly, but Kitty's cheeks were dry, though her breath came and went in uncertain gasps.

A hoarse cheer swelled up through the night and set their hearts singing. Kitty's head went down on her hands, and tears came at last, as the heavy burden of agonized suspense fell from her. One by one the boys tolled across the light, and were soaked up by the darkness under the Farcombe shore. Kitty roused herself and followed.

There was a chattering crowd of men and women outside the Merry Mariners, but they fell aside to let her pass, and they thronged the doorway curiously. The room inside was packed, and little Trewlowe, very pale and shaky, was jerkingly narrating the adventure between the sips of his brandy and water. But Kitty saw no one but Jem.

He sat in the middle of the room, the ashen hue of his face, showing clearly through the grime, his hands bruised and bleeding, and his clothes torn to shreds. They had cut away the left sleeve of his coat, and the brawny village doctor was setting the splintered bone of his arm.

In a moment she was kneeling beside him, heedless of them all, with her arms clasped round his neck and her cheek pressed to his.

"O, Jem!" she whispered. "Jem! Jem!"

By and by they went down the road together in the darkness, Jem's uninjured arm circling the girl's waist, and her head resting on his shoulder.

"It was mighty lonesome up there, lassie," he said softly, "an' I was thinkin' of you mostly. Little Ted couldn't get back, an' couldn't get to me neither; so I guess I had plenty o' time to think. I'll work hard for you, darlin'; but I guess I shan't be able to buy you no—no——"

She drew down his big hand and pressed it against her slim wrist.

"Hush, Jem!" she said. "It's gone—I've given it back to him."

True to His Bringing-Up.

A writer in the Independent has discovered something rare—a donkey boy in Cairo with a sense of the ideal. Most boys of his profession are a good-natured lot, but few are the vices they cannot teach. Little Hassan, on the contrary, seems to have principles, and is quietly stanch in his adherence to them.

Once he refused a cigarette, says the traveler, and in my surprise I almost lost my balance.

"What! Not smoke, Hassan?" said I. "I thought all the donkey boys smoked."

"I don't," said Hassan, who looked about eleven, was short, very brown, very scantily dressed, quite dirty, had only one eye and trotted behind the donkey with rounded shoulders and head craned forward. "I don't. If I did, my family would beat me, and quite right, too."

"But who are you, and who are your family?" I asked.

"Ah!" he said, proudly, "we are Sudaense. In the Sudan, we are strict. To smoke, to use wine, to drink coffee, not to pray—these are shameful things; and if a man does anything impure, they hang him to a tree with his face toward the sun."

Not from Heaven.

Thirty years ago a steamer which was about to make its first passage from one Southern city to another was the scene of an evening reception, at which a calliope played an important part.

It was the first instrument of the sort which had ever been heard in that region, and as its peculiar, far-reaching notes floated out on the evening air, the breasts of a large part of the colored population were filled with alarm. Many were the conjectures as to the source from which the unearthly sound proceeded.

One old darky stood listening in silence for some time in his doorway, not far from the scene of the festivities. At last he spoke in encouraging tones to the frightened group gathered near the little house.

"I tell you what," he said, slowly; "I don' b'lieve dat am Gabriel a-playing on his tromp; but if it am Gabriel, he's playing 'Wait for de Wagon,' sure's dis chile's got ears!"

A Time for Everything.

"I have made all the arrangements for your divorce," said the lawyer. "Shall I secure it at once?"

"No," replied the sensational actress, after some reflection. "Not yet. My press agent is on his vacation."—Washington Star.

Sin may be ugly but it understands the art of beauty culture.

DEATH OF HENRY GEORGE.

Noted Apostle of Single Tax Succumbs to Apoplexy.

Henry George, the apostle of single tax, died suddenly at 5 o'clock Friday morning in his room at the Union Square Hotel, New York City. Apoplexy was the cause. Mr. George made four speeches Thursday night in his campaign as candidate for Mayor of Greater New York, and was very fatigued when he retired. It is believed the sudden attack that ended his life was brought on by the unusually severe strain occasioned by his speech-making.

Henry George was the mayoralty candidate of the silver Democrats of Greater New York. He had made up to the night before his death a red hot campaign, in which he promised, if elected, to do his best to send Richard Croker to the penitentiary. To his denunciations of Croker he added denunciations of Senator Thomas C. Platt. He had entered the contest with great earnestness, and his campaign speeches throughout were marked with

HENRY GEORGE.

great fervor and earnestness. His exhaustive labors are thought to have led directly to his death.

Henry George was born in Philadelphia on Sept. 2, 1839, and as a boy went to California. He drifted into journalism in San Francisco and attained some celebrity as a writer on political theories. In 1879 he published Progress and Poverty, which acquired a world-wide reputation. In it he gave the result of his investigations among the poor of the great cities and his theories for reform. About the same time he first expressed his plan of taxing property on a single value—that is, taxing the land itself and not the improvements thereon. This was the origin of the single tax doctrine.

In 1880 he removed to New York. The following year he published a volume on Ireland and England. His publications of various theories on political economy made him one of the best known men in the country. In 1886 he was the candidate of the laboring element for Mayor of New York, but was defeated by Abram S. Hewitt by 22,000 votes. He led Theodore Roosevelt, the Republican nominee, by 8,000 votes. Ever since then Mr. George has been more or less identified with political movements.

WORK FOR THE GOVERNOR.

Washington's State Treasurer Arranges a Big Job for the Executive.

Gov. Rogers of Washington has proclaimed his intention of investigating State Treasurer Young's accounts. He has announced that he, in company with one of the Supreme Court judges, will count all the money in the treasury.

In order that the Governor may have as much enjoyment as possible out of his

A LARGE JOB.

self-appointed job, Mr. Young has changed every piece of gold and paper currency in the treasury to its equivalent in silver cartwheel dollars. This will enable the Governor and his assistant to bend their backs, lame their wrists and consume a good deal of valuable time in counting 120 tons of silver dollars. Moreover, Treasurer Young will not permit either the Governor or the judge to enter the treasury without giving bonds.

The Comic Side of The News

Blanco says he will end the Cuban war in seven months. Weyler was going to do it in six.

Among recent incorporations in New York is "The Motherhood Company, Limited." Very.

Notwithstanding the reports from London, Salisbury probably will neither resign nor blow out the gas.

There is a rumor afloat that the Yerkes telescope is the finest one in the world; scientists ought to look into that.

"The Last Fly of Summer" is the title of a poem printed recently in a Maine paper. It is a very spectacular production.

The writer of an article in a current review who says that "there is no excitement in modern military life" evidently had not heard recently from Fort Sheridan.

A young woman in Brunswick, N. J., has just fallen heir to $25,000,000. The dispatches do not state whether she is beautiful or not, but she certainly has a magnificent figure.

We suggest that Gen. Weyler's hand baggage be searched before he leaves Cuba. Unless Spain adopts that precaution he will probably take his famous trocha away from the island.

Luetgert says "the suspense was terrible." The suspense might have been worse.

Of course a great many families have skeletons in the closets, but comparatively few have sesamoids in a vat.

It is to be hoped that during all this extended investigation into bones, chemicals, and morality the Lentgert jury will not overlook the minor issue: Is the defendant guilty of murder?

The medical profession itself should take up in earnest the cry for reform in the method of obtaining expert testimony in court. The exhibition in the Luetgert case at Chicago was a disgrace to the craft.

The employes of Coal Operator De Armit are organizing a brass band. De Armit will have a big "bone to pick" with them. A trombone.

The indemnity which Greece has agreed to pay Turkey shows that Prince Constantine has been rather reckless in his running accounts.

Cleo de Merode succeeds in covering her ears with her hair, but the New Yorkers who are going crazy over her can't hide their ears in that way.

The King of Corea says he "would like to hunt elephants in America." Chula probably will be disappointed in this ambition; we haven't anything more exciting in this country than a bargain sale.

Current Condensations.

The London Stock Exchange has an orchestra composed of the members of the finest amateur musical organizations in the city.

A mill employing fifty men is now engaged in making paper from the bagasse, or sugar cane refuse, which was once the greatest nuisance to the sugar grower.

A woman of 97, now living in the South, recently had a proposal of marriage. She is Western by birth, is said to be wonderfully attractive and looks thirty years younger than she is.

It is purposed to remove the Grant statue in St. Louis from 12th street to Washington square, near the new city hall, mainly, apparently, to give unimpeded way for street car traffic.

A "new" father in a Missouri town found a $20 gold piece tucked into the lining of a baby carriage he bought there, and in twenty-four hours there wasn't a baby carriage left on sale in the place.

The broom factory in Colchester is to start up very soon with a full force of blind people. This institution is run by the Connecticut institute and industrial home for the blind, and will make all kinds of brooms.

Prizes amounting to $15,000 and $16,000 Mexican money have been offered by the Mexican Ministry of Education and Public Works for the best design for a capitol building. The building is to cost $1,500,000, and to be 100 meters square.

Kansas and Missouri are rejoicing in big apple crops, while everywhere else in the Union the fruit seems to be scarce, small and of rather poor quality. New York buyers are reported to be swarming in the two States, buying up all the apples at sight.

A walnut tree in Letcher County, Kentucky, which has been sold for $400, is nearly sixteen feet in circumference and runs up ninety feet to the first limb. It will cost over $1,000 to get the wood to the nearest railroad, but it is expected that $15,000 worth of furniture will be made from it.

One of Gen. Gordon's empty uniform cases, marked with his name, was found in one of the dervish boats recently captured by Gen. Hunter at El Dameta, near Berber, Africa. The case has been sent home to Gen. Gordon's family.

The British museum has books written on bricks, tiles, oyster shells, bones and flat stones, together with manuscripts on bark, ivory, leather, parchment, papyrus, lead, iron, copper and wood. It also has three copies of the Bible written on the leaves of the fan palm.

"Pittsburg is to light London." It is with this somewhat broad statement that a smoky city newspaper announces the fact that the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company has received an order from the Metropolitan Supply Company of London for an electric-lighting plant. The order calls for three dynamos of about 3,000 horse power each. The cost is estimated at about $450,000.

The Worry of It.

The world has come to know that the muscles have much to do with the health of the system, and the era of athletics has so developed them that the whole man is a stronger being than in former years. But the worry of it all is that the muscles are of the flesh, fleshy. A little twist, or slip, or jerk—these happen in all work—and then a sprain. Sprains disable and are costly in time and money, but not if St. Jacobs Oil is used, for it cures surely and promptly and the worry of it is over.

Life's pleasures, if not abused, will be new every morning and fresh every evening.

Hunters' Rates.

Via the Nickel Plate Road to designated points in the Northwest and Southwest, also to local points in Western Ohio and Northern Indiana.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

First be just, then you may be generous.

Catarrh in the Head

Suffered With It for Five Years, but Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.

"I had catarrh in my head and suffered with it for five years. I was also troubled with weakness. I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and it entirely cured the catarrh, built up my system and did me a great deal of good." W. E. MELLOWAY, Columbia, Missouri. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure sick headache. 25c.

AN OPEN LETTER
To MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, *of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *the same that has borne and does now* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is the original* "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," *which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years.* LOOK CAREFULLY *at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.*

March 8, 1897. Samuel Pitcher, M.D.

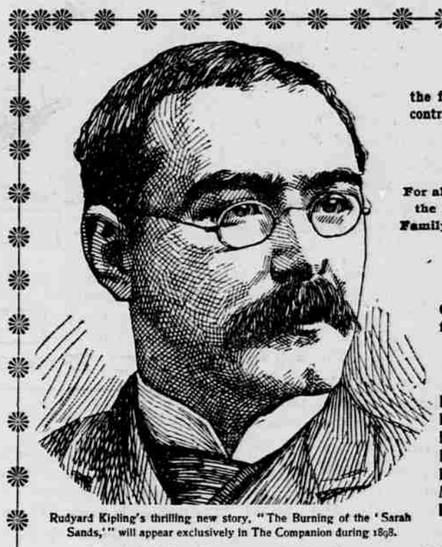
Do Not Be Deceived.

Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which *even he* does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"
BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF
Chas. H. Fletcher.
Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Bear in Mind that "The Gods Help Those Who Help Themselves." Self Help Should Teach You to Use

SAPOLIO



Rudyard Kipling,
the famous story-writer, is only one of many celebrated contributors engaged to write for the next volume of
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For all the Family. 52 Times A Year.

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We had a neighbor who suffered from a chronic skin disease, eczema they called it. He was always taking soda baths with wheat bran in the water and fussing with cuticura soaps, ointments and resolvents. He used to be constantly scratching whenever he thought himself unobserved; sometimes his skin was red or raw and a little drop of water would exude in places now and then. All at once I noticed that he had seemed to be free from the annoyance for some time, and knowing that he had battled with it persistently for two or three years, I asked him what remedy had finally brought about a result so desirable and he told me Ripans Tabules.

"But Ripans Tabules are merely a cure for indigestion!" said I.

"I know that," he answered, "but the doctors all agree that eczema is one of the ways that indigestion manifests itself."

Our neighbor (Moody is his name) takes one Tabule every night of his life now, and if he has either indigestion or eczema he does not know it.

It must be a decided relief to him to be able to get along without so much scratching.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES (in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents.

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