## "WHAT YOU DID NOT SAY."

There is many a word that a man may rue,
And the memory of it may make him weep.
Mayhap some heart that is kind and true,
Like a red pomegranate, is rent in two,
When out of the soul the passions leap,
And, storming the portals of speech, they rush
Into cruel words that condemn and crush.
But the pang you never may know, I pray,
Is the woe of the word that you did not say.

The word that you ought to have said to him
Who put up his pleading face to ask
For a father's smile, and whose eyes went dim
With tears at your answer, stern and grim:
"Child, let me alone till I end my task."
Now he vexes no more, yet you often go
To the grave of the lad you slighted so,
And call through the grass in the quiet clay,
And sob out the word that you did not say.

The word that you ought to have said to her
Whom long ago you did lovingly woo
With gifts and graces, but tears now blur
The sight of the bloom of the lavender,
That brings old summers again, and you
How she lists and longs for the tender tone
Of the days gone by. When you stand alone,
Your face in her lilies you then will lay,
And wail out the word that you did not say.

The word that you ought to have said—the dear
Old pair by the fireside need it so.
It is better to speak, more blessed to hear
Your word of praise, while they both are near.
How free would your filial affection flow,
If you knew how we, who without them trod
All the way of life, are entreating God,
Who took them from us that some time they,
In His heaven, may hear what we did not say.
—Robert McIntyre, D. D., in Zion's Herald.

## IN A YEAR.

CYNTHIA LESTER, aged 22.
REX HAWTHORNE, aged 28.

Scene:—A drawing-room; bright fire in the grate; general air of freshness about the room; a quantity of mimosa and Parma violets about. Miss Lester, in an extravagantly simple gray gown, standing on a footstool before a mirror, tucking some violets into her belt.

CYNTHIA—I feel just exactly like a character in a first piece at the theater, only, unfortunately, there is no gallery to play to! (Crosses to a work-table.) It's nearly twelve, and he always was exasperatingly punctual, so he'll be here directly. (Sits.) If anyone had told me a year ago that things would actually happen like this, I'd never have believed it. It's like a page out of a novel. However, here it is, and here is Rex's letter. (Takes out a letter and reads.) "MY DEAR CYNTHIA: To-morrow is the 14th of February, the day on which our probation ends, and on which we are to be allowed to renew an engagement which has never been broken as far as we are concerned. May I call on you at twelve o'clock?—Yours always, REX HAWTHORNE." After a note like that, what choice had I but to say: "Come at once; it is a thousand years till I see you—CYNTHIA." And (she listens) he's coming! (Rises and advances as a servant announces Mr. Hawthorne.)

Rex (coming forward with outstretched hands)—Cynthia.

Cynthia (running to him)—Rex.

Rex (hesitating)—How good of you to let me come!

Cyhthia (drawing gradually away from him)—Dearest, how could you think I could do otherwise?

Rex (leading her to a seat and sitting beside her)—And—and now we have so much to say to each other.

Cynthia (a little embarrassed)—Yes—of course—so much!

Rex—My poor little Cynthia, I remember the last time I saw you, how—

Cynthia (laughing) How red my eyes were, and how shiny my nose! Don't remind me of it; it's almost as bad as being shown a photograph taken when you were six, and being assured of the resemblance! Please don't think of me as a creature with a perpetual snuffle.

Rex (seriously)—It was no laughing matter then.

Cynthia (smiling)—No, it wasn't. We were desperately in earnest, weren't we? I do believe, Rex, that if that day you had asked me to run away with you, or if you had proposed that we should retire to the back garden and dramatically shuffle off this mortal coil together, honestly, I believe I'd have done it.

Rex (pityingly)—Poor little girl!

Cynthia—But, all the same, I'm rather glad you didn't ask me, you know; because if we had rushed off to the nearest registrar's office there would have been an end of Uncle Bob's fortune, and though, of course, love in a cottage is very charming, and a "dinner of herbs" is delightful, still, the cottage wants to have all the modern improvements and the herbs need the advantages of a good cook to make them acceptable, and as for the mortal coil?—well (glances at herself in a mirror opposite), I'm not sure that I haven't rather a weakness for it.

Rex (looking at her admiringly)—You're prettier than ever, Cynthia!

Cynthia (pleased)—Am I?

Rex (surveying her critically)—But you're altered a good deal—and, I wonder if I dare suggest something? I believe you'd look more enchanting still if you'd wear your hair part d in the middle.

Cynthia (horrified)—My dear boy, I'd be a perfect fright! I wouldn't do it for the world. Where did you get that idea from?

Rex (meekly)—Oh! I only thought—I met a girl at the embassy in Paris a good deal this winter, and she looked awfully nice with it that way; but, then—

Cynthia—Oh, but she couldn't have been my style!

Rex (quickly)—Oh, no! She'd a face like a beautiful Madonna, great dark eyes and the sweetest (hurriedly)—I mean—no—that is, of course, she wasn't at all your style.

Cynchia (looking at him fixedly)—Do you know, Rex, that I almost fancy—

Rex (embarrassed)—What do you fancy?

Cynthia (gravely)—That I should like you to grow a beard—

Rex (relieved)—Oh—but—

Cynthia (enthusiastically)—Yes, a man looks so much more impressive with a beard; sort of lord-and-master air—and—well, there is something fascinating to me in a man with a flowing golden beard—

Rex (interrupting)—But, my dear child, considering my coloring, I don't quite see how I could oblige you with a golden beard.

Cynthia (blushing as she glances at his mustache)—Oh—no, of course (hurriedly)—what were we saying? Oh, yes, that things had changed a good deal since poor Uncle Bob parted us so cruelly a year ago.

Rex—To begin with, poor Uncle Bob himself has joined the great majority.

Cynthia—Yes—and left me absolutely alone in the world, sole mistress of his fortune, always provided that I kept to his conditions and held no communication with you until the year he had fixed for our separation had elapsed.

Rex—I rather wonder he didn't make the whole thing conditional on your not marrying me.

Cynthia (dreamily)—Yes, it is almost a wonder! (With an effort.) Well, at any rate, now, dear Rex, there will be no need for us to live in a back street and never able to get out of each other's way for an hour, as poor uncle said. We shall be rich enough to do exactly as we choose and see as little of each other as we like.

Rex (following out his own thought—That will be delightful, and perhaps you haven't heard that that mine of my father's which your uncle used to make such fun of has begun to yield again, so that my position either is not quite what it was, and—

Cynthia (quickly)—Then you are not poor any more?

Rex (shaking his head)—Not any more than you are.

Cynthia—Then—then my money—

Rex (interrupting firmly)—That shall be settled entirely upon yourself.

Cynthia—But, then, what's the use of my marrying you?

Rex—Cynthia!

Cynthia (embarrassed)—I mean—oh, I don't quite know what I mean. (A pause, during which Cynthia examines her shoe and Rex pulls his mustache.)

Rex (with an effort)—When shall we be married, Cynthia?

Cynthia (coming out of her reverie)—Marr—? Oh, yes, of course. I don't care; whenever you like.

Rex—Then it had better be as soon as possible, hadn't it?

Cynthia (absently)—Yes, and get it over.

Rex (taking her hand)—Cynthia, do you know that you haven't once told me you loved me?

Cynthia (awkwardly)—Oh, but I have told you so so often.

Rex—Yes, but that was a year ago.

Cynthia (between tears and laughter)—Yes, a year ago, and (suddenly looking into his eyes) do you know, Rex, that you haven't kissed me?

Rex (leaning forward quickly)—My dear Cynthia.

Cynthia (drawing back)—No—you did so often—a year ago—

Rex—But—

Cynthia (looking at him, frankly)—Rex—isn't it all rather a farce, don't you think?

Rex (uncomfortable)—What do you mean?

Cynthia (quickly)—Well—that a year ago means just three hundred and sixty-five days and a lot of things have happened since then; not only the things we have talked about—others. We've been about, both of us, and seen different places and people (with a sudden smile), girls with beautiful dark eyes and their hair parted down the middle.

Rex (sotto voce)—And fascinating golden beards.

Cynthia (blushing)—Yes—and—and don't you think that, perhaps, when Uncle Bob said we were a couple of young fools, he wasn't very far wrong?

Rex (in a carefully controlled voice)—Do you mean that you wish to break off our engagement?

Cynthia (bravely)—Yes. You thought it your duty to come back to me, and I thought it mine to wait for you; but everything is different, and—and, oh, Rex, can't you see I don't love you a bit, any more than you do me, and that I should hate to marry you?

Rex (staring at her hard)—You'd hate—(suddenly seizing her hands) Cynthia, you're the best girl in all the world—

Cynthia (demurely)—But I haven't got beautiful dark eyes.

Rex (fervently)—I hope the golden beard will make you as happy as you deserve.

Cynthia—I—(with a burst of laughter) you're going back to Paris to-night, aren't you?

Rex (smiling)—Yes—and you—?

Cynthia—I'm going to write to him and explain!

Rex (taking her hand, heartily)—Good-by!

Cynthia (same)—Good luck!

Rex (as he exits)—Ah, Violet! My Violet!

Cynthia (flying to the writing table and seizing a sheet of paper)—"My dear Bertie—"

[CURTAIN.]

—London Black and White.

## HEAR THE PRICE CORRECTLY.

**One Lady Who Thought a Man Said Seven Dollars Instead of Seventy.**

People who select wedding presents should keep their ears open when they ask the price of an article that pleases them, for serious blunders occur, which cannot be afterward rectified in so delicate a matter as the wedding gift. A lady, desiring to send a trifle to a young acquaintance on her marriage, says the Boston Herald, selected a piece of silver which she considered not too ostentatious but just right for the obligation she desired to cancel, asked the shopman how much it was, and on being told seven dollars at once inclosed her card with it and thought no more on the subject. But a month later a bill for it was received, when, to this purchaser's horror, the amount was found to be not seven dollars, but seventy. Of course it was paid. Yet it will be a long time before the rankle of that mistake can be taken out of her mind or bank account. For who could ever be reconciled to giving a present costing ten times more than it should, no matter how well able one is to afford it? And then everybody knows the delicate scale on which the cost of the wedding present is always weighed.

## TOO LATE.

What silences we keep year after year
With those who are most near to us and dear!
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach,
Beneath the commonplace of common speech

Then out of sight and out of reach they go—
Those close, familiar friends who loved us so;
And sitting in the shadow they have left,
Alone with loneliness, and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some fond word
That once we might have said, and they have heard.

For weak and poor the love that we expressed
Now seems beside the sad, sweet unexpressed,
And slight the deeds we did to those undone,
And small the service spent to treasure won,
And undeserved the praise for word or deed,
That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel fault of life—to be
Full visioned only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place
Of some dear presence is but empty space
What recollected services can then
Give consolation for the "might have been?"
—Nora Perry, in Chicago Israelite.

## SAM'S PRAYER MEETING.

BY HARRIET CARYL COX.

It had been a pretty bad wreck, to be sure, and the morning edition of the eastern papers would tell of the fearful collision that had occurred just as the train entered Lead Valley.

But now the excitement, in the place of the disaster, had begun to quiet down; for the rough miners of the little settlement were too used to perils of all kinds to be long stirred by this wreck, with its half-dozen lives lost.

It was all over now, they reasoned, and they had helped cheerfully as long as help was needed; but now the wrecking crew was at work, and only an occasional straggler sauntered up to look at the derailed cars and pile of debris on either side of the track.

The rest of the settlement were in the office of the one hotel the place afforded; and the room was blue with smoke as they sat about the sputtering fire and related anecdotes, or vied with each other in tales of danger and heroism.

Some of the stories were old ones, as knowing glances between the men showed; but the crowd was good-natured, and new and old alike were received with approbation.

Ed Labes, the funny man of the place, had just finished telling a new and very taking story. Ed had just returned from a neighboring settlement, and had, doubtless, brought the story with him.

As the shouts of laughter that had greeted him died away, one of the men shouted: "Swearing Sam's goin' ter sleep. Wake him up, and make him tell us a good one. Come, Sam;" and they gave him a hearty slap.

"I could tell yer a story," he said, slowly, after a moment's hesitation; "but yer wouldn't believe it, and I dunno as I want ter tell it;" and he replaced his pipe and relapsed into silence.

"Oh, come off!" they cried. "Yer don't sneak out er it that way. Guess yer can stan' it if we don't swaller it whole; it can't be no worse than some what's been told ter-night; so go ahead, old feller."

They looked inquiringly at him.

He drew his pipe out, rubbed its smooth stem against his high boots as if in thought; then, tucking it into his boot leg, he glanced about the dingy room.

"It ain't exactly like any of yer stories," he began; "but the smash-up ter-night made me think of it same's 'twas yesterday.

"'Twas fifteen years back, when I was a-logging up in Michigan, and things was so dull and hard we was mighty glad when anything interesting came up. So when one er the loggers brought news up from town that there'd been a terrible smash-up, we was rather glad than otherwise. Course we was sorry for them who had folks killed, but it didn't matter much ter the folks what got killed.

"So a whole crowd on us quit camp and went inter town. There was fifteen folks dead, and some pretty bad shook up. There was one woman who hadn't known a thing ever since she landed on 'er head. And she had a little girl, so Ben who kept the house told us, and he was dreadfully upset 'bout that child. 'Cause, you see, there wa'n't any women folks in town ter look after it. Ben's wife had took a sudden notion ter go east a week before, and she was the only one, except the station agent's wife, who had died a month ago.

"'It does seem kind er tough that there ain't no woman ter kind er mother her,' Ben said, as we set about the stove a-talking same's we be now. 'And she's most cried herself sick, too. Wish the train hadn't seen fit ter smash up here'; and he scowled an awful scowl.

"'Yer wouldn't have sold so much beer, so yer needn't be blaming your good luck,' one of the men told him; but he seemed a bit troubled all evening and kept a-going up ter listen close ter her door to see if she'd stopped crying. Bime-by, he came back considerable relieved.

"'She sounds quiet,' he said; 'and now I guess we can rest easy.'

"So we was having a rousing good time, when all o' a sudden the feller next ter me give an awful start and said kind er low: 'Sam, I see a ghost.'

"'Ghost, nothing,' I replied; but I looked where he pointed, and sure enough there was something white a-coming down the dark hallway.

"By this time some o' the others saw we was a-lookin' at something, and they looked too. And 'fore we began ter realize what it was a little bit of voice piped up:

"'Why don't Susan come up to hear me say my prayers?"

"If it had been a real live ghost it couldn't have struck us so sudden.

"'Better go back ter bed,' Ben said, trying ter speak soft like. 'Susan's busy now, and can't come; so run along.'

"But she knew he was a-fooling her, and she was a spunky little thing.

"'I will have Susan," she cried, a-stamping her little bare foot. 'Tell her to come right now;' and she looked real proud like.

"'Susan ain't here; she's gone,' Ben said, kinder shamed. 'Guess you can say your prayers ter yerself this once, can't yer?' he asked.

"'Course not,' she said, her eyes big. 'There wouldn't be anyone to say: "God bless you, darling, and keep you;"' and that little under lip o' hers began ter tremble.

"I tell yer, boys, there come a lump in my throat so big, if it had been gold I'd 'a' been a rich man; and all of us was a-wishing we were back in camp, 'twas so mighty uncomfortable a-hearing that kid asking fer some one ter hear her prayers.

"Sudden she came further into the room and looked all round ter us men, and yer never seen such a pretty sight in all yer life as she made there. Her big blue eyes were filled with tears and her cheeks were pretty and pink, and her golden hair was all frowzled, and her little pink feet peeped out below her white gown, like Mayflowers when they shine through a snowdrift on a warm day. Everything was so black around she looked like a little white flower growing all alone in a clump er black stumps; and somehow I wished all o' a sudden that I wa'n't such a rough old chap. Thought it must have been nice ter had a kid like that real friendly with me when I come home nights.

"Seemed as if she must have known what I was thinking about, 'cause she came up ter me, real confiding like, and put her little hand onter my knee, and said:

"'You'll hear me say my prayers, won't you?'

"I tell you that room was awful still, and I didn't dare look round ter see the fellers a-grinning at the thought of me a-hearing her say her prayers. Hadn't said my own for nigh onter twenty years.

"But she stood expectant like, and I tell yer, boys, I just couldn't say no. I'd 'a' ruther had 'em all a-laughing at me forever than 'a' hurt that poor kid. Strange what fools men are sometimes, ain't it?

"'Well,' says I, 'go ahead; I'll listen.'

"Then she dropped down onter her knees, and clasped her little hands, and I waited fer her ter begin.

"'You must fold your hands, too,' she said, 'and get down on your knees side o' me.'

"'Oh, this'll do,' I said. 'I can hear you just as well this way, and I ain't very much used ter praying!'

"But she insisted, and so just cause I didn't know what else ter do, I got down on the floor, too.

"I can't seem ter remember very much what she said, only I know it ended: 'God bless everybody;' and then when she said amen, she didn't get up, but kinder waited.

"I looked round ter see what was up, and, if you'll believe me, three of them men were down on their knees, too, and one of 'em was crying like a baby.

"'Yer must say what she told yer to,' whispered Ben.

"Then I kind er recollected what she had said, and managed, with his helping, to say: 'God bless you, darling, and keep you,' and as I said it I meant it, too.

"She seemed satisfied then, and got up and shook hands with me; then when Bill held out his, she shook all round, and went off a-smilin' as happy as could be.

"That's all there is ter it," and Sam glanced defiantly at his audience. "But it's true, every word, and I'm proud er it, too. 'Tain't very often we kind er folks get a chance ter see angels, and yer don't never want ter miss it if yer do."

There was a silence for a moment, then Sam got up and pushed back his stool and shuffled from the room.

"That was a good yarn of his," said one, as the door closed; and the others prepared to take their departure also.

"But yer never would er thought it of him, would yer, now?" queried another.

One by one they filed out, and the landlord, barring the door behind them, stood looking vacantly at the empty chairs.

"That was a good yarn," he mused.
—N. Y. Independent.

## SUN TELEGRAPHY.

**Heliograph an English Invention, But Much Improved by Americans.**

One of the most practical and useful inventions of modern military science is the heliograph. This is an instrument by which signals are flashed from one station to another by the reflections of the sun upon a mirror, or system of mirrors, mounted on tripods. The invention of the heliograph belongs to England, and it has been used extensively in India and Egypt; but, like many other inventions, it has been greatly improved by American genius, so that the instrument now in use by our signal corps is considered by experts the most nearly perfect in the world.

The west is the true home of the heliograph, and during Indian wars of the past it has been, says a writer in Kate Field's Washington, of immense service in flashing to headquarters every movement of the hostile redskins. Not only did it communicate information, but under the cross-fire of these mysterious sun signals the superstitious Indians became paralyzed with fear and imagined that their opponents were in league with evil spirits.

The reason the heliograph has been so successful in such places as Arizona in this country and in India and Egypt is because the atmosphere in these parts of the world is free of clouds almost all the year round. The distances covered by some of the heliograph stations are remarkable, fifty and sixty miles being considered nothing unusual. There are in this country two stations, one hundred and twenty-five miles apart, between which signals are flashed with great accuracy.

—George Washington had a stately courtesy, inclined to pomposity, that kept everyone at a distance. He always wanted it clearly understood that he was the Father of His Country.


# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

MOTHERS, Do You Know that Paregoric, Bateman's Drops, Godfrey's Cordial, many so-called Soothing Syrups, and most remedies for children are composed of opium or morphine?

**Do You Know** that opium and morphine are stupefying narcotic poisons?

**Do You Know** that in most countries druggists are not permitted to sell narcotics without labeling them poisons?

**Do You Know** that you should not permit any medicine to be given your child unless you or your physician know of what it is composed?

**Do You Know** that Castoria is a purely vegetable preparation, and that a list of its ingredients is published with every bottle?

**Do You Know** that Castoria is the prescription of the famous Dr. Samuel Pitcher. That it has been in use for nearly thirty years, and that more Castoria is now sold than of all other remedies for children combined?

**Do You Know** that the Patent Office Department of the United States, and of other countries, have issued exclusive right to Dr. Pitcher and his assigns to use the word **"Castoria"** and its formula, and that to imitate them is a state prison offense?

**Do You Know** that one of the reasons for granting this government protection was because Castoria had been proven to be **absolutely harmless?**

**Do You Know** that **35 average** doses of Castoria are furnished for **35 cents,** or one cent a dose?

**Do You Know** that when possessed of this perfect preparation, your children may be kept well, and that you may have unbroken rest?

**Well, these things** are worth knowing. They are facts.

**The fac-simile signature of** Chas. H. Fletcher. **is on every wrapper.**

**Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.**



# 200,000 WEAK MEN CURED!

STARTLING FACTS FOR DISEASED VICTIMS.

☞CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

ARE YOU? Nervous and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless; haggard looking; weak back; bone pains; hair loose; ulcers; sore throat; varicocele; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength—WE CAN CURE YOU!

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.

JOHN A. MANLIN. JOHN A. MANLIN. CHAS. POWERS. CHAS. POWERS.

BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT. BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT.

NO NAMES OR TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS AND IMPOTENCY CURED.

John A. Manlin says:—"I was one of the countless victims of early ignorance commenced at 15 years of age. I tried seven medical firms and spent $900 without avail. I gave up in despair. The drains on my system were weakening my intellect as well as my sexual and physical life. My brother advised me as a last resort to consult Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. I commenced their New Method Treatment and in a few weeks was a new man, with new life and ambition. This was four years ago, and now I am married and happy. I recommend these reliable specialists to all my afflicted fellowmen."

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY.—CONFIDENTAL.

"The vices of early boyhood laid the foundation of my ruin. Later on a 'gay life' and exposure to blood diseases completed the wreck. I had all the symptoms of Nervous Debility—sunken eyes, emissions, drain in urine, nervousness, weak back, etc. Syphilis caused my hair to fall out, bone pains, ulcers in mouth and on tongue, blotches on body, etc. I thank God I tried Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. They restored me to health, vigor and happiness." CHAS. POWERS.

Syphilis, Emissions Varicocele, Cured.

☞ *We treat and cure Varicocele, Emissions, Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, Unnatural Discharges, Self Abuse, Kidney and Bladder Diseases.*

17 YEARS IN DETROIT. 200,000 CURED. NO RISK.

READER! Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your Blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE—"The Golden Monitor" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Inclose postage, 2 cents, sealed.

☞NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No medicine s nt C. O. D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of Treatment, FREE.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 148 SHELBY ST. DETROIT, MICH.



FITS or Falling Sickness CAN be CURED!

We will SEND FREE by mail a large TRIAL BOTTLE also, a treatise on Epilepsy. DON'T SUFFER ANY LONGER! Give Post Office, State and County, and Age plainly. Address, THE HALL CHEMICAL CO., 3360 Fairmount Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.



FITS AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

When Henry M. Hall, M. D., late surgeon U. S. A., Department of Tennessee, returned from the war he found a child afflicted with epilepsy. Leading physicians were consulted, without apparent benefit. Noted specialists could give but little if any relief. To rescue his child from a fate worse than death became the object of his life. For several years experiment followed experiment, until at last success crowned his efforts. In 1880 old age and infirmities induced him to impart the knowledge of how to manufacture it, under the agreement that a bottle should be sent free of all charges to any one applying for it, who was afflicted with epilepsy. Since then over 20,000 free bottles have been sent to the afflicted. Experience has proved that it cures Insomnia, St. Vitus' Dance, and all forms of Nervous Affliction. If you want to try this wonderful remedy free of all charge, write, stating your disease as plainly as possible; give your age and post office. Address The Hall Chemical Co., West Philadelphia, Pa.



Chichester's English Diamond Brand.

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine. SAFE. Always reliable. LADIES ask Druggist for Chi-ches-ter's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. Take no other. Refuse dangerous substitutions and imitations. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, Testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, Phila., Pa. Sold by all Local Druggists.



PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS COPYRIGHTS.

CAN I OBTAIN A PATENT? For a prompt answer and an honest opinion, write to MUNN & CO., who have had nearly fifty years' experience in the patent business. Communications strictly confidential. A Handbook of Information concerning Patents and how to obtain them sent free. Also a catalogue of mechanical and scientific books sent free.

Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice in the Scientific American, and thus are brought widely before the public without cost to the inventor. This splendid paper, issued weekly, elegantly illustrated, has by far the largest circulation of any scientific work in the world. $3 a year. Sample copies sent free.

Building Edition, monthly, $2.50 a year. Single copies, 25 cents. Every number contains beautiful plates, in colors, and photographs of new houses, with plans, enabling builders to show the latest designs and secure contracts. Address MUNN & CO., NEW YORK, 361 BROADWAY.



WALL PAPER

NO LOCAL DEALER CAN COMPETE WITH US IN PRICE, DESIGNS AND COLORINGS.

Our Guide "How to Paper and Economy in House Decorations" mailed free with samples.

Wall Paper 4c per Roll and upwards to 8c. We are the largest dealers of Wall Papers in Michigan, and can save you 50 per cent. on every roll of paper you buy of us. If in want of Wall Papers, send 10 cents to pay postage on large package of samples. One good agent or paper hanger wanted in each town to sell from large sample books. Price $1.00. We will furnish paper for a room 12 ft. square, 8 ft. high, side walls, ceiling and border complete, for 92 cents.

W. E. SEE & CO., 317 Center Ave., 307 Adams, CROCKERY DEALERS, BAY CITY, MICH.