

**IN AND AROUND ENGLAND.**

The announcement was lately made by the paymaster general of the supreme court of England that the total amount of dormant funds lying in chancery is \$5,000,000.

The Fastnet lighthouse, the spot on the Irish coast best known to Americans, is said to be in a dangerous condition, as the iron fastenings of the tower have become corroded.

As most of the court ladies of Europe smoke cigarettes, some of the crowned women have elegant boxes of silver with ash trays of gold, as two of the ornaments of their bouddoirs.

"Window gazing" is a profession in London. A couple of stylishly dressed ladies pause before the window of a merchant, remain about five minutes and audibly praise the goods displayed inside. Then they pass on to another store on their long list of patrons.

"Doctor," said Mrs. Weeds, "I can't get it out of my head that possibly my poor dear husband was buried alive." "Nonsense," asserted Dr. Peduncle. "Didn't I attend him myself in his last illness?"—Life.

**Fall Medicine**

is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperatures, cold storms, malarial germs, and the prevalence of fevers and other serious diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure, the digestion good, and the bodily health vigorous, by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

"My little boy four years old had a terrible scrofula bunched on his neck. A friend of mine said Hood's Sarsaparilla cured his little boy, so I procured a bottle of the medicine, and the result has been that the bunched has left his neck. It was so near the throat, that he could not have stood it much longer without relief." Mrs. Iva Hood, 324 Thurland St., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient. 25c.

**BRODIE'S**

**ASTRINGENT**

**CORDIAL**

**CURES DIARRHŒA, CHOLERA INFANTUM, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE BOWELS.**

OPORD, LA., July 7, 1885.

Gentlemen:—We have used your Brodie's Cordial in our family for some time past, and are perfectly satisfied with its effects. Would not willingly do without it. Respectfully,

J. R. ROBINSON.

**SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.**

Prepared by **W. L. DOUGLAS**, Brockton, Mass.

**W. L. DOUGLAS**

**\$3 SHOE**

IS THE BEST.

55 CORDOVAN, FRENCH ENAMELLED CALF, \$4.50 FINE CALF (KAMBAH), \$3.50 POLICE SHOES, \$2.50 WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE, \$2.95 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES, \$2.50 LADIES' \$3.50 FINE DONGOLA, SEND FOR CATALOGUE, W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 shoe.

Because we are the proprietors of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee the bottom which protects you against high prices and the middleman's profit. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and working qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

**Unlike the Dutch Process**

**No Alkalies**

**Other Chemicals**

are used in the preparation of

**W. BAKER & CO.'S**

**Breakfast Cocoa**

which is absolutely pure.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup.

It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

**W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.**

**MAILED FREE**

"UP TO DATE DAIRYING"

containing full instructions how to secure Higher Grade Products, make MORE BUTTER with BETTER PRICE and with Less Labor and More Money.

Reviewing and explaining in a practical manner...

**THE NORMANDY (FRENCH) SYSTEM, DANISH DAIRY SYSTEM and SWISS SEPARATOR SYSTEM** which have brought prosperity and ease to the dairy farmer.

Write for this valuable information. Mailed FREE on application. Kindly send address of neighboring farmers who own cows. Address: R. L. ESTIMAN, 211 So. W. Lake St., Chicago.

Coleman's Tulu is sweet, in fact it can't be beat! If once you try it you'll always buy it.

**SOL COLEMAN'S Koko**

**MEMPHIS, TENN.**

Popular **Tulu**

It is the best of all the Tulu's.

**DROPSY**

Treated from the Cause.

It is the only medicine that cures dropsy, and it is the only one that does not injure the system.

It is the only medicine that cures dropsy, and it is the only one that does not injure the system.

It is the only medicine that cures dropsy, and it is the only one that does not injure the system.

**ON HISTORIC GROUND.**

**The Ever Memorable Battlefield of Shiloh.**

Where Gen. Johnston Fell—His Death Lost the Battle to the Southern Army—A Cedar Tree Marks the Spot Where Johnston Died—No Marble Shaft Over the Confederate Dead.

I stood, but a little while ago, upon the forever memorable and historic field of Shiloh, and in the boastful spirit of the author who thought it worthy of note that he had looked into the tomb and seen the dust of Shakespeare, may not he who writes these lines esteem it something that he has trod upon that famous battleground?

Leaving the railroad at Corinth, a ride of eighteen miles in a northeasterly direction, over a high ridge road, the same over which our army marched as it went out to attack the enemy, carried us across the border into Tennessee and brought us to Shiloh church, and we were on the famous field, where, on the 6th of April, 1862, there met in deadly combat the magnificent armies of Grant and Albert Sidney Johnston, the one fighting to destroy a new-born nation's hopes and to humble what they esteemed to be a rebellious and presumptuous people; the other defending the blood-bought heritage bequeathed to them by the fathers of American liberty.

Those who met the Southern soldiers in the deathful clash of war know full well what a gallant struggle they made; and the battle-scars of thousands of veterans, and the graves of our heroic dead, scattered all over the land, bear testimony "that the liberties entrusted to their keeping were not suffered to depart at a price less than what they cost.

Besides the fame won by the combatants for daring attack and stubborn resistance, there are other things that make Shiloh memorable. It was the first great open field battle of the war; both armies were composed, almost entirely, of men fresh from the civil pursuits of life, but few having ever before seen the enemy; and there the South lost its illustrious general, Albert Sidney Johnston. His death and the defeat at Shiloh were the first steps leading to the downfall of the Confederate government.

The only engagements of any note prior to this were at Manassas, Pea Ridge and Wilson's Creek; they were considered sharp battles at the time, but they faded into insignificance compared with Shiloh. There died ten thousand of the flower of America.

After this struggle the North and South understood each other. The fountains of the great deep were now broken up and each prepared for a deluge of blood.

The South once believed that after a few little battles the white-winged dove of peace would return; the North thought that it could route the Southern army with a few shots and shouts, but at Shiloh it learned that the Southern army were a brave and stubborn people, who had staked everything, life, liberty and possessions upon the issue of the war, and would never yield so long as there were men and means to wage it; and after four years of ceaseless warfare, against overwhelming numbers, the once glorious army of the South that had so often dipped its conquering banner in the crimson tide, was left a shattered remnant, but with souls unquarred still.

Corinth was the base of operation of Johnston's army, and is of itself a place of historical interest. There may still be seen around its suburbs the grass-grown bulwarks behind which lay the Southern army, and over which the enemy dared not attempt to come. After Fort Donelson and Fort Henry surrendered the Southern army fell back to recruit and to protect the railroads which cross here.

Grant's army had reached Pittsburg Landing, and was lying in camp awaiting the arrival of the army of the Ohio, under Buell, when Gen. Johnston surprised him on Sunday morning.

Shiloh Church, which gave its name to the battle, was a little log house without doors or windows. It was torn down several years ago and a neat frame building erected upon the same spot.

When the battle began the church was within the Federal lines, and near their center. At the close of the day the Confederates occupied the position that they (the Federals) held in the morning, and the church was Gen. Beauregard's headquarters. The Federals had been driven back on the Tennessee river, three miles from their former position. A mile to the northwest of the church is Owl Creek. There rested the Federal right, Sherman's division, when the battle opened. Their left, supported by Prentiss' division, stretched away a mile and a half to the southwest. To the northeast of the church, where the Purdy and Corinth roads cross, was McClernand's division. Two miles back the Corinth road intersects the road to Crump's Landing; there was W. H. L. Wallace's division, and a mile to his left was Hurlbut's. A mile to Hurlbut's left, near the river, was Stuart's brigade. Lew Wallace's division was at Crump's Landing, five miles down the river, and Buell, with 20,000 men, was on the way from Columbia, Tenn. Neither arrived until after the battle of the first day was over. Half a mile south of the church was the Confederate's center. The front line, composed of the Third corps and Gladden's brigade, was commanded by Hardee, and extended from Owl Creek, on the left, to Lick Creek, on the right, about three miles. Hindman's division of two brigades, occupied the center; Cleburne's brigade the left, and Gladden's the right. The second line was commanded by Bragg, with two divisions; in this line was Chalmers' brigade of Mississippians, who drove Stuart's brigade a mile with the bayonet. The third line, or reserves, was composed of the First corps, under Polk, and three brigades under Breckinridge.

There are many old veterans in Mississippi who will never forget how, with the famous "rebel yell" that so often paralyzed with fear the Federal soldiers and made their hair stand on end, they dashed into their camp on Sunday morning.

General Johnston had planned to surprise Gen. Grant, and capture his army. The battle plan was to turn his left wing, to cut off his retreat to the river and drive him back on Owl creek, over which he could not retreat, as it was

impassable, when he would have to surrender. The battle was fought as planned, and nothing but the untimely death of the great general—who little knew that he carried with his life the issue of the battle, and possibly the fate of a nation—prevented its complete execution.

The most interesting part of the field to the visitor is a skirt of woods, a dense thicket a mile southeast of the church on the crest of a hill, and known as "The Hornet's Nest." Within its shadows were massed the divisions of Wallace, Hurlbut and Prentiss. In front of it is an open field, over which the Confederates had to pass to attack it. Hindman's brigade, which had swept everything before it in other parts of the field, made the first assault, and was repulsed with great loss. A. P. Stewart's brigade shared the same fate. Then Gibson's made several gallant but fruitless charges that strewn the ground with the dead. The famous six hundred in their charge at Balaklava, immortalized by the poet's pen, displayed no greater heroism than these. For five hours, under a murderous fire, with unabating fury, the Confederates dashed against this seemingly impregnable position, like angry waves against a rocky shore. The slaughter was terrible there; the ground was hid by the bodies of those who fell, and the blood ran down the trenches.

The crisis had now come. The enemy had been driven back in every part of the field save this, and it seemed impossible to move them there. Gen. Johnston rode up, and seeing the situation, said, "They seem to be offering stubborn resistance here, we must give them the bayonet. Come, I will lead you." With a last great effort, and determined purpose to conquer or perish, the daring Tennesseans and noble Mississippians dashed into the open field. The Federal line blazed from end to end; the attacking column withered before the hall of lead, but never paused until it had gained the crest and the enemy was flying before them.

In a new position they made another stand, and with terrific fire of musket and artillery made a desperate fight to hold their ground. One brigade held it too long and fell into the hands of the Confederates. They also lost some of their artillery, captured by Col. John H. Miller's regiment of Mississippi cavalry.

The day was won at the cost of the chiefest life, and the Confederate heroes wore the laurels—but only for a day.

At 4 o'clock Gen. Johnston was shot with a musket ball and died from loss of blood. He lived to see the whole army driven back in utter confusion before his advancing lines.

Gen. Beauregard succeeded him in command. A general advance of the whole line would now have completed the victory. Wallace had fallen, and his division had entirely lost its organization. Sherman's was swept from the field like chaff before the wind, and Prentiss' division of 3,000 had surrendered. The river bank was crowded with thousands of terror-stricken stragglers who had thrown down their arms and fled, like the wicked, where no man pursued. The whole army, officers and men, were completely demoralized and would have surrendered.

But an advance was not made, and the army rested where its leader's death had left it; precious moments and priceless hours slipped away; night came and Buell and Lew Wallace came with twenty-five thousand reinforcements for the enemy.

Gen. Beauregard, ignorant of the arrival of Buell, renewed the battle on the morning of the 7th and held the enemy in check until two o'clock in the afternoon, when he realized that he was fighting fresh troops, and ordered a retreat, falling back in perfect order to his fortified position at Corinth.

This ended the great battle of Shiloh, that promised a decisive victory for the Southern arm, but as at Manassas, the advantage gained was not followed up, nothing was achieved.

There is no doubt that had Albert Sidney Johnston lived four hours there would have been a complete victory; the fate of the Union army would have been worse than the French at Waterloo, and Grant would have been known in history only as the man who lost an army at Shiloh.

Gen. Johnston died under a white oak, the stump of which is in the possession of a farmer who sells chips from it to relic hunters. A cedar tree now marks the spot where he fell.

As I looked upon the ground made sacred by his baptism with the blood of heroes, my thoughts turned backward to the dark days of the war that cast its shadow over my childhood days and in imagination I could see his heroes.

I thought of the poor soldiers that died far from home and loved ones, without the touch of gentle hands and the sound of loving voices to soothe them in the hour of death, and of the suffering wounded that lay out upon the cold dark field or endured the surgeon's torturous knife and saw.

I thought of the wives that were made widows, and the children fatherless, and of the mothers that mourned for their sons and refused to be comforted because they were not.

I thought of the nation that perished that our fathers defended, of the flag that we loved, and the blood that was shed for its glory.

As I looked upon the graves of the Southern dead and then upon those of the North, I thought of the contrast between the victor and the vanquished. The bones of the Northern dead have long ago been gathered up and buried in the nation's beautiful cemetery. Their graves are marked with slabs of marble, and over them floats their country's flag, but the forgotten dead of the Lost Cause still sleep in unknown graves on the battle field. They have no government to honor their memories and mark their last resting places, for the nation on whose altar they died lives only in history and in the hearts of those who fought beneath her sacred banner. But history shall be their monument, and in future ages, when marble shall have crumbled to dust, men will read their records, admire their gallant deeds, and applaud their heroic death.

Shiloh was a hard fought field, but history tells of many battles more fatal than that followed; and how the Southern soldiers fought from State to State and field to field, in the valleys and on the mountain tops within the clouds; and how as their numbers grew small their

souls grew great, until last the angel of hope forsook them and the bright vision of the patriot's dream was dispelled, and at Appomattox ended the awful struggle that bankrupted the Southern States and put the half of America in mourning and there was entombed our storm-cradled nation's dust.

And though the nation is dead these many years, yet will its memory forever live. As Israel in captivity remembered Zion, so will the Southern hearts cherish a fond remembrance of the Lost Cause as long as the struggle shall live in story and song.

HENRY WINTER HARPER.

**HE KNEW ABOUT THE BEANS.**

It was Not Natural That They Should Join the Countryman said.

"Taint ez how the blamed things aint tew explained; taint tains; it's jest how tew explain 'em ez gets me," he said, as he stood before the pharmacy window in lower Broadway watching a number of jumping beans move about a sheet of white paper.

He was a tall, rawboned man of probably fifty years of age, and his well-tanned skin and general awkwardness suggested a greater familiarity with the furrows of a plowed field than with the pavements of the metropolis. Hundreds of people came and went after satisfying their curiosity, but no amount of pushing and jostling seemed to disturb him.

"You ain't from the country, be you?" he suddenly asked me.

"No," I said, I rather nettled at a question that seemed to imply something haysedy in my looks.

"I thought not," he said confidentially.

"But I'm familiar with it," I quickly answered.

"You think you air, but you ain't." I was about to enter a protest, but he quickly continued, with a pitying smile:

"No use tew get riled about it; we can't all be smart. Now I do come from the country, and I'm coked sure that them beans never gowed that way."

"I didn't for a moment suppose that they did," I answered, rather hotly.

"Then what air they all stickin' 'em in that window fer without a label; tell me that? Have you stopped to consider what a field of them air beans would look like jumpin' about like that? Air you aware that in place of harvestin' you'd have to trap 'em jest like rabbits? Then jest think of the trouble in roastin' 'em; why, you'd have to put a tack into every mother's son air 'em to keep 'em in the dish. I tell you it ain't natural. There's somethin' wrong about the hall thing, air I'm goin' to find out jest what it is. I'll take tew of them air beans home with me air when I come to York agin' you'll hear somethin' about jumpin' beans that'll open yer eyes. Shucks! talk about imposin' on country people! Why, you smart city folks can be tripped up every time." And he lounged into the store to invest his quarter in two beans.—N. Y. Herald.

**HOW THE DUST FLIES.**

Patient Observation on the Limit of Sight Under Varying Conditions.

The other day Mr. Aitken held before the Royal Society of Edinburgh the results of 15,000 observations of the density of dust particles made in different parts of the world during the last few years. This is a monument of patient observation, unfortunately made in his search for health. It must be kept in mind that the greater number of dust particles found in the air the greater is the condensation of the vapor and the thicker is the atmosphere. The limit of visibility through the haze is thus determined. Mountains are fixed upon which are at known distances from the observer, say 20, 50 and 70 miles. If the nearest mountain is just visible the limit is 20, if half visible the limit is 40, if the third part only of the farthest mountain is visible the limit of visibility is 60, and so on.

The observations were made at Kingairloch and Alford, in Scotland, and at Rigi Kulm, in Switzerland. If these were absolutely accurate, both as to the counting of the dust particles and the determination of the limit of visibility through the haze, then the product of the number of particles in a cubic inch, multiplied by the number representing the limit, should be a constant. The nearer the perfect accuracy, the nearer is the constant dust determined to the average of the constant. For example, at Kingairloch, when the air was very dry (humidity from 7 degrees to 10 degrees), the number of dust particles per cubic inch was 23,680, when the limit of visibility was 100; therefore the product (the product of these numbers) is 2,368,000.

Now, the average for several hundreds of observations, when the limit of visibility varied from 13 to 250, was 2,550,048, which shows the closeness of the observations. Again, at Alford, with the same humidity, the mean of hundreds of observations brought out 1,998,736 as the constant; and at Rigi Kulm the constant was 1,987,576, a remarkably close figure indeed. This remarkable result is sufficient test of the accuracy of Mr. Aitken's observations in counting particles and in determining distances.—Gentleman's Magazine.

**Care of Fine Chins.**

There is an English custom that has been imported into this country with pleasing results, and perhaps has been handed down from mother to daughter among an English-descended family. That is the habit of washing the fine china at the mistress's hands. A little cedar tub is brought into the dining-room, after the meal, or in some cases, a large bowl is set aside for this purpose alone. The lady of the house dips the cups and saucers into the hot water with her own dainty fingers. Her little daughter has been taught to carefully dry them. Those who know the dubious delight of owning fine tableware, and sending it into the kitchen to be chipped and marred, will appreciate this alternative.—Philadelphia Press.

**A Sure Prevention.**

Tippie—You say you don't love Steve? Sibyl—No.

"And yet you're going to marry him?"

"Yes."

"Then what are you going to marry him for, if you don't love him?"

"Because if I don't I'm afraid I will."—Brooklyn Life.

On and On.

Miss Remsen—Didn't I see you on a bicycle the other day?

Dashway—If you did you must have looked awfully.—Brooklyn Life.

**PERSONAL AND LITERARY.**

Ralph Waldo Emerson's son, Edward Waldo Emerson, is giving lectures in England on his father's correspondence with John Sterling and on the story of Thoreau's life.

Alfred Calderon, the well-known Spanish writer, has joined the movement against bull-fights, and has written some vigorous articles against that brutal sport. The agitation has assumed considerable dimensions, especially in Madrid.

James Russell Lowell, in his later years, so a current story of him runs, sent an article he had prepared with much care and study to the Atlantic Monthly over the signature of an unknown person. It was declined "with many thanks." Lowell then sent it over his own name to another editor, who gratefully accepted it.

There are eight women colonels in Germany, all of whom draw their pay regularly—namely, the empress of Germany, the dowager empress, the Princess Frederic Charles of Prussia, the Queen Regent Sophia, Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands, the duchess of Connaught, the duchess of Edinburgh and Queen Victoria.

A Chicago man in Lexington, soon after Garfield's death, was talking of the bungling of the surgeons, when one of the Kentuckians present remonstrated against the terrible treatment and its results. "Well, a Kentucky surgeon would have done no better," said the Chicagoan. "You are right, sah," replied the other; "Kentucky surgeons know nothing about treating wounds in the back, sah."

Georges Ohnet was once travelling in a railway carriage with a gentleman of pronounced Semitic features. The conversation turned on the persistent attacks of Drumont on the Jews in the Libre Parole, and Ohnet, who is hump-backed, expressed disgust at them. His vis-a-vis looked at him for a moment, and then said: "Now, it's very strange you should sympathize. I myself disapprove of those attacks for some reason." "And I have a humped back," said Ohnet, with a smile.

So far as known, the first book ever written in English was a poem—"A Paraphrase," as it is called—of the creation, the war in Heaven and of the fall of Satan, about the year 637. The author was Caedmon, a convert from paganism to Christianity. After the Norman conquest there seems to have been no books written in English until the reign of King John, which began in 1199. During this reign Layamon, a priest of Worcestershire, wrote a remarkable poem of 32,350 lines, called "Brut."

**GOVERNMENT RAILROADS.**

**SOUTH AUSTRIA OWNS HER OWN RAILWAY SYSTEM.**

The little country of Hesse owns two hundred and twenty-six miles of railroad.

The government of Portugal owns about half the railroads in that country.

The Netherlands own nearly one thousand miles of railroads, all in the best of condition.

A LARGE per cent. of the railways of Italy are owned by the government and leased to corporations.

VICTORIA, Australia, owns all the railroads in the colony, two thousand three hundred and forty-one miles.

The British colony of New South Wales owns two thousand one hundred and eighty-two miles of railway, and New Zealand in 1892 owned six hundred and seventy-two miles.

The Confederate Women's Monument association has been organized at Richmond, and a charter is to be obtained. Voluntary subscriptions toward the monument now amount to six hundred dollars.

The once famous court violinist, Enrico Massi, died in Rome a few days ago. He was at one time a member of the well-known "Florentine Quartette."

**HUMOROUS.**

"If you don't leave at once, I shall tell the porter!" Peddler—"Very well! Perhaps he will buy something of me."—Flegende Blatter.

"Well—Mr. Sillicus is only an apology for a man." Belle—"Well, wouldn't you accept an apology if it was offered?"—Philadelphia Record.

"Wool—"One of these hunting-belts seems to be loaded with blank cartridges." Van Pelt—"I forgot to tell you; young Brown has asked to go with us."—Puck.

Cesar was a lucky man. He could go around where he pleased and his wife never asked any annoying questions. She was above suspicion.—Boston Transcript.

Noises of the Fall—"What is that snapping noise over there at the other end of the hotel porch? That's a bevy of summer girls breaking their engagements."—N. Y. Sun.

"It seemed sort of strange at first," said Mr. Bugleton, "to hear my friend Hurtleby, the horseman, who was talking about the terrible dream he had had last night, begin describing it as a nightmare twenty hands high, but I suppose it was natural enough."

"Next Sunday, brethren," said the pastor, "I shall preach on the subject, 'What Your Neighbors are Saying About You.'" It is recorded that Rev. Dr. Goodman preached the following Sunday, to the largest audience that ever assembled in the church, and hundreds were turned away.

"The Sins of the Father," etc.—Tommy (studying his lesson)—"I say, pa, where does the Merrimac rise, and into what sea does it empty?" Pa—"I don't know, my son." Tommy—"You don't know? And to-morrow the teacher will lick me on account of your ignorance."—Harlem Life.

A little Buffalo girl was not feeling well, and her parent suggested she might be about to have chicken-pox, then prevalent. She went to bed laughing at the idea, but early next morning she went into her parents' room, looking very serious, and said: "Yes, it is chicken-pox, papa; I found a feather in the bed."

**ASSIST NATURE**

in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's service.

Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. Once used, they are always in favor. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles and their attendant discomfort and manifold derangements. The "Pellets" are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system. No care is required while using them; they do not interfere with the diet, habits or occupation, and produce no pain, griping or shock to the system. They act in a mild, easy and natural way and there is no reaction afterward. Their help lasts.

The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, constiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heartburn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. In proof of their superior excellence, it can be truthfully said, that they are always adopted as a household remedy after the first trial. Put up in sealed, glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildly cathartic. As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, or to relieve distress from over-eating, takes one after dinner. They are tiny, sugar-coated granules; say child will readily take them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better price, but he is not the one who

**Officially reported,**

after elaborate competitive tests made under authority of Congress by the Chief Chemist of the United States Agricultural Department,

**Superior to all other Baking Powders in Leavening Strength.**

**The most Careful Housewife will use no other.**

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 108 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

**ROYAL BAKING POWDER**

**ABSOLUTELY PURE.**

**THE most Careful Housewife will use no other.**

**KNOWLEDGE**

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from any objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

**Ely's Cream Balm**

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation and Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell. Heals the Sore.

Apply Balm into each nostril. Ely's Balm, 26 Warren St., N. Y.

For all Astringent Bleachings, Use the "Fragrant Goods Only." The "Fragrant Goods Only." Send for wholesale price list. BURLINGTON, N. Y. Co., 115 South St., St. Louis, Mo.

NEEDLES, SHUTTLES, REPAIRS.

USE THIS MARK OVER THE OTHERS.

A. N. K., F. 1622

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**PUREST**

**CLAIRETTE SOAP**

**BEST ECONOMICAL**

**AND SAVE TIME, MONEY AND LABOR.**

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

**MADE BY THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY ST. LOUIS.**

**THE POT INSULTED THE KETTLE BECAUSE THE COOK HAD NOT USED SAPOLIO**

**GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS. SAPOLIO IS USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.**

**SAPOLIO**

**GOOD COOKING DEMANDS CLEANLINESS. SAPOLIO IS USED IN EVERY KITCHEN.**

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**CLAIRETTE SOAP**

**BEST ECONOMICAL**

**AND SAVE TIME, MONEY AND LABOR.**

**SOLD EVERYWHERE.**

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