The Good

...ill do you to take Hood's Sarsaparilla is ...ond estimation. It will give you warm, ...sh, nourishing blood, strengthen your ...erves, tone your stomach, create an appe...ite, and make you feel better in every way. ...s a wonderful invigorator of the system ...wards off colds, fevers, pneumonia and ...p. The best winter medicine is

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all dealers in medicine. Price, $1.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, indigestion

Where Fish Spend the Winter.

James B. Church, of Tiverton, Rhode Island, a recognized authority on fish and their habits, thus writes: Fish are, except the birds, the best pilots in the world. Either the birds or fish know more when asleep about piloting than a man pilot does when awake. Now, as to the habits of fish. They come on the coast in the spring, when the migratory instinct starts them out of their winter's sleep. In winter they are in a dormant state, like the bear, skunk and woodchuck. The old theory that fish migrated south is all wrong. Fish simply leave the coast and go off shore on the northern edge of the gulf stream, get into water of the right temperature and go into winter quarters. Before the time comes for them to start on their annual pilgrimage for their winter quarters they have taken on a good coat of fat. It is under their skin, and their stomach is lined with it, and it is also all through their bodies when they arrive at the spot that they have selected for their winter home. Then there grows over their eyes a white film, and their vent closes, and so they remain until the time comes for them to start for their summer home.

A Faintless Twist.

When the lodging house was afire one night Mike hurried his breeches on wrong side before and threw himself out of the window. One of the first persons he encountered was his employer. "Are you hurt, Mike?" "I feel no pain, sor," was the reply, as Mike took a puzzled front view of himself, "but I must have received a moighty bad twist, sor."—Detroit Free Press.

A Missing Virtue.

"What's the matter with my darling?" asked the fond mother as she came upon her little one, crushed in a heap in the middle of the floor and kicking the air with her stockinged feet. "Where's her pretty new shoes?" "I wo—won't have 'em, na—nas—nasty old things! Ne—Nettie's squeaks like ev—everything and mine don't squeak at all—bit."—Detroit Free Press.

GRATEFUL WOMEN

...tored to Health by Lydia E. ...inkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Can Do My Own Work."

Mrs. Patrick Danehy, West Winsted, Conn., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—It is with pleasure that I write to you of the benefit I have derived from using your wonderful Vegetable Compound. I was very ill, suffered with female weakness and displacement of the womb.

"I could not sleep at night, had to walk the floor, I suffered so with pain in my side and small of my back. Was troubled with bloating, and at times would faint away; had a terrible pain in my heart, a bad taste in my mouth all the time and would vomit; but now, thanks to Mrs. Pinkham and her Vegetable Compound, I feel well and sleep well, can do my work without feeling tired; do not bloat or have any trouble whatever.

"I sincerely thank you for the good advice you gave me and for what your medicine has done for me."

"Cannot Praise It Enough."

Miss Gertie Dunkin, Franklin, Neb., writes:

"I suffered for some time with painful and irregular menstruation, falling of the womb and pain in the back. I tried physicians, but found no relief.

"I was at last persuaded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and cannot praise it enough for what it has done for me. I feel like a new person, and would not part with your medicine. I have recommended it to several of my friends."

TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."
GEO. W. BOWLES, Baird, Mass.

CANDY CATHARTIC **Cascarets** TRADE MARK REGISTERED
"GUARANTEE THE LIVER"

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 313

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Billington's Lightning Liniment.... 25c Is unequalled for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Colds, Catarrh, Burns, Cuts, etc. Ask your druggist for it or this ad., and $1 will buy 1 dozen by express. Agts wanted in all new territory. BILLINGTON'S LINIMENT COMPANY, New Orleans, La.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief. Skin for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

AGENTS WANTED ... Co., New York.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Over the sorrow and over the bliss,
Over the teardrop, over the kiss,
Over the crimes that blotted and blurred,
Over the wound of the angry word,
Over the deeds in weakness done,
Over the battles lost and won,
Now at the end of the flying year,
Fear that to-morrow will not be here,
Over our freedom, over our thralls,
In the dark and the midnight, the curtain falls.

Over our gain and over our loss,
Over our crown and over our cross,
Over the fret of our discontent,
Over the ill that we never meant,
Over the scars of our self-denial,
Over the strength that conquered trial,
Now in the end of the flying year,
Fear that to-morrow will not be here,
Quietly final, the prompter calls,
Over it swiftly the curtain falls.

Over the crowds and the solitudes,
Over our shifting, hurrying moods,
Over the hearths where bright flames leap,
Over the cribs where the babies sleep,
Over the clamor, over the strife,
Over the pagentry of life,
Now in the end of the flying year,
Fear that to-morrow will not be here,
Swiftly and surely, from starry walls,
Silently downward the curtain falls.

—Harper's Bazar.

A RACE WITH THE ICE FLOES.

By Lewis E. Phillips.

It was night, and blowing fresh. The sky was overcast, and there was no moon, so that darkness was on the face of the deep—not total darkness, it must be understood, for that is seldom known at sea. I was in the middle watch, from midnight to four o'clock, and had been on deck about half an hour when the look-out forward sang out: "Ship ahead—starboard—hard a starboard!"

These words made the second mate, who had the watch, jump into the weather rigging. "A ship?" he exclaimed. "An iceberg it is, rather, and—— All hands wear ship!" he shouted, abruptly, in a tone which showed there was not a moment to be lost.

The watch sprang to the braces and haulines, while the rest of the crew tumbled up from below, and the captain and other officers rushed out of their cabins; the helm was kept up and the yards swung round, and the ship's head turned towards the direction whence we had come. The captain glanced his eye round, and then ordered the courses to be brailed up, and the maintopsails to be backed, so as to lay the ship to. I soon discovered the cause of these manœuvres; for before the ship had quite swung round, I perceived close to us a towering mass with a refulgent appearance, which the look-out man had taken for the white sails of a ship, but which proved in reality to be a vast iceberg. Attached to it, and extending a considerable distance to leeward, was a field or very extensive floe of ice, against which the ship would have run had it not been discovered in time, and in that case it would in all probability have instantly gone down with every soul on board.

In consequence of the extreme darkness, it was dangerous to sail either way; for it was impossible to say what other floes or smaller masses of ice might be in the neighborhood, and we might probably be upon them before they would be seen. We therefore remained hove to. As it was, I could not see the floe till it was pointed out to me by one of the crew.

When daylight broke next morning, the fearfully dangerous position in which the ship was placed was seen. On every side of us appeared long floes of ice, with several icebergs floating like mountains on a plain among them, while the only opening through which we could escape was a narrow passage to the northwest, through which we must have come in the course of that perilous night.

What made our position the more terrible was that the vast masses of ice were approaching nearer and nearer to each other, so that we had not a moment to lose, if we would effect our escape. As light increased we saw, at a distance of three miles to the westward, another ship in a far worse predicament than ourselves, inasmuch as she was completely surrounded by ice, though she still floated in a sort of basin. The wind held to the northward, so that we could stand clear out of the passage should it remain open long enough. Our unfortunate neighbor had by this time discovered her own perilous condition, and we perceived that she had hoisted a signal of distress. We also heard the guns she was firing to call our attention to her; but regard for our own safety compelled us to disregard them till we had ourselves got clear of the ice.

It was very dreadful to watch the stranger, and to feel that we could render her no assistance. All hands were at the braces, ready to trim the sails should the wind head us; for, in that case, we should have to beat out of the channel, which was every instant growing narrower and narrower. The captain stood at the weather gangway, conning the ship. When he saw the ice closing in on us, he ordered every stitch of canvas the ship could carry to be set on her, in the forlorn hope of carrying her out before the catastrophe should happen. It was a chance whether or not we should be caught and our good ship pulverized between those vast masses of relentless ice. However, I was not so much occupied with our own danger as to be unable to keep an eye on the stranger, and to feel deep interest in her fate.

I was in the mizzen top, and as I pressed a spy-glass, I could see clearly that occurred. The water on the doomed vessel floated was smooth, though covered with used by the colossal masses of approached each other. I saw that as the stranger fathoms of water on her as yet, she floated The peril was terrifying, direction of the ice might and she might yet be free. came the cruel masses with ...res; and I fancied that I could hear the edges grinding and crushing together with a reverberating roar.

The ice closed pitilessly on the ill-fated vessel. She was probably as totally unprepared to resist its pressure as we were. At first I thought that it lifted her bodily up, but it was not so. She was too deep in the water for that. Her sides were crushed in like egg-shells; her stout timbers were rent into a thousand fragments; her tall masts tottered and fell, though still attached to the hull. For an instant I concluded that the ice must have separated, or perhaps the edges broke with the force of the concussion, for, as I gazed, the wrecked masses of hull, and spars, and canvases seemed drawn suddenly downward, with irresistible force, and a few fragments, which had been hurled by the force of the concussion to a distance were all that remained of the hapless vessel. Not a soul of her crew could have had time to escape on the ice. I looked anxiously, but not a speck could be seen stirring near the spot. Such, thought I, may be the fate of the 440 human beings on board the very ship on which I stand, ere many minutes are over.

I believe I was the only person on board who witnessed that appalling catastrophe. Most of the emigrants were below, and the few who were on deck were with the crew watching our own progress pretty anxiously. Still narrower grew the passage. Some of the ice ports we had passed through were already closed. The wind, fortunately, held firm, and though it contributed to drive the ice faster in upon us, it yet favored our escape. The ship flew through the water at a great rate, heeling over to her ports, and although at times it seemed as if the masts would go over the sides, still the captain held on. A minute's delay might prove our destruction. Everyone held his breath as the width of the passage decreased, though we had but a short distance more to make good before we should be free.

I must confess that all the time I did not myself feel any sense of fear. I though it was a danger more to be apprehended for others than myself. At length a shout from the deck reached my ears, and, looking round, I saw that we were at last on the outer side of the floe. We were just in time, for—the instant after—the ice met, and the passage through which we had come was completely closed up.

The order was now given to keep the helm up, and to square away the yards, and with a flowing sheet we ran down the edge of the ice upwards of three miles, before we were quite clear of it.

Only then did the people begin to inquire what had become of the ship we had lately seen. I gave my account, but few expressed any great commiseration for the fate of those who were lost. Our captain had had enough of ice, so he steered a course to get as fast as possible into more southern latitude.—Wide World Magazine.

The Retreat From Moscow.

It was on November 25th, at about 7 o'clock in the morning, when we saw the head of the column. The first we saw were the Generals, a few of whom were on horseback, but the majority on foot. The latter painfully dragged themselves along, almost all having their feet frozen and bound up in rags and pieces of sheepskin, and dying of hunger. We then saw what was left of the cavalry of the Guard. The Emperor came next on foot, with a stick in his hand. He was muffled in a large capote lined with fur, and wore on his head an amaranthine velvet cap edged with black foxskin. On his right marched, also on foot, King Murat; on his left, Prince Eugene, Viceroy of Italy; then Marshals Berthier, Prince of Neufchatel; Ney, Mortier, Lefebvre, and other Marshals and Generals, whose corps had been partly destroyed.

They were followed by 700 or 800 officers and sub-officers, marching in order and bearing in the greatest silence the eagles of the regiments to which they had belonged and that had so often led them to victory. They were the remnant of over 60,000 men. My poor Picart, who had not seen the army for a month, gazed on silently, but his convulsive movements showed too well what he felt. I saw big tears roll down his cheeks and fall on his mustache, [from which icicles were hanging. Then, turning to me: "Really, compatriot, I do not know whether I am asleep or awake. I weep because I have seen our Emperor marching on foot, a stick in his hand, he that was so great and who made us so proud?"—Memories of Sergeant Bourgogne.

Extra Pay For a Servant Who Thinks.

A friend of mine had just hired a general servant, when that respected individual gravely inquired: "Does a girl have to think here?"

The employer gasped a terrified "Wha-at?"

"Do I have to think?" was the stolid rejoinder.

"Why, good heavens! of course you have to think!" exclaimed the now thoroughly puzzled lady.

"Then I'll have to have fifty cents more a week. I always does in places where I thinks," said the girl determinedly.

Then it came about that, in her vocabulary the verb "to think" applied exclusively to meals. If a mistress ordered breakfast, luncheon and dinner, detail by detail, the maid had no occasion to "think." If she were obliged to plan the meals herself, she wanted fifty cents a week for the mental exertion!

Who could blame her?—Chicago Times-Herald.

Heroes of the Pen.

The intensity of application with which the mind follows whatever it lays hold of in literary pursuits is exemplified in the case of Robert Ainsworth, a celebrated writer and antiquarian of the seventeenth century. He had been for years engaged in a voluminous Latin dictionary, and while fascinated with this heroic work gave so little time and attention to his wife that he incurred her bitterest jealousy, and before the work was quite complete she committed the whole to the flames. Instead of abandoning himself to despair, Ainsworth set to work and rewrote it, accomplishing the entire work in time. The same bitter disappointment was endured with similar heroism by Carlyle when the MS. of his "Frederick the Great" was destroyed by fire.

From Factory to Fireside.

Here is the celebrated Hines Sewing Machine guaranteed by us for 20 years. It is made with wood work of Walnut or Oak, best bent cover, skeleton drawer case, needlebar take-up, flat tension, improved thread controller, stitch regulator and complete set of attachments.

Price—3 Drawer Style, $13.25
Price—5 Drawer Style, $16.00
Price—7 Drawer Style, $18.50

Our art lithographed catalogue tells you a money-saving story about Carpets, Rugs, Lace Curtains and Portieres—it shows exact designs in hand-painted colors, so that selections can be made as satisfactorily as though you were here at the mill.

Our immense general catalogue of Furniture and Household Goods, which saves you 50 per cent. on everything, tells you of many bargains similar to this.

$5.95 buys our Flora 5-Hole Range with smooth castings, automatic oven shelf, nickel plate on door and end of hearth. Price includes 3 joints pipe and an elbow.

Would we be spending a million dollars annually advertising these catalogues if they were not worth having. Both are free. Which do you want? Address this way,

Price, $5.95

Julius Hines & Son, Baltimore, Md., Dept 30²

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Mrs. Vanderbilt rejoices in the possession of the most beautiful cat in the world; it cost no less than $1,000.

London's latest beauty, Pamela Snowden, never fails to wear a wreath of lilies about her small head, and never does the smallest jewel sparkle about her toilet.

In twenty-five years Sarah Bernhardt has, it is announced, been paid nearly $1,250,000 for her exertions on the stage and she is now fulfilling a comparatively short engagement which will add about another $250,000 to that large sum. In the last ten years her average gains have been $60,000 a year; in the last five, $100,000; yet in 1872, at the Odeon theater, she earned only $40 a month.

A good story is told of the young crown prince of Germany. Soon after Bismarck's retirement the emperor and empress were at dinner with their elder children and some eminent statesmen, when the young prince suddenly broke out with: "They say, father, that now Prince Bismarck has gone, you will be able to tell the people to do just what you like, all by yourself. You will enjoy that, won't you?"

The duchess of Marlborough and the duchess of Devonshire probably have the finest pearls in England, the Manchester necklace being very well known. Many smart ladies wear their pearls constantly, although they are not seen, as they are worn under a high dress, as pearls are supposed to keep their color better when worn next to the skin. Pearls have, within the last twenty-five years, increased in value 1,000 per cent.

Just a Cough

Not worth paying attention to, you say. Perhaps you have had it for weeks.

It's annoying because you have a constant desire to cough. It annoys you also because you remember that weak lungs is a family failing.

At first it is a slight cough.
At last it is a hemorrhage.
At first it is easy to cure.
At last, extremely difficult.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

quickly conquers your little hacking cough.

There is no doubt about the cure now. Doubt comes from neglect.

For over half a century Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been curing colds and coughs and preventing consumption. It cures Consumption also if taken in time.

Keep one of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters over your lungs if you cough.

Shall we send you a book on this subject, free?

Our Medical Department.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.
Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

SCURVY IN INFANTS.

Within a few years physicians have discovered a new disease in children. It seems to be the same as the scurvy that attacks sailors and others who have been forced to subsist for a long time on a monotonous diet, especially on one containing an insufficient quantity of fruits and vegetables.

The baby, most commonly from six to eighteen months old, is peevish and at the same time apathetic; if left alone it makes little complaint and takes no interest in what is going on about it, but it begins to resist and to cry as soon as any one attempts to lift it.

NO CAUSE TO BLUSH.

Pretty Girl Was Rather Too Confident That She Deserved Admiration.

She was a very pretty girl, and she knew it, two things which were certainly all right, but she should not have displayed her knowledge on that particular point quite so plainly as she did. It happened in a Detroit street car the other day. She climbed in down at the square, accompanied by a friend who was both older and plainer than herself. It happened to be one of the old-fashioned cars, with long seats running along the sides, and right opposite the girls sat a handsome gentleman, with big, wide-open gray eyes, at whom the pretty damsel cast a sweetly simpering smirk as she sat down and arranged herself so that he could see just how pretty she was. He did not smile, but he continued to stare, and at first she seemed to think things were all right, but before long she began to squirm and shift in her seat, and finally ejaculated to her friend in a tone that was audible through the car: "Really, dear, it's dreadful the way that man over there stares. It's all very well for a man to admire you, but there really are limits." One or two of the passengers smothered their smiles and looked to see how the man took it. But he did not seem to hear—just continued to stare with the same steady, concentrated gaze, and the passengers grew interested. The girl made one or two more remarks and then suddenly the gentleman sitting beside the offending one leaned over and said clearly: "Pardon me, madam, but as you seem to be a little put out with my friend, I wish to explain that he is quite unaccountable, because—he is totally blind." There was silence for a moment, while the young lady's blushes lit up the car with a lurid light, and then amid ill-suppressed titters she arose and got out without a word, followed by her giggling comrade.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Conquer the Earth.

Those Europeans never will understand American institutions. Here they have gone and prohibited poker in Vienna on the ground that it is a game of chance. Of course that is the dictionary definition, says the Brooklyn Eagle, but any man who has ever kept his feet warm with three five spots and bluffed out a man with three kings knows that it is a game of courage and that the race is not to the swift, but to the man who believes in himself. As an indication of character poker beats phrenology hands down. It is the nations of great poker players who conquer the earth. Shafter who will send more prisoners home from Cuba than he ever had soldiers there, understands the philosophy of jackpots, while when poor Toral gambled he took chances at roulette and faro, games admirably adapted to the genius of the superstitious Spaniard because fate, a rank outsider, controls the result. In poker every man is his own fate. That is why Americans play it and why Gen. Schenck, who taught it to the British, was a more popular minister than many a better diplomat. Gen. Miles, who, when it became evident that Gen. Shafter's force was not large enough if the Spaniards really chose to fight, and things were looking pretty blue at Washington, advised the demand for the unconditional surrender at Santiago, is probably a bad man to meet in a quiet after-dinner game. His bluff and its wonderful results indicate a first-class poker player, with an unimpaired circulation. As for the Rough Riders, poker was the common ground on which the western and eastern contingents met and fused. These two branches have many complimentary things to say of each other's courage in the charge through the Cuban underbrush, but they knew all about each other's good qualities long before the first transport cast anchor. That is why they fought side by side with such absolute confidence. They knew no man in the band would draw out while he had a ghost of a show. Instead of prohibiting poker, the Austrians ought to learn to play it. Then they wouldn't play second fiddle to Germany so much as they do now. As a training ground for courage and judgment it is worth all the gambling games of Monte Carlo and the rest of the continent put together. Good poker players and good fighters are pretty nearly synonymous.

If you want to pick a flaw in humanity begin at home. If a woman dresses with taste she ought to look good enough to eat. If poetry runs in the veins some poets should be run in by the police. If a man makes a fool of himself over a woman she is usually satisfied. If a woman is fair that doesn't prevent her from being unfair at times. If a man lacks enthusiasm it takes him twice as long to accomplish a task. If half the world worked less the other half wouldn't be worked so often. If a man doesn't use his head in his business he is sure to put his foot in it. If it wasn't for an occasional funeral lots of men would never see the inside of a church. If women were satisfied with nature's handiwork there would be fewer toilet preparations on the market.

His Sorrow.

Jones—Hello, Robinson, why are you looking so glum? Robinson—You know my rich uncle, the one whose heir I am to be? "Yes." "Well, he has been traveling in the Alps, and last week he slipped and fell down a crevasse." "And was killed, eh?" "No: he got off all right."

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. H. Williams, Antioch, Ill., April 11, 1894.

Cloth is now being successfully made from wood.

California has a club of left-handed persons with over 2,000 members.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

There are nearly 3000 stitches in a pair of hand-sewn shoes.

Stockings were first used in the eleventh century.

His Word.

"Just think of his committing suicide for love! Wasn't it awful?" "It was the only way he could keep his word, poor boy, for he had avowed to her that he would never love another woman."—Ex.

May Bring Leprosy to this Country.

It is pointed out that the United States soldiers in Hawaii may contract leprosy there, and bring it to this country when they return. While leprosy is much to be dreaded, there are a thousand times as many victims to stomach disorders and blood diseases, but there is a cure for them in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Other common ailments that the Bitters are a specific for are malaria, fever and ague. Sold at all drug stores.

Don't say you "work like a slave"; say you "work like a fool."

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. $1. All druggists

The rainbow is always bent on disappearing.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Great trials seem to be a necessary preparation for great duties.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Fifty thousand Bank of England notes are on the average made daily.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

The queen of the table not only reigns but she pours.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Many a hungry man wishes he were outside the soup.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free DR. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

An unwelcome guest is one of the best things going.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The highest waterfall in the world is Cho lock Cascade, at Yosemite, Cal.

Corean paper is so strong and dense that it can be used to cover umbrellas.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money

People really ought to have better senses than they have.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the California Fig Syrup Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

COTTON is and will continue to be *the* money crop of the South. The planter who gets the most cotton from a given area at the least cost, is the one who makes the most money. Good cultivation, suitable rotation, and liberal use of fertilizers containing at least 3% actual

Potash

will insure the largest yield.

We will send Free, upon application, pamphlets that will interest every cotton planter in the South.

GERMAN KALI WORKS,
93 Nassau St., New York.

COMMERCIAL COLLEGE OF KENTUCKY UNIVERSITY, LEXINGTON, KY.
Awarded Medal at World's Exposition. Book-keeping, Business, Shorthand, Typewriting and Telegraphy taught. Situations. Thousands of Graduates in Business. Begin now. Address only, GENERAL W. H. SMITH, Lexington, Ky.

Healthy, Happy Girls

often, from no apparent cause, become languid and despondent in the early days of their womanhood. They drag along always tired, never hungry, breathless and with a palpitating heart after slight exercise so that merely to walk up stairs is exhausting. Sometimes a short, dry cough leads to the fear that they are "going into consumption."

They are anæmic, doctors tell them, which means that they have too little blood. Are you like that? Have you too little blood?

More anæmic people have been made strong, hungry, energetic men and women by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People than by any other means. They are the best tonic in the world.

Miss Lulu Stevens, of Gasport, Niagara Co., N. Y., had been a very healthy girl until about a year ago, when she grew weak and pale. She lost her appetite, was as tired in the morning as on retiring, and lost flesh until she became so emaciated that her friends hardly knew her. The doctors declared the disease anæmia, and gave her up to die. A physician who was visiting in Gasport prevailed upon her to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She did so, and was benefited at once. She is now well and strong—the very picture of health.—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier.*

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