

THE ACTORS' FUND FAIR.

All of Fashionable New York Still Talking About It.

One of the Most Successful Affairs of the Season—Dudes Were Disappointed and Reasonable Men Had a Good Time—Dr. Packard's Failure.

[Special New York Letter.] LL New York—the "four hundred" and the four hundred thousand—went to the actors' fund fair; and as that was, practically, the last large entertainment of the social season New York has not yet stopped talking about it.



REBEKAH AT THE LEMONADE WELL.

has come off since, except the Brooklyn handicap, to drive it from our minds.

Financially speaking the actors' fund fair was a great success. Socially it was a greivous calamity, the grave of shattered hopes.

Everybody went to the fair and everybody came away disappointed.

The press, day after day, devoted columns to the pretty actresses in charge of the booths, as a matter of solemn fact the pretty actresses were distinctly not in it.

A less attractive collection of young and middle-aged women would be difficult to imagine.

The leaders in the profession were not there because the leaders of the profession were busy earning their bread and butter, playing in various theaters all over the country.

There were two or three like Agnes Booth, who is a charming woman, though no longer young; Aunt Louise Eldridge, and Georgia Cayvan, who were tolerably regular in their attendance.

There were Estella Clayton and others of her ilk who have achieved some newspaper notoriety, and the remainder were, for the most part, young women unknown to the stage, girls with short hair, strange gowns and eccentric manners.

Girls who acted in the fair as they would on the stage, gushing and self-conscious. It was a great disappointment to the chappies who had looked forward to the fair as a means of making the acquaintance of some of the silk-tighted divinities of the footlights.

Now a girl looks very differently when arrayed in tights, artistically "made up" and under the favoring glamor of the footlights, to what she does in ordinary street or house dress and exposed to the brilliantly searching rays of the electric lights.

Stage manners are as out of private life as stage clothes. The theatrical profession appears to have a peculiar effect upon the workers in it.

Off the stage, in company of their friends, they may be—and often are—the most delightful and magnificent companions, but let them feel that they are before an audience, whether it be on the street or at an entertainment like the actors' fund fair, and the stage mannerisms are bound to crop out.

The giddy affectations of the new soubrette are noticeable and objectionable enough on the stage, but they seem all the more noticeable and objectionable when placed in sharp contrast with the calm *saarief* *faire* of the New York society girl.

I fancy that a good many of the chappies were disillusioned at the fair, for, to do the profession justice, the army of actresses was by no means a representative one and society was out in full force.

The prettiest girls in New York were there, but they were in the boxes, not in the booths.

There was one feature of the fair which deserves the heartiest commendation. No highway robbery was permitted, correct change was given in all cases and no one was urged to buy things which he did not want.

The two reasons which make fairs a nuisance to most men are the petty swindles which the lady managers perpetrate in the name of charity and the persistent efforts made to saddle all sorts of impossible knickknacks upon any unfortunate who seems kindly disposed.

A man may not grudge giving five or fifty dollars to a worthy object, but he objects to paying a dollar bill for a five-cent rosebud and getting no change, or being badgered into buying three or four dollars' worth of fine cushions and tidies which he can have no possible use for.

This scheme of petty buccaneering was strictly forbidden by the management of the actors' fund fair, and, in consequence, a man could wander around the place and buy or not, as he felt disposed.

For the benefit of ladies who contemplate getting up fairs I would say that, notwithstanding the fact that the fair was run on square business principles, without exorbitant prices and without humbug, it netted something like one hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars for the fund.

turned the heads of the people who were engaged in it. They talk of making it an annual function, and repeating the success every year to the profit of the actors' fund—which is a most worthy charity and the advertisement of all connected with it, which is not quite so laudable an object. It is all very well to talk about it but it is hardly possible that the success of this year could be repeated.

New Yorkers are a good deal like the people of Athens in the days of the Apostle Paul, they are continually searching after a new thing. The actors' fund fair did very well this time, merchants contributed goods with liberality and the public purchased with prodigality.

The gilded youth of the town and their nickel-plated imitators attended, every one, and swelled the gate receipts and spent their few dollars in the vain hope of making the personal acquaintance of real actresses. Another year, this would all be changed.

The leading people in the profession, with a few exceptions, did not participate very actively this year. The next attempt would result in an aggregation of unknown soubrettes, *passé* ingenues and second-rate stars seeking advertisement.

A similar idea was tried in London several years ago and while the first fair or "bazar," as they call them over there, was patronized by royalty, they steadily ran down in tone year by year, until the last one, which I believe was held two years ago, was merely a meeting place for would-be dudes, the young women of the ballet and the demi monde.

But the actors' fund fair in New York was highly respectable. There was little temptation for even the most stage-struck chappie to try a flirtation with the weird sisters who presided over the stalls.

It was, taking it all in all, a great event. Men about town talked about it for six months in joyous anticipation. Then when it opened the newspapers gave it two or three columns every day of unlimited and hyperbolic gush, in which every woman was described as beautiful, brilliant and fascinating, and every actor as a marvel of wit, geniality and talent, and after it was closed it became the subject of half regretful, half disappointed gossip, dividing conversational honors with Dr.

Parkhurst, baseball and Judge Morrow, who won the Brooklyn handicap.

Curiously enough, though he has been making vigorous efforts to keep before the public, Dr. Parkhurst seems to be less and less talked of. After the first ripple of surprise was over Judge Morrow was accepted as a fact, but the things which might have happened and did not happen and the things which were expected and those which were not expected at the actors' fund fair still form the subject of after-dinner discourse in clubs and cafes.

ALLAN FORMAN. It is related that at the bar of one of the Australian colonies a barrister concluded his speech thus: "At great length, gentlemen of the jury, I have stated the reasons which cause me to believe in the prisoner's innocence and to regard him as a personal friend. Gentlemen, the prisoner in the dock is my very dear personal friend, and if he falls by your hands I will arrange his honor and my loss. As a gentleman of an old Irish family, who can snuff candles with a revolver at twelve paces, I call upon you to place my friend right in the eyes of society. I leave the case in your hands, feeling satisfied that you will not accuse me of employing the language of menace, when I have done no more than hint at some of the natural consequences of a verdict adverse to my conscientious opinion."—National Tribune.

He Had Studied. It is exceedingly hard to find men who have spent more years in study than they can remember, and yet who cannot read the simplest colloquial book nor repeat a page of what they have studied.

A few months ago the writer met in a dispensary a man who seemed to be examining his tally card with a minute attention which indicated that he recognized the characters. The latter were few and simple, merely indicating his surname and number, "Wang, Number 326."

On being asked if he knew the characters by sight he replied that he recognized "about half of them."

"And have you studied at school?" "Oh, yes."

"How long have you studied?" "Twelve years!"—Chinese Characterist.

See! See! We read of fornicum bet'n left the rich, and 'tis fellers who mus' bustle for a livin'. And it mends us that things were al us sich,—"To him that bet a goose, a goslin shall be given."—Puck.

This Explains It. Rivers—This new comet, it seems, has eight tails. What use has a comet for eight tails? Banks—Perhaps it was fly time when it started out.—Chicago Tribune.

Close as He Ever Got. Microscopist—Did you ever look at a thousand-dollar bill through a microscope? Impeccuous Friend—No; always used a telescope.—Chicago News.

Both Disagreeable. Day—I don't like to hear an actor talk through his hat, do you? Weeks—No, nor through that of the woman who has the stall ahead of me.—Once a Week.

Two Heads. Husband—I don't see why you never look on both sides of a case. Wife—I can always trust you to look on the other side.—N. Y. Weekly.

The Force of Habit.

A beggar called at the clothing emporium of Mose Schaumburg and said to the proprietor: "Please assist a poor man."

"Go away mit yer or I calls dot bo-licke." "Good-by," said the mendicant, as he moved off. "Recommend me to your friends vandy vants something in my line," said Mose, out of pure force of habit, that being his usual parting salutation to his customers.—Alex. Sweet, in Texas Siftings.

Two Paps. Wee floctess—Mamma, shall I invite Lucy Littney to my party? Mamma—Certainly. She is the min-plated daughter of your minister's daughter. "Do ministers' daughters get invited everywhere?" "Always."

"They has lots of fun, I guess. I wish my papa was a minister, stead of a mis-able sinner."—Good News.

An Expensive Error. Skroople (the druggist)—Young Bangs wanted me to hire him as a prescription clerk, but I can't afford to engage a man who has been known to dispense morphine for quinine. Gazzam—That's dangerous, isn't it? Skroople—Oh, yes. Morphine costs ten times as much as quinine.—Judge.

Social Life in the Deep. "How do you do," said the crab to the lobster; "how is your dear little baby?" "Very well, indeed," said the lobster, "We haven't named her yet—names are so hard to find."

"Why not call her Claudia?" suggested the crab.—Jury.

Generally Delightful. Miss Ernestina Worker—Do you know the effect of cocktails on the human system? Charlie Gayboy—That depends on whether you're used to them. I should advise you to go very easy at first.—Brooklyn Life.

Remarkable Thoughtfulness. Hojack—So poor Stagers is dead. Tomdick—Yes; and did you hear of the wise forethought of Mrs. Stagers? Hojack—What did she do? Tomdick—Had him laid out in an asbestos shroud.—Judge.

A Mastery Defense. Molecky—How did you come out on dat chicken-stealin' case? Johnson—All right. Mah lawyer proved dat de judge didn't hab no jurisdiction, 'cause it was his own chickens I done stole!—Puck.

Had Some of the Crookery. "I met Wadley on the street yesterday, but he did not recognize me." "Perhaps he was without his glasses." "Yes, but that's no excuse. He was in his cups just the same."—Chicago News.

Up to the Times. "How old is your coat of arms?" asked Mrs. Dimling of Mrs. Freshrox. "Old!" replied Mrs. Freshrox, with some feeling. "Why, we had that coat of arms made to order."—Harper's Bazar.

A Free Lunch Friend. "Men become what they eat," said Hicles. "You don't eat much, do you?" said Cynicus.—Life.

Changed. "What I see in my husband prize." "Cried Clara, "is he so wise?" "That may be true now," Molly said, "but how he's changed since we wed!"—Brooklyn Life.

IN SAFE HANDS. Parrot—Hurray for John L. Sullivan! He's the duck for my money!—Chicago Tribune.

His Dilemma. Travers—I am in a most extraordinary fix, old man. I'm engaged to a girl, but haven't got money enough to buy her an engagement ring. Dasheray—Can't you borrow it? Travers—That's just what I wanted to see you about.—Detroit Free Press.

Couldn't Afford to Lose Her. Cobble—I see by the paper that Banger jumped overboard in the English channel and saved his wife. Why, the fellow's a perfect hero about that. She had on a new sealskin saque.—Cloak Review.

Her Devotion. "I wish Maria's lover were more of a Christian; it's very little time he spends on his knees, I'm thinking!" "Perhaps not, but Maria's doing all she can for him; why, I hear she spends hours on his knees, herself."—Jury.

The Only Way to Prevent It. Bagley—Does your wife always have the last word? Bailey—No; not always. Bagley—How do you manage it? Bailey—Easily enough. I'm not married.—Judge.

Legal Note. Pompous Judge—I hope you have much practice. Young Lawyer—Yes, I have, thank you. "I am glad to hear it. And in what branch is your practice mainly?" "Mainly in economy."—Texas Siftings.

Safe Enough. "Simon! Simon! There are burglars in the house!" "That's all right, Mary. I made an assignment of everything to-day for the benefit of the creditors!"—Chicago News.

Cause and Effect. "To what do you attribute the remarkable increase of kleptomaniacs in late years?" "To the fact that the dry goods stores keep more detectives."—Life.

Somewhat Different. Margery—I'm going to the sea-shore next month. Grace—What's that? I'm going to Europe, and papa says it's sea all the way, and not a bit of shore.

A Spring Idyl. Mrs. Smalot—Why don't you burn up that pile of trash in the yard? Mr. Smalot—Wind's th' wrong way. The smoke would all blow in our own windows.—N. Y. Weekly.

A Change. "Did not the laurel and bay signify the poet in the olden day?" "Yes; but now it's quarrel and bray."—Truth.

Scaling Down. Little Boy—Mamma, may I go fishing? Mamma—No, my son. I'm afraid you'll get drowned; but you may go to the grocery and buy me a mackerel.—Good News.

Managing Hubby.

Wife—I shall need ten dollars to-day. Husband—Good gracious, I gave you ten dollars yesterday, ten dollars the day before, and ten dollars the day before that.

Wife—I need the ten dollars, or I would not ask it. I wish to get a new dress. Husband—Oh well, you do need another dress, that's a fact. Here's the money. Can you get a dress for ten dollars? Wife—No; but this ten and the other three make forty. Good-by, dear.—N. Y. Weekly.

Inconsistent Man. "I paid for this one, seventy-five cents," said the wife, showing her husband her purchases. "One seventy-five?" said her husband, examining the article. "Then you have been swindled. It is not worth more than one dollar and a quarter."

"You misunderstand me," corrected his wife. "I said seventy-five cents—not one seventy-five." "Seventy-five? Well, you ought to have got it for half a dollar."—Demorest's Magazine.

Fly the Poor Pastor. A clergyman whose salary had not been paid for several months, told the trustees that he must have his money, as his family were suffering for the necessities of life.

"Money!" exclaimed one of the trustees, noted for his stinginess, "money! Do you preach for money? I thought you preached for the good of souls!" The minister replied: "So I do, but I can't eat souls. And if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a meal."—Demorest's Magazine.

A Ton a Week. "Papa," said Willie, "What makes coal burn?" "Our hired man, Willie," answered papa.—Truth.

AN OLD SONG. "It may be fo(ur) years, and it may be forever." Himself Again. Capt. Tom Windberg has been very sick and has been confined to his room for some time. Recently Maj. Brown met Col. Connolly on Austin avenue, and asked: "Seen Windberg lately? How is he coming?"

"Well, I saw him around town last night drunk as usual." "That's good. Tom's an excellent fellow. Glad to hear that he is himself again."—Texas Siftings.

Why the Sale Fell Through. Customer (at bird store)—You can vouch for this parrot, I presume? Dealer—I think I can, ma'am. He lived for nearly six years in a Boston family. Parrot—Hurray for John L. Sullivan! He's the duck for my money!—Chicago Tribune.

Sea stories—The decks. Peace and plenty—Half the pie. All dogs of war are not West Pointers. Said Franklin: "He who takes a wife takes care." Therefore, my son, take care and do not take a wife.—Boston Transcript.

The fragrant mint has again made its appearance, but, as usual, it is going all to snuff.—Baltimore American.

ELECTRICITY is a great educator. Think what it has done to make men see things in a new light.—Elmira Gazette.

"Does your father keep horses?" "Well, not exactly, but he has the nightmare regularly."—Philadelphia Record.

EVERY thrifty farmer will keep his land well dressed, but he has no reason to be ashamed of a strawberry patch.—Lowell Courier.

"'Tis every man has his price," but he can't make his grocer agree with him.—Columbus Post.

The justice may not enjoy himself even when he is having a fine time.—Glens Falls Republican.

When a fly lights on a sheet of sticky paper he realizes that he is better off.—Binghamton Leader.

No, my dear girl, a cat boat is not necessarily made of pussy willow.—Boston Transcript.

When a family row is made public there is usually pretty good reason for blaming both sides.—Puck.

The world is full of people who suppose that the art of conversation consists in asking questions.—Milwaukee Journal.

To be always praising a man has the effect of making those who would be his friends become his critics instead.

People generally get what they deserve without much effort, but they have to be exceedingly industrious if they secure all they want.—Milwaukee Journal.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Druggists, 2, Atlanta, Ga.

WIT AND WISDOM.

—Conscience is the whisper of God.—J. R. Miller.

—There are people who kill others with their influence as surely as they could do with their poison.—Ram's Horn.

—Misery has been defined as a small boy with a new pair of boots and no mud-puddles to wade in.—N. Y. Tribune.

—Johnnie Wyatt says "many a man is his own worst enemy, but doesn't realize it until he tries to shave himself."

—Jagson says that the man who claims that lectures aren't what they used to be must be a widower.—Elmira Gazette.

—The June bug makes more noise than a wasp, but he does not command half as much respect.—Binghamton Republican.

—Life alone can impart life, and though we should burst, we can only be valued as we make ourselves valuable.—Emerson.

—Because a man doesn't cry when he grows older is not a sign that he has no reason; it is because he has learned the uselessness of it.

—Most of those persons who think they are not appreciated would be in a sorry plight if it were not for meery in the world.—Milwaukee Journal.

—There is nothing more disgraceful than that an old man should have nothing to produce, as a proof that he has lived long, except his years.—Seneca.

"Mr. Brown—I was looking for 'mud,' but in this dictionary the letter 'm' is worn out. Mr. Foggy—Why not look under 'water?' That's the place to find mud."

—There are people who seem to have an idea that they attract attention in Heaven for their piety every time they buy a dish of ice cream at a church festival.—Ram's Horn.

—English Traveler (to Irish railway porter labeling luggage)—Don't you keep a brush for that work, porter? Porter—Shure, yer Honor, our tongues is the only instruments we're allowed; but they're aisy kept wet, yer Honor! (Hint taken.)—2-Ed. Bits.

—Judge (to young woman charged with shoplifting)—Where do you live; young woman (in the north end or back bay? Defendant—why do you wish to know? Judge (impatiently)—How am I to tell whether this is plain shoplifting or kleptomaniac?—Boston News.

—Each of us as we travel the way of life has the choice according to our working of turning all the voices of nature into one song of rejoicing, or of withering and quenching her symphony into a fatal withdrawal silence of condemnation or into a crying out of her stones and a shaking of her dust against us.—Ruskin.

—The English of It—Harry—Where's Chollie these days? Fred—Oh, he's taken a position in a swigger tailor shop as a cutter. Harry—Why, he doesn't know the first thing about cutting a suit of clothes to fit. Fred—Of course he doesn't. That's how he got the place. The tailor wants to make a reputation for turning out suits of genuine English fit, cut, you know.—Detroit Free Press.

Wake Up. Yes, wake up to the danger which threatens you if your kidneys and bladder are inactive or weak. Don't you know that if you fail to impel them to action, Bright's disease or diabetes awaits you? Use Hootney's Stomach Bitters without delay. It has a most beneficial effect upon the kidneys when sluggish, and upon the bowels, liver, stomach and nervous system.

I notice that an amateur fisherman can tell just as big lies as a professional.—Texas Siftings.

The wonderful check of man sometimes covers three or four acres.—Galveston News.

Sea stories—The decks. Peace and plenty—Half the pie. All dogs of war are not West Pointers. Said Franklin: "He who takes a wife takes care." Therefore, my son, take care and do not take a wife.—Boston Transcript.

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The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you book, beautiful lithograph or samples free.

If poor relatives had their way, they would not have any rich uncles very long.—Dallas News.

The Most Pleasant Way Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and \$1.00 bottles.

CHARACTER is what a man is when he thinks nobody is watching him.—Ram's Horn.

M. L. Thompson & Co., Druggists, Connersport, Pa., say Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, 75c.

We would like to inquire if fishing for suitors is an acute or an obtuse angle.

BEAUTY marred by a bad complexion may be restored by Glenn's Sulphur Soap, Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50 cents.

THE today is the stirring event of the toper's existence.—Dallas News.

Is drowsy after a good night's sleep there is indigestion and stomach disorder which Beecham's Pills will cure.

The professor of astronomy in a college mess-room is looked upon as a star boarder.

THE Ram's Horn is published at Indianapolis, Indiana, at \$1.50 per year.

When a man has good horse sense he doesn't bet on races.—Binghamton Republican.

HEALTHY TIPS—Bites save weak nervous men. \$1.00 per box. Ohio Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O.

SNEEZES are like misfortunes—they seldom come singly.—Boston Transcript.

A horse usually makes a big hole in a busy day.—Boston Gazette.

A TAILOR'S goose—the dude.—N. Y. Herald.

Ficed just right—Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They do it in just the right way, too—by using Nature's own methods.

That's why they're better than the dreadful, old-fashioned pills, with their griping and violence. But they're better in every way. In size, for instance, and dose. They're the smallest and the easiest to take; only one little Pellet is needed for a gentle laxative—three for a cathartic. They cleanse and regulate the system thoroughly—but it's done easily and naturally. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

Their's the cheapest pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for value received. Something else, that pays the dealer better, may be offered as "just as good." Perhaps it is, for him, but it can't be, for you.

"German Syrup" Regis Leblanc is a French Canadian store keeper at Notre Dame de Stanbridge, Quebec, Can., who was cured of a severe attack of Congestion of the Lungs by Boschee's German Syrup. He has sold many a bottle of German Syrup on his personal recommendation. If you drop him a line he'll give you the full facts of the case direct, as he did us, and that Boschee's German Syrup brought him through nicely. It always will. It is a good medicine and thorough in its work.

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W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN, THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY. A genuine sewed shoe, that will not rip, the calf, seamless, made inside, durable, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom made shoes costing from \$4 to \$6.

\$4 and \$5 Hand-sewed, fine calf shoes. The most stylish, easy and durable shoes ever sold at these prices. They equal the imported shoes costing from \$5 to \$12.

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RELIEVES all Stomach Distress. REMOVES Mucus, Sense of Fullness, CONSTIPATION, PAINT. REVIVES FADING ENERGY. RESTORES Normal Circulation, and WARMS TO THE TIPS. DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

AN ASTONISHING TONIC FOR WOMEN. McEHLER'S WINE OF WINE OF GARDUI. It Strengthens the Weak, Quiets the Nerves, Relieves Monthly Suffering and Cures FEMALE DISEASES. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST ABOUT IT. \$1.00 PER BOTTLE. Chattanooga Med. Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

SOL. COLEMAN, KO-KO TULU MEMPHIS, TENN. LEWIS' 98% LYE POWDERED AND PERFUMED. The strongest and purest Lye made. Unlike other Lye it being made of fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will scour in 30 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleaning grate pipes, disintegrating sinks, closets, washing bottles, paint, etc. Gen. Agt., Phila., Pa.

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