QUININE'S SLAVES.

How the Drug is Abused by Weak People

New York Sun.

"Have you noticed the growing use of quinine?" a druggist in the vicinity of the Fifth Avenue Hotel asked recently. At the same moment he bowed and smiled to a tall, red-whiskered man who strolled in.

"Just watch this customer," he said.

The man was very thin and cadaverous looking. Without saying a word he walked up to the soda fountain, and the boy drew out a pill-box, poured three pills into the palm of the customer's hand, set a glass of mineral water in front of him, and turned to the next customer. The tall man swallowed the pills, drank the water, turned on his heel, and stalked away with another pleasant nod to the proprietor.

"That costs him $1.40 a week," said the proprietor, "and before long it will kill him. He started to take one five grain pill every night about six months ago; he now takes fifteen grains a night before he goes home, so that it will brace him up for his dinner. Within a month he will be taking twenty grains a night. Of course he takes it at home besides what he gets here. I've gone out of my way three or four times to explain to him that he had a great deal better drink rum, even if he is a deacon in a church, but his answer is a simple one; he says quinine makes him feel cheerful and strong, and it has no ill effects. He tried to stop it once and caved in; hence he wants to know why he should stop. You can't combat such reasoning as that."

"Have you many such regular customers?"

"Well, to be accurate, we have only three men who come in every day and pay at the end of the week, but there are many others who take their quinine as regularly as most drinking folks take whisky. It is certainly a great temptation to weakly organized and frail people. All they have to do is to swallow a pill or two, and they feel robust, wide awake, and cheerful. The practice grows on them continually, and it seems to be spreading, for our sales of quinine are constantly growing. A good proportion of the custom comes from women who grow fatigued or weary while shopping, and who, instead of buying nutritious luncheon or drinking a wholesome bottle of porter or ale, resort to the insidious quinine pill."

Two Boston Dog Stories.

Boston Record.

There is a Newfoundland dog, Lion by name, who gives daily proof of his comprehension of what is said to him. A lady called on his mistress the other day. During her call Lion came in, rather slyly, lay down on the parlor carpet, and went to sleep. The conversation ran on, and the visitor said finally:

"What a handsome Newfoundland you have!"

Lion opened one eye. "Yes," said his mistress, "he is a very good dog, and takes excellent care of the children."

Lion opened the other eye and waved his tail complacently to and fro along the carpet.

"When the baby goes out he always goes with her, and I feel perfectly sure then that no harm can come to her," his mistress went on.

Lion's tail thumped up and down violently on the carpet.

"And he is so gentle to them all, and such a playmate and companion to them, that we would not take a thousand dollars for him."

Lion's tail now went up and down, to and fro, and round and round, with great undisguised glee.

"But," said his mistress, "Lion has one serious fault."

Total subsidence of Lion's tail, together with the appearance of an expression of great concern on his face.

"He will come in here with his dirty feet and lie down on the carpet, when I have told him time and time again that he musn't do it."

Here Lion arose with an air of the utmost dejection and humiliation and slunk out of the room, with his lately exuberant tail totally crestfallen.

A dog went every day, with a dime given him by his master, to buy meat for his dinner at a butcher's shop. The dog always presented his dime, which went into the till, and then his meat was given him and he trotted home with it. One day the butcher thought he would play a trick on his customer, just to see what he would do. So he put the dime in his drawer and went about other business. The dog waited patiently a long time to be waited on, showing some signs of impatience. The butcher made no sign of serving him. Finally the dog began to bark violently, walking meanwhile from the till to the chopping block.

"What do you mean, you rascal?" shouted the butcher. "Get out of here; get out!" And he kicked the dog out of the shop.

The dog lingered an instant, and then trotted away in a determined manner down the street. In a few minutes he came back—with a policeman!

Good Advice to Country Boys.

From the New York Herald.

Every man who lives in New York and has acquaintances in the rural districts knows that the majority of country boys and young men think that the golden opportunity of life is a chance to enter business in a large city. It is also a fact that country boys who come to the city are reasonably sure to wear away the best years of their lives before they realize that they would have succeeded better had they remained at home. The following bit of advice, which the Nashville American offers, is worth preserving for use in cases of special application:

"Intelligent boys in the country, however poor, should take comfort. Let them consider their present hardships as a gymnasium for the development of their many qualities of mind and body. Let them practice industry and honesty, acquire knowledge, cultivate decision of character, suffer patiently and endure cheerfully privations and self-denial, labor with a singleness of purpose and strengthen their characters by winning success in every undertaking, however small. Let them cultivate habits of thrift, economy and persistency, and their time of influence and power will come—come as surely as effects follow cause, as wealth follows prudence and industry, as intelligence follows inquiry, as light follows darkness."

A North Carolinian Mail-Rider.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

August Atlantic.—The mail-rider was a lean, sallow, sinewy man, mounted on a sorry sorrel nag, who proved, however, to have blood in her, and to be a fast walker and full of endurance. The mail-rider was taciturn, a natural habit for a man who rides alone the year round, over a lonely road, and has nothing whatever to think of. He had been in the war sixteen months, in Hugh White's regiment—reckon you've heerd of him?

"Confederate?"

"Which?"

"Was he on the Union or Confederate side?"

"Oh, Union."

"Were you in any engagements?"

"Which?"

"Did you have any fighting?"

"Not reg'lar."

"What did you do?"

"Which?"

"What did you do in Hugh White's regiment?"

"Oh, just cavorted round the mountains."

"You lived on the country?"

"Which?"

"Picked up what you could find, corn, bacon, horses?"

"That's about so. Didn't make much difference which side was round, the country got cleaned out."

"Plunder seems to have been the object?"

"Which?"

"You got a living out of the farmers?"

"You bet."

Our friend and guide seemed to have been a jayhawker and mountain marauder—on the right side. His attachment to the word "which" prevented any lively flow of conversation, and there seemed to be only two trains of ideas running in his mind; one was the subject of horses and saddles, and the other was the danger of the ford we were coming to, and he exhibited a good deal of of ingenuity in endeavoring to excite our alarm. He returned to the ford from every other conversational excursion, and after every silence. "I do' know's there's any great danger; not if you know the ford. Folks is carried away there. The Toe gets up sudden There's been right smart rain lately. If you're afraid you can git set over in a dugout, and I'll take your horses across. Mebbe you're used to fording? It's a pretty bad ford for them as don't know it. But you'll get along, if you mind your eye. There's some rocks you'll have to look out for. But you'll be all right, if you follow me."

Not being very successful in raising an interest in the dangers of his ford, although he could not forego indulging a malicious pleasure in trying to make the strangers uncomfortable, he finally turned his attention to a trade. "This hoss of mine," he said, "is just the kind of brute-beast you want for this country. Your hosses is too heavy. How'll you swap for that one o'yourn?" The reiterated assertion that the horses were not ours, that they were hired, made little impression on him. All the way to Burnsville he kept recurring to the subject of a trade. The instinct of "swap" was strong in him. When we met a yoke of steers, he turned round and bantered the owner for a trade. Our saddles took his fancy. They were of the army pattern, and he allowed that one of them would just suit him. He rode a small flat English pad, across which was flung the U. S. mail pouch, apparently empty. He dwelt upon the fact that his saddle was new and ours were old, and the advantages that would accrue to us from the exchange. He didn't care if they had been through the war, as they had, for he fancied an army saddle. The Friend answered for himself that the saddle he rode belonged to a distinguished Union General, and had a bullet in it that was put there by a careless Confederate in the first battle of Bull Run, and the owner would not part with it for money. But the mail-rider said he didn't mind that. He wouldn't mind swapping his new saddle for my old one and the rubber coat and leggins. Long before we reached the ford we thought we would like to swap the guide, even at the risk of drowning. The ford was passed in due time, with no inconvenience save that of wet feet, for the stream was breast high to the horses; but being broad and swift and full of sunken rocks and slippery stones and the crossing tortuous, it is not a ford to be commended. There is a curious delusion that a rider has in crossing a swift, broad stream. It is that he is rapidly drifting up stream, while in fact the tendency of the horse is to go with the current.

The Origin of Lawn Tennis.

From the London Truth.

How few lawn tennis players know who originated the game and where the first game was played? This excellent pastime has now been in existence for ten years, and it has probably been a greater source of amusement than anything of the kind ever invented. The originator and inventor was Maj. Walter Wingfield, of Her Majesty's Body Guard, who in 1874 wrote a little book, compiled a set of rules, and coined the outlandish name "Sphairistike." The first game ever played was in 1874, at Col. Naylor Leyland's house in Denbighshire. The first public game ever played in this country was at Prince's Ground, in the summer of 1875, the players being Maj. Wingfield, Mr. Clement Scott, Capt. Alfred Thompson and Mr. Albany Erskine. It was openly jeered at by a crowd of racket and cricket celebrities, who did their utmost to ridicule the game in every way. But in less than one month two courts were taken at Prince's for every hour in the day, and the racket players and cricketers had to "sing small."

Ex Governor Hale, of New Hampshire, who failed recently, was, according to a correspondent, the apotheosis of the Yankee peddler. He has made his money trading. Shrewd and sharp, he has turned property constantly, and almost always to his advantage; subtituting in his later years stocks in numerous glittering enterprises; which he had developed to the point of capitalization before sharing their advantages with his friends, for the cheap watches and goods from a huckster's cart, with which he began active life at Dublin forty years ago. In the years at Dublin Mr. Hale not only pedilled, but made clothespins, and made them well and profitably. When he outgrew Dublin he went to Keene in 1859, being 36 years old, and began the manufacture of chairs. Until within a year or two he has been very successful in his schemes.

A BOTTOMLESS ABYSS.

West Virginia's Great Natural Curiosity—The Wonder of Tourists.

There are many natural wonders in this out-of-the-world region and yesterday the monotony of camp life was varied by a visit to one of them, the locality known far and wide throughout the South Branch country as the Hell Hole. This is an uncouth name, but to visit the spot justifies the title in the mind of the beholder. This terrible abyss is on the North Fork, west of Ritenour, at the side of a little stream which gurgles musically down the mountain and is to the lower or left hand side of the road which leads through the Harmar Hills. The chasm, circular in shape, is about fifteen feet in diameter, almost perpendicular and is believed by the inhabitants near by to be bottomless. Its situation is at the bottom of a deep, rocky gorge and the scenery is unusually wild. Many attempts to sound this mysterious well by lines, some of them one thousand feet in length, have been made in days past, but as yet without avail, and lighted lanterns and torches lowered to a depth of many hundred feet have revealed naught but rough, irregular walls of solid rock. Provided with a stop watch, I dropped a heavy fragment of rock over the edge of this yawning gulf, and the faint sound which came back to my ear was at the expiration of fourteen seconds. From this, making due allowance for the resistance of the air, the transmission of sound and the impediments to the stone caused by the uneven sides, I calculated a depth of 3,152 feet 4 inches, presuming, of course, that the last audible sound was caused by the rock striking the bottom.

The people, who have for many years regarded this gigantic well with something akin to awe, tell many stories of it and of the objects animate and inanimate, including at least one human being, which have been swallowed up in its insatiable maw. A fine, white pine tree, with a slender stem, straight as an arrow and over one hundred feet high, stood on the steep slope a few dozen yards from the mysterious hole. Two of Isaac Harmar's sons concluded to venture up and cut the tree for troughs. It fell with the top up hill, and starting to slide, disappeared bodily into the Hell Hole and was lost to view, the terror stricken young men who peered cautiously over the edge being unable to see the slightest trace of the tree except a few bits of bark and branches clinging here and there on the jagged rocks.

But other and more serious accidents have occurred at the Hell Hole. About ten years ago a partially blind peddler, who was making his way south along the north fork from Martinsburg to White Sulphur Springs, disappeared suddenly in this vicinity. A search was made for him, and his trail finally struck and followed up to the very brink of this fearful pit. The supposition is that in the dusk of the evening the old man walked to the mouth of the hole, all unconscious of danger, and stepped off, to fall to as yet unknown depths.

There is also a legend current among the good people of this portion of Grant county that, away back in the early days of the century, when the red man had not long been gone from the North Fork Valley, that a young girl, disappointed and heart broken at the course of her lover, had made her way to the mouth of Hell Hole and, depositing in a little pile on a flat rock the few simple love tokens received in happier times from her betrothed, had leaped into the fearful depths before her.

On another occasion a valuable horse fell into the pit, and last winter a dog, while pursuing a rabbit, took the direction of the Hole and catching his prey on the edge, lost his footing and both animals were engulfed. Tourists have dropped tons of rocks into the Hell Hole, but its dark secrets are still unrevealed and probably will ever remain unknown, an object of mystery and wonder to the passing stranger and of terror to the inhabitants of the region in which it is situated. Wheeling Register.

What a Baby Can Do.

It can wear out a $1 pair of kid shoes in twenty-four hours.

It can keep its father busy advertising in the newspapers for a nurse.

It can occupy both sides of the largest sized bed manufactured, simultaneously.

It can cause its father to be insulted by every second class boarding house keeper in the city "who never take children," which in nine cases out of ten is very fortunate for the children.

It can make itself look like a fiend just when mamma wants to show "what a pretty baby she has."

It can make an old bachelor in the room adjoining use language that, if uttered on the street, would get him in the penitentiary for two years.

It can go from the farthest end of the room to the foot of the stairs in the hall adjoining quicker than its mother can just step into the closet and out again.

It can go to sleep "like a little angel," and just as mamma and papa are starting for the theatre it can wake up and stay awake until the last act.

These are some of the things that a baby can do. But there are other things as well. A baby can make the commonest home the brightest spot on earth. It can lighten the burdens of a loving mother's life by adding to them. It can flatten its dirty little face against the window pane in such a way that the tired father can see it as a picture before he rounds the corner. Yes, babies are great institutions, particularly one's own baby. Newman Independent.

A Novel Religious Ceremony.

A New York church congregation recently made quite a ceremony of the burning of a mortgage which, "in the order of Providence," they had been enabled to pay off. After the sermon the pastor stepped down, took from within his vest a folded manuscript. "This," said he, "is a mortgage. Until now I've never seen one. Have you any idea what the holders of this bond could do? They could turn you out of the church, but thank Heaven, they can't do it now, for it's paid." He then tore the paper into slips, and crumbling the pieces into a ball placed it on a tray. Lighting a small lamp, he ignited the ball, and while the congregation sang the doxology, the mortgage paper of $6,000 was burned to ashes. When the services ended, the trustees assembled and held a second cremation. Upon the same tray which held the ashes of the mortgage the note was burned. During the service many of the older members were moved to tears. The ashes are now enclosed in a sealed envelope.

A Chicago criminal never feels entirely safe until he learns that his case has been placed in the hands of the detectives. Chicago Mail.

What Sporting Men Rely On.

When Lewis R. Redmond, the South Carolina moonshiner, cornered, after for eight years eluding the government officials, was asked to surrender, he exclaimed:

"Never, to men who fire at my back!"

Before he was taken, five bullets had gone clear through him, but strange to relate, he got well, in the hands of a rude backwoods nurse."

By the way, if Garfield had been in the hands of a backwoods nurse, he might have lived. A heap of volunteer testimony against the infallibility of the physicians has been accumulating of late and people are encouraged to do their own doctoring more and more. It is cheaper and quite as certain.

Before Detective Curtin of Buffalo caught Tom Ballard he "covered" him with his revolver. Tom saw the point and tumbled!

Joe Goss was "covered" a few weeks ago and he tumbled, and so did Dan Mace. Death "fetched em" with that dreaded weapon—kidney disease. But they should have been lively and drawn first. They could easily have disarmed the monster had they covered him with that dead shot—Warner's safe cure, which, drawn promptly, always takes the prey. It is doubtless true that sporting men dread this enemy more than any mishap of their profession, and presumably this explains why they as a rule are so partial to that celebrated "dead shot."

Redmond was right. No man should surrender when attacked in the back. He should "draw," face about and proceed to the defence, for such attacks, so common among all classes, will fetch a man every time unless "covered" by that wonderfully successful "dead shot." Sportsman's News.

Flaxseed answers every purpose as an eye stone; to remove particles accidentally lodged in the eye.

THE SECOND MATE.

Out from the mouth of Fuca's strait,
Into the dark and stormy night,
Deck in charge of the second mate—
We bade good-by to Flattery Light.

Mate, in brief authority dressed,
Hark! do you hear him haze the crew?
Angels' tears would suit him best;
Cowardly cur, I warrant you.

Stern and stark with the hoarsest voice:
Curse or blow for the merest thing;
I wonder that our Captain's choice
Gave such a brute his petty swing.

Captain Morse, of the kindest face,
Coolest head, and the warmest heart,
Highest type of the sailor race—
How can he take that bully's part?

Musing thus as I pace the deck,
Plunged the boat in the rising sea,—
Crash! and we lie a helpless wreck,
Decks wave swept and the rocks alee.

Shaft was snapped in the starboard box!
Wheel still hangs by the broken end!
God! do you feel those dreadful shocks!
That mass of iron that bilge will rend!

Above the roar of wind and wave,
O'er the cries of the frightened throng,
Rings the voice of the Captain brave,
Cool and steady, clear and strong.

"Fill with water the starboard boats—
She won't capsize if the great wheel drops,
Don't give up while the old ship floats;
Fetch a scope of chain, and good, stout stops.

"Cut a hole in the paddle box;
Bend a line to that cable ring;
Quick! with your strongest tackle blocks
Which of you dares secure that thing!"

"Whoever wants to go to hell,'
Follow me!" cries the brutal mate;
Just as sure as I'm here to tell,
There was not one to hesitate!

"Two are enough!" the Captain cries—
All of the crew would follow him;
This ship is saved or a hero dies—
Christ! the seas are swift and grim.

Into that plunging wheel they go,
Climbing over the slippery arms:
Churned by the surges to and fro,
Threatened each step with direst harms.

Instant death if the great wheel drop!
Certain death if they lose their hold!
Death is the only thing can stop
The way of men thus truly bold.

Ages, it seems, with choking throats,
We stand and watch the seething brine,
Hurrah! o'er the mossy saddle-floats
Stagger the men; they've passed the line!

"Reeve the chain, and snug and taut;
Lash the wheel to the steamer's side.
Cheer, my hearties! the fight is fought;
Under sail she will safely ride."

Wonderful how that mate can change,
Seen from a different point of view!
Captain's choice doesn't seem so strange;
Judge of men! and a good one, too!

Second mate was born to command,
Regular sailor, truck to keel;
Rough of speech, and of heavy hand,
But heart as true as the finest steel.

—Overland Monthly.

Prospects for the Panama Canal.

Civil Engineer A. G. Menocal, U. S. Navy, was ordered by Secretary Chandler last fall to proceed to Nicaragua for the purpose of revising the estimates for the construction of the Nicaragua Interoceanic Canal. In compliance with his instructions he had occasion to cross the Isthmus of Panama, and availed himself of the opportunity to thoroughly examine the progress of the work on the Panama Canal. His report to the Secretary of the Navy furnishes additional evidence of the magnitude of the task which M. De Lesseps has undertaken, and of the apparently insuperable difficulties which render so improbable the success of his project. Mr. Menocal finds as a result of his survey that 70 per cent. of the whole distance of the canal is as yet untouched, that the excavation is less than 6 per cent. of the total cube to be removed, and that as the work has thus far been confined to the surface, these percentages do not represent the proportional cost of the work done, which he estimates at not more than 4½ per cent. of the total cost.

Moreover, it is generally conceded that the canal must be protected from the freshets of the Chagres River. This it is proposed to accomplish by the construction of a dam a mile long and from 150 to 170 feet high across the valley of the stream, the hydrostatic pressure at the base of which is estimated at 12,000 pounds per square foot. In this connection the estimates which Mr. Menocal puts upon the entire cost of the undertaking are significant. He says: "It may be safely stated that the canal can not be completed for less than $275,000,000, exclusive of interest on capital, commissions, etc., in addition to what has already been spent, or a total cash for the actual cost of the works of $375,000,000. Now, to raise this sum of money and the annual cash interest, with the present credit of the company unimpaired, and supposing that the canal will be completed in fourteen years, will raise the obligations of the company to $661,000,000.

Regulars.

One of the strongest proofs of the value of Kidney-Wort as a remedy for all diseases of the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels is the fact that it is used and prescribed by "regular" physicians. Philip C. Ballou, M. D., of Monkton, Vt., says: "Take it all in all, it is the most successful remedy I have ever used."

Moliere fronts are seen only on house dresses.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED AGENTS TO SELL Zell's New Encyclopedias, in parts or bound. T. Elwood Zell, No. 47, 13th St., Phila.

We are to have another velvet and velveteen season.

THE HAIR-DYE HABIT.

Various Views of the Subject Taken by Bill Nye.

I notice with sincere regret that another New York gentleman has lost his life as a result of over indulgence in the hair dye habit. This habit is now sapping the life blood of many and sowing the seeds of death throughout our entire land.

The hair itself is not improved by dyeing as an Indian is. The Indian, prior to dying, is disagreeable and annoying, but afterward he at once becomes docile and harmless. The hair when dyed becomes rough, and if colored a dead black is the gloomiest sight I know of. You take a heavy moustache, and after coloring it a crushed tomcat black, hang it over a new set of white commercial teeth that were made for another party and you have a picture which will make a horse leave his stall with pleasure.

Nothing looks more beautiful than beautiful hair growing where it was planted by an All Wise Hand; but nothing can be more pitiful than the picture of an old widower rising up out of his grave on the morning of resurrection day with a lot of London dyed second hand hair and a set of dollar store teeth in his hand.

I have made some experiments in the hair line, and I find that I can let my grocery account run just as long without hair as I could with hair. So that, for the purpose of trade, hair is not essential.

Let us go still farther and see how it is about matrimonial matters. It is claimed by gray haired widowers especially, and bachelors who were born a long time ago, that gray hair or seldom hair is injurious to matrimonial opportunities. This depends, of course, upon who the victim is to be. If she be a young and skittish thing from the kindergarten, who regards hair as a mark of success in life, perhaps you are right in trying to improve on nature; but if she be the kind to stand up and fight for you instead of with you, a large assortment of damaged hair will not catch her.

I know that a man with five cents' worth of hair may marry far above his station in life, for I have tried it myself. So the dangerous and foolish habit of wearing the hair that has been rifled from a foreign morgue is not excusable on the ground that we can not be properly loved if we are bald.

This ought to be equally true to the hair that is gray. People who have nice gray hair should remember those who part their hair with a Turkish towel. If I had gray hair instead of a site for it, as I now have, I would spend my time largely combing it instead of blacking it. Those who black their hair as a rule do not comb it as much as they should for fear of wearing off the blacking. Is it not singular that a man should prefer paralysis and black hair to health and handsome white hair? Isn't it odd that a man who is old enough to know better should choose to be a premature angel with dead black hair and a dab of hair dye on his nose when he really doesn't have to?

The other day I saw an old party who had two long brindle trifles of hair pulled in front of his ears and colored. On top he had no hair and behind he had neglected to color it, so that when he looked in the mirror and had his hat on he could fool himself. He certainly did not fool anybody else.

I could not help thinking how he would look when Gabriel sounds his horn and the old gentleman begins to scrabble around for his hair dye and his hat so that he will look pretty before the judgement bar.

We should so live that 5,000 years from now future generations will not stop to ask: "Don't he wear his own hair or that of a total stranger?" We should lead such lives that people will be sorry when we are gone and regret it for two or three days at least. It is better to die bald headed and beloved than to live forever wearing coal black hair and surrounded by millions of people who assure us that we needn't postpone our death on their account. Still there are men who do not care for all this. Neither do they care for health. They would rather die a pretty paralytic than to live white haired and on the square.

We talk much of the folly and vanity of woman, but, when a man really becomes ambitious to be a star fool, he shames all the female fools of his time into an early grave. Travelers' Magazine.

"What shall we do with our Daughters?"

This question is asked by a well known lady lecturer. Well, we can do a great many things with them; one thing, we must take good care of their health, and not let them run down and become enfeebled. For the feminine ailments, which may be summed up in one word—debility, we have a sovereign remedy in Brown's Iron Bitters, which has done much good. Miss Mary Greenfield, of Galatia, Ill., writes, "Brown's Iron Bitters cured me of nervousness, indigestion and general poor health." Let the other young ladies take a hint.

A learned doctor says: "Keep your infants warm." Yes, warm them up even if you have to wear out ten pairs of our slippers. Providence Star.

"Rough on Rats" clear out Rats, Mice, 15c.

"Rough on Corns" hard or soft corns, bunions, 15c.

"Rough on Toothache" instant relief, 15c.

Plush will be fashionable again.

"Rough on Piles."

Cures Piles or Hemorrhoids, Itching, Protruding, Bleeding, Internal or other, Internal and External Remedy in each package. Sure cure, 50c. Druggists.

The shelf-like bustle is no longer in fashion.

"Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch," cures skin humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains, itch, ivy poison, barber's itch, 50c. jars.

The tailor-made suit is the most popular fall frock.

Halford Sauce, used at all first-class hotels. Makes your food more nutricious.

Turbans are the correct hats for windy days.

Save time and money by using Stewart's Healing Powder for cuts and sores on animals. Sold everywhere, 15 and 50 cts. a box. Try it.

A handful of hay in a panful of water neutralizes the smell of paint.

The simplest and best regulator of the Disordered Liver in the world, are Carter's Little Liver Pills. They give prompt relief in Sick Headache, Dizziness, Nausea, &c.; prevent and cure Constipation and Piles; remove Sallowness and Pimples from the complexion, and are mild and gentle in their operation on the bowels. Carter's Little Liver Pills are small and as easy to take as sugar. One pill a dose. Price 25 cents.

Children's frocks are made with waists again.

☞ **Do it Yourself.** With Diamond Dyes any lady can get as good results as the best practical dyer. Every dye warranted true to name and sample. 10c. at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

"What we learn with pleasure we never forget."—Alfred Mercier. The following is a case in point. "I paid out hundreds of dollars without receiving any benefit," says Mrs. Emily Rhoads, of McBrides, Mich. "I had female complaints; especially 'dragging down,' for over six years. Dr. R. V. Pierce's 'Favorite Prescription' did me more good than any medicine I ever took. I advise every sick lady to take it." And so do we. It never disappoints its patrons. Druggists sell it.

"Suites to the sweet"—as the hotel clerk remarked when he showed the newly married couple into the swell bridal apartments. Lowell Citizen.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, consumption, night sweats and all lingering coughs, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a sovereign remedy. Superior to cod liver oil. By druggists.

Large rosary beads are used in dress ornamentation.

Stranger than Fiction

are the records of some of the cures of consumption effected by that most wonderful remedy—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of grateful men and women, who have been snatched almost from the very jaws of death, can testify that consumption, in its early stages, is no longer incurable. The Discovery has no equal as a pectoral and alterative, and the most obstinate affections of the throat and lungs yield to its power. All druggists.

Braid is again in fashion, but for cloth dresses only.

BURNS and Scalds are instantly relieved painless, and invariably cured without a scar, by the use of **Carbolisalve**, the great skin remedy. 25 and 50 cents, at Druggists or by mail. Cole & Co., Black River Falls, Wis.

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