"August Flower"

For Dyspepsia.

A. Bellanger, Propr., Stove Foundry, Montagny, Quebec, writes: "I have used August Flower for Dyspepsia. It gave me great relief. I recommend it to all Dyspeptics as a very good remedy."

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C. A. Barrington, Engineer and General Smith, Sydney, Australia, writes: "August Flower has effected a complete cure in my case. It acted like a miracle."

Geo. Gates, Corinth, Miss., writes: "I consider your August Flower the best remedy in the world for Dyspepsia. I was almost dead with that disease, but used several bottles of August Flower, and now consider myself a well man. I sincerely recommend this medicine to suffering humanity the world over."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

On the Ragged Edge

—The clothes that are washed without *Pearline*. If you get them clean by the necessary rubbing with soap, they will soon get ruined by the wear of it. *Pearline* saves the wear, by saving the work—there is little or no rubbing. It does no harm to anything that it washes, and it washes everything. Use *Pearline*, and use less labor. Labor is useless, if you use *Pearline*, for it is unnecessary.

Beware of imitations. 240 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

Ask my agents for W. L. Douglas Shoes. If not for sale in your place ask your dealer to send for catalogue, secure the agency, and get them for you.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

WHY IS THE **W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN** THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of the best fine calf, stylish and easy, and because *we make more shoes of this grade than any other manufacturer*, it equals hand-sewed shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for $5.00; equals French imported shoes which cost from $8.00 to $12.00.

$4.00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom-made shoes costing from $6.00 to $9.00.

$3.50 Police Shoe; Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy three soles, extension edge. One pair will wear a year.

$2.50 fine calf; no better shoe ever offered at this price; one trial will convince those who want a shoe for comfort and service.

$2.25 and $2.00 Workingman's shoes are very strong and durable. Those who have given them a trial will wear no other make.

Boys' $2.00 and $1.75 school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies $3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best Dongola, very stylish; equals French imported shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

Ladies' 2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 shoe for Misses are the best fine Dongola. Stylish and durable.

Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe.

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HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, F. Herold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

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I DO NOT, I DO I DO NOT SAY I am the only reliable and successful, and my business is only for public benevolence. I do say, I am successful, reasonable in my prices, my family sound and honorable; send small bottle of urine with history of your case, and full particulars of your disease. Dr. F. N. Crowley, Terre Haute, Ind.

FAT FOLKS REDUCED

Eye Water

A NEGRO'S ADVENTURE.

WHY HIS WOOL TURNED WHITE AT AN EARLY AGE.

The Awful Experience of Ben Aiken—Up a Stump and Beset by Alligators—A Runaway Spent a Dreadful Night.

On the edge of a little lake about ten or twelve miles northwest of Tallahassee there lives an old negro whom I see and with whom I talk every time I go hunting in that direction, says a writer to the Globe-Democrat. At least, I have always supposed he was aged, for though his wife is a buxom young woman, he is white-haired, though hale and hearty in appearance. The last time I was out there I learned that he was quite young—only about 40, in fact, and that his snowy locks had a history. After urging I prevailed on him to tell me the story.

It seems that during the war this negro, Ben Aiken, had run off, and while hiding out in the woods subsisted as best he could on wild fruits, some game, young corn, and an occasional chicken, if he was so fortunate as to find one far enough away from a plantation. One day he happened to slip up on a half-grown pig and, getting close enough, knocked it over, and at once stuck it with his knife and started off with it to his improvised hut. While picking his way through the swamp, and going from one little mound to another, stepping on logs and stumps and cypress trees, he noticed that one log he was just in the act of stepping on was not a log at all, but quite a vicious looking alligator. He had lived long enough among 'gators to feel no particular uneasiness over this one, though he also knew that they are mean to have around. Ben stepped back to the mound he was on (which was only about ten or twelve feet square) and concluded to wait till the sluggish creature moved on. But the "'gator" after awhile aroused itself, and in company with four or five others started toward Ben. The negro concluded to beat a retreat, when he found that his little island was entirely surrounded by alligators, and he then realized that they had been attracted by the shoat he was carrying, which had left a trail of blood behind him.

The darky was now thoroughly frightened. He saw the alligators crowding around his little island; he knew that at night they would come up after him; he had no weapons except a knife and a club; he knew there was no chance of anyone hearing his cries, and it was now nearly sundown. A half-grown alligator came crawling up toward him, and he brained it with a club, but it gave him no consolation, for he knew that he could not keep that up through the night. There was one cypress knee or stump on the mound which rose about five feet or more, but he doubted his ability to get upon its smooth top, and, even if he got there, he didn't think he could keep his place there long. Besides, it was doubtful, even then, if he would be out of reach of their jaws. Being the only chance, however, he tried it, and found that by close attention and sitting in a cramped position, he could keep his place upon the stump.

Night came on and he became sleepy. He dare not close his eyes. He did everything possible to keep himself awake. Finally captivity itself would be a blessed relief compared with this, and he called long and loud for help hour after hour. He knew it was of no use, but he kept it up. At last the first gray streaks of dawn were seen, and presently came the day. His little mound was covered with alligators, and the swamp seemed alive with them. He tried to frighten them away, so that he could get down and stretch his limbs, but they crawled all around him, glaring up at him, opening their horrid mouths for a feast they knew was coming. The hot rays of the sun were becoming unendurable even to him, a "plantation nigger," for he had kept up his calling for help until his throat and mouth seemed parched.

He had all this time kept the pig in his arms, and, now, in slightly altering his position, it dropped to the ground. At once an enormous alligator from each side rushed toward it. It was the gauge of battle, and a gurgling threat from each was followed by the onset. Never did any one witness such a combat! The enormous teeth and powerful jaws crashing on mailed side, back, and head; the final advantage gained by one in a grip under the neck, and the fearful struggle of the other; the terrible strokes of each with his long tail, and the resounding echoes through the swamp—all, joined with Ben's hoarse cry for help, made a din and commotion that almost deafened Mr. Aiken and his men, who now appeared upon the scene. A crowd that had been out coon hunting the night before had been frightened by Ben's cries, and reporting it at the house, Mr. Aiken concluded it must be his runaway hand, and so took a crowd of men and started after him, and now came upon the scene. The battle between the alligators was finished, and the conqueror was at once also killed.

The others were driven away, and Ben was taken off his perch, a chattering gibbering idiot. A week's rest restored him to his normal condition, however, except his kinky hair. That has always remained as white as the whitest bale of cotton on the plantation.

Result of a Charm.

The following from the Rangoon Gazette about the origin of a fire gives a fairly good idea as to the extent people there are superstitious: "The fire originated in the house of a Burmese trader, whose wife, Mah Shwe Me, was disappointed at the non-appearance of her husband for the past month. She had consulted several neighbors as to the best means to be adopted to secure his return, and on Sunday evening saw a 'charmer,' who told her to place a lighted candle on her bed and leave the house at least half an hour. She placed the lighted candle under her mosquito curtain, and went away, only to return to find her house and the adjoining ones in flames. Such is said to have been the origin of the fire. One hundred and thirty-three houses were destroyed."

A Full Meal.

The dietetic reformer, Cornaro, lived a hundred years by limiting his daily ration to fourteen ounces of solid food, and many hard-working Hindoos manage to get along with a pound and a half. All through South Asia ten ounces would represent a fair average of a single meal, while a Kaffir chieftain would think nothing of devouring ten pounds of broiled meat, not to mention the Siberian seal hunters, who will snatch a lunch of fifteen to twenty pounds, merely to test the quality of a good catch.—Phila. Times.

HAZING AT WEST POINT.

It Still Flourishes, But Not in So Severe Forms as Formerly.

Interview, in Louisville Courier-Journal, with John S. Sewell, one of the high-stand graduates of last year's class:

"Has the practice of hazing been done away with?"

"Not altogether, but it is not quite as rough as it used to be. They used to toss the plebs in blankets, drag them by the heels up and down the streets, roll them down the embankments of the fort into the ditch, and all that, but that has been pretty well stopped. Now, it is usual, when one of the cadets wants to go to see his girl, and his gun must be cleaned, he doesn't want to do it himself, so he takes his traps to a pleb, and politely requests him to put them in good order—and the pleb usually does it."

"But suppose he doesn't?"

"Why, then, he gets the worst of it. Sometimes he is made to sit on the sharp end of a bayonet or treated to a dose of the setting-up exercises behind the tent. Or they make him chew the end of a rope or the canvas of a stretcher until they get tired. Sometimes they fasten a brass button to a string, pass the string over a ridgepole of the tent, and make the pleb stand, with his hands at his side, and endeavor to touch it with his nose. When he tries to get it away up, they let it drop, and when he sees it dangling low and reaches for it, they yank it up high. When a pleb first gets there, he is usually very green. If he is from the country, he will probably eat with his knife, use his own spoon to take sugar, or his own knife for the butter. They begin to abuse him with a volley of curses that almost takes his breath, and when they have gotten through with that they tell him how he must eat. This, however, usually results in good. No, they keep up hazing. I have been dragged out of my tent many a night, when tired after a hard day's work. Yes, I suppose the cadet officers could stop it, but they won't, and the regular officers might do it if they would patrol the company grounds all night. But hazing is not what it once was.

THE MYSTERIOUS EMERALD.

Story of a Valuable Gem Picked Up by a Boston Lady.

There is the theme for a romance in the experience of a Boston lady in the matter of finding a ring about a year since, says the Courier.

She came across the Common, and just as she was about to leave it by the Boylston street gate her eyes caught the glitter of a gem on the pavement, and stooping she took up one of the most superb emerald rings ever seen in this part of the globe. It is not necessary to describe it too accurately here since in answer to her advertisements there has been more than one attempt by pretenders to get it fraudulently; but it is sufficient to say that it is literally such a ring as might be the gift of a king. It is the sort of jewel which figures in romances of the Disraeli sort, where no expense is spared, and it was naturally worth a sum of money which to ordinary mortals is something pretty big in any light and really tremendous to have locked up in a single ring.

The lady took the jewel to all the leading dealers in gems in the neighborhood and they all agree in saying that they had never seen it but that it was impossible that a ring of so much value should long want for an owner. The jewel has been advertised in all the newspapers and the finder has kept a careful lookout for advertisements in her turn. The police and the dealers in gems are fully informed about it, and yet for more than a year the ring has been in her possession without a sign of its owner appearing to claim it. It is true that there have been a number of applications for it, but no one who has come to claim it has been able to come anywhere near a correct description of the ring, and what its history was before it landed in the dust of Boylston street is still a mystery.

Since the ring is of so great a value, it would be supposed that the owner would endeavor to find it for its pecuniary worth, even if there be no sentimental value attached to it; but nothing of this sort seems to have happened. Some day the mystery may be solved, but at present there is no clue to prevent the romancer from weaving about the jewel any web of fancy which his brain can spin.

Knock-down Argument.

An eminent lord chief justice, who was trying a right-of-way case, had before him a witness—an old farmer—who was proceeding to tell the jury that he had "knowed the path for sixty yeer, and my feyther tould I as he heered my grandfeyther zey—"

"Stop!" said the judge; "we can't have any hearsay evidence here."

"Then how dost know who thy feyther was cept by hearsay?" returned the farmer.

After the laughter had subsided the judge said: "In courts of law we can only be guided with what you have seen with your eyes, and nothing more or less."

"Well," replied the farmer, "I ha' got a bile on the back of my neck, and I never seed 'un, but I be prepared to swear that he's there, dang un!"

This second triumph on the part of the witness set in a torrent of hearsay evidence about the footpath which obtained weight with the jury, albeit the judge told them it was not testimony of any value, and the farmer's party won.—Irish Times.

Fond of Smoking.

"Fond of smoking? I should say he was. He said he'd smoke in life and after death."

"That would depend on the direction he went."

"Not at all. It was merely his way of saying he wanted to be cremated."

A runaway horse at a funeral in Verona, Md., knocked a boy into the grave on top of the coffin. The animal barely escaped going in himself.

MANGLED BY A BEAR.

Trooper Barrett's Mortal Hurts Under the Aim of Forty Rifles.

"In 1876 I was in the service as a scout on the Big Horn expedition. We were on Rush Creek, a branch of the Big Horn, in Wyoming, and the scouts were riding ahead keeping a lookout for Indian signs. In the advance were Bill Cody, old California Joe, Barrett the trooper and myself. Just behind us was M troop of the Third Cavalry.

"Seeing something move in the sage bush about 200 yards away, I called the attention of the others to it. In a moment Cody said: 'It's a bear; give it to him, Billy!' and I banged away. The bear broke cover and ran to the creek, and all of us fired at him. Some of the bullets hit him, but he didn't stop. He tumbled down the high bank and crossed the beaver dam. Barrett dismounted, slid down the bank and followed the bear across the beaver dam.

"There was a large pool above the dam, and between the pool and the opposite bluff was a rank growth of tules, into which the bear had gone out of sight. California Joe shouted to Barrett not to go into the tules. 'That bar's hurt,' said Joe, 'and he'll fight in that brush.' All of us told Barrett to be careful, but that only made him mad. 'Think I never hunted bar before?' he growled, and paying no attention to our warning, he began making his way into the tules.

"The firing had brought the troop up in a hurry, and the whole command was strung out along the bluff, watching Barrett. Perhaps Barrett had hunted bear before, but he did the most foolish thing I ever saw done by a man in this world. Instead of holding his carbine in both hands and parting the tules with the barrel as he advanced, he held it in his right hand by the middle of the barrel and pushed the tules out of the way with his left hand.

"In a moment the tules closed behind him, and the next instant his carbine came whirling through the air and fell into the pool. Then came the most awful shriek I ever heard. God! I can hear it now. The tules swayed and crackled and out came Barrett and the bear, locked together and wrestling for life. Barrett's back was toward us, and he was struggling with all his strength to drag the bear across the narrow strip of open ground to the water.

"Forty carbines and three long rifles were cocked and leveled in an instant, but Barrett was between us and the bear and we dared not fire. 'Don't take your eye from the bead,' said old Joe to me. 'Watch for an opening and let go.' And there we stood, more than forty men, on top of the bluff and not more than fifty yards away, watching that death struggle on the narrow strip of sand, the muzzle of every gun following the motions of the man and bear, and every finger aching to press a trigger. Three men of the plains and a whole troop of veterans stood there with every nerve strained, and not a shot could be fired.

"But while we old frontiersmen stood there sighting our rifles to no purpose, one of the troopers, a raw recruit named George Pennyroyal, from Pennsylvania, slid down the bank, crossed the beaver dam, and ran up to where Barrett and the bear were fighting. Stooping down beside them the trooper poked the muzzle of his carbine into the bear's mouth and pulled the trigger, and the whole top of the bear's head went up in the air.

"Old California Joe looked at the boy in admiration, and, turning to Cody, he said: 'Bill, we've let a tenderfoot come along and show us how to tackle bar. He's got more sense than the whole of us.'

"Barret was fearfully hurt. A great piece of flesh was torn from his breast and the muscles and cords of his left arm were all laid bare. 'I'm worth a dozen dead men yet,' said Barrett. 'No bar can get away with me,' and then he swooned. Toward sundown Barrett's face began to turn ashy gray, and I knew he could not last much longer. The first chill of the night breeze came, and I saw a little tremor in Barrett's frame. I put a spoonful of brandy to his lips and he opened his eyes and looked at me blankly for a moment. Then he recognized me.

"'Didn't I tell you, Bill, that no bar could kill'——and his chin dropped upon his breast and his eyes turned upward under the wide-open lids."—New York Commercial.

Pathetic Motions.

"I have heard and read many pathetic stories," said Senator Hoar to a reporter of the Washington Star recently, "but none of them ever awoke so much sad sympathy as one which Professor Gallaudet repeated recently. The Professor has a favorite pupil—a little deaf-mute boy, who is exceptionally bright. Mr. Gallaudet asked him if he knew the story of George Washington and the cherry tree.

With his nimble fingers the little one said he did, and then he proceeded to repeat it. The noiseless gesticulations continued until the boy had informed the Professor of the elder Washington's discovery of the mutilated tree and his quest for the mutilator. 'When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry tree,' signaled the voiceless child, 'George put his hatchet in his left hand—'

"'Stop,' interrupted the Professor, 'Where did you get your authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?'

"'Why,' responded the boy (who knew nothing of speech), 'he needed his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree.'"

Outlived His Obituaries.

"Thirty years ago to-day," said a veteran soldier, who is also a newspaper man, "I was wounded and captured at Bull Run. It happened that I was taken to a hut in the woods and was not reported for several days. Missing and supposed to be dead, my obituary was written in half a dozen newspapers, and I had the satisfaction of reading several that were sent to me at Libby Prison. It is not every man who survives his obituaries of by thirty years."

Deaf Mute Schools.

The State of New York supports seven schools for deaf mutes, in which there are about 1,300 pupils. These schools have graduated many thousands, and most of them are doing well.

Had a Walkover.

It was the senior singles that caused all the stir in the races of the Canadian regatta at Barrie, Ont., last week. The winner of the race was James Henderson, of the Catlin club of Chicago. He entered with a few strong men such as J. J. Ryan, of Sunnyside, A. P. Burrett, R. McKey, J., F. H. Thompson and M. Shea. Thompson had the best start and shot out in the lead of Ryan, who thundered through the water. Ryan was exhausted by his stroke at second quarter and Thompson soon gave up. Here it was that the winning was a mere matter of steady pull for the Catlin starter and he walked home in 10:58. Burret was second, McKey third, Shea fourth and Ryan last.

Business for the Boys.

The publishers of the CHICAGO SATURDAY PRESS, the People's great National Weekly, want an active, energetic boy in every town and village to sell the SATURDAY PRESS on the streets, and to act as local agent. Boys are making from $1.00 to $10.00 a week selling this great weekly. Here is a chance for the boys of America who want to make money. To our boys, 2 cents per copy. Don't miss the chance, but address,

SATURDAY PRESS CO.,
417 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

The well that is being bored at Wheeling in the interest of science has reached a depth of three-fourths of a mile. Progress is being made at the rate of about ten feet a day.

The most violent thunderstorms in the world occur in French Guiana. The thunder there in an ordinary storm is almost deafening, while peal follows peal in quick succession.

SYRUP OF FIGS,

Produced from the laxative and nutritious juice of California figs, combined with the medicinal virtues of plants known to be most beneficial to the human system, acts gently, on the kidneys, liver and bowels, effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds and headaches, and curing habitual constipation.

The Cossack lieutenant, Backmonoff, has walked from Vladivostock to St. Petersburg in thirteen months and has since started off for Paris. He is accompanied by a small gray dog.

Can You Find the Word?

The only one ever printed. Can you find the word? Each week, a different 3 inch display is published in this paper. There are no two words alike in either ad., except One word. This word will be found in the ad. for Dr Harter's Iron Tonic, Little Liver Pills and Wild Cherry Bitters. Look for "Crescent" trade mark. Read the ad. carefully and when you find the word, send it to them and they will return you a book, beautiful lithographs and sample free.

The famous manufactory of porcelain at Sevres is likely to be closed. The sale of this style of china is said to have fallen off so greatly as to make the manufacture of it unremunerative.

How a Student Makes Money.

DEAR READERS:—I am able to pay my board and tuition, wear good clothes and have money in my pocket by spending my odd hours and vacations plating jewelry and tableware and selling platers. I have made $20 per day, never less than $4. I paid $5 for my plater to H. K. Delno & Co., Columbus, O. Any one can profit by my experience by writing there for circulars.

A STUDENT.

The champion bicycler of France, M. Dubois, has been murdered near his home at Lux. He was riding home one night when for no justifiable reason a workman became infuriated at him and, quarreling, killed him with a crowbar.

N. Y. Board of Health on Wine.

Dr. Janes, of the New York Board of Health, says: "I take great pleasure in testifying to the superior qualities of the Port Wine produced by Alfred Speer, of New Jersey. After a prolonged trial I recommend it as a superior wine for the sick and debilitated."

The London national training school for cookery reports that 6,601 pupils entered for training in 1890, seventy-seven teachers obtained diplomas, and since the opening of the school the total number of pupils has slightly exceeded 40,000.

A BOY

Can make more money by selling THE **CHICAGO SATURDAY PRESS**

Than any other Saturday Paper in America.
It sells for 5 cents to buyers.
It sells for **2 Cents** to Boys.
Boys consequently make 3 cents on each copy they sell.
All unsold copies are returnable.
It is the FASTEST SELLING paper in the United States.
Better Illustrations and more news, stories and sensations than any other paper.
WE WANT A BOY in every city, town, village and cross roads to sell this paper to customers every week. Show this advertisement to some boy who would like to make money selling papers. Tell him to write quick or someone else may get the agency in his vicinity.

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415 Dearborn Street. Chicago, Ill

RUPTURE Permanently CURED.

Without knife, hypodermic, pain or detention from business. Cure guaranteed; consultation free. Terms and price within reach of all. Send for pamphlet on treatment and cure of hernia. Call on or address Dr. I. M. HOLLINGSWORTH, Rupture Specialist, 80 Dearborn St., Rooms 10-12, Chicago. CURED

PIERRE THE CAPITAL OF SOUTH DAKOTA, and the coming City of the Northwest. REAL ESTATE is very cheap and sure to make you a big profit on a small Investment. Write for Maps and Information to

C. S. CARR & CO., SIOUX FALLS, S. DAK.

IMPROVED FARMS A few rare bargains in Eastern & Central Nebraska. Very favorable terms. These will sell quick. Write or call on W. A. GROUSE, 605 Bee Building, OMAHA, NEB.

$3.50 A DAY Clear Profit. An Exceptional Chance for energetic men or women. Write at once for territory. Special inducements if you establish and supply to retail agents. Best thing out. Sample, by mail, 75c. LORIMER & CO., 209 S. Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

MEN & WOMEN MAKE $5.00 A DAY selling our Standard Medicines. Best references and prizes. We will ship you $12 worth on consignment to start with. Lauderback Co., Newark, N. J.

Little Things.

Lady snake charmers are getting scarce and the wages paid them by American museum managers have risen to $100 a week.

Several thicknesses of paper pasted together have from time immemoral been found extremely serviceable in China as soles for shoes.

J. A. JOHNSON, Medina, N. Y., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." sold by Druggists, 75c.

The population of the earth doubles itself in 260 years.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The sun yields 8,000,000 times the light of the moon.

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

Camel raising is said to afford the King of Italy much pleasure and profit.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A railroad in the Argentine Republic has one stretch of 211 miles without a curve or bridge.

Do you keep a dog? Feed him on Spratts Patent Dog Cakes. Send for pamphlet "Diseases of Dogs" free, or common sense dog doctoring, 25c. Address Spratts Patent, New York City.

When the Japanese hitch a horse in the street they accomplish it by tying his forelegs together.

Learn to write. Trial Lessons by mail only 25 cents. Write W. G. Chaffee, Oswego, N. Y.

A Chinese newspaper published in San Francisco has been sued for libel by a negro and an Indian.

Major's Cement Repairs Broken Articles 15c and 25c. Major's Leather and Rubber Cement 15c.

Lord Londesborough is as famous for his ties as Gladstone is for his collars. He wears a silk tie of a broad, flat shape.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

A barber in Burlington, Vt., upset all previous records the other day by going out and getting married while a waiting customer was being lathered by his assistant.

SSSSSSSSS Swift's Specific A Tested Remedy For All **Blood and Skin Diseases**

A reliable cure for Contagious Blood Poison, Inherited Scrofula and Skin Cancer.

As a tonic for delicate Women and Children it has no equal.

Being purely vegetable, is harmless in its effects.

A treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed FREE on application.

Druggists Sell It.

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OPIUM MORPHINE DISEASE, GUARANTEED CURE without pain. TRIAL TREATMENT FREE. H. L. KRAMER, SECRETARY, BOX 8, INDIANA SANITARIUM, INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

The end of woman's peculiar troubles and ailments comes with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It cures them. For all the functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses that afflict womankind, it's a certain remedy. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nervine—purely vegetable, non-alcoholic, and perfectly harmless.

In the cure of periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and all "female complaints" and irregularities, "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine that's *guaranteed*. If it doesn't give satisfaction in every case, you have your money back.

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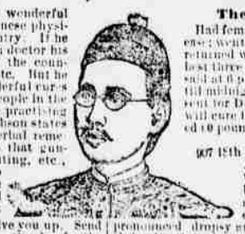

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