CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and Substitutes are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Harmless and Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

CASTORIA.

The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. is on every wrapper

K&K K&K K&K K&K

NERVOUS, WEAK, DISEASED MEN.

NO CURE—NO PAY

THE NEW METHOD TREATMENT, original with Drs. K. & K., will positively cure forever and forever Blood or Sexual disease. It is the result of 30 years' experience in the treatment of these diseases.

WE CURE SYPHILIS

This terrible Blood Poison, the terror of mankind, yields readily to our NEW TREATMENT. Beware of Mercury, Potash, etc. They may ruin your system. If you have sores in the mouth or tongue, pains in the joints, sore throat, hair or eyebrows falling out, pimples or blotches, stomach derangement, sore eyes, headaches, etc., you have the secondary stage of this Blood Poison. We solicit the most obstinate cases, and challenge the world for a case we accept for treatment and cannot cure. By our treatment the ulcers heal, the hair grows again, pains disappear, the skin becomes healthy, and marriage is possible and safe.

CURES GUARANTEED

Thousands of young and middle-aged men have their vigor and vitality sapped by early abuses, later excesses, mental worry, etc. No matter the cause, our New Method Treatment is the refuge.

WE CURE IMPOTENCY

And restores all parts to a normal condition. Ambition, life and energy are renewed, and one feels himself a man among men. Every case is treated individually—no cure all—hence our wonderful success. No matter what ails you, consult us confidentially. We can furnish bank bonds to guarantee to accomplish what we claim.

250,000 CURED

We treat and cure: EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, SYPHILIS, Stricture, IMPOTENCY, Self-Abuse, BRAIN-, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY and BLADDER Diseases. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

DRS.

KENNEDY & KERGAN

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Free Homesteads

in Western Canada

Renters, farmers' sons and farmers burdened with taxes, mortgages, impoverished soil and crop failures may secure **free homesteads** of 160 acres in the Canadian West, the land of No. 1 Hard Wheat, 25 to 35 bushels to the acre. Lowest railroad rates; special advantages to prospectors. The best grain and cattle country in the world. Good water, low taxes, abundant fuel. The Minnesota editors, who recently made the Western Canada trip, speak of it as the home for small farmers. The official report says: "To the small farmer seeking a new home Western Canada offers great inducements. While it seems a long way north, the Canadian Pacific Railway line is far south of Edinburgh, the climate that of Northern Minnesota, and the land raises splendid and sure crops." For maps and full information apply to Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to

J. GRIEVE,
Canadian Government Agent,
Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

FARMS WESTERN CANADA FREE

THE BEST DOG.

Yes, I went to see the bowwows, and I looked at every one,
Proud dogs of every breed and strain that's underneath the sun;
But not one could compare with—you may hear it with surprise—
A little yellow dog I know that never took a prize.

Not that they would have skipped him when they gave the ribbons out,
Had there been a class to fit him—though his lineage is in doubt;
No judge of dogs could e'er resist the honest, faithful eyes
Of that plain little yellow dog that never took a prize.

Suppose he wasn't trained to hunt, and never killed a rat,
And isn't much on tricks or looks or birth—well, what of that?
That might be said of lots of folks whom men call great and wise,
As well as of that yellow dog that never took a prize.

It isn't what a dog can do, or what a dog may be,
That tells a man. It's simply this—does he believe in me?
And by that test I know there's not the compeer 'neath the skies
Of that plain little yellow dog that never took a prize.

Oh, he's the finest little pup that ever wagged a tail
And followed man with equal joy to congress or to jail.
I'm going to start a special show—I will beat the world for size—
For faithful little yellow dogs, and each shall have a prize.

—Harper's Bazar.

HUNT FOR A WILDCAT

A Day's Sport in Tangled Sullivan County Swamps

"THE bay lynx, or wildcat," said Judge Crane, of Port Jarvis, "is not a striking example of domestic devotion. Unlike the hero of the popular ballad, he loves to wander from his own fireside, and he is more fortunate than most fellows in the ability to indulge his wayward propensity. Most animals of our woods are extremely local in their habits. The wildcat is a tramp. It is customary for him to have two lairs, a dozen wayside haunts and perhaps as many more occasional stopping places. His two homes are frequently ten or a dozen miles apart, and mark two points on the circumference of an approximate circle which incloses his stamping ground.

"He starts from one of his habitations on his lonely jaunt, covering in the first 24 hours five or six miles on the main line of his route, while his excursions to the right and left through thicket and swamp comprise many more miles. His route seems to be composed of innumerable small circles and eccentric figures. When he reaches his second residence he hunts the adjacent covers until his wayward fancy again asserts itself. Then he strikes off home, which he reaches by an altogether new route, or rather a series of routes. He is not a creature of habit. Occasionally he curls himself up like a house cat and sleeps on the ground, hunting usually by night, and sometimes two weeks may elapse before he regains his starting point. Without doubt he keeps his roving up all the time, although it is only during the the winter months, when the snow holds the record of his wanderings, that we can be sure of his movements. For this reason, too, the winter is the only time we can hunt him scientifically. If he is disturbed by man he will pike off for the more distant home, perhaps running for eight miles in a perfectly straight line. If you can set a dog upon his hot track he will take to the nearest swamp or patch of briers, and wind and twist and turn until he almost unseats the reason of the calmest and most calculating old hound that ever followed a trail. He will not take to water or resort to the other methods of obliterating his trail that a deer adopts. He simply goes around and around in the thickest brush he can find, depending all the time on mere strength of grit and endurance to win out and throw off the pestering hound. He is not afraid of the dog, but the latter bores him by his persistency, and he resorts to the same measures adopted by the man who owes you ten dollars. It is very difficult to tree a wildcat. Sometimes, after being hunted for hours in the way I have indicated, a fresh and fast hound might make him climb a tree, but this is rare. The man who shoots a wildcat without understanding these principles is lucky.

"Last week Lew Boyd, the presiding genius of the hunt at Harlwood, telephoned to me that he had found the fresh track of a cat.

"'That cat's come back from Eden,' was the way Lew put it—Eden was the second place of residence of this particular cat—'and he's on this side of the Montfiello road, now.'

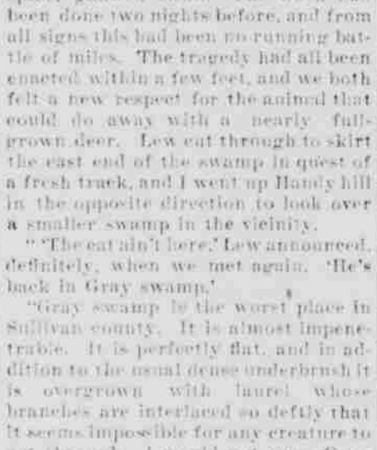
"So I telephoned to Miles Sturtevant to come down from Harlwood the next morning to meet me. I met his wagon on the road four miles from town. We bumped our way over the turnpike to the top of Sullivan county, and then turned into the old Texas road, picking up Lew Boyd and his hound on the way. Three miles further on the Gray road strikes out to the east at right angles. Here we dismissed the wagon, chained the hound, and walked on in the direction of Gray swamp. At the head of Gray swamp we found the tracks of a big cat pointing toward the swamp, and a few yards further on we came upon a similar track crossing the road in the opposite direction. Lew asserted confidently that the two tracks were made that day, and by the same animal, and the question remained to be decided on which side of the road he was at that moment. He was of the opinion that the cat was in Long swamp. So we trudged through the woods for three miles along the top of a low ridge.

"We passed innumerable deer tracks on the way. As we neared Long swamp we put up a fine deer that went dashing off toward Port Jervis, and a little later another jumped through the brush close by. Long swamp is of the shape of an enormous two-fingered hand, covering hundreds of acres. After we gained the swamp the sun went under the clouds, and even the instinct of direction possessed by Lew Boyd, trained woodsman as he was, was at fault. We made our way by the aid of my pocket compass.

"On the west edge of the swamp we came suddenly upon a place where the ground was torn and trampled. Tufts of hair and pieces of pelt lay about on the blood-stained snow, and there was every sign of a terrible struggle. On the edge of the battleground lay the paunch of a deer, and a few feet further on we found its head and spine, gnawed clean. The work had been done two nights before, and from all signs this had been no running battle of miles. The tragedy had all been enacted within a few feet, and we both felt a new respect for the animal that could do away with a nearly full-grown deer. Lew cut through to skirt the east end of the swamp in quest of a fresh track, and I went up Handy hill in the opposite direction to look over a smaller swamp in the vicinity.

"'The cat ain't here,' Lew announced, definitely, when we met again. 'He's back in Gray swamp.'

"Gray swamp is the worst place in Sullivan county. It is almost impenetrable. It is perfectly flat, and in addition to the usual dense underbrush it is overgrown with laurel whose branches are interlaced so deftly that it seems impossible for any creature to get through. I would not cross Gray swamp for money; for a wildcat, I might. Unless he had winded or sighted us the animal was somewhere in the neighborhood, and we had reduced all likely hiding places to the depths of this swamp. Lew told me to go in and select as open a position as I could find while he walked around the swamp to look for tracks leading out. I wriggled and twisted and tore my way through the brush until I found a well-worn deer path, along which I came upon several of their round beds. One of them, a little larger than the others, was surrounded by the tracks, not much larger than a copper cent, of two fawns. It was pretty tough work getting inside of that swamp, and long before I had a suitable position I heard the deep bay of the hound. A moment later something heavy bounded through the brush within 50 feet of me. I



THE SULLIVAN COUNTY CAT.

couldn't see a thing but laurels and so I kept still and cursed my luck. My only chance was to remain quiet and wait for the dog to bring the animal around again. After the dog passed I hunted around until I found a fallen log, from the top of which I could see for a few yards about me. The sounds of the hound held on quite to the further edge of the swamp and then gradually turned.

"Suddenly something lithe and soft and graceful made a curving leap over the brush. I caught another glimpse of the tawny skin a few feet further on, aimed at it quickly and fired. The thing dropped and sank slowly among the bushes. It looked as though it lay crouching for a spring when I worked my way to it, its face toward me and the fire in its eyes not yet dead. A moment later the dog burst through the brush and buried his teeth in the cat's neck without a moment's hesitation. That hound is of the Josh Cole breed, a strain known throughout this region for honesty, gameness and grit. Many a good dog will flinch from a wildcat, dead or alive. But this one went at it as though he had never known any other kind of business."

The dead wildcat measured four feet five and a half inches from tip to tip and stood 21 inches high at the shoulder. The hide is being mounted for Judge Crane.—N. Y. Sun.

In military prisons an offender is sometimes sentenced to carry cannon balls from one place to another and pile them up all day long. That is all. Perhaps it does not seem very terrible but it soon wears his life out. It is practically a death sentence, and he knows it; he would rather be shot. Many a sick man feels the same way about the burden of disease that he is lugging back and forth from day to day. He would as soon be down with a mortal disease. It will come to that sooner or later.

A man's life can be dragged out by dyspepsia and liver complaint. The experience of Mr. J. T. Cardwell, of Fall Creek Depot, Pittsylvania Co., Va., shows how Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery saves people from consumption by waking up their nutritive organism and giving it power to supply pure, healthy blood, which drives out blood poisons and dead tissues and builds up sound, wholesome flesh and muscle.

"I feel it my duty," writes Mr. Cardwell in a letter to Dr. Pierce, "to write you of the lasting benefits derived from the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and little 'Pellets.' Seven years ago I contracted a severe cold, which baffled the skill of one of the best physicians in my State. It ran on and I continually grew worse until I concluded to write to the 'World's Dispensary Medical Association.' The answer to my inquiry advised me to use 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' for indigestion and liver complaint. At this time two months had passed. In two or three days after I had commenced the use of your medicine my cough had entirely stopped, my digestion was better, my low spirits driven away and I felt new life and vigor in my whole body.

This marvelous "Discovery" makes nerve force and rugged power. It is far better than oily emulsions; it does not make flabby fat, it does not increase the weight of corpulent people.

Silenced the Officious Man.

There was a large crowd on an uptown Broadway corner the other evening densely massed around a prostrate form in the street, and tiptoeing to see over the closely packed shoulders of the people in front.

A tall, important-looking man dashed up to the throng and cried in a loud voice:

"Why don't you confounded idiots move back and give the man a chance to breathe?"

Whereupon a small Milesian gentleman in the front row piped up:

"Begorra, it's a horse, an' it's dead, so it is!"

And the reformer hastened on.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Awkward Tombstone Inscription.

A man recently left a widower, when arranging for his late wife's tombstone gave orders that the lettering should be of a stated size. At the bottom of the stone he wished to have the words: "Lord, she was Thine." The stonemason said he was afraid there would not be room for the words, but the bereaved widower insisted, and the carving was put in hand. The correctness of the mason's view was justified, for when the stone was finished at the foot of the tablet were the words: "Lord, she was thin."—Chicago Chronicle.

Spain's Only Naval Victory.

Only once in their history as a nation have the Spaniards achieved a naval victory. That was at the battle of Lepanto, in 1571, when, with the aid of Venetians and Genoese, they annihilated the Turkish fleet.

Regardless of Age

The kidneys are responsible for more sickness, suffering and deaths than any other organs of the body.

A majority of the ills afflicting people today is traceable to kidney trouble. It pervades all classes of society, in all climates, regardless of age, sex or condition.

The symptoms of kidney trouble are unmistakable, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, sleeplessness, pain or dull ache in the back, a desire to urinate often day or night, profuse or scanty supply.

Uric acid, or brick-dust deposit in urine are signs of clogged kidneys, causing poisoned and germ-filled blood. Sometimes the heart acts badly, and tube casts (wasting of the kidneys) are found in the urine, which if neglected will result in Bright's Disease, the most dangerous form of kidney trouble.

All these symptoms and conditions are promptly removed under the influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root. It has a world wide reputation for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

No one need be long without it as it is so easy to get at any drug store at fifty cents or one dollar. You can have a sample bottle of this wonderful discovery, Swamp-Root and a book telling all about it both sent to you absolutely free by mail. Send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghampton, N. Y., and kindly mention that you read this liberal offer in this paper.

THE GAMBLER WINS ALWAYS.

An Ingenious Electrical Device for Winning at Dice Revealed by an Odd Table.

Among the battered flotsam and jetsam that has accumulated in a second-hand store in New Orleans, says the Times-Democrat, is a shabby round table with a curious secret, and no doubt a still more curious history. The top was once covered with green billiard cloth, which is worn to tatters and discloses a steel plate set in the center and perhaps ten inches square. The whole top is loose and can be removed, revealing an interior space containing a horseshoe magnet wound with a wire and connected with an armature, very much like that of an ordinary telegraph instrument. A close examination shows an insulated wire running down one of the legs to a small knob or button, protruding on the outside. When the top is in place the steel plate rests directly over the magnet.

This strange device is explained clearly enough by its present owner. "It is a dice table," he said, "on which a lot of money has been won. When it was in order there was a good-sized battery inside connected with the magnet. When the knob on the leg was pressed the current was turned on, and that made the steel plate magnetic. The dice I used with it had small metal disks on one face and as long as the current was on they naturally fell that side down. When the knob was released they would fall any way they chanced to come, so all that was necessary for the operator to do was to keep his knee on the button and he could absolutely control his play."

THE GERM HUNTERS.

Homes and Factories Rendered Safer from Disease by Their Efforts.

It is a recognized fact that the researches of M. Pasteur have saved many millions of francs to the French people by showing them how to guard against the pests of their herds, fields and vineyards, besides reducing to a remarkable extent the mortality in their hospitals, and both the medical practice and the hygienic habits of all civilized nations are sharing these benefits, says Youth's Companion.

The courses of biology in our colleges now include some knowledge of bacteriology, and there are special provisions for students who wish to follow up this fruitful branch in the laboratories. Happily for all the people, the results of such inquiries become a part of common knowledge even while the processes are still among the mysteries of science.

Thousands of homes and factories are safer from disease-producing germs because of the spread of a kind of knowledge which is quite superficial. The farmer sprinkles paris green over his potato vines; the housekeeper buys of the druggist a bottle of carbolic acid, or some better disinfectant; the nurse, under the oversight of the physician, treats the diphtheritic patient with antitoxin; and in each case they only need to understand that these substances destroy parasitic life. Perhaps the few wise ones, who know at what cost the fruits of science and art are brought within common reach, may have their own quiet chuckle at the complacent claim of "popular intelligence."

EXCESSIVE POLITENESS

Trait of Dresden People Which Sometimes Makes Them Appear Ridiculous.

The people of Dresden are very polite, so over-polite that they not infrequently bring down ridicule upon themselves. It used to be told in that city that a stranger was one day crossing the great bridge that spans the Elbe and asked a native to direct him to a certain church which he wished to find.

"Really, my dear sir," said the Dresdener, bowing low, "I grieve greatly to say it, but I cannot tell you."

The stranger passed on, a little surprised at this voluble answer to a simple question. He had proceeded but a short distance when he heard hurried footsteps behind him, and, turning round, saw the same man running to catch up with him.

In a moment his pursuer was by his side, his breath nearly gone, but enough left to say, hurriedly: "My dear sir, you asked me how you could find the church, and it pained me to have to say that I did not know. Just now I met my brother, but I grieve to say that he did not know either."

Climate of Santiago Province.

Joseph E. Chamberlain, of the Boston Transcript, who went through the Santiago campaign, writes: "It can truly be said for the 'deadly Cuban climate,' which we made deadly by the way we lived in it, that all troubles of the respiratory organs—asthmas, catarrhs, colds, bronchitises, and that sort of thing—disappeared into the thin, sweet, sea-swept air of the Santiago mountain province as soon as we got there. There were some of us who felt as if we had never breathed a perfectly free breath before we climbed those green hills, as yet unpolluted by war. I wonder where else men who had been for years taking colds at the slightest provocation could have slept one cold night after another on damp ground and in clothes and boots saturated by rainstorms and by the fording of rivers, and never have taken cold at all? As to malaria, I think it is capable of proof that there is more of it in eastern Massachusetts than there is in Santiago province."

Deserted Capitals in India.

A remarkable feature of India is the number of deserted capitals. There are no less than three old Delhis, all close to each other and south of the present city.

ALL WOMEN AGREE.

A druggist in Macon, Ga., says: "I have sold a large quantity of **Mother's Friend**, and have never known an instance where it has failed to produce the good results claimed for it. All women agree that it makes labor shorter and less painful."

Mother's Friend

is not a chance remedy. Its good effects are readily experienced by all expectant mothers who use it. Years ago it passed the experimental stage. While it always shortens labor and lessens the pains of delivery, it is also of the greatest benefit during the earlier months of pregnancy. Morning sickness and nervousness are readily overcome, and the liniment relaxes the strained muscles, permitting them to expand without causing distress. Mother's Friend gives great recuperative power to the mother, and her recovery is sure and rapid. Danger from rising and swelled breasts is done away with completely.

Sold by druggists for $1 a bottle.

THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.
ATLANTA, GA.

Send for our free illustrated book for expectant mothers.

[illegible] 1898.

Marked [illegible] en the Liberty of the Present Day and 100 Years Ago.

Cardinal Richard allows Parisians during Lent a regimen that is not very hard. They may have meat every day except Wednesdays and Fridays, though never meat and fish at the same repast; eggs every day, except during the last three days, and the poor are authorized to use fat for their cooking. We are here very far from the extraordinary regimen that once ruled Paris in this matter. Up to the very moment of the revolution it was the prefecture of police that forced a Lenten diet on Paris, and a very rigorous one it was. The butchers' shops were closed and the police spent their 40 days in nosing round the kitchens to see if they smelled meats. It was thus, as history records, Marquis de Rambouillet had her kitchen invaded and all the succulent viands with which it was stuffed confiscated for the benefit of the Hotel-Dieu, which alone had the privilege of possessing meat in Lent, and this, of course, for the purpose of dealing it out to the sick.

In His Place.

The author of "Cannon and Camera," "a war artist at the front" in Cuba, says that after the destruction of the Maine, Father Chadwick, her chaplain, could be seen going hither and thither, now on the shore and now afloat, caring for the bodies recovered from the wreck, and setting down all possible notes which might lead to their identification. Holzer, his zealous and indefatigable assistant, was aiding the wounded, and took his cue like a hero. When he was dying, in hospital, Capt. Sigsbee said a few cheering words to him, and held out his hand. "I can't shake hands with you, Capt. Sigsbee," said he. "My hand is not in condition, sir." "Ah, my lad," said the captain, "you took the wrong ship when you chose the Maine." "No, sir! No, sir! it was the right ship. I have nothing to regret." Soon after he died.

Byron Forgotten by His Race.

The eclipse which has come over Byron's fame is strikingly illustrated by the report that of the $20,000 needed for the proposed monument at Aberdeen only $2,000 has been subscribed, and that it is probable that the project will be abandoned. In all Great Britain there is no adequate monument to the poet, who, in the opinion of his contemporaries, was the greatest English bard since Shakespeare.

It is better to preserve health than to cure disease. Therefore, keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla and be always well.

Satisfaction

In Every Bar of The Earth's Best,

ATLAS SOAP.

For Laundry and General Cleansing purposes.

Labor-Saving, Economical, Lasts Longest, and is the Purest and Best Soap made.

Ask your Grocer for "ATLAS" Soap.

HENRY PASSOLT, MANFR., SAGI[illegible], MICH.