Take Care

of your physical health. Build up your system, tone your stomach and digestive organs, increase your appetite, enrich your blood, drive out all impurities and prevent sickness by taking

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

Undo it yourself: then it's easy; otherwise the DeLONG

Patent

Hook and Eye

never unfastens.

See that

hump?

Send two cents in stamps for the New Model Corset Book in colors to Richardson, De Long Bros., Philadelphia.

Poor soil

and exhausted fields which were once productive can again be made **profitably fertile** by a proper rotation of crops and by the intelligent use of fertilizers containing **high percentages of**

Potash.

Strikingly profitable results have been obtained by following this plan.

Our pamphlets are not advertising circulars boosting special fertilizers, but are practical works, containing honest researches on the subject of fertilization, and are really helpful to farmers. They are sent free for the asking.

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

BEST IN THE WORLD.

THE RISING SUN STOVE POLISH in cakes for general blacking of a stove.

THE SUN PASTE POLISH for a quick after-dinner shine, applied and polished with a cloth.

Morse Bros., Props., Canton, Mass., U.S.A.

BOILERS Tanks, Breechings, Smoke Stacks, Stand Pipes, Etc. Light and heavy plate iron work of every description.

Dan Shea & Co.

Nos. 86 Jefferson St., MEMPHIS, TENN.

OPIUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. DR. B. M. WOOLLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

growing time.

That boy!—
A little lad, all fun.
A little chap, all coat.
A round cipher, not knowing whether the stroke will go up and make him six, or down, and make him nine.
It's growing time with him.

He is burning up fat. This fat must be in as constant supply as the air he breathes.

It has got to come from somewhere. If it does not come from his food, it must come from fat stored up in his body. He steals it and you say "He's getting thin—he's growing so fast."

Scott's Emulsion will take that boy, set his digestion at work, re-build that body. His food may not make him fat—Scott's Emulsion will.

Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

Wisdom Pellets.

We are always in the market for good ideas. Some of our most successful advertisements have come from our patrons. Why shouldn't they? They are the people who know what people want to read. Our business is to make your business our business. Our facilities are unsurpassed for producing the best results in the most economical way. Our prices are reasonable. Our business methods are up to the times. Our ability is unquestioned. Our reputation is well established. Our business is to help you to more business. Our way is the best way to do it. Our ability to do it is proven by our success in doing it. Our success is due to our patrons. Our success is your success. Our success is our ambition. Our success is our business. Our success is our pride. Our success is our reward for 6 to 25 years. Tyler, Butler & Co., 30 to 34 Dearborn, Chicago.

Consumption and Asthma the scourge of the human race, and cannot be too widely known for the benefit of humanity. —Jenny Leyton.

I have used the family of Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Hon. Peter Moore, 214 W. 5th St., Sioux Falls, Dak., 1894.

The Lady—"Is this novel a fit one for my daughter to read?" The Salesman—"I think so. I was not acquainted with your daughter."—Life.

Take Care

of your physical health. Build up your system, tone your stomach and digestive organs, increase your appetite, enrich your blood, drive out all impurities and prevent sickness by taking

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Ole man poverty—the hardest man to shake off.

Ignorance is the curse of God; knowledge the wings wherewith we fly to heaven.—Shakespeare.

Our pain of knowledge consists in being ignorant of such things as are not worthy to be known.—Crates.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth finds in his hand a blade without a hilt.—Landor.

A wise mother joins with neither, but uses both as his honest interest leads him.—Penn.

Our view to a man's early circumstances is whether he calls dandies "wild flowers" or "weeds."—Washington Star.

An enterprising merchant on Broadway has the following sign in his window: "We Sell Goods, Not Customers."

"Stick to me and you'll get yourself in a box," was what the envelope remarked to the postage stamp.—Yonkers Statesman.

The chief drawback to self-made men is that they can't select their materials.—Puck.

The hardest part of learning to ride a bicycle is to get the bicycle.—Somerville Journal.

Don't Care to Investigate.—Mrs. Brittle—"Try my angel food, dearie; I made it myself." Mr. Brittle—"Take it away! I'm an agnostic, anyway."—Puck.

Mouna—"Just look, Helene, at those magnificent ruins." Helene—"I wonder why, in the old times, they built ruins instead of proper castles?"—Tit-Bits.

"De man," said Uncle Eben, "dat won' learn, 'cepin' by experience, am mighty ill-blo'ed upon his intiah existence in school."—Washington Star.

One—"Bickers has been telling us of marvelous sums he has made on Wall street. Is he a Napoleon of finance?" Two—"Well, hardly—more of a Napoleon of narration!"—Puck.

The slanderer inflicts wrong by calumniating the absent; and he who gives credit to the calumny before he knows its truth is equally guilty.—Herodotus.

Judge of thine improvement, not by what thou speakest or writest, but by the firmness of thy mind, and the government of thy passions and affections.—Fuller.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

SQUIRE RUFUS SANDERS.

The One-Legged Statesman Tells Bear Stories.

Some Everyday Heroes—That Texas Hogg "Speck"—A "Brass Collar Democrat"—and a Hero in Texas Politics—Hard Sum to Work—Two Gentlemen From Kentucky.

(Copyright, 1895.)

You maybe thought, not being it to hear me talk and from my general appearance, but I have seen some genuine, sho' enough heroes in my day and generation. Now I don't mean generals and captains and presidents, and governors but plain, everyday heroes, which have come down from the highriseoracy of honest hearts and hard knuckles.

Some Heroic Boys.

In my growin up and brulsin round I have seen many and many a cotton-headed, gander-legged, hatchet-faced yearlin boy that was every inch a hero.

I hold to the doctrine that a boy which will git up with the sun on a raw frosty mornin, when the weather is cold enough to freeze the tail off of a brass monkey, and chop the wood and fetch in the water, and tote out the slops and feed the stock, and drive up the cows and rope off the calves, and never complain or get out of sorts—that boy is a hero.

And I likewise also think that a boy which can pull the bell cord over a blamed old lazy mule, on a long, hot summer day in a new ground full of stumps, and still use nothin but Bible language—by gallins I know that boy is a hero.

Onest upon a time I saw a boy hero in school, and I remember the general circumference of the surroundins as bright and clear as if it was yesterday. It was whilst Miss Susy Tolliver was teachin of the school over at the Cross Ronds. One mornin a youngster, with red hair and a freckly face, come in from somewheres back in the hill country. He give in his name Johnny Ledbetter and said he was nine years old past, ten next grass. There was more pure, honest devilment in that boys' face than I have ever saw done up into one little package. We boys called him "Speck" for short and owin to the sundry different shades and colors of his countenance.

Well, Speck he had plenty of sense, but it didn't run very much to books. Miss Susy didn't give out any lessons to him on the first day. She slipped the bridle, as it were, and let him have the run of the grounds till he could wear the new off. But the next mornin she made him trot out his blue back speller and come down to his knittin reglar. He had to start in with his A. B. C.'s, and when he went forth to say his first lesson every eye in school was turned on Speck. But he stood the fire like a man, and never flickered nor floundered, nor flinched. He come through smooth and easy on the first letter, but struck a snag on the second.

"What makes the honey that you eat?" says Miss Susy.

"B," says Speck, quick as lightnin.

"That's right," says Miss Susy.

"What do you do with your eyes?" says Miss Susy when Speck struck the next snag.

"C," says Speck, with a loud voice and a proud smile.

"Correct, my little man. You'll be a scholar by-and-by," says Miss Susy.

Well, they went on at that lick till finally at last they got down to G, and Speck he backed into another snag.

"When your father starts to plow, and wants his horse to go to the right, what does he say?" ask Miss Susy.

"He don't plow no horse," says Speck, "he plows a steer.

Well, when he wants the steer to go to the right what does he say?" says Miss Susy.

And then Speck he stepped back and spraddled his legs and drawed his face up till it looked like a pine knot on fire, and sung out at the top of his voice:

"G-e-e t-h-e-r-e! you dadburned old wabbledy-legged, slab-sided, razor-back son-of-a-gun."

Man sir, the school then broke loose with the most terriblest confusement you ever read about, and I thought in my soul Miss Susy would faint and fall over in it. But Speck had answered the question and went through with all the motions besides, and you couldn't blame him for that. It took nerve to do it, but Speck was a hero, and in the run of time he turned out to be the brightest scholar in that school.

A Hard Sum to Work.

Onest upon a time a stranger driv up to the Buckalew place to spend the night. In them days they use to keep a stage stand and run a public eatin house at the Buckalew place. When the stranger driv up that day the old man sent Nick Buckalew, which he was the onlyest boy on the place, out to the gate to take the horse and tend to him. And when Nick showed up the stranger, which it seems like he had nibbled at his bottle till he was about six bits in the dollar, went on to say:

"Young man, extricate that quadruped from the vehicle, stabulate him, donate to him an adequate supply of nutritious aliments, and when the aurora of morning shall onest more enlighten the eastern horizon I will award thee a pecuniary compensation for thine amiable hospitality."

Well, Nick he run back into the house and told the old man that there was a Dutchman out there that wanted to see him. The old man and Nick and amongst 'em got the stranger to put it down in writin, and after he left everybody in the settlement put in and tried to figger out what he was drivin at when he made that speech to Nick Buckalew. The old man is dead and gone now, but Nick is still livin and wonderin what that stranger meant, and whether he was drunk or crazy.

A "Brass Collar Democrat."

But I took my seat with pen in hand to write a few lines concernin everyday heroes. And it comes to mind now that I met a grown man in Texas onest that was somethin of a hero. I had landed that morning in a little railroad town way up there close to the Red river. It was election day, and so long the State had been waitin for the Democratic victory. After supper that night the bells had turned out and the boys proceeded to paint the town red and put on some extra hoodoo and fancy triumphin. I had watched the show pretty close the show bit, and the man come up to me whoopin with every breath for the wienin ticket. He was then about three sheets in the wind and the other one a-flutterin, but he had somethin to talk with and he went on to talk.

"I tell you, a man with a backbone as big as a gatepost, stranger, to be honest in politics. And when a man turns off on the wrong trail, and then turns round and comes back to the old lick-log, flat-footed and erect, you can bet your Sunday boots he is brave as a vegetable lion is a pack.

"Look at me, stranger, and you see a Texas hero in the flesh. Two years ago I took the cold water route and went off with the White Ribbon Army. For three months I was in the fight for the prohibition ticket. Of course I didn't know what a tremendious big gob of toil and trouble and worriment I had bit off, but I took it for my own personal business to reform the fallen human race from the Red river to Mexico. I went out on the plains and down in the forks of the creek and rallied the boys to the host of my ability. I took in thirty-six big dinners and made twenty-seven stump speeches for the dry ticket. But it was vanity, stranger—perfect vanity. When election day come and the returns rolled in, the great State of Texas was wet, and the white flag of the White Ribbon Army floated off down the snagry fork of Salt river.

"Onest more this year I went forth preachin the doctrine of retrenchment and reform, and I have now fit, bled and died under the flag of the Third party. But the fly-wheels and the side-shows don't work worth a continental in Texas, stranger. I can say this much for the Third party and the White Ribbon Army, stranger, and when I tell you that, the song is sung and the story is told: They can hold the biggest meetins, and git up the finest dinners, and turn out the longest processions, and reel off the most music, and then return the durndest most fewest votes of all the political parties in the round created world.

"So finally at last, stranger, I made a cross-mark and spit in it and turned round and come back. When you look at me now you see a brass collar Democrat. Do you know what we mean out here in Texas when we call a man a brass collar Democrat?"

It so happened that I didn't know, and the man went on to tell me.

"Well, I don't know how it is back there in the States, stranger, but out here in the great and growin State of Texas a brass collar Democrat is a man that never refused a drink nor scratched a ticket."

The Hogg Man Was Weary.

Talkin about Texas and Texas politics, I recollect a good one that come to pass one day on a railroad train somewheres between Hillsboro and Fort Worth. It was only a few days after the State convention met in Houston, and the war between the Hogg men and the Clark men was goin on fast and furious. It ain't for me to say which was right and which was wrong. I was then a stranger in a strange land, and somethin like a thousand miles from Rocky Creek. But the Hogg men said the Clark men had bolted, and they made the air red-hot with the cry of "bolters."

The train stopped at a little station and a strappin big man got on board. The car was crowded to standin room only, the weather hit was meltin hot, and the big man was tanked up to the guards with "spirits-of-cats-a-fightin," as Biev Scroggins were wont to say.

But you could look at him and tell that he was a Hogg man. It stuck out as plain as a painted horse rack in his general appearments.

"Fellow citizens," said the big man presently, whilst sweatin great drops of perspiration, "is there a Clark man in this car?"

"Yes, sir," said a passenger at the other end of the car; "I am a Clark man."

"Well, dadburn you, bolt!" said the big man. "I'm weary and want your seat."

But the other man didn't bolt, and it took fifteen passengers and the conductor to prevent the spillin of human blood.

Two Men From Kentucky.

One thing brings up another, as the old lady said when she took a dose of specac.

Onest upon a time I was ridin on a railroad train through Tennessee. There was a mule drover on board and he had a bottle of corn whisky—"white ink," as Andy Lucas would call it. He went down into his saddle bags and brought forth the bottle, but he couldn't pull the stopper. He broke both blades out of his knife and turned red in the face and cussed, but the stopper wouldn't come. Finally at last he stood up and said:

"I would love to ask if there is a man from Kentucky on this train?"

"I am from Kentucky," said a man on the other side, as he rose up and stood full six feet in his socks.

"Well, by gad, sir, loan me your corkscrew."

Then they shook hands and passed the bottle round. RUFUS SANDERS.

Russia's Great Grain Yield.

The minister of agriculture of Russia has issued a statement of the yield of grain in 60 provinces in European Russia, including Russian Poland. The figures are given in stchetverts, equivalent to 5.77 English bushels: rye, 122,330,000; winter wheat, 16,983,000; summer wheat, 325,900,000; oats, 190,448,000; barley, 29,622,000; buckwheat, 1,234,000; millet, 6,254,000; corn, 3,619,000; peas, 3,512,000.

Denmark Expedition Has Returned.

Denmark's deepsea exploring expedition to the coasts of Iceland and Greenland has returned. Bad weather interfered with the scientific work, but the Ingolf took soundings from Iceland to Cape Farewell, the greatest depth found being 1,570 fathoms, and secured much zoological material. The Ingolf will be sent out again next summer.

Rooms in Western New York.

Mrs. Mary Winslow is traveling through western New York as proprietor and operator of a peripatetic photograph car. She wears a man's hat, carries a revolver, is a first-class artist, and has more orders than she can attend to.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

—When Catherine de Medici went to France to marry Henry II., she took with her a noted perfumer, who introduced many varieties of Italian perfumes.

—Mrs. Flora Annie Steel, the Anglo-Indian novelist, while living in India spent much time and labor on native education, and prepared several books for use in the schools. It was not until her husband resigned his office and returned to England that Mrs. Steel began to write fiction.

—The late Gustav Freytag in his will provides that all letters in his possession be returned to the writers. In his life he used to declaim against the practice of publishing dead people's letters, and he directs that nothing of his own be printed of which he had not authorized the publication.

—Oshios, the Spanish novelist, who is called great even by his contemporaries, is a bachelor of 50, who leads a very simple and retiring life. He has written 20 volumes of national episodes, historical romance, and they have been uniformly popular since the first of them, "Trafalgar," was published in 1873.

—A young Swede going by the name of Charles Haydensen, who has been employed as a farm hand in the neighborhood of Henderson, Ky., for six years, was discovered recently to be a woman. It was naturally a surprise to the hundreds of people who had worked with her so long and had never suspected her real sex.

—Li Hung Chang is not as fearful of assassination as other men in his precarious position would be. He considers his narrow escape from death in Japan the fulfillment of a prediction made to him by a Chinese mystery-monger years ago that he would dodge death narrowly many times and live to be over 90 years of age.

—Mr. Ruskin sees very few visitors now. At 11 a. m. and three p. m. he regularly takes a walk with his attendant. But even then he is so averse to the eye of the stranger that he will turn into the first field, or get over a hedge if possible when the gate is too distant, rather than be stared at.

—Concerning ex-Queen Liliuokalani's reported purchase of a summer castle and winter villa in Italy, Hawaiian Minister Castle at Washington, declares: "The ex-queen has an income of not more than $3,000 annually, which would hardly warrant the extravagance of two different residences in southern Europe."

—Alexander Dumas complains that he is growing old and disinclined to work and becoming fastidious to a degree as to what he writes. Moreover, he says, and it is a pathetic statement to come from a man of so powerful a pen: "I have arrived now at an age when the best thing a man can do is to hold his tongue."

—Israel Zangwill has a very poor opinion of the women writers of our time. He says: "Amid shoals of the formless, the didactic, the hysterical or the ungrammatical, entirely indebted for their superior circulation to the avid masterly support of the ladies who constitute by far the larger proportion of the reading public, a few feminine books stand out in comparative sanity and unity."

—A new question is agitating literary Paris: Will the French academy, fountain of honor, disappear when its great dictionary of the French language is completed? As Richelieu created the academy for the sole purpose of making that dictionary, why should it survive the publication of the book? Nobody in this generation, at any rate, need worry about the matter, as the dictionary has not yet gone beyond the letter A.

HUMOROUS.

—"Why do you suppose they always represent Cupid as a boy?" he asked. "Because he never arrives at years of discretion," she replied.—Household Words.

—Logical.—Cissie—"Isn't it a nuisance? Mother says we needn't go into more than half-mourning for Uncle Popplewink!" Flossie—"Why? Isn't he more'n half-dead?"—Ally Sloper.

—"I reckon," said Mrs. Corntossel, "that these politicians say a good many things they're sorry fur." "Yes," replied her husband, "an' a good many more thet they orter be."—Washington Star.

—Mabel—"Yes, he's a nice young man, but hasn't his nose met with an accident of some sort? I can't get over it." Amy—"No wonder! It has no bridge."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—"Mamma," remarked Johnny Runkles, after he had absorbed a potash lozenge which had been given him for his sore throat, "wasn't Esau an idiot to sell his birthright for a mess of this stuff?"—Brooklyn Life.

—Food for Thought.—He pressed a fond kiss upon her lips. "How can you?" she exclaimed. "Ah, love is blind," he answered. And, when, four hours later, he took his departure, she was still thinking.—Detroit Tribune.

—"You can see for yourself that these goods are marked down," said the salesman, pointing to the altered price mark. "They appear to be all marked up," replied the customer, as he looked at the many hieroglyphics.—Yonkers Statesman.

—An Irishman recently visited a dentist. After he had discoursed volubly on the subject of his sufferings the dentist mildly interposed: "Do you wish to be treated?" "No, begorra," replied Mr. O'Flynn; "you sthop the pain, an' Oi'll trate ye to anything ye want."—Fun.

—The black-bearded pirate, with a knife between his teeth, boarded the passenger ship. "Throw up your hands!" he shouted. The passenger hanging over the rail smiled feebly. "I think I did, not less than an hour ago," he said gaspingly.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—"Are all these young men anxious to become surgeons?" asked the visitor. "They are," replied the lecturer on surgery. "But how can so many expect to make a living?" "Easily, sir; easily," answered the lecturer. "Think of the effect of the present bicycle craze."—Chicago Evening Post.

—Plausible.—She—"Do you know that if postage was put back to three cents we would make money?" He—"We? Who?" "Everybody, stupid. Because then the merchants would mark their goods down to $1.97 from two dollars, instead of $1.98, as they do now."—Indianapolis Journal.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Clerk.—"That gentleman you sold a bottle of hair-dye to three weeks ago was here again to-day." Druggist.—"Was he after another bottle?" "No, sir. He wanted to know if we kept wigs."—Life.

"Look here, Schlumpenhagen, you must help us at our smoking concert. You play the flute, don't you?" "Nat von dem ich ecpolly spack." "How's that?" "Dey won't let me!"

It is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will be always the thing God means him to do, and will be his best.—Ruskin.

Teacher.—"Emma, what do you [illegible] the ordeal family?" Emma.—"[illegible] matrons has forbidden us to [illegible] family gossip."—Tit-Bits.

Bronchitis, Sudden chill, weather cause Bronchial Trouble. "Bronchial Frontier" will give offensive [illegible]

My cause and memory I leave [illegible] charitable speeches, to foreign [illegible] to the next age.—Bacon.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is taken internally. Price 75c.

In these days the matrimonial [illegible] seems to light on the money bag.

IT PAYS to do your shopping with "The Quickest Mail Order House in the World"— BY MAIL

217 — 50 — 165

A Cordial Welcome

is assured these HOLIDAY BARGAINS—for the values are almost more than printers' ink can do justice to.

No. 217. Box Coat— 4 button front—25 inches long—pure wool rough Boucle, the season's most popular fabric—black only—extra large melon sleeves—full ripple back, wide self-facing and high storm collar. All sizes for Misses and Ladies. In ordering state bust measure. The best value of the year at $5.00

Handkerchiefs— Ladies' half-inch hemstitched sheer union linen with hand embroidered initial, one-half dozen in dainty box—regular 25 cent grade, each, . 15c

Ladies' plain half-inch hemstitched, firm, regular price 10c—for the Holiday trading, 60 cts. per dozen, or each . . 5c

A Black Silk Dress makes a gift that will give more satisfaction than any other Xmas remembrance. Black Satin Duchesse and Black Peau de Soie are this season's two leading fabrics. During our Holiday Sale we offer either cloth in 20-22 inch width—real $1.50 quality, all silk, yard, 98c

No. 50. Plaid Waist— Clan Tartans—full box-pleat front—extra large well stitched sleeves—tight fining percaline lining—black satin stock-collar—belt of self-material—sizes 32 to 44. $2.75 Postage 14 cents.

SEND FOR SAMPLE CLIPPINGS

Flannel Waists— and the picture does n't flatter them either. All wool in plain colors, garnet, brown, black and navy. The samples we'll send will look prettier than any description of them. The sleeves are full 16 inches wide and lined. Yoke back, lined and fulness gathered on yoke—pleated front—sizes 32 to 44. . $1.48 Postage 13 cents.

No. 165. Box Coat— London style—4 button effect—24 inches long, strictly all wool Beaver dye long cut Chinchilla, either navy or black. The new Pleated Sleeves—extra large—full ripple back, wide self-facing and high storm collar. Two weeks ago price was $7.50. Sizes 32 to 44—suitable also for Misses of 14, 16, 18 yrs. $5.00

"Foster" Gloves— Genuine—for we are exclusive agents for the West. This particular lot consists of the regular $1.50 grade—known everywhere as the standard of quality. Real French kid, five hook, in black, brown, tan, mode and slate—all sizes while they last, for we do not expect to be able to duplicate this grade at . . . $1.00 Postage 8 cents.

Jointed Dolls— Beauties in miniature—stand 16 inches high, either blondes or brunettes, with eyes that open and close. French serge dresses trimmed with ribbon and tinsel gimp. Bonnets have real switch tips. Postage 20c. Equal in every way to the kind usually retailed at $2. 95c

SEND FOR YOUR MONEY BACK if not satisfied with your purchase. MAILED FREE!

"THE SHOPPERS' ECONOMIST"

The most complete Shopping Guide ever published—128 pages devoted to good form in woman's wear, the correct Spring styles as shown in our seventy departments being accurately described and handsomely illustrated. Ready March 1st.

CARSON PIRIE SCOTT & CO.

58 to 72 STATE STREET

CHICAGO

A Broken Back

Just as yours will be if you continue using poor soap.

CLAIRETTE SOAP.

makes wash-day as easy as any other day. Lessens the labor, makes the clothes white, and does no damage. Thousands of women say so—surely they are not all mistaken. Sold everywhere. Made only by The N. K. Fairbank Company, - St. Louis.

DUNCAN'S LINIMENT the OLD reliable, TESTED REMEDY for **Rheumatism** Headache, Toothache, and PAINS generally.

G. W. GUNTER, CLINTONVILLE, ALA., says: "I have found DUNCAN'S LINIMENT to be the best remedy for pains generally I ever saw."

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