The method of selling Fels-Naptha soap is queer. The grocer returns your 5c, if you don't find it as stated. You keep the soap and the money too.

Fels & Co, makers, Philadelphia.

BAR-BEN

THE GREAT RESTORATIVE.

TRADE MARK.

Bar-Ben is the greatest known nerve tonic and blood purifier. It creates solid flesh, muscle and STRENGTH, clears the brain, makes the blood pure and rich, and causes a general feeling of health, power and renewed vitality, while the generative organs are helped to regain their normal powers, and the sufferer is quickly made conscious of direct benefit. One box will work wonders, six should perfect a cure. 50 cts. A BOX; 6 boxes, $2.50. For sale by druggists everywhere, or mailed, sealed, on receipt of price. Address DRS. BARTON AND BENSON, 31 Bar-Ben Block, Cleveland, O.

"ALL BAR-BEN SOLD AT LESS THAN 50 CENTS A BOX IS NOT GUARANTEED BY US."

AN ODD TOWN IN MEXICO.

A Place Where the Fashions Are the Same as Centuries Ago.

Mexico is becoming Americanized and modernized in a deplorable degree, but in the interior there are still towns and villages not touched by the hand of "improvement."

Tehuantepec is one of the oldest of Mexican cities, and it is so far away from the beaten track of the tourist and trader that the olden customs and costumes remain nearly as they were two or three centuries ago.

The two women wear a bodice or "camisa" of white linen, with insertion around the neck and sleeves of the beautiful Mexican drawn work, which is bordered by embroidery of red and green. The skirt is generally bright green, closely plaited and with a deep border of brilliantly colored cloth or white drawn work. A broad red sash, "rebosa," is knotted around the waist and falls nearly to the edge of the skirt. The costume is completed by bright green slippers. Stockings are unknown.

The headdress is remarkable. It is called "huipil," and is made of a broad, stiffly starched lace flounce, very full, on a narrow yoke. The flounce extends around the neck, as well as the lower edge of the yoke, and is drawn over the head and around the shoulders, framing the face in a quaintly demure fashion.

The women are fond of jewelry, and especially of long necklaces made of gold coins. They have control of the greater part of the business. They throng the markets every day, some with native chocolate, some with flowers and vegetables and some with ornaments and native cloths. They excel in the Mexican drawn work, and dealers come from all the large cities to buy of them.

Many of the women are handsome in a vivid, tropical way. They are tall and straight, with superb physical development, flashing brown eyes, olive skin and red lips.—Brooklyn Eagle.

QUEER WAYS OF NATURE.

Where the Tortoise Is a Barometer and Flies Eat Spiders.

The tortoise is not an animal one would naturally fix upon as likely to be afraid of rain, but it is singularly so. Twenty-four hours or more before rain falls the Galapagos tortoise makes for some convenient shelter. On a bright, clear morning when not a cloud is to be seen, the denizens of a tortoise farm on the African coast may sometimes be seen heading for the nearest overhanging rocks. When that happens, the proprietor knows that rain will come down during the day, and, as a rule, it comes down in torrents. The sign never fails. This pre-sensation, or whatever you may call it, which exists in many birds and beasts may be explained partly from the increasing weight of the atmosphere when rain is forming, partly by habits of living and partly from the need of moisture which is shared by all.

If we want to find a country where nature has turned things topsy turvy—that is, according to our notion—we must go to Australia. Many things are reversed in that country. It is summer there while it is winter in America. Trees shed their bark instead of their leaves; fruit has the stone, or kernel, outside; swans are black; there is a species of fly that kills and eats the spider, and a fish, called the climbing perch, that walks deliberately out of the water and, with the aid of its fins, climbs the adjacent trees after the insects that infest them. When to this we add that most of the birds have no song and the flowers no odors, it is easily seen that it is on the other side of the world in more senses than one.—Atlanta Constitution.

The New Definition.

"Klondike luck" at the present time seems to mean the safe arrival of the prospector at the front gate of a sympathetic relative in the States.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Does Coffee Agree with You?

If not, drink Grain-O—made from pure grains. A lady writes: "The first time I made Grain-O I did not like it but after using it for one week nothing would induce me to go back to coffee." It nourishes and feeds the system. The children can drink it freely with great benefit. It is the strengthening substance of pure grains. Get a package to-day from your grocer, follow the directions in making it and you will have a delicious and healthful table beverage for old and young. 15c. and 25c.

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O Accept no imitation.

OUR FATHER'S HOUSE

DR. TALMAGE DISCOURSES ON THE HEAVENLY WORLD.

God's Homestead, Builded on the Hills of Heaven, Provides Rooms For All—Vivid Picture of the Heavenly Home.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.]

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5.—In a unique way the heavenly world is discoursed upon by Dr. Talmage in this sermon under the figure of a home; text, John xiv, 2, "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure all. The disciples were sad, and Christ offered heaven as an alterative, a stimulant and a tonic. He shows them that their sorrows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that, though now they live on the lowlands, they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of heaven as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in our text, the translation of which is a little changed, so as to give the more accurate meaning, says, "In my Father's house are many rooms."

This divinely authorized comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. In some healthy neighborhood a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room, that is George's room, that is Henry's room, that is Flora's room, that is Mary's room, and the house is all occupied. But time goes by, and the sons go out into the world and build their own homes, and the daughters are married or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After awhile the father and mother are almost alone in the big house, and, seated by the evening stand, they say, "Well our family is no larger now than when we started together 40 years ago." But time goes still farther by, and some of the children are unfortunate and return to the old homestead to live, and the grandchildren come with them and perhaps great-grandchildren, and again the house is full.

God Built on the Hills.

Millennia ago God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first he lived alone in that great house, but after awhile it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left, never to return, and many of the apartments were vacant. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in all the house.

As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about the many roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent temperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets and worship with them in the temple and walk with them on the river banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see, heaven will be so large that if one wants an entire room to himself or herself it can be afforded.

An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelation, twenty-first chapter, that the heavenly Jerusalem was measured and found to be 12,000 furlongs and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 948 sextillion 988 quintillion cubic feet, and then, reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the streets and estimating that the world may last a hundred thousand years, he ciphers out that there are over 5,000,000,000,000 rooms, each room 17 feet long, 16 feet wide, 15 feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all I can read the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. The fact is that most people in this world are crowded, and, though out on a vast prairie or in a mountain district people may have more room than they want, in most cases it is house built close to house, and the streets are crowded, and the cradle is crowded by other cradles, and the graves crowded in the cemetery by other graves, and one of the richest luxuries of many people in getting out of this world will be the gaining of unhindered and uncramped room. And I should not wonder if, instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out as only 17 feet by 16, it should be larger than any of the rooms at Berlin, St. James or Winter palace. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

A Majestic Homestead.

Carrying out still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves. As we ascend the golden steps an invisible guardsman swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right into the reception room of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters and a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel! In that room Christ lovingly greets all newcomers. He redeemed them, and he has the right to the first embrace on arrival. What a

MUNYON'S

I will guarantee that my Kidney Cure will cure 90 per cent. of all forms of kidney complaint and in many instances the most serious forms of Bright's disease. If the disease is complicated send a four-ounce vial of urine. We will analyze it and advise you free what to do.

MUNYON.

At all druggists, 25c. a vial. Guide to Health and medical advice free. 1505 Arch st., Phila.

KIDNEY CURE

minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all we ever read about him or talked about him or sang about him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime will it be, just for one second, to see him. The most rapturous idea we ever had of him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival or under the uplifted baton of an oratorio is a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of his appearance in that reception room. At that moment when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggar all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul! The soul and Jesus!

Life In Heaven.

But now into that reception room pour the glorified kinsfolk, enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or their sicknesses or their troubles. See what heaven has done for them—so radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely! They call you by name. They greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception room of the old homestead. You see, they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant. Though they were in some other world on errand from God, a signal would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernal splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation, and we will say: "Oh, my lost boy!" "Oh, my lost companion!" "Oh, my lost friend! Are we here together?" What scenes in that reception room of the old homestead have been witnessed! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wept; Mary and Lazarus after the heartbreak of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabella Graham and her sailor son; Alfred and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he bemoaned; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gospelized, and multitudes without number who, once so weary and so sad, parted on earth, but gloriously met in heaven. Among all the rooms of that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception room. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

The Throneroom.

Another room in our Father's house is the throneroom. We belong to the royal family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throneroom. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a king's residence. During the Franco-German war, one eventide in the summer of 1870, I stood studying the exquisite sculpturing of the gate of the Tuileries, Paris. Lost in admiration of the wonderful art of that gate, I knew not that I was exciting suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowds of people, I found myself being closely inspected by the governmental officials, who, from my complexion, judged me to be a German and that for some belligerent purpose I might be examining the gates of the palace. My explanation in very poor French did not satisfy them, and they followed me long distances until I reached my hotel and were not satisfied until from my landlord they found that I was only an inoffensive American. The gates of earthly palaces are carefully guarded, and if so, how much more the throneroom! A dazzling place is it for mirrors and all costly art. No one who ever saw the throneroom of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold on the upholstery of chair and window, the letter N gilded on the wall, the letter N chased on the chalices, the letter N flaming from the ceiling. What a conflagration of brilliance the throneroom of Charles Immanuel of Sardinia, of Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boniface of Italy! But the throneroom of our Father's house hath a glory eclipsing all the thronerooms that ever saw scepter wave or crown glitter or foreign embassador bow, for our Father's throne is a throne of grace, a throne of mercy, a throne of holiness, a throne of justice, a throne of universal dominion. We need not stand shivering and cowering before it, for our Father says we may yet one day come up and sit on it beside him. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me in my throne." You see, we are princes and princesses. Perhaps now we move about incognito, as Peter the Great in the garb of a ship carpenter at Amsterdam or as Queen Tirzah in the dress of a peasant woman seeking the prophet for her child's cure, but it will be found out after awhile who we are when we get into the throneroom. Aye, we need not wait until then. We may by prayer and song and spiritual uplifting this moment enter the throneroom. O King, live forever! We touch the scepter and prostrate ourselves at thy feet.

The crowns of the royal family of this world are tossed about from generation to generation and from family to family. There are men comparatively young in Berlin who have seen the crown on three emperors. But wherever the coronets of this world rise or fall they are destined to meet in one place. And I look and see them coming from north and south and east and west, the Spanish crown, the Italian crown, the English crown, the Turkish crown, the Russian crown, the Persian crown—aye, all the crowns from under the great archivolt of heaven—and while I watch and wonder they are all flung in rain of diamonds around the pierced feet.

> Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
> Does his successive journeys run,
> His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
> Till sun shall rise and set no more.

Oh, that throneroom of Christ! "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Music of Heaven.

Another room in our Father's house is the music room. St. John and other Bible writers talk so much about the music of heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key; but, if not that, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian choristers and Christian hymnologists that have gone up from earth, there must be for them some place of especial delectation. Shall we have music in this world of discords and no music in the land of complete harmony? I cannot give you the notes of the first bar of the new song that is sung in heaven. I cannot imagine either the solo or the doxology. But heaven means music, and can mean nothing else. Occasionally that music has escaped the gate. Dr. Fuller, dying at Beaufort, S. C., said: "Do you not hear?" "Hear what?" exclaimed the bystanders. "The music! Lift me up! Open the windows!"

In that music room of our Father's house you will some day meet the old masters, Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven and Doddridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose, and James Montgomery and William Cowper, at last got rid of his spiritual melancholy, and Bishop Heber, who sang of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand," and Dr. Raffles, who wrote of "High in yonder realms of light," and Isaac Watts, who went to visit Sir Thomas Abney and wife for a week, but proved himself so agreeable a guest that they made him stay 36 years, and side by side Augustus Toplady, who has got over his dislike for Methodists, and Charles Wesley, freed from his dislike for Calvinists, and George W. Bethune, as sweet as a songmaker as he was great as a preacher and the author of "The Village Hymns," and many who wrote in verse or song, in church or by eventide cradle, and many who were passionately fond of music, but could make none themselves, the poorest singer there more than any earthly prima donna and the poorest players there more than any earthly Gottschalk. Oh, that music room, the headquarters of cadence and rhythm, symphony and chant, psalm and antiphon! May we be there some hour when Haydn sits at the keys of one of his own oratorios, and David the psalmist fingers the harp, and Miriam of the Red sea banks claps the cymbals, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet and the four and twenty elders chant, and Lind and Parepa render matchless duet in the music room of the old heavenly homestead! "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Joyful Reunions.

Another room in our Father's house will be the family room. It may correspond somewhat with the family room on earth. At morning and evening, you know, that is the place we now meet. Though every member of the household have a separate room, in the family room they all gather, and joys and sorrows and experiences of all styles are there rehearsed. Sacred room in all our dwellings, whether it be luxurious with ottomans and divans and books in Russian lids standing in mahogany case or there be only a few plain chairs and a cradle. So the family room on high will be the place where the kinsfolk assemble and talk over the family experiences of earth, the weddings, the births, the burials, the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Will the aged remain aged there? Oh, no! Everything is perfect there. The child will go ahead to glorified maturity, and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. The rising sun of the one will rise to meridian, and the descending sun of the other will return to meridian. However much we love our children on earth, we would consider it a domestic disaster if they staid children, and so we rejoice at their growth here. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house we will be glad that they have grandly and gloriously matured, while our parents, who were aged and infirm here, we shall be glad to find restored to the most agile and vigorous immortality there. If 40 or 45 or 50 years be the apex of physical and mental life on earth, then the heavenly childhood will advance to that, and the heavenly old age will retreat to that. When we join them in that family room, we shall have much to tell them. We shall want to know of them, right away, such things as these: Did you see us in this or that or the other struggle? Did you know when we lost our property and sympathize with us? Did you know we had that awful sickness? Were you hovering anywhere around us when we plunged into that memorable accident? Did you know of our backsliding? Did you know of that moral victory? Were you pleased when we started for heaven? Did you celebrate the hour of our conversion? And then, whether they know it or not, we will tell them all. But they will have more to tell us than we to tell them.

Ten years on earth may be very eventful, but what must be the biography of ten years in heaven? They will have to tell us the story of coronations, story of news from all immensity, story of conquerors and hierarchs, story of wrecked or ransomed planets, story of angelic victory over diabolic revolts, of extinguished suns, of obliterated constellations, of new galaxies kindled and swung, of stranded comets, of worlds on fire, and story of Jehovah's majestic reign. If in that family room of our Father's house we have so much to tell them of what we have passed through since we parted, how much more thrilling and arousing that which they have to tell us of what they have passed through since we parted! Surely that family room will be one of the most favored rooms in all our Father's house. What long lingering there, for we shall never again be in a hurry! "Let me open a window," said a humble Christian servant to Lady Raffles, who, because of the death of her child, had shut herself up in a dark room and refused to see any one. "You have been many days in this dark room. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen, and, instead of leaving him in this world till he should be worn with trouble, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? Leave off weeping and let me open a window." So today I am trying to open upon the darkness of earthly separation the windows and doors and rooms of the heavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Rooms For All.

How would it do for my sermon to leave you in that family room today? I am sure there is no room in which you would rather stay than in the enraptured circle of your ascended and glorified kinsfolk. We might visit other rooms in our Father's house. There may be picture galleries penciled not with earthly art, but by some process unknown in this world, preserving for the next world the brightest and most stupendous scenes of human history, and there may be lines and forms of earthly beauty preserved for heavenly inspection in something whiter and chaster and richer than Venetian sculpture ever wrought—rooms beside rooms, rooms over rooms, large rooms, majestic rooms, opalescent rooms, amethystine rooms. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is a room for us if we will go and take it, but in order to reach it it is absolutely necessary that we take the right way, and Christ is the way, and we must enter at the right door, and Christ is the door, and we must start in time, and the only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock now strikes, and the only second the one your watch is now ticking. I hold in my hand a roll of letters inviting you all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a roll of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says: "My dying yet immortal child in earthly neighborhood, I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms. I have furnished them as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, emeralds are nothing, chrysoprasus is nothing, illumined panels of sunrise and sunset nothing, the aurora of the northern heavens nothing, compared with the splendor with which I have garnitured them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have opened a fountain where you may wash all your sins away. Come now! Put your weary but cleansed feet on the upward pathway. Do you not see amid the thick foliage on the heavenly hilltops the old family homestead?" "In my Father's house are many rooms."

SEASICK ON SEA LEGS.

Officers and Sailors of the Navy Frequently Distressed.

"The officers and sailors of the navy are frequent sufferers from seasickness, even after they have got their sea legs on," observed a naval surgeon to a reporter. "Indeed I think I can safely say that, young and old, one-third of the entire navy officers as well as men are seasick during storms as well as at other times. In theory naval officers and sailors are entirely free from such so called weakness, but, in fact, they have stomachs and are sufferers at times the same as the rest of humanity.

"The sailor in this respect has many advantages over the naval officers and is less sensitive to seasickness for the reason that he seldom has what is called shore duty to perform, and he is on the ship all the time, barring the days off now and then of liberty. When an officer, it is entirely different, for he seldom has to spend as much time on the ship as he does on shore. The three years' sea duty are generally followed by three years' shore duty, during which time his sea legs and stomach entirely disappear and have to be built up again.

"It is rare that an officer on return to sea duty does not have to go through all the painful and distressing experiences of his first seasickness, and I am not sure but each recurrence of this experience is worse than the original. I have known a dozen officers of from 15 to 25 years' experience in the navy, and I know of at least 50 others who admit that they are as liable to seasickness now as they were when they were middies fresh from the Naval academy."—Washington Star.

Fourteen Mistakes.

An English paper gives a list of what it terms "the 14 mistakes of life." While there are undoubtedly other mistakes than those mentioned, the list is a fairly comprehensive one.

It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly; to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to yield in immaterial matters; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible that we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp; to expect to be able to understand everything.

And the last and greatest mistake of all is to live for time alone, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

She Must Have Been of Boston.

A shopwalker with rather an awkward gait was leading the way and requesting a lady to "walk this way, madam."

"Thank you," said the lady, "but I consider my style of walking more graceful than yours."—Tit-Bits.

A Hint.

Rejected Suitor (flippantly)—Oh, well, there are just as good fish in the sea as were ever caught.

She—Yes, George, there are, but unless you change your bait they are safe.—Ohio State Journal.

GOLD DUST

GOLD DUST

The Best Washing Powder.

Ask Your Laundress to Try It.

Constipation, Indigestion, Biliousness, Sick Headache, in men, women or children, cured by

BEECHAM'S PILLS

Get the genuine if you want to be cured.

10 cents & 25 cents, at drug stores.

INSOMNIA

"I have been using CASCARETS for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for over twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all they are represented." THOS. GILLARD, Elgin, Ill.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 316

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Faster than ever to California

Chicago-Union Pacific & North-Western Line

THE OVERLAND LIMITED leaves Chicago 6.30 p. m. daily, arrives San Francisco 5.15 afternoon of third day and Los Angeles early next morning. No change of cars; all meals in Dining Cars. Buffet Smoking and Library Cars with barber. The best of everything. The Pacific Express leaves 10.30 p. m. daily. Tourist Sleepers every day and personally conducted excursions every Thursday. Illustrated book free. Call on any agent or address Chicago & North-Western Ry.

461 Broadway, - New York
601 Ches't St., Philadelphia
368 Washington St., Boston
301 Main St., - - Buffalo
435 Vine St., - Cincinnati
507 Smithf'ld St., Pittsburg
127 The Arcade, Cleveland
17 Campus Martius, Detroit

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Frank Sell, deceased.

The undersigned has been appointed by the probate court of Summit county, Ohio, as executrix of the estate of Franks Sell, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment; and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same for allowance or rejection.

MARY L. SEIL.

Dated this 1st day of Nov. A. D. 1899.
Nov. 2 9 16

Notice of Appointment.

Estate of Francis McGuire, deceased.

The undersigned has been appointed by the probate court of Summit county, Ohio, as administratrix of the estate of Francis McGuire, deceased. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment; and all persons having claims against said estate are requested to present the same for allowance or rejection.

FRANCES McGUIRE.

Dated this 25th day of Oct., A. D. 1899.
Oct 26 Nov 2 9

WHEN IN DOUBT, TRY

Sex-ine Pills

Strong Again.

They have stood the test of years, and have cured thousands of cases of Nervous Diseases, such as Debility, Dizziness, Sleeplessness and Varicocele, Atrophy, &c They clear the brain, strengthen the circulation, make digestion perfect, and impart a healthy vigor to the whole being. All drains and losses are checked *permanently*. Unless patients are properly cured, their condition often worries them into Insanity, Consumption or Death. Mailed sealed. Price $1 per box; 6 boxes, with iron-clad legal guarantee to cure or refund the money. $5.00. Send for free book. Address, PEAL MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, O.

A. Warner, druggist, 208 E. Market

Chichester's English Diamond Brand

PENNYROYAL PILLS

Original and Only Genuine.

[illegible]

Chichester Chemical Co., Madison Square, PHILADA., PA.

Sold by all Local Druggists.

MANY USES FOR JUNK

HOW WORNOUT AND DISCARDED METAL IS UTILIZED.

Old Horseshoes May Reappear as Razors, and Battered Kitchen Stoves May Go Up In Skyscrapers—Lucky Finds In the Junkshops.

The other day I wandered into a large yard containing great heaps of scrap iron and old metals of different kinds. Workmen were sorting out the masses of rusty, misshapen and tangled metals, each of which evidently had its particular value in the market. I wondered what became of all the castaway metal and what peculiar transformations it underwent. In seeking some information on the point from the proprietor of the place he said:

"This business doesn't look as if it possessed any elements of interest, educational or romantic, and yet it has something of both of these. Now, there's an old horseshoe. It may shave a Mongolian in China, though what a Mongolian has to shave I don't clearly see. Of course it will be converted first into a razor. I ship large quantities of these wornout horseshoes and wagon tires to the Celestial kingdom to be worked up into razors, knives and other useful domestic articles. The Chinaman engaged in this particular industry gets 12 cents a day for his labor. These horseshoes and wagon tires are wrought iron and are preferred to other forms of this metal, because they are the most conveniently handled.

"When you go across the bridge to the borough of Manhattan, you probably notice some of the new 20 or 30 story buildings going up there and the big iron columns and girders used in their construction. You probably think that those columns and girders are all new metal, but it is likely that they are not. They are scrap iron, pure and simple, or may be mixed with some new ore in the melting and recasting of the scrap metal in the foundry or rolling mill where all the scrap goes. Your discarded kitchen stove may reappear in one of the columns or girders of a skyscraper. The owners of these lofty buildings may think they are getting new iron material and may pay for it, but they are probably not getting it. Perhaps there isn't much difference in the durability of the recast metal and the new.

"When you are riding in a trolley car, you may reflect that the metal in the axles of the wheels and in the railroad tracks may have formerly served in stove grates. Such are some of the new forms and uses which scrap metal assumes.

"We dealers alight upon some strange finds among the old metal which we gather. I have at home six solid bronze plaques, as one of this class of finds, which I wouldn't take $75 for. I've also got at home an iron and bronze aquarium, another of these peculiar discoveries, which I wouldn't part with for $50.

"It is curious to think how such valuable articles get into such poor company as scrap iron. Perhaps the original owners carelessly permit them to get mixed up with some old junk which they disposed of to the junkman who brings his collection of stock to us, or perhaps they deliberately throw them away through simple weariness of their possesion. Then, again, the articles may possibly be stolen and sold to the junkman.

"There are other interesting finds we meet with in our business. Not only the common but the finer metals, such as jewelry and silverware, fall into our hands. Possibly you've heard your wife remark one day that there was a silver spoon missing, and she might suspect that the servant has stolen it. But the truth is the spoon has accidentally gone astray and passed unnoticed into the ash can or garbage tub and in the course of time, possibly, we pick it up out of the dumps. Many a spoon, knife and fork with Tiffany's or Benedict's stamp on it I have bought at Barren island after being taken out of these dumps. Other stray waifs in this class which I have gathered from the Barren island dumps are silver pocketknives and matchboxes, gold and silver thimbles and cuff buttons, gold rings and a ladies' gold purse which I sold for $20 as old gold. Some time ago a ring with a transparent stone was picked out of the dumps. A business rival of mine just got ahead of me in the purchase of the ring, which he got for $10. The stone proved to be a genuine diamond, and the purchaser got $250 for the ring. It looked like a ladies' engagement ring and the sympathetic thought struck me that its possibly fair owner was at that moment suffering unimaginable distress at its loss.

"So you see," continued the dealer, "there are a few interesting and somewhat romantic features associated with our very prosy looking business." —Brooklyn Citizen.

The Probable Reason.

"I wonder why a marriage engagement is called a match?"

"Because it's often a light headed affair, I suppose."—Judy.

Would Be Novel.

"I would like to say something that strikes the public as thoroughly original," remarked the politician.

"Well," answered the friend, "you might admit that a visit of yours to any city under any circumstances had some political significance."—Washington Star.

"I have long thought it my duty to write you a few lines to let you know what Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has done for me," writes Mrs. Euphemia Falconer, of Trent, Muskegon Co., Mich. "I am twenty-seven years old; have been married ten years. I am the mother of four children. My first two babies were still-born, and I suffered everything but death. My friends all thought I could never recover. I was reduced to 109 pounds. When I was three months along for my third child, I was taken with hemorrhage or flooding and came near having a miscarriage from female weakness. For two months I was under the care of our doctor, but was getting weaker all the time until one day I sent and got three bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and one bottle of 'Pellets.' I improved so fast, I continued to take your medicine until baby was born, and he is healthy and all right. He is four years old. My baby girl is two years old. My health has been good ever since. I now weigh 165 pounds and when I begin to feel badly I take 'Favorite Prescription' which always helps me. I always tell my neighbors what helps me and a good many have taken your 'Favorite Prescription' with good results."

The "Favorite Prescription" has cured more women than all other medicines for women combined. It is the only preparation of its sort devised by a regularly graduated physician—a skilled and experienced specialist in the diseases of women.

Other medicines are sometimes sold on the plea that they are "just as good as the 'Favorite Prescription.'" Don't believe it. Don't be imposed upon. Counterfeits are never as good as the genuine.

Over 250,000 women have endorsed "Favorite Prescription." They say there is nothing "just as good" and they know. Would you rather have the say-so of one dealer who makes an extra profit on the substitute, than the *provable* words of 250,000 women whose only object in recommending the "Favorite Prescription" is their desire to help their suffering sisters?

RAILROAD TIME TABLES

† Daily; all others daily except Sunday.
Central Standard Time.

CLEVELAND, AKRON & COLUMBUS.

Union Depot, Market St.

Going North.

No. 27†	Columbus express	6:06 am
No. 35	From Millersburg only	10:27 am
No. 3†	Columbus fast mail	4:15 pm

Going South.

No. 2†	Col.-Cin. fast mail	9:58 am
No. 38	To Millersburg only	4:15 pm
No. 28†	Col.-Cin. express (†)	9:07 pm

ERIE RAILROAD CO.

Erie Depot, Mill st.
Time Card: Dec. 11, 1898.

Going West.

No 1†	Express	8:36 pm
No 5†	Limited vestibule	7:36 am
No 15†	To Akron only	9:35 am
No 13	Huntington special (††)	12:22 pm
No 8†	Pacific express	6:52 pm
No 27	Accommodation	6:40 am

Going East.

No 8†	Limited vestibule	1:29 am
No 12†	Express	8:51 am
No 4†	New York special	12:50 pm
No 16†	Chautauqua express	4:25 pm
No 28	Accommodation	4:50 pm

(††) Except Monday and days after holidays.

WHEELING & LAKE ERIE R'Y.

Myron T. Herrick, Robert Blickensderfer, receivers. Time card: Nov. 17, 1898.

	No 1	No 3†	No 5
	am	pm	
Toledo (Union depot) Lv	7:15	1:20	
Spencer	10:15	4:25	
Lodi	10:31	4:40	
Creston	10:49	4:54	
Orrville	11:18	5:19	am
Massillon	11:50	5:48	5:56
Valley Junction	12:45	pm	6:40
Wheeling Ar	3:25		9:20

	No 4†	No 6
Wheeling Lv	5:20 am	10:00 am
Valley Junction	8:00	12:55 pm
Massillon	8:50	1:50
Orrville	9:20	2:22
Creston	9:45	2:49
Lodi	10:00	3:03
Spencer	10:15	3:18
Toledo (Union depot) Ar	1:30 pm	6:30

H. L. Booth,
General Traffic Manager.
J. F. Townsend,
Assistant General Passenger Agent.

C., T. & V. R. R.

Going North.

	How. St. Depot.	Union Depot.	East Akron.
No 46†	6:45 am	6:25 am	6:08 am
No 4†	9:20 am	9:05 am	9:10 am
No 6	1:10 pm	1:00 pm	12:41 pm
No 10†	5:13 pm	4:55 pm	4:58 pm
No 8	8:25 pm	8:12 pm	8:17 pm

Going South.

No 7†	8:42 am	9:05 am	9:19 am
No 3	12:01 pm	12:18 pm	12:27 pm
No 9	4:20 pm	4:55 pm	5:07 pm
No 5†	10:54 pm	11:15 pm	11:26 pm
No 47†	7:35 pm	7:50 pm	8:00 pm

†Daily except Sunday from Union Depot

PITTSBURG & WESTERN R. R.

Union Depot, Market street.

Leave for the East.

No. 6†	Vestibule limited	1:55 am
No. 46†	Pittsburg express	8:10 am
No. 4	Pittsburg mail	1:10 pm
No. 10*	Washington Express from C. T. & V. R. R. Howard st. station	4:29 pm

Arrive from the East.

No. 8	Western mail	11:58 am
No. 47†	Chicago express	7:25 pm
No. 5†	Vestibule limited	11:09 pm
No. 9*	Cleve. Express, ar. C. T. & V. R. Howard st. station	9:30 am

BALTIMORE & OHIO.

Union Depot.

Depart West.

No. 5†	Vestibule limited	11:15 am
No. 7	Akron-Chicago fast mail	10:10 [illegible]
No. 47†	Chicato express	7:50 pm

Arrive from the west.

No. 6†	Vestibule limited	1:50 am
No. 46†	Pittsburg express	6:05 am
No. 8	Chicago-Akron fast mail	8:10 pm

THE NORTHERN OHIO TRACTION CO.

The A., B. & C. Route.
Waiting Room, North Howard St.
*Time Card. May 27, 1899.

Cars leave Akron 5:30 a.m., every half hour; 6:30 a.m. until 7 p.m. and at 8, 9 and 10:30 p m.

Leave Cleveland 5 a.m., every half hour; 6 a.m. until 8 p.m and at 9, 10 and 11:10 p.m.

THE NORTHERN OHIO RAILROAD.

Time Card. Dec. 19, 1898.
Depot North Main Street.

Depart—	No. 1	7:50 am
"	No. 11	5:00 pm
Arrive—	No. 2	4:20 pm
"	No. 12	12:15 am

A Handsome Publication. "The Empire of the South," Issued by the Southern Railway.

"The Empire of the South," a 200-page book, handsomely illustrated, with most complete information ever compiled regarding the South and its industries is a valuable addition to any library.

This book is issued by the Southern Railway, having been compiled at a large expense, and it is the handsomest publication of the kind ever gotten out.

Copy will be forwarded promptly to any address upon application to W. A. Turk, general passenger agent, Washington, D. C., with 15 cents to cover postage.

Hunting and fishing books, "Land of the Sky" pamphlets, maps and other illustrated literature mailed free to any address by,

J. C. Beam, Jr., N. W. P. A., 80 Adams st., Chicago, Ill.

C. A. Baird, 216 Fourth ave., Louisville, Ky.

Wm. H. Tayloe, Asst. General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky.

BRINGS BACK THE LUSTRE
Monarch Polish
MAKES OLD LOOK NEW!
Sold by all Dealers.
BAIRD BROS. & CO. CLEVELAND, O.