WHEN NATURE

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Time for a Change.

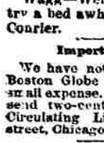
Tipson—What do you think of this? Here's a man who has been lying on his back for twenty years.

Wagg—Well, I should think he would try a bed awhile for a change.—Boston Courier.

Important to Fleshy People.

We have noticed a page article in the Boston Globe on reducing weight at a very small expense. It will pay our readers to send two-cent stamp for a copy to Betina Circulating Library, 36 E. Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

It is queer, but a lively bolt often results in a dead lock.



Wm. A. Lehr.

King

Of Medicines is what I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla. For 6 years I was confined to my bed with white swellings and scrofula sores. To my great joy, when I began with HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA the sores soon decreased. I kept taking it for a year, when I was so well that I went to work, and since then have not lost one day on account of sickness. I am always well and have a good appetite. WM. A. LEHR, 9 N. Railroad St., Kendallville, Ind.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache and biliousness.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Pain in the Back, Joints or hips, sediment in urine like brick-dust frequent calls or retention, rheumatism.

Kidney Complaint, Diabetes, dropsy, scanty or high colored urine.

Urinary Troubles, Stinging sensations when voiding, distress pressure in the parts, urethral irritation, stricture.

Disordered Liver, Bloat or dark circles under the eyes, tongue coated, constipation, yellowish eyeballs.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund you the price paid.

At Druggists, 50c., Size, $1.00 Size. "Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free. DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Did you ever see a sickly baby with dimples? or a healthy one without them?

A thin baby is always delicate. Nobody worries about a plump one.

If you can get your baby plump, he is almost sure to be well. If you can get him well, he is almost sure to be plump.

The way to do both—there is but one way—is by CAREFUL LIVING. Sometimes this depends on Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil.

We will send you a book on it; free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

"A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills."

Thousands of women have been benefited by Mrs. Pinkham's advice, and cured by her remedies after all other treatment had failed. *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* has been more successful in curing Female Complaints than any remedy the world has ever known, including Leucorrhœa, the various Womb and Uterus Troubles, Backache, and is invaluable to the Change of Life.

For Kidney Complaints the compound is unequalled.

All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Yours for Health Lydia E. Pinkham

MERCURIAL

Mr. J. C. Jones, of Fulton, Ark., says of S.S.S. "About ten years ago I contracted a severe case of blood poison. Leading physicians prescribed medicine after medicine, which I took without any relief. I also tried mercurial and potash remedies, with unsuccessful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurial rheumatism that made my life one of agony. After suffering four years I gave up all remedies and commenced using S. S. S. After taking several bottles, I was entirely cured and able to resume work.

RHEUMATISM

S.S.S. is the greatest medicine for blood poisoning to-day on the market."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"

is a scientifically prepared Liniment and harmless; every ingredient is of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. It shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to life of Mother and Child. Book "To Mothers" mailed free, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga. Sold by all druggists.

Asthma The African Kola Plant, discovered in Congo, West Africa, is Nature's Sure Cure for Asthma. Cure Guaranteed or No Pay. Export Office, 1181 Broadway, New York. Fr Large Trial Case, Free by Mail, address KOLA IMPORTING CO., 152 Vine St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

A WOMAN'S INFLUENCE

By LULU JAMISON

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"Poor Brian. What a state to be in. Don't shudder any more. The places I go, and the people I meet, only hurt my heart. A very effective hurt, too: for it teaches me to appreciate my own good fortune, and it makes me feel very regretful to sit here amid so much comfort and luxury, and remember the many victims of the world's injustice. You could never imagine, Brian, what passionate delight that poor little crippled girl took in the few flowers I carried her; and, while I watched her, I could not help thinking what a revelation a sight of Elmwood would be to her. I have been thinking of it ever since. So many plans have filled my heart, but they are all impossible. I feel so helpless and—rebellious. Doctor, you are smiling. I don't think you quite enter into my feelings. Can you imagine a woman living on the proceeds of button holes, at a cent and a half apiece? Agnes' mother supports herself so. She is satisfied, she told me, when button holes are plenty. But now they are not. Hooks and eyes have taken their place. I told Nanny the other day that I liked hooks and eyes. Now I hate them, because I know they have taken bread from at least one woman's mouth. And she is not alone. I feel that I have been living in a small corner of the earth up to this time, and I am only just awaking to real actual life. It is a sad revelation for me. I cannot tell you how many women I saw to-day, and how many others I heard of, who sing the Song of the Shirt from daylight to midnight—to whom its heart-break and want are a living reality. How can we talk of the demoralization of the lower classes? How can we preach to them? Shall we imitate the example of the man who gave a Bible when the starving woman asked for bread? We forget our souls when the body is hungry; at least, I should. But, if I were one of those women, wearing out my life for a pittance, I should not forget that the man for whom I starved lived in a palace, and enjoyed the luxuries purchased with my life-blood. The world admires such men, and calls them fortunate and successful, because they have made so much wealth in a few years; but I am very much afraid that, if I were in their place, I should see a wan, hungry face on every dollar."

"Isn't that rather severe, Mrs. Leigh?"

Margaret did not meet Wilson's eye as she answered this question.

"Perhaps it is. I'm afraid I always express myself too strongly. These things appeal to me so forcibly, and when I feel, I feel intensely."

"Then take my advice and don't go among them," observed Brian, practically. "It is not true philosophy to seek out the dark side of life. This is not home, and you cannot be sure into what sort of places your wanderings may take you, or what kind of characters you may meet."

Margaret was thoughtful a moment.

"I do not chance upon much refinement and elegance," she said presently; "but that does not affect me in any way. I feel that I could take the hand of the worst creature on earth and not be lowered. You know I have a prejudice against those people whose excessive goodness shrinks from contact with others—not always so much worse, only more unfortunate than themselves. They are the Pharisees, who thank God they are not as their neighbors are. Suppose we should imitate them. I like to see the picture of the woman clinging to the cross, and I confess I find it inspiring; but at the same time, I cannot help thinking that the woman who holds out her hand to an unfortunate sister is more helpful and more noble. If the world thinks otherwise I disagree with it. Don't draw down your lips in that pathetic way, Brian. This isn't a sermon. I sha'n't say another word."

Margaret settled back in her chair, with an air of determination that rather amused Wilson.

"I am on your side of the question," he replied, with a smile. "So is Brian, if he chooses to admit as much."

"I'm incapable of any admission just now," put in Brian. "I am wholly lost in admiration of Margaret's facility for disposing of all opinions not her own, and marching on to victory. She has a way of bringing out her closing remarks, which says quite decidedly 'There, that's final. Dispute if you dare!' It is useless to say 'Oh, Brian!' Margaret. The fact is true. You have a most astonishing tenacity for your own ideas. You can out-argue the greatest logician on earth. Out-talk him, I should say."

"Thanks for the correction. Your distinction is delicate, but obvious. It would be too much, I am sure, for any man to give a woman credit for an ability to argue. I wonder what poor men will do, when they are forced to recognize woman's mental equality. Perhaps even then they will continue to indulge in witty satire, at her expense. We forgive them. To lecture us affords them innocent amusement, and they really haven't the grace to echo Charlotte Bronte's prayer: 'When I have nothing to say, may the Lord give me grace to be silent.'"

"You have us quite defenseless, Mrs. Leigh. Brian has not a word to say, and I am but little better. How are we to find consolation for your unflattering opinion?"

"You would not be a true man, Doctor, if you did not find it within yourself. I have often thought that you are the natural follower of Descartes. Theoretically and practically you find the ego all sufficient."

"Worse and worse," laughed Wilson. "And Brian rejoices in my discomfiture. Shall I regret being a man?"

"By no means," returned Margaret. "It is the next best thing to being a woman. You have the easier side of life, too. We have the harder. The lion's share of suffering falls on us, and we must see our duty under the most painful circumstances. A man may be blind. Indeed, he usually is blind when he wants to be; but it would be quite reprehensible for a woman to pretend defective vision in similar circumstances. So there is some consolation for you. Am I driving you away, Doctor?"

"By no means," rejoined Wilson, who had risen at her question, and now stood looking down upon her with a quizzical light in his eyes. "I am only sorry I can not sit longer; but your sweeping accusation against the convenient blindness of men reminds me that I have a patient waiting for me down the street; and as that is a duty to which I can not be blind, I shall have to say good-night. I admit there is much justice in your remark. Nevertheless, I hope that time may improve your opinion of us poor men. Brian, any moments you have to spare, remember and pity my lonely state."

"You don't deserve pity on that score," rejoined Brian, promptly. "You know the remedy and refuse to apply it."

Wilson laughed in answer, and saying "Good-night," he left them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A LINK FROM THE OLD LIFE.

As Margaret hoped and expected, Bertie put in an appearance two evenings later—the same light-hearted, cheery Bertie, with his never-failing good-humor and his almost inexhaustible store of news and gossip, to carry her back to her home and let her feel, in imagination at least, something of its old pleasures and interests.

Changes in a small place are always more significant and of more general interest than those in a great city, where the identity of the individual is lost in the great labyrinth of humanity, and Margaret, whose affection absence had only increased, took a keen delight in hearing not only of the friends she had left but of even the slightest occurrence about Elmwood and its surroundings, and, in return, Bertie wanted to hear about herself.

"This city air has not brought the roses to your cheeks," he said. "I hope you haven't developed such a fondness for it that you will be sorry to come back to us."

"Never, Bertie; my mind can never even imagine such a possibility. In the first place, I don't like New York, I—I actually hate it, though I shouldn't tell anyone but you; and, in the second place, I love Elmwood dearly. Then there are things I enjoy there which I cannot have here; my rides, for one thing. Occasionally I have a ride in the park, but it isn't the same as at home. Here one must go at a certain gait, and people ride awkwardly, too, I think. I suppose it is the fashionable way, but it isn't half so graceful, to see them pounding their saddles, one might say. It really tries me to look at them. The park is beautiful, though. New York may well be proud of it. I have been around a great deal. Brian takes me everywhere, and I usually enjoy the places we visit."

"And Brian?" questioned Bertie, meeting her eye.

Her head drooped slightly. Bertie saw the action. He left his chair and came to her.

"Tell me, Margaret," he said, placing his hand upon her shoulder, "it isn't so hard for you to answer?"

"No," she replied in a low voice, "it should not be so hard now. My heart has ached, oh, so terribly, and I have been hopeless and despairing, because I was alone—so helplessly alone. Ah, I know what you would say. I have friends. Yes, such true friends. Do you think I ever doubted them, Bertie? But you can understand that there are sorrows which none can share. Lately I have been more encouraged. He has left me so little, but last night he was later than usual, and to-night he is—not here—at all."

Her head drooped still lower and his hand fell until it rested on hers with a gentle, reassuring sympathy in its touch.

"All may be right," he said with an effort at consolation.

"Perhaps," she answered. "I can only hope, and if it should not be, the disappointment will be so bitter. Last night he did not seem perfectly himself. I tried to believe I imagined it, but I am afraid I showed something in my actions. I tried so hard, too—so hard not to let him see."

"Why should you have tried?" cried Bertie, pressing his lips hard. "Why should you consider him? You have feelings, too. Must they always be outraged?"

Margaret raised her eyes at this strong expression of his thoughts.

"I think women can't consider their feelings, Bertie," she returned, with a sigh. "It seems to me that, no matter how hard or how bitter it may be, they can never get beyond the range of duty. I think we grow to be hypocrites in a way. We are so often obliged to hide our hearts. I know I have often smiled my brightest when my eyes were burning with tears I held back. I suppose the baptism of sorrow must touch us all, and I only hope that it may wash out all that should not be in my life, and make me braver and stronger for what is to come. Are you leaving me, Bertie? I'm afraid you find me very doleful."

"I leave you, Margaret, to find him. I cannot bear to sit here and hear you talk and—— There; I'll act like a baby next. Margaret, you are a dear, brave girl. Long ago, when——"

"Before you thought I should grow into such a sedate young woman," interrupted Margaret, hastily. "We used to fight gloriously in those days, didn't we? Uncle fancied I should always be a tomboy. I wonder if he would recognize me now?"

She finished with a sigh, and the light words had held such deep meaning that Bertie found it hard to meet the eyes she raised so bravely to his.

"So long ago?" he said, half absently.

"Not quite six years since I first saw you. I remember the day so perfectly. You were just home from college, and you had two cats tied together by the tails. I thought you such a cruel boy. Well, you want to go? I shall see you again, sha'n't I? You are like a breath from Elmwood, Bertie."

"You will see me again, and soon, Margaret. Now look me in the face and promise me that the day shall never come when you will cease to regard me as a brother. There; good-night; your tears pain me. God forgive Brian; I cannot."

Once upon the street Bertie walked along, absorbed in thought. This brief visit to Margaret had entirely unnerved him, and he seemed wholly incapable of any practical decision. When he arrived in front of the Hoffman House he ran across Wilson, and feeling rather glad of this chance encounter he greeted him warmly.

"This is really the first moment I could call my own to-day," declared Wilson, taking a cigar from the case Bertie offered him. "Where is your destination?"

"I was just trying to decide," was Bertie's answer. "I dropped in to see Margaret, and I haven't recovered from the shock her appearance gave me yet. I never saw her look more wretched and ill, though I am inclined to think the cause is not entirely physical."

"No. Other influences at work. How did you leave her?"

"Alone," was the sententious reply.

"Alone," repeated Wilson. "Then, Brian——?"

"Is off disgracing himself," responded Bertie with much anger. "He ought to be thrashed.

Wilson's face grew very grave.

"I had hoped things might be better," he said, with a sigh.

"They will never be better. I believe Brian has lost his last grain of manhood. He is worse than a coward. If he had a heartless, selfish wife there might be some reason, though never an excuse for his actions. But now there is absolutely nothing that one can say for him. He is simply breaking Margaret's heart. If you had seen her a year ago you could realize what a change these last months have wrought in her. It is his doing; all his doing. After she has left her home, her friends, and all she loves, for his sake. My heart swells with indignation at the thought. I know how she loves Elmwood, and dislikes New York. Yet after all this, she'll continue to talk of duty. Women are enigmas; I give them up. I'd like to thrash Brian, though. It might possibly do him good."

"I can't understand him," remarked Wilson, half absently.

"No, nor can any one else. He doesn't seem worth the understanding. I'll have to find him somehow, and send him home. I can't bear the thought of Margaret waiting in such anxious dread, not knowing whether he is tumbling about in the gutter or disgracing himself in some other way. Are we at your quarters already? How fast we must have walked! No; I can't come in to-night. Some other time, old fellow. I'll have to make the round of the club houses, I dare say. Well, good-night."

Bertie did not find Brian, as he had expected, in any of his probable haunts, though he went to them all, anxiously examined the sea of faces, and even questioned the waiters and attendants.

Rather disheartened after this vain search, he scarcely knew where to go next. In his dilemma, he was in the act of turning a street corner when the full glare of the street lamps falling upon a figure in front of him revealed something very familiar in its outlines.

"Brian," he said, under his breath. Yes, Brian—walking with the uncertain gait that only confirmed his fears. He thought of Margaret, and angry indignation overpowered him; but this same thought brought another, and under its impulse he managed to control himself. With a few hasty strides he was by Brian's side, and, placing his hand rather heavily upon his shoulder, he asked, roughly

"Where are you going? Come home?"

"Home?" repeated Brian, startled into understanding and shrinking under Bertie's glance. "Home to face her? Never. A few days ago I promised her I would not touch another drop. Yes, promised. A farce, wasn't it? Solemnly promised. You see me to-night. Go home, you say. Go home to see her shrink from me! To see her blush for me! To see—— Ah, heavens, no!"

These words made no impression on Bertie.

"Don't add villainy to cowardice," he said, with flashing eyes. "Come, I say. If you have no self-respect, remember her, and have at least the decency to hide your disgrace under your own roof. You shall not break her heart; you shall not ruin her life. I'll shoot you first."

"Ruin her life," echoed Brian, burying his face in his hands. "My God, I did not intend to ruin her life."

Bertie said no more. Perhaps even he felt some pity for Brian's evident agony, or perhaps he feared that words now would express too much of the anger which burned within him. There are men who can never understand the depths to which others can fall.

Quite silent he walked by Brian, and only left him when the door had closed upon him.

From her own room Margaret heard the faltering step, and knew that Brian had come, but even the great relief of this knowledge did not bring her sleep. All night she tossed restlessly, her mind a prey to miserable doubts and hopeless longings, and when morning came her face told its own story.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Greatest Compliment.

One wet, foggy, muddy day, a little girl was standing on one side of a street in London, waiting for an opportunity to cross over. Those who have seen London streets on such a day, with their wet and mud, and have watched the rush of cabs, hansoms, omnibuses, and carriages, will not wonder that a little girl should be afraid to try to make her way through such a babel as that. So she walked up and down, and looked into the faces of those who passed by.

Some looked careless, some harsh, some were in haste, and she did not find the one she sought, until at length an aged man, rather tall and spare, and of grave yet kindly aspect, came walking down the street. Looking in his face, she seemed to see in him the one for whom she had been waiting, and she went up to him and whispered timidly——

"Please, sir, will you help me over?"

The old man saw the little girl safely across the street, and when he afterward told the story, he said:

"That little girl's trust was the greatest compliment I ever had in my life."

That man was Lord Shaftesbury. He received honors at the hands of a mighty nation; he was complimented with the freedom of the greatest city on the globe; he received the honors conferred by royalty; but the greatest compliment he ever had in his life was when that little unknown girl singled him out in the jostling crowd of a London street, and dared to trust him, stranger though he was, to protect and assist her.

Buying Buns.

The Crown Prince of Denmark is the idol of the army. One day when the autumn military maneuvers were proceeding, the Danish army was encamped near the old Castle of Hald, in Jutland. The Crown Prince was in command, and walking about in camp after the active duties of the day were over, he found a crowd of soldiers gathered about a woman, who had brought in a cartful of buns to sell.

It would be pay-day next morning, and the soldiers had not even money enough to buy a penny bun. Still it was evidently a comfort to crowd about the cart, and inhale the warm odor of the delicacy which they could not otherwise enjoy, and no one noticed the Crown Prince until he was close upon them.

"What is the price of your buns, good woman?" he called.

"A penny apiece, sir," said she.

"Very well, I'll buy the cartload. Get my treasurer to pay you. And you, my soldiers, you have worked so hard to-day that you are sure to be hungry. I hope the buns will make a palatable dessert after supper."

The soldiers cheered, and felt, no doubt, that there was never prince so thoughtful as theirs.

A Premium of Youth.

"Mamma, when you grow old will you look like little grandma?" asked a little boy of 3 or 4 years of his pretty young mother.

"Yes, dear," answered his mother, "if you mean to ask if my face will be wrinkled and thin, and shall have lost some of its fairness. Yes, I shall grow to look as little grandma does. Why do you want to know, Henry?"

"Well, mamma, I'll try hard, but I am afraid I can't love you then as well as I do now."

There is something in this trifling incident that, in spite of all reasoning, will sadden, for the child told frankly that which those who have grown even to middle age must count as true—there is always a premium on youth.

A True Story.

One evening an old couple came over to spend a part of the evening with us, and as we were seated around the fire the old lady told us of a celebrated murder that had happened in the town where she had lived for years, and as she had been personally acquainted with the parties concerned, was able to relate to us even the most minute details.

After she had finished and we had spoken of the many strange points of the case, the old man straightened himself out and slowly said.

"Well, I will now tell you a true story."

The feelings of the lady can better be imagined than described—Free Press.

THE New York Tribune observes that cargoes aggregating 42,000 tons are on their way to San Francisco by sea; but it discovers nothing more in the fact than a poetical interest in a revival of the romance which used to be associated with a trip around the Horn. Under the circumstances the prosaic Pacific coaster will concede the poetry or anything else as long as it will keep the cost of transportation down to something like a decent figure.

IF women were to get into politics generally it would be fun in the middle of a lively canvass to see them trying to nail campaign lies.

THE INDUSTRIAL ADVANTAGES —OF— FORT WAYNE, IND.

As a place of residence Fort Wayne is unsurpassed by any city in Indiana. Its agreeable climate, the prevalence of thrift and comfort apparent even in the dwellings of the working people, and the numerous and costly residences of the wealthy, together with unsurpassed Religious Privileges and Educational Facilities, combine to make this city one to be desired.

HOOSIER MANUFACTURING CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Diamond Staid Overalls, Jean Pants and Lined Duck Clothing for the jobbing trade exclusively.

Employ a large number of employes all the year around, principally girls.

It is surely a City of Homes, as the visitor will be convinced when he looks with infinite pleasure upon the houses of the mechanic, the clerk, the young business man, and the laborer, miles and miles of streets being lined with neat but inexpensive houses, often surrounded by a plat of ground and owned by its occupant. Land has never been held at fancy prices, but the reasonable terms upon which the working classes have been able to obtain the great boon of owning their own homes has naturally enhanced the welfare of the city, and, apart from stimulating habits of thrift, has created a class of citizens who are content, and, having a stake in the country, are not so prone to become mixed up in labor troubles. The Savings Banks and Building and Loan Associations have done much good in this direction and numerous capitalists also stand ready to build and sell houses, payments to be made in small monthly sums, and no mechanic need be without a home of his own in Fort Wayne. Hundreds have been, and are now being built in that way, and the suburbs of Fort Wayne are rapidly filling up with neat and tasteful residences for the masses.

SAMUEL M. FOSTER,

MANUFACTURER OF

Ladies' Shirt Waists, Boys' Shirt Waists and Men's Negligee Shirts. Makes the Most Popular Line of These Goods in the United States.

Gives employment to a large number of men and women throughout the year.

BASS FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS

MANUFACTURERS OF

Car Wheels, Iron Castings, Boilers, Forges, Corliss Engines and Heavy Machinery.

Give employment to between 1,000 and 1,200 men the year around.

FORT WAYNE ELECTRIC CO.,

Slattery Induction System of Incandescent Light. Wood Arc Light System. Main Office and Factory, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Employ about 1,500 persons the year around.

C. L. CENTLIVRE BREWING CO.,

BREWERS OF

The Celebrated Kaiser, Bohemian and XX Beers.

Give employment to a large number of men the year around.

FT. WAYNE LAND & IMPROVEMENT CO.

Just about once a day, on an average, the foundation of another new house is laid in Lakeside. The rapidity with which that beautiful addition is now building up with handsome homes is greater than ever before. If you have a hundred or two dollars to pay down on a lot, the Land Company will loan you all the money to build. The rent you are paying would soon secure you a home of your own.

S. F. BOWSER AND CO.,

Patentees and Manufacturers of Self-Measuring Oil Tanks.

Employ about one hundred and twenty-five men.

FOSTER FURNITURE AND CARPET CO.

Largest Retailers in the West in the Above Lines of Goods. They Have Immense Stores at Ft. Wayne, Lafayette and Terre Haute, Ind., and at Jackson, Mich., each with about one acre of floor surface.

They Employ Two Hundred Salesmen and Mechanics.

FORT WAYNE ORGAN CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Packard Organs. Catalogue and information free by addressing Fort Wayne Organ Co., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Employ 200 men the year around.

Besides the above concerns the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railroad employ 4,000; the Wabash Railroad, 1,000; the Grand Rapids and Indiana, 200; the Nickle Plate, Lake Shore and Michigan Southern, and Muncie Railroads, between two and three hundred, and the Fort Wayne Electric Street Car Company, a large number of men.

If you are looking for a location do not fail to visit this beautiful city.

Show Yourselves Men.

Let me earnestly exhort you, my young friends, in all your business transactions in future life, to show yourself men. Disdain to descend to the low, mean and petty, not to say dishonest, artifices to which some will resort, to turn a few pennies from another man's pocket into his own. If you have an article to sell, do not represent it to be any better than it is. If it has defects, do not leave the purchaser to find them out if he can, especially after you have concealed them by thrusting them under cover; but do you point them out, exactly as they are. Never ask a little more for an article than it is worth, because you think the person you are dealing with is ignorant of the market value. When buying an article have the candor to acknowledge whatever good qualities it may possess, and do not try to make it appear to have defects which you know it has not. A *man* will never do such things, and you will not, if there is anything manly about you. Let honor, truthfulness and strict integrity characterize everything you say and do, in all the affairs of life, so that there never shall be occasion to say, concerning any one of you, "he is a person that needs watching."—*Rev. A. C. Baldwin.*

HALF-FARE TO SEE WESTERN LANDS.

Last Chance This Year.

The third and last Harvest Excursion will be run to especial territory—Oklahoma and Indian Reservations and Texas.

The Great Rock Island Route runs into and through these reservations, and is the only road that touches these lands, lately put on the market.

See hand-bills giving particulars, and remember the date is Oct. 25, for Chicago and points to and including Mississippi River, and one day later for Missouri River points.

JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. T. and P. A., Chicago, Ill.

Silent Music.

In the orchestra of a small theater in Munich were two musicians who each played a trombone. The audience had been often charmed with the perfect regularity of the movements of these musicians. Both of these accomplished tromboners—if we may use such a word—were in the habit of not only looking at, but of actually imbibing the wine when it was red. The first trombone was of a particularly convivial nature. One evening, having been to a dinner party, he became very much intoxicated. He forgot entirely that a new opera was to be performed that evening, and that, of course, his services would be required. When he was reminded by a courier from the theater that he was to play on the trombone that night, at first he was in despair. He, however, was sober enough to engage the services of a substitute, but, as he could not find one who could pay the instrument, he had to resort to strategy. He told the substitute not to try to blow at all. "All you have to do," said the intoxicated musician, "is to put the mouth-piece to your mouth, puff out your cheeks, and keeping your eye on the second's trombone, push the slide out and in just as he does. Keep exact time with him in working the slide, and nobody will ever know that you are not making music with the instrument."

The substitute promised to do as he was told, and took his place in the orchestra by the side of the second trombone. For a while, as long as the orchestra was in full blast, he got along very well. There were so many instruments in the band that nobody noticed the failure of the substitute to make any noise. He puffed out his cheeks and worked the slide of the instrument out and in in perfect time with the second trombone.

In the second part, however, the music called for a trombone solo. The two tromboners were to execute a piece without other instrumental accompaniment. All eyes were fixed on the tromboners, who puffed out their cheeks, and worked the slides of of the instruments up and down most industriously, but in spite of their efforts a dead silence was the only result—a silence so oppressive that the audience could distinctly hear the aching of a soft corn on the musical director's left foot. Not a sound escaped from either instrument. The director danced about and waved his baton frantically at the two tromboners, but all to no purpose, for, although they puffed, and kept on shooting the slides out and in, not a sound escaped. The audience was astonished and the other musicians dismayed. Then the astonishing phenomenon was explained, and it was found that the second tromboner, unknown to the first one, had also got drunk, and had likewise hired a substitute who did not know how to play, and he instructed him just as No. 1 instructed his substitute, to puff out his cheeks and follow the motions of his partner.

A friendly Indian is one who does not make a business of scalping the superior race; one who only kills his white benefactors at such odd times as he can safely and conveniently lay the blame on some one else. A friendly Indian will live five to ten years on the best of terms with his neighbors; that is, he will borrow all the corn meal he needs, steal what pork he requires and beg enough fire-water to keep him mellow. Then, when he has sufficiently demonstrated his friendly disposition, he will select a favorable opportunity, and, assisted by his relatives, also amiable Indians, will murder and outrage all the whites in the settlement. Then he disappears, taking with him the settlers' horses, and becomes a bad Indian for a time, keeping away from the busy haunts of men until his gnawing conscience (which is situated in his stomach) forces him to go to the reservation and draw rations. There a paternal government, through its pious agent, pardons all offenses, blesses him and rewards him for his friendly disposition with a blanket and a repeating rifle. Thus does the poor, untutored savage, the last of a doomed and dying race, appeal to the Eastern humanitarian, who has never had the opportunity of becoming personally acquainted with his many virtues.—*Texas Siftings.*

Tasks That Must Be Done.

Nature has assigned important tasks to the liver and the bowels, and being mutually dependent upon each other for the regular and adequate discharge of these tasks, a cessation of work by one causes the other to lapse into inactivity. The tasks of secretion and evacuation must be performed, or the system is poisoned and disordered. Moreover, fatal inflammation of the bowels or abscess of the liver are apt to ensue if inaction of these organs is allowed to go unheeded. The dangerous tendency should be checked at the outset with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an anti-bilious specific and laxative without a peer. Never does this medicine cause a qualm of the stomach or uneasiness of the bowels. It does its reformatory work pleasantly though with reasonable activity. It prevents malaria and rheumatic disease, kidney complaints, and relieves dyspepsia and nervousness.

Water.

An average of five feet of water is estimated to fall annually over the whole earth, and, assuming that condensation takes place at an average height of three thousand feet, scientists conclude that the force of evaporation to supply such rainfall must equal the lifting of three hundred and twenty-two million pounds of water three thousand feet in every minute, or about three hundred billion horse power constantly exerted. Of this prodigious amount of energy thus created a very small proportion is transferred to the waters that run back through rivers to the sea, and a still smaller fract on is utilized by man; the remainder is dissipated in space.

Mrs. William Murden, 197 Third St., Albany, N. Y., gives it the meed of praise, as follows: "I have used Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup and find it has no equal. No family should be without it."

Rotary Sash.

There has been invented a new form of domestic window sash, which is so fixed in its frame, that while capable of the usual vertical sliding movement, it can be turned round bodily, so that the outer glass can be readily cleaned. This can be done while the cleaner stands in safety within the apartment to which the sash is fitted. This safety window seems to meet a real want, and as it does not involve any considerable additional cost, it is likely to meet with extensive adoption.

A MAN is never so sure of having imitators as when he does something he should not do.

THE larger the shirt stud a man wears, the more soiled is his shirt bosom, as a rule.

THE MOST STUBBORN

Skin and Scalp Diseases, the worst forms of Scrofula, all blood-taints and poisons of every name and nature, are utterly rooted out by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For every disease caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, it is the only remedy so certain and effective that it can be *guaranteed*. If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Eczema, Tetter, Salt-rheum, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Enlarged Glands, Tumors, and Swellings, and every kindred ailment, are completely and permanently cured by it.

Keepsakes More Precious than Gold.

"About ten years ago," said an officer of a safe deposit company, "we had in one of our safes a small box that contained a child's primer, two or three picture books and a fish hook and line. This box was left with us by an elderly lady, and its contents once belonged to a child that died many years ago. Two or three times a year the lady came to our place and examined the contents to see if they were all right. She was the mother of the child, and she seemed to take a sad sort of pleasure in gazing upon the articles that had amused her darling in the long, long ago. Finally she ceased coming, and when the time for which she had leased the space in our vault had expired, we made inquiry as to the reason it was not renewed. We then learned that she was dead."

"Who was the lady?"

"I must decline to state her name; but I will say that her husband was for a quarter of a century one of the leading business men of New York. He took the little box containing his dead wife's treasures away with him."—*New York Star.*

S. E. COBURN, Mgr., Clarie Scott, writes: "I find Ball's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Burns.

Common baking soda is the best of all remedies in case of scalds and burns. It may be used on the surface of the burned place, dry or wet. When applied promptly, the sense of relief is magical. It seems to withdraw the heat and with it the pain, and the healing process soon commences. It is the best application for eruptions caused by poisonous ivy and other poisonous plants, as also for bites and stings of insects.

Dogs Barking.

When a dog barks at night in Japan the owner is arrested, and sentenced to work a year for the neighbors that were disturbed. The dog gets off easier, being simply killed.

A Prominent G. A. R. Man.

Ever since I came out of the Army in '63 I had been in poor health, suffering from Kidney and Liver Complaint. Swamp-Root did me more good than all the medicines I had ever taken. At present am feeling better than for years.

It is the best medicine on earth.

W. SPENCER, 30th Ind. Inf., Elkhart, Ind.

A Lack of Discipline.

He—I see the freshman class at Harvard embraces a dozen girls.

She (blushingly)—Why, I shouldn't think the college authorities would allow it?—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

If you are constipated, billious or troubled with sick headache, Beecham's Pills afford immediate relief. Of druggists. 25 cents.

Mucilage.

The addition of a few drops of glycerine to a bottle of mucilage will cause labels to which it is applied to adhere to tin or other polished surfaces when not exposed to a high degree of heat or moisture. Gum tragacanth mucilage is also to be depended upon for that purpose.

Fine Playing Cards.

Send 10 cents in stamps to John Sebastian, Gen'l Ticket and Pass. Agt., C., R. I. & P. R'y, Chicago, for a pack of the "Rock Island" Playing Cards. They are acknowledged the best, and worth five times the cost. Send money order or postal note for 50c. and will send five packs by express, prepaid.

The Smallest.

The smallest musical box has been produced. It is in a gold seal, and plays one tune. Instead of a separate barrel for the pins, these are inserted on the spring barrel.

Have You Asthma?

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure *free* to any sufferer. Gives instant relief in worst cases, and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address.

The Philosopher's Stone.

Wiggins—Old Goodfellow seems to take the world very philosophically.

Hardup—Well, you see, he can afford to wear diamonds.—Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.

HOW ABSURD TO COUGH AND WHEEZE with a cough which HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR will cure.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS Cure in one Minute.

HAPPY is the man who dies young and does not need to grow cold and wrinkled and old.

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

ENVY is an acknowledgement of the good fortune of others.

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The Best Waterproof Coat in the WORLD!

SLICKER

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA

Plain, common sense fifty-page treatise on origin, causes, nature, varieties, prompt relief and almost infallible cure, sent for 5c. nickel. No stamps. Write to R. N. SEARLES, New Haven, Conn.

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CATARRH

Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head. *Apply into the Nostrils.——It is Quickly Absorbed.* 50c. Druggists or by mail, ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

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LEWIS' 98 % LYE

Powdered and Perfumed. (PATENTED.)

The *strongest* and *purest* Lye made. Unlike other Lye, it being a fine powder and packed in a can with removable lid, the contents are always ready for use. Will make the *best* perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes *without boiling*. It is the best for cleansing