How Old She Looks

Poor clothes cannot make you look old. Even pale cheeks won't do it.

Your household cares may be heavy and disappointments may be deep, but they cannot make you look old.

One thing does it and never fails.

It is impossible to look young with the color of seventy years in your hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

permanently postpones the tell-tale signs of age. Used according to directions it gradually brings back the color of youth. At fifty your hair may look as it did at fifteen. It thickens the hair also; stops it from falling out; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff. Shall we send you our book on the Hair and its Diseases?

The Best Advice Free.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system, which may be easily removed. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Established 1780.

Baker's Chocolate,

celebrated for more than a century as a delicious, nutritious, and flesh-forming beverage, has our well-known

Yellow Label

on the front of every package, and our trade-mark, "La Belle Chocolatiere," on the back.

NONE OTHER GENUINE.

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WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.,

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CONSTIPATION

"I have gone 14 days at a time without a movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was rich I would give $100.00 for each movement; it is such a relief." AYLMER L. HUNT, 139 Russell St., Detroit, Mich.

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. 308

Cooks Who Earn $10,000 a Year.

There is a celebrated cook in London about whom it is said that he makes an income of over $10,000 a year. He is attached to no house, but in his own brougham sets out toward evening for the house of some rich man who is going to give a dinner at which every dish must be above criticism. Here he alights, and, making for the kitchen, goes through the process of tasting all the soups, sauces and made dishes—advising when his palate suggests a little more salt here, a pinch of herbs there, a dash of sugar in this entree, a suspicion of onion in that salmis, etc.

This does, he pockets his fee of $25 and drives on to the next dinner-giving patron who has biden him to his feast in this strange fashion. His nightly list comprises many houses all through the London season.

HOME SEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

—VIA THE—

WABASH

SEPTEMBER 20, OCTOBER 4 AND 18, 1898

From TOLEDO, DEFIANCE, FORT WAYNE, HUNTINGTON, WABASH, PERU, LOGANSPORT, LAFAYETTE and OTHER STATIONS

TO POINTS IN THE

Southwest, West & Northwest

Ticket for these Excursions will be sold at LOW RATES for the Round Trip. For full particulars and Excursion Tickets, call on or address any Agent Wabash R. R., or C. S. CRANE, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

To the World

DRUGGISTS in 1 to 3 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

CURE YOURSELF!

Take Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous.

Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

$1.00

SORE EYES? Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

SHE POSSESSES TWO MINDS.

Their Coexistence in a Girl Shown by a Physician's Experiments.

Among the patients of the Binghamton state hospital is a pretty girl, 13 years old, who, when brought there several months ago, was suffering from acute hysteria. Dr. William A. White, of the hospital staff, has been performing some remarkable experiments with the girl, demonstrating the dual condition of her mind and the existence of a sub-conscious mental state.

When the girl first arrived at the hospital she could not see out of the left eye. Dr. White has proved that this eye does not see, although the girl is unconscious of the fact. The patient while in one mental state knows nothing of what happens while in the other.

The doctor experimented with her before a meeting of the Broome County Medical society. The first experiment was to prove that the conscious mental state acts upon the sub-conscious state. A second experiment proved the reverse. A third showed the two divisions of the brain acting simultaneously yet independently of each other.

Dr. White had the girl close her right eye. He held two fingers at an angle from her left eye.

"Do you see my hand?" he asked.

"No," was the reply.

"How many fingers am I holding up?"

"Two, but I can't see them," was the correct answer.

Under the doctor's treatment the left retina, which has been closed, is rapidly enlarging, and the child will soon be able to use the defective eye fully.

Next the patient was blindfolded and asked to think intently on some names. Dr. White slipped a pencil and paper into her hand, which was resting on the table. After a moment the pencil began to write. The pencil and paper were removed and the bandages were taken from the girl's eyes. She was asked what she had written, but said she had written nothing. She did not know that a pencil had been in her hand nor that her hand was moved. She admitted that the name on the paper was the one she had been thinking of. No hypnotism was used in the experiment.

The other physicians engaged the girl in conversation, and she readily answered their questions. While she was thus talking with the others Dr. White, questioning the sub-conscious side, asked her to write something, and instantly a sentence learned a few minutes before was written with the senseless hand, but all the while she was talking with the others. She was questioned, but had no knowledge of what she had written.

Dr. White says the girl is rapidly improving from her mental disorder for which she is confined in the hospital.—Baltimore Sun.

WOMAN'S HEROISM.

From the Register-Gazette, Rockford, Ill.

During the Civil War nearly as much heroism was shown by the women of our nation as by the brave soldiers. Many a woman, weeping for her dead son, bound up the wounds of his suffering comrades, rejoicing in their renewed strength, even while sorrowing for the one who was gone. At that time, was laid the foundation for the world-famed organization known as the Woman's Relief Corps.

On the Battlefield.

One of the most earnest members of the corps at Byron, Ill., is Mrs. James Housewart, but illness once put a stop to her active work. A year or so ago, when she was nearly fifty years of age, the time when women must be more careful of their strength, Mrs. Housewart was taken seriously ill. The family physician told her that she had reached a critical period of her life, and must be very careful. His prescriptions and treatment did not benefit her, and other treatment proved unavailing.

At last Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to her notice, with indisputable evidence that they were helpful in cases such as hers, and with renewed hope she tried the remedy. Last March she took the first box of the pills, which gave much relief. She was determined to be cured, and kept on with the medicine, until now eight boxes have been consumed, and she feels like a new woman.

Mrs. Housewart said: "I have taken only eight boxes, but I have been improving since I took the first dose. I do not believe I could have lived without the pills. They certainly have done me more good than any physician or any medicine I have ever tried."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

The washing of clothes for the Queen's household costs more than $15,000 per annum.

Fort Wayne to Chicago and All Points East and West.

Lowest rates via Nickel Plate Road. A Peerless Trio of Fast Express Trains daily each direction. All Express Trains of the Nickel Plate Road arrive at and depart from Van Buren Street Union Passenger Station, Chicago. R. J. HAMILTON, Agent, Fort Wayne, Ind. 'Phone 507.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

WANTED.—Case of bad health that R·I·P·A·N·S will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials.

SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED BUT QUALITY

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

A TANGLED SKEIN

MRS. ALEXANDER

CHAPTER VIII.

Guardian and ward had a long, delightful ramble. They discussed books and people and future plans. Standish was unusually sympathetic, and not the smallest catspaw of difference rippled the smooth surface of their confidential intercourse.

Standish parted with Dorothy at The Knoll's gate, and she entered the house with a profound sense of depression weighing her down. To-morrow! How lonely and empty to-morrow would be! What months must come and go before she should enjoy another uninterrupted talk! But she was too silly and weak! She must learn to be sufficient to herself!

In an absent mood she went to her own room and laid aside her hat and mantle, and hearing from Collins that Mrs. Callander was out, she descended to the drawing room determined to occupy her mind by an hour's diligent practice.

As she approached the piano, which stood near one of the windows leading into the veranda, the sound of voices, speaking low, met her ear.

She thought she distinguished Egerton's, and paused to make sure, intending to retreat if convinced that it was. Then some words caught her ear which seemed to turn her to stone and for a moment to deprive her of volition.

"You know I love you," he was saying, in low, deep tones, full of passion. "But how intensely, how wildly, your nature, perhaps, forbids you to comprehend."

Then Mabel's voice murmured something, and Egerton replied: "No, Mabel, I will not be fooled! You have let me see that I am of importance to you. You have given me hope."

"I fear you, I do not think I love you," said Mabel more distinctly, "and I cannot, dare not cut myself off from everyone, everything that makes life worth living. No, no, I cannot," her voice broke off into sobs, suppressed sobs.

"You will drive me mad! Existence is torture! The thought of your husband makes me capable of any crime, to think of your belonging to another sets my blood on fire! You are miserable, too! He is cold and indifferent. Leave him! Listen. Rather than suffer disappointment—rather than see you his, I would crush out your life, beloved as you are!" The tone of his voice was deadly.

Dorothy's senses came back to her with a wild thrill of horror, of rage against the man who dared to insult and threaten her sister. And Mabel listened to him—had listened to him! How strange it seemed that she now felt what the formless shadow was which had lain upon her.

What should she do? She must not drive that fierce, bad man to desperation. She must appeal to Mabel, and strengthen her—save her. She stole softly away, and stood for a moment by the stairhead window.

The sound of the outer gate closing loudly roused her, and, starting to the window, she saw Egerton walk rapidly away towards the town.

Dorothy did not delay a moment. Running down stairs, she tried to enter her sister's room. The door was locked.

"Let me in, Mabel. I want you. I am ill—oh, very ill!"

In another moment Mabel opened it. Dorothy closed and re-locked it, then stood an instant, gazing at her sister, whose eyes had a terrified, strained look. Her face was deadly white.

Then, clasping her closely, she exclaimed, brokenly, with heaving breast, "Mabel, what are you going to do? Could you let that devil draw you to destruction? I have heard him just now—I wish I could have struck him dead!"

"Heard—what—where?" stammered Mabel, her eyes growing vacant, as if too overdone to understand anything.

"There in the drawing room, when you were in the balcony."

"He said there was no one there," gasped Mabel, and she trembled so violently that Dorothy hastily led her to a chair lest she should fall.

"I came in and heard enough, Mabel! What are you going to do?"

"I wish I were dead. I do not want to yield—I—oh, Dorothy! can you bear to look at me—to touch me?"

"I love you with all my heart and soul!" cried Dorothy, kneeling down and clasping her waist, while she laid her head against her bosom, "and before that vile wretch succeeds in his sorcery, I would kill him. You are not yourself, Mabel; you are under a spell. Throw it off; defy him! What can he do? Would you forsake your own true husband for a traitor like this? Where are your senses? Forbid him to come near you. Let me be with you every moment of the day, and I will exorcise this unholy spirit."

"I am unfit to stay with my husband—my children," sobbed Mabel. "I ought not to have listened."

"You are fit—quite fit; I tell you so. You are not acting by your own will; you are under the will of another."

"I do not want to go. Oh, Dorothy, help me. Randal Egerton always interested me, and I can scarcely tell how I came to like him. I fear him now. I wish I had never let him mesmerize me. But if I refuse him, what—what will he do? anything for revenge—even something desperate to Herbert."

"No, Mabel; he dare not. Never fear to do right. Tell him to leave you; that you have come to your senses. I will give him the letter."

"I have written to him, yesterday, and he came, you see, all the same. Oh, you do not know him!"

"If you are true to yourself, Mabel, you can shake him off!" cried Dorothy, rising and stamping her foot. "How dare he persecute you? How dare he practice his villainy on you? Write again, Mabel. I will give the letter into his hand."

"Let me collect myself a little and you shall help me to write it. Now, if you stand by me, I shall have strength to do right. But the idea of having so far lost myself will poison all my life."

"Mabel, dear, put your hand to the plow and never look back."

"If—if only Herbert never suspects, I will devote myself to him. Oh, can I ever atone?"

Some more energetic persuasion on Dorothy's part, a few words here and there indicative of reviving hope and courage on her sister's, and they started to find how late it was.

"We must try to look as usual," said Dorothy. "If you would like to keep quiet and not see any one, I will darken the room and say you have a headache. I can face them all for you, sweetest, dearest Mabel."

"Ah, yes; do, Dorothy."

With the strength and firmness which true affection gives, Dorothy prepared herself to play the part of hostess at dinner. She was infinitely helped by a message from Egerton to the effect that he could not join them.

Colonel Callander said he would not disturb his wife as she was trying to sleep. Dorothy wished he would. A few tender words at this juncture might, she felt sure, produce a great effect.

Dinner passed heavily. Then came the moment of parting. Colonel Callander excused himself with, what Dorothy thought, cold politeness, from accompanying Standish to the station.

"Good-by, my dear ward," he said, pressing her hand in both his own. "It seems to me that you have been a good deal disturbed by something. There is a tragic look in your eyes. Will you tell me when we meet again?"

"Perhaps so," said Dorothy, trying to smile. "Oh, I am so sorry you are going!" Standish bent down and kissed the wavy braids into which her hair was divided above her brow, kissed her lightly and tenderly, and was gone.

The next day Colonel Callander stayed indoors for the greater part of the day, writing and arranging his papers.

This gave the sisters time to study what was best and strongest to say in Mabel's note to Egerton.

"You must get it from him as soon as he reads it," was her final injunction to Dorothy as she put it in her pocket.

"Oh, Mabel, if you think this necessary, how could you dream of deserting us all for him?"

"I cannot tell. I—I was not myself. I fancied I saw a change in Herbert. If he suspected me, I could not face him. Ever since we spoke of that tour, Randal was like a madman."

"Don't call him by his Christian name. Did he make you refuse to go?"

Mabel bent her head, and then covering her face cried quietly and bitterly.

"Do not despair, all will be well yet, Mabel, if you are firm now."

"Can I ever regain my self-respect? Oh, Dorothy, let us try never to name him again."

But Egerton did not present himself on this day nor the next until dinner time, when he and Miss Oakeley joined the party at The Knoll.

The presence and vivacity of Miss Oakeley, seconded as she was by Egerton, helped to cover not only the taciturnity of the host and hostess, which was not unusual, but Dorothy's remarkable absence of mind. At last Miss Oakeley had exhausted herself and her subjects, and departed. "What a dark night," she said, as Egerton and Callander assisted to put her into her carriage.

"Yes, dark as a wolf's mouth," said Egerton.

"The moon will be up later," said Callander.

"Can I give you a lift, Mr. Egerton?"

"A thousand thanks, no."

"Are you going?" asked Callander.

"Yes, I want a smoke. Something stronger than a cigarette; and Callander, do you feel all right? You seem to me not quite yourself."

"I have rather a bad headache, but I am subject to them since I came home. A good night's rest will be, I hope, a cure."

"Then I wish you a very good night. Make my excuses to Mrs. Callander," and Egerton set out into the soft darkness of a balmy September night, and not long after the lights disappeared from the windows of The Knoll, from all, at least, save that of the nursery, where the careful Mrs. McHugh kept a shaded lamp burning through the silent night watches.

The next morning broke fair and bright. Colonel Callander rose, as he generally did, at cock-crow, and, wrapping himself in his dressing gown, sat making entries in his journal, and adding a few pages to a work begun long ago on some military subject. Gradually the sounds of movement below told him the household was astir. Presently the Colonel's factotum brought him his early cup of tea.

Colonel Callander laid down his pen and slowly drank it. He rose, and was moving towards the door, when it was suddenly dashed open by Mrs. McHugh, her eyes wide open as though strained with horror, her outstretched hands shaking, her whole aspect disordered.

"Oh! sir! Come, come! My dear mistress is lying dead, murdered in her sweet sleep, and as lying deaf and dull and useless all about her!"

"Woman, you are mad!" exclaimed Collander, in deep, hoarse tones.

"Come and see. Oh, would to heaven I were in her place!" and turning, she went rapidly away, followed by her incredulous master.

CHAPTER IX.

When Callander reached his wife's room he made at once for the bed, where she lay upon her left side, with one white hand slightly clenched outside the clothes. He bent over her and looked intently into her face.

"She seems to sleep," he said hoarsely to Nurse, who followed him. "But," touching her hand, "she is quite cold."

"Ah! cold enough. Look, sir. Don't move her. Come round here. Look, where the villain struck her!" With a trembling hand she pointed to a deep wound in the back of the neck, just below the skull, from which some blood had flowed—not in any large quantity—upon her nightdress and pillow.

Callander uttered an inarticulate exclamation, and kneeling beside the bed, gently turned back the clothes and felt her heart; then, with a wail of despair: "Oh! dead! dead! dead!" he cried. "My beautiful darling! my pearl! No evil can touch you now; none can hurt you!" He pressed his brow against the bedclothes, and muttered, "None to save her though in the midst of those who would have given their lives for her!" He stopped as if choked.

"Ah, sir, it's plain enough how the wretches got in. The window is open, and we used to leave the middle bit of the outer shutters open, with the bar across inside—she always wanted air. See! the bar is hanging loose, and there is the ladder they got across by."

Callander rose and followed her to the window—there, across the area which surrounded the house, resting on the top of the bank at one side, and the window ledge at the other, was a ladder—a ladder which Nurse recognized as belonging to the place. Callander dropped into a chair and, covering his face with his hands, moaned piteously. "They have made a clean sweep," she continued, looking at the dressing table; "she laid her rings and watch and chain and purse there last night, for I brushed her hair for her, my poor, dear lamb, and they were there when I left her. Why, why did I ever leave that shutter open?" and she rung her hands. "What are we to do, sir?" But Callander was past heeding her. He rose, and again threw himself upon his knees beside the bed, his face in the clothes, while deep sobs shook his frame.

By this time the whole household had crowded into the room and stood with bated breath.

"Oh! don't stand there doing nothing," whispered Nurse, in great agitation, to Collins—"You run and tell the police. Don't you see the poor master has lost his head, and no wonder."

"I'll run, Mrs. McHugh, and fetch the doctor, too. Here"—in a horrified voice—"here's Miss Dorothy!"

"Ah, don't let her in, for heaven's sake!"—But Dorothy was in their midst while she spoke.

"What can be the matter?" she asked, in her usual tone, "every one seems running. Oh, Mabel," interrupting herself, "is Mabel ill? Why, Herbert!" Callander never moved. Before they could prevent her, Dorothy rushed forward and laid her hand on her sister's brow; then drawing back with a look of wild terror, "Is she dead? Nurse, dear Nurse, is she dead?"

"Ay, my dear, it has pleased God to take her to Himself," said Nurse, breathlessly, striving to keep the horrible fact of the murder from her. "It was awfully sudden; but we have sent for the doctor, and don't you stay! You just look after the children a bit, Miss Dorothy, for I'll want Hannah to help me."

While Nurse spoke, she pushed her to the door.

"Why do you try to send me away?" cried Dorothy. "There is something you do not want me to know." Breaking from the agitated woman, Dorothy caught sight of the blood upon the pillow. With a scream, she darted to the bed, and clasping her hands above her head, cried, "She has been murdered—basely murdered! Oh! my sister! my sister! was there no one to save you? Oh! come back to me! Oh! Herbert, is she quite, quite dead?" Still Callander remained in a kind of stupor.

"We can't rightly tell till the doctor comes, and this is no place for you, my dear young lady. I'll tell you the minute I know what the doctor says. You can do her no good. My own head is going round and—Mary! Mary! help me to hold her, will you?"

(To be continued.)

Color in Every Photograph.

On one occasion, while he was prosecuting attorney, Luther Laflin Mills, says the Chicago Record, came upon an indictment returned against a Chinese laundryman upon the charge of having assaulted an Irish policeman with intent to kill. He thought this an exceptionally curious case, and upon examining the prosecuting witness and others he threw out the indictment as being wholly absurd. The compatriots of the Chinaman were very grateful for this act of justice, and in pigeon English assured Mr. Mills that they would not forget his kindness. Five or six years after this happening the affair was recalled to Mr. Mills' attention by a very pleasant incident.

One Sunday, while Mr. Mills sat on the lawn in front of his north shore home, two carriages rolled up and out stepped a delegation of Chinamen attired in native costumes.

The delegation was ushered into the house, bearing numerous packages of teas, fans, silks, etc., which were distributed about to the several members of the family. Before taking his departure, the spokesman of the party asked Mr. Mills to let him have a cabinet photograph he saw on the mantelpiece; it was a picture of the Mills children very prettily grouped. Mr. Mills gave it.

This incident remained a mystery until quite recently, when there arrived a parcel from Hong Kong containing an enlarged water-color reproduction of the photograph, giving the details of expression and color with startling fidelity. "This is our present to you," said the Chinaman. "But how was it possible for that artist on the other side of the globe to know what shade of color to give to the hair and eyes of these children whom he never saw? That's what puzzles me," said Mr. Mills. The Chinaman replied that the art of photography was so thoroughly understood in China that it was easy to determine from the revelations of the magnifying glass just what color, and what shade and what tint were represented by what the plain photograph told.

Cartloads of Abuse.

It is said that when Barney Barnato gave a picnic at the opening of the Johannesburg water works he related an incident that had happened to him in London some time before. A seedy-looking man, describing himself as a journalist, called upon him one day and offered to cut out from papers, etc., all the complimentary things said about Mr. Barnato. The genial man of millions saw that the man was "down on his luck" and engaged him on the spot at a salary of £15 per month. This was quite characteristic of Barney's sudden and irresponsible freaks.

At the end of six months the man, who had been paid monthly, again called on Mr. Barnato and presented a huge bundle of clippings from newspapers, asking whether he should continue the work. "No," replied Barney, "but I'll engage you for six months at the same salary to cut out all the nasty things you can find said about me." Another six months passed and once more the indefatigable paper-clipper turned up and reported his work to be finished. "Well," said Barney, "where are the results of your work?" Here Barney assumed his gravest aspect as he repeated the man's reply: "I have not been able to bring them in; there are two carloads outside!"

One Way of Posting a Letter.

The island of St. Kilda is often visited by tourist steamers in the summer, but its regular mail communication with the mainland, some 150 miles distant, is confined to the annual visits of the steamer which brings the factor and his stores. But if at other times the inhabitants desire to communicate with Great Britain, they employ the following curious device: A man cuts the rough model of a boat from a billet of wood, hollows it partly out, places in the hold a tin or small bottle containing a letter, nails on a deck, and when the wind is blowing toward the mainland, launches the tiny craft, having first connected it with a bladder, which drives along before the wind and acts as a tug to the little mailboat. But the set of the gulf stream frequently drives this curious craft out of its course, and as often as not it reaches the Shetland Isles or the coast of Norway, where, however, the letter is pretty sure to be found and posted to its destination.—Household Words.

George Meredith at Work.

It is forty years ago since George Meredith's first book was published, but it is only within the last ten or twelve that his name has become known to a really wide public. Meredith is a tall, gray-haired man, a brilliant conversationalist, and a perfect linguist. He does all his work in a little hut which he erected some years ago at the top of his garden; but he is not one of those authors who bore their visitors with accounts of their writings or plots, and it is rarely, indeed, that he can be persuaded to say a word to his friends about his past or future stories.

Snubbed the Haughty Hussars.

The officers of the 'Steenth hussars according to the hoary tale, were graciously pleased to accept the invitation of a witty Irish hostess to a dance. They attended, but played the part of passive spectators, until their hospitable hostess came to their assistance and offered to find them partners. In response to her endeavors the senior officer present thanked her, but explained that "the 'Steenth don't dance." "Don't they?" returned the lady; "then I sincerely hope they can march." Which they did.

A Monster Advertising Sign.

The largest advertising sign in the world is said to be on the hillside of an islet off the Grand Canary, northwest of Africa. It is several feet above the level of the sea and contains four words in letters each fifteen feet wide and thirty feet high, each bar of the letters being three feet three inches broad. The sign is 750 feet long.

Why does every man who hears of a man-hating woman alter her views if [illegible] him?

A PUZZLED FOREIGNER.

Difficult for Him to Explain Our "Got There" Tactics.

One of the foreign attaches who has returned to Washington gives a humorous account of his experiences in the Santiago campaign, writes a Washington correspondent of the Chicago Tribune. Nevertheless it affords an insight into the qualities of the American soldier which caused the early capitulation of the city. All the observers from abroad, in reporting to their respective governments, are understood to be more or less critical of the manner in which the campaign was conducted, regardless of the canons of scientific warfare. But all acknowledge that, for a city fortified and defended as Santiago was, the surrender was forced with marvelous skill. This attache, in speaking of his own experiences the other day, said:

"I fear it will not be possible for my government to understand it all. I tell of many things that might not be agreeable to your war department, and it would not be courteous for me to speak of those things. But my trouble with my own military superiors will be because of your American language. When I saw your infantry going forward against the opposing troops in the forts and intrenchments I said to the officer with me that the infantry should not attempt such a movement without more artillery. 'You're right,' he told me, 'but the boys are getting there.' At night when we were all so hungry I ventured to inquire if a further movement were contemplated till your army was provisioned. Then the officers, who were very gentlemanly, all laughed and said the army would think about rations when they 'got there.' The second day we met many wounded men coming back as we were going forward. When the colonel asked them about the fighting so many times I heard them say, 'We got there.' And afterwards also I heard those words very often. But it is so difficult for me to explain so my own people will understand it, what nature of tactics is 'got there.'"

HANDSOME PICTURES.

Four Plaques of American Game Within the Reach of All.

Probably at no time in the world's history has as much attention been paid to the interior decoration of homes as at present. No home, no matter how humble, is without its handiwork that helps to beautify the apartments and make the surroundings more cheerful. The taste of the American people has kept pace with the age, and almost every day brings forth something new in the way of a picture, a draping, a piece of furniture or other form of mural decoration. One of the latest of these has been given to the world by the celebrated artist, Muville, in a series of four handsome porcelain game plaques. Not for years has anything as handsome in this line been seen. The subjects represented by these plaques are American wild ducks, American pheasants, American quail and English snipe. They are handsome paintings and are especially designed for hanging on dining room walls, though their richness and beauty entitles them to a place in the parlor of any home. These original plaques have been purchased at a cost of $50,000 by J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., manufacturers of the celebrated Elastic Starch, and in order to enable their numerous customers to become possessors of these handsome works of art they have had them reproduced by a special process, in all the rich colors and beauty of the original. They are finished on heavy cardboard, pressed and embossed in the shape of a plaque and trimmed with a heavy band of gold. They measure forty inches in circumference and contain no reading matter or advertisement whatever.

Until Oct. 1 Messrs. J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co. propose to distribute these plaques free to their customers. Every purchaser of three ten-cent packages of Elastic Starch, flatiron brand, manufactured by J. C. Hubinger Bros. Co., is entitled to receive one of these handsome plaques free from their grocer. Old and new customers alike are entitled to the benefits of this offer. These plaques will not be sent through the mail, the only way to obtain them being from your grocer. Every grocery store in the country has Elastic Starch for sale. It is the oldest and best laundry starch on the market and is the most perfect cold process starch ever invented. It is the only starch made by men who thoroughly understand the laundry business, and the only starch that will not injure the finest fabric. It has been the standard for a quarter of a century and as an evidence of how good it is twenty-two million packages were sold last year. Ask your dealer to show you the plaques and tell you about Elastic Starch. Accept no substitute. Bear in mind that this offer holds good a short time only and should be taken advantage of without delay.

Habit They Have.

Jones—You seem to be awfully upset over the little trip you and your wife are to take. I don't see what there is about going away for a week that should worry you so."

Brown—It isn't just the fact that we're going away. The trouble is that whenever my wife takes a trip that will last over night she insists on turning it into a regular moving.

Coughs Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Youth is the opportunity to do something and to become somebody.—Munger.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is our only medicine for coughs and colds.—Mrs. C. Beltz, 439 5th ave., Denver, Col., Nov. 8, 1895.

Cannibal—One who loves his fellowmen.

Free Homes in Western Florida.

There are about 1,000,000 acres of Government land in Northwest Florida, subject to homestead entry, and about half as much again of railroad lands for sale at very low rates. These lands are on or near the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, and Mr. R. J. Wemyss, General Land Commissioner, Pensacola, will be glad to write you all about them. If you wish to go down and look at them, the Louisville & Nashville Railroad provides the way and the opportunity on the first and third Tuesday of each month, with excursions at only $2 over one fare for round-trip tickets. Write Mr. C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., for particulars.

The man robs others who does not make the best of himself.

Scrofula

Taints the blood of millions, and sooner or later may break out in hip disease, running sores or some more complicated form. To cure scrofula or prevent it, thoroughly purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has a continually growing record of wonderful cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. All druggists $1 per bottle.

Improvements in Flying Machines.

Inventors are plenty who can make a machine that will rise and float in air, but none has succeeded in making an apparatus that will guide it through the many currents of air. In this respect Hostetter's Stomach Bitters acts as a safe guide by curing stomach, liver and blood diseases, giving a good appetite and a strong constitution.

Thrown Away on Him.

Jackson—Well, what did your wife say to you when you got home so late last night? You know you were afraid she'd scold.

Fairleigh—My wife's a jewel. She didn't scold a bit. In fact, she didn't even ask me where I had been or what had delayed me; but, late as it was, she sat down at the piano and began to play and sing. I tell you she's one in ten thousand.

Jackson—What did she sing?

Fairleigh—Tell me the old, old story.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

Chilly Affair.

A Vermont couple named Winter and Frost were recently married.

Crowning Disappointment.

"Added to their other troubles, this latest disappointment must be terrible for the Queen of Spain."

"I had not heard of it."

"She will never have an opportunity to kiss Hobson."

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Madrid has lost the director of the National Library by the death of Manuel Tamayo y Baus, who was also noted as one of the best dramatists of contemporary Spain. Many of his plays have been translated into foreign languages. He was also secretary of the Academy of Spain.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

No Bargain Offered.

"Spain should take back her stigma that we are a nation of shopkeepers."

"Yes; there were no goods marked down in our peace advertisement."

MANY FEMALE ILLS RESULT FROM NEGLECT.

Mrs. Pinkham Tells How Ordinary Tasks May Produce Displacements That Threaten Women's Health.

Apparently trifling incidents in women's daily life frequently produce displacements of the womb. A slip on the stairs, lifting during menstruation, standing at a counter, running a sewing machine, or attending to the most ordinary tasks, may result in displacement, and a train of serious evils is started.

The first indication of such trouble should be the signal for quick action. Don't let the condition become chronic through neglect or a mistaken idea that you can overcome it by exercise or leaving it alone.

More than a million women have regained health by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

If the slightest trouble appears which you do not understand, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for her advice, and a few timely words from her will show you the right thing to do. This advice costs you nothing, but it may mean life or happiness or both.

Mrs. MARY BENNETT, 314 Annie St., Bay City, Mich., writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I can hardly find words with which to thank you for the good your remedies have done me. For nearly four years I suffered with weakness of the generative organs, continual backache, headache, sideache, and all the pains that accompany female weakness. A friend told my husband about your Vegetable Compound and he brought me home two bottles. After taking these I felt much better, but thought that I would write to you in regard to my case, and you do not know how thankful I am to you for your advice and for the benefit I have received from the use of your medicine. I write this letter for the good of my suffering sisters."

The above letter from Mrs. Bennett is the history of many women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman best Understands a Woman's Ills

The man who wants BattleAx PLUG can get it anywhere. It is as popular as sunshine and almost as universal. It satisfies that dry taste in the mouth better than anything else, and you can buy a larger piece of Battle Ax for 10c. than of any other kind of high grade quality.

Remember the name when you buy again.

Do You Know that There Is Science in Neatness? Be Wise and Use

SAPOLIO

HOMESEEKERS' EXCURSIONS

Burlington Route

SEPT. 6
SEPT. 20
OCT. 4
OCT. 18

These are the days on which you can buy very low-rate round-trip Excursion Tickets to NEBRASKA and other points in the West, Northwest and Southwest, good for 21 days. Stop on your way and see the GREAT TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION AT OMAHA. Ask your nearest railroad agent to make your ticket read over the Burlington Route. You can get a handsome illustrated pamphlet describing Nebraska, and another all about the Exposition (both free), by writing to P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Go and look for a New Home in Nebraska, a prosperous country, where a farm can be bought for one years' rent of an eastern farm.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. [illegible] Bureau.

When Writing to Advertisers please say you saw the Advertisement in this paper.