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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,
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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.

FACE AND FIGURE show it, if you're a healthy woman. They'll have a beauty of their own, no matter what your features. Perfect health, with its clear skin, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes, is enough to make any woman attractive.

To get perfect health, use faithfully Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health, flesh and strength.

For periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and "female complaints" generally, it is so effective that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back. Is anything that isn't sold in this way likely to be "just as good."

We pay the printer to give you good advice about health and to lead you to careful living.

Our reason is that Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is so often a part of careful living.

If you would go to your doctor whenever you need his advice, we might save our money. He knows what you need.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. 50c. 27

Know all Women

The most thoroughly successful remedy science has ever produced for the cure of all forms of Female Complaints is *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound*. It has stood the test of many years, and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. It will entirely cure Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, also Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and check the tendency to cancerous humors.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure constipation, biliousness, etc. 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.

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S.S.S. ERADICATES BLOOD POISON AND BLOOD TAINT.

SEVERAL bottles of Swift's Specific (S.S.S.) entirely cleansed my system of contagious blood poison of the very worst type.
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S.S.S. CURES SCROFULA EVEN IN ITS WORST FORMS.

I HAD SCROFULA in 1884, and cleansed my system entirely from it by taking seven bottles of S. S. S. I have not had any symptoms since. C. W. WILCOX, Spartanburg, S.C.

S.S.S. HAS CURED HUNDREDS OF CASES OF SKIN CANCER.

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

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"MOTHER'S FRIEND" is the greatest blessing ever offered child-bearing woman. I have been a mid-wife for many years, and in each case where "Mother's Friend" had been used it has accomplished wonders and relieved much suffering. It is the best remedy for rising of the breast known, and worth the price for that alone. MRS. M. M. BRUSTER, Montgomery, Ala.

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DROPSY TREATED FREE. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. Ten Days Treatment Furnished Free by Mail. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, SPECIALISTS, ATLANTA, GEORGIA

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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 XVI—Continued.

"I suppose that is a rebuke to me," Margaret made answer to the Doctor. "You see, I am always ready to improve everything and everybody but myself."

"Which needs improving sadly," interposed Brian, entering at this moment. "I have a scolding for you, Margaret. I thought——"

"I know," answered Margaret, rather contritely. "I am really very sorry. Doctor Wilson has excused me, and I have promised to do better for the future. So no more, please."

"No more. That is always your cry when you need a lecture. I see you and Wilson are friends already. I thought you would be. Effects of kindred tastes. Where did you walk this afternoon? To the end of creation?"

"Oh, no. Only within the bounds of New York. I was not gone so very long, really; but I decided to go so late that——"

"Another inopportune decision. I wonder when you are half way to heaven if you won't turn back and try the other place, just to differ from the rest of the world. Wilson, behold the very incarnation of self-will. Leaving out this little failing, she deserves Bertie's eulogies, and I am wonderfully proud of her."

"Very consoling. I thank you, sir. For reward I'll give you your dinner. I dare say you are ready for it."

"Decidedly, Margaret. I had a wretched lunch and my appetite is now in prime condition. I wish Wilson would make a like admission just to keep me in countenance. I don't expect much from you. Shall we progress?"

"I have been telling Mrs. Leigh how much I admire your charming home," remarked Wilson when they were comfortably seated about the table. "I have always had a prejudice against apartments, but this one has thoroughly converted me."

"I like them," said Brian, following Wilson's glance around the room. "Much more cozy than a house. This one was my choice, though Margaret gave me the cue. I must let her have the credit for all these fixings, however. This room was much more empty when we first moved in; now it seems real homelike. It is astonishing what a woman's hands can do."

"Astonishing," repeated Wilson, musingly. "Don't make me bewail my lonely estate more deeply, I beg of you. Think how these delightful rooms compare with my dull quarters. No wonder you don't care to show yourself there. You are such a stranger that I was wondering to-day what you do with yourself."

"What?" repeated Margaret in her own mind, while she gave Brian a rather searching glance.

He pretended not to see it, however.

"Oh, I'm around generally," he answered rather unsatisfactorily. "I don't find any difficulty in occupying my time. I'll run in upon you some night. Though while Margaret is here——"

"You will be taking her about a great deal, of course. Under those circumstances don't consider me. I hope you like sight-seeing, Mrs. Leigh. Otherwise you must find it extremely tiresome. Or perhaps you are one of those fortunate individuals whose endurance is always equal to the emergency."

"Endurance," repeated Margaret, starting from her train of thought. "Do you know, Doctor, I think endurance is nothing more than determination or will. It is with me, at least. If I make up my mind to bear a thing I always bear it, and if I don't, I don't. You seem amused, Brian, but I'm sure you can say the same thing if you would. When I was a child I used to pinch my arm to see how long I could stand the pain without crying, but a reproving tap from my old nurse sent me into spasms of weeping. That was all will, you see."

"All will," repeated Brian. "I thank you for telling us, Margaret. I can imagine how you tried that poor old nurse. What are you intending to illustrate?"

"Simply that our wills have everything to do with our feelings. Dr. Wilson wants to know if I find sight-seeing tiresome. I am afraid I do. But I like it, and so I quite forget that the hard pavements tire my feet most dreadfully, and that when I ride I'm jostled almost to death. Really, Doctor, you may say what you please about your wonderful city, but I think its streets are an everlasting disgrace to any civilized town."

"I have nothing to say in their defense," admitted the Doctor, with a laugh. "They are bad. Does your idea of endurance extend to social duties also?"

"Yes, certainly. Why should they be called duties, I wonder? I have a special distaste for that word. It carries with it the sense of obligation, and obligation is always disagreeable."

"Always?" questioned Wilson, rather quizzically. "I dare say you are right, though. Duty can be most unpleasant. We are queerly constituted at best."

"I think we are rather natural," added Margaret. "It isn't to be expected that we women should like to do what we feel we ought. Just put must before a request and it grows disagreeable immediately for me. I might go to a ball and dance all night with a raging headache, but I wouldn't think of going to church in the same condition. I'd be much too ill. I'm giving you a dreadful example, am I not? Well, I can only advise you to do neither as I say nor as I do."

"I always thought you religious, Margaret."

"You have never thought anything of the kind," returned Margaret, meeting Brian's mischievous eyes. "Why should you think so? Simply because I'm a woman. What a reason. I believe the world does think religion was made for women rather than men, though it is the men who really need it. Poor women! They are obliged to walk stiff and straight in a certain beaten track. They mustn't do this, they mustn't do that, and they mustn't do the other, until they are so encompassed by a wall of musts and mustn'ts that I wonder they have any individuality left."

"Thank heaven you haven't lost your individuality yet, Margaret. Wilson, you were regretting your lonely estate awhile ago; after listening to such remarks from the mouth of one woman, beware of all others and rejoice at your escape."

"Come, Doctor," said Margaret, before Wilson could reply, "we will go to the parlor, and I promise to be very quiet and sedate for the rest of the evening. No doubt, you will find Brian's conversation much more instructive and entertaining."

When Wilson had taken his departure an hour or so later, Margaret turned to Brian with the remark:

"I am so glad you brought him, Brian. I like him so much."

"Then I don't believe I'll bring him again. I'm jealous of him. But, seriously, Margaret, he is quite a fine fellow. I wish I were half as fine. You should have heard the nice things he said about you. He is very anxious that you should see more of New York, and he mentioned several places that I had forgotten about. He says you would like to see them, and so you shall. I've left you very much alone lately, but I intend to be more attentive hereafter."

He knew that Margaret was pleased, from the happy light that stole into her eyes.

"I believe that I shall be glad of the day I met Doctor Wilson," thought Margaret, as she crept into bed an hour later.

CHAPTER XVII.

A LIFTING OF THE CLOUDS.

To Brian, the knowledge that Margaret had not lost all feeling for him, and that her faith in him was strong, notwithstanding his many falls, brought new strength and courage.

With the power of strong determination he seemed to be gaining a victory over that old habit. Not an entire one, of course. Margaret could not expect so much. Sometimes a friend could lure him away, but this was seldom, and never since their talk in her room had he lost the entire command of himself.

Under these circumstances Margaret felt her heart considerably lightened. She could look forward more hopefully to the future, and her letters took on something of her own cheerful spirit.

Brian could not fail to see the change, and it was equally apparent to Wilson, in his few brief visits. He only dropped in upon rare occasions now, seldom stayed long, and always claimed that he was too busy even to find time to see his friends.

"I suppose we must accept your excuses, Doctor," Margaret replied one evening to his usual plea. "Can't you teach your patients some idea of the fitness of things? Why should they all get sick together? I think a few might wait until the others are well."

"So they might, Mrs. Leigh, if they could see the matter from your point of view. Unfortunately, however, illness, like time and tide, waits for no man. We have had a very trying winter, and pneumonia is very prevalent. That has added considerably to my labors. I confess I am thoroughly tired out when night comes, and only too glad to creep into bed."

"And sleep in the comfortable sense that your rest is well earned."

"Yes," he laughed, "though that is no proof against its being broken. The only time my profession brings a regret is when I hear my night bell jingling and I am called from a delightful nap."

"Just as I've always said," observed Brian, with a side glance at Margaret. "A doctor's life is all work and no play."

"And you like the play best; don't you?" she rejoined, quickly. "Still, play or not, Brian, it is a very noble profession, and when I was a child I always declared I should be a doctor's wife."

There was a decided question in the eyes she fixed upon him.

"Poor Margaret," he replied, joining in Wilson's laugh. "What a miserable concern you managed to get. Only the beginning of one."

"Don't be so generous with your sympathy, please. A beginning is better than nothing. An acorn is only the beginning of an oak, but we don't despise the acorn because it is not an oak—yet."

Wilson, as well as Brian, caught the delicate emphasis on the yet, and he answered with a half smile:

"Brian will become an honored member of the profession before his days are ended. I predict that, Mrs. Leigh."

"Ah, I have quite decided it," returned Margaret promptly. "Brian knows that as well as I do. I couldn't have all my childish calculations upset. I used to think Uncle Stephen the very personification of all things good and noble, and I wondered then if his son were anything like him. You see I had not met Brian."

"And now, Margaret, that you have met him?"

Brian came behind her chair with this question. She glanced back at him and smiled.

"I never form an opinion of a book after reading only its first page. I must go deeper to see if it will realize or disappoint my expectations. Besides, I don't air my views in public. Speaking of views," she continued more lightly. "I have some I want to show you, Doctor. You must promise to think them very beautiful, or I shall be disappointed. Brian, will you get them, please?"

At this request Brian got out a small folio of wood cuts and pen pictures of various scenes about Elmwood and the surrounding country. They were all excellent, and Wilson's appreciation was was warm enough to satisfy even Margaret's enthusiasm.

"Do you wonder that I am proud of Elmwood?" she asked, after an animated description of several of its finest points. "Do you wonder that I should love it so dearly? My wonder is that Brian doesn't care for it as I do, for he was born there. I think he has the least bit of fondness for a Bohemian existence. I am sorry for him, because I do think it a most unsatisfactory sort of life. I agree with George Eliot that we all should have one home spot that shall stand clearly out in memory, and to which our minds and hearts may always return, no matter how far we may have wandered from it."

Margaret broke off with a sigh "This," she added, taking up another picture in some haste, "is a side view of The Cedars, Colonel Barton's home. Brian and I were speaking of Bertie when you came in. He has finished his book and the publishers predict a great success for it."

"Yes, I read it in the manuscript some time ago. I thought it excellent. Bertie is full of pluck and deserves success. By the way, I met him to-day. He was in cheerful spirits. He tells me he has a charming wife. You know her, of course, Mrs. Leigh."

"Almost like a sister, I may say. I hear from her quite frequently. She writes very delightful letters. She is constantly expressing the fear that I shall become so infatuated with New York and its pleasures that I shall forget what she calls their rural delights. I try to convince her that there is no danger of that."

"No. I fear you are too firm in your opinions ever to be converted, no matter how earnestly we may try."

As he spoke, Wilson left the table and drew a chair close beside her, and Brian busied himself in gathering up the scattered pictures.

"I acknowledge that I like your city the least bit better than I did," admitted Margaret, "but further than that I can not go. I forgot to tell you that I saw your little cripple to-day. I should think she was very ill."

"Her life is a matter of but a few weeks at most," was his answer. "I thank you for your interest in her."

"Please don't thank me. I'm wonderfully self-satisfied, and I may begin to think I've done something meritorious. Brian, do come from behind my chair. You make me think of Satan. Get in front of me, please."

"Thanks for your compliment. Your candor is really refreshing. I want to hear about the new unfortunate. I guessed from your face at dinner that you had been on some errand of mercy."

"I am sorry my face can not keep a secret better. Don't persuade Dr. Wilson that I am an indefatigable St. Elizabeth, ever bent on charitable missions, when I am merely a young woman who wants—who doesn't quite know what she wants."

"Doesn't she? I think she succeeds very well in getting it. If you will play St. Elizabeth, I suppose no words of mine will have any effect. I can only mildly hope that you will not quite kill yourself. But seriously, I do not like to think of you going around in all sorts of neighborhoods and meeting all kinds of characters. Of course, wherever Wilson recommends, is all right. Don't go entirely on your own judgment, though. I shudder at the thought."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Strange Building Legend.

Nine master masons who were engaged in building a citadel in the time of Voivoid Neagoe found on returning to their work each morning that the portion of the wall which they had completed the day before had fallen to pieces during the night and was lying in a heap of ruins in the ditch. Manol of Curtea, the head mason, informed his comrades one morning that a voice from heaven had warned him in his sleep the night before that their labors would continue to come to naught unless they all swore on that very morning to immure in the structure the first woman, be it wife, mother, daughter or sister, who should arrive with the morning meal of one or either of them.

They all took the oath, and the last had hardly been sworn when Manol's own wife appeared, carrying her husband's breakfast. The oath was kept, and the woman known in the legend as "Flora of the Fields," was murdered, and her blood and flesh incorporated with the walls of masonry.

A curious practice of the Bulgarian masons (the above scene is laid in Bulgaria) which survives to this day, testifies to the vitality of this legend. To insure the solidity of the houses they build they measure with a reed the shadow of the first person who passes after the digging of the foundation has been completed. When the foundation is commenced this reed is buried under the first rock, usually the corner stone.

His Weight in Gold.

The ancient annual ceremony of "Talabbaram," or weighing the Maharajah of Travancore against an equivalent weight of gold, has come round again. It appears to have been conducted this year with great pomp and ceremony, for the present Maharajah is a Hindu of the orthodox type, who aspires to keep up the traditions of his house. Some months before the ceremony the Government purchased through its commercial agent at Alleppey about two thousands' weight of pure gold, the greater part of which was converted into coins for this purpose. After presenting an elephant and offerings to the shrine, the Maharajah entered the building prepared for the occasion, and having completed the preliminary ceremonies, mounted one of the scales. The sword and shield were laid in his lap; in the other side of the scale gold coins, struck for the occasion, were placed by the first and second princes, till it touched the ground and the Maharajah rose in the air, the priest meanwhile chanting Wedic hymns. Volleys were fired, the band played, and the troop presented arms. The Maharajah worshiped at the shrine, and then went to the palace. Subsequently the Dewan and other officials distributed the coins from the fort gates to fifteen thousand Brahmins.

Care of the Eyes During Early Life.

Dr. L. Webster Fox (Medical and Surgical Reporter) formulates ten rules on the preservation of the vision: 1. Do not allow light to fall upon the face of a sleeping infant. 2. Do not allow babies to gaze at a bright light. 3. Do not send children to school before the age of ten. 4. Do not allow children to keep their eyes too long on a near object. 5. Do not allow them to study much by artificial light. 6. Do not allow them to use books with small type. 7. Do not allow them to read in a railway carriage. 8. Do not allow boys to smoke tobacco, especially cigarettes. 9. Do not necessarily ascribe headaches to indigestion; the eyes may be the exciting cause. 10. Do not allow the initerant spectacle vender to prescribe glasses.

For the Complexion.

Ten to fifteen grains of magnesia sulph. taken in a tumblerful of water every morning before breakfast will cause the most unsightly complexion to become clear in a short time. Generally, a month suffices for a complete cure, the skin having all the softness and clearness of a baby's. The application of a solution of magnesia sulph. externally is said to be very beneficial also—say, one grain to the ounce of rosewater, applied every night and morning by means of a bit of soft sponge or linen cloth. It is said that blush-of-roses, a South Bend nostrum, is only a weak solution of magnesia sulph. in water.

Black Eye.

There is nothing to compare with a tincture or a strong infusion of capsicum annuum, mixed with an equal bulk of muclage or gum arabic, and with the addition of a few drops of glycerine. This should be painted all over the bruised surface with a camel's hair pencil, and allowed to dry on, a second or third coating being applied as soon as the first is dry. If done as soon as soon as the injury is inflicted, the treatment will invariably prevent the blackening of the bruised tissue. The same remedy has no equal in rheumatic, sore or stiff neck.—Medical Times.

"THERE is no castor oil trust," says the New York Tribune. We are glad of it. It is good policy to purge the commercial market reports of such laxative rumors.

FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

A COLUMN OF PARTICULAR INTEREST TO THEM.

What Children Have Done, What They Are Doing, and What They Should Do to Pass Their Childhood Days.

What the School Bell Says.

It is wonderful what unlike things
The school bell says to the boys when it rings!
For instance, the laggard, who drags along
On his way to school, hears this sort of song:
Oh—suz—hum!
Why did I come?
Study till four—
Books are a bore!
Oh, how I wish
I could run off and fish!
See! There's the brook,
Here's line and hook.
What's that you say?
Hurry up—eh?
Oh—hum—ho!
S'pose I must go,
Study till four,
Books are a bore!
Then the boy who loves to be faithful and true,
Who does what his parents think best he should do,
Comes bravely along with satchel and books,
The breeze in his whistle, the sun in his looks,
And these are the thoughts that well up like a song,
As he hears the old bell, with its faithful ding-dong:
Cling, clang, cling—
I'm so glad I could sing!
Heaven so blue,
Duty to do!
Birds in the air,
Everything fair,
Even the boy
Finds study a joy!
When my work's done
I'm ready for fun,
Keener my play
For the tasks of the day,
Cling, clang, cling—
I'm so glad I could sing!
Those are the songs which the two boys heard,
When the school-bell was ringing, word for word.
Which do you think was the truer song?
Which do you hear as you're trudging along?
Don't be a laggard!—far better, I say,
To work when you work, and play when you play!
—Exchange.

A Fish Story.

Papa—Did you catch fish?

Little Son—Only one, but it was a big one."

"Very big?"

"Oh, awful big."

"Did it get away?"

"No, but it 'most broke the pole pullin' it out."

"Well, well! Where is it?"

"In my pocket."—Good News.

Every Attention.

"Mr. Schoolmaster, I hope you will treat this little boy of mine exactly as if he were your own son."

"Oh, yes; certainly; I will give him a whipping every day, since you desire it."—Tid-Bits.

A Friend in Need.

How often we find that when misfortune befalls us we are deserted by many whom we imagined were our most devoted friends, and upon whom we had strong claims for sympathy and help. From those we know little, we naturally expect little or nothing. But here in the animal world we have an extraordinary example of disinterested friendship in the time of need. A poor sparrow by some mischance had lost the sight of both eyes. Few people have much to say for the sparrow, he eats the young seedlings just as they are coming up in the garden, so the gardener prosecutes him, and the farmer hates him because he makes raids on the corn. Now this poor blind bird would have had a very poor chance against the world; without his eyesight he must speedily have come to grief, but a hen, upon whom the sparrow had no sort of claim, took upon herself the full charge of him, guarded him jealously under her wing, brought him food, and protected him from his brother sparrows, who would soon have killed him. We may learn a good deal from this hen, we who are only too ready to turn away from sorrow and misfortune, because when we ourselves are prosperous and happy they might cloud and disturb our peaceful horizon for a time.

An Astonished Fox.

A gentleman in Meaford, Ontario, told me that when a boy at home he used to be greatly amused with the hunting stories of an old man called Nehemiah, or 'Miah, writes Marshall Saunders, in Good News.

'Miah would come to the house, take up his station in the kitchen, then the children of the family would gather round him for a tale of the woods. 'Miah was a good mimic, and would accompany his stories with appropriate gestures. Upon one occasion he told the boys that he went into the woods, not with his gun, but with hands in his pockets, just strolling about for a lark. There was a light snow on the ground, and he soon came upon the recent tracks of a fox. Near by was an uprooted tree, its roots stuck up high in air. 'Miah crept (and he dropped down on the kitchen floor, and showed the boys how he went) behind the roots, and began to chirp and squeak like a mouse.

Now a nice, plump, young mouse is a dainty morsel for a fox, and by and by 'Miah saw Mr. Fox coming back. 'Miah showed the children how the fox came, trotting nimbly along, then stopping to listen, turning his head wisely from side to side, and holding up one paw. To see 'Miah on hands and knees, going across the kitchen and snuffing the air, always convulsed the children. He would be fox and mouse alternately. The mouse would squeak, the fox would advance. Finally Mr. Fox crept lightly up to the tree trunk and looked. Probably his mouth was opened to receive the mouse, when 'Miah opened his mouth and sprang up with a terrific yell. The astounded fox fell over and over on the ground as if he were shot. 'Miah always vowed that it took the fox several seconds to recover himself enough to run away.

And then he looked so sheepish. A trick had been played on him! 'Miah sat on the ground and laughed and laughed. He always assured the children that he had twice as much fun as he would have had if he had taken his gun and shot the fox.

Web Cloth.

Spiders' thread, which is one-third stronger than steel wire of equal diameter, is to be utilized for the manufacturing of spider silk textile for ladies' upper and under garments.

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.

Possible Ideas.

An English scientist has made fanciful calculation on the number of ideas of which the human mind in the aggregate is capable and arrived at a total of 3,655,760,000.

Keep Off the Enemy.

A foe who lurks in ambush is a more dangerous antagonist than one who attacks us in the open field, and for whose assaults we are, in a measure, prepared. That dangerous enemy to health, malaria, must be encountered fully armed. Its thrusts are sudden, unexpected and deadly, and can only be guarded against with certainty by fortifying the system by a course of defensive medication. The surest defense against chills and fever, bilious remittant, dumb ague, and ague cake is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is also an eradicator of the most obstinate forms of malaria which resist the action of ordinary specifics, and the virus of which remains in the system even when the more violent symptoms are subdued. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia, and kidney troubles are always relieved by this genial remedy.

THAT he who blows the coals in quarrels he has nothing to do with has no right to complain if the sparks fly in his face.

Excursion Rates South.

The Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad will sell excursion tickets Sept. 27 and Oct. 25, 1892, at the low rate of one fare for the round trip, to numerous points to the southeast, south and southwest.

For full particulars, maps, time tables or any other information, apply to C. W. Humphrey, Northern Passenger Agent, 170 East Third street, St. Paul, Minn.; to City Ticket Office, 204 Clark street, Chicago; to any agent C. & E. I. R. R.; or to Charles L. Stone, General Passenger Agent, Room 415 First National Bank Building, Chicago.

THE use of Ely's Cream Balm, a sure cure for Catarrh and Cold in head, is attended with no pain, inconvenience or dread, which can be said of no other remedy.

I FEEL it my duty to say a few words in regard to Ely's Cream Balm, and I do so entirely without solicitation. I have used it half a year, and have found it to be most admirable. I have suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since I was a little boy and I never hoped for cure, but Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many of my acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is Quickly Absorbed. GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

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.

Have You Asthma?

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