

**A Boon to Humanity.**  
A number of our great and most inveterate tobacco smokers and chewers have quit the use of the filthy weed. The tobacco article that does the work is No-to-bac. The reform was started by Aaron Gorham, who was a confirmed slave for many years to the use of tobacco. He tried the use of No-to-bac, and to his great surprise and delight it cured him. Hon. C. W. Ashom, who had been smoking for sixty years, tried No-to-bac, and it cured him. Col. Samuel Stoutzner, who would eat tobacco like a cow eats hay, tried this wonderful remedy, and even Samuel, after all his years of slavery, lost the desire. J. C. Cobler, Lessing Evans, Frank Dell, Geo. B. May, C. O. Skillington, Hanson Robinson, Frank Hershberger, John Shinn and others have also tried No-to-bac and in every case they report not only a cure of the tobacco habit, but a wonderful improvement in their general physical and mental condition, all of which goes to show that the use of tobacco had been injurious to them in more ways than one.

All of the above gentlemen are so well pleased with the results that we do not hesitate to join them in recommending it to suffering humanity, as we have thoroughly investigated and are satisfied that No-to-bac does the work well and is a boon to mankind. The cost is trifling—a dollar a box—and the makers, the Sterling Remedy Company, have so much faith in No-to-bac that they absolutely guarantee three boxes to cure any case, or refund money. One box in every instance in the above effected a cure, with one or two exceptions. No-to-bac has a wonderful sale upon its merits alone throughout the United States, and can be secured at almost any drug store in this country or Canada, and it is made by the Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago office, 45 Randolph street; New York office, 10 Spruce street.—From The Press, Everett, Pa., Dec. 15, 1893.

**The Surest Way.**  
The great wealth of many Americans was acquired by the closest economy. Most people seem to prefer the rapid method, such as speculating, some with other people's money, and the slower process of economy, industry, and steady application is the surest.—Boston Journal.

It is estimated that a birth takes place every three minutes in London, and a death every five.

**The Puzzle Solved.**  
Perhaps no local disease has puzzled and baffled the medical profession more than nasal catarrh. While not immediately fatal it is among the most nauseous and disgusting ills the flesh is heir to, and the records show very few or no cases of radical cure of chronic catarrh by any of the many modes of treatment until the introduction of Ely's Cream Balm a few years ago. The success of this preparation has been most gratifying and surprising.

She was a sweet, sweet girl with a complexion of angelic loveliness, and all young ladies possess who use Glenn's Sulphur Soap.

**ABOVE ALL OTHERS,**  
Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, in every disease caused by torpid liver or impure blood. For Dyspepsia, Liver and Bowel derangements, and kindred ailments, nothing approaches it as a remedy.

**PIERCE GUARANTEES A CURE OR MONEY RETURNED.**

Mrs. AURELIA VANZIE, of Hamilton, Ind., writes: "I would never be so bold as to say that I had been cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, but I have been almost cured. My appetite was good, and I was able to eat and sleep. My improvement was wonderful. Several years ago I was cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery."

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

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

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

**The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.**

**KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.**

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS., has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

## AT WAR WITH HERSELF.

The Story of a Woman's Atonement, by Charlotte M. Braeme.

CHAPTER XXXI.

She was no insensible heroine, this unhappy, erring girl, who had taken love and honor in one hand, wealth and truth in the other, and had deliberately decided in favor of the latter. She was far from insensible, and she did not find it quite so easy to destroy her own conscience as she had thought. Something quite strange and new had come over her. A sudden noise—the opening of a door—the sound of an unexpected footstep—made her tremble.

"My lady never used to be nervous," said Florette, "but ever since that ball she has been nothing but nerves."

Was it an unquiet conscience? She who had laughed at the world's opinion, who had been completely indifferent as to what people said of her, now never saw two persons whispering together without wondering if they knew that she had found the will and had hidden it again.

On the morning after the ball she dressed herself carefully. She bathed her face in clear, cold water to restore something of its bloom, and tried to look as much like herself as possible; but she did not succeed. Something had gone wrong with her face that was never, while the sun shone, to be seen there again. Lady Fanshawe looked at her, and told her bluntly that late hours did not suit her. She went up to Miss Dacre, and Ethel took her hand with a warning glance.

"Why do you look at me so strangely?" asked Leonie.

"You are like a flower with the bloom rubbed off," replied Miss Dacre; and her answer brought a flush to the fair face.

"What do you mean?" asked Leonie. "How strangely you speak to me! What are you thinking of that you say such a thing to me?"

Miss Dacre was most astonished still at her vehemence.

"My dear Lady Charnleigh, I mean nothing, and am thinking of nothing more than the fact that you are very tired, and have very little color."

Leonie turned away with an angry expression at her own folly.

"Am I always to be frightened and nervous—to fancy that people have found me out—to mistake simple words for accusation? If so, the price of my sin will be a heavy one."

That it was a heavy one she found out before the day was ended; and yet the most sorrowful thought of all—the one that she must give up—was that she had been so long kept at bay. One of the first things she did was to answer Paul Fleming's note.

"I have not time for many words," she wrote; "but if you think I could make you happy, I will be your wife. Grant me two favors—do not come to Crown Leighton to-day—I am too tired to see anyone; and do not mention the fact of our engagement until I give you permission. I have very special reasons for making this request."

She signed the name—Leonie Charnleigh—in a clear, legible hand, and smiled bitterly to herself as she did so.

"If he knew the title was his, not mine, what would he say?"

She sent the note at once, and, though she did not acknowledge, even to herself, why she had done so, her real motive was that she should so far bind herself as to put all possibility of retracting out of her power. As she folded and sealed it, she said to herself:

"Now I am Paul Fleming's betrothed wife, and it does not matter which of us has the money—it will soon belong to both."

But that day she found out something of the price of her sin. Her pleasure of life was destroyed; the hours that had once seemed golden and too short now dragged so heavily that each seemed to her a day. The luxury and splendor of Crown Leighton, that had once been to her as the very light of her eyes, was nothing. Her whole life was a dull, dreary, and unending monotony.

She had loved the sunshine and the flowers even as the birds do; but now she turned from them with a positive loathing. Why should trees and leaves, waving grass, and singing birds all tell of him? He was to be nothing to her. They might both live long, and yet life would never bring them any nearer to each other than they were now. She had loved the old moss-covered roof that stood near the well, but to-day she cared little for it; no hour that it could tell would bring her lover to her side again.

"I know that, darling," she said. "So and fetch a nice book—better than anything else in the world."

"I do not think it would be possible to find such a book," replied Miss Dacre; "most heroines are made good and attractive."

"Then a good woman never cares about money," said Leonie, quickly.

"A good woman is never mercenary, Leonie, as one must be who makes money her first thought."

Ethel went to find the novels, and Leonie opened one; but the page was never turned; she was not reading, but trying to solve a problem—was she mercenary, or was she not? And she found it impossible to decide.

"I cannot be mercenary," she said, to herself. "If Paul Fleming would have taken half my fortune when he came home, I would most cheerfully have given it to him; therefore I cannot love money for money's sake. If any one came to me poor and distressed, I would relieve them with bountiful hands."

Never one page of the book was turned; she was asking herself, was it too late, even now? She might own the truth to Lady Fanshawe at once, and be happy with Sir Bertram without splendor. She had forgotten for a few minutes the note she had sent to Paul Fleming; she remembered it now with a deep-drawn, bitter sigh. It was too late; she must go on in the path she had chosen for herself.

"How am I to meet the morrow?" she asked herself, "and send him from me with my heart and his? The late idea of 'look so pale and ill that Lady Fanshawe will be alarmed.'"

"Lady Charnleigh," she said, "do not lose your mind. I will insist on your going to your own room to look so ill that my heart aches for you."

"Does it, auntie? Then I will go, and not unwillingly either, for this has been the longest day of my life."

"I wonder," said Lady Fanshawe to Miss Dacre, when they were alone, "if she has quarreled with Sir Bertram Gordon. I am quite sure there is something wrong; I have never seen Lady Charnleigh out of spirits since I have known her."

"I do not think there has been any quarrel," replied Miss Dacre, quietly. "Sir Bertram went away last evening quite as much in love as ever."

Meanwhile Leonie walked slowly to her own room, and asked herself whether she could possibly live through many such days as these or not, and whether, after all, she had not paid dearly for her title and wealth.

**CHAPTER XXXII.**  
It was quite a novel sensation for Leonie to awake and feel that the coming day would be full of discomfort to her. She had been accustomed to rise with a glow of happiness at her heart—

—a sense of remorse, a keen anticipation of coming happiness; but this morning her heart was oppressed with a heaviness, as of lead, for two interviews were before her. First, she must meet the man she had defrauded, and must tell him the truth; secondly, she must tell Sir Bertram that all his hopes were at an end. Woman-like, the more certain she grew of having to part from him, the deeper, truer, and more earnest became her love.

When she stood before the mirror that morning she started back in fright. Was that the brilliant Lady Charnleigh—this pale-faced girl, whose eyes were heavy and dim as with long watching?

"I must alter this," she thought. "I am losing all my beauty—my face is pale, my eyes are dim, and I must make haste to be happy again."

It had not yet occurred to her that by her own act she had willfully cut herself off from all happiness, and that, though she might regain her color and the light in her eyes, she would never more regain peace of heart or gaiety of spirit.

"If I could only remember the good things that remained to me," she thought. "I am Lady Charnleigh, mistress of Crown Leighton, and one of the wealthiest women in England. Am I to be haunted by a ghost? No, no! I must remember only the good that remains to me."

She went down to breakfast with a snatched of some sweet song on her lips; she laughed and talked as gayly as ever; she ridiculed her own over-fatigue until Lady Fanshawe felt quite at ease about her. But when the day was more than ever convinced that there was something serious wrong with Lady Charnleigh.

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

## Royal Baking Powder

**ABSOLUTELY PURE**

The official reports show Royal Baking Powder superior to all others, yielding 160 cubic inches of leavening gas per ounce of powder, a strength greatly in excess of every other powder tested.

**Comparative Love.**

It does not make any difference how much a smoker loves his wife, he loves his tobacco almost as well.—Donahoe's Magazine.

What, Brother Donahoe? What's that? But don't say it again. It shocks us. It is not in good taste. It will make many a woman angry. It is too absurd to compare a man's liking for a pipe or a cigar to his love for the wife of his choice, the darling of his soul, the mother of his children. We cannot argue the matter. The quoted words are neither sense nor logic, neither poetry nor tolerable prose. They are wild. They must have been uttered by some poor miserable devotee of tobacco, who has no appreciation of true love. It is known that some women like to wear feathers in their hats; but suppose you said of some wife that she loved the feathers in her hat almost as well as she loved her husband? What would she feel insulted? Yet she would be guilty of nothing more than the husband, who loves the smoke of tobacco almost as well as his wife. Away with all stuff of the kind!—New York Sun.

**Land Under Cultivation.**

In a late review of the agricultural situation the New York Sun gives the following table of areas under cultivation in the United States at the periods mentioned.

**Two Pints Not a Quart.**

If a pint of water be added to a pint of proof spirit, the mixture will not make a quart. A chemical change is the explanation.

**Muscle and Vigor—A Difference.**

Many muscular men succumb to fatigues more with ease than persons far inferior in physical strength. Muscles do not imply vigor. In fact, it is not difficult of proof that athletes do not live as long nor enjoy as good health as the average individual who is vigorous—that is to say, whose digestion and sleep are unimpaired, whose nerves are tranquil, and who has no tendency to disease. These requisites of vigor are conferred upon those who are weak, not less than upon those debilitated through wasting disease, by a thorough, persistent course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the leading national tonic, and recommended by physicians of eminence. It will not endow you with the muscle of a Corbett, but it will infuse energy into your system, and renew the active and helpful performance of its functions. It cures and cures material, rheumatism, and kidney complaints, and overcomes dyspepsia, constipation, liver trouble and nervousness.

**A Youthful Pessimist.**

Any boy or girl who doesn't know what a pessimist is should be sure to read the following, says an exchange. Jeremiah was 12 years old, is already a confirmed pessimist. Among the things he continually grumbles about are his lead pencils, which never have points, and to sharpen which he always has to borrow a knife of some schoolmate.

"Why don't you have a knife of your own, Jerry?" one of the boys asked.

"Got no pockets to keep it in," said Jerry.

"Then why don't you have a pocket?"

"I had one, I had a hole in it," said Jerry.

"Well, even that you wouldn't be any worse off than you are now."

"Hm! Yes I should. If I had a pocket in a hole in it, I never had anything to lose through it."

Jerry sighed deeply and went on whittling with a pencil with the dull blade of the other boy's knife.—Louisville Journal.

**ROUGH, WINTRY, CHANGEABLE WEATHER** produces Catarrhs, Coughs, Disorders of the Lungs, etc., which Jayne's Expectorant promptly cures if faithfully administered.

**The ancient ell, a measure, was the length of the arm of Henry I.**

**It is up the liver, remove disease, promote good cheer and good health, by the use of Beecham's Pills.**

**The romance ends at matrimony.**

**Ringing Noises**

in the ears; sometimes a ringing, buzzing sound, or snapping like the report of a pistol, are caused by Catarrh in the head. Loss of smell or hearing also result from Catarrh, which may develop into Bronchitis or Consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures Catarrh by thoroughly purifying the blood and building up the entire system. Get Hood's, because

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, indigestion, etc. Try a box.

**DENISON & WASHINGTON, D. C.**

Successfully Prosecutes Claims.

For the last year, 1893, has been a year of great success for Denison & Washington, D. C. in the prosecution of claims.

**PISO'S CURE FOR**

Consumption and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It is not injurious to the system. It is the best cough syrup.

**CONSUMPTION.**

## "August Flower"

"I am Post Master here and keep a Store. Have kept August Flower for sale for some time. I think it is a splendid medicine." E. A. Bond, P. M., Pavilion Centre, N. Y.

The stomach is the reservoir. If it fails, everything fails. The liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the head, the blood, the nerves all go wrong. If you feel wrong, look to the stomach first. Put that right at once by using August Flower. It assures a good appetite and a good digestion.

## A Weak Digestion

strange as it may seem, is caused from a lack of that which is never exactly digested—fat. The greatest fact in connection with

## Scott's Emulsion

appears at this point—it is partly digested fat—and the most weakened digestion is quickly strengthened by it.

The only possible help in Consumption is the arrest of waste and renewal of new, healthy tissue. Scott's Emulsion has done wonders in Consumption just this way.

Prepared by Scott & Borne, N. Y. All druggists.

## Young Mothers!

We Offer You a Remedy which Insures Safety to Life of Mother and Child.

## "MOTHER'S FRIEND"

Robt. Confection of its Ribs, Thorax and Lungs.

After using "Mother's Friend" you will find that it is a most valuable remedy for all ailments of the lungs, throat, and chest. It is a most valuable remedy for all ailments of the lungs, throat, and chest. It is a most valuable remedy for all ailments of the lungs, throat, and chest.

**Ely's Cream Balm**

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Alleviates Pain and Inflammation. Restores the Sense of Taste and Smell. Heals the Sores.

**DEAFNESS AND HEAD NOISES CURED**

**WANTED MEN TO TRAVEL.** We pay \$500 monthly salary to men who will travel for us. Address: WASHINGTON, MADISON, WIS.

## Extreme, Chronic, Torturing Cases of NEURALGIA

ARE CURED BY ST. JACOBS OIL. PROMPT AND SURE.

**GET THERE EARLY! CALZER'S NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS.**

**"Simone" COLLARS AND CUFFS.**

**The "LINENE" are the Best and Most Economical Collars and Cuffs Worn.**

They are the only goods made that a well-dressed gentleman can use in place of linen. Try them. You will like them; they look well, wear well and fit. Reversible; both sides alike; can be worn twice as long as any other collar. When one side is soiled use the other, then throw it away and take a fresh one.

Ask the Dealers for them. Sold for 25 cents for a Box of 10 Collars, or Five Pairs of Cuffs.

**REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO., 27 Kilby Street, Boston, Mass.**

**One bottle for fifteen cents, Twelve bottles for one dollar, by mail.**

**R.I.P.A.N.S.**

**Ripans Tabules are the most effective recipe ever prescribed by a physician for any disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels.**

Buy of any druggist anywhere, or send price to THE RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, 30 NASSAU ST., NEW YORK.

**"COLCHESTER" SPADING BOOT.**

**1,000,000 ACRES OF LAND**

**FREE.**

**HOPEWELL CLARK**

**\$7.00**

**ASTHMA CURED.**

**FOR MEN, MINORS, R. R. HANDS**

**ASK YOUR DEALER.**