

Tree that Won't Burn.
A government report from Colombia contains a description of a tree, known as the chaparro, which is said to possess the quality of being fireproof. It grows on the vast plains of Colombia and the north of South America, called savannas, extensive districts which are parched with heat except during the rainy season. It has long been the custom to clear the ground for the new vegetation which springs up so luxuriantly on these plains after the rainy season by means of fire—and such fires, miles in extent, kindled by the herdsmen, destroy everything in the shape of vegetation except the chaparro tree, which survives to afford a welcome shade in an almost treeless region.
It is a small tree, seldom growing to more than twenty feet in height, with a girth of about three feet, and it owes its protection from fire to the nature of its hard, thick bark. The bark lies on the trunk in loose layers, which do not readily conduct heat to the more delicate parts of the structure. It is a general idea among the natives that this tree grows only where gold is abundant in the soil below. That it is common in arid districts is indisputable, but there is no ground for supposing that it does not grow elsewhere.—Boston Transcript.

Confinement and Hard Work.
Indoors, particularly in the sitting posture, are far more prejudicial to health than excessive muscular exertion in the open air. Hard sedentary workers are far too weary after office hours to take much needed exercise in the open air. They often need a tonic. Where can they seek invigoration more certainly and agreeably than from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a renowned purgative adapted to recruit the exhausted force of nature. Use also for dyspepsia, kidney, liver and rheumatic ailments.

Cool Miners.
One million and a half men work in the coal mines of the world. Of these Great Britain has 335,000; United States, 300,000; Germany, 255,000; Belgium, 100,000; Russia, 44,000. The world's miners of metal number 4,000,000.

Sprains.
Belladonna or iodine liniment is the best remedy to apply to sprains, and if the sprain is at all severe, the part should be frequently bathed with hot water.

There is a Class of People
Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15c and 25c per package.

When Abelard was in love with Heloise he seemed to put great confidence in dreams; frequently narrated his, and almost as often inquired, "Do you see me in your dreams?"
No man can be brave who thinks pain the greatest evil; nor temperate who considers pleasure the highest good.

NERVOUS PROSTRATION.

A New Jersey Woman Expresses Her Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham for Relief.

"Will you kindly allow me," writes Miss Mary E. Saitt to Mrs. Pinkham, "the pleasure of expressing my gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking your Compound? I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration and general debility, caused by falling of the womb. It seemed as though my back would never stop aching. I could not sleep. I had dull headaches. I was weary all the time, and life was a burden to me. I sought the seashore for relief, but all in vain. On my return I resolved to give you medicine a trial. I took two bottles and was cured. I can cheerfully state that more ladies would only give your medicine a fair trial they would bless the day they saw the advertisement, and there would be happier homes. I mean to do all I can for you in the future. I have you alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am very grateful."
—MISS MARY E. SAITT, Jobstown, N. J.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER
WILL KEEP YOU DRY.
Don't be fooled with a mackintosh of rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hardest storm, put on the Fish Brand Slicker. It is for sale in your town. Write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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WANTED Man or Woman, good church standing, to learn our business, then act as Mir. and State Correspondent here. Salary \$200. Enclose self-addressed envelope. A. P. Elder, Mgr., 275 Mich. Ave., Chicago.

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We obtain patents for inventions in all countries. 50-page book free.

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CURES WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Cures Croup. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION



AT ELM HOUSE

CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Beatrice gave her mother and uncle a most anxious account of the interview with the artist; but she refrained from telling them that she had mistaken Beltran Carew's photograph for a fancy photograph meant for King Arthur; nor did she tell them how the clear, bright, blue eyes had seemed to look into her very soul. "I want you to like Mr. Carew, uncle," she said, "he is most intellectual."

"I will like him then, Tricie; I will ask him to dine with us. I am glad you have met some one whom you admire." "He is a man—he is a hero." On that evening Beatrice went with Mrs. Carden, a fashionable friend, to the opera. Looking round the house during one of the intervals, she saw a face that impressed her greatly. It was very lovely, fair, and framed in shining golden hair—a proud face, with wonderful scarlet lips and chiseled features. What impressed her so greatly was that the face, at different times wore quite a different aspect. When anyone was in the box talking to the owner of it, it was most brilliant, most animated; but when she was alone, a mask, almost like a mask of stone, came over it—the ripple of laughter died away, the warm, sunny coloring faded, the light in the eyes faded, the whole face changed. Beatrice watched it for some time, and then appealed to Mrs. Carden for information.

"Who is the lovely blonde lady with the blue velvet and diamonds, in the third box?" she asked. Mrs. Carden raised her opera glass and looked. "That is Lady Rayner," she replied, "one of my dearest friends."

"How beautiful she is—but how sad!" said Beatrice. "Sad? Some people are never content, never would be content, if they had all the world," declared Mrs. Carden, contemptuously.

"Is she not happy, not content?" asked Beatrice. "You say she looks sad, so I imagine she cannot be content, though why, I cannot understand."

"Is she married?" was the next question. "Married! Yes. She married Lord Otho Rayner, who was supposed to have a very large income. She has the finest diamonds in London; they are something wonderful. And she drives the finest horses in the park. If you like, I will introduce you to Lady Rayner."

"I should like it very much," replied Beatrice; and when the ladies stood together in the crush-room, the introduction took place. From the first moment Beatrice liked her new acquaintance. She liked her fair, lovely face, with its curious changes from gay to grave. Now, as they stood talking, Lady Rayner looked bright, animated and happy; a few minutes afterward she was standing alone, and looked as though a sudden blight had affected her; and then again, when Beatrice spoke to her, the grave sadness vanished as if by magic.

They talked for a short time longer, and when about to separate Lady Rayner took Beatrice by the hand. "Something tells me we are to be friends," she said. "I hope such will be the case."

The sweetest sad face with its strange gleams of laughter touched Beatrice. "I shall be pleased," she said simply; but the tone was sincere.

"Is Lord Rayner what people call a nice man?" Beatrice asked of Mrs. Carden. "That worldly lady laughed, and then again, when Beatrice spoke to her, the grave sadness vanished as if by magic."

"Does his wife look at him through a golden haze, Mrs. Carden?" inquired Beatrice. Mrs. Carden laid her hand on the young girl's arm.

"Will you believe this," she said—"that the most miserable people in the world are those who take life in earnest?"

Before the eyes of "Prince Charlie's" daughter rose the earnest face of an earnest man—Beltran Carew—and her whole soul rose in rebellion against the foolish words.

"And can you speak so?" she cried. "Then, feeling ashamed of her warmth, she said: 'It is not right of you who should know better, to teach the young and the ignorant such a doctrine. Suppose I were to believe you?'"

"You would do a very wise thing, my dear," replied Mrs. Carden, calmly. "I repeat that to be happy in this world you must take life more as a jest than in earnest."

Beatrice looked forward with some interest to her visit to lovely Lady Rayner. She was out of the common order; there was something about her different from the frivolous people who talked about life as a jest.

"I am so glad to see you," said Lady Rayner, when Beatrice entered her tasteful boudoir.

If money could give happiness, if magnificence could produce comfort, Lady Rayner ought to have had it. The little boudoir in which she sat was exquisitely furnished. The hangings were of violet velvet and white lace; the carpet had a white ground with violet lying in augh they had just fallen upon it; there were a few rare pictures; a masterpiece by Canova stood between the violet velvet hangings; there were a few beautiful bronzes, exquisite vases, jardinières filled with rarest flowers. Lady Rayner herself was very lovely, but her face was pale, and her eyes looked as though she had been weeping. She held out both hands in greeting to "Prince Charlie's" daughter.

"I am so glad you have come," she said. "You know, Miss Lennox, that I have fallen in love with your face—you look so true, so earnest; and I want a friend who is truthful and earnest."

"I am truthful," returned candid Beatrice. "I come of a truthful race. I am earnest because I cannot help it. If you like me, and want a friend, I shall be very pleased to be that friend, Lady Rayner."

der pity. She bent down and kissed the pale, sweet face.

Lady Rayner told her of a home in the country where she amused herself and did as she liked all day long, Beatrice noting keenly how pale her face was, how transparent were the white hands, how she strove against the sadness that seemed to master her; how at times she even forgot what she was saying, and went off into a train of painful thought. Beatrice was very gentle with her. They were laughing heartily at escape of Lady Rayner's, when suddenly she rose from her seat; her face grew white as death, and her hands trembled.

"That is my husband," she said. "I thought he left home early this morning." Beatrice heard the sound of a quick, shuffling footstep, the door opened, and Lord Rayner entered the room. "Prince Charlie's" daughter almost cried out in surprise as her eyes fell upon him. That Lord Rayner! Why, he was surely one of the most insignificant and contemptible looking men she had ever seen! He was very little and very fierce; he had a parrot face, with small, twinkling eyes, and a great hooked nose; and he spoke in a nasal tone. Was this the husband of the superb blonde who trembled before him? He did not see Beatrice at first, and in a voice indescribably fierce and shrill he began:

"I thought I told you to write to Javins about that cursed wife, trying to speak calmly. 'I am very sorry, Otho—I quite forgot it.' He went nearer to her."

"You did not forget it!" he screamed. "You did it purposely. You knew that I wanted to go to Richmond. You knew that I wanted that particular carriage. It is your spiteful, jealous nature that prevented you from writing—and you shall suffer for it!"

"Otho," said the pale, beautiful woman, "Miss Lennox is here. You do not see her, I think."

The moment he saw the lovely heiress, his manner completely changed—he was all that was obsequious.

"You will pardon me, Miss Lennox, but I have been compelled to assert my prerogative. No one in this miserable house ever obeys me—no one ever attends to my wishes—no one studies me."

Without another word, Lady Rayner sat down and wrote the note which she finished she gave it to her husband to read.

"I shall say no more about this now," he said, with the air of one who would be generous; "but the next time I express a wish or give a command, see that it is carried out, and write the note."

"I will be careful," promised his wife. "You have spoiled my day," he continued, reverting again to his wrongs. "I had intended going to Richmond; I really believe you knew with whom I was going, and were jealous."

He laughed and sneered with an air of self-complacency, which made him appear doubly absurd; and Beatrice thought to herself that if he repeated his laugh she could almost go mad. She looked at the pale, beautiful woman who was compelled to hear that laughter whenever he chose to inflict his greatest pain upon her.

"What could have induced her to marry such a monster?" thought Beatrice; and then she began to wonder. His mood had changed.

"I told Hanson to send up a diamond necklace for you to look at," he said to his wife; "they tell me that some of the imperial stones are in it. You can have it if you like it."

Then he rose from his seat, and after paying a few fulsome compliments to Beatrice, and saluting his wife with marked disdain, quitted the room.

"And that," thought Beatrice, "is a man!" Lady Rayner turned to her with a look of great relief, and without alluding to her husband, began to talk about earlier days. Beatrice was greatly interested in her new friend. She stayed longer than she had intended, and rose at last hurriedly to take her leave.

"You will come again?" asked Lady Rayner. "Or shall I come to see you?" "Whichever will suit you best. You go out a great deal, I should imagine?" said Beatrice.

"Yes," was the reply; "I take my 'workdays'—other people take drugs and drink, and I take the same purpose. I go out a great deal; I am seldom at home."

When Beatrice was taking her leave, Lady Rayner said to her, with a faint smile: "There is a skeleton in every house, Miss Lennox, and it is generally hidden; but you have seen mine. You will not betray it?"

"No," promised Beatrice. "I will not." "I—I married for money," said the pale, lovely lady, "and I have more money than I know what to do with. Good-by, my dear," and with her hand waiting for another word Beatrice departed.

"Married for money!" The words sounded in her ears all the remainder of that day.

CHAPTER XIV.
"I have never seen you so pleased about a dinner party before, Beatrice," said Lady Lennox, when her daughter consulted her for the twentieth time concerning her dress. "Is any one going whom you very much wish to see?"

"Yes, I told you, mamma—Mrs. Carew, the artist—the lady who is so anxious to paint my portrait. The duchess says she would not paint the portrait of an empress if she did not like her."

Beatrice stood attired for the dinner party at Elm House, looking far more beautiful than she had ever looked before. Her graceful head and flower-like face, her white neck and lovely shoulders, rose from clouds of rose-colored tulle. She wore white roses in her hair, and carried a bouquet of white hyacinths; a superb knot of flowers was fastened in the bodice of her dress. She looked lovely enough to disturb an artist's dreams. Her uncle had declined the invitation to the dinner party—he had not been well of late—but he desired to look at his niece before she went.

"Well, I am of opinion that that rose tulle will give the duke his coup de grace. I have never seen Tricie look so well before," said Peter Lennox; and he began at once to think about the marriage settlements; while Beatrice, as she drew near Elm House, asked herself what she

should do. There would be two gentlemen present, of whom one would wish to talk to her—to the other she would want to talk. It would require some astuteness to manage to please herself without displeasing others.

Yes, there was the duke! He lay laid her at once when she entered the room; and she was compelled to listen to a string of compliments that she thought would never end, wondering all the time whether Beltran had arrived. At last she saw the tall figure and the fair, princely head towering above the others. Her face flushed; she answered at random. Oh, if the duke would but leave her in peace! To her great relief the Duchess of Elm House called the duke away—she wanted to introduce him to the wife of one of the ambassadors—and Beatrice was free. In another moment Beltran Carew was by her side.

"I was afraid," he said, "that I should not get near you, Miss Lennox. The Duke of Heathland regards you as though you were a crown jewel."

She looked up at him, wistfully, longing to say: "It is not my fault that he is always near me," but she was silent. Perhaps he misunderstood her silence, for after a while he added:

"I hope I have not been indiscreet." In a moment her face was in a flame. "Certainly not," she said, and then she added shyly—she was so unfortunately frank—"I was just wishing that he would go and make room for you."

"Were you? I am the happiest!" He paused suddenly, for the confusion in her face pained him.

Then they walked through the superb suite of rooms, so interested each in the other that all else was unheeded. Every now and then Beatrice raised her fair face with a look of unutterable content, the light of perfect happiness in her eyes. Then her words became fewer, sweet shyness came over her, and presently it was time to go.

She was rather puzzled on reaching home; for, when Lady Lennox asked her about the dinner and the soiree, she could remember nothing except that Mr. Carew was there. Beatrice was startled to find that she did not even remember saying good-night to her guest. What she did remember was standing in the hall with Beltran Carew by her side, he declaring that the opera cloak would not come into the right folds and lingering so long while he drew it round her that she had looked at him with a wondering smile, then he had bent his handsome head over her and whispered such sweet words that the very memory of them made her heart palpitate.

Beatrice was quite unconscious how much Beltran Carew was beginning to fill her life. When she awoke in the morning, it was to think of him, to wonder if she should see him on that day, if he would call, if he should meet him accidentally, if he would send a note or message. The days on which she was to meet him were red-letter days; but then, as she said to herself, she had longed all her life to know a hero, and at last she had met one.

They met almost continually. Beltran, although constantly occupied during the day, went out a great deal. Since he had known Beatrice he sought the people who knew her. He contrived to discover at what houses she was to visit. But the best time of all for him was when Mrs. Carew began to put the Ladies' List. Mrs. Carew herself had designed the dress. It was a mantle of cloth of gold thrown over one shoulder, leaving the other undraped. The lovely neck rose flower-like from the superb costume, the queenly head was crowned with blue Nile lilies. Nothing could have been more beautiful.

Beatrice enjoyed those sittings. Lady Lennox generally went with her; but Lady Lennox was not worldly wise, and when she saw how the young lawyer interested and amused her beautiful child, when she heard them conversing of everything most poetical and artistic, she never dreamed of danger.

They all met one day at a fete given in the beautiful grounds of Twickenham Palace. The Marquis of Emsdale was the originator of it, and as Mrs. Carew had set all London talking about the wonderful portrait of his beautiful marchioness, Beatrice and her sister both of the artist and to her no less gifted son. Beatrice and Lady Lennox went with the Duchess of Elmisle. Peter Lennox disliked garden parties, and summer fetes were not to his mind. He preferred dinner parties where he could play a solemn game of whist.

(To be continued.)

"Say So as We Go Along."

"If folks could have their funerals when they are alive and well and struggling along, what a help it would be!" sighed Aunt Jerusha. She had just returned from a funeral, and Mrs. J. B. Lummis pictures her in Zion's Herald as wondering how "poor Miss Brown" would have felt if she could have heard what the minister said.

"Poor soul, she never dreamed they set so much by her!"

"Miss Brown got discouraged," continued Aunt Jerusha. "Ye see, Deacon Brown, he'd got a way of blaming everything onto her. I don't suppose the deacon meant it—twas just his way—but it's awful wearing. When things were out, or broke, he acted just as if Miss Brown did it herself on purpose; and they all caught it, like the measles or the whooping-cough."

"And the minister a-telling how the deacon brought his young wife here when twasn't nothing but a wilderness, and how patiently she bore hardship, and what a good wife she'd been! Now the minister wouldn't have known anything about that if the deacon hadn't told him. Dear! dear! If he'd only told Miss Brown herself what he thought, I do believe he might have saved the funeral."

"And when the minister said how the children would miss their mother, seemed as though they couldn't stand it, poor things!"

"Well, I guess it is true enough; Miss Brown was always doing for some of them. When they were singing about sweet rest in heaven, I couldn't help thinking that that was something Miss Brown would have to get used to, for she never had none of it here."

"She'd have been awful pleased with the flowers. They was pretty, and no mistake. Ye see, the deacon wa'n't never willing for her to have a flower-bed. He said 'twas enough prettier sight to see good cabbages a-growing; but Miss Brown always kind of hankered after sweet-smelling things, like roses and such."

"What did you say, Levi? 'Most time for supper? Well, land's sakes so it is. I must have got to meditating. I've been a-thinking, Levi, you needn't tell the minister anything about me. If the pancakes and the pumpkins are good, you just say so as we go along. It aint best to keep everything laid up for funerals."

The butter trade is one of the most important in Ireland, amounting to seven million sterling a year.

TALKS TO VETERANS.

M'KINLEY RESPONDS TO A TOAST AT BUFFALO.

Old Soldiers Give a Banquet in His Honor—Three Hundred and Fifty Thousand People in Attendance—31st Annual Encampment.

"Put 'Em Off at Buffalo." The incoming rush of Grand Army veterans and their womenfolk to attend the national encampment at Buffalo was the night of Tuesday. The different railroads centering there gave estimates of the number of passengers landed in Buffalo during the twenty-four hours ended at midnight. The total footed up 145,000. As all the railroads expected arrivals for Wednesday at least equalling those of the previous day, it was estimated that there would be at least 50,000 more arrivals before the big parade, which would bring the grand total of encampment visitors up to 350,000.

President McKinley was the lion of the hour, it being the first time in the history of the organization that a President of the United States put in an appearance at the national encampment. The banquet which was tendered Tuesday night to the President and other distinguished guests was a notable affair. Covers were laid for 500 guests at the Ellicott Club. The hosts were representatives of every department in the organization and subscribed liberally toward the function.

The President was escorted from the Niagara Hotel to the club by a Chicago post and an impromptu reception preceded the banquet. Speechmaking was in order at 6 o'clock, as the President desired to leave early to attend some camp meetings. Col. James A. Sexton of Illinois was the toastmaster. President McKinley responded to his toast as follows:

"I wish I might find fitting words to make suitable response to the more than grateful welcome which you have accorded me here. I feel that I am not in the spirit of speech; I come with no studied phrases to present to you; but come in the spirit of companionship and of comradeship. We have so often talked in the past around the campfires in war, as well as the campfires in peace. To me, I see by your program, has been assigned the toast, 'The Country and its Defenders.' My fellow-citizens, blessed is that country whose defenders are patriots; blessed is that country whose soldiers fight for it and are willing to give the best they have—the best that any man has—of their lives, to preserve it because they love it."

Such an array the United States has always commanded in its history. Her history, from the war of the Revolution to the late war, the men followed that flag in battle, because they loved that flag and believed in what it represented. That was the spirit of the volunteer army of 1861-65. Every one of them not only fought, but they thought; and many of them did their own thinking, and did not allow themselves to be led by the color guard bearing the stars and stripes away in front of the line, but the enemy still in front of him. The general called up to the color-bearer, 'Bring these colors back to the line,' and quicker than any bullet that young soldier answered, 'I will bring them up to the colors.' It was the voice of command; there was a man behind it, and there was patriotism in his heart."

"So near to grandeur is our dust, 'So near to God is man.' When duty whispers, 'Go, thou must.' The youth replied, 'I can.'"

And so more than 2,000,000 brave men thus responded and made up an army grander than any army that ever shook the earth with its tread and engaged in a holier cause than any that ever engaged in a holier cause. We have the remnants of this old, magnificent, matchless army of which I have been speaking, and then as allies in any future war we have the brave men who fought against us on Southern battlefields. The army of Grant and the army of Lee are together. They are one now in faith, in hope, in fraternity, in devotion to the Union and the Republic. And therefore the country is in no danger. In justice strong, in peace secure, and in devotion to the flag, all one."

Secretary of War Alger, speaking to the toast, "The Army of the United States," said in part:

"It is hard for me to speak about the army with the President present. The army of the United States, as far as it went, was the best on God's footstool. He had been in London, and had been asked what if the United States was attacked by the great military nations. I answered that in thirty days we could put millions of fighting men in the field and back them up with a wall of fire in the persons of the veterans. At the same time he thought that the army should be strengthened somewhat. He complimented the national guard and said that it would prove a great bulwark of the nation in time of need."

C. Porter Johnson of Chicago, responding to the toast, "The Volunteer," Henry Estabrook spoke to the toast, "The General." Charles W. Anderson, a colored orator, spoke of the colored troops, and John S. Wise spoke upon "Under One Flag." Mr. Wise, who was a Confederate officer, was received with much enthusiasm. Archbishop Ireland was the last general toast orator, and was received with vociferous applause.

The feature of the morning was the second parade of the celebration and the first in which G. A. R. men took part. The Naval Veterans' Association and the ex-prisoners of war association, together with the survivors of Erie County regiments and other organizations composed the Grand Army contingent of the parade. The naval veterans wore the uniform of the United States naval service and made a splendid appearance. As they passed through the streets in the rolling gait of men-of-war-men the crowds cheered them to the echoes.

TWO WOMEN SHOW PLUCK.
Seek the Gold Fields of Alaska, Traveling by the Overland Route. Mrs. M. L. D. Keiser and her niece, Miss George Osborne, both of Jacksonville, Ill., have gone on a quest for Alaska gold. These brave women will risk the perils of the overland trip from Juneau over the Chilkoot pass. They go to Seattle, remaining there a week, and then taking the steamer for Juneau. They will cross the pass and push forward by

land to the gold fields. They will make the trip from Seattle with W. D. Mitchell, also of Jacksonville.

Mrs. Keiser is a vigorous woman of 40, who has traveled around the world, climbing mountains, and gone through other adventures of an experienced traveler. Miss Osborne is a slight young woman of 22, who is less fitted to withstand the hardships of the trip. She is undaunted by the prospect, however.

Try Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to be shaken into the shoes. At this season your feet feel swollen and hot, and get tired easily. If you have smarting feet or tight shoes, try Allen's Foot-Ease. It cools the feet and makes walking easy. Cures and prevents swollen and sweating feet, blisters and callous spots. Relieves corns and bunions of all pain and gives rest and comfort. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Incandescent Light.
It is said that singers, actors and public speakers find that since the introduction of the electric light they have less trouble with their voices and they are less likely to catch cold, their throats are not so parched and they feel better. This is due to the air being less vitiated and the temperature more even.

Those nuisances, rheumatism and the gout, are relieved by Allen's Foot-Ease. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores for 25c. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

True love can hope where reason would despair.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

WE ARE ASSERTING IN THE COURTS OUR RIGHT TO THE EXCLUSIVE USE OF THE WORD "CASTORIA," AND "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," AS OUR TRADE MARK.

I, DR. SAMUEL PITCHER, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* on every bottle of the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. LOOK CAREFULLY at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought.

and has the signature of *Chas. H. Pitcher* on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Pitcher is President.

March 8, 1897. *Samuel Pitcher, M.D.*

Do Not Be Deceived.
Do not endanger the life of your child by accepting a cheap substitute which some druggist may offer you (because he makes a few more pennies on it), the ingredients of which even he does not know.

"The Kind You Have Always Bought"

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YOU KNOW WELL ENOUGH HOW YOU FEEL WHEN YOUR LIVER DOESN'T ACT. Bile collects in the blood, bowels become constipated, and your whole system is poisoned.

A lazy liver is an invitation for a thousand pains and aches to come and dwell with you. Your liver becomes one long measure of irritability, despondency and bad feeling.

Cascarets
ACT DIRECTLY, and in a PECULIARLY HAPPY MANNER ON THE LIVER AND BOWELS, cleansing, purifying, revitalizing every portion of the liver, driving all the bile from the blood, as is soon shown by INCREASED APPETITE for food, power to digest it, and strength to throw off the waste.

10c, 25c, 50c. ALL DRUGGISTS. MAKE YOUR LIVER LIVELY!

Doing "stunts."
That seems to be the case with the women who are washing in the old way. You can stand on your head, for instance. Almost everyone could do it, if it were necessary or desirable. But standing on the feet is more natural and more sensible—and easier. So with soap and Pearlina. Everyone can wash with soap—many do. But washing with Pearlina is easier and more sensible. The hard work of soap is neither necessary nor desirable. Everyone should give up the use of soap and should use Pearlina.

Look Out Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearlina." IT'S FALSE—Pearlina is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.

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HARTFORDS Patterns 5 and 6, 30

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

If Columbias are not properly represented in your vicinity let us know.

"A Fair Face Cannot Atone for An Untidy House."
Use

SAPOLIO

Harvest Excursions!
AUG. 3 AND 17, To the Farm regions of the West, North and South. Round trip tickets will be sold on the named trains. They go to Seattle, remaining there a week, and then taking the steamer for Juneau. They will cross the pass and push forward by

land to the gold fields. They will make the trip from Seattle with W. D. Mitchell, also of Jacksonville.