Crawfish Gives Away a Milkman.

"I have a dead sure case against my milkman," said a prominent railroad official a day or two ago. "He waters his milk and I have, or rather my wife has, caught him dead to rights. The other day when we got our usual quantity of milk my wife was going to pour some from the can into a glass. She heard something hit the glass with a kind of dull thud and could see something dark in the bottom of the glass. Pouring it carefully out into another vessel, what do you suppose she found? A live crawfish, by Jove. A big, lusty fellow, who seemed just as happy and contented as though he were working on an embryo crevasse in levee. Now, do you mean to tell me that my milkman did not pour water into the milk? He put a great deal in it, too. The fact probably is that he dipped a big bucket of water up and put it in the milk. His crawfishship got in the can that way."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Gross Outrages

Upon the stomach and bowels are perpetrated by multitudes of injudicious people who, upon experiencing the annoyance of constipation in a slight degree, infiltrate their bowels with drenching evacuants, which enfeeble the intestinal membrane to a serious extent, sometimes even superinducing dysentery or piles. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the true succedaneum for these nostrums, since it is at once invigorating, gentle and effectual. It also banishes dyspepsia, malarial complaints, rheumatism and kidney troubles.

The Sea Cucumber.

The sea cucumber, one of the curious jelly bodies that inhabit the ocean, can practically efface himself when in danger by squeezing the water out of his body, and forcing himself into a narrow crack—so narrow as not to be visible to the naked eye. He can throw out nearly the whole of his inside, and yet live and grow it again.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

A woman never thinks a man a fool if he has once proposed to her.

Fabrics and cuticles are both rendered marvelously white by Glenn's Sulphur Soap
Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

The sting of a reproach is the truth of it.

FIBROID TUMOR

Expelled by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Interview With Mrs. B. A. Lombard.

I have reason to think that I would not be here now if it had not been for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cured me of a fibroid tumor in my womb.

Doctors could do nothing for me, and they could not cure me at the hospital. I will tell you about it:

I had been in my usual health, but had worked quite hard. When my monthly period came on, I flowed very badly. The doctor gave me medicine, but it did me no good. He said the flow must be stopped if possible, and he must find the cause of my trouble.

Upon examination, he found there was a Fibroid Tumor in my womb, and gave me treatment without any benefit whatever. About that time a lady called on me, and recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, said she owed her life to it. I said I would try it, and did. Soon after the flow became more natural and regular. I still continued taking the Compound for some time. Then the doctor made an examination again, and found everything all right. The tumor had passed away and that dull ache was gone.—MRS. B. A. LOMBARD, Box 71, Westdale, Mass.

VERY LOW RATES

...TO...

THE SUNNY SOUTH

VIA

BIG FOUR ROUTE

ACCOUNT

One Way Settlers' Excursion.

TICKETS ON SALE:

September 7th and 21st.
October 5th and 19th.

For tickets and full information call on any ticket agent of the Big Four Route, or address

E. O. McCORMICK, Passenger Traffic Mgr. WARREN J. LYNCH, Ass. Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION — CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

CURED OF CHOREA.

How a Young Lady of Du Page Was Freed from St. Vitus' Dance.

From the American, Newark, Ohio.

Miss Francis E. Barber, daughter of Mr. Franklin C. Barber, of DuPage, Ill., who is one of the best known citizens of Du Page, for the past year has been in a pitiful condition from chorea, commonly called St. Vitus' dance. Miss Barber is a music teacher, and over-work and a highly nervous temperament brought on the disease. The best physicians were called, but they could do nothing for the young lady, and she got so bad and the spasms became so fierce at times that it often required three or four persons to hold her. The contortions of her face at such times were fearful to behold. While Miss Barber was thus suffering, with no seeming prospect of relief, the distracted father and mother heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a last resort they determined to try them on the daughter.

After taking less than one box of the pills the spasms ceased and the twitching of the face became less and less violent. Before four boxes had been used all signs of St. Vitus' dance had gone, her health was restored, and to-day she is one of the healthiest and rosiest girls in Du Page.

In six months from the time Miss Barber began to take the pills she was able to resume her occupation as music teacher, and never felt the slightest symptoms of the old malady. The young lady is the niece of R. E. Barber, Esq., the well-known lawyer of Joliet.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50

Rebuked Harrison.

We were waiting for the beds to be made up in the Santa Fe sleeper and passed the time swapping yarns.

"I met recently," said the Secretary of a Columbus (Ohio) corporation, "an old professor of Miami University, where ex-President Harrison graduated. He said that when Harrison was a senior in college an elderly man, whose name I have forgotten, came there to make a speech in favor of the abolition of slavery. It was, of course, the average abolition speech of those days about slavery—its wrongs, its injustice and the final results of its continuance. In those days of course very few of the colleges or college communities shared the sentiments of the abolitionists. The most progressive of them seldom went beyond the Henry Clay or Daniel Webster ground of compromise. Harrison had already a reputation as a college orator and was called on to reply. He was unprepared at a moment's notice to present a very formal argument, and in order to gain time to collect his thoughts he began with glittering generalities. 'The gentleman,' he said, 'is conversant with his subject. He is an older man than I am. He is a more experienced man. He is taller. He has more whiskers. He has longer hair——'

"'And better manners,' interrupted the stranger in a mild remonstrant voice from the front seat he had taken to hear the young orator. The youth stopped, blushed, could not recover his speech, and sat down without finishing."—Chicago Times-Herald.

And the Only Word that Fits.

One sort of book holds its own in all the mutations of criticism, and that is the sort of book that boys like. The eternal boy insists upon action, courage, truth and bravery in the yarns he reads, and anything new-fangled he drops as "stuff"—only he uses a word of three letters for it.—Boston Transcript.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. Try it to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25 cents, in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Day of Doom.

Prof. Falb, of Vienna, fixes the extinction of the human race for November 13, 1899. On that day the earth is to come into collision with a comet, and everybody will be poisoned by gas or burnt to death.

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.

The difference between a dog and a man is that a dog always howls when the church bell rings, but a man daren't.

The woman who marries for a home is apt to find that she has married a pig for a sty.

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* Chas. H. Fletcher *on every bear the fac-simile signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. This is 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* Chas. H. Fletcher *on the and has the signature of* Chas. H. Fletcher *wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher 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"

BEARS THE FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE OF

Chas. H. Fletcher.

Insist on Having
The Kind That Never Failed You.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

CHAPTER XXI.

Peter Lennox sat in his study. Breakfast was over; his letters were answered, his business affairs finished. He sat musing with great delight on the wedding that was never to be. He had wondered a little, for, when breakfast was over, Beatrix had laid her hands on his shoulder and said, with a charming smile:

"Uncle, if some one comes to see you this morning, and has something to say about me, you will be very kind, will you not?"

He had not the remotest idea of her meaning; he fancied that she must be speaking of a jeweler or a milliner.

"What am I to say, Trixie?" he asked.

"You must say 'Yes.' Bear that in mind. All the time that my friend is talking to you say to yourself over and over again, 'I have to say Yes.'"

Peter Lennox laughed.

"You're a terrible coax, Trixie," he replied. "We shall see what the 'Yes' involves," and he went to his study, wondering what she could mean. There he employed himself busily.

He was about to leave the room to go for his morning's walk, when Beltran Carew was announced. He asked him to sit down, and expressed how gratified he was to see him and they talked for some minutes on matters in general; then Beltran said:

"I am come on a very important errand, Mr. Lennox."

In a moment it occurred to Peter Lennox that this was Beatrix's "friend," and that he had to say "Yes." He looked up in dismay. What could Beltran Carew have to say about his niece? He listened intently.

"I hope you will not think me presumptuous. I only wish that I were king of a great kingdom that I might prove to you the disinterestedness of my affection. I love Miss Lennox—I cannot tell you how deeply and dearly. I ask your permission to make her my wife."

At first he listened in blank dismay, and then his face grew pale with anger.

"I distinctly refuse my permission, sir," he answered. "My niece must marry the Duke of Heathland."

"But," said Beltran, "your niece does not love the duke, sir. She loves me."

"It is not a question of sentiment," declared Peter Lennox. "Love is a toy for boys and girls; my niece must marry for the welfare of her house, for the prosperity and well-being of her race. She must marry as the ladies of her house have done before her—and in that case she cannot marry you."

"Miss Lennox loves me, sir," he said; and, despite his anger, Peter Lennox's heart warmed to him, he looked so handsome.

"It is a girl's fancy," rejoined Peter Lennox, grimly, "that will die before stern realities."

"I think not," said Beltran. "Miss Lennox is not a girl who is easily influenced. She is firm—a true Lennox, sir. I hope you will not harden your heart against us. I know that I am what the world would call a poor match; but I love her so dearly, sir—I do, indeed—I would give my very life for her. She is the heart of my heart, life of my life, soul of my soul." His lips quivered, and a mist of tears rose in his blue eyes. "I will work hard for her, sir," he went on—"I will surround her with luxuries—indeed, she shall miss nothing that she has had here."

Peter Lennox rose from his chair and looked at him gravely.

"I am very sorry," he said, "that it cannot be—that I cannot consent. You plead well, but you plead in vain. You cannot marry my niece. I refuse most distinctly. I decline to listen to your proposition. I like you; personally I have not the least objection to you. You are a noble-hearted man. If I had two nieces, I would give you one. As I have but one, she must marry for the benefit of the race she springs from."

"I do not think she will agree with you, sir," said Beltran.

"It is of very little moment whether she does or not; she will have to marry as I have stated. Go home, sir, and forget her. I like you, and will be your friend through life. I will do anything for you, except give you my niece—that is an impossibility. I am sorry to be abrupt, but I have an engagement this morning. I trust to your honor, Mr. Carew, to make no attempt at seeing my niece again."

And with a grim civility that boded ill for his interests, Beltran found himself bowed out of the room.

CHAPTER XXII.

After his dismissal by the millionaire, Beltran Carew stopped in the hall of Strathnarn House and asked to see Miss Lennox. She came to him looking dazzlingly bright.

"You have seen my uncle, Beltran?" she said. "What is the news?"

He took her hand in his and looked sadly into her face.

"My darling, you must send me away from you. Your uncle will not hear of the engagement—will not listen to one word about it."

"I shall never send you away, Beltran, and I shall never give you up," she replied frankly. "Was my uncle very angry?"

"He seemed to be sorry for us, I fancied; but I might just as well have prayed and pleaded to a statue, Beatrix—he was immovable."

"If you can bear all that, I can do the same, and we shall win in the end, Beltran," said Beatrix. "Nothing shall make me break my promise; and if you can bear the trouble that I fear is in store for us, never speak again of my giving you up—if you do, I shall take it as a sign that you have grown faint-hearted and wish to leave me. Together we can brave fate."

He could only kiss the hand that he held. He was in a passion of love and delight; he could find no words to say to her, she was so true, so noble, so loyal. Then he went away. Just as he was leaving the hall door he saw a groom wearing the Heathland livery ride up with a note in his hand. The note was for Beatrix, and within it was inclosed one for her uncle. She had never liked the duke so well as when she read his present letter; it was so full of kindness. It ran:

"My Dear Miss Lennox—My affection for you has been so sincere that I prefer your happiness to my own. As you have found your happiness in the love of a more fortunate man, I withdraw; and, wishing you every blessing, I promise to remain your friend until death.

"HEATHLAND."

The little note written to Peter Lennox merely said:

"My Dear Sir—I have to thank you for all the kindness that you have shown me during the time of our friendship, and to ask that the same friendship may be extended to me still, although my hope of winning your niece has ended. Yours truly, HEATHLAND."

Beatrix sought her uncle with her note in her hand. He was still in the library, too much annoyed, too vexed and miserable to care about going out. He looked up when she entered. His heart misgave him when he saw the firm, self-reliant expression of the proud face. She did not look like one to be swayed by sharp words.

"Beatrix," said Peter Lennox, "I was just about to send for you. I was very much annoyed this morning." Despite his annoyance, his usual old-fashioned courtesy did not forsake him; he rose and placed a chair for her. "Be seated, my dear; I want you to listen to me. I have been very much annoyed."

"I am sorry to hear it, uncle," she responded. "I am afraid you have not been kind, as you promised; you have not said 'Yes' to my friend."

"I have not—I could not. I am more annoyed, more irritated than I have been for years."

She placed the duke's letter in his hand.

"Read that, uncle," she said; "there is an example of generosity."

His face darkened more and more as he read it, and very quickly he laid it down with muttered words that she did not care to hear.

"So you have given up a man who writes like that," he remarked—"a generous-hearted man whose like you will not easily meet?"

"Yes, uncle; it was far more honorable to give him up than to marry him without love—was it not?"

"I am so annoyed," he said, "that I cannot speak calmly upon the matter; it is the greatest disappointment I have had in my life—the very greatest."

"I am sorry to hear it, uncle," she returned, gently.

"I did not expect such treatment from my brother's daughter—I had hoped for better things. I am old and must not look for old-fashioned virtues, I suppose. You can leave me, Miss Lennox; I prefer to be alone."

"Are you going to call me 'Miss Lennox,' uncle?" she asked, with a dreary sigh. "That would make me very miserable."

"You are no niece of mine while you persist in disobeying me," he replied.

He watched her as she quitted the room in all the pride of her glorious youth, a shadow lying upon her fair young face.

"It seems hard that she cannot have her heart's desire," he said to himself, "but she cannot."

He grew restless. He walked up and down the long room. He paused repeatedly at the door, thinking that he would go after her and remonstrate again with her, and then he said to himself that it would be useless.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A mantle of gloom fell over the once happy household; the servants soon perceived that there was something wrong. Peter Lennox kept to his study now, and seldom dined at home, or spoke to his niece; he was vexed, angry, and discomfited.

In the meantime Beatrix saw Beltran at rare intervals—"glimpses of Elysium" he called such meetings. He could not go to Strathnarn House—Peter Lennox had forbidden it. The Duchess of Elmslie was very civil to him when she met him, but she never invited him to her house. The lovers met at balls and parties, at the opera. If they could not meet they could write; and they did so.

One evening the three members of the divided household dined together. Peter Lennox had resolved upon making one more appeal to his niece, and so talked to her more kindly than usual. It was gentle Lady Lennox who caused the mischief. She noticed the ring with its band of pearls, and, taking her daughter's hand in hers, she said:

"Trixie, what a beautiful ring! What large pearls! How fine they are! Have I seen that before?"

"No, mamma," she replied.

"Where did it come from?" asked Lady Lennox, quite unconsciously.

Some girls would have evaded the question, and without speaking falsely would have laughed away the inquiry—not so frank, uncompromising Beatrix. She looked up and said:

"Beltran Carew gave it to me, mamma. It is my engagement ring."

The few simple words fell like a thunderbolt. Lady Ailsa sighed deeply. Peter Lennox abruptly rose from his chair.

"I am your lawful guardian, Beatrix; I stand here in your dead father's place," he began.

"But not with his kindly heart," she interposed.

"I stand in his place," continued Peter Lennox, "and I hold his authority. In his name and in my own, I command you to take that ring from your finger and return it to the presumptuous man from whom you have received it. Do you hear?"

"Yes, uncle, I hear," she replied calmly.

"Do you intend to obey?" he asked.

"No, most decidedly not. You must think I am a child, uncle, to ask me such a thing. That ring will never leave my finger while I live."

"Think again," he said, "before you defy me. I give you one more chance. Will you take off that ring, send it back to Beltran Carew, and tell him that by my wish all acquaintance between you is ended?"

"No, uncle, I will not—I cannot," she replied.

The stern face grew white with rage. She did not quail before it.

"You refuse? Then listen to me, Beatrix Lennox. I have been some time considering what I should do—listen to me."

"I am listening, uncle," she replied. But even she, who knew how far the Lennox anger could go, wondered what it was that he had to say.

"I have borne a great deal," said Peter Lennox; "far more than I ought to have borne; but I loved you, Beatrix, and I did not want to harm you. Now I have come to this determination—you must give up Beltran Carew or you must give me up—one of the two. My heiress must be worthy of her name, and if you marry this needy barrister you will not be worthy."

"Do not say one word against him," she returned, with white lips.

"I will leave that for the world," he said. "It will say enough without the addition of one word from me. I brand him as a fortune-hunter, and so dismiss him. It is with you I have to deal. You must choose between us—between Peter Lennox, your father's brother, the head of your house, your uncle, your guardian, the man who would have given his heart's blood for you, the man who has lavished his wealth upon you, who rescued you from poverty and made you his heiress, and the man who may mar your life and mine. You must choose between us, Beatrix Lennox."

She stood quite still, quite silent—it was a tremendous stake. Presently she raised her eyes to his, and a light such as he had never seen before came into her face—a look that he never forgot while he lived.

"I choose Beltran Carew, uncle," she said, quite calmly. "I choose poverty with him rather than wealth without him."

There was deep silence between them for many minutes—a silence that neither of them cared to break. Then Peter Lennox moved nearer to her and looked into her face.

"You deliberately renounce Erceldean and my wealth, my love and the inheritance I could leave you for Beltran Carew?"

"I would renounce the whole world for him," she replied.

He bowed.

"I can say no more, Miss Lennox. You can tell your mother that this house is your home no longer."

"I cannot bear it, Trixie," sobbed Lady Lennox. "I thought I was stronger. It will kill me to leave the luxury and comforts of this place for the lonely, desolate solitude of Strathnarn. I am not strong."

Beatrix looked at her uncle.

"Uncle," she asked, "could you not find some other way of punishing me? Make me suffer twice as much, if you will, but spare mamma."

He neither looked at her nor spoke to her, but turned to Lady Ailsa.

"I am sorry you have to suffer for your daughter's wrong-doing. You must pardon me if I am firm. When your daughter submits to my wishes, I will make everything as pleasant as possible for you; but while she persists in her willfulness I will persist. Lennox has met Lennox—you know how it must end. Let me add that I shall be pleased if you will take her away to Strathnarn as soon as you can. I shall leave my house now, and not return until she has quitted it."

Beatrix rose from her mother's side, and stood before him with flashing eyes.

"You are cruel," she cried, angrily—"cruel and unmanly. I do not care what you do to me, but is it worthy of a man to punish a weak, delicate woman for the fault of her child? You strike at me through her, and I say it is cowardly, unworthy of you. The meanest foes meet face to face—you strike at me through one whom I hold most dear."

He never looked at her, never answered her; the girl's slender figure trembled with agitation.

"I have no respect for you," she said, proudly. "I did not think that you could have done such a thing. I would not be your heiress now if I could. You are a trader, and no gentleman. You will not be kept out of your house long. I shall go to Lady Rayner's now—at once; my dear mother will go with me; and we can travel to Strathnarn when she is well enough."

She made him a low bow and swept from the room, leaving him behind her.

"Do not cry, Ailsa," Peter Lennox said more gently; "you shall want for nothing. But we must bring that girl to her senses. A few weeks at Strathnarn will quickly put an end to all this false heroism of hers, and everything will come right again. Having made the threat, I must follow it up."

"I wish that I lay safe by Charlie's side!" sobbed the helpless lady; and her grim, stern brother-in-law liked her better for her weakness and dependence on him.

(To be continued.)

Signs Ludicrous and Humorous.

Of unwittingly ludicrous or humorous signs there are plenty. A tinsmith near Exeter, England, has a sign which reads, "Quart measures of all shapes and sizes sold here." At a market town in Rutlandshire the following placard was affixed to the shutters of a watchmaker who had decamped, leaving his creditors mourning: "Wound up and the mainspring broke." Equally apposite was one in Thomaston, Ga. On one of the principal streets the same room was occupied by a physician and a shoemaker, the disciple of Galen in front, while he of the St. Crispin's trade worked in the rear. Over the door hung the sign: "We repair both soul and body." On the windows of a London coffee room there appeared the notice: "This coffee-room removed upstairs till repaired." The proprietor of the place was not an Irishman, though the framer of the notice over the entrance to a French burying ground, "Only the dead who live in this parish are buried here," must have been.

One may see in the windows of a confectioner in Fourth avenue, New York, "Pies Open All Night." A Bowery placard reads, "Home-Made Dining Rooms, Family Oysters," while a West Broadway restaurateur sells "Home-Made Pies, Pastry and Oysters," and still another caterer, on West Broadway, retails "Fresh Salt Oysters and Lager Beer." "Boots Polished Inside" is a frequent sign in New York, and on Atlantic avenue, Brooklyn, there is a "Stationary Library;" the latter is really a circulating library and the word "Stationary" adorns one window and "Library" the other. Philadelphia has a sign reading "Ho Made Pies!" and a barber's shop in the same city bears this inscription on its window, "G. Washington Smith, tonsorial abattoir."—Demorest's Magazine.

Ball Bearings.

It has been suggested that economy of operation of street railroads would be subserved by placing the wheels on ball bearings, and experiment has shown that the starting pull required on a car so equipped is very much less than on other cars. It seems to be only a question whether the cost of introduction and maintenance of ball bearings is not greater than the cost of the energy that would be saved by their use. If it is not, we may look for far greater station economy in the near future.

Statistics of Late Repentance.

Munhall says that he knew a minister who had kept a record of 1,000 cases of deathbed repentances, in which the penitents recovered, and that only twenty-three in the lot remained religious after recovery.

It Is a Mistake.

To work when you are not in a fit condition to do so. To take off heavy underclothing out of season, simply because you have become overheated. To think that the more a person eats the healthier and stronger he will become. To believe that children can do as much work as grown people, and that the more they study the more they learn. To go to bed late at night and rise at daybreak and imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained. To imagine that if a little work or exercise is good, violent or prolonged exercise is better. To conclude that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in. To sleep exposed to a direct draught at any season. To think any nostrum or patent medicine is a specific for all the diseases that flesh is heir to. To imagine that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better—as alcoholic stimulants—is good for the system, without regard to the after effects. To eat as if you had only a minute in which to finish the meal, or to eat without an appetite, or to continue after it has been satisfied merely to gratify the taste. To give unnecessary time to a certain established routine of housekeeping when it could be much more profitably spent in rest or recreation. To expect a girl or woman to be handsome when the action of her lungs is dependent on the expansive nature of a cent's worth of tape.—Philadelphia Record.

Lack of vitality and color-matter in the bulbs causes the hair to fall out and turn gray. We recommend Hall's Hair Renewer to prevent baldness and grayness.

Nothingness.

"What's in the magazine this month? asked the editor-in-chief.

"Nothing," replied the assistant editor.

"Good!" exclaimed the editor-in-chief. "We'll advertise it as being up to the standard!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 26, '95

Fixing the Blame.

If there were no men in the world, secrets would be better kept. More than half the time, when a woman betrays a secret, some man is to blame for it.—Somerville Journal.

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.

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

USE YOUR REASON

And Profit by the Experience of Other People.

There are thousands of people who have been cured of nervous trouble, scrofula sores, rheumatism, dyspepsia, catarrh and other diseases by purifying their blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine will do the same good work for you if you will give it the opportunity. It will tone up your system, create an appetite and give sweet, refreshing sleep.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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On these dates round-trip tickets, good for 21 days, will be sold by all Burlington Route agents and by those of many eastern railroads at HALF FARE Plus $2.00.

The undersigned will send you free on application a handsome illustrated pamphlet describing Nebraska, with a large sectional map of the State.

A Dry, Healthy Climate.

A Soil Unsurpassed for Richness, easy to cultivate, and yielding all varieties of crops.

That is what Nebraska offers to the homeseeker. Ask your nearest ticket agent about the cheap rates, or write to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

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