Left Destitute!

Not of worldly goods, but of all earthly comfort, is the poor wretch tormented by malaria. The fell scourge is, however, shorn of its thong in advance by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, its only sure preventive and remedy. Dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism, nervousness and kidney complaints are also among the bodily afflictions which this beneficent medicine overcomes with certainty. Use it systematically.

Duel of Giant Turtles.

Several fishermen at Highland Lake, near Middletown, N. Y., had an exciting experience with two immense snapping turtles recently. The turtles were engaged in a deadly combat fifty feet from shore and the men attempted to take them with hook and line. The fishermen summoned two companions to aid them, but the turtles fought vigorously and the men were defeated. The turtles then renewed the battle between themselves some distance from shore. The smaller of the two, weighing forty pounds, was finally captured and safely landed, but its adversary hastily made its escape. The captured turtle, the oldest and largest ever seen in the vicinity, was served in soup at one of the hotels the same night.—New York Herald.

Cleaning and Dyeing.

Ladies and Gents' Clothing beautifully cleaned and dyed at reasonable prices. Send postal card for price list and information. Merchants' Dyeing Co., Chicago, Ill.

Paper Hosiery.

Hosiery, gloves and underwear are made from paper, and are far superior in many ways to much of the cotton, woolen or silk stuff on the market. They are not woven, but are knit from fine paper, twine which is roughed up to appear fuzzy like wool.

Scrofula Cured

Face and Head Covered with Sores, but Hood's Has Cured Them.

"My face and head were a mass of sores, but since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla these sores have all disappeared. I believe Hood's Sarsaparilla has no equal for scrofula." IDA A. WEAVER, Palermo, Ill. Get only Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact, the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO

NEBRASKA

September 7, 21. October 5, 19

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.

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SLICKER

WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Don't be fooled with a mackintosh or rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hardest storm buy the Fish Brand Slicker. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

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CATALOGUE FREE

SEND YOUR NAME ON A POSTAL CARD AND WE WILL SEND YOU OUR 136 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.

180 WINCHESTER AVE., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

WAGON SCALES Something entirely new.

A better Scale for less money than has ever been offered. Address Jones of Binghamton Binghamton, N. Y.

$10 Day—"Either Sex"—selling Frozen Perfumes. Everlasting. Two boxes Agents 25c. CHICAGO NOVELTY CO., 685 Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

Praised for Poverty, Though Rich.

An awkward slip was made by the coadjutor of the Archbishop of Cambrai, who preached a beautiful sermon over the body of his vicar general, praising the great charity of the man, who had entered the priesthood poor and had died still poorer. The next day the vicar general's will was made public. After dividing 900,000 francs among his brothers and nephews, he left 450,000 francs to the Archbishop, the money being his savings while in office.

Quien Sabe?

Quien Sabe—who knows—is a phrase in very common use among the Spaniards, and helps over many, many difficulties. It is expressive. What the weather may be the coming winter, who knows? It may be snowy, wet, stormy, cold, freezing, and full of sickness and pain, who knows? Some of us to-day, hale and hearty, may lie on beds of torture or hobble about on crutches, who knows? Before the autumn merges into winter many may have symptoms of approaching trouble, of the old rheumatism coming on, or of first attacks begun; who knows? Who knows? That's a conundrum. But there is one thing everybody knows, the best thing to do is to be ready for the weather coming and to take hold of what is. Everybody knows what is best. With St. Jacobs Oil in the house, everybody knows they have a sure cure for rheumatism, acute or chronic. It is likewise known that in any stage of it the great remedy does its work of cure perfectly. If we suffer we need not ask who knows, when it is so well known what is best.

Insists on Doing Housework.

It is a not infrequent cause of domestic infelicity that wives of anti-domestic proclivities use all their persuasive powers upon their husbands to compel them to do household duties which belong to themselves. Rarely does one hear of a man who insists upon washing the dishes and doing most of the other work about the house in disregard of the wishes of his wife.

In the case of James Campbell, who was put under bonds by a Brooklyn justice a day or two ago to keep the peace toward his wife, the woman alleged as one of her complaints against her husband that he could not be deterred from doing the kind of work mentioned. Mr. Campbell would appear to be a model helpmeet for a woman of advanced tendencies.—Buffalo Express.

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.

Loyalty in England.

A British journal tells a queer story connected with the Queen's jubilee.

A Londoner was reproaching the owner of a house on the route of the great procession with having let it for the day to a citizen of the United States.

"It is disgraceful!" he said, indignantly. "The Queen graciously offers to show herself to a certain number of her London subjects, and they promptly let their windows and go to another part of the town. It is disloyal!"

"Disloyal!" replied the house-letter. "Just the contrary. We do it for the purpose of having as many portraits of our sovereign as possible—and all in gold."

The last of the bunch of fifteen 21x26 inch Consolidation locomotives built by the Pittsburg Locomotive Works for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad have been delivered and are in service on the Second Division between Brunswick and Cumberland. These locomotives excite very favorable comment by reason of their general design, excellent workmanship and efficient service and are further evidence of the great advance that is being made by the B. & O. in its motive power. Thirty-five (35) of this type of locomotives have been placed on the Second Division during the past year, and with the reduction in grades and in the increase in power the number of cars per train has been increased fully 40 per cent.

A Parrot Sentry.

A London painter has trained a parrot to say "wet paint." When he is working with the brush he hangs the bird in its cage on the fence or wall which is being painted, and so passers-by are warned of its proximity.

A Pigeon's Great Flight.

According to the Premiur of New Zealand, a homing pigeon recently flew from Victoria to New Zealand in three days. The distance is about 1,000 miles, and the bird must have flown without rest at a speed of about fifteen miles an hour.

Hall's Catarrh Cure.

Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

More than 5,000 copies of Capt. Mahan's "Life of Nelson" have been already sold in England.

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 I.

Some twenty years ago there lived in an old-fashioned, rambling cottage, in the greenest part of Chelsea, England, a lady of the name of Warner and her daughter Jane. Mrs. Warner was the widow of a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, a fact of which she was inordinately proud. Her daughter Jane, at the time of her father's death, was a staid, sensible girl of fifteen, and quite capable, in the opinion of Mrs. Warner's friends, of assisting her mother to eke out the miserable pension which was all the Lieutenant's death left them to live upon. So they established the mother and daughter in the Chelsea cottage, where Jane grew from girlhood to womanhood, with such education as books and her own thoughts could give her, and a knowledge of housekeeping and the best means of making a shilling do duty for two, beyond her years.

The upper portion of the cottage was let in lodgings, and generally all the year round, for it was a sweet, quiet place to live in, and Jane made her lodgers so comfortable they had no desire to move. At the time our story opens they had three permanent inmates, all of whom looked on the house as their home. The drawing-room floor was let to Mr. Wilfrid Ewell, a clerk in Somerset House; and the one above it to Mr. John Cobble, who was walking the hospitals; while the room on the landing served as "parlor and bedroom for all" to Miss Prosser, a daily governess, who had made an arrangement to take her meals with the Warners. Jane was glad to secure such a companion for her mother, who occupied the dining-room, and who was never happy unless she had some one to chatter to about the deceased lieutenant. The room was decorated with trophies of her hero—his books and portraits, and the shells, stuffed birds and other abominations which he had collected during his voyages for the edification of those at home. The old-fashioned rambling cottage, which was surrounded by a green veranda, almost hidden in summer by honeysuckle and clematis and climbing roses, was set in the midst of a garden as old-fashioned and rambling as itself.

It was an evening in June, quiet and serene as herself, and Jane, the day's labor over, was watering her favorite flowers. She wore a black and white print dress, with a holland apron and a broad-brimmed muslin hat; and she made a pretty picture as she stood there with the watering pot in her uplifted hand. Presently a little person, fantastically dressed, came ambling along the garden paths, and Mrs. Warner stood beside her daughter. It was difficult to look at them, and believe they were parent and child. Jane towered inches above her mother's head, and her regular features bore no resemblance whatever to Mrs. Warner's turned-up nose and round bird-like eyes. The elder lady wore a dress of many colors, and a wonderful cap, manufactured by herself. Her cap was ornamented with every artificial flower and morsel of ribbon she could lay her hands on; and in the front of it was stuck a large brooch, formed of a painting on ivory of the temple of Tanjore—one of the Lieutenant's last gifts to her, and which the poor old lady regarded as a species of amulet or charm. She was never seen without this brooch placed in some part or other of her dress; and her latest craze was that, if she parted with it for a single hour, some harm would happen to the Lieutenant—for her madness had taken the happy form of refusing to believe her husband was dead; and sometimes Jane was unable to persuade her to stir out of the house for days together, under the impression that he might return while she was away. As she approached her daughter's side on that June evening Jane saw she had some new crochet in her addled brain, from the way in which she looked around her, with her finger to her lips.

"Jane," she commenced, mysteriously, "Miss Prosser is not in."

"Well, she is often detained, you know that. Perhaps Lady Brooke has a dinner party, and has asked her to remain with the children. She will be home to supper. But you must not wait for your cup of tea a minute longer."

And Jane put her arm round Mrs. Warner's waist, and tried to draw her toward the house. But the old lady stood still upon the path and refused to stir.

"Jane," she said, solemnly, "don't trifle upon such a subject. Have you forgotten that I expect your father to arrive at any moment—that this very evening he may be here? And Miss Prosser does not return! Perhaps she has gone to meet him. The thought disturbs me greatly. I have been very kind to Miss Prosser. I have talked a great deal to her of your father's goodness and beauty. Do you think I talk too much of his goodness and beauty, Jane?"

"Perhaps you do, dear, sometimes. The subject is not so interesting, you know, to other people as it is to you and to me."

"But that is impossible, Jane. Every one must be interested to hear of your dear father. He is one of the handsomest men in England, you know, and certainly the best. Can women fall in love with men of whom they have only heard, Jane?"

"I don't think so," replied the girl, cheerfully. "I never met with such a case. Mother, if you don't come in at once the evening air will ruin the painting on your beautiful brooch," said Jane, using the most forcible argument she could think of.

Mrs. Warner immediately clapped her hands to her brooch with a cry of dismay, and trotted into the house. Her daughter followed her with a sigh.

Once settled at her tea-tray, Mrs. Warner fell into a more reasonable mood. She was given, at such moments, to assume a managerial and dictatorial air with her daughter, which would have been highly amusing had it not been so sad, and which Jane bore with the utmost submission.

The subject which started her this evening was the accidental mention of Mr. Ewell's name.

"Where is Mr. Ewell, Jane?" demanded the old lady.

"I don't know, mother."

"You have no business to let him stay away so long. He will get up to mischief. Young men are not to be trusted. If he were like your dear father——"

"What right have I, mother, to question the comings and goings of Mr. Ewell, or anybody else? He has rich relations; perhaps he is staying with them. You know he often goes to his cousin, Sir Robert Ewell, of Lambscote."

"I don't believe it, Jane! He has left the cottage because you put clean sheets on his bed."

"My dear mother!"

"It is the truth; I saw you do it. The best linen sheets, too. Why is Mr. Ewell to have linen sheets and Mr. Cobble only cotton?"

The girl laughed, though uneasily.

"I thought the best sheets should go with the best floor. However, I will equalize my favors in future."

"And you darn his socks, too," continued Mrs. Warner, in a tone of injury, pointing to her daughter's work-basket; "and Miss Prosser says she would be only too thankful to be helped with her needle-work."

"I never undertook to help Miss Prosser," interrupted Jane, proudly.

At that moment the postman's knock sounded on the door, and, hurrying through the hall, Jane received a letter addressed to herself, and hid it in the pocket of her apron before she returned to the dining-room.

There was no need. Mrs. Warner's temporary fit of natural curiosity had already evaporated, and she was busily employed dusting the shells and stuffed birds and talking to the portrait of her husband as if it had been a sentient thing; so Jane found no difficulty in escaping once more to the garden, and there devoured the contents of her letter. It did not take long to read, but it contained startling intelligence.

"My Dearest Jane: I have been so full of business the last week I have had no time to write to you; but I shall be home to-morrow or next day, if only for an hour. I have unexpected news for you. My cousin, Sir Robert, and his boy were carried off by diphtheria, within a few hours of each other, last week. This event, as you will guess, brings the title and estates to me; but I beg you will not mention the circumstance in the house until I have seen you.

"I remain, yours lovingly, W. E."

"P. S.—By the way, if that brute Knowles comes bothering about his bill again, refer him to Mr. Parfitt, 33 Commentary Inn. And send me a couple of clean shirts and etceteras to the Albany Hotel in a cab, as soon as ever you receive this, there's a dear girl."

Jane read this epistle more than once before she fully comprehended the astounding fact it conveyed to her, and the difference that fact made in the fortunes of Wilfrid Ewell.

"A baronet!" she kept on repeating wonderingly to herself, whilst the night moths flew about her, and the dark rapidly blurred the characters she had been perusing. "A baronet!—Sir Wilfrid Ewell!—and to live at that lovely place, Lambscote, of which he has told me so much! and to have all Sir Robert's carriages and horses and hot-houses! Oh, it seems too good to be true! I cannot believe it!"

And then her thoughts turned with womanly compassion and tenderness to the dead man, whom she had never seen, and his young widow.

"Poor Sir Robert!" she whispered softly, whilst the tears rose to her eyes. "How sad for Lady Ewell to lose him and her little boy both in one day! How miserable she must be! I wonder Will says so little of them both. He has such a kind heart, surely he must feel his cousin's sudden death. Perhaps he feels it so much he has not the courage to put his feelings into words. How I wish it was in my power to do anything to comfort Lady Ewell now."

But here Jane's mind, always practical, remembered her correspondent's request for clean shirts, and she went up stairs and packed the articles, and carried them herself to the nearest cab-stand, lest the servant should decipher the new address, and talk about it. And, as she walked back in the dark, there was a new light (which might almost have been deemed triumphant) in her eyes, as she kept on repeating to herself:

"Sir Wilfrid Ewell, of Lambscote! Sir Wilfrid and Lady Ewell, of Lambscote! Oh, it is impossible! It cannot be true. It will be days and days before I am able to believe it."

CHAPTER II.

The advent of these unexpected honors seemed almost as incredible to the recipient of them as to Jane Warner, and when the news was suddenly conveyed to him that a few short hours had quenched the lives of both the young baronet and his son, and bestowed on himself a title, lands, and money, he turned sick and faint with the shock. He was only 22, though rather old and blase for his age, as young men left to their own devices in London are apt to be; and with one turn of her wheel fickle goddess had transformed him to an independent man. It was enough to turn a stronger head than Wilfrid Ewell's.

The morning following his letter to Jane Warner, he walked by appointment into the office of the solicitor, Mr. Parfitt, and was received by that gentleman with open arms.

"My dear Sir Wilfrid, charmed to see you! So sorry I was out when you called yesterday. Come about making some arrangement with regard to Lambscote, I conclude? Ah! yes. Quite right. Had a letter from the widow this morning—poor young creature! Very sad, of course; but these things are to be expected—eh, Sir Wilfrid?"

"Well, I didn't expect it, Mr. Parfitt. Poor Bob was always so healthy and well, you know. I am sure, the last time I was staying at Lambscote he reminded me more of Harry the Eighth than of any one else."

"Ah! corpulent—rosy—full habit—determination of blood to the head. A constitution very much to be avoided, Sir Wilfrid. I am glad to observe that you don't take after the late baronet in that particular."

"No; I have always been spare enough, if that is any indication of health. But with respect to Lambscote, Mr. Parfitt?"

"Ah! with respect to Lambscote, Sir Wilfrid. You want to know how soon you can take possession? Very natural. But I have thought it was hardly time to moot the question to Lady Ewell. The poor creature is naturally cut up about this affair, and being so soon after the funerals——"

"I should have thought the sooner she left the place, the sooner she'd forget it," replied Sir Wilfrid, flicking the dust from his mourning trousers with his ebony cane. "And—and there are others to consult besides myself in the matter."

"Ah! your mother, no doubt, Sir Wilfrid, and your sisters. Five of them, are there not? You see, I was a friend of your late father for years, and know all about the family. Pity he did not live to see this day! I am sure you will agree with me in that. And directly I heard you had come into the title, I knew your first thought would be for your mother and sisters. They will help to fill the Hall nicely, Sir Wilfrid, and take all the trouble of it off your hands."

At this suggestion the new baronet looked uneasy, and shifted his feet.

"Yes, yes," he stammered; "of course I shall hope to see my family very often at Lambscote, as visitors, you understand, Mr. Parfitt—visitors. But a man does not want to live with his mother and sisters forever, and—and——"

The old man looked at the young man slyly.

"I do understood, Sir Wilfrid, perfectly—perfectly; and a very right resolution, too. You are of an age to do, sir, as you think of doing, and the inheritance of such a titled fortune as yours brings the responsibility of marriage with it. Poor Sir Robert thought so, and you must think the same. You must not let the name become extinct, Sir Wilfrid, and there is no one to take it after yourself, unless you leave sons behind you. It becomes a duty, sir—a duty. And if you will let me further advise you, being so much your elder and your late father's friend, I should say, don't be afraid of looking too high. There is many a lord's daughter who would be proud and happy to become the mistress of Lambscote, and you have a title fit to rank with the best in the land."

"Yes, Mr. Parfitt; but there is an obstacle in the way, and that is, that I am already married."

The solicitor bounced in his chair like an India-rubber ball, with surprise.

"Married! Sir Wilfrid! married! Bless my heart and soul! You have positively taken away my breath with surprise."

"You may well say so. It takes away my own sometimes only to think of it."

"But when did it happen, Sir Wilfrid?"

"Two years ago."

"And none of your family are aware of it?"

"Not one. I was afraid to tell my father, who held very rigid opinions on such matters, and would certainly have withdrawn the small assistance he rendered me, had he heard of it. And since his death, where was the use of disclosing it? I had not the means to introduce my wife into society, and we were perfectly happy as we were. Now, however, circumstances render it imperative that I should acknowledge her, and make our marriage perfect. She is, of course, Lady Ewell, and must take her place in the world according to her rank."

(To be continued.)

ATCHISON GLOBE SIGHTS.

We hear a great deal about philosophers. It is our opinion that there never was one.

Two men cannot be friends very long who entertain opposite opinions about a base-ball club.

What has become of the old-fashioned What-Not, formerly the most prominent piece of parlor furniture?

People who are young, and fat, and prosperous, wonder why the old and unfortunate are not more patient.

We'll bet that we can spend a week in a kitchen, and cook better than half the women who hire out as cooks.

Every man is secretly proud if his beard is stiff, and hard to cut; he believes a stiff beard means more of a man.

The most pitiful case of slavery in the world is where an old bachelor marries a widow with a lot of grown children.

Lying is expected in a politician as much as in a circus man, a hunter, or a fisherman, and nobody pays any more attention to it.

A woman who has the courage to go to a dentist, and have four teeth pulled, should have the courage to get rid of undesirable visitors.

A policeman is about the only man whose advice is always taken: if a man does not take a policeman's advice, he is locked up.

No man is so worthless that he is not an effective gossip: people will not take his note, but they take his word for a scandalous story.

There is a good deal to be said in favor of the man who goes fishing; it is so much better to fish than it is to loaf around busy friends.

When a man commits a great crime, there is a good deal of sympathy for him, but let him commit a little folly, and how the people give it to him!

Our idea of good luck is to have country people think so much of you that they come in for you on Sunday, take you out to Sunday dinner, and bring you back again.

Dry goods deserves the credit for much of the attractiveness of women. A blue sash properly used is as effective as blue eyes, and a white dress is prettier than pearly teeth.

Old people are often fretful and seemingly unreasonable because they are sick. The young should remember this. After a man is sixty years old, he is simply a lot of decaying matter waiting for burial.

Kansas products will bring more money this year than ever before in the history of the state.

Last year Jewell county, Kansas, raised more corn than any other county in the world: eleven million bushels. This year it wil raise twelve million bushels, thus breaking the world's record twice in succession.

Poison in the Ice Chest.

A most indignant man and one who doesn't hesitate to express himself is a physician who has been treating an Auburn family for malarial poisoning. One young lady died a few days ago out of the family, and one by one all the rest of the family have been prostrated. An expensive job of plumbing is in the house, and a careful inspection revealed no trouble with it, as it had been recently overhauled. Finally the doctor said there must be something rotten in that Denmark, and another investigation was instituted, which resulted in finding that the drain of the ice chest, built into the house, was connected with the sewer, and that it was without a trap! As a result for months the family had been drinking milk and eating food full of bacterial poison poured into the ice chest from all the drainage in town. And all this occurred in one of the most pains-takingly constructed and most expensive places in the city. Evidently an inspector of plumbing is more necessary than an inspector of buildings, inasmuch as human life is of more value than houses. It is questionable if it be wise to connect ice chests with the sewer in any event, but in such cases there should not only be a trap but a vent, so that the trap cannot possibly be syphoned. And in winter even in that case there is danger lest the trap may be exhausted of water by evaporation.—Kennebec Journal.

Paper Coffins.

Many undertakers are now using cheap coffins pressed out of paper pulp. When polished and stained such coffins look almost as well as those of wood. They last longer in the ground than coffins of wood or metal, and they can be hermetically sealed better than heavy metal ones.

You Have Waited for This.

There are many people who would be glad to abandon the habit of drinking coffee if they could only find a substitute for it. That substitute is Grain-O, made from pure grains and a beverage in every way preferable to coffee. Grain-O is not a stimulant—it is something better. It is cheering, nutritious and strengthening. In other words it is a food-drink, as coffee is not. It is acceptable to the most delicate stomach, and agrees with confirmed dyspeptics. Unlike coffee Grain-O produces no nervous action. It never interferes with sleep. As for the flavor of Grain-O, people who use it say that after using it a week or two they like its taste better than that of coffee. Grain-O is sold by all grocers at 15c. and 25c. per package. Try it.

Antipathy to Monopoly.

The anti-monopolistic sentiment in this country is not a modern idea. In 1777 Massachusetts passed an act entitled "to prevent monopoly and oppression."

Dandruff is due to an enfeebled state of the skin. Hall's Hair Renewer quickens the nutritive functions of the skin, healing and preventing the formation of dandruff.

Nine-tenths of a woman's curiosity in a young married couple is the wonder whether they are going to get along well.

How inexpensive, and yet how effective is the great substitute for sulphur baths, Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

The woman who whips her little boy hardest for stealing birds' eggs often has the most feathers in her hat.

We will forfeit $1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. THE PISO CO., Warren, Pa.

Some people save money by not paying their bills.

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.

WOMEN DO NOT TELL THE WHOLE TRUTH.

Modest Women Evade Certain Questions When Asked by a Male Physician, but Write Freely to Mrs. Pinkham.

An eminent physician says that "Women are not truthful, they will lie to their physicians." This statement should be qualified; women do tell the truth, but not the whole truth, to a male physician, but this is only in regard to those painful and troublesome disorders peculiar to their sex.

There can be no more terrible ordeal to a delicate, sensitive, refined woman than to be obliged to answer certain questions when those questions are asked, even by her family physician. This is especially the case with unmarried women.

This is the reason why thousands and thousands of women are now corresponding with Mrs. Pinkham. To this good woman they can and do give every symptom, so that she really knows more about the true condition of her patients through her correspondence than the physician who personally questions them. Perfect confidence and candor are at once established between Mrs. Pinkham and her patients.

Years ago women had no such recourse. Nowadays a modest woman asks help of a woman who understands women. If you suffer from any form of trouble peculiar to women, write at once to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and she will advise you free of charge.

And the fact that this great boon which is extended freely to women by Mrs. Pinkham, is appreciated, the thousands of letters which are received by her prove. Many such grateful letters as the following are constantly pouring in:

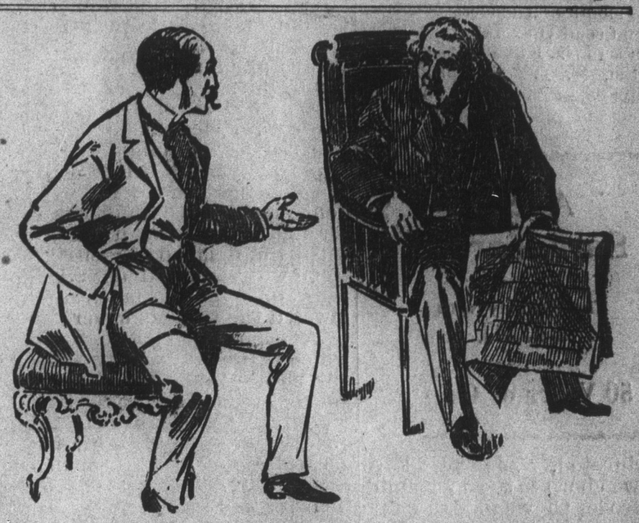
"I was a sufferer from female weakness for about a year and a half. I have tried doctors and patent medicines, but nothing helped me. I underwent the horrors of local treatment, but received no benefit. My ailment was pronounced ulceration of the womb. I suffered from intense pains in the womb and ovaries, and the backache was dreadful. I had leucorrhœa in its worst form. Finally I grew so weak I had to keep my bed. The pains were so hard as to almost cause spasms. When I could endure the pain no longer I was given morphine. My memory grew short, and I gave up all hope of ever getting well. Thus I dragged along. At last I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham for advice. Her answer came promptly. I read carefully her letter, and concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. After taking two bottles I felt much better; but after using six bottles I was cured. My friends think my cure almost miraculous. Her noble work is surely a blessing to broken-down women."—GRACE B. STANSBURY, Pratt, Kansas.

It Was Before the Day of SAPOLIO

They Used to Say "Woman's Work Is Never Done."

This is the head of a Pearline woman. "There are others." And if the others don't look cheerful, it's no wonder. You've got to work hard, if you do your washing and cleaning with soap, and you've got to work a long time over it, and you're wearing things out with your rubbing. Pearline makes the work easy and quick; saves rubbing. The wonder is that any woman who has to do soap's hard work can look pleasant. Still, some of them do, in spite of it.

Millions NOW USE *Pearline*



I have recently read of four cases where Ripans Tabules relieved people from severe suffering which they experienced from the necessity of living in an impure atmosphere. First, there was a man who kept a 10-cent lodging-house in the Bowery, New York. He found that a Tabule taken now and then kept him from getting sick in that polluted atmosphere. Then there was a man who worked in a coal mine in Ohio, where the great distance under the hills made it impossible to get pure air, the air being forced to the men by great fans which would sometimes cease their motion on account of breaks in the machinery and then the air would become very bad indeed, causing pains in the head, dizziness and fainting. This man found a Ripans Tabule taken at such a time would preserve him from the pain he had previously experienced. Another miner, well known in Scranton, Pa., suffered from the foul atmosphere he breathed for so many years in the mines, resulting there from the gases and damp. "My stomach suffered most," said he. Finally he was induced to make trial of Ripans Tabules, and was so much benefited that he now makes a practice of carrying a few of the magic Tabules in his pocket, so as to be able to swallow one at the first sign of approaching trouble. The fourth case is that of a Philadelphia tailor who had charge of the manufacturing department, and was obliged to spend hours at a time in the pressing, sponging and ironing department in an overheated room where the atmosphere is very heavy and disagreeable. This resulted in giving him frequent headaches, from which he sometimes suffered great torture. The medicines prescribed by his physician brought no relief, and he was, he said, on the verge of despair when a friend one day advised him to try Ripans Tabules. He did so and the result was that the first two Tabules wrought with him an almost magic change. "I escape all headaches now," he writes; "and no matter how hot the room is, one Tabule does away with all suffering. I always carry some with me for an emergency and can sincerely recommend them."

A new style packet containing THE RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (180 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents.

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE SAY you saw the advertisement in this paper.

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

Trade Mark. BIG G. CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.