Half Sick Half Well

Many persons have their good day and their bad day. Others are about half sick all the time. They have headache, backache, and are restless and nervous. Food does not taste good, and the digestion is poor; the skin is dry and sallow and disfigured with pimples or eruptions; sleep brings no rest and work is a burden.

What is the cause of all this? Impure blood.
And the remedy?

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

It clears out the channels through which poisons are carried from the body. When all impurities are removed from the blood nature takes right hold and completes the cure.

If there is constipation, take Ayer's Pills. They awaken the drowsy action of the liver; they cure biliousness.

Write to our Doctor.
We have the exclusive services of some of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Write freely all the particulars in your case. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.
Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

The Twentieth Century.

The 20th century will begin Jan. 1st, 1901, and end with 2000. People did not reckon time from A. D. 1, but waited until about the 550th year of the Christian era. People who begin to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters immediately after the first outbreak of dyspepsia or kidney trouble, will date their cure from then.

The Influence It Had.

"There!" exclaimed the man who firmly believes that he is eloquent. "I regard that as the effort of my life."

"It is rather long, isn't it?" remarked the young woman who had been typewriting it.

"But it's bound to produce effect. Couldn't you notice that it exerts a potent influence, even when imperfectly delivered?"

"Well," she answered, "I hadn't thought of the connection before; but my foot's asleep."

What Do the Children Drink?

Don't give them tea or coffee. Have you tried the new food drink called GRAIN-O? It is delicious and nourishing, and takes the place of coffee. The more Grain-O you give the children the more health you distribute through their systems. Grain-O is made of pure grains, and when properly prepared tastes like the choice grades of coffee, but costs about ¼ as much. All grocers sell it. 15c. and 25c.

Compressed Flour Bricks.

In England much interest is taken by the army and navy authorities in a new method of preserving flour by means of compression. With hydraulic pressure apparatus the flour is squeezed into the form of bricks and experiments are reported to have shown that the pressure destroys all forms of larval life, thus preserving the flour from the ravages of insects, while it is equally secure from mold.—San Francisco Chronicle.

A Cheap Trick.

To manufacture a cheap kalsomine stuck on the wall with glue, claiming it to be the "same thing" or "just as good" as the durable Alabastine or to buy and sell such goods on such representations would seem a cheap trick. Some resort to it. To be safe, buy Alabastine only in packages and properly labeled.

The great bell of Moscow is not the largest in the world. The distinction belongs to the bell hanging in the temple of Clars at Kinto, in Japan. It is peculiar in having no clapper, and is struck outside with a sort of wooden battering ram.

"IRONING MADE EASY"

This starch is prepared on scientific principles by men who have had years of practical experience in fancy laundering. It restores old linen and summer dresses to their natural whiteness and imparts a beautiful and lasting finish. It is the only starch manufactured that is perfectly harmless, containing neither arsenic, alum or any other substance injurious to linen and can be used even for a baby powder.

For sale by all wholesale and retail grocers.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

IN 3 OR 4 YEARS

AN INDEPENDENCE IS ASSURED,

60 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

If you take up your home in WESTERN CANADA, the land of plenty. Illustrated pamphlets, giving experience of farmers who have become wealthy in growing wheat, reports of delegates, etc., and full information as to reduced railway rates, can be had on application to Department Interior, Ottawa, Canada, or to

C. J. Broughton, 1223 Monadnock Building, Chicago, Ill.; T. O. Currie, Stevens Point, Wisconsin; M. V. McInnes, No. 1 Merrill Block, Detroit, Michigan, D. Caven, Bad Axe, Mich., or James Grieve, Reed City, Mich.; N. Bartholomew, Des Moines, Iowa, D. H. Murphy, Stratford, Iowa.
Agents for the Government of Canada.

PENSIONS Get Your Pension DOUBLE QUICK!
Write Capt. O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, Washington, D.C.

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

Dangerous Ground.

"No," said the confident youth, "I shall not trudge along in the beaten track. I shall not devote my mind to hum-drum duty."

"What are you going to do? asked Senator Sorghum.

"I am going to strike away from the beaten path. I am going to leave footprints on the sands of time."

"Well, you want to be careful."

"I have energy and ability."

"Yes, but you want to be careful, too. Trying to leave footprints on the sands of time has been the cause of lots of people getting stuck in the mud."

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.
Sold by Druggists, 75c. per bottle.

A Tea Plant in New York.

A tea plant in full bloom is seen in a New York show window. It came from Northern Japan two years ago, and has been kept at an even temperature of between 70 and 80 degrees. Under these conditions it grew from a height of 18 inches to 36, and is a fine specimen of vigorous plant life.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee. 15c. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

May Be a Twin.

Johnnie—I am afraid I am going to be a twin pretty soon.

Jenny—What do you mean?

Johnnie—Well, my sister used to be 26 years old, then she was 20, and now she is only 18. If she doesn't stop growing younger I'm bound to be a twin.

Use instead of unwholesome cosmetics, Glenn's Sulphur Soap, which purifies and beautifies the skin. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c.

Why shouldn't beer-drinkers be arrested for blowing the tops off schooners.

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

The Chinese cultivate an odorless onion.

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.

PAYING THE PENALTY

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"I judge," said Sellars, as he puffed a wreath of smoke aloft, "that it would be a difficult matter to find anyone guilty of an uncertain crime. First there is lacking a knowledge of the fact that a crime has been committed. There is nothing tangible in this case. Doctor Strong believes that a crime has been committed—that is not evidence. It appears to me that it would be utterly impossible to establish the fact that Andrew Kellogg was foully dealt with—if so, it would certainly be a foolish act on your part to endeavor to brand anyone with the infamy of murder; not only would you make a ridiculous failure, but you would be liable to heavy damages."

"True, Sellars, true!" exclaimed Amos. "But then, there has been no crime committed. Why, there was, on the part of Mrs. Kellogg and her son, no object for the commission of a crime. My brother was greatly attached to his wife, nor was she less attached to him. Be assured, doctor, that you have not been remiss in any duty. Again I say there has been no crime committed. Not for half I am worth would I have Elinor made acquainted with your suspicions. I fully appreciate your motives and concern, and now say no more about it. Let the matter drop. Forget that such an unfortunate idea ever entered your head."

"That is my advice also," said the detective, "unless you are prepared to establish the fact that Andrew Kellogg's death was caused by the administration of poison."

"I believe it! I am satisfied of it! But I am utterly unable to demonstrate the fact. I feel that I have performed a hardy duty, and from henceforth my lips shall be sealed on the subject."

"It is well," said Amos gravely.

"Let us go, Sellars," said the doctor, rising to his feet. "I, at least, have unburdened my mind."

"First another toddy," said Amos.

Five minutes later the physician and detective passed out into the street. Three blocks away their paths diverged.

"That ends the matter, Sellars," said the doctor. "But nevertheless Andrew Kellogg died from the effects of a slow but sure poison. He was murdered, and in my opinion we have not heard the last of Elinor Kellogg."

CHAPTER IV.

When Elinor Kellogg and her son descended the stairs on the morning of August tenth, it was in answer to Julia's summons to breakfast.

The banker met them with all the cordiality of the night before, presented them to his daughters and son, and the party were soon seated at the table in the spacious dining room.

A few hours' rest had indeed added to the attractiveness of the Widow Kellogg. The somber hue of her mourning garb, possibly but enhanced the beauty that had caused the banker the night before to exclaim as he ascended the stairs to his wife's room:

"A remarkably well-preserved woman is my sister-in-law. Yes, she is quite a beauty!"

The son and daughters of the banker greeted their aunt by marriage in a spirit that at once gave evidence that they sympathized with her in her great affliction, and their words of sympathy and condolence brought tears to the eyes of Elinor Kellogg.

So great was her emotion when speaking of the last days and death of her late husband that she became almost hysterical, and it was with evident difficulty that the two sympathizing girls were enabled to restore her to a condition of equanimity that would enable her to remain seated at the table.

"How she must have loved Uncle Andrew!" thought both Laura and Janette, the banker's daughters.

"My dear madam," said Mr. Kellogg, "henceforth you must look ahead to what may lie in the future before you. I would not have you forget Andrew, and know that it would be impossible for you to do so; but we must all follow him one day—it is our duty to get what comfort we can out of life, so dwell not on the past. It must be our endeavor to, in a measure, obliterate it from your memory. My daughters, I am sure, will strive to render your life while beneath our roof a not unhappy one."

"Oh, believe me, aunt," exclaimed the impulsive Laura, "we shall love you dearly. Shall we not, Janette?"

"I am sure we shall," said Janette; "if our love will be any consolation——"

"Oh, my dear nieces, without your love there would be little charm left for which to continue an existence that has seen such sorrow," said the widow, glancing with her large, luminous eyes tenderly at the two young ladies. "I shall live but in your love and that of my dear son."

"Oh, and you will love mamma—she is so good, so kind and so gentle," said Janette.

"She could not be otherwise, my dear, and be your mother. I am sure I shall love her with my whole heart."

"Poor, patient, suffering mamma!" said Laura. "She has been an invalid so long!"

"Later, my daughters, you must present your aunt to your mother. I foresee that they will be a great comfort to each other. I must run up and see her a moment before going to the bank.

"Robert," continued Mr. Kellogg to his son, who had accompanied him into the hall, "what will you be doing to-day?"

"Why, I have been dealing a little in the wheat market, father. I will be about the Board of Trade—unless I can do something for you."

"Yes, Chicago has a Board of Trade. It is a small affair now; but it will grow with the growth of the city. But you want to look out for that Board of Trade, son. There are sharpers there who will fleece you. I hardly believe in dealing in futures. It is too much like gambling. Still, you are of age and must act for yourself."

"If they fleece me, father, they will not gain a fortune—my bank account is not very extensive."

"Well, be careful. At least it will sharpen your wits; but it is not the life I had marked out for you—I had far different plans—if you only——"

"I will be ready to fall in with all your plans, father, in a year or two; but would like a little more outside experience first."

"Suit yourself, son. Your bank account will be all right one of these days, if you listen to your father and cultivate good habits. But I was about to say that if you have no engagement that will prevent, suppose you bring Earl down town with you; show him around and call in the bank before the noon hour."

"Certainly I will, father."

"Well, good-by," and Mr. Kellogg hastily ascended to the floor above.

The other members of the family entered the parlor, where they were seated when Mr. Kellogg descended the stairs.

"Oh," exclaimed Elinor Kellogg, "there is a matter that I had nearly forgotten;" and she joined the banker ere he reached the outer door.

"Mr. Kellogg!"

"Yes, my dear madam."

"Oh, perhaps I should not ask it, but—"

"Speak out, madam; have no fear. Anything that I can do for you will be done with pleasure."

"You know, my dear brother, if so I may be permitted to call you—for no brother could have received a sister more kindly than you have received me—that Earl has not an acquaintance in the West. He is a good boy, and my heart is bound up in him. If you would kindly introduce him and speak of him as your nephew, instead of as your brother's stepson, I can see that it would be greatly to his advantage; he would meet with more consideration from those with whom he comes in contact."

The banker smiled.

"She knows more of the world than I surmised," he thought.

"Most certainly," he said. "You shall be my loved sister—Earl, my nephew."

"God bless you, my dear brother!" were the words that fell from the widow's lips as she raised her handkerchief to her eyes.

The sympathetic banker placed one arm around her waist, imprinted a kiss on her fair brow, and with the words, "Cheer up, my dear sister, you are with those who will love you and smooth your pathway," hastened away.

A peculiar smile passed over the features of the widow as she lowered the handkerchief from her face. No tears were in her jet black eyes—rather a look that seemed to say, "Score one for Elinor Kellogg."

As for the banker—his face was certainly somewhat flushed as he passed out of the gate, and he mused thus:

"I am surprised at myself. Not for a thousand dollars would I have Thalia know of the kiss that I imprinted on the widow's brow—no, or the girls. Pshaw! it was but a brother's kiss, and so will my sister-in-law regard it.

"My! but she is charming. She must be as good and pure also, as she is attractive. I am truly glad that she came into our lives and think Thalia will like her. I shall soon become better acquainted with my brother's widow."

The banker would of a truth.

CHAPTER V.

The two young men remained seated in the parlor for perhaps a half hour after Mr. Kellogg had taken his departure, and Earl, who, by the way, was indeed a young man of fine appearance, strove to make a favorable impression on his newfound cousins.

The young man's conversational powers were of a superior order. He had the happy faculty of adapting himself to any and all surroundings; nor was it long before he found himself chatting with the presumptive heirs of the banker's wealth with all the equanimity of an old acquaintance.

The contrast between these two young men was marked. Robert Kellogg had passed his twenty-second year. He was fully six feet in height, of light complexion, with eyes that very closely resembled his father's—being a deep blue. His hair and mustache were auburn, and his features were somewhat prominent; while his hands and feet were of goodly proportions, else he would not have been a Kellogg.

The young man had been out of school for over two years. His father had thought to give him a year of leisure before requesting him to take a position in his bank.

Leisure, at least too much of it, is not always the best thing in the world for a young man on the threshold of life. It certainly was not for Robert Kellogg.

A number of his old schoolmates resided in Chicago. They had worked hard for years—or thought they had—to acquire an education, and now that a respite had come, they determined to have a good time.

They had started in with a grand three o'clock dinner at a famous Clark street restaurant of that day, and that night Robert failed to make his appearance at his father's residence.

Strangely, when he awoke next morning, he found himself with two of his companions in a room of a down town hotel, and suffering from an intense headache.

His companions were in a similar condition, and one of them stated that he had always understood that the hair of the dog was good for the bite; consequently another bottle of wine was ordered, and it was three days before the young man slept again beneath the paternal roof.

Of course he was repentant and would never do the like again. He was devotedly attached to the other members of the family, particularly so to his mother; but nevertheless he soon fell, a second time, from grace—that, at least, is what the young men of that day termed it—imbibing too much of the ardent, after having seemingly abandoned it.

Robert soon became a tippler—not a drunkard in the common acceptance of the term, though occasionally he would undoubtedly have found it difficult to follow very closely a chalk mark drawn on a floor—particularly if the mark was straight and extended the full length of the room.

He had never been known to appear at his home under the influence of liquor, but nevertheless the banker had watched him closely. He realized that his boy was a little wild, but relied on his good, sound sense to bring him to a halt ere the habit was confirmed.

The wildness of the young man, as the father termed it, had precluded his being called to a position in the bank. Mr. Kellogg had, indeed, talked with him on the subject, but Robert had decided that he must see more of the outside world before confining himself to the unceasing duties that awaited him in his father's institution.

Chicago of that day was not the palatial city it has since become, but a goodly town of some sixty thousand inhabitants. Its packing houses were not the mammoth structures of to-day. The elevators were but pigmies compared with the towering ones that now loom up on every hand. Its Board of Trade—well, a rented down town hall, with a free lunch and barroom attachment.

This was the place where Robert had been dealing in futures—a place his father had heard and read of, yet never entered, though he had foreseen that ultimately it would grow into gigantic proportions.

As we have stated, the contrast between Robert Kellogg and Earl was marked. Earl was very nearly of Robert's height, but less compactly built. He was, as has bene indicated, of a dark complexion, black hair, mustache and eyes and small hands and feet. He was much quicker than Robert in his movements and of a very different temperament.

Robert was impulsive, and on the impulse of the moment would commit an act of which he would afterwards repent. Earl made no moves without consideration—he must reason the matter out before acting.

Robert's companions could influence him against his better judgment. But one person in the world could influence Earl, and that one was his mother.

How safe should that young man be who could only be influenced by a loving mother!

In that his hair and eyes were black, his hands and feet small, his temperament cool and calculating, Earl resembled his mother, there the resemblance ceased; for he neither had the madam's clear and lily-white, complexion, nor did his features in any way resemble hers. Indeed, as the young man passed from the house, Laura had remarked to her sister:

"What a charming young man Earl is; but he certainly bears little resemblance to his mother, save in his hair and eyes."

"I presume," said Janette, "he more resembles his father."

"Yes," said the madam, "he is the very image of what his father was at his age."

At this moment Julia entered the room.

"Miss Laura," she said, "de missus say she ready to receive her sister-in-law if you will 'company her to her room. She say for you to come, too, Miss Janette. She ain't seed you dis mornin'."

"I had no thought that mamma was awake, Julia," said Janette. "Let us go at once."

"Bless yo' soul! You mammy had her breakfus long ago."

The widow and the two girls left the parlor and passed upstairs.

Julia stood in the hall and watched them until they had disappeared, after which, with a shake of her head, she remarked, as she started for the kitchen:

"I 'clare to goodness, dat widder has captured de whole business."

(To be continued.)

BORE AN ILLUSTRIOUS SON.

Delia Stewart Parnell, Mother of Ireland's Great Leader.

The death of Mrs. Delia Stewart Parnell, mother of the great Irish home rule leader, Charles Stewart Parnell, which occurred at her home in Avondale, County Wicklow, Ireland, not long ago, removed a woman who became famous in this country through her illustrious son and also through her labor for the Irish cause in the United States. The circumstances surrounding the death of Mrs. Parnell were of a sad nature. She was sitting by the fire in her home when her clothing became ignited. Her injuries were so severe that she failed to recover from the shock.

Delia Stewart Parnell was born in Philadelphia in 1816. She came of distinguished ancestry, her father being Admiral Stewart, who commanded the frigates Constellation and Constitution during the war of 1812. Her mother was a Miss Tudor of Boston. In 1835 she was married to John Henry Parnell, who was traveling in this country with her cousin, Lord Powerscourt. They went abroad to live on the ancestral estate of the Parnell family in County Wicklow, Ireland. It was here that her son Charles Stewart, who was destined to become the leading figure in Irish history of his day, was born in

MRS. DELIA STEWART PARNELL.

1846. In 1869, when she became joint owner with her brother Charles of her father's property, she returned to America and settled at Ironsides, the family estate at Bordentown, N. J. Her brother died eight years later and she became sole owner of the estate. She was accounted a wealthy woman but unfortunate stock speculations swept away her fortune. She was granted $50 a month by the government in recognition of her father's services. At one time she was said to be in actual want, but friends in this country came to her assistance.

Mrs. Parnell was assaulted and robbed by an unidentified man as she was entering her home at Bordentown one night in April, 1895, and she never completely recovered from the blow she received on the head. She leased Ironsides in the latter part of that year and removed to New York. After living there for a time she went abroad, where she remained until her death. Mrs. Parnell was a woman of superior education and during her younger days was conversant with five languages.

LATEST POMPEIIAN DISCOVERY.

Evidences of the Ancient Roman Waterworks Again Found.

The house of Vettius has two entrances, the principal one facing the east and opening to the street which led to the city gate, and a side entrance which is directly opposite to the modern wooden pent-house erected to protect the ancient Roman water pipes, which branch off here in many directions. Most visitors will remember this curious illustration of ancient water works, the earliest and most complete that are known to us, and by the help of the description we have given should have no difficulty in locating the house. The building obtained its name from three signets found in the atrium, one of which bore the legend A. Vettii Convivaes, which may be interpreted "Of, belonging to, A. Vittius Conviva;" the second, A. Vettii Restituti, or "The property of A. Vettius Restitutus;" and the third, which was a bronze ring, and bore the latter AVCo, evidently an abbreviation of the first signet. Besides these there were three engraved stones having the respective ornaments of an amphora, an ivy leaf, and the caduceus of Mercury. In Roman times a man's signet was the most important of his possessions. It served the purpose of a signature, for all business transactions were ratified by it, and as in those days locks and keys had not long been invented, the stores and valuables of many houses were still kept strictly under the seal of the owner. It was a felony to make two signets alike, and hence in the gems of the ancients we have the most marvelous compendium of their customs, manners and beliefs. We may hence be pretty confident that the house belonged to Aulus Vettius.—Scribner's.

Thibet and Its Inhabitants.

The immense territory of Thibet is almost completely surrounded by mountain ranges of appalling magnitude, which, especially along the southern, western and northern frontiers, constitute formidable barriers against ingress. From the Pamir Plateau, in the extreme west—"the world's backbone"—radiate the great natural ramparts which shut out India on the one hand and the Tartar countries of Bokhara and Turkestan on the other. No Asiatic or Western conqueror has ever dared to penetrate this mountain world; and even Genghis Khan, the scourge of Asia, whose ravages extended from Pekin in the East to Moscow in the West, was obliged, when invading Northern India, to take the circuitous route, via Kashghar and Afghanistan, instead of crossing Thibet. Secure on their lofty plateau, and practically isolated from the rest of the world, the people of Thibet have remained undisturbed for ages, and have developed characteristics for which we might vainly search in any other race on the globe. The Chinese "conquest" has not produced the slightest change in their mode of life, or exercised any appreciable influence upon their peculiar culture.

Marble in Australia.

Fine marbles of various colors have been found in several districts of New South Wales. A pure white is equal to the second-class Carrara; another species is black, with white streaks and gold markings. There are grays and browns of various tints and in the vicinity of Lucknow are immense deposits of green serpentine well worthy of attention.

As Fatal as War.

The sudden changes of climate encountered by soldiers when troops are moved from one quarter of the world to another are estimated as increasing the annual mortality of Europe by 50,000 men.

The more people talk back the better the auctioneer likes it.

Spring Is the Time

When Impurities in the Blood Should Be Expelled

America's Greatest Medicine is the Best Spring Medicine.

In winter months the perspiration, so profuse in summer, almost ceases. This throws back into the system the impurities that should have been expelled through the pores of the skin. This and other causes make the blood impure in spring. Boils, pimples, humors and eruptions then appear or some more serious disease may take its start. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy for the blood in all its forms, as proved by its marvelous cures of blood diseases. It is therefore the medicine for you to take in the spring. It expels all humors, and puts the whole system in good condition for warmer weather. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Get only Hood's.

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

TOWER'S FISH BRAND
POMMEL SLICKER
The Best Saddle Coat.
Keeps both rider and saddle perfectly dry in the hardest storms. Substitutes will disappoint. Ask for 1897 Fish Brand Pommel Slicker—it is entirely new. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

FOR THE BEST LAND!
In the best county in the best State in the Union go to
DAWSON COUNTY, NEBRASKA,
the great Wheat, Corn and Alfalfa County of the States. Apply to J. H. MAC COLL, Lexington, Neb.

RARE Hotel Chance—Best city, finest climate in the Southwest. No opposition worth name. Building cost $90,000 and furniture $25,000 in 1884. Recently remodeled, refurnished and renovated, but not reopened. Owner has means and wants to retire. Need so urgent that citizens threaten to build new hotel. Will sell all for less than half cost of building alone. Buyer, with power plant added, can make back purchase price in a year and a half. This can be verified. Cash customer only wanted. B. S. RODEY, ALBUQUERQUE, N. M.

The Boomerang's Curious Flight.

Some German scientists, seeking to discover the secret of the boomerang's curious flight, caused a party of Australian natives to give an exhibition of boomerang throwing at Munster. The instruments used were of two sizes, the larger being a slender crescent about two feet long, two and a quarter inches wide, and a quarter of an inch thick, made of an extraordinarily heavy Australian ironwood. This boomerang was jerked up into the air about one hundred yards, when it flew straight away, then turned to the left and returned in a curved line back to the thrower, whirling around constantly and whizzing unpleasantly. One badly directed projectile fell through a spectator's hat with a cut as clean as that of a razor. A Weimar manufacturer, who has made some eleven thousand toy boomerangs, believes that the mystery of shape lies in the sharper curvature in the middle, with unequal length of the two arms, which must be made of equal weight by unequal thickness. The peculiarity of motion is due to the difference in the length of the arms, which diverges the curve of rotation from the circular. It is also supposed that the variation of friction from the air affects the result.

Misfortune in a Sneeze.

It is a superstition of the Chinese that a sneeze on New ear's eve indicates misfortune for the coming year; and to overcome this he is obliged to go to three families of different surnames, and beg from each of them a little cake shaped like a tortoise, which must be eaten before midnight.

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, nervous, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

An Experienced Clerk.

Scene: Hairdresser's Shop—Young Lady (blushingly)—I would like to look at some false hair, please.

Shopman (experienced) — Certainly, miss. What color does your friend want?

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Rosebery's Carriage.

Lord Rosebery is one of the very few carriage owners who is still seen driving about London in an old-fashioned cabriolet, with a tiny tiger hanging on behind.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

One Disagreeable Trait Absent.

Afghan women are never jealous of each other.

Amusing Blunders.

Many of the errors in books and papers arise from mistakes in punctuation. A writer in a ladies' journal states that "it has become quite the fashion of late for ladies to take their tea in their hats and gloves." The ladies suffered more severely at the hands of a Washington reporter who, describing the costumes at the presidential reception, had intended to say that "Mrs. B. wore nothing in the nature of a dress that was remarkable." He left hurriedly for the West next day, when he opened the paper and read: "Mrs. Brown wore nothing in the nature of a dress. That was remarkable." A London paper reported on one occasion the capture in "mid-channel of a large man-eating shark." A provincial journal, copying the paragraph, but less careful about the punctuation, gave a different version of the incident: "A large man, eating shark, was captured in mid-channel." Herbert Spencer once wrote, "Whales are not fish because they possess fins, and a fish-like tail;" but what the public read was: "Whales are not fish, because they possess fins and a fish-like tail," which truly is a most remarkable reason why whales are not fish. But perhaps the most amusing instance of the ludicrous effects of wrong punctuation is afforded in the following description of the Jubilee procession, which appeared in an East Anglican weekly paper: "Next came Lord Roberts riding. On a gray Arab steed wearing a splendid scarlet uniform, covered with medals on his head, a field marshal's hat with plumes in his hand, the baton of a field marshal on his rugged feature; a smile of pleasure as he acknowledged the thundering cheers of the crowd."

Baby Every Year.

Nineteen children in twenty years of married life is the record of one British mother reported in the Lancet. She never had twins and was able for thirteen years to nurse her babies without intermission. The Lancet describes her as a "thin but not worn-out looking woman."

Coughing Leads to Consumption.
Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Why isn't finding a diamond hard luck?

THE CAUSE OF DYSPEPSIA.

From the Republican, Scranton, Penn.

The cause of dyspepsia is lack of vitality; the absence of nerve force; the loss of the life-sustaining elements of the blood. No organ can properly perform its function when the source of nutriment fails. When the stomach is robbed of the nourishment demanded by nature, assimilation ceases, unnatural gases are generated; the entire system responds to the discord.

A practical illustration is furnished by the case of Joseph T. Vandyke, 440 Hickory street, Scranton, Pa.

In telling his story, Mr. Vandyke says: "Five years ago I was afflicted with a trouble of the stomach, which was very aggravating. I had no appetite, could not enjoy myself at any time, and especially was the trouble severe when I awoke in the morning. I did not know what the ailment was, but it became steadily worse and I was in constant misery.

In Misery.

"I called in my family physician, and he diagnosed the case as catarrh of the stomach. He prescribed for me and I had his prescription filled. I took nearly all of the medicine, but still the trouble became worse, and I felt that my condition was hopeless. I tried several remedies, but without benefit. After I had been suffering several months, Thomas Campbell, of this city, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"I finally decided to buy a box and began to use the pills according to directions. Before I had taken the second box I began to feel relieved, and after taking a few more boxes considered myself restored to health. The pills gave me new life, strength, ambition and happiness."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure dyspepsia by restoring to the blood the requisite constituents of life, by renewing the nerve force and enabling the stomach to promptly and properly assimilate the food. These pills are a specific for all diseases having their origination in impoverished blood or disordered nerves. They contain every element requisite to general nutrition, to restore strength and good health to the ailing.

Coal Used on Locomotives.

It will perhaps interest many readers to know how much fuel a locomotive burns. This, of course, depends upon the quality of fuel, the work done, the speed and the character of the road. On freight trains the average consumption may be taken at about 1 to 1½ pounds of coal per car per mile. With passenger trains, the cars of which are heavier and the speed higher, the coal consumption is greater. A freight train of 30 cars at a speed of 30 miles an hour would therefore burn from 900 to 1,350 pounds of coal per hour.

FIBROID TUMOR CONQUERED.

Expelled by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Strong Statement from Mrs. B. A. Lombard.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy, Fibroid Tumor.

The growth of these tumors is so sly that frequently their presence is not suspected until they are far advanced.

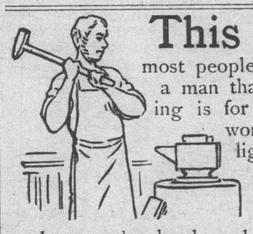
So-called "wandering pains" may come from its early stages, or the presence of danger may be made manifest by excessive menstruation accompanied by unusual pain extending from the ovaries down the groin and thighs.

If you have mysterious pains, if there are indications of inflammation or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation; secure Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound right away and begin its use.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., will give you her advice free of all charge if you will write her about yourself. Your letter will be seen by women only, and you need have no hesitation about being perfectly frank.

Read what Mrs. B. A. Lombard, Box 71, Westdale, Mass., says:

"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."



This is hard work,

most people think. But is it any harder for a man than the old-fashioned way of washing is for a woman? And yet how many women, apparently bright and intelligent, still persist in that clumsy, wearisome, expensive way of washing!

Why don't they get **Pearline** and save the hard work, the ruinous wear and tear, the needless rubbing and wrenching? **Pearline** can't hurt the clothes. It's the most economical thing to wash with. Why don't they use it, like millions of other women? 550

Millions NOW USE Pearline

"Use the Means and Heaven Will Give You the Blessing." Never Neglect A Useful Article Like

SAPOLIO

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