IS YOUR HAIR TURNING GRAY?

What does your mirror say? Does it tell you of some little streaks of gray? Are you pleased? Do your friends of the same age show this loss of power also?

Just remember that gray hair never becomes darker without help, while dark hair rapidly becomes gray when once the change begins.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

will bring back to your hair the color of youth. It never fails. It is just as sure as that heat melts snow, or that water quenches fire.

It cleanses the scalp also and prevents the formation of dandruff. It feeds and nourishes the bulbs of the hair making them produce a luxuriant growth. It stops the hair from falling out and gives a fine soft finish to the hair as well.

We have a book on the Hair and Scalp which you may obtain free upon request.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it.

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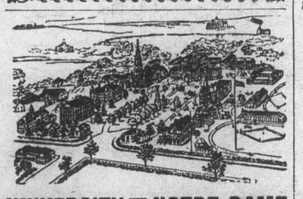

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SAPOLIO

Decline of Mortality in Prussia.

A German observer has shown for northern Germany a remarkable decline in the mortality from typhoid fever and diarrhoea, and in the deaths after surgical operations in hospitals doubtless influenced by antiseptic methods and by new and sanitary buildings, which has been observed in Prussia and in Germany generally, since the sanitary awakening of twenty years ago. In the successive quinquennial, from 1875 to 1894, the death rates per 10,000 living from typhoid fever were 6.17, 4.99, 2.78 and 1.86, and those from diarrhoea, 1.63, 1.59, 0.45 and 0.3.

No Wonder.

"I heard that Thompson once saved Miss Babb from a serious runaway, but when I spoke to her she seemed disinclined to talk about it."

"No wonder. He saved her from running away with a nobleman who turned out afterward to be a valet out of a job."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mean Old Man.

"No, father," the fair girl said, "Mr. Allingham may not be rich, but his heart is in the right place."

"Humph!" retorted the crusty old doctor, "you've had your ear against it, eh?"—Cleveland Leader.

NO WOMAN IS EXEMPT

Regularity is a matter of importance in every woman's life. Much pain is, however, endured in the belief that it is necessary and not alarming, when in truth it is all wrong and indicates derangement that may cause serious trouble.

Excessive monthly pain itself will unsettle the nerves and make women old before their time.

The foundation of woman's health is a perfectly normal and regular performance of nature's function. The statement we print from Miss GERTRUDE SIKES, of Eldred, Pa., is echoed in every city, town and hamlet in this country. Read what she says:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel like a new person since following your advice, and think it is my duty to let the public know the good your remedies have done me. My troubles were painful menstruation and leucorrhœa. I was nervous and had spells of being confused. Before using your remedies I never had any faith in patent medicines. I now wish to say that I never had anything do me so much good for painful menstruation as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; also would say that your Sanative Wash has cured me of leucorrhœa. I hope these few words may help suffering women."

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

All suffering women are invited to write freely to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., for advice about their health.

A Way of Escape.

"When I get off a joke I never smile."

"What is your reason?"

"If nobody sees the point I can prove an alibi."

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.

End of a Romance.

"I wish I had never met her."

"Why?"

"I asked her to write to me, and here's a letter of forty pages."

Hall's Catarrh Cure, Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

Why isn't a bridle for a woman's tongue a necessary part of her harness?

I believe my prompt use of Piso's Cure prevented quick consumption.—Mrs. Lucy Wallace, Marquette, Kan., Dec. 12, '95.

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.

A Dangerous Secret.

By FLORENCE MARYATT.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. William Moray, knocking at the door of his brother's lodgings, at about eight o'clock the same evening, is received by Mrs. Timson with a face of such portentous gravity that he is fain to observe it.

"Anything the matter?" he inquires, curiously.

"Matter enough," is the answer. "I've kept a lodging 'ouse now, on and off, for the last two-and-thirty year, but never in all my borned days did I 'ave such a disgraceful scene on my premises as took place 'ere last night."

Then she tells him the whole story, winding up with the statement that Delia's left her husband. Almost before she finishes Mr. Moray has reached the third landing. He turns the handle of his brother's door and walks in. James is seated at the table, only partially sober, with his head bowed down upon his outstretched arms.

"Hulloa?" exclaims William Moray, "why, what's the matter now, Jem? The old woman down stairs has been giving me a garbled account of your wife having run away from you—but it isn't true, surely?"

"Cursed if I know," rejoins the other. "She ain't here—that's very certain."

"How did it happen? Tell me all about it."

"I don't know how it happened. She aggravated me to that extent last night that she drove me to take a drop more than was good for me, I suppose, and I didn't wake till this afternoon, and then she had been gone for hours—so the old cat tells me."

"She can't intend to remain away——"

"Can't say, I'm sure! I think she threatened me with something of the kind last night. Didn't you hear her?"

"Yes; but I never imagined she was in earnest. Women say so many things they don't mean when they are in a passion. She's gone off, probably, to try and frighten you. She's sure to come back again, if it's only to see the child——"

"But she has taken the child with her and every one of his clothes and all her own, besides every shilling we had in the house. It's cruel of her," says James, relapsing into the tearful state which so often succeeds drunkenness, "to leave me all alone here without a blessed coin in my pocket, and no one to see after me. I didn't think she could be so cruel!"

William Moray whistles suggestively.

"Listen to me, Jem," he then says; "I want to speak seriously to you. Tell me the truth. Is that woman your wife or not?"

"Of course she's my wife!"

"I see no 'of course' in the matter. After that terrible scrape you got into at Glasgow you disappeared altogether from society, and never communicated with your family for four or five years. Then you suddenly turn up in London, and I find you living with a lady who you say is married to you, but who is not in the position from which men of our standing usually choose their wives."

"Well! how could I help it?" grumbles James. "I couldn't get any employment after that cursed business in Glasgow, and Delia can make money, and how are we to live else? You wouldn't have me starve, would you? or break stones? If the governor hadn't been so beastly unforgiving, and cut me out of his will, I suppose we should have been living like other people. But anyway we were married fast enough at Chilton, in Berwickshire, and we've got the certificate of it—at least, Delia has, for I suppose the jade has taken it with her."

"Do you think that she can have got an inkling of where we took the boy last night, and carried him off in consequence?"

"How can I tell? These women have ears all round, in my experience."

"Because that is rather an important matter to decide. You see, the case is, James, you can't afford to part with this woman just yet."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, to speak plainly—you won't support yourself, and I can't support you. Therefore you must use every possible means to make her come back to you."

"But suppose she won't come back?" whines James. "How can I make her? She earns enough money to support herself, and she knows how ill I am, that I am unable to do any work or to stand any fatigue; and if she stays away and you won't make me an allowance, I shall starve or go to the workhouse, for there's nothing else left for me!"

"Hush! don't talk such nonsense," interrupts his brother, authoritatively. "We must force Mrs. Moray to return to you and we must do it by means of the child.'

"But she's got the child."

"She has no claim to him. I think you told me he was seven years old on his last birthday. You can legally take him from her again."

"But then I shall have to support him—and how am I to support myself?"

"I do wish you would hear me to the end, and not keep on interrupting so. The first thing we must do is to find out your wife's present address. That is easily accomplished by having her followed home from the theater. Then you must claim and take away the child. The mother is certain to follow it."

"But suppose she doesn't follow it?"

"Then I am prepared to carry out what I proposed to you last night, though I cannot say that my wife fell in very readily with my views. She considers the boy so plain. And I am sure she would never consent to receive him if she knew his mother was an actress, or even alive. I have represented him to her, therefore, as a motherless child of yours by an early and imprudent marriage, whom I am desirous, in the event of your death, of adopting as my son; and if she allows me to carry out my own views concerning him, it is as much as she will do. She's a good woman, but her opinions are decided; and as she has no children of her own, she is apt to be a little jealous of my approaching the subject. But it is very premature to talk of these things. Your wife appears fond of the child, and I believe you have only to claim him to secure her return to you."

"Well, what am I to do till she comes back? She's taken all the money she had with her, and she'll draw her salary tomorrow evening, but not a cursed halfpenny of it shall I see. It's cruel of her to leave a fellow in such a plight!"

"Here! hold up, man! Don't snivel! I am going to settle the rent for you this week, and there's a sovereign to go on with," throwing it down on the table. "But for heaven's sake, Jem, don't go and get drunk again to-night; for the woman of the house declared she'd turn you out into the street if you did, and she looks every inch as if she'd keep her word!"

The poor wretch makes some sort of promise to do as he is advised, and subsides again into his old despondent attitude. As William crosses the threshold and looks back at him, he thinks he has seldom seen a more pitiable object.

CHAPTER VI.

On the fourth day after Mrs. Moray left her husband, she rushes suddenly into Mrs. Horton's room, and without preface or apology for the intrusion, gasps out:

"They have stolen my boy from me! They have come by night and stolen away my boy out of his very bed! Tell me how I can get him back again, or be revenged upon them, for mercy's sake, or I shall go mad!"

The woman looks as if she were going mad, as she paces up and down the apartment, choking with anger and emotion; her hair hanging down her back, her hat half off her head, and the rest of her clothes thrown on anyhow.

"Delia Moray, how can I or anybody else understand what you have to say, while you keep trotting up and down the room in that fashion? Come and sit down like a good child, and tell me all about it, and then perhaps I may be able to advise you on the subject."

"I can't sit down. I have not sat down since I went home last night and found he was gone. The cruel, heartless wretches! After all I have suffered, couldn't they have left me my poor sickly child? Oh, Mrs. Horton! I wish I could die! I wish I could fall down on the carpet this moment and remember nothing, and nobody ever again!"

"That's a sensible sort of wish to have when you know your boy wants a mother more than most boys. You're talking in riddles to me, my dear, and it seems like I shall have to unravel them as I best may. However, I know so far that you made an effort to free yourself from that man, for as you didn't come here to learn what news I had for you from my solicitor, I walked round to your place on Friday and heard the whole story from your landlady."

The mention of the solicitor arrests Delia's attention.

"Oh, what did he say?" she inquires, eagerly. "Is there any hope for me? Shall I be allowed to live in peace with my boy?"

"He's over seven years old, and that old fool Bond tells me that after that age you have no legal claim to him."

"No legal claim to my own child that I brought into the world! No claim! I—his mother. No right to supply him with the necessaries of life which his father won't work to do. Oh, Mrs. Horton! it cannot—cannot be true!"

"It is true, Delia Moray, and a more infamous law was never enacted. But Mr. Bond was clear enough on the subject. He says no law in the calendar is more stringent or binding in its effects. A married woman has no right to the custody of her child after it is seven years old."

"A married woman!" Why a married woman?" cried Delia, quickly.

"Because, if you were not married to that inhuman brute you might take your child away from him to-morrow, and no one would dare to say you 'nay'; because, if you were not married, you would have the sole right to keep, and love, and protect him, and you might imprison the father for not contributing to his support. That's the law of England, Delia Moray, and you may take it and make what you like of it, for I am sure that no one with any sense would desire to dispute the possession with you. When that old fool Bond made it plain to me, I could have torn every hair out of his head with the greatest pleasure."

Meanwhile Delia Moray, having sank into a chair, is repeating in a stupefied manner to herself:

"Not mine! My Willy not mine."

"Mrs. Timson told me that from what she could gather of the conversation that took place between that drunken husband of yours and his brother, the day you left home, she thinks when they took Willy out with them the evening before, it was to William Moray's house—and I expect that is where you will find him now."

"At Brixton?"

"Yes, at Brixton—if that is where the man lives. What is the address?"

"I don't know. I have never been there. The William Morays don't think me good enough to visit them."

"It is easily found! Just hand me down that postoffice directory. Here it is: 'William Moray, Esq. the Firs, Godalming Park, Westborough road, Brixton, S. E.'"

"But do you really think I can go there?" asks Delia, looking half alarmed at the idea.

"Go there! Of course! What is to prevent you? You're not afraid of the wool merchant's wife? Go there boldly and demand your child, and if you don't get him, you will at all events get the chance of telling your own story."

"But you say my husband has the law on his side."

"Quite true; but you have a greater power on your side unless, which I strongly disbelieve, Mr. William Moray intends to charge himself with his brother's future support. He has the law, my dear, but you have the money!"

CHAPTER VII.

As Delia, fortified by her friend's last words, speeds upon her way to Brixton, she feels a different creature. After many inquiries and several wrong turnings, she arrives at last before the large stucco building standing back from the road, with a carriage sweep in front of it, on the gates of which are inscribed, in bold characters, "The Firs."

It is Sunday, and there are not many shabbily dressed people about. Delia fancies she sees the lace curtain at the window of one of the lower rooms move, as though somebody were watching her approach from within; but she marches bravely up the steps, and gives a bold, determined double knock. A footman answers it, and she asks for Mrs. Moray. The man examines her inquisitively and ushers her into the drawing room, which is on the same floor.

An interval of five or ten minutes occurs while Mrs. William Moray is arranging her laces and ribbons and wiping the effects of luncheon from her ample bust where the crumbs will settle, and the mother in the drawing room is wondering how much longer she is to be kept in suspense. But then the dining room door opens and closes, and in another minute the drawing room door has followed its example, and the lady of the house, arrayed in a plain colored satin and velvet dress, enters.

Delia glances at her sister-in-law and feels her heart sink and her hopes of sympathy vanish. There is nothing in Mrs. Moray's face but hardness and vulgarity. She is a woman of about five-and-thirty, stout and ungraceful, with small eyes, coarse features and limbs and a complete absence of good breeding.

The elder Mrs. Moray is completely taken aback as Delia tells who she is.

"I don't know in the least what you're talking about," she says, looking Delia steadfastly in the face. "There hain't such a person as Mrs. James Moray—leastways, not connected with hour family."

"Have they dared to tell you that story, then!" exclaims Delia, excitedly; "dared to say I am not married to him? Oh, Mrs. Moray, it is a falsehood—a wicked, cruel falsehood! I have my marriage certificate at home, and can prove to you that I am James' wife. Where is your husband? He knows me well enough. Let him come and say to my face that I am not his brother's wife."

"Oh, that is heasily settled, young woman," says the other, edging toward the door, and trying not to look uncomfortable; "for Mr. James Moray's wife has been dead for hever so long, as I can testify. However, if you wish to see my husband, I think it will be the best for hall parties, for I am quite hunequal myself to contending with so hextraordinary a hinterruption. And hon the Sabbath, too."

"I am sorry I should have had to disturb you on Sunday; but how could I be expected to wait? I am in the greatest distress of mind about my boy. I came home from the theater last night to find him gone from my lodgings—taken away—stolen—and not a word even to let me know where he is."

"You came home from where?" demands Mrs. William Moray, horrified.

"From the theater where I play—the Corinthian. I am an actress. I support myself and Willy, and have supported my husband for years past by my own labor. It is hard that the only requital he can make me is to steal my child, and that his brother helps him in the robbery!"

"Willgum; Willgum!" calls Mrs. Moray from the open door.

She has drawn her purple satin skirts closer around her as the awful truth of Delia's profession is made patent to her sensitive understanding, and now she summons her husband at once to her aid. Her ears must have deceived her. It cannot be true. The mother of the child now sitting at her luncheon table, and the wife of her husband's brother, an actress! and actually standing within a few yards of her. If Mrs. Moray were good at fainting, which she is not, she would certainly drop down now. But she grows red as a peony in the face instead, and bawls, "Willgum!" at the top of her voice, and in another moment William Moray answers the summons.

(To be continued.)

GREAT DEMAND FOR PENNIES.

Philadelphia Mint Turns Out 4,000,000 a Month.

The most useful and hard-working member of the coin family consists of 95 per cent. of copper and 5 per cent. tin and zinc, and bears on its face the legend "one cent." It doesn't require a person of advanced age or long memory to recall the time when the humble coin was practically unknown west of the Mississippi. Now its use is well-nigh universal, and the demand for it is increasing so rapidly that the Philadelphia mint is compelled to turn out 1-cent pieces at the rate of nearly 4,000,000 per month to keep up the supply.

Two recent devices have been largely responsible for the increased use of our only copper coin. One is the penny-in-the-slot machine, which has spread over the land like the locusts of Egypt within the past two or three years. A single automatic machine company takes in 500,000 pennies a day. As there isn't a cross-roads village in the country that hasn't a chewing-gum, kinetoscope, music or weighing machine operated in this way, the number of coins required to keep them all going is enormous. The other invention responsible for the rise of the cent is the "bargain counter." The craze for 49-cent and 99-cent bargains makes work for a lot of pennies.

A sub-treasury official says: "All through the summer the pennies accumulate on our hands, but when cold weather comes and the children get back to school and retail trade revives there is a great demand for them. The holidays demand a lot of pennies, and with the approach of Christmas our cent pile melts away amazingly. There is no better indication of lively trade conditions than the cent. During periods of dullness they always accumulate on our hands, and when trade revives they begin to circulate rapidly again." The figures of distribution kept by the mint are interesting as showing the localities where pennies are most in use. Last year the demand was greatest from Pensylvania, which took over 11,000,000 of them. New York was the second largest customer, adding 9,000,000 to her supply.—Philadelphia Press.

A Bit of History.

The term, "middle of the road" Populists, had its origin in Williamson County, Texas. The year 1892 was the first the Populists, or third party, as it was then called, became a factor in Texas politics. In that year William Shaw, of Georgetown, conceived the notion of becoming a candidate for justice of the peace. "Uncle Bill," as he was called, avoided a direct expression of opinion concerning the new party, but in the heat of the canvass a mass meeting was called, at which the candidates were expected to declare themselves. Uncle Billy indiscreetly attended the meeting, and as it was drawing to a close was called to the platform. He made a few brief non-committal remarks, but some secret enemy called: "What's your politics?" This was the fated question that he had wished to avoid, but there was no escape now, so, facing the people, he said: "Gentlemen, you will always find Uncle Bill in the middle of the road." His happy evasion caught the people, and he was triumphantly elected as the middle of the roader. When the St. Louis Populist convention nominated Bryan, Marion Williams, editor of a Populist paper in Georgetown, bolted the action of his party, and through his party advocated the calling of a convention and the naming of another candidate who would be, as he expressed it, "like Uncle Billy Shaw, strictly in the middle of the road." The sobriquet as applied by Williams was taken up by the press and very quickly became a well-defined term in current politics.

Contributory Negligence.

The answer to a complaint that the owner of a cistern had negligently allowed a boy to fall into it recently set up the fact that when the plaintiff fell in he and a negro boy were trying to drown a stray cat in the cistern after they had removed the cover, "making a fine opening for the cat, also for the plaintiff." The plaintiff's own negligence is alleged as follows: "The plaintiff was guilty of gross and willful neglect in thus tackling that cat by himself on the top of said cistern near to said opening without having first put the cat in a bootleg, head down, according to the established and recognized rules of procedure among all intelligent boys engaged in the honorable enterprise of drowning stray cats in the wells and cisterns of the neighbors and their parents. The defendant says the plaintiff was guilty of gross and willful neglect in not letting the negro boy first try his hand on the cat, and the defendant says the negro boy was guilty of criminal neglect in this, that he saw the great danger to which the plaintiff was exposed in his fight with the cat on the top of the cistern in time to have avoided danger, but negligently failed to take a hand against the cat."—Omaha Bee.

The eligibility of a woman to election as a county clerk is sustained in State, Crow vs. Hostetter (Mo.), 38 L. R. A. 208, where the Constitution provides that no person shall be chosen to office "who is not a resident of the United States and who shall not have resided in this State one year," although masculine pronouns are used in respect to the subject of officers. The annotation to this case makes an elaborate review of the decisions as to the right of women to hold office.

The memory is a treasure to whom we must give funds, if we would draw the assistance we need.—Rowe.

Don't do things to-day so you'll have to do them over to-morrow.

A WONDERFUL ALASKAN FISH.

Dried, It May Be Used as a Candle, and the Remains Are Eatable.

Those men who are engaged in the profitable business of seal fishing in the Behring Sea and Pacific Ocean, along the shores of Alaska and British Columbia, have found that a species of fish of the smelt family inhabit these waters. These fish, in much the same way as the herring, by the irresistible force of instinct, are annually led to approach the shores for the purpose of depositing their spawn in the shallow waters. They arrive in vast shoals, keeping closely together, and are caught by the fishermen with nets and lines. Each of these nets is 150 feet long and 20 feet deep, and along the upper edge is fastened to a series of cork floats. When the net is to be shot a large buoy is attached to the end of the drit rope, the buoy is thrown overboard and the sails set. As the boat dashes away from the spot the nets, which have been attached to the drift rope, are thrown successively overboard, until all are paid out and hang in the water like a net wall. The strain of the buoy at one end of the drift rope and the boat at the other keeps the rope straight and the net upright.

As the fish come swimming along they are arrested by the net, which they can not see on account of the thin twine of which it is made, and of the large meshes, which are about 2½ inches in diameter. The head slips through the meshes, but the middle of the body is large and can not pass. When the fish attempts to recede, its open gill covers become hitched in the meshes, and so retain it in that uncomfortable position till the net is drawn in. The fish is also a voracious biter, and can be caught almost as soon as the line can be baited and thrown overboard.

On being examined, the fish are found to be of a rich green on the back, variegated with a deep blue, while the abdomen is silvery white, with golden reflections. The fish are so extremely fat that on being held up to the light they are almost transparent, the backbone of the fish being seen to stand out perfectly against the light. The fish live for some considerable time after being taken out of the water.

After the fish are caught they are dried and stored away until the long winter months arrive, when it gets dark early and the Alaskan is snowed up. Here comes an opportunity for using them. Not a bit at a loss for light, the Alaskan takes one of these dried fish, inserts its tail into a crack in his rough wooden table, and lights its nose. The fish burns with a bright and steady flame of about three-candle power, giving a clear, white light and a very considerable amount of heat. A fairly large fish will burn for a period of three hours.

The scientific explanation is extremely simple. The vertebrae which form the backbone of the fish are found to be largely formed of phosphorus, which not only causes it to ignite easily, but also accounts for the strength of the flame and the heat developed. The substance of the fish, which consists so largely of fat, acts as a retarder to the rapid burning of the vertebrae in precisely the same way as the tallow acts in an ordinary candle. The fat of the fish is largely composed of stearine, which is also the chief chemical constituent of the tallow used for making candles, and which gives them their firmness and consistency.

Valuable as is the fish for its light-giving properties, it also has its value as a food. If necessary, it can be eaten after having been used as a candle, it then being simply smoked, or it can be boiled or cooked in the ordinary manner. In whichever way it is treated, to a hungry man it serves as a very welcome and appetizing dish. In flavor it is much like the smelt, having the same sweet taste, but is much fatter.

Still another use to which it can be put is as a substitute for cod liver oil, which, if taken in sufficient quantity, by aiding the natural heat of the body, proves an excellent protective against the severe cold. The oil is obtained from the fish by immersing them in cold water and squeezing, the product obtained being almost equal in quality to the genuine cod liver oil.—New York Herald.

Starving Out a Debtor.

Many queer stories are told of the persistence and clever devices of the collectors of bad debts; but even a professional humorist would find it hard to invent anything more absurd than the method actually in use among the Mahrattas—at least, if travelers' tales are to be trusted. In their country—so they say—when a creditor cannot get his money and begins to regard the debt as desperate, he proceeds to sit "dhurna" upon his debtor—that is, he squats down at the door of his victim's tent, and thereby, in some mysterious way, becomes master of the situation. No one can go in or out except by his sanction. He neither himself eats nor allows his debtor to eat, and this extraordinary starvation contest is kept up until either the debt is paid or the creditor gives up the siege, and in the latter case the debt is held to be cancelled.

The laws by which the "dhurna" is regulated are as well defined as those of any other custom whatever. When it is meant to be very strict, the claimant takes with him a number of his followers, who surround the tent, and sometimes even the bed, of his adversary, to make sure that he obtains no morsel of food. The code, however, prescribes the same abstinence for the man who imposes the ordeal; and, of course, the stronger stomach wins the day.

A similar custom was once so prevalent in the province and city of Benares that the Brahmins were sometimes systematically put through a course of training in order to enable them to endure a long time without partaking of food.

The Captain's Company.

A wealthy lady, living near a garrison town, sent an officer an invitation to take tea with her. The note began, "The pleasure of Capt. Armstrong's company is requested," and the answer ran accordingly: "Enlisted men Jones and Lee have been detailed to do guard duty, but the remainder of Capt. Armstrong's company accept with pleasure."

Safest Lightning Rods.

Electricians have lately been experimenting on the efficacy of lightning rods, there being a difference of opinion whether a thin or a thick lightning rod should be employed. But according to actual observations made on rods during the heavy storms, a stout rod, one having a large diameter of metal, is considered to be the safer.

When a beer saloon is not taken care of, it soon smells as bad as a dirty grocery store.

The titled foreigner who courts an American heiress usually talks brokenly.

PUT LIFE INTO WAX.

Making Dolls Demands Skill in Anatomy, Drawing and Modeling.

"How long does it take to make one of these?" said the manufacturer in response to an inquiry. "Well, it depends entirely upon circumstances. It is a mechanical operation, the finishing off of a wax model, as true of life as this," and he pointed to the bust of a laughing child, whose rosy neck and bright eyes were framed by clustering curls.

"To make these one must have studied anatomy as well as drawing and modeling. We begin in the same way as a sculptor would to make a statue. After the wax has cooled the eyes are put in, the face is 'made up,' as theatrical folks say, and the wig is fastened on, and the wooden body is shaped. We make all our hands and feet from life, and they cost about $10.

"If we have an order for an entire figure we always model it from life. The life-size wax figures of infants are among the finest things we manufacture, and they add much to the attractiveness of a show window, as was illustrated last winter, when a Washington street retail dealer displayed one during the holiday season.

The head and shoulders, such as are seen in the milliner's windows, cost from $40 to $45. The wig makes considerable difference in the price, as we use the best hair, and it is expensive, especially the natural blond, which is scarce. The children's heads cost $20, or thereabouts.

"All the finishing off imaginable," he continued, "would not make a figure stand the test of a season behind the glare of a glass unless the wax has a natural pink tinge. The reason some of the models look so deathly is because the wax is bad and not properly colored. We use beeswax, slightly colored, and flesh tints are put on in addition."—Boston Transcript.

Held a Burglar by Sitting on Him.

George Kuntz of 486 Grove street, Jersey City, found a burglar in an adjoining room one morning, on hands and knees turning over the contents of a drawer in a sideboard. Before the fellow could rise Kuntz placed a chair over his head and shoulders, pinning him to the floor. While he sat on the chair his wife threw open a window and shouted for a policeman.

Sanitary Reform in Bombay.

The Indian Government has formulated an important scheme for the sanitary reformation of Bombay City. The lands will be vested in a nominated body, which will be empowered to lay new streets through crowded localities and to erect dwellings at low rents for the poor. The scheme involves an addition to the municipal rates of not more than 2 per cent.

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 to-day. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Excusing Him.

"I must confess," said Willie Wishington, "that I often waste time worrying about nothing."

"Well," said Miss Cayenne, benignly, "self-preservation is the first law of nature."—Washington Star.

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.

Persons residing in the District of Columbia have no vote there, but they may vote in the State in which they claim a legal residence.

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

WANTED.—Case of bad health that R·I·P·A·N·S will not benefit. Send 5 cents to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1,000 testimonials.

The Enormous Gold Product of 1898.

From South Africa, the Klondike and Australia gold is being shipped in large quantities. This year's output will nearly double that of any previous twelve months. The sales of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are also increasing very fast. This famous remedy will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, nervousness and weakness.

The Light that Failed.

"Now," said the young man, as he crossed the room and seated himself by her side, "we are all alone, and you surely will not refuse me just one little kiss, will you?"

"Oh," she timidly replied, "I can't see it in that light."

Then he stepped over to the chandelier, and with a simple twist of the wrist—presto! change! and the light had disappeared.

G. A. R.—Cincinnati Encampment.

The Monon Route, with its four trains daily, is the best and most comfortable line to Cincinnati. The rate will be only one cent a mile. Tickets on sale Sept. 3, 4, 5 and 6, good to return Sept. 6 to 13, inclusive, and by extension to Oct. 2. Send four cents in stamps for the Monon's beautifully illustrated book on the Cincinnati Encampment. Frank J. Reed, G. P. A., Chicago. L. E. Sessions, T. P. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

Strangely True.

"It hardly seems meet," said the cornfed philosopher, "yet it is undoubtedly true that many a young woman is willing to trust with her heart a young man that no butcher will trust for a pound of liver."—Indianapolis Journal.

Wheat 40 Cents a Bushel.

How to grow wheat with big profit at 40 cents and samples of Salzer's Red Cross (80 Bushels per acre) Winter Wheat, Rye, Oats, Clover, etc., with Farm Seed Catalogue for 4 cents postage. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis. C N U

How to Become Famous

Ambitious innocent—What is the first thing you would advise me to do in gaining the attention of the public?

Sophisticated pessimist—Bribe some cigar manufacturer to name a brand of rank five-centers after you.

Warm Weather

WEAKNESS is quickly overcome by the toning and blood enriching qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great medicine cures that tired feeling almost as quickly as the sun dispels the morning mist. It also cures pimples, boils, salt rheum, scrofula and all other troubles originating in bad, impure blood.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, indigestion.

Radway's Ready Relief.

His life-long friend.

It is the only PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations, and cures congestion. Internally a teaspoonful in water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Summer Complaint, Dysentery, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Price 50 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists. RADWAY & CO., New York.

SHOOT WINCHESTER LOADED SHOT GUN SHELLS

USED BY ALL THE CHAMPION SHOTS.

FREE. SEND NAME ON A POSTAL CARD FOR 152 PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. 100 WINCHESTER AVE., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

A Beautiful Present

FREE for a few months to all users of the celebrated ELASTIC STARCH, (Flat Iron Brand). To induce you to try this brand of starch, so that you may find out for yourself that all claims for its superiority and economy are true, the makers have had prepared, at great expense, a series of four

GAME PLAQUES

exact reproductions of the $10,000 originals by Muville, which will be given you ABSOLUTELY FREE by your grocer on conditions named below. These Plaques are 40 inches in circumference, are free of any suggestion of advertising whatever, and will ornament the most elegant apartment. No manufacturing concern ever before gave away such valuable presents to its customers. They are not for sale at any price, and can be obtained only in the manner specified. The subjects are:

American Wild Ducks, English Quail, American Pheasant, English Snipe.

The birds are handsomely embossed and stand out natural as life. Each Plaque is bordered with a band of gold.

ELASTIC STARCH

has been the standard for 25 years.

TWENTY-TWO MILLION packages of this brand were sold last year. That's how good it is.

ASK YOUR DEALER to show you the plaques and tell you about Elastic Starch. Accept no substitute.

How To Get Them:

All purchasers of three 10 cent or six 5 cent packages of Elastic Starch (Flat Iron Brand), are entitled to receive from their grocer one of these beautiful Game Plaques free. The plaques will not be sent by mail. They can be obtained only from your grocer.

Every Grocer Keeps Elastic Starch.

Do not delay. This offer is for a short time only.

Lazy Liver

"I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be all you claim for them, and secured such relief the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented." J. A. SMITH, 2209 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC Cascarets TRADE MARK REGISTERED. REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe, 10c, 25c, 50c.

CURE CONSTIPATION.

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 320

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

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.

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SORE EYES? DR. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER