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 50c and $1 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.

"German Syrup"

Boschee's German Syrup is more successful in the treatment of Consumption than any other remedy prescribed. It has been tried under every variety of climate. In New, bleak, bitter North; in damp New England, in the fickle Middle States, in the hot, moist South—everywhere. It has been in demand by every nationality. It has been employed in every stage of Consumption. In brief it has been used by millions and it's the only true and reliable Consumption Remedy.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

A remedy which, if used by Wives about to experience the painful ordeal attending Child-birth, proves an infallible specific for, and obviates, that dreadful torment, lessening the danger alike to both mother and child. Sold by druggists. Sent by express on receipt of price, $1.00 per bottle.

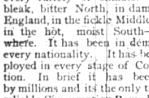
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Bile Beans
Small

Positively cure Sick headache, Constipation, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Colds and General debility. 40 to the bottle. Sugar coated. Easy to take. Do not gripe nor sicken the stomach. Sold by druggists. Price 25c. Reliable and economical. Sample dose free.

F. E. Smith & Co., 225 Greenwich St., N. Y.

WOMEN SAVED The wonderful women-healer, Dr. Peal's Pennyroyal Pills, are absolutely safe and never known to fail. Ladies, insist upon having them from your druggists. Sent by express on receipt of price, $1. Circulars free.
COLUMBIA MEDICAL CO., Detroit, Mich.
10 Shelby St.



The Change of Life.

The sole aim of women nearing this critical period should be to keep well, strong and cheerful. *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* is peculiarly adapted to this condition. Acts at once and invaluable.

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

It cures the worst forms of Female Complaints, Beating-down Pains, Inflammation, Leucorrhœa, Falling and Displacement of the Womb, Inflammation, Ovarian Troubles, and all Organic diseases of the Uterus or Womb. Nothing else can.

Subdued Faintness, Excitability, Nervous Prostration, Exhaustion, Kidney Complaints, and tones the Stomach.

All Druggists sell it, or send by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence,
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

THE GREAT
SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
A DOSE.

THIS GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If you child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00. Travelers convenient pocket size 25c. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Price, 25c.

DR. KILMER'S
SWAMP-ROOT
Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.
Rheumatism,
Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflammation, gravel, obstruction or weakness of bladder.
Disordered Liver,
Impaired digestion, gout, bilious headache, SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, LaGrippe, urinary trouble, bright's disease.
Impure Blood,
Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility.
Sold by druggists, 50c. and $1.00 size. Invalid's Guide to Health, Consultation free, by mail, sent free. Mention this paper.
At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size.
"Invalid's Guide to Health" Consultation free.
DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

WITHIN AN ACE

CHAPTER X—CONTINUED.

"Quite right, too," interrupts Terpsky. "Let me sum again. And I want to drop a word in thy ear, little father." With this he takes the man apart and whispers to him during which the listener glances repeatedly in my direction, his small eyes beginning to twinkle, and his mouth widening to a grin. Sometimes he pitys a question.

At length the confabulation comes to an end and the innkeeper, after signing to us leads the way through a passage to the door of a small dingy room at the back of the building. We enter, and he leaves us, shutting the door.

"Thou hast confidence in a safe man," observes Yerack, knowingly. "That kind of a man is always safe so long as you grease his palm with guineas and I have had our little transactions together."

The return of the landlord bearing a tray with breakfast, diverts the jovial Cossack's mind from his abstract to the concrete. The repast consists of beer, raw salt herring, preserved mushrooms and white bread.

"Ah, I am as hungry as a hawk" says Yerack, taking up a herring by the tail to hold it over his mouth, and eat it in it up.

I take the opportunity to ask for writing materials and if it is to be had, a stamp, as it is still too early for the post-office to be open.

"Certainly, Holy Father," responds the landlord with a twinkle in his beady eye. "I can furnish your Holiness with all."

Another burst of laughter from both the Cossacks, whilst the speaker rubbs his hands on his breast and sways to and fro before me. He then brings me the paper in his dirty finger and thumb. It is greased and soiled; the pen splutters and the ink is of the consistency and color of mud, but they suffice me to write these lines.

"On receiving this, lose not an hour in procuring thy passport and starting for Berlin. Make no delay, but set out but travel day and night. I hope to precede thee, and will await the arrival of all trains from Konigsberg. Should I fail to find, seek our brother, Conrad Rosen, Stein-Strasse No. 76, who will advise and assist thee. If possible, send warning, indirectly, to Irkin and Travel. All is dark and searching inquiries will be made. I am safe and well and with friends. Thine until death.

"I read over what I have written. It is sufficiently explicit, and I have no fear but that Marischa will obey my injunctions to the letter, if she can. I shake off the dust of the road, and, with the faintest suspicion of being implicated in politics attach to her, she is lost. They will open her letters and she will cause her immediate arrest. However, there is no help for it. God help us; it is our only chance!

As I am folding and addressing it Yerack leans across the table and close to my elbow, and with slow deliberation and an expression of supreme self-satisfaction takes from his pocket a large, bloated looking pocket-book, out of which he abstracts a folded paper.

"Now, Nikor Andrevitch Tcherevin," he says, mouthing his words with an unctious intonation. "In reply to your appeal for permission of leave of absence on the plea of ill-health, I have the pleasure to hand in order to you from the Archimandrite of your diocese this paper, which you will perceive entitles you to a month's leave of absence."

I take the paper he holds toward me and unfold it. Sure enough, there is the ecclesiastical seal, the wavering signature of the aged Church dignitary, and on scanning it I find that here indeed is a formal leave of absence to "My ailing son Nikor Andrevitch Tcherevin, extending over a period of one month to enable him, by medical advice, to drink the waters of Marienbad." I suppose I look my amazement for Yerack, suthing me, begins to grin and execute a series of knowing winks.

Katalchi, who has come up behind my chair, spits it out slowly and exclaims:

"By all the blessed saints! I believe Yerack is in league with the devil, brother! Tell us about it. How has it thou procured it?"

"Yes, how? Who is Nikor Andrevitch?" I manage to stammer.

This seems too much for Yerack. He throws himself back and indulges in one of his mighty roars.

"He knows not his own name!" he chokes. "Ah, ah, ah! Nikor Andrevitch is my poor Nikor; it is indeed time something was done for thy health."

And I have time for further question, he produces a bottle of ink and little greenback the sight of which makes my heart jump, and this time, without any previous speech, he puts it into my hand.

It proves to be a passport made out in the name of this same Nikor Andrevitch, traveling to Germany. I read the description of myself as I now appear. In a sort of stupefaction. I cannot take in my good fortune all at once.

Age—Thirty.
Height—About average.
Eyes—Brown.
Hair and beard—Brown and curled.
Complexion—Fair, and fresh-colored.
Nose—Aquiline.

Grasping the precious talisman and a big wisp of hay by means to my eyes I attempt responses so great that I can no longer sit still. I rise precipitately and fall to pacing the floor. Whilst I vainly struggle for speech, joy and gratitude strike me dumb, and, like a woman, the tears rush to my eyes and flow down my cheeks.

At length I go up to Yerack and placing my hands on each of his shoulders I look down into his jovial face.

There comes a strange stir into it, but in an instant he jumps to his feet and laughs so furiously.

"Ha, ha, ha! Come friend Nikor, if these would catch the evening express in Vilna there must be no delay."

He takes a thick packet of notes from his pocket, book and without counting them divides them into two equal parts—or as near equal as could be gauged—and gives me one. Though I am obliged to be still further his debtor to the amount of my journey, I shun to take advantage of such reckless liberality. I begin to count the notes, resolved to accept what I stand in absolute need of and no more. They seem to be all twenty-rouble notes. I separate four from the bulk.

"These will more than suffice," I say, holding the remainder toward him.

"It is well for thee, my friend, that thy head is firmly fastened on thy shoulders or thou wouldst certainly give it away."

I try to smile at him as I speak, but my troubling lips render the attempt a failure.

His reply is to snatch all the notes from me with comical fierceness, roll them up, and stuff them into the inside pocket of my kaftan.

"Enough of this foolishness," he exclaims. "Not another word will I hear or so pauper a will not. What is more to the purpose, let us settle what is to be done next. It will be best that we part here. Thou wilt go on foot into the town—straight up this street, taking the first turn to the right, and in the market is both the postoffice and the posting station. Arrived at Vilna, drive direct to the railway station. With moderate driving thou will be there in time to catch the evening express. And let me remind thee that this dress an' get not thy priestly dignity. Keep also a bold front, for thou art secure. The passport will assuredly be enough, but hesitate not to show the leave of absence. The two together will at once put to flight the least shadow of doubt. There is just the fact of thy having no luggage that might arouse suspicion. Here, too, thou canst easily hoodwink them. Thou will describe it—go to the luggage van for the purpose of identifying it—excite thyself, get into a towering rage because it is not there, threaten to lodge a complaint against the railway servants for their neglect in not putting it in the train when it is addressed and properly labeled; make a great stir, and give special orders as to the forwarding of it without loss of time. Ah, how I wish I had the farce to act! How I would rage and fume and threaten!

"I promise thee to use my utmost endeavor, brother," I respond. "Nor am I a novice. I have had some acting to do in my time."

"Another thing I would mention," resumed the Cossack. "I fain would hear of thy safe arrival. One line will be enough—'Arrived safe!' 'All well,' what thou wilt, only address it not to me. I am too well known for a scamp; moreover, I am under the surveillance of the police." He chuckles, shutting up the left eye. "Let me see, he continues with audacious gravity, "From Vilna we proceed to Minsk, on our way to the East. Arrived at the latter place, I, Don, where I am a native, we will pause until I have disposed of certain properties.

"Our final destination will be the Kirghez Steppes. There we will pitch our tent. They will scarcely follow us there. Send, therefore, thy communication to Minsk. If anyway induce some sleek government clerk to call for it at the postoffice and fetch it for me."

Hereupon he takes up a pen and with great solemnity, forming each letter with his lips the while he writes on one of the sheets of paper. It is a long and laborious task, but at last it is accomplished. I receive the paper, and read:

"Dim tcherevitch here."

Miss Miuss, revised.

Yerack sticks out his lips and wishes me whilst I read it.

"How canst make it out? Yes?" he inquires.

"With perfect ease. It is very distinct."

"Ah, well, I flatter myself that my writing is very distinct. I may not write a fluent hand, not being a dog of a clerk, nevertheless it can be read at a reading." He blows out his nostrils and assumes an air of importance, but only for a minute.

Already he is grasping me by the shoulders with a steadfast gaze on my face, and once more that strange air is visible in his features.

"Ah," he sighs. "But for the women! How woulds perhaps have thrown in thy lot with me and gone with us to the Steppes. What times we might have had."

I answer nothing for I would not hurt the brave fellow's feelings. I feel that he understands me not. Under no circumstances could I be induced consent to spend my life among a barbarous horde whose sole pleasure consist in marauding, drinking and hunting. Accustomed to civilized life, with a keen interest in its advancement, a student to boot, having studied and qualified for the profession of my choice, my ardent desire is to resume my place among civilized men and help on the good work.

"Well, well, it cannot be," he resumes. "So embrace, my son, and go thy way."

We kiss each other heartily on both cheeks and he releases me. The same ceremony is gone through with Katalch. I thank him for the service he has rendered me, which he will not touch.

I was glad of a reason for pitching up the accursed soil," he says. "I could have stood it much longer."

At the door of the room we encounter or rather stumble against the landlord. My imprudence is that we have disturbed him with his ear to the keyhole. He is however not the least discomfited.

"What go you already?" he inquires.

"Nikor Andrevitch goes now. We also start directly," replies Yerack. "Bring me the bill."

"First let me wish the holy father a successful journey, and thank him for thus having honored my humble roof!" says the landlord with a sly leer and an obsequious bow.

I thank thee for thy good wishes, and bless thee my son!" I reply, falling in with his grotesque humor.

The Cossacks accompany me to the outer door. I shake hands with both in silence, fervently pressing the hand of Yerack, and hurry away into the town.

CHAPTER XI

The Curse of Greatness.

On the balcony of the posting station I am met by the station master, who greets me respectfully and receives my orders. I then enter the general waiting room. At this early hour it is deserted. Almost immediately an unwashed, sleepy looking waiter comes in and asks me if I require anything. I answer in the negative. He rubs down the bare-stained table with a dirty cloth, retires, returns, notice of my presence, but goes over to one of the windows and gazes abstractedly into the street drumming with his long, white fingers on the window ledge.

In a few minutes I hear the post-chaise thundering under the archway that leads to the stables and, mingling with the clang of the bell that is attached to the harness, I hasten to the balcony and take my seat in the chaise.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JACK AND THE STEERS.

He Didn't Lie About Them, For He Concealed Something.

There once resided near Kansas City an old farmer who believed in every boy starting out for himself. But his son Jack, a lazy, shiftless fellow, was of an entirely different opinion. However, the old man finally persuaded him to go to Kansas City and work. When Jack had fixed out with a yoke of oxen, a good supply of tools and a very small supply of money, as his father thought that he could not starve so long as he had the means of earning his bread, and that an empty stomach would induce him to do work which otherwise he would never perform. For a long time Jack did not come home, relates the Detroit Free Press, but at last a letter arrived requesting the old man to immediately send him money to buy another yoke of oxen, as those that he had taken with him had died a violent death. The farmer saw for two years he had lied, but he desired to encourage the boy and so he picked out the two very best steers he had and shipped them without delay.

After another interval of silence a second letter came announcing that these steers had also died, and urging the necessity of an immediate remittance. As winter was fast approaching, and the Kansas climate did not seem to agree with cattle, the farmer decided not to send any more, but just then, but sent instead an old supernaunated mare called Dolly with which he thought his son could manage to gather in the crops. After about a month a note arrived, short and to the point, as follows:

"Terrible blizzards add no crops; am now living on Dolly's last. Send money at once or I will starve to death. JACK."

The money was sent and Jack told to come home. When he arrived he looked as if the Kansas blizzards had been practicing with his clothes.

"Jack," said his father, "why did you tie so many of those steers?"

"I didn't," answered Jack. "I told you that they had died a violent death, but I did not think it necessary to add that I had killed them myself to keep from starving to death.

At last accounts Jack was still patiently waiting for his father's shoes.

A WONDERFUL NUT.

The Field of Gettysburg

Extraordinary Life-Giving Properties It Possess.

The wonderful stories that have been told of the life-giving properties of the celebrated "kola" nut of Western and Southern Africa are even more than confirmed by a enthusiastic letter written by the British consul at Bahia. The West African carriers at that port continually use the kola which they call "cola," carefully wrapped in pieces of banana-peel. These human beasts of burden are not physically speaking superior to the Brazilian coolies, yet they, when with the additional nerve force imparted by the kola nut can endure from 10 to 100 hours of fatigue the like of which would kill the latter. It is foolhardy enough to attempt it without using the invigorating little nut. Where it takes eight Brazilian negroes to carry a load with ease, four African porters carry it cheerfully along, singing as if each muscular exertion was exhilarating joy." Where kola-carriers were employed in unloading vessels they are always given twice the pay received by their competitors who donot use the nut. There are hopes that this latter class, the majority of whom refuse to eat it because of a belief that the devil originated the nut for the special use of those he desired to have as laborers in his vineyard, the Lagos, which is the great export center for the kola nut, trade, the tree is called the "devil tree" and the nuts by a name which signifies "devil seed." Although the people of Lagos earn all their ready money by cutting and shipping the kola nut to Bahia and other ports, the forests of the province would put one of them in his mouth for a thousand years. The trees are only cultivated at a certain time, and then the nuts are gathered except at night during full moon. In fact the growers of kola nuts hold their "devil bush" and its "hell seed" in great awe. Scientific experts sent out by the British government to inquire into the facts concerning the tree and its curious fruit declare that the kola nut is entirely free from deleterious ingredients, that it is unintoxicating quenches thirst, acts as a nutritive but is not strictly a stimulant. It is a curious and interesting fact that during the summer, he may be judged from the above account of its properties and native superstitions concerning it.

Too Eager By Far.

"Miss Isabel," began the youth nervously, "do you play the guitar?"

"No," replied the maiden. "I never tried to learn it."

"Mandolin?"

"I detest the mandolin."

"Can—can you do fancy needlework?"

"Not at all. Fancy needlework is a trade!"

"Are you a stamp collector?"

"I have no fads, Mr. Spoonamore."

"Well—but, Mr.—you can cook?"

"Oh, yes, almost any kind of cooking."

"Bread, for instance?"

"My bread has taken the premium at more than one fair."

"I—I—you—can you darn stockings?"

"I can."

"Sew on buttons?"

"To be sure?"

"Keep a house clean and neat?"

"My dear sir, I do most of our own housekeeping."

"Miss Isabel," said the young man eagerly, "will you marry me?"

"I will not, Mr. Spoonamore. I fear I would not suit you. I can't chop wood nor spade up a garden. Our kitchen girl Betty, though, is said to be a suitable wife for you. Shall I go and send her in?"—Chicago Tribune.

A Huge Egg.

A great rarity, in the shape of an Epyornis egg, has been exhibited at the Zoological society, London. This huge egg is as nearly as possible a foot long, the specific gravity of which is raised at about 6000 so that it rivals the egg of the great auk, which fetches such fancy prices. The eggs are occasionally found in Madagascar, but only a few of them have ever turned up. The bird which laid them is only imperfectly known, from fragments.

The Esquimaux Boat.

The Esquimaux when he goes fishing uses a long-looking boat made of sealskins stretched over wooden frame. He calls this craft a kayak. On the upper side of the kayak, directly in the middle, is an opening through which the fisherman climbs into the boat, wrapping himself up in a flap of seal skin, which he laces tightly over the opening so as to keep out the water.

Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

Faith makes men work.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Dollars rule their owners.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

A good mother is a beautiful woman.

Scurvy and scorbutic affections, pimples, and blotches on the skin are caused by impure blood which Beecham's Pills cure.

Full correct in make empty ballot boxes.

J. A. JOHNSON, Medina, N.Y., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

What penuriousness in politicks that makes parties proud.

NO KNIFE.

Or scissors, no strangulation by ligature or cauterizing with red-hot iron, or fiery caustic application is using Hill's Pain Pomade, which is a positive cure for piles. Pomade relief or no pay. Try it to-night. At all druggists.

"A little whitewash now and then is related by the best of men in politicks.

Low Rate Harvest Excursions.

The announcement that the North-Western Line, comprising over 8,000 miles of thoroughly equipped railway, has arranged to run two low rate Harvest Excursions during the months of August and September, will be gladly received by those who are interested in the development of the great West and North-west, as well as by those who desire to visit this wonderfully productive region at a season of the year when the most demonstration can be made of the merits and advantages it offers to home-seekers and those in search of safe and profitable investments.

These excursions will leave Chicago on August 30th and Sept. 27th, and tickets can be purchased at the very low rate of one fare for the round trip to points in Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Nebraska, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho and Montana. Over 1,000 miles of railway are in every particular and will be good for return passage at any time within twenty days from date of purchase. Full information concerning rates and arrangements for these excursions can be obtained upon application to any Ticket Agent, or to W. A. Thrall, G. P. T. A., Chicago & North-Western Ry., Chicago.

A Great Rock Island Route.

Only one night out from Chicago to Denver Portion of Colorado Springs if you take the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Limited. "Just think of it!" Leave Chicago 4.30 p. m. and arrive Colorado Springs and Denver at 8 o'clock. This train runs daily and carries Dining Car. Investigate.

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. T. & P. A. Chicago.

Shadows Lengthen

and August's hot days and variable nights produce Coughs, Colds and sore throat in worst forms. Nothing more distressing and difficult to cure than hay fever. Dr. Hoxsey's Cuticia Cough Cure will relieve promptly and speedily. Price 50 cents. At druggists or by mail, Dr. Hoxsey's Cuticia Cough Cure, Detroit, Mich. A. F. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y., agent.

Cooks, more than kings have made men better.

Hotel Glenham,

I can attest to the efficacy of Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills—not only using them myself, but having given them to several of my friends, all of whom have been materially benefited by them. For cases of Dyspepsia and Torpid Liver I consider them invaluable.

Proprietor Hotel Glenham, New York.
Write Dr. J. A. Deane & Co. Catskill, N. Y.

Man's ambition is the teterboard of hope and fear.

HILL'S S. S. & S. OINTMENT

Cures Salt-Rheum, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Eczema, Sores and Ulcers. Price 50c. Satisfaction or no pay. At all druggists. 25c.

It isn't the words of a prayer that reaches Heaven.

"Great Rock Island Route."

Are you a busy business man? And must make a trip to Denver or Colorado Springs? If so, call for the "Big Five" on the C. R. I. & P. Ry. leaves Chicago daily at 4.30 p. m. You reach Denver and back in three days by this train and have one whole day (12 hr. a. m. to 12 hr. p. m.) in Denver. Investigate.

JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. T. & P. A., Chicago.

That's fools to find fault with the wisest legislation.

The Only one Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word.

There is a 5-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one. The name of the true of each new one appearing each week. From the 1st to the 30th of June the 30 new house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you Book, Beautiful Lithographs on Samples Free.

Great Rock Island Route.

Only one night out from Chicago to Denver Portion of Colorado Springs if you take the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Limited. "Just think of it!" Leave Chicago 4.30 p. m. and arrive Colorado Springs and Denver at 8 o'clock. This train runs daily and carries Dining Car. Investigate.

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Girls Who Have Push

Our 28-page handsome illustrated booklet

sent free on receipt of address

Girls who Love MUSIC and ART

and would like to know how to secure complete educations under the best masters

FREE OF COST

should send for it.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL
Philadelphia

AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT LAXATIVE

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND KNOW IT'S BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and bowels, but has a full purgative effect. I drink it made from herbs, and is prepared for use in a moment. Ladies use it.

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1 a package. If your druggist hasn't it, send to Lane's Medicine Co., the lowest-priced and best laxative known.

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Greatest Industry, Michigan

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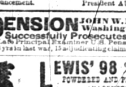

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POWDERED AND PERFUMED
Will make the finest perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. Directions with every can. For sale by grocers. Sold everywhere. Ask your grocer for it. Take no substitute. Lewis' Lye is the only kind that can be used for making Hard Soap by the Cold Process