Spring Medicine

Your blood in Spring is almost certain to be full of impurities—the accumulation of the winter months. Bad ventilation of sleeping rooms, impure air in dwellings, factories and shops, overeating, heavy, improper foods, failure of the kidneys and liver properly to do extra work thus thrust upon them, are the prime causes of this condition. It is of the utmost importance that you

Purify Your Blood

Now, as when warmer weather comes and the tonic effect of cold bracing air is gone, your weak, thin, impure blood will not furnish necessary strength. That tired feeling, loss of appetite, will open the way for serious disease, ruined health, or breaking out of humors and impurities. To make sure, rich, red blood, Hood's Sarsaparilla stands unequalled. Thousands testify to its merits. Millions take it as their Spring Medicine. Get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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

Do not drudge like a galley slave, nor do business in such a laborious way as if you had a mind to be pilled or roasted at.—Marcus Aurelius.

Half Fare to Virginia and Carolina.

On May 5 homeseekers' excursion tickets will be sold from all points in the West and Northwest over the "Big Four Route" and Chesapeake & Ohio Ry. to Virginia and North Carolina at one fare for the round trip. Settlers looking for a home in the South can do no better than in Virginia. There they have cheap farm lands, no blizzards, no cyclones, mild winters, never failing crops, cheap transportation and the best markets. Send for free descriptive pamphlet, excursion rates and time folders. U. L. Truitt, N.W.P.A., 234 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

A man's domestic relations do not trouble him as much as the relations of his domestics.

Cheap Excursions to the West and Northwest.

On May 5, 1896, the North-Western Line (Chicago & North-Western Railway) will sell Homeseekers' excursion tickets at very low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota, including the famous Black Hills district. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines or address W. B. Kniskern, G. P. & T. A., Chicago, Ill.

The manufactured product of Great Britain amounts to about £1,000,000,000 a year.

All About Western Farm Lands.

The "Corn Belt" is the name of an illustrated monthly newspaper published by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy R. R. It aims to give information in an interesting way about the farm lands of the west. Send 25 cents in postage stamps to the Corn Belt, 209 Adams St., Chicago, and the paper will be sent to your address for one year.

Human nature on the throne, is no better than human nature in the gutter.

About the easiest lumber jobs which a child can be cast is rapidly prosperity.

The Unscrupulous Merchant

who tries to make you believe some other skirt binding is as good as

S·H & M·

BIAS VELVETEEN TRADE MARK.

Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding

should be taught a lesson—buy it elsewhere.

Look for "S. H. & M." on the Label.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Send for samples showing binding and materials in the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 989, New York City.

DROPSY

TREATED FREE.

Positively Cured with Vegetable Remedies

Have cured thousands of cases, Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in few days at least two-thirds of symptoms removed. Send for free book containing testimonials cures. Ten days treatment free by mail. If you order trial send 10c in stamps to pay postage. Dr. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial, return this advertisement to us.

SWAMP ROOT The Great KIDNEY, LIVER & BLADDER CURE. All Druggists, 50c. & $1. Consult Pamphlet free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

• WALL PAPER FREE •

Would be dearer than ALABASTINE, which does not require to be taken off to renew, deter and harbor germs, but destroys them, and any one can brush it on. Sold by all paint dealers. Write for card with samples.

ALABASTINE CO., Grand Rapids, Mich.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

W. L. DOUGLAS $3. SHOE BEST IN THE WORLD.

If you pay $4 to $6 for shoes examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for

$3. OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and sell more $3 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Take no other if you can get these. $4, $3.50, $2.50, $2.25 shoes, $2.00, $2 and $1.75 for boys.

SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclose price and 25c for postage to pay carriage. State kind, style of toe (if cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fit your feet. Send for our illustrated Catalogue to Box R.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

PISO'S CURE FOR Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 cts. CONSUMPTION

THE MARTYRDOM OF LOVE.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED.)

"And you protected her? You gave her money and took her to a place of safety?" said Trevlyn, anxiously.

"Of course. As I should have done by any other lady—but more especially for her. I took her to a hotel, and on the morrow saw her start on her journey. I would have gone with her, but she declined my escort."

"O, I thank you—I thank you so much! I shall be your friend always for that. You will tell me where she is?"

"No. I cannot."

"Cannot! Does that imply that you will not?"

"It does."

"Then you know her present place of sojourn?"

"I do. But she does not desire the knowledge to become general. I have pledged my word to her not to reveal it. Neither is it best for you to know."

"You are right. It is not. I might be unable to hinder myself from seeing her. And that could do no good. I know that she is innocent. That shall suffice me. Only tell me she is well, and agreeably situated."

"She is both. More, I think she is at peace. She is with those who love her."

"I thank you for bearing with me. I shall be happier for knowing she was not false to me. Whatever might have caused her to break the engagement, it was not because she loved another. Good night, Mr. Castrani."

He wrung the hand of the Cuban warmly and departed.

CHAPTER XX.

IT WAS an afternoon in May. Everything went without was smiling and at rest, but Mrs. Trevlyn was cross and out of humor. Perhaps any lady will say that she had sufficient reason. Everything had gone wrong. The cook was sick and the dinner a failure; her dressmaker had disappointed her in not finishing her dress for the great ball at Mrs. Fitz Noodle's, that evening, and Archie, her maid, was down with one of her nervous headaches, and she would be obliged to send for a hard-dresser.—1

Louis Castrani was a guest in the house, by Archer's invitation—for the two gentlemen had become friends, warmly attached to each other, and Mrs. Trevlyn could not but feel irritated over the unfortunate condition of her cuisine.

She was looking very cross, as she sat in the back parlor, adjoining the tastful little morning room, where she spent most of her time, and where the gentlemen were in the habit of taking their books and newspapers when they desired it quiet. If she had known that Mr. Castrani was at that moment lying on the lounge in the morning room, the door of which was slightly ajar, she might just have dismissed that unbecoming frown and put her troubles aside" Mr Trevlyn entered, just as she had for the twentieth time that day arrived at the conclusion that she was the most sorely afflicted woman in the world, and his first words did not tend to give her any consolation.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Trevlyn, that I am to be deprived of the privilege of attending the ball to-night. It is particularly annoying."

"What do you mean, Mr. Trevlyn."

"I am obliged to go to Philadelphia on important business, and must leave in this evening's train. I did not know of the necessity until a few hours ago."

Mrs. Trevlyn was just in the state to be wrought up by trifles.

"Always business," she exclaimed petulently. "I am sick of the word."

"Business before pleasure, Mrs. Trevlyn. But, really, this is an important affair. It is connected with the house of Renshaw & Selwyn, which went under last week. The firm were under obligations to—"

"Don't talk business to me, Mr. Trevlyn. I do not understand such things."

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"Don't talk business to me, Mr. Trevlyn. I do not understand such things."

"Neither do I desire to. I only hope it is business you are going for."

Mr. Trevlyn looked at her in some surprise.

"You only hope it is business?" he said, inquiringly. "I do not comprehend."

"I might have said that I hoped it was not a woman who called you from my wife."

The moment the words were spoken she repented their utterance, but the mischief was already done.

"Mrs. Trevlyn, I shall request you to unsay that insinuation contained in your words. They are unworthy of you and a shame to me."

"And I shall decline to unsay them. I dare affirm they are true enough."

"What do you mean, madam? I am, I trust, a man of honor. You are my wife, and I am true to you. I never loved but one woman, and she is dead to me."

The allusion to the old love was extremely unfortunate just at this time. For Mrs. Trevlyn was just sore enough to be deeply wounded at any sharp enough to throw back taunt for taunt.

"A man of honor!" she ejaculated scornfully. "Honor, forsooth! Archer Trevlyn, do you call yourself a man?"

"I do; and I defy any man living to prove the contrary" answered Archer, proudly.

"You defy any man! Do you also defy any woman? Tell me, if you can, whose glove this is!" and she pulled from her bosom the blood-stained glove, and held it up before him.

He looked at it, flushed crimson and trembled perceptibly. She laughed scornfully.

"Archer Trevlyn, your guilt is known to me! It has been known to me ever since the fatal night on which Paul Linmere met his death. I was there that night, by the lonely graveyard. I saw you kiss her hand! I heard the dreadful blow, listened to the smothered groan, and saw through the gloom the guilty murderer as he fled from the scene of crime. When the victim was discovered, I went first, because I feared he might have left behind something that might fix his identity—and so he had. This glove I found lying upon the ground, by the side of the wretched victim—marked with the name of the murderer, stained with the blood of the murdered! I hid it away. I would have died sooner than it should have been torn from me, because I was foolish enough to love this man, whose hand was red with murder! Archer Trevlyn, you took the life of Paul Linmere, and thus removed the last obstacle that stood between you and Margaret Harrison!"

Trevlyn's face had grown white as death while she had been speaking, but it was more like the white heat of passion, than like the pallor of detected guilt. His rigid lips were stern and pale; his dark eyes fairly shot lightnings. He looked at his wife as though he would read her very soul.

"Alexandrine!" he said, hoarsely, "you believed this of me? You deemed me guilty of the crime of murder, and yet married me?"

"Yes, I married you. I was not so conscientious as your saintly Margaret. She would not marry a man who had shed blood—even though he had done it for love of her!"

Trevlyn caught her arm fiercely.

"Madam, do you mean to say this shameful story ever came to the ears of Margie Harrison?"

"Yes, she knew it. I told it to her myself. Kill me if you like," she added, seeing a fearful face; "it will not be your first crime!"

He forced himself to be calm.

"When did you make this revelation to Margaret?"

"The night before she left New York—the night she was to have gone to the opera with you. I deemed it my duty. I did not do it to separate you, though I am willing to confess I desired you to be separated. I knew that Margaret would sooner die than marry you, if the knowledge of your crime was possessed by her."

"And she—Margaret—believed me guilty?"

"Why should she not? Any jury of twelve impartial men would have complimented you on the evidence I could have brought. You were in love with Miss Harrison. She was under a solemn obligation to marry Mr. Linmere—yet she loved you. Nothing save his death could release her. You were then, at night, in a lonely graveyard where none of your kin were slumbering. There, at that hour, the murder was done, and after its commission, you stole forth silently, guiltily. By the side of the murdered man was found your glove, stained with the blood; and a little way from the dead body a handkerchief bearing the single initial 'A.' Whose name commences with that, letter? Could anything be fearful or more conclusive?"

"And you believe me guilty?"

"I do."

He took a step toward her. She never forgot the dreadful look upon his face.

"I scorn to make any explanation, I might, perhaps, clear myself of this foul accusation, but I will make no effort to do so. Let the consequence be, I live beneath the same roof with the woman who believed me guilty of murder, and yet sunk herself so low as to become my wife."

"As you please," she said, defiantly. "I should be quite as happy were it so."

He bowed coldly, courteously—went out, and closed the door behind him. The sound struck to the heart of his wife like a knell. She staggered back, and fell upon a chair.

Had she been mad? She had sounded and maddened him beyond all hope of pardon—him, whom in spite of everything, she held more precious than the whole world! She had lost his respect—lost forever all chance of winning his love. And she had sought cherished the sweet hope that sometime he might forget the old dream, and turn to the new reality. But it was lost!

She went up to her chamber, and locking the door, threw herself, dressed as she was, on the bed. How long must this continue? How long would he remain away? His business would not, probably, keep him more than a few days, and then, surely, he would return. And she would throw herself at his feet, acknowledge her fault and plead—yes, beg for his forgiveness. Anything, only to have peace between them once more!

She could not write to him, for she knew not left his address. The next morning, she went down to the store, but they knew nothing of his destination, or his probable time of absence. So all she could do was to return home and wait.

A week passed—ten days—and still he did not return, and no tidings of him had reached his agonized wife.

CHAPTER XXI.

LOUIS CASTRANI received one day an urgent summons to Boston. It was the very day following that on which he had been an unwilling listener to the difficulty between Mr and Mrs Trevlyn. He knew from whom the summons came. Once before he had been suddenly called in like manner.

A wretched woman she was now—but once the belle and beauty of the fair Cuban town where Castrani's childhood and youth had been spent. She had been a beautiful orphan adopted by his parents, and brought up almost as his sister.

She welcomed him brokenly, her eyes lighting up with the pleasure of seeing him—and then the light faded away, leaving her even more ghastly than before.

"They tell me I am dying," she said, hoarsely. "Do you think so?"

He smoothed back the hair on the forehead—damp already with the dews of death. His look assured her better than the words he could not bring himself to speak.

"My poor Arabel."

"Arabel! Who calls me Arabel?" she asked, dreamily. "I have not heard that name since he spoke it! What a sweet voice he had! O, so sweet!—but falser than Satan! O, Louis, Louis! if we could go back to the old days among the orange groves, before I sinned—when we were innocent little children!"

"It is all over now, Arabel. You were tempted, but God is good to forgive if repentance is sincere."

"O! I have repented! I have, indeed! And I have prayed as well as I knew how. But my crimes are so fearful! You are sure that Christ is very merciful?"

"Very merciful, Arabel!"

She clasped her hands, and her pale lips moved in prayer, though there was no audible word.

"Let me hold your hand, Louis. It gives me strength. And you were always a friend, so true and sincere. How happy we were in those olden old days—you, and Inez and I! Ah, Inez—Inez! She died in her sweet innocence, loving and beloved—died by violence; but she never lived to suffer from the falsity of those she loved! Well, she is in paradise—God rest her!"

The dark eyes of Castrani grew moist. There arose before him a picture of the fair young girl he had loved—the gentle-eyed Inez—the confiding young thing he was to have married, had not the hand of a cruel jealousy cut short her brief existence. Arabel saw his emotion, and pressed his hand in hers, so cold and icy.

"You have suffered also, Louis, but not as I have suffered—O, no! O, the days before he came—he, the destroyer! What a handsome face he had, and how he flattered me! Flattered my foolish pride, until, deserting home and friends, I fled with him across the seas! To Paris—beautiful, frivolous, crime-imbued Paris! I am so faint and tired, Louis! Give me a drink from the wineglass."

He put it to her lips; she swallowed greedily, and resumed:

"I have written out my history fully. Why, I hardly know, for there are none but you, Louis, who will feel an interest in the poor outcast. But something has impelled me to write it, and when I am dead you will find it there in that desk, sealed and directed to yourself. Maybe you will never open it, for if my strength does not desert me, I shall tell you all that you will care to know, with my own lips. I want to watch your face as I go on and see if you condemn me. You are sure God is more merciful than man?"

"In His word it is written, Arabel."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A PASSION FOR ATHLETICS.

It Infected All Classes Among the Ancient Greeks.

How many pilgrims there were in all, of course, difficult to estimate. The seats of the Stadium would have provided for some forty thousand, and though only men were admitted, it was often difficult to find a place. It was natural that so large and varied an assemblage should have furnished some of the features of a great fair or exposition. Merchants found a ready sale for their wares, and there were side shows for the amusement and instruction of the people. Poets recited their latest productions, historians read their chronicles, and philosophers discoursed upon nature and the unseen world. Such a gathering could not but have a powerful effect in strengthening the unity of a people scattered far and wide over the ancient world. Here they worshipped a common divinity, and recognized in one another members of the same race.

But the chief, absorbing interest of the festival was in the athletic games. Lucian, in his "Anacharsis," well expresses the passion for these contests. The Scythian Anacharsis expressed his surprise that the best people of Greece could divert themselves in seeing men batter each other with blows, and throw each other to the ground, and even kill each other. To which Solon replied: "Were we present at the Olympic, Isthmian, or Panathenaic games, you would see in what took place that we were not wrong in being so keen for these spectacles. I could not, on my honor, describe the delight of the pleasure of being seated in the midst of an enthusiastic audience and of seeing the bravery of the athletes, the beauty of their bodies, their admirable poise, their marvelous agility, their indefatigable force, their daring, their rivalry, their invincible courage' their incessant efforts for victory. I am sure that you would stand amazed at them and not cease to shower them with praise."—The Old Olympic Games," by Prof. Allan Marquand, in the Century.

Beauty Is as Beauty Does.

"You think the Ugly Duckling never becomes a swan?" writes Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal. "Rachel, who was said to have had the most expressive face of any woman in the century, and to have been the most grateful, was counted by her family as an exceedingly ugly child. She adored beauty, and in one of her letters that suddenly one day after looking at herself, she made up her mind that she would be charming. And she said, 'I studied every hour of my life to be ugly no longer.' History tells how she succeeded. Adelina Patti was the Ugly Duckling, it being thought by her parents that her sister, Carlotta, was the beauty. Mary Anderson, the ideal, classical beauty of the last two decades, was considered in her own home an awkward, ordinary-looking girl, rather quiet, for she spent most of her time reading Shakespeare. George Eliot never became a beauty, but she forced those people who despised her lack of attraction as a child to recognize the great genius of the woman. The old mammies down South always scorned a pretty baby, and, oddly enough, there is wisdom in this."

A New Idea.

In order to get new ideas it is sometimes necessary to seek the most out of the way places for them. A method of educating children in vogue among the Pattanas of Peshawar is certainly original. The mothers pray daily that their children may grow up and be successful thieves. Education along this line is considered of second importance to only one thing—physical strength. Travelers who have been to Peshawar bear witness to the efficacy of this method of educating the young.

R. W. Emerson.

The first article of Emerson's religion was the sacredness of mind in the universe, and his second article was the fact of man's relationship to the original Mind from whom man derives all his intellectual character, virtues, aspirations. A more devout believer in God never breathed. His God consciousness was the foundation of his faith and of his life.—Rev. W. A. Martin.

Left Only the House.

Burglars carried off every article of furniture, including eight bedsteads, from a summer residence at Windham, Maine, some time during the past month. The owner is inclined to think that if he hadn't happened to pay an unexpected visit to this property the thieves would have persevered and taken the house, too.

Knew What They Were Buying.

At a recent sale of articles lost on the "L" trains in New York 379 pocketbooks with their contents were disposed of for less than a dollar each. They must have showed on the face of them that they belonged to women shoppers.

Valuable Halter.

In a western Kansas town recently a man advertised a horse for sale: "Horse with halter, $5; horse without halter, 60 cents."

HUMORISTS' CORNER.

FLESH-GIVING JOKES FOR OUR LEANER READERS.

"Beware," a Poem of Love—The Effect of Hard Times in Corktown—Necessity the Mother of Invention—Flotsam and Jetsam From the Tide.

THE witchery
of her eyes!
Tempting eyes,
Laughing eyes!
Laughing when her
heart sees
cries,
Never known to
moralize,
Sometimes sad, yet
ever wise,
Ready ever to sym-
pathize—
But 'tis only in her eyes.

Oh the coquetry of her eyes!
Shocking eyes,
Mocking eyes!
Mocking when your heart replies
To her low and tender sighs—
Sometimes sad, yet ever wise—
Why should man so highly prize
Two such sinful, living lies!
Bertram A. Marlburgh, in Truth.

Merely a Makeshift.

An Irishwoman sent for a lawyer in great haste. She told him to meet her in court, and he hastened thither with all speed. The woman's son was about to be placed on trial for burglary. When the lawyer entered the court the old woman rushed up to him, and in an excited voice said:

"Mr. B., Ol want ye to git a continuance for me b'y. Himmle."

"Very well, madam," replied the lawyer. "I will do so if I can, but it will be necessary to present to the court some grounds for a remand. What shall I say?"

"Shure, ye can jist tell the court that Ol want a continuance till Oi can git a better lawyer to spake for the b'y."

The lawyer dropped the case then and there, and we are not informed of the old lady's next move.—Scottish Nights.

Not in His Line.

"The palmists tell us about the line of life, the line of fate and all other lines," observed Mrs. Morcomb, who was interested in the science, "but the palmist who wrote this book—"

"Have you been buying a book on palmistry?" asked Morcomb.

"Why, yes."

"Had your hand looked at, too, I suppose?"

"I have."

"What did it cost?"

"Only $5."

"Only $5. If ma' what did the palmist say about your line of economy?"

"He didn't say anything. There isn't any such line, is there?"

"If there is," snorted Morcomb, "the palmist never sees it in the hand of anybody who visits him."—Chicago Tribune.

A Hint for the Orchestra.

A newspaper correspondent tells how, when he visited some months ago in small town near Manchester, he came across a portable theater, outside of which was the announcement that the play of Hamlet would that evening be performed. Evening came and the performance commenced. The curtain descended at the conclusion of the first act.

To the surprise of the audiece and mild much laughter, Hamlet popped his head in front of the curtain, and, addressing the orchestra, which consisted of a solitary violin player, exclaimed, in tragic and reproachful tones:

"I told you a flourish of trumpets!"—Weekly Telegraph.

"Only One Girl in the World for Me."

"If my wife comes in here tell her to wait for me, please," said Jones, rushing into the big dry goods store of Smith & Co.

"Yes, but how am I to know who your wife is?" asked the surprised clerk.

"Ah, to be sure," was the reply. "Well, then, don't say anything to her at all. Just detain her till I return," and he rushed out, while the clerk looked longingly at a pile driver across the street.—St. Paul Dispatch.

Let sin Evidence.

"Do you know my wife?"

"No. I have not that pleasure."

"Pleasure? Now I know that you don't know her."—Judge.

The Effect of Hard Times.

The Tall One—And where are your long fine whiskers ye had last week?

The Short One—Whist! be aisy; me wife's new Fr'nch cook needed trimmings. Do you see thim?"—Harper's Weekly.

Necessity the Mother of Invention.

"Hello, there?"

"Hello."

"Is that you, Mesia Casey?"

"It is."

"Wan yes gir t'rough wid yer dressmaker, would yer moind sindin' her acrost the way to me? I want to put a Mary of Midicine collar to my Chriped waist."—Truth.

Out of Stock.

"I understand that you have relics of he war for sale, my little man," said he Northern tourist to the tow-head.

"We did have," replied the boy, "but they have bought us out, an' the swords laddy buried last week won't git rusted fore summer"—Atlanta Constitution.

As a Last Resort.

Weary Watkins—"Good, cold water is the best drink, after all."

Dismal Dawson—"After all the booze I done yes." — Indianapolis Journal.

For Country's Sake.

AN INDIAN FIGHTER SUFFERS AGONIES FROM DYSPEPSIA.

He Was in the Battle With the Apaches When Geronimo Was Captured.

From the Press, New York City.

Worn with the exposure of army life on the frontier, and seduced by the continual drinking of alkali water, Joseph Fleegauf returned to Philadelphia eight years ago, broken down in health and unable to do any work.

He had served three years with the Ninth United States Infantry in many a desperate fight with the Indians in Arizona and other frontier states and had won an enviable record. In the battle, conducted by Geronimo, the famous chief of the Apaches, was captured, Mr. Fleegauf was among the brave soldiers who, forgetful of everything but duty, charged upon the hostile Indians.

Life on the plains sent to an untimely death many soldiers who were never touched by a redskin's bullet or arrow, and Mr. Fleegauf came near such a fate as that. For a long time before he was out he was taken seriously ill, but he stuck to his post until an honorable discharge was finally given to him.

When he reached Philadelphia, the Indian fighter was scarcely more than skin and bones, and for three weeks he lay desperately ill in a hospital. He felt dizzy, and his stomach felt as if it had dried up. These symptoms were accompanied by blood dyspepsia, which no medicine seemed to relieve.

After two years of suffering, Mr. Fleegauf came to New York and was treated by several physicians. These did some good, some calling his disease catarrh of the stomach, and others chronic diarrhoea.

In speaking to a reporter about his illness Mr. Fleegauf said: the doctors tripped him, but, with all the money he spent for advice and medicine, he was able to work about a week out of the time. Since moving to his present home, No. 117 West Forty-second street, in New York, about a year ago, Mr. Fleegauf has been so ill that his voice and hearing almost left him.

Then all medicines failed, and the sick man had little hope of recovery. A friend then told him of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People were recommended to Mr. Fleegauf, and, more as a last hope, he began taking them.

"The beneficial effect of the medicine was felt at once." Mr. Fleegauf told the reporter, "and before I had taken a box I felt better than I had for years. They made me so much better that I began work and have been able to keep at it since, for the past year."

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

Vexation for Bicycle Tourists.

Bicycle tourists from other countries will be compelled on entering Canada to deposit the duty on the value of their wheels. When they leave the country the money will be refunded.

A Poor Students Way.

A poor but intrepid youth in Michigan made his way through college by teaching the other students how to play poker. Where there's a will there's a way.—Ex.

Eczema in any part of the body is instantly relieved and permanently cured by Doan's Ointment. A sovereign remedy for all itchiness of the skin.

The man who champions everybody's cause has so well attended to his part.

Never shirk duty for pleasure. Duty duty and pleasure will be the result.

Are you suffering from rheumatism? Electric Oil has cured thousands of the worst cases of this terrible disease. It only costs 50 cents to try it.

Character is something that other people lives have brought out in us.

The more one uses Parker's Ginger Tonic the more satisfactory it proves to be in curing all complaints, indigestion, pain and every kind of weakness.

Sin in its own clothes would never find a place to stay an night.

Burdock Blood Bitters never fails to cure all impurities of the blood, from a common pimple to the worst scrofula sore.

As a permanent investment nothing pays like doing good.

Walking would I often be a pleasure, were it not for the pain in my corns. Both easily removed by Allcock's Porous Plasters.

The longest way to a man's heart is through his stomach.

My doctor said I would die but Piso's for Consumption compelled my cure! Mrs. Reimer, Cherry Valley, Ill., 1895.

In manners tranquility is the supreme power.

FITS stopped free. Dr. R. Miles' Nervine Restorer. No fits after first day. Marvellous cures. Treatise free. Dr. R. Miles' Nervine, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The head is never responsible for what the heart.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth, Be sure and use Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

A woman has no need for a dumb clapper.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine, Unrivaled for chapped hands, chapped lips, chapped and sore nipples, and for all skin diseases. Ask your druggist for it. Hegeman & Co. Chem. 56 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Senator McMillan's plan to secure an appropriation for a world's fair in the national mint is meeting with opposition. It is claimed that when the militia was first organized it was with the distinct understanding that there should be no expense entailed to the government.

Syrup of Figs

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which prompt and proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to know when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one should consult one of the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed, the universal favorite, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

The Most Successful Medicine in the World for Coughs, Colds, Croup and Whooping Cough.

Bad Colds and LaGrippe Quickly Cured by It.

PNEUMONIA PREVENTED.

The Lives of Many Croupy Children Saved.

Cheap at $10.00 a Bottle—It Costs but 25 and 50 Cents.

Used With Great Success.

BLACK GULCH, Idaho.

I have used Shiloh's Consumption Cure in my family with great success and take pleasure in recommending it, especially for colds and croup.—John S. BLACK, of Black, Page & Co.

La Grippe Promptly Cured.

James Whitcomb, a well known school teacher at Grass Point, Cal., says: "I am very much pleased to testify to the efficacy of Shiloh's Consumption Cure, one bottle of which I purchased from the druggist at this place. It gave me prompt and permanent relief from a severe attack of the grip. Since then I have used it whenever attacked by any throat trouble and it has always effected a prompt cure."

How to Cure a Bad Cold.

I had a bad cold and cough for several months and tried almost everything. Finally, Mr. King, the druggist here, recommended Shiloh's Consumption Cure. A 50 cent bottle cured me entirely.—ANTHONY GREENSTICK, Bed Rock, Ark.

Croup Quickly Cured.

MOUNT CARMEL, DEAR, Lincoln.

Our children were suffering with croup when we received a bottle of Shiloh's Consumption Cure. It afforded almost instant relief.—WM. HONNER.

Used With Good Results.

Having used Shiloh's Consumption Cure in my family for bad colds and coughs with good results, I feel like giving it my recommending it.—A. J. Ives, Thorndale, Ohio.

When troubled with a cough or cold give this remedy a trial. You are certain to be pleased with it, for it is prompt and effectual.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure Is the Best.

I know Shiloh's Consumption Cure is the best. I use no other of my family of six children.—FRANK STONE, Pratt, Kansas.

It Is Splendid.

WESTON, Ill., Dec. 22, 1895.

We have been using Shiloh's Consumption Cure and think it is splendid.—WM. WEAVER & GREEN, Publishers of THE RECORD.

It Saves the Croupy Children.

HAVEN HEAD, VA., June 6, 1895.

We have a splendid sale on Shiloh's Consumption Cure, and our customers coming from far and near, speak of it in the highest terms. Many say their children would have died of croup, if they had not been given this remedy.—THORN & SANDERS.

Cheap at $10.00 per Bottle.

I am satisfied that Shiloh's Consumption Cure saved my boy's life on two different occasions. I would not be without it if it cost $10.00 per bottle.—S. M. Mitchell, Bowie, Texas.

N. B.—Mr. Hodge's son had the croup on the occasions referred to.

Bad Case of La Grippe Quickly Cured.

All Dangerous Consequences Avoided.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure Does the Work.

It Acts Like Magic—Speedy and Permanent Cure the Result.

PNEUMONIA PREVENTED.

A few weeks ago the editor was taken with a very severe cold that caused him to be in a most miserable condition. It was undoubtedly a bad case of la grippe and recognizing it as dangerous he took immediate steps to bring about a speedy cure. From the nature of the case it was necessary to procure the very best and most speedy cure. From the acquaintance of Shiloh's Consumption Cure and the many good recommendations included therein, we concluded to make a first trial of the medicine. To say that it was satisfactory in its results, is putting it very mildly, indeed. It acted like magic and the result was a speedy and permanent cure. We have no hesitancy in recommending this excellent remedy to anyone afflicted with cough or cold in any form. Its use has proved a paying investment—through a thorough and speedy cure—to us, and we are sure all who use it according to directions will find it to be what we claim. Shiloh's remedies are all good—at least that is the reputation they have around here.—The Examiner, Vincent, N. J.

The great danger from the grip as well as a severe cold is from its tendency to result in pneumonia. Shiloh's Consumption Cure prevents this.

The above remedy is manufactured by S. C. Wells, Leroy, N. Y., and sold by Whitehead & Mitchell, Birmingham, Mich.

Reliable Head Ache Cure! Cures While You Wait! A Splitting Head Ache Like Yours!!! is quickly relieved and cured by using Whitehead & Mitchell's "Reliable" Head Ache Cure. When suffering from Neuralgia, Congestion, Nervous or Malarial Headache, and Sick Headache of Delicate Ladies, of Exhaustion, etc., etc., this remedy

Gives Speedy Relief!

10c for Small Package.
25c for Large Boxes.
Free Sample at each Agency.

Whitehead & Mitchell, Mfg. Chemists.

Mitchell's Castorena

HOW IS IT MADE?

It is made in this manner Wormwood, Pumpkin Seed, Senna, Rhubarb, Rochelle Salts, Potassium Bi Carb., Anise, Waterglass and Peppermint all mixed together in the most scientific manner according to therapeutic Thus skillfully combining a preparation we have designed for use by the most careful of children where medicine is needed. Its composition renders it absolutely harmless and our skillful preparing makes it pleasant to take. Contains no opiate and is a certain cure for Fever, Worms, Colic and stomach ache, the many little ailments arising from improper feeding or other causes. Aids digestion, corrects sour stomach, regulates the bowels and allows rest for the child when other means fail. Full directions accompany each bottle. It is undoubtedly the best thing for Infants and Children in the land and we know it to be the best because we have children of our own. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it mothers have a blessing which is absolutely safe, pleasant to take, and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castorena Allays Pain.
Castorena Allays Feverishness.
Castorena is a pleasant tonic.
Castorena Relieves Teething Sore Gums.
Castorena cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
Castorena relieves teething troubles.
Castorena contains no Carbolic Phenol.
Castorena neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castorena does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castorena assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.
Castorena is just as pure as castor oil, and is as safe to use.

We challenge the world to tell you somethinge else on the plan of Castorena. Doctors can't and answer every purpose.

25c per Bottle for a 50c Size.

Whitehead & Mitchell, Mfg. Chemists.

Don't

All to give the best Cough Syrup yet discovered a chance to cure that disagreeable cough, and that is

Mitchell's Compound Syrup of White Pine

The remedy for curing Consumption, Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Croup, Diseases of the Throat, Bronchials, Pains or Oppressions of the Chest or Lungs, Whooping Cough, and all Diseases of the Pulmonary Organs. If you

Read

this you will know that this medicine is composed of the active principles of roots and plants, which are chemically extracted so as to retain all their medicinal properties.

Its action is expectorant, alterative, sudorific, sedative, diaphoretic, and diuretic, which combine to make it the most valuable remedy known for curing diseases of the lungs. It excites expectoration and causes the lungs to throw off the phlegm, changes the secretions and purifies the blood, heals the irritated parts, gives strength to the digestive organs, brings the liver to its proper action, and imparts strength to the whole system. Such is the immediate and satisfactory effect that it is warranted to break up the most distressing Cough in a few days time, if used according to directions. It is warranted to give satisfaction even in the most confirmed case of consumption; it is warranted to contain no opium in any form and will not affect the liquor or produce constipation. It is warranted to be perfectly harmless, the most delicate child, although it is a most safe and powerful remedy for reducing the system.

This

popular and newly discovered remedy is having a wide sale where it is known and satisfaction is guaranteed in every sale. The regular 50c size is sold for 25c. Call for sample bottle. Ask your dealer for it.

Any of the above remedies for sale in Franklin by H. L. Rust & Bingham. Southfield by Chas I. Johnson. North Farmington by O. B. Armstrong. Royal Oak by Jno. Sisson. Big Beaver by L. L. Houghton. Troy P. O. by Jasmine Jarvis. Beddow by J. Beddow. Clawson by F. Goldsmith, P. M. F. Hagerman, Birmingham.

Whitehead & Mitchell, Mfg. Chemists.