ONE MAN'S SUFFERING.

The Trials and Tribulations of a Battle Creek Citizen—How He Comes to Tell This Story.

(From the Battle Creek Moon.)

Among the moulders at the works of the Michigan foundry company can be found Mr. Amos Maynard; he has lived in Battle Creek for over ten years, is honored and respected by all who know him; such is the man who makes this statement, he says: "I have had kidney trouble for years, and it has made my life miserable. The heavy lifting, necessary in my business, made me worse. I have been compelled to lie in bed in a helpless condition for as long as nine days at a time; the greatest pain was from my back, which sometimes felt as though a bayonet was being run through me in the region of my kidneys; many citizens of Battle Creek knew how bad I was. I could not move without the greatest caution, for as soon as I attempted to stoop over, bend to one side, or even turn in bed, the pain was simply unbearable. I wore porous plasters constantly for the little temporary relief they brought me. Whenever I caught the slightest cold it went straight to my kidneys and made me worse. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and got some. I have taken in all four boxes of them, and I now feel as active as ever. A few months ago I would have ridiculed the idea of being cured so quickly, and being able to work as I can now. All the long-standing pains are gone, and the former traces of kidney disorders found in my urine have disappeared. I have recommended Doan's Kidney Pills to many friends who were troubled as I was, and in every case I have learned they proved as beneficial as with me. Doan's Kidney Pills would be cheap to me at almost any price."

For sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name, *Doan's*, and take no other.

A prize was offered several months ago by the publishing department of the United Society of Christian Endeavor for the best Christian Endeavor day exercise. It has been awarded to Rev. J. H. Bomberger, president of the Ohio Christian Endeavor Union, whose exercise, "Cardinal Points of Christian Endeavor," will be used by many hundreds of Christian Endeavor societies in celebration of the 2d of February.

209 BUS. OATS, 173 BUS. BARLEY.

M. M. Luther, East Troy, Pa., grew 209 bushels Salzer's Silver Mine Oats, and John Breider, Mishicott, Wis., 173 bushels Silver King Barley per acre. Don't you believe it? Write them!

Fodder plants as rape, teosinte, vetch, spurry, clovers, grasses, etc., in endless varieties, potatoes at $1:50 a barrel. Salzer's seeds are bred to big yields. America's greatest seed catalogue and 12 farm seed samples are sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 10 cents stamps, worth $10, to get a start. w.n.

Tenderfoot Dentist—Why, somebody has simply drilled your teeth without filling them! Pizenwood Pete—That's right, pard. Tenderfoot Dentist—Wh—what—was the matter? Pizenwood Pete—Yer sev, I can't keep f'um shootin' ever' time a nerve's teched!—Chicago Record.

Homeseekers' Excursions at Half Rates

Via the Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route to points in the west and southwest. Tickets on sale Tuesdays: March 2d and 16th, April 6th and 20th, and May 4th and 18th. For descriptive and illustrated pamphlets of the different states, time and map folders, address H. C. Townsend, Gen. Passenger Agent, St. Louis, Mo.

Its Sad Remarks.

"Do you believe that money talks?"
"Certainly."
"What did it ever say to you?"
"It said: 'Ta, ta.'"—Up-to-Date.

"WORN OUT."

A COMMON EXPRESSION USED BY AMERICAN WOMEN.

Many do not Realize the Full Significance of Those Two Words.

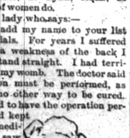
When a woman is nervous and irritable, head and back ache, feels tired all the time, loses sleep and appetite, has pains in groins, bearing-down sensation, whites and irregularities, she is not "worn out," but feels as if she were.

Such symptoms tell her that a womb trouble is imminent, and she cannot act too promptly if she values her future comfort and happiness.

The experience and testimony of some of the most noted women of America, go to prove beyond a question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition. If in doubt, write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., as thousands of women do.

Here is a lady who says:—

"Let me add my name to your list of testimonials. For years I suffered with such a weakness of the back I could not stand straight. I had terrible pains in my womb. The doctor said an operation must be performed, as there was no other way to be cured. I was afraid to have the operation performed, and kept trying the medicines that I saw advertised. At last I tried yours. After taking three bottles I felt like a new woman. I recommend it



to every woman, and cannot praise it enough, for it saved me from the surgeon's knife."—Mrs. Mark Buch, Dolgeville, N. Y.

Only stupid people complain of hard work smart people never overwork themselves.

THE TREASURE OF FRANCHARD.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

"Truly," replied the Doctor with a shrug, "you have your finger on the hitch. He will be strikingly antipathetic to my beautiful Anastasie. She will never understand him; he will never understand her. You married the animal side of my nature, dear; and it is on the spiritual side that I find my affinity in Jean-Marie. So much so, that, to be perfectly frank, I stand in some awe of him myself. You will easily perceive that I am announcing a calamity for you. Do not," he broke out in tones of real solicitude—"do not give way to tears after a meal, Anastasie. You will certainly give yourself a false digestion."

Anastasie controlled herself. "You know how willing I am to humor you," she said, "in all reasonable matters. But on this point—"

"My dear love," interrupted the Doctor, eager to prevent a refusal, "who wished to leave Paris? who made me give up cards, and the opera, and the boulevard, and my social relations, and all that was my life before I knew you? Have I been faithful? Have I been obedient? Have I not borne my doom with cheerfulness? In all honesty, Anastasie, have I not a right to a stipulation on my side? I have, and you know it. I stipulate my son."

Anastasie was aware of defeat: she struck her colors instantly. "You will break my heart," she sighed.

"Not in the least," said he. "You will feel a trifling inconvenience for a month just as I did when I was first brought to this vile hamlet; then your admirable sense and temper will prevail, and I see you already as content as ever, and making your husband the happiest of men."

"You know I can refuse you nothing," she said, with a last flicker of resistance.

"I think not," replied the Doctor. "But do not suppose me so unwary as to adopt him out of hand. I am, I flatter myself, a finished man of the world; I have had all possibilities in view; my plan is contrived to meet them all. I take the lad as stable boy. If he pilfer, grumble, if he desire to change, I shall see I was mistaken; I shall recognize him for no son of mine, and send him tramping."

"You will never do so when the time comes," said his wife; "I know your good heart."

She reached out her hand to him, with a sigh; the Doctor smiled as he took it and carried it to his lips; he had gained his point with greater ease than he had dared to hope; for perhaps the twentieth time he had proved the efficacy of his trusty argument, his Excalibur, the hint of a return to Paris. Six months in the capital, for a man of the doctor's antecedents and relations, implied no less a calamity than total ruin. Anastasie had saved the remainder of his fortune by keeping him strictly in the country. The very name of Paris put her in a blue fear; and she would have allowed her husband to keep a menagerie in the back garden, let alone adopting a stable-boy, rather than permit the question of return to be discussed.

CHAPTER IV.

About four of the afternoon, the mountebank rendered up his ghost; he had never been conscious since his seizure. Doctor Desprez was present at his last passage, and declared the farce over. Then he took Jean-Marie by the shoulder and led him out into the inn garden where there was a convenient bench beside the river. Here he sat him down and made the boy place himself on his left.

"Jean-Marie," he said, very gravely, "this world is exceedingly vast; and even France, which is only a small corner of it, is a great place for a little lad like you. Unfortunately it is full of eager, shouldering people moving on; and there are very few bakers' shops for so many eaters. Your master is dead; you are not fit to gain a living by yourself; you do not wish to steal? No. Your situation then is undesirable; it is, for the moment, critical. On the other hand, you behold in me a man not old, though elderly, still enjoying the youth of the heart and the intelligence; a man of instruction; easily situated in this world's affairs; keeping a good table—a man, neither as friend nor host, to be despised. I offer you your food and clothes, and to teach you lessons in the evening, which will be infinitely more to the purpose for a lad of your stamp than those of all the priests in Europe. I propose no wages, but if ever you take a thought to leave me, the door shall be open, and I will give you a hundred francs to start the world upon. In return, I have an old horse and chaise, which you would very speedily learn to clean and keep in order. Do not hurry yourself to answer, and take it or leave it as you judge aright. Only remember this, that I am no sentimentalist or charitable person, but a man who lives rigorously to himself, and that if I make the proposal, it is for my own ends—it is because I perceive clearly an advantage to myself. And now, reflect."

"I shall be very glad. I do not see what else I can do. I thank you, sir, most kindly, and I will try to be useful," said the boy.

"Thank you," said the Doctor warmly, rising at the same time and wiping his brow, for he had suffered agonies while the thing hung in the wind. A refusal, after the scene at noon, would have placed him in a ridiculous light before Anastasie. "How hot and heavy is the evening, to be sure! I have always had a fancy to be a fish in summer, Jean-Marie, here in the Loing beside Gretz. I should lie under a water-lily and listen to the bells, which must sound most delicately down below. That would be a life—do you not think so, too?"

"Yes," said Jean-Marie.

"Thank God, you have imagination!" cried the Doctor, embracing the boy with his usual effusive warmth, though it was a proceeding that seemed to disconcert the sufferer almost as much as if he had been an English schoolboy of the same age. "And now," he added, "I will take you to my wife."

Madame Desprez sat in the dining-room, in a cool wrapper. All the blinds were down, and the tile floor had been recently sprinkled with water; her eyes were half shut, but she affected to be reading a novel as they entered. Though she was a bustling woman, she enjoyed repose between whiles and had a remarkable appetite for sleep.

The Doctor went through a solemn form of introduction, adding, for the benefit of both parties. "You must try to like each other for my sake."

"He is very pretty," said Anastasie. "Will you kiss me, my pretty little fellow?"

The Doctor was furious, and dragged her into the passage. "Are you a fool, Anastasie?" he said. "What is all this I hear about the tact of women? Heaven knows, I have not met with it in my experience. You address my little philosopher as if he were an infant. He must be spoken to with more respect, I tell you; he must not be kissed and Georgy-porgy'd like an ordinary child."

"I only did it to please you, I am sure," replied Anastasie; "but I will try to do better."

The Doctor apologized for his warmth. "But I do wish him," he continued, "to feel at home among us. And really your conduct was so idiotic, my cherished one, and so utterly and distantly out of place, that a saint might have been pardoned a little vehemence in disapproval. Do, do try—if it is possible for a woman to understand young people—but of course it is not, and I waste my breath. Hold your tongue as much as possible at least, and observe my conduct narrowly; it will serve you for a model."

Anastasie did as she was bidden, and considered the Doctor's behavior. She observed that he embraced the boy three times in the course of the evening, and managed generally to confound and abash the little fellow out of speech and appetite. But she had the true womanly heroism in little affairs. Not only did she refrain from the cheap revenge of exposing the Doctor's errors to himself, but she did her best to remove their ill-effect on Jean-Marie. When Desprez went out for his last breath of air before retiring for the night, she came over to the boy's side and took his hand.

"You must not be surprised or frightened by my husband's manners," she said. "He is the kindest of men, but so clever that he is sometimes difficult to understand. You will soon grow used to him, and then you will love him, for that nobody can help. As for me, you may be sure, I shall try to make you happy, and shall not bother you at all. I think we should be excellent friends, you and I. I am not clever, but I am very good-natured. Will you give me a kiss?"

He held up his face, and she took him in her arms and then began to cry. The woman had spoken in complaisance; but she had warmed to her own words, and tenderness followed. The Doctor, entering, found them enlaced; he concluded that his wife was in fault; and he was just beginning, in an awful voice, "Anastasie——," when she looked up at him, smiling, with an upraised finger; and he held his peace, wondering, while she led the boy to his attic.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TOOK HIM IN HER ARMS.

THE SAUSAGE AS A GUN.

When It Cracked the Robber Thought It Was a Weapon and Fled.

McNab was the hero of a hair-breath escape. It was in Canada where McNab, a brawny Scotchman, was a colporteur. He was riding through a forest unarmed. He had a package of bibles on one side of his saddle, and on the other a string of frozen sausages which were to be thawed and cooked for his breakfast. A highwayman stopped McNab's reflections and his progress at the same time. The Scotchman was frightened. He had a little money in his boot, and he leaned over to remove the boot and satisfy the demand of the robber. His hand struck against the frozen sausages. He bethought himself of these. Perhaps they would be accepted instead of money. He broke one of them in two, and was about to offer half of it to the highwayman when suddenly he found himself alone, and heard the clatter of a horse's rapidly retreating hoofs. The robber had mistaken the cracking of the sausage for the cocking of a pistol and had fled.

NAPOLEON LEARNS BUSINESS.

Indifferent About Letting His Subordinates See His Ignorance.

A few days after the thirteenth vendemaire I happened to be at the office of the general staff in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, when Gen. Bonaparte, who was lodging in the house, came in, says the "Memoirs of Baron Thiebault." I can still see his little hat, surmounted by a chance plume badly fastened on; his tri-color sash more than carelessly tied, his coat cut anyhow and a sword which, in truth, did not seem the sort of weapon to make his fortune. Flinging his hat on a large table in the middle of the room, he went up to an old general named Krieg, a man with a wonderful knowledge of detail and the author of a very good soldiers' manual. He made him take a seat beside him at the table and began questioning him, pen in hand, about a host of facts connected with the service and discipline. Some of his questions showed such a complete ignorance of the most ordinary things that several of my comrades smiled. I was myself struck by the number of his questions, their order and their rapidity. * * * But what struck me still more was the spectacle of a commander-in-chief perfectly indifferent about showing his subordinates how completely ignorant he was of various points of the business which the junior of them was supposed to know perfectly, and this raised him a hundred cubits in my eyes.

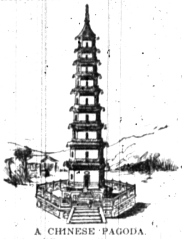
Dressed Poultry.

"They say," said a citizen, "that the expert poultryman knows at sight just where a dressed chicken is from. Of course he knows a Philadelphia chicken when he sees it, but they tell me that of western poultry, for instance, he can tell at a glance whether a chicken comes from Ohio or Illinois, and so on. It's a fine thing, no doubt, to be able to do this, and still I should be satisfied to be without this refinement of knowledge concerning the chicken territorially if I could tell, before buying, whether it was tough or not."—Exchange.

CHINESE PAGODA.

One of the Most Striking Buildings in the "Flowery Kingdom."

The most striking buildings in China are the tapering towers known as pagodas. These are of brick, covered with marble, or most generally with glazed tiles; and are built in stories, one over the other from three, four, or five, to as many as nine in number. Each story is reduced in width, and has a gallery round it. The roofs are hollow or sagging and project a great deal, the corners being turned up sharply. On these light bells are suspended which make a constant ringing when the wind blows. The roofs are covered with glazed tiles of various colors, and the summit ornamented with a species of spire and finial. The most celebrated of these buildings was that known as the porcelain tower of Nanking. It had nine stories, and was about two hundred feet high, exclusive of the iron spire. At each angle was a bell, making seventy-two in all; and there were eight chains hanging from the top of the finial to the angles of the spire, and carrying nine bells each, or seventy-two more. This celebrated building was destroyed by the Taepings when in rebellion in 1853. Almost every town in China possesses one or more of these structures, all alike in design but differing in dimensions, and in the richness of the material and ornaments.



A CHINESE PAGODA.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."

The Early Moments of 1897 Made Up for Past Neglect.

Four nights a week and once on Sundays had Lancelot Gewgaw been paying his attentions to pretty Syrasella Floordelee and there was yet quite a long pay-roll before him, says the New York World. But in all that time he had not thought to say the thing that would have made him happy. Syrasella was a beautiful being. Her hair was so raven black that it left a mark on everything white, which is why Lancelot always wore colored gentlemen's furnishing goods. Her eyes were like twin comets, rushing through space at each other, and she had many beautiful teeth. Altogether she had the proper assortment of attractions calculated to make her face a thing of beauty.

Lancelot was not a chump, although he wasn't saying a thing to her. He was simply lacking in assurance. He was a book agent but that was his profession. His almost human ears hung on either side of his head, tastefully covered over with real hair, and his eyes were of the true floor-walker variety. He was no bargain-counter attraction, but a special Monday markdown and Syrasella knew it. And now they were seeing leap year go out together. He had talked about everything except the one dead-easy, hackneyed, yet never stale subject; and as the hands on the clock chased themselves near to 12 she grew more and more beautiful, as she seemed to be nerving herself up to the point of saying a few words herself. Suddenly the clock struck a dozen times and with a wild cry she cried out, saying: "Lancelot, why did I lose my chance? Leap year is gone for eight years!"

Lancelot beat at his forehead with his clinched fist until the veins in his neck assumed the proper shape of purple. Then, stalking across the floor, he came back. He knelt in front of the divinely beautiful girl, whose hair was making streaks over her gown. His tones were like the best quality of honey: "Syrasella, forgive me."

"Give you what?" she murmured coyly, as she swept her cheeks with her long eye-lashes. She was that neat that she swept them every day.

"Give me your heart," he said, in deep, wealthy tones, and as the whistles sounded ushering in the new year her tender "yes" rose above all the tumult and two loving hearts gave a faithful imitation of a dynamo working overtime.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PETS.

She Has Named Every Animal on Her Estate.

Much has been written and told from time to time of the queen's pet dogs but little do we learn of her other pets, says the Lady's Pictorial. The queen is a regular animal lover and takes almost as much interest in horses as in dogs; and I may tell that, unlike most householders, she has so kindly a feeling for cats that when the court flits from place to place the cats and kittens are not left behind in the bleak world alone while the family enjoys itself, but are conveyed with the pet dogs to the home for which her majesty is bound. Of her horses the queen's favorites are two venerable gray carriage horses, Alma and Flora, given by the late Victor Emmanuel of Italy. These are relegated to the quietude of farm life and enjoy an honored old age together.

In a shed near the old grays resides the superb chestnut charger once belonging to the Emperor Frederick of Germany and given in his lifetime to Prince Christian (a very excellent judge, by the way, of horseflesh). For some time the charger was happy in the youthful companionship of a little white donkey, the property of one of the princesses of Connaught, and brought by her majesty as a surprise gift for her granddaughter from Grasse. Nothing could be more amusing than to see the dignified charger and impudent donkey at play together, and when at length Ninette had to be removed great was the grief in that shed.

Space fails me to tell of all the queen's pets; of Jack, an enormous bison, which was bought in exchange for another by the queen at the Zoological gardens; of a darling little pony called Sanger, the gift of the circus proprietor; a Zulu cow, such a fine-looking animal, presented to the queen by Lord Wolseley, and which had once been the property, I learn, of Cetewayo's brother; and of the little Jersey cows and superb Spanish red cattle. The queen has herself named each animal upon her estate and when she drives through the private road leading from Windsor to her farm she will stop and call her favorites to the railings and have a word with each. The queen no more forgets her animals than she does her friends.

CATARRH OF THE THROAT.

A WOMAN'S TERRIBLE SUFFERING WITH IT AND ITS ATTENDING EVILS.

After Treatment She Finds Herself Free From all Symptoms of Catarrh and Headaches Are Only a Memory.

From the Courier-Herald, Saginaw, Mich.

The number of remedies for the ills that human flesh is heir to which are placed on the market is almost innumerable, and the public at large is prone to class all these remedies as worthless. The public is not always right, however, as some of these remedies, by their sterling worth, have overcome the prejudice against patent medicines, and are rapidly winning their way by the force of true merit to public favor. Of the latter class there is none more prominent or more popular in this vicinity at least, than the remedy known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The work done by these pellets in relieving cases which other remedies and physicians have failed to relieve, has caused many people to rise up and call them blessed.

A number of these cases having come to the knowledge of the Courier-Herald, the parties reported benefited by these pills have been interviewed. The reporter, whose duty it has been to look up these cases, was skeptical at first, but since he has had an opportunity to see and talk with people who have been benefited by the use of this remedy, has experienced a change of opinion, and is now prepared to believe almost anything which can be said in favor of Pink Pills, and the most skeptical would be in the same condition of mind had they been given the same opportunities for investigation as he.

Among those who have been greatly benefitted by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is Mrs. Kate D. Jarvey, who resides at 204 Hermansau street, this city. Mrs. Jarvey was called upon by a reporter of this paper, who stated to her that he had heard of her being benefited by the use of these pills and asked if she would tell him about it, that he might publish the matter for the benefit of those who might be suffering and seeking a remedy. The lady replied:

"I have been benefited by Pink Pills, and I certainly am willing that the story should be told. I have recommended them to everybody, as I believe they are a wonderful medicine, and I think I should let others know of their curative powers. I was troubled with catarrh of the throat, and while I was not sick in bed I was very miserable from the disease. When I would get up in the morning my throat would be filled with offensive matter and I would have to hawk and spit for some time to get relief. I was also troubled with severe headaches as a results of the catarrh.

"I saw recommendations of the Pink Pills and commenced taking them, and soon began to feel better. I began taking the pills in the spring, I think a year ago last spring, and continued to take them about a year. I now have no symptoms of catarrh, and the headaches do not bother me. I was also troubled with female weakness and the pills relieved me from that in a great measure. I have been thinking that I should commence the use of the pills again next winter. I think they are a great medicine, and have recommended them to a great many people.

"I have a sister living at Steubenville, Ohio," continued Mrs. Jarvey, "who has suffered from an affection of the spine. I recommended the pills to her. She was lying in bed from the trouble with her spine, which affected her head, causing very severe headaches. She commenced taking the pills and last winter when I visited her, she was much better and was gaining flesh. The pills had made a great change in her, and she was much pleased with their effects."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

An active anti-saloon campaign was waged by Pine Valley, Tex., Endeavorers before the December district election, with the result that prohibition carried by a majority of thirteen to one.

Two hundred Italians are employed on a city contract two miles from York, Penn. These men were destitute of religious privileges, and one of the Christian Endeavor societies of the town has begun holding gospel services with them.

During recent revival services in a Harrisburg, Penn., church, one of the Endeavorers held afternoon meetings for the children. As a result of this, thirty-five boys and girls have joined the church. A junior society will be another outcome.

The Congregational Chinese Endeavorers of San Francisco have within recent weeks contributed seventeen dollars toward the International Convention fund, and thirty dollars to the American Board. These Endeavorers support six missionaries in China.

Dr. Clark sends from Europe, as a suggestion to the Christian Endeavor societies of the world, the plan of occupying a few moments in every Christian Endeavor prayer meeting, or at least occasionally, with a summary of the pastor's morning sermon. The plan should prove helpful alike to young people and pastor.

It has been the custom of the town of Chico, Cal., to hold a ball on Thanksgiving evening, and the young people had either to attend it or do without public entertainment. Last Thanksgiving the Endeavorers got up a refined entertainment that attracted a great throng of people, many of whom were thus kept from the dance.

POISONING THE FOUNTAIN.

If the fountain of life is poisoned at its very source, there can be no health in any part of the body. When a woman has any disease or weakness of the delicate special organism of her sex, the fountain-head of her physical existence is poisoned and she cannot be healthy in any respect until this one fundamental trouble is cured.

The family physician may make the very common error of ascribing all the trouble to superficial causes; he may prescribe for neuralgia, indigestion, insomnia, or headache, when these are merely symptoms of some deep-rooted malady of the distinctly feminine organs.

Any woman suffering from these delicate complaints may be completely cured right in the privacy of her own home (without recourse to mortifying examinations and "local treatment") by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It gives health to the special organism of womanhood. It purifies all diseased conditions; gives elastic strength to the ligaments, and vitality to the nerve-centres. It promotes good digestion, sound sleep, and freedom from pain.

It is the only medicine devised for this one purpose by an educated, skilled specialist in this particular field of practice. It is the only medicine which insures prospective mothers against the dangers and sufferings of motherhood.

Dr. Pierce's thousand-page illustrated book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser" contains several chapters devoted to the special physiology of woman, with advice and suggestions for self-treatment which every woman ought to read. A paper-bound copy sent absolutely free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay for mailing *only*; or, cloth-bound, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

If a woman can succeed in making her husband proud of her she can get almost anything she wants.

In France bicycles are electrically lighted.

Cascarets stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripe, 10c.

Put out your hand before you put up your prayer.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound, or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Reason.

Max—Do you know, I'm eating very little of late?

Mollie—Indeed! Have you lost your appetite?

Max—No; but I've lost my credit.

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 25c and 50c.

Pureness of heart and life gives a clearness to the mental horizon which nothing else can do; it clears away a vast number of clouds and shadows.

"STAR TOBACCO."

As you chew tobacco for pleasure use Star. It is not only the best but the most lasting, and, therefore, the cheapest.

A wise and kindly silence would often prevent incalculable injury. Especially should we avoid repeating what has been said in the heat of anger.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Much to be said on both sides when a woman has only half a sheet of paper on which to write a letter.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

"I wonder why she gave him the mitten." "Oh, that was a natural outcome of the yarns he gave her."

When bilious or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

It is better to be a mustard seed than a mountain of dead rock.

Germany leads in glass-eye manufacture.

1667 BUS. POTATOES PER ACRE.

Don't believe it, nor did the editor until he saw Salzer's great farm seed catalogue. It's wonderful what an array of facts and figures and new things and big yields, and great testimonials it contains.

Send This Notice and 10 Cents Stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., for catalogue and 12 rare farm seed samples, worth $10, to get a start. w.n.

Dividends of 20 per cent have been declared to creditors of the First National bank of Mt. Pleasant.

Smouldering fires of old disease

lurk in the blood of many a man, who fancies himself in good health. Let a slight sickness seize him, and the old enemy breaks out anew. The fault is the taking of medicines that suppress, instead of curing disease. You can eradicate disease and purify your blood if you use the standard remedy of the world,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

GAMES FREE a useful articles for only 2 6mo. subs. to Poultry Keeper at 25c. Every poultry raiser wants this leading poultry paper. Sample free. Address Poultry Keeper Co., Box 91 Parkesburg, Pa.

OPIUM HABIT AND **DRUNKENNESS** Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

PATENTS, TRADE MARKS

Examination and Advice as to Patentability of Invention. Send for "Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent." O'FARRELL & SON, Washington, D. C.

$100 BICYCLES FREE.

In order to introduce our "1897" wheels we intend giving away a number free to advertise them. For particulars send 2c. stamped addressed envelope to the AVALON BICYCLE CO.

Agents wanted everywhere. 611-621 Broadway, N.Y.

FREE Booklet, handsomely illustrated, describing Nebraska, her farms and the opportunities there for young men and farm renters to become farm owners. Mailed without charge on application to P. S. Eustis, General Passenger Agent, C. B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

SMOKE YOUR MEAT WITH KRAUSERS LIQUID EXTRACT of SMOKE. CIRCULAR. E. KRAUSER & BRO. MILTON, PA.

HOW TO GET A $100 BICYCLE FREE.

NO mystery to solve. No tedious word contest. No orders to take.

Only some writing in your own home. For particulars send stamped addressed envelope.

Household Pub. & Pr't'g Co.,

56 Bleecker Street, New York.

Master. To master is to overpower.

ST. JACOBS OIL Is the Master Cure of **SCIATICA.**

It overpowers, subdues, soothes, heals, cures it.

A Happy Escape.

Smith—"This is my last cigar."
Jones—"That's good; I was afraid you had one for me."—Up-to-Date.

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS

FARM SEEDS

Salzer's Seeds are Warranted to Produce. John Breider, Mishicott, Wis., astonished the world with a yield of 173 bu. of Salzer's Silver King Barley per acre. Don't you believe it? Just write him. In order to gain, in 1897, 100,000 new customers we send on trial

10 DOLLARS' WORTH FOR 10c.

14 pkgs. of new and rare farm seeds, including above Barley, Teosinte, Giant Spurry, Sand Vetch, "40c. Wheat," and other novelties, positively worth $10 to get a start, all postpaid, including our great seed catalog, for 10c. Large catalogue 5c. Catalogue alone tells all about it. Gladly mailed to intending buyers. Send this notice.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS. W.N.

W. N. U.—DETROIT—NO. 9—1897

When Answering Advertisements Please Mention This Paper.

PISO'S CURE For Consumption

For the last 20 years we have kept Piso's Cure for Consumption in stock, and would sooner think a groceryman could get along without sugar in his store than we could without Piso's Cure. It is a sure seller.—RAVEN & CO., Druggists, Ceresco, Michigan, September 2, 1896.

CANDY CATHARTIC **Cascarets** CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10¢ 25¢ 50¢ ALL DRUGGISTS

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED to cure any case of constipation. Cascarets are the Ideal Laxative, never grip or gripe, but cause easy natural results. Sample and booklet free. Ad. STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago, Montreal, Can., or New York.

"Your Ruling Planet Discovered By Astrology"

is the title of Prof. G. W. Cunningham's latest work on the ancient science. Written in plain, comprehensive language. Every page sparkles with gems of information. Every reader will acquire a knowledge of this mysterious science. Price, postpaid, 25c, 50c and $1.00.

THE ASTROLOGERS' CORNER.

Some slight changes necessitated using less space for this department. Prof. Cunningham is daily receiving flattering testimonials of his genius ... [illegible]

Address

PROF. C. W. CUNNINGHAM,

Dept. 4. 194 S. Clinton Street, Chicago, Ill.

READ THE FOLLOWING AND THEN WRITE TO HIM.

[illegible]