Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of Ayer's sugar coated pills. They treat the liver as a friend, not as an enemy. Instead of driving it, they coax it. They are compounded on the theory that the liver does its work thoroughly and faithfully under obstructing conditions, and if the obstructions are removed, the liver will do its daily duty. When your liver wants help, get "the pill that will,"

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

An agricultural writer claims that the fertility of land depends entirely on its capacity to hold and retain moisture.

"There is a sign, which should be placed over every letter box." "What is that?" "Post no bills."

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever; be magnetic full of life nerve and vigor take No-To-Bac. The wonder worker that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Look at it this way. The world and everything in it is yours to make a true man of yourself.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Religion that does not change a mean heart cannot change his life.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, offers the gums relief, allays all pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Selfishness cannot be made to know the meaning of true happiness.

Cox's Cough Balsam

Is the oldest and best. It will break up a cold quicker than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

It isn't what a man owes, but what he pays that keeps him poor.

Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. 50 cents.

Dr. King's New Life Pills are the best. Only 25c per box. Sold by Thompson & Co., 100 Woodward Ave., Detroit, or any R. R. agent.

It never does anybody any good to give away rotten apples.

My doctor said I would die, but Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me. Amos Kelner, Shipps Valley, Ill. Nov. 21, 1895.

Surplus sweetcorn should go to the silo for poultry.

There is a Class of People

Who are injured by the use of coffee. Recently there has been placed in all the grocery stores a new preparation called GRAIN-O, made of pure grains, that takes the place of coffee. The most delicate stomach receives it without distress, and but few can tell it from coffee. It does not cost over ¼ as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

Try Grain-O!

LADIES TRAVELING ALONE

WILL FIND EVERY COMFORT ON THE

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY

Maple Leaf Route

CHICAGO TO ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS

F. N. LORD, GENERAL PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT, CHICAGO.

$100 To Any Man.

WILL PAY $100 FOR ANY CASE

Of Weakness in Men They Treat and Fail to Cure.

An Omaha Company places for the first time before the public a Medical Treatment for the cure of Lost Vitality, Nervous and Sexual Weakness, and Restoration of Life Force in old and young men. No worn-out French remedy; contains no Phosphorus or other harmful drugs. It is a WONDERFUL TREATMENT, magical in its effects—positive in its cure. All readers, who are suffering from a weakness that blights their life, causing that mental and physical suffering peculiar to Lost Manhood, should write to the STATE MEDICAL COMPANY, Omaha, Neb., and they will send you absolutely FREE, a valuable paper on these diseases, and positive proofs of their truly MAGICAL TREATMENT. Thousands of men, who have lost all hope of a cure, are being restored by them to a perfect condition.

This MAGICAL TREATMENT may be taken at home under their directions, or they will pay railroad fare and hotel bills to all who prefer to go there for treatment, if they fail to cure. They are perfectly reliable; have no Free Prescriptions, Free Cure, Free Sample, or C. O. D. fake. They have $250,000 capital, and guarantee to cure every case they treat or refund every dollar; or their charges may be deposited in a bank to be paid to them when a cure is effected. Write them today.

CURE YOURSELF!

Use Big 6 for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. CANCER, THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

"Yes," said the literary man, with a sigh, "style is a fine thing for a writer to have, but when his wife's got it, too, it takes all the profit way."

Real Rest and Comfort.

There is a good deal to be taken into the shoes called Allen's Foot-Ease, invented by Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., which druggists and shoe dealers say is the best thing they have ever sold to cure swollen and tender or aching feet. Some dealers claim that it makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It certainly will cure corns and bunions and relieve instantly sweating, hot or smarting feet. It costs only a quarter, and the proprietor will send a sample free to any address.

A. R. Smith, a lawyer of some standing in Omaha, has been arrested for stealing bicycles.

Read the Advertisements.

You will enjoy this publication much better if you read the advertisements. Reading the advertisements they will afford a most interesting study and will put you in the way of getting good, excellent bargains. Our advertisers are reliable, they send what they advertise.

Wyoming has the smallest female population, 31,932; New York the largest, 3,020,960.

"I was completely covered with sores. Every muscle in my body ached. Had been sick for five years. Doctors could do me no good. Most of my time was spent in bed. Now am a complete wreck. Burdock Blood Bitters have completely cured me in three months." Mrs. Annie Zoepfel, Crooksville, Minn.

It is a singular fact that the queens who reached middle life became quite fleshy.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

The principal secret in making money out of pork is to have the pigs early enough to grain.

No need to suffer with rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, cramps or colic. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cures all such troubles, and does it quickly.

Poultry manure is one of the best fertilizers, and farmers should be careful to save it.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure makes weak men strong, blood pure, 50c $1. All druggists.

The man who buries his talent might about as well bury himself.

GOT THE BACKACHE?

If You Have, Here's the Way to Rid Yourself of the Weariness and Pain Attending it.

Some people suffer with backache many people are worn out and weary all the time, many more people have kidneys that need helping. Doan's Kidney Pills are the real cause of their aches and they never let know how easily they can be cured. Just a word of explanation and the proof that Doan's Kidney Pills do cure sick is the key note of the kidneys, it takes, that is a sign that the kidneys are not working properly. It is home, medicine, the kidneys are out of order. The kidneys, you know, are the filters of the blood, and filters sometimes get clogged up. This means in their case that the blood carries through the system impure and vitiated with poisonous uric acid, bringing on many a disorder which if neglected soon disease perhaps incurable. And now about the cure—Don't take our word for it; read what others say.

Mr. David C. Oakes is proprietor of the well known hardware and paint shop at 229 East Main Street, Kalamazoo, Mich. He has suffered a great deal from kidney ailments; he described his condition and cure as follows: "I had a bad lame back which I suppose was caused by my kidneys. I was confined to my bed during bad attacks. I might say, from time to time, I have been in this condition for years. The urinary organism was affected, urine being scanty, highly colored, and difficult in passage. I was in a bad shape when I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, about which I had heard. I have used now two boxes of them, and the pills have removed all the pain and trouble. They were a marked improvement right from the first, and it has continued right along. Doan's Kidney Pills are the right thing in the right place."

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

If there is evil in the speech it is a sure evidence that there is something wrong in the heart.

"1876 Climax"

is the name of a superior quality of Brandy placed on the market by the Speer N. J. Wine Co. as a companion to their Superior Old Port Grape Wine.

This Old Brandy is a pure distillation from the grape and stands unrivalled. It is considered by eminent medical men so far **superior to most French Brandies** for medicinal purposes, and is preferred by them to other Brandies on account of its **known purity.** Sold by Druggists.

When sin hides it forgets that it cannot cover up its tracks.

Wine for Weakly Persons.

Weakly persons use Speer's Port Grape Wine and the Unfermented Grape Juice because it gives tone and strength to the system. It is superior to all other wines.

If you have no trials how do you know you have any faith?

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Do not kick every one in your path.

THE FROZEN DEEP.

A NOVEL BY WILKIE COLLINS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XVIII.—(CONTINUED.)

The question was a dangerous one to answer. Steventon left it to Crayford to reply. Once again he answered evasively.

"It doesn't follow, my dear," he said, "that the two men were missing together, because their names happen to come together on the list."

Clara instantly drew the inevitable conclusion from that ill-considered reply.

"Frank is missing from the party of relief," she said. "Am I to understand that Wardour is missing from the huts?"

Both Crayford and Steventon hesitated. Mrs. Crayford cast an indignant look at them, and told the unnecessary lie without a moment's hesitation!

"Yes!" she said. "Wardour is missing from the huts."

Quickly as she had spoken, she had still spoken too late. Clara had not expected confirmation of her suspicions. Her face showed the effect of the two officers. She turned to Steventon.

"I trust to your honor," she said quietly. "Am I right, or wrong, in believing that Mrs. Crayford is mistaken?"

She had addressed herself to the right man of the two. Steventon had no wife present to exercise authority over him. Steventon, put on his honor and fairly forced to say something, coined the truth. Wardour had not joined an officer whom accident had disabled from accompanying the party of relief, and Wardour and Frank were missing together.

Clara looked at Mrs. Crayford.

"You hear?" she said. "It is you who are mistaken, not I. What you call accident, what I call fate, brought Richard Wardour and Frank together as members of the same Expedition after all." Without waiting for a reply, she again turned to Steventon, and surprised him by changing the painful subject of the conversation of her own accord.

"Have you been in the Highlands of Scotland?" she asked.

"I have never been in the Highlands," Steventon replied.

"Have you ever read, in books about Highlanders, of such a thing as 'The Second Sight?'"

"Yes."

"Do you believe in Second Sight?"

Steventon politely declined to compliment himself in a direct reply.

"I really know what I might have done if I had ever been in the Highlands," he said. "As it is, I have had no opportunity of giving the subject any serious consideration."

"I don't pay much credulity to the test," Clara proceeded. "I won't ask you to believe anything more extraordinary than that I had a strange dream in England not very long since. My dream showed me what you have just acknowledged—and more than that. How did the two missing men come to be parted from their companions? Were they lost, by pure accident, or were they deliberately left behind on the march?"

Crayford made a last vain effort to check her inquiries at the point which they had now reached.

"Neither Steventon nor I were members of the party of relief," he said. "How are we to answer you?"

"Your brother officers, who were members of the party must have told you what happened," Clara replied. "I only ask you and Mr. Steventon to tell me what they told you."

Mrs. Crayford interposed again with a practical suggestion this time.

"The luncheon is not unpacked yet," she said. "Come Clara! this is our business, and the time is passing."

"The luncheon can wait a few minutes," Clara answered. "Bear with my obstinacy," she went on, laying her hand carelessly on Crayford's shoulder. "Tell me how those two came to be separated from the rest. You have always been the kindest of friends; don't begin to be cruel to me now!"

The tone in which she made her entreaty to Crayford went straight to the sailor's heart. He gave up the hopeless struggle; he let her see a glimpse of the truth.

"On the third day 'out,'" he said, "Frank's strength failed him. He fell behind the rest from fatigue."

"Surely they waited for him?"

"It was a serious risk to wait for him, my child. Their lives, and the lives of the men they had left in the huts, depended, in that dreadful climate, on their pushing on. But Frank was a favorite. They waited half a day to give Frank the chance of recovering his strength."

Clara stopped. There, the imprudence begun with his fondness for Clara had led him, showed itself plainly, and closed his lips.

It was too late to take refuge in silence. Clara was determined on hearing more. She questioned Steventon next.

"And Frank go on again after the halfday's rest?" she asked.

"He tried to go on——"

"And failed?"

"Yes."

"What did the men do when he failed? Did they turn cowards? Did they desert Frank?"

She had purposely used language which might irritate Steventon into answering her, plainly. He was a young man; he fell into the snare that she had set for him.

"Not one among them was a coward, Miss Burnham!" he replied, warmly. "You were speaking cruelly and unjustly of as brave a set of fellows as ever lived. The strongest man among them set the example; he volunteered to stay by Frank and to bring him on the track of the exploring party."

There Steventon stopped, conscious on his side, that he had said too much. Would she ask him who this volunteer was? No. She went straight on with the most embarrassing question that she had put yet—referring to the volunteer, as if Steventon had already mentioned his name.

"What made Richard Wardour so ready to risk his life for Frank's sake?" she said to Crayford. "Did he do it out of friendship for Frank? Surely you can tell me that! Carry your memory back to the days when you were all living in the huts. Were Frank and Wardour friends at that time? Did you never hear any angry words pass between them?"

There Mrs. Crayford saw her opportunity of giving her husband a timely rebuke. "My dear child!" she said. "How can you expect him to remember that? There must have been plenty of quarrels among the men all shut up together, and all weary of each other's company, no doubt."

"Plenty of quarrels!" Crayford repeated, "and every one of them made up again."

"Every one of them made up again," Mrs. Crayford reiterated in her turn. "There! a plainer answer than that you can't wish to have. Now are you satisfied?" Mr. Steventon, come and lend a hand to unpack the hamper with the luncheon. Wilkins! Wilkins! Don't stand there doing nothing. This hamper holds a great deal, we must have a division of labor. Your division, said he to the tablecloth. Don't handle it in that careless way! Your division, said he to a plate, as if you were unfolding a silk. Put the knives on the right and the forks on the left, and the napkins you hold between them, clean! If square not binary in this, that, or any other way, Wilkins! Come and do your duty."

She looked up as she spoke. Clara glanced to have yielded at once to the conspiracy to keep her in the dark. She had returned slowly to the hut-house doorway, and she was standing alone on the threshold, looking out. Approaching her to lead her to the luncheon-table, Mrs. Crayford could hear that she was speaking softly to herself. She was repeating the farewell words which Richard Wardour had spoken to her at the hall.

"A time may come, Clara, I shall forgive you. But the man who has robbed one of you shall rue the day when you and he first met." Oh, Frank! Frank! does Richard still live with your blood on his conscience, and my curse in his heart?"

Her lips moved silently. She started, and drew back from the doorway, trembling violently. Mrs. Crayford looked out at the open ground with a

"Anything there that frightens you my dear?" she asked. "I can see nothing except the boats drawn up on the beach."

"I can see nothing either, Lucy."

"And yet, you are trembling as if there were something dreadful in the view from this door."

"There is something dreadful! I feel it though I see nothing. I feel it nearer and nearer in the empty air, darker and darker in the sunny light. I don't know what it is. Take me away. No, not out on the beach. I can't pass the door. Somewhere else, somewhere else!"

Mrs. Crayford looked round her, and noticed a second door at the inner end of the hut-house. She spoke to her husband.

"See where that door leads to, William."

Crayford opened the door. It led into a desolate inclosure, half garden half yard. Some nets, stretched on poles, were hanging to dry. No other objects were visible, and a blank wall was apparent in the place of the view. "I'm frozen with fear!" "It doesn't look very inviting, my dear," said Mrs. Crayford. "I am at your service, however. What do you say?"

She offered her arm to Clara as she spoke. Clara refused it. She took Crayford's arm, and clung to him.

"I'm frightened, dreadfully frightened!" she said to him faintly. "You keep with me—a woman is not protection; I want to be with you." She looked round again at the hut-house doorway. "Oh!" she whispered, "I'm cold all over! I'm frozen with fear of this place. Come into the yard! Come into the yard."

"Leave her to me," said Crayford to his wife. "I will call you if she doesn't get better in the open air."

He took her out at once, and closed the yard door behind them.

"Mr. Steventon! do you understand this?" asked Mrs. Crayford. "What can she possibly be frightened at?"

She put the question, still looking as chastitically at the door by which her husband had disappeared, to no one. Receiving no reply, she glanced round for Steventon. He was standing on the opposite side of the luncheon-table, with his eyes fixed attentively on the view from the main doorway of the hut-house. Mrs. Crayford looked where Steventon was looking. This time, there was something visible. She saw the shadow of a human figure projected on the stretch of smooth yellow sand in front of the hut-house.

In a moment more, the figure appeared. A man came slowly into view, and stopped on the threshold of the door.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE man was a sinister and terrible object to look at. His eyes glared like the eyes of a wild animal; his head was bare; his long gray hair was torn and tangled; his miserable garments hung about him in rags. He stood in the doorway, a speechless figure of misery and wait, staring at the well-spread table like a hungry dog. Steventon spoke to him.

"Who are you?"

He answered in a hollow voice: "A starving man."

He advanced a few steps, slowly and painfully, as if he was sinking under fatigue.

"Throw me some bones from the table," he said. "Give me my share along with the dogs."

There was a madness as well as hunger in his eyes while he spoke these words. Steventon placed Mrs. Crayford behind him, so that he might be easily able to protect her in case of need, and beckoned to two sailors who were passing the door of the boat-house at the time.

"Give the man some bread and meat," he said, "and walk near him."

The outcast seized on the bread and meat with lean, long-nailed hands that looked like claws. After the first mouthful of food he stopped, considered vacantly with himself, and broke the bread and meat into two portions. One portion he put into an old canvas wallet that hung over his shoulder; the other he devoured voraciously. Steventon questioned him.

"Were do you come from?"

"From the sea."

"Wrecked?"

"Yes."

Steventon turned to Mrs. Crayford. "There may be some truth in the poor wretch's story," he said. "I heard something of a strange boat having been cast on the beach; thirty or forty miles higher up the coast. When were you wrecked, my man?"

The starving creature looked up from his food, and made an effort to collect his thoughts, to exert his memory. It seemed to cost him pain. He gave up the attempt in despair. His language, when he spoke, was as wild as his looks.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SURPRISE FOR THE OLD MAN.

The Punching Bag Elasticity Was Wholly Unexpected.

One of these Mr. hardymen who got into the rare woods early endured the hardships of a pioneer, finally made a fortune and came home to Detroit as one of the favored spots on earth in which to live, has a young son who aspires to athletic honors and has a big room in the barn equipped as a gymnasium, says the Detroit Free Press. The old gentleman was a powerful man in his day and had to deal with refractory woodsmen and knew of nothing but muscular suasion. It is difficult for a person like him to realize that age draws on strength and activity.

One afternoon last week the father went by special invitation to see the gymnasium. The first thing to attract his attention was a punching bag. One of those arrangements that comes back when you hit it, and comes backhardor the harder you hit it. When its uses were explained to the oldsgiant of the woods, he promptly announced that he could "knock that thing or knock it through the ceiling."

Drawing back as if to fell an ox, the father let go, and there was a thud as though a trolley car had collided with an elephant. Before the air had ceased to quiver there was a quick, yet subdued biff. The bag had come back, driving the puncher's cigar half way down his throat, filling his whisker with hot ashes and starting the blood from his prominent nose. With such a whoop as used to waken the echoes of the north woods the old gentleman went at the bag. And the bag stayed right with him. It was literally give and take, the maddened puncher tearing around as if he were fighting bees and throwing a ton into every punch. The coachman and the stable boy had to be called up to help part the old man and the punching bag. Then the son had to hide the shotgun, for he puffing, mad-up father vowed all kinds of vows that he would not even with that "automatic slugger."

A Picture of Medieval England.

Not seldom I please myself with trying to realize the face of medieval England, writes William Morris; the many chases and great woods, the stretches of common tillage and common pastures quite unenclosed, the reach husbandry of the tilled parts, the unimproved breeds of cattle, sheep, and swine; especially the latter, so lank and long and lathy, looking so strange to us; the strings of pack horses along the cradle roads, the scantiness of the wheel roads, scarce any except those left by the Romans, and those made for the monastery to monastery, the scarcity of bridges, and people using ferries instead, or fords where they could; the little towns well bechurched, often walled; the villages just where they are now (except for those that have nothing but the church left to tell of them), but better and populous; their churches some big and handsome, some small and curious, but all crowded with altars and furniture, and gay with pictures and ornaments; the many religious houses, with their glorious architecture, the stuff of manor houses, some of them castles or castle-like, relics from an earlier period, some new and elegant, some out of all proportion, small for the importance of their lords. How strange it would be to us if we could be landed in fourteen century England, unless we saw the crest of some familiar hill we should not know into what country of the world we were come; the name is left, scarce a thing else.

Easy.

This is a day of all sorts of advertising competitions. One of the oddest is reported from England by the London Telegraph:

A traveling circus recently paid a visit to Clitheroe, and as an attraction, offered a prize to the man who could, as the Lancastrians term it, "pull th' ugliest mug."

The rules laid down were that each person should have "three tries." Competition ran high, some of the contortions being horrible to behold. After all had done their best, the clown, who acted as judge, coolly confronted a man sitting in the audience, who was noted for his ugliness, and said

"Tha's won th' prize, owd mon."

"Me?" said the astonished individual; "wha' aw won't tryin' for?"

"Tha'd no need to try," said the clown; "th's won it wi'out."

INGALLS' SPOTTED DOG.

How His Owner Turned the Laugh on General Grant.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning with Grant," in the July Century, relates the following anecdote:

General Ingalls had just returned from a trip to Washington and brought with him an English spotted coach dog, which followed him everywhere through camp, and attracted no end of attention. A dog of any kind was rather an unusual sight in an army in the field, and an animal of the peculiar marks and aristocratic bearing of Ingalls' companion excited widespread remark. Every time the dog came to headquarters General Grant was certain to comment upon the animal and perpetrate some good-natured joke at the expense of his classmate. The dog followed the usual canine custom and expressed his feelings by an agitation of his caudal appendage. To describe his actions astronomically, it may be said that he indicated anger by imparting to his tail a series of longitudinal vibrations, and pleasure by giving it a gentle "motion in azimuth"—familiarly known as a wag.

One evening, as the general was sitting in front of his quarters, Ingalls came up to have a chat with him, and was followed by the dog, which sat down in the usual place at his master's side. The animal squatted upon its hind quarters, licked its chops, pricked up its ears and looked first at one officer and then at the other, as if to say "I am General Ingalls' dog; whose pup are you?"

In the course of his remarks General Grant took a long look at the animal and said:

"Well, Ingalls, what are your real intentions in regard to that dog? Do you expect to take it into Richmond with you?"

Ingalls, who was noted for his dry humor, replied with mock seriousness and an air of extreme patience:

"I hope to. It is said to come from a long-lived breed."

This retort, coupled with the comfed attitude of the dog at the time, turned the laugh upon the general, who joined heartily in the merriment and seemed to enjoy the joke as much as any of the party.

The Bullight in Seville.

The name of Spain's most noted matador, Mazzantini, is spread out in large, bold letters. In Spain there is an enthusiasm for this sport and an eagerness to read its results that rivals the most excited interest Americans take in horse sports. The leading dailies have a special column for the reports of bullfights from all over the country, under the heading "Seccion Taurina," similar to the column of baseball percentage or to the bulletin of prize fights in our own journals. Of course, the American finds fault with the Spaniard for indulging in such sport, and the question of our country changing to visit Spain find it "just horrible." To the credit of the Spanish lady it must be said that while she finds many sports of the American women objectionable, she avoids the amphitheater in her own country, whether merely out of respect for the laws of the church, forbidding participation or attendance at bullfights under severe penalty, or from fear that the bloody, exciting sport might deaden feminine sensibility, as that of the vestal virgins of Rome was deadened by gladiatorial contests, I care not to decide. It is safe, however, to say that the Christian Catholic woman of Spain does not patronize bullfights.

The bullfighter is, of course, a hero in the eyes of half-grown youth. The matador particularly is regarded by them much as a prima donna is regarded by half-grown girls. The career of the bullfighter is a regularly chosen one, and is very lucrative. I was told that the present leading matador is one of the richest men in Spain. The clerks do not attend the fights, nor is there a priest stationed without the ring, ready to anoint the wounded as malicious writers sometimes affirm—Rosary Magazine.

The man who earns one dollar and spends two, and the man who earns two and spends one, stands on either side of the hair-line between heedlessness and discretion, between ruin and safety.

MRS. CURTIS, NEW YORK,

Tells Her Experience With Ovaritis.

A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation.

On examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the root of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same respect to your own body?

Do you live miles away from a doctor? Then that is all the more reason why you should attend to yourself at once, or you will soon be on the flat of your back.

You need not, you ought not, to let yourself go, whenever your own sex holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money and without price. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your symptoms. Her experience in treating female ills is greater than any other living person. Following is proof of what we say:

"For nine years I suffered with female weakness in its worst form. I was in bed nearly a year with congestion of the ovaries. I also suffered with falling of the womb, was very weak, tired all the time, had such headaches as to make me almost wild. Was also troubled with leucorrhœa, and was bloated so badly that some thought I had dropsy. I have taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and several of her Blood Purifier, and am completely cured. It is a wonder to all that I got well. I shall always owe Mrs. Pinkham a debt of gratitude for her kindness. I would advise all who suffer to take her medicine." —MRS. ANNIE CURTIS, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water.**

OPIUM MORPHINE and WHISKY HABITS. HORT. CURE. 18th Year. Sec. 4, G. Hoff Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

PATENTS H. B. WILLSON & CO., Washington, D. C. No fee till patent secured. 48-page book free.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY, gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Atlanta, Ga.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS, JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 15 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

$12 TO $35 PER WEEK can be made working for us. Parties preferred who can give their whole time to the business. Spare hours, though, may be profitably employed. Good openings for men and city work as well as country districts. J. E. GIFFORD, 11th & Main Sts., Richmond, Va.

NO EGGS, BOILING, FLAVORING. To Make Elegant Cake Frosting, Send 10 cents in stamps to DELAINE'S COCOANUT COMPOUND CO., Toledo, Ohio, if your grocer has not got it, and get a cake with compound and one of their fine premium lists. AGENTS WANTED.

CHEAP EXCURSIONS TO

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