HE BROUGHT IT FROM THE WORLD'S FAIR.

And kept it two years.

The great World's Fair, at Chicago, in 1893, while it gave pleasure to many, gave pain to not a few as an indirect result of their visit to the White City. People were lured along the line of wonderful exhibits by the new marvels that met the gaze at every step, and did not realize their exhaustion until they dropped into a chair in some breezy corner by the lake, and "counted cost" for what they had let trouble, in many cases. Of one such case, Mrs. E. W. Stevens, Fort Fairfield, Me., writes:

"My husband took a severe cold and cough two years ago last October—time of the World's Fair, which we attended. This cough lasted over two years, was accompanied by spitting of blood, and nothing could be found to help him, although various remedies were tried. Several doctors were consulted, but their prescriptions afforded no relief. Finally, I saw an advertisement of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my paper and prevailed upon my husband to get a bottle and try it. The very first dose helped him and he was completely cured in a short time. We feel very grateful for what Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has done for us, and shall keep it constantly on hand in the house."—Mrs. E. W. Stevens, Fort Fairfield, Me.

Two years of doctoring for a cough, two years of "remedies" that gave no help, of prescriptions that profited only the men who wrote them, and then a trial of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which helped from the very first dose and effected a complete cure in a short time. The difference between Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and all other cough medicines could not be better stated than in the comparison of results. It has cured the most stubborn and obstinate cases of chronic bronchitis and asthma. It is a specific for croup and whooping cough. It cures all coughs and colds and all affections of the throat and lungs promptly and effectively. In response to numerous demands Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is put up in half size bottles—sold at half price—50 cents. More about cures effected by Pectoral in Dr. Ayer's Curebook. Sent free, on request, by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

DIED FROM FEAR.

Frederick I. of Prussia Fatally Scared by His Insane Wife.

The English surgeon Gen. Francis tells of a drummer in India across whose legs a harmless lizard crawled while he was half asleep, says an exchange. He was sure that a cobra had bitten him, and it was too much for his nerves, and he died. Frederick I of Prussia was filled by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keepers, and, dabbling her clothes in blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the white lady, whose ghost was believed invariably to appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six months.

Perhaps the most remarkable death from fear was that of the Dutch painter, Brentman, who lived in the seventeenth century. One day he went into a room full of anatomical models to sketch some death heads and skeletons for a picture he intended to paint. The weather was very sultry, and while sketching he fell asleep. He was aroused by bones dancing around him and the skeletons suspended from the ceiling clashing together. In a fit of terror he threw himself out of the window, and, though he sustained no injury, and was informed that a slight earthquake had caused the commotion among his ghostly surroundings, he died in a few days in a nervous tremor.

Five is the sacred number of the Chinese, who have five planets, five cardinal points, five virtues, five tastes, five musical tones, five ranks of nobility, and five colors.

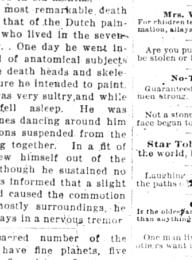
As the governments of the United States and Spain are not in the hands of the sensational newspaper correspondents, and presumably not in the hands of featherheads, the De Lome incident would seem to be closed.

WORKING WOMEN WHO SUFFER.

Should Get Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—The Whole Truth can be Told to her Because she is a Woman.

The suffering and pain endured by some working women is almost past belief. Here is a letter from one of the multitude of women who have been restored to health and usefulness by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel as though your advice had lifted me from the grave. I must have been very near it. I suffered terribly at time of menstruation, was constantly troubled with cold hands and feet, was extremely nervous, could not sleep well, was troubled with frightened dreams, had heart trouble and a feeling as though my breath was going to stop, also had leucorrhœa. I tried to get help but all remedies failed, until I wrote to you. I cannot thank you enough for your kind advice, and I wish to tell every one the great good your remedies have done me.—TAMMIE C. HOOVER, Wolfsville, Md.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for a quarter of a century has been helping women to be strong and well.

The following statement from Miss H. PATTERSON, of 2531 Lawrence St., Philadelphia, Pa., should interest all working women who are troubled with female complaints:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I almost write and tell what your medicine has done for me. I am a working girl and have to stay at my work all day. I suffered greatly with bearing-down pains and backache. I was advised by a friend to try your Vegetable Compound. I did so and can say positively I am cured. I have recommended your medicine to all my lady friends, and would advise any of my sex suffering from female weakness to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound a trial, for I know it will cure."

Mrs. Pinkham invites all women troubled about their health to write to her at Lynn, Mass., and secure her advice free of all charge. All such letters are seen and answered by women only.

Ask Mrs. Pinkham's Advice—A Woman Best Understands a Woman's Ills

Columbia Chainless Bicycles

STANDARD OF THE WORLD....

Price $125.

The Columbia Chainless bicycle has already passed harder tests than any bicycle ever made, and has proved itself the best. Other makers may decry the Columbia chainless, yet they offer you an untried imitation in the same breath.

REMEMBER THIS—We make but one quality of Columbias, and that is the very best. There is no varying of material, construction or quality. All Columbias are made of 5% Nickel Steel Tubing which costs twice as much and is 30% stronger than any other tubing known.

Columbia Chain Wheels, - - - - Price $75
Hartford Bicycles, - - - - - $50
Vedette Bicycles, - - - Price $40 and $35

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer, or by mail for one two-cent stamp.

"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES."

GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF

SAPOLIO

DINNA FORGET OR LIGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

By JOHN STRANGE WINTER. 1896

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"H'm!" remarked Barbara, with another sniff, "perhaps not. But for all that, Miss Dorothy—Ma'am, I should say—David Stevenson was a mean boy, and I never could abide meanness in man, woman nor child."

"He was most generous to me," said Dorothy, with a sigh.

"Yes, to serve his own ends," said Barbara sharply. "You may take such generosity as that for me. Not that I was speaking of that, ma'am, for I wasn't, but of the time when David was a boy—a horrid boy, who thought nothing of stealing the best apples and letting another take the blame of it."

"Oh, Barbara! Barbara!" cried Dorothy, "you've got hold of a wrong story. Why, I know that once when David stole some of auntie's apples, and young Tom Merriman got the blame, David came and told auntie himself."

"Yes; and for why?" demanded Barbara, with uncompromising sternness. "Because I happened to have caught the young limb at it and collared him before he could get away. You are stealing Mrs. Dimsdale's apples, David Stevenson," I said, laying hold of him suddenlike; 'and you stole them other apples that Tom Merriman has been sacked for.' 'And what's that to you, you old sneak?' he asked. 'Sneak or no sneak,' said I, 'you'll turn out your pockets to me, my fine gentleman; and you'll go straight up to the house and you'll tell Miss Dimsdale that it was you stole the apples last week, and then you'll go and ask Tom Merriman's pardon for having let him lie under your fault,' 'That I shan't,' says he. 'Then,' says I, 'I just walks you right off to Miss Dimsdale, and she'll see you with your pockets full, redhanded as you are.' 'No,' says he, 'it's no use to struggle. I've got you safe by the arms, and so I mean to keep you, whether you like it or not. And if once Miss Dimsdale knows the truth, do you know what she'll do, David Stevenson?' says I. 'No,' says he, sullylike. 'What?' 'She'll never stop to think that you're David Stevenson of Holroyd,' I says, 'but she'll just hand you over to the constable at once, and I don't think, my young gentleman,' I adds, 'that Tom Merriman having got the sack to fill your inside with ill-gotten goods, 'll help you with the beech in the very least.'"

"Well, so I suppose he gave in," said Dorothy.

"Well, of course, he had to," returned Barbara, with practical plainness; "but all the same, he never forgave me for having been the one to get the best of him, and never forgot it, not to the very last day we were at the hall. Ah! Miss Dorothy, darling, if you had thought proper to marry David Stevenson, you would have had to do without me, for never would have had me about him, and I wouldn't have taken service under his roof—no, not to save myself from ending my days in the workhouse."

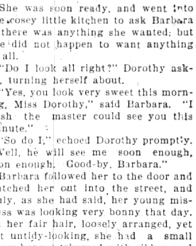
"Barbara, Barbara," cried Dorothy chidingly, "not for me?"

"Well, if you had put it in that way, Miss Dorothy, you might have got over me," the old woman answered.

But stay! I think I ought to say here that although I have called her old in many parts of this story, Barbara was not, and could not reasonably be called an old woman in the common acceptation of the word. She was a year or so over fifty, and a very strong, hale woman at that, and at this time to Dorothy she was a very rock and tower of strength.

Well, by virtue of the letter from Esther Brand and in the joy and expectation of her coming, Dorothy passed that day with quite a light heart, and even sat down to the little piano and sang one or two of the songs that Dick liked best. And then she went to bed and slept, leaving the door open between her room and Barbara's for company, and she dreamed, as she always did, about Dick.

Nor was it a pleasant dream. She saw Dick on board of a large steamer, wearing white clothes and a sailor hat, looking very bronzed and happy. He was leaning over the side of the ship, with a cigarette in his mouth, just as she had seen him many a time, and by his side there stood a beautiful lady—not a girl like Dorothy herself, but a beautiful woman of about thirty years old, such as Dorothy fancied her old friend at home, Lady Jane Sturt, might have been at that age. They seemed to be talking earnestly together, and after a time—such a long time it seemed in her dream—Dick took one of the lady's hands and raised it to his lips; then she laughed and said something, and Dick caught her to him and kissed her often and fondly. Immediately afterward, while Dorothy, with frozen lips, was gazing at them, Dick turned his head and looked her full in the eyes with the glance of an utter stranger.



CHAPTER XX.

WITH a shriek Dorothy awoke—the sun was streaming in at the sides of the window-blinds, and Barbara was just coming through the doorway with a little tray bearing Dorothy's early cup of tea.

"Did I scream, Barbara?" Dorothy gasped.

"A bit of a cry. What ailed you, ma'am?" Barbara asked.

"Oh! I was so frightened—I had such a horrid dream about the master. I thought—"

But Dorothy did not complete the sentence, for Barbara put out her hand with a horrified cry. "Nay, now, Miss Dorothy, don't tell it. Whatever you do, don't tell me."

"But why?" cried Dorothy, opening her eyes.

"You should never tell a dream before noon, Miss Dorothy," returned Barbara, portentously.

"Oh!" exclaimed Dorothy, "isn't it lucky?" She knew that Barbara was a great believer in luck, and signs and omens.

"It's fatal," answered Barbara solemnly, whereat Dorothy burst out laughing, and the worst feelings of dread with which she had awakened passed away.

"I think," she said after breakfast when Barbara was clearing the table—"that I shall put on my hat and go up to the High street—I cannot finish this until I get some more lace;" then she held it up and showed it off to Barbara. "Isn't it sweet?" she exclaimed with intense satisfaction.

"It's lovely," returned Barbara, who was overjoyed at the prospect of a baby. "Then do you wish me to go with you, ma'am, or will you go alone?"

"Do you want to go?" Dorothy asked.

"Well, ma'am, to be honest, I don't. I want to turn out the room for Miss Esther. You see, she may come nearly as fast as her letter, and I shouldn't like to put her into a dirty room."

"It can't be dirty, Barbara," cried Dorothy, laughing, "because nobody has ever slept in it."

"Well, ma'am," Barbara retorted, "I can't say that I know a dirtier person than Mr. Nobody—on the whole."

Dorothy laughed. "Well, then you evidently have a lot to do, and I would just as soon go alone. So I will go soon, before I get tired or the day gets hot;" for although September was half over, the weather just then was most sultry and trying to those not in the best of health.

She was soon ready, and went into the cosey little kitchen to ask Barbara if there was anything she wanted; but she did not happen to want anything at all.

"Do I look all right?" Dorothy asked, turning herself about.

"Yes, you look very sweet this morning, Miss Dorothy," said Barbara. "I wish the master could see you this minute."

"So do I," echoed Dorothy promptly. "Well, he will see me soon enough, soon enough. Good-by, Barbara."

Barbara followed her to the door and watched her out into the street, and truly, as she had said, her young mistress was looking very bonny that day. On her fair hair, loosely arranged, yet not untidy-looking, she had a small straw bonnet trimmed with ribbon and a cluster of gloire de Dijon roses. Over her pretty blue cotton gown she wore a long dust-cloak of some thin

YOU STARTLED ME.

and light-toned material. She also wore tan-colored shoes and suede gloves of about the same tone, and she carried a large white cotton parasol to shield her from the sun.

It was a very simple and cheap toilette, but it was fresh and dainty-looking, and Dorothy looked bright and lovable and a little lady from the crown of her bonnet to the tips of her shoes; indeed, more than one person thought so as she passed up the street; and the old General, who was out for his usual morning trot, stopped in his walk, and, wheeling round, stood to look after her till she had turned the corner and was out of sight, when he went on with his self-imposed sentry go, whistling with all his heart he was forty years younger.

Meantime Dorothy went serenely on her way, reached the shop for which she was bound, and there made her purchases, all small enough for her to bring them away in a neat little parcel in her unencumbered hand. And then, just as she stepped off the doorstep of the shop on to the pavement, she suddenly found herself face to face with David.

If it had been possible she would have retreated back into the shop; but it was too late for that. David Stevenson had already uttered an exclamation of surprise, and was standing close in front of her, holding out both his hands to her.

Now, if there was one person in all the wide world whom Dorothy would rather not have met just then, that person was David Stevenson. I think she looked all the dismay which she felt, and that she felt all and perhaps more than the dismay which she looked.

"Oh! is that you?" she gasped.

David let his hands, with their glad welcome, drop instantly.

"You're not very glad to see me, Dorothy," he said, in quiet, but bitter reproach.

"I—that is, you startled me," she replied, in a wild endeavor to put off any questions he might think proper to ask her.

"Evidently," he said, dryly, "and you want to get rid of me, eh?"

"Oh, not at all," biting her lip and wishing that she could sink into the ground, or dissolve into thin air, anywhere out of the way of his hard and steely-blue eyes, which seemed to look her through, and to know in a moment all the secrets of her life.

"No? Ah, that is better. Then, since you don't want to get rid of me all in a hurry, perhaps you will let me walk a little way with you. May I?"

"Oh, yes, certainly," said Dorothy, giving herself up for lost at once.

"Do you live near here?" he asked.

At that moment there was a slight block on the pavement of the always busy street, and just as David spoke Dorothy perceived that the sweet-faced lady who lived on the floor above her was also blocked, and stood for a moment or so face to face with her. Undoubtedly she had heard David's question just as Dorothy had done, and undoubtedly Dorothy had never seen her eyes so cold or her lips so austerely shut before. In her distress and annoyance at being thus apparently caught, Dorothy flushed a vivid, guilty crimson—a fact upon which the sweet-faced lady put the usual construction to which all highly moral persons seem to jump at once in a moment of doubt—that is, the very worst possible one.

"Can you give me no news from home, then?" Dorothy asked, in a desperate voice, raised far above her usual tones.

David looked down at her in surprise—an involuntary action which was not lost upon the lady, who was still unable to pass on.

"News?" he repeated. "Why, of course I can. I have so much news to tell you that I hardly know where to begin. Let me see—Lady Jane is back, of course."

Dorothy turned her head in time to see that the lady had passed on and was out of ear shot before David had begun his news.

There, just like David's stupidity, to be too late. Why, she wondered, irritably, could he not have happened to say something which would have let that woman upstairs know that they had known each other all their lives? But no, David had always blundered wherever and wherever she was concerned, and she supposed that he always would. Her interest in the home news was gone, lost in the depths of her annoyance, but she listened patiently till he had exhausted that topic, till she had heard who was married and who was dead, of a fire in such a one's rick-yard, and of a barn belonging to another which had been struck by lightning.

Then he told her how he had improved the Hall—her perfect old home, which in her mind needed improvement of no kind—how he had put a smart, capable gardener in to bring the place into "real good condition——"

"And old Isaac?" said Dorothy, fiercely.

"Oh, he is still about—I shouldn't turn any old servant of yours off, you know. There are plenty of odd jobs for him about the place."

"What sort of odd jobs?" demanded Dorothy.

(To be Continued.)

FATHER-LOVE.

We talk much about mother love, and rightfully, too; but this should not be done in a way to ignore father love. The following story told in a contemporary shows how one little girl regarded this matter.

A young rector was in charge of a large church in the west end of London. After coming to the church his wife died, leaving a motherless child. The people hoped that some aunt, or sister, or niece would come to look after the child, but none such appeared.

Gradually it came to be known in the parish that their scholarly and eloquent rector was as much at home amid the mysteries of the nursery, the warming of a child's mug of milk, the arranging of the little dresses, the washing of "baby's" face, and the nice combing of a child's hair, as he was familiar with the mazes of theology and the changing phases of Biblical questions.

Four years slipped by, and one Easter Sunday, when the church was adorned with wreaths and lilies of sweetest perfume, the child was placed as usual in the corner of a front pew, and the service went on until the sermon began. This was on the Mother of Christ; her agony of heart at the Cross; her wonder at the news of the Resurrection; and from this he turned to tell of the sadness and misery of those who "feel the mother-want in this world."

The face of the motherless child gave unusual earnestness as he pictured that wonderful mother love.

In conclusion he said: "Think what a child's life is without a mother's love! Who can tend, who cherish, who can love—who—but a mother?"

And in the depth of his feeling the rector's strong voice halted, as if for an answer.

In the hush of the great congregation a little childish voice spoke out very sweetly from that front pew;

"A faver (father) would do just eye'y bit as well, papa, dear!"

The rector closed the service somewhat abruptly, his voice trembling as he gave the benediction.

The little child ran into the vestry, and the rector clasped her to his heart, as the little one, in a half-frightened tone, asked: "You arn't angry wif me, are you, papa, dear? I forgot ev'ybody was a lis'ning!"

Character in Footgear.

"Shoes," said the aggressive philosopher to the meek-looking woman, "always acquire the traits of their wearer. The old proverb about 'wear at the toe, spend as you go,' etc., is only a tenth part of what a worn shoe can tell of its owner's disposition. Now, look at mine! Like me, ain't they?" They were. Stubby, square, thick, self-opinionated-looking boots, they seemed to breathe aggressiveness from every seam. "Now, let's see yours!" The demure-looking woman poked out one shoe timidly. It was long and narrow, with a very pointed toe. It was a stiff, slim, unbending sort of shoe. The reader of character in footgear looked dubious. "Hem! Perhaps you are not like your shoe," he said, evasively. "But I believe in the science, and so I don't think it would be safe for me to tell you what I read in the indications. We—we might both regret it. Good morning!"—New York Advertiser.

Don't drink imported wine in order to drown domestic troubles.

Japan's export trade has doubled in the last five years.

OVERWORKED BRAIN.

From the Record, Pierceton, Ind.

Determined to rise in his chosen profession as an educator, Ernest Kemper, of Pierceton, Ind., overtaxed himself mentally and physically. He was ambitious, his mind was always on his work. From early morn until late at night he continually poured over his books.

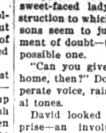
"Burned the candle at both ends."

Few persons even with the strongest constitution, can keep up under such a strain.

In addition to his studies, Mr. Kemper was teaching a school some miles from his home. Finally, his excessive study and the exposure of going to and from school in all kinds of weather undermined his health.

He was taken to his bed with pneumonia and his overworked brain almost collapsed. For several weeks he was seriously ill.

Catarrh had taken root in his system and his mind was in a delicate condition. He



Overstudy.

first box he began to improve. When he had taken nine boxes he was *completely* cured. The famous blood and nerve medicine had accomplished what all his former expensive treatment failed to accomplish. Mr. Kemper says his catarrh has entirely left him; he is strong again and weighs two pounds more than he ever did. He gives the pills the entire credit. He is starting teaching again and feels abundantly able to resume his work. To prove that the above is true in every respect, Mr. Kemper made an affidavit as follows:

Subscribed and sworn before me this the 10th day of September, 1897.

R. P. WATT, *Notary Public.*

We doubt if these pills have an equal in all the range of medicine, for building up a run down and debilitated system.

Broke the Rule.

"This coffee my dear," said Kickles, "reminds me of what mother used to make." "Does it, really?" exclaimed his wife, a pleased look coming onto her face. "Yes; and she used to make about the worst coffee I ever drank."—Boston Traveler.

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 Murphy, who 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 tempted to give it up, but 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 know 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 big ocean liner burns 800 pounds of coal a minute to make steam. The coal shed of the Kaiser Wilhelm holds 3,000 tons.

About all some people ever undertake to do to help the Lord is to try to tell the preacher how he ought to preach.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark.

Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is "the kind you have always bought," and bears the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the Wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M. D.

One reason why some people find it so hard to lead a Christian life, is because they devote so little time to it.

There are too many people who never get religious enough to make them look pleasant in church.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.; Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Some men seem to have been made out of dust that had gravel in it.

SEATTLE, unquestionably best and cheapest starting point and outfitting station for Alaska and Klondike. Whether you ask or advise you to go, but you will find Seattle's facilities, stocks and experience unsurpassed and prices the very lowest. Washington state has Klondike offices of its own. Seattle is the chief city. Strangers are protected by Public Comfort Bureau. Address Chamber of Commerce, Seattle, Wash.

There isn't gold enough in the world to make a discontented man rich.

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.

The man who can smile and won't do it cheats others and robs himself.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c. 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee
Looks like Coffee

Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O. Accept no imitation.

The way to be nothing is to do nothing

SALZER'S GRASSES AND CLOVERS.

Are warranted. They produce! We are the largest growers in America. Lowest prices. Seed Potatoes only $1.50 per barrel. Big farm seed catalogue with clover and grain samples (worth $10.00) to get a start, all for 10c. and from the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 10c and this notice. w.n.f.

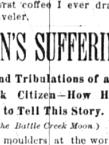
Paul is Latin, the Small One.

Years of suffering relieved in a night. Itching piles yield at once to the curative properties of Pyramid Pile Cure. Never fails. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Alma is Latin, the Kindly.

Established 1780.

Baker's Chocolate,



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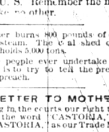

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