All except bad ones!

There are hundreds of cough medicines which relieve coughs, *all coughs, except bad ones!* The medicine which has been curing the worst of bad coughs for 60 years is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

Here is evidence:

"My wife was troubled with a *deep-seated cough on her lungs for three years.* One day I thought of how Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved the life of my sister after the doctors had all given her up to die. So I purchased two bottles, and it cured my wife completely. It took only one bottle to cure my sister. So you see that three bottles (one-third the cost) saved two lives. We keep no one but heart of that kind—but you have done four." J. H. Hicks, Macon, Col., Jan. 14, 1897.

Now, for the first time you can get a trial bottle of Cherry Pectoral for 25 cents. Ask your druggist.

A damp climate is undoubtedly the best for raising umbrellas.

A Boston Man Pleased.

In conversation with some friends, a prominent Boston man told of his sufferings from rheumatism and nervousness, and one of his friends gave him some advice, which will be mentioned later, and which has proven to be of inestimable value

To successfully act on the advice, it was necessary to make a trip of over 2,000 miles, but he understood it, and now thanks his friend for the advice, as he finds himself fully relieved of his old trouble and has returned to his home feeling able to cope with his business demands, a new man.

The advice given was to go to "Hot Springs," South Dakota, and there take the baths and enjoy the finest climate of any health resort in America.

If this man was satisfied after making a long trip, those residing within a few hundred miles and similarly afflicted can certainly afford to try it, or rather can't afford to neglect to try it.

Ask any agent of the North-Western Line for full particulars, or write

J. R. BUCHANAN,
General Passenger Agent,
F. E. & M. V. R. R., Omaha, Neb.

Winter in the South.

The season approaches, when one's thoughts turn toward a place where the inconveniences of a Northern winter may be escaped. No section of this country offers such ideal spots as the Gulf Coast on the line of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad between Mobile and New Orleans. It possesses a mild climate, pure air, even temperature and facilities for hunting and fishing enjoyed by no other section. Accommodations for visitors are first-class, and can be secured at moderate prices. The L. & N. R. R. is the only line by which it can be reached in through cars from Northern cities. Through car schedules to all points in Florida by this line are also perfect. Write for folders, etc., to JACKSON SMITH, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

Every woman thinks she can "read" a man, and gets it wrong.

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 25 and 50c

The bulldog is a typical open-faced watch.

THE Pleasantest, most powerful, effective and never failing REMEDY for **Rheumatism** Sciatica, Neuralgia, DROPS LA GRIPPE and CATARRH! If all know what thousands know of the efficacy of "5 TRADE MARK DROPS" as a Curative as well as a Preventive of any Ache or Pain known to the human body, there would not be a family in all America without a bottle of "5 DROPS!" Send for trial bottle, 25c, or large bottle, containing 300 doses, $1.00, 6 bottles for $5. SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 160-164 E. Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

HEY 2 Step

Send at once for this new two-step march. It has the full swing and the air is catchy and equal to Sousa's.

Send 10 cents in money or stamps to George O. Johnston, Allen Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

500% **La Porte, Texas** situated on Galveston Bay, is destined to be the most prosperous city on the Gulf of Mexico. It is the natural seaport for the products of the entire Middle, Northern and Western states and for Houston, the great railroad center of Texas. The U. S. Government has voted $3,000,000 for harbor improvements. Capital is flowing in and men of wealth and influence are making investments. An investment in a town lot in La Porte will net you 500 per cent in 5 years. Write for FREE MAPS, DESCRIPTIVE BOOK and ART ILLUSTRATIONS to AMERICAN LAND COMPANY, 188 Madison St., CHICAGO.

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

A XMAS PAINTING.

Diomede was a painter. He belonged to the impressionist school. True, the word "school" is an insult to an impressionist. The very fact of his existence is a protest against schools; he can never be encompassed by a school; it is against his canons to take instruction in anything. He must discover everything by intuition, drawing, composition, coloring, lights and shadows.

And then, also, Diomede was a good-looking fellow.

Handsome women liked him. He liked lampreys, oysters, jellied snipe, champagne and Bordeaux.

But his ambition exceeded all his other passions. It was boundless.

He didn't care a snap for the old masters. He ignored the Italians. In his eyes Rubens was a play-card painter, Rembrandt a sign-painter, De La Croix a dauber. Of his contemporaries, Meissonier was a bon-ton colorist, Makart not a painter at all, nothing but a kalsominer.

Nothing but rubbish, all that has ever been put on canvas.

Poetry was nothing! The ideal was insanity! Impression—that was everything!

Diomede's pictures were creations, all of them, of extraordinary conception!

His "Sleeping Wench" was something wonderful. Only the soles of her feet were visible. Her head was out of sight. It was hanging down over the further side of a cot. The rest was somewhat hidden by a raised knee, for her feet were propped up against the spring-board. A long arm extending the whole length of the picture and a fish clutching an whisky flask bore witness that the woman sleeping there was a sailor wench.

His animal paintings were still better. His "Drinking Cow" represented a large dairy stable from which two horns, and two ears protruded. The rest of the head was in the stable, quite naturally. Above it a serpentine growth stretched, which, had it been worked out more carefully, might have been discerned to be the cow's tail, with which she was switching the flies away while she was drinking.

His landscapes, too, were quite original. Conspicuous among them was a sunrise at midnight on the Isle of Ava Saxa, at sight of which a friend of his once exclaimed:

"I say, old man, I hardly think your uncle's face is quite as red as all that." He thought it was a portrait. But it was only the sun's orb, and what seemed to be the shoulders were two black cliffs on the isle of Ava Saxa, and the white expanse in front, which looked like a plain washtrout, was a field of snow.

His placards of still-life were famous on account of the circumstances that they could be hung with any corner up without detracting from their excellence.

The picture of his that created an especial sensation looked, when viewed from a distance of ten feet, like a contemplative thought floating before the disk of the rising moon. On closer inspection it proved to be a rat crawling out of a hole and making for an overturned copper cooking pan, the bottom of which formed the background.

His ability was also exemplified in battle pictures. Notable among these was the "Cossack Charge." One hundred horses in a row, just as many Cossack heads—the shoulder of the furthermost one also appearing—and the same number of lances, all hanging for a trench the opposite embankment of which was so far that each Cossack of them, together with the horses, was inevitably doomed to suicide the very next moment. But it is precisely this which constitutes the genius of conception. For the second line of Cossacks, pressing on behind, shall thus be enabled to gallop comfortably across the ditch evened by the bodies of their self-sacrificing comrades.

Despite this versatility, he could not succeed in getting a picture hung in the Salon. Old painters are narrow-minded.

The "Exhibition of the Rejected" gave him all the space he wanted. A much larger public admired his paintings there than if they had been accepted at the Salon. But, somehow, nobody seemed anxious to buy. And yet they were offered at a high enough figure. Not one of them was marked below 10,000 francs. This is also a dogma of impressionism, that none of its disciples shall dispose of his pictures cheap.

They represented a whole treasury. But whenever M. Diomede inquired about the prospects the art dealer who had given him an advance upon them always scratched his head and looked dubious.

"Do you know, M. Diomede," said M. Luchs, the art dealer, one day, "I have met somebody who is making all sorts of inquiries about you?"

"A European?"

"No. An American."

"If it were a European I wouldn't care to waste any time on him. Is he an oil king?"

"No. It is a queen, the owner of a silver mine. Miss Deborah Stopps."

"Ah! Miss Deborah Stopps, who is so celebrated on account of her diamonds, and likewise on account of not permitting any cooking to be done on Sunday and not frequenting the theaters! You see, that's a woman I salaam to."

"She is a zealous Methodist. She keeps a pastor of her own, and is humililed by him every Sabbath."

"Well, and what does she like best about my pictures?"

"The signature."

"Pshaw!"

"She admires the creator of the pictures. She would be even willing to make you a present of her hand and her millions."

M. Diomede jammed his hat upon his head.

"You are joking."

"Never. The lady is very handsome."

"So much worse. If she were homely she might at least serve as an interesting study for me."

"You are not asked to paint her, but to take her."

"That is to say, vice versa. I am to sell myself to her. Now look here, M. Luchs, I can't work myself up to an impression on such a thing. A young man who allows himself to be taken by a rich young woman and afterward rides behind his wife's team is a pup. I don't fancy that style of love-making, a marble-heart and silk-clad woman beside it; a young woman who reads aloud, an old man who drinks coffee, a waiter who serves with a tray, a lapdog, yawning with tedium. I detest that sort of pictures. I shall not marry until the whole world recognizes whom I am. When connoisseurs begin to vie with one another for the purchase of my pictures; when I have reached that point at which I shall be able to come to you with a blank canvas on which nothing has yet been painted except my name, and I ask you, 'What is this canvas worth?' and you say, 'Twenty thousand francs,' and I reply, 'It shall be ready for you in a week,' then I will be ready to wed. My own self-respect demands that I be able to say to Miss Deborah Stopps, the silver queen, 'I take you.'"

"Nobly spoken!" said M. Luchs. "That's the kind of youth I like."

A few days later M. Diomede was awakened at 10 o'clock in the morning. He was told to hurry to the art dealer. A purchaser had come for one of his pictures.

"Who is he?"

"An American."

"What is he?"

"A cotton king."

Diomede hurried to get to the art dealer. He was there within three hours. The American was waiting for him. M. Luchs introduced them to each other.

"M. Diomede—Mr. Vanderguld."

Mr. Vanderguld was a tall, thin old man, pale, with that complexion which goes with total abstinence from spirituous drink.

"Are your pictures for sale?"

"That's why they are placed on exhibition."

"What is their price?"

"You can see. The 'Sleeping Wench,' 10,000 francs; the 'Drinking Cow,' 11,000 francs; the 'Sunshine,' 12,000 francs; the 'Still Life,' 13,000 francs; the 'Battle Picture,' 14,000 francs—total. I don't know how much. Just add them together."

Mr. Vanderguld shook his head.

"In my gallery, my dear sir, in which Europe's most famous artists are represented, there is not a picture that has stood me less than 15,000 francs."

"That's easily remedied. Let each of the five be 15,000 francs, then."

"We can place the 'Battle Picture' at 20,000."

"So that in round numbers it shall all foot up 80,000 francs? Agreed!"

Mr. Vanderguld took out his check-book and gave M. Diomede the amount. Then he stuck his visiting card into the frame of each of the five pictures as evidence of his having purchased them. He directed the art-dealer to adjust the figures on the price-list tacked on at the lower part of each frame and to leave the pictures on exhibition for another week, after which he would take them with him to the New World.

The report of this wonderful sale spread rapidly through the metropolis. And now the public rushed with a vengeance to admire the pictures which America had captured. And everybody now discovered the hidden beauties which nobody had been able to detect before. And from that day M. Diomede became one of the most celebrated artists of Europe, whose pictures are shown only for an admission fee, and are placed on pedestals beneath canopies and illuminated with electrical effects.

Now he could proudly step before the silver queen and ask for her hand. He got it, too, and became a universally envied husband.

Thenceforth the Salon did not reject his productions, either. And no matter what price was placed upon them, there was certain to be a card stuck into their frames the very first week of the exhibition: "Purchased by Mr. Vanderguld."

M. Diomede now possessed fame, a brush every stroke of which was well paid for; a handsome, loving, cultured, good-natured wife, a magnificent palace and a still more magnificent studio; a coach, a hunter and a chef.

But geniuses have a way of never being content with their lot. However, there are others, too, who when they are very fortunate in love fall a prey to jealousy. M. Diomede could never understand why Mrs. Deborah would not allow her cook to work on Sunday, nor the horses to be harnessed, nor why she never went to the theater. His wife told him curtly that she was a Methodist and a strict observer of the Sabbath.

But what worried him more was the secrecy in which his wife shrouded one of the rooms. Its door was always locked, and Diomede was never permitted to enter. His wife wandrew regularly every Sunday to this room and spent much time there. Eavesdropping servants ascertained that she would speak with a man in there. When M. Diomede took her to account for it she replied that she was engaged in pious exercises in the locked room according to the precepts of her religion, and that man whose voice was heard through the double door was a Methodist preacher.

"I should like to take a look at that preacher?"

"You would regret it exceedingly."

"Has the preacher such a terrible look?"

"He has."

"And are you not afraid of him?"

"He does not seem terrible to me."

"If you continue this mystery I shall institute proceedings for divorce."

"You have no ground that will hold water before the law."

"Well, I'll discover it yet."

From that time on M. Diomede surrounded his palace with spies, who were instructed to give him immediate notice as soon as the mysterious visitor called again. He determined to break into his wife's secret chamber with witnesses and police, so that he might have absolute proof of her faithlessness.

He was just then engaged on a painting which was to be the crowning plus-ultra of impressionist art. Christmas morning the picture was all but finished. There was only the sky and the star to be touched up with a finishing grace.

Mr. Vanderguld again came from America. He inspected the picture before it was taken off the easel.

"The price of this one will be 150,000 francs," said Diomede carelessly.

"I will pay the price."

When a painter's brush can conjure 150,000 francs out of nothing he may proudly cast aside a wife who has millions.

He was busy at his work when the spies came running in to him to announce that the mysterious preacher was again in the secret room alone with Mrs. Deborah. Diomede ran there immediately in his working jacket, taking two friends along. On the way from the studio to the palace they picked up a policeman and a locksmith. The whole crowd of them rushed into the palace. The secret chamber's door was locked now, too.

"In the name of the law!" thundered the policeman.

There was no response. The door was then forced by the locksmith. Beyond was another door. M. Diomede himself knocked and thumped at this.

"Let me in. I am here. Your husband!"

Mrs. Deborah replied:

"Go away from here. Do not come in. You will feel worse than if you died."

The inner door was located with a spring. At Diomede's order it was battered down—Diomede, his two friends, the policeman, the locksmith and the servants.

Before him Diomede saw Mr. Vanderguld.

"Mr. Vanderguld!" he stammered, faintly.

"I am not Mr. Vanderguld, but rather Stopps, the father of Mrs. Deborah. I purchased all your pictures. You can see them hung around the walls here. 'The Sleeping Wench,' the 'Rising Sun,' the 'Battle Picture,' and all the others. They remain hidden from the world. Here they are seen by nobody. I was just now considering with my daughter where we could hang the seventh picture, as it is rather large. When it is done send it here. I'll pay for it."

Diomede was turned to stone. His good friends almost split with suppressed laughter. The policeman entered in his notebook the circumstances of the case for his official report. And Mrs. Deborah, going to M. Diomede, said:

"Now, sir, I shall institute proceedings for a separation. A man who has made himself ridiculous does not deserve a wife."

The World Will Join in Christmas of 1900.

It is planned to have a great Christmas celebration in 1900, which will be begun with the ringing of the "Peace and Liberty Bell" in Jerusalem. It is expected that this will be the most joyous Christmas since the first one, and that on the first Christmas of the new century the Christian world will join simultaneously in a grand chorus, "Peace on earth." It will be one of the most novel ceremonies ever conceived, and preparations are now being made for its successful consummation. The committee having the celebration in charge has invited the Peace Bell committee to meet in the Holy Land Christmas eve, 1900, on the spot where the shepherds received the message, "Glory to God in the highest." Upon this occasion, and at the same time, the corner stone of the great temple to be erected in the Holy Land will be laid. A large number of people is expected to attend this ceremony, as the celebration will be one of the most memorable events in the history of the Christian world.

As now proposed, the bell will be connected with the cables reaching to all parts of the earth. Then, half hour before the time is set for its ringing, all telegraphic business to be stopped, and every system in the world will be connected with the Jerusalem wire. The thousands of wires will speed the message to millions of waiting people when the bell is rung. Every congregation in Christendom will be assembled in its place of worship. When the bell is rung the message, "Peace on earth," will be flashed over the world at the same moment, and a grand, glorious chorus singing the doxology will rise from millions of throats. Never in the world's history has such an idea been conceived and carried out, and never has there been such a grand chorus as will raise their voice in praise and rejoicing at the same time. The entire Christian world will take part, and those who evolved the idea have begun themselves preparing for the greatest Christian demonstration ever known.

Her Query.

What shall I give him? Oh, dear, oh, dear!
It's the same old worriment every year!
Men hate pocketbooks—bless their souls,
They slap their money around in rolls!
Slippers? They're looked on as a joke.
Pipes and tobacco? He doesn't smoke.
Neckties and collars? He has a lot.
Ivory poker set? I guess not!
Watches and chains? He possesses two.
What does he want? If I only knew!
"What does he want? Why, my dear, my dear,
What but this white little hand right here.
Often he's asked it in prose and rhyme,"
"Yes, he shall have it—at Christmas time!"

One Cause o. Trouble.

She—I wish Christmas really was a season of general peace and good will.

He—Well, it might be if somebody hadn't introduced the custom of giving Christmas presents.—Puck.

Christmas.

Comes yearly;
Cost dearly;
Broke—nearly.

"No city Christmas for me," said Uncle Jedathiah, from New Canaan, the other day. "He'd one once an' ain't got over it yet. Dinner at eight o'clock at night—the idee of sich a thing, pretty near bed time—an' a French bill o' fare that I couldn't make head or tail on! Turkey stuffed with chestnuts, instead o' bread stuffin' with thyme in it, an' tasin' jest as if 'twas stewed! No punkin pie—yes, there was, an' it had sugar all over it, b'gosh! No sweet cider, no nuts an' raisins, no nut'n—the 'ole was worth eatin'."

SHOOTING WILD HORSES.

Method by Which Maud Whiteman of Nevada Gets a Living.

Shooting wild horses for a living seems odd employment, especially for a woman, but there is a woman in Nevada who earns her livelihood in just that way. She is a Californian, too, and a young woman, only 23 years old. Her name is Maud Whiteman. Until she went to Nevada six years ago her home was on a ranch some few miles from Fresno. Being of a sturdy and venturesome disposition, Maud early learned to manage horses and to feel at home in the wilds, so it happened that when her father by some mischance was forced to part with his home in California his daughter was fitted to be his helper in the rude region selected by him for a further struggle with fate. The father, whose name is William, is an old soldier, having served his country in both the Mexican and civil wars. He is a tall, fine-looking man of splendid physique. He is, however, no longer young, and the sixty-five years that have passed over him have limited his opportunities for work, so he decided to kill wild horses for their hides. Neither his age nor his lack of capital indicated effort in that direction, while prices for hides were fairly good, and wild mustangs were plentiful. From the first Maud was an active partner in this business. She is a bold rider and a fine shot and can bring down a horse at a distance that would win a sportsman's admiration. When engaged in this pursuit she dresses like a man, donning overalls in addition to a flannel shirt and a man's soft hat. The method of killing is interesting. Mounted on horses, the father and daughter set out for the task. They keep discreetly in the background, however, while dogs drive a small herd of their own horses to the spring, these serve as a decoy. Gradually wild horses come up, mingling with the rest. When suspicion has been quiet the man steals near, wounding, with a view to disabling, the leader of the herd. All others of the wild band immediately rush away, but soon they return in quest of their leader. Now is the opportunity. The mounted riders rush from hiding, shoot as many as possible, and follow the fleeing victims until all, or nearly all, are killed. Maud is an expert at removing hides. When her father has taken the manes and tails, which are also salable, she strips off the hides. These are dried by spreading them upon frames, or placing bags or blankets between them to admit of free access of air. At the end of three weeks they are ready for shipment. Sometimes as many as seventy are thus disposed of in a month.—San Francisco Examiner.

HAIR CURLING AN ART.

Few Women Are Willing to Make Themselves Look Ugly.

Is the curling of the hair there is a knack to be acquired before attaining that much desired result, so that to every owner of straight locks—the naturally curly look. Even a pretty face is improved by the addition of curls and a pompadour is sometimes made more attractive by turning the harsh outline into a wavy mass, for the faces are few that can stand the classic severity of a Grecian coiffure, says the New York Herald. The question, therefore, is how to manage one's unruly locks, how to supply, to the best of one's ability, what nature has denied—the pretty, rippling tresses which will elicit from some good-natured acquaintance the remark that she always "thought your hair was naturally curly." First, there are the numberless appliances for turning one's head into a bristling porcupine by night. When a girl surveys herself in her mirror before retiring and catches a glimpse of a disfiguring halo, which even the addition of blue bows will not render becoming, she sighs reflectively, indicative of discomfort, as sleeping on knobs of hair and takes to the inevitable—the curling irons. To obtain most satisfactory results a tight curling is not advisable. That destroys any possible look of nature's handiwork—and surely straight, locks are preferable to frizzes. A very important factor is that of curling the hair artistically, for there can be no illusion about a beautifully curled pompadour while the back hair is uncompromisingly straight. If a low style of coiffure is worn it is only necessary to curl the front and sides, but where the hair is dressed high it is most important not to neglect the back of the head. This will at first be awkward work, but will grow less difficult with practice, and nothing is prettier than a soft outline at the nape of the neck.

His Handicap.

From the Philadelphia Call: "A funny story that I could not help but laugh at was told by a traveling salesman at a local hotel," said the Man-about-town. "It happened during his last visit to this city. He got off at the Reading terminal and hailed a hansom. The driver, who seemed to be a good-natured chap, was tongue-tied and stammered badly; of course that was no fault of his. The drummer told him that he wished to be driven to the Continental hotel, and the driver screwed, using his hands and emitting all sorts of noises: 'A-ll r-r-right, s-s-sir.' The gentleman stepped in and off they sped. After driving some time the hansom came to a standstill, the driver jumped from his seat and the visitor stepped out. Looking about he noticed that they had gone some distance beyond the hotel, and he remarked this to the driver. The driver nodded his head and answered: 'I-it t-t-t-took m-m-me a-a-all this d-distance t-t-too s-s-say w-whoa!'"

Scoring the Deacon.

"There are odds in deacons," said Lowell, and the little dialogue printed below, taken from the Ohio State Journal, is illustrative of the dictum. "I didn't particularly like your prayer this morning," said a deacon to his minister. "What was wrong with it?" "Well, in the first place, it was too long, and then it seemed to me that it contained two or three expressions that were unwarranted." "I am very sorry that it met your disapproval, deacon," said the good man, "but you must bear in mind that the prayer was not addressed to you."

A Bright Outlook.

La Porte, Texas, is now attracting the attention of the business men of the United States and during 1900 great interest will be manifested in it. Owing to an advantageous natural location it is destined to enjoy a growth in commercial manufacturing and shipping interests which millions of dollars in advertising and years of energetic promotion could not give it were it not so favored by nature. Men of affairs with large experience in the upbuilding of cities are predicting a future for La Porte which if but half realized will make it the greatest seaport on the Gulf of Mexico and indeed one of the principal seaports of the United States as well as a city of great importance in the manufacturing, railroad and commercial world. It is at the head of Galveston Bay in the celebrated coast country of Texas and has a summer and winter climate which makes it a resort for travelers the year round. The farming land surrounding it is as fine as any in the United States.

The B. & O. R. R. has just placed an order for 43,500 tons of 85 pound steel rail for delivery in 1900. The contract price is about $3 per ton or $7 per cent more than the Receivers paid for rail during the time they had charge of the property. Of the total amount just ordered the B. & O. proper will get 26,000 tons, the B. & O. S. W. 12,500, the Pittsburg and Western 4,000, and the Cleveland Terminal and Valley 1,000.

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 one-fourth as much. Children may drink it with great benefit. 15 cents and 25 cents per package. Try it. Ask for GRAIN-O.

All is fair in love except the actions of the other fellow.

Love of virtue is as native to man as love of knowledge.

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., Props., 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, Ohio

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.

It takes an intellectual person to have fun on 50 cents.

The men of Chicago spend $3,500,000 a year for shaves.

The Cause of Chapped Hands.

Chapped hands in cold weather is due to washing with inferior soap, the ingredients being poisonous to the skin. It is therefore important to have pure soap. If warm rain water and Ivory soap are used in washing the hands, they will be smooth and white at all seasons. ELIZA R. PARKER.

The average man's conscience is more or less elastic.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist today and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

In all stories of the wheel the punctuating period brings it to a full stop.

TEN WEEKS FOR 10 CENTS.

That the Tribune Farmer (formerly *Weekly*, of Denver, Colo., founded 1890) will be sent ten weeks on trial for 10c; clubs of 10 for $1. Special offer solely to introduce it. Latest mining news and illustrations of scenery, treasures of love and adventure. Address as above and mention this paper; stamps taken.

If you are at a loss to know how to take a man let him remain where he is.

THE GRIP CURE THAT DOES CURE.

Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets1 removes the cause that produces La Grippe. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Marriage will change a woman's name, but it seldom alters her nature.

Don't Be One Minute Without It.

Lightning Hot Drops, the great emergency medicine. At druggists. Hydo Medicine Co., Springfield, O.

The man who is anxious to buy usually gets the worst of the bargain.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865. —J. R. Madison, 2409 42d Ave., Chicago, Ill.

No man ever produced the bubble of fame by blowing his own pipe.

Brown's Teething Cordial cures all diseases peculiar to babies when teething.

There is only one sudden death among women to eight among men.

Gloomy Dyspeptics.

Perhaps it's the Indigestion of Starchy Foods that troubles you. Why not try a remedy prepared especially for that kind of Indigestion.

15 cents on the Money-back-if-not-satisfactory-plan will purchase a box.

KASKOLA is the remedy, it contains the digestant, a new remedy that digests 1,000 times its weight of starch, most Dyspeptic cures are failures because they do not digest a glass of food. Kaskola contains the meritorious elements of the old treatment combined with the new discovery.

Price 15 cents—all druggists or of the makers.

THE P. L. ABBEY CO., Kalamazoo, Mich.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS AT WHOLESALE PRICES

DIRECT FROM FACTORY, FREIGHT PREPAID.

HIGH GRADE **FURNITURE** is the most acceptable Holiday Gift. Our goods are known throughout the world for their excellence of workmanship and finish.

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