Day and Night.

The innocent, sweet Day is dead.
Dark Night hath slain her in her bed,
O Moors are as fierce to kill as to wed;
—Put out the light, said he.

A sweeter light than ever rayed
From star of heaven or eye of maid
Has vanished in the unknown shade,
—She's dead, she's dead, said he.

Now, in a wild, sad after-mood
The tawny Night sits still to brood,
Upon the dawn-time when he wooed
would she lived, said he.

Star memories of happier times,
Of loving deeds and lovers' rhymes
Throng around him in silvery pantomimes,
—Come back, O Day! said he.
—Sidney Lanier.

A DISASTER AT SEA

By LYNN ROBY MEEKINS.

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"I speek ze Engleesh vera bad. Zes, jit not so?"

"It is a very difficult language," she responded.

"So, so. Ut ees like ze sea zat goes dis way and zat, vut-vut you calls it?"

"Choppy," she replied.

"Si, si, zat is what you calls my Engleesh—choppy."

"You are mistaken. I called it soothing of the kind. You asked me about the sea. I said nothing about your use of the language. Of course, it is very difficult for one to take up a new speech. You do quite well."

For this he was grateful, and he was framing his thankfulness when a large, buoyant man of aggressive healthfulness approached. The sea had no terrors for him. He trod the deck like one born to command, not afraid of storm either on land or elsewhere. He had one of those large framed and hopeful personalities which belong to the successful American character, and he looked as if he could buy the ship without severely intrenching upon his fortune. He bowed in a familiar yet businesslike manner and said something to the young lady. She excused herself and made toward the cabin door. The foreigner and the American stood in talk for a few moments and then parted, as the American frankly did not like to exhaust his patience upon the stumbling sentences of the polite and very deferential European.

That night in the smoking room the American, Mr. John Henry Martindale, had made himself more popular than usual by his good stories and liberality. Count Fricadelli was consuming cigarettes on a neighboring sofa. Precisely at ten-thirty, as was his custom, Mr. Martindale arose, looked at his watch to see if the ship's clock was attending strictly to its duty, and bade a cheery good night to every one, and then quiet settled for a moment upon the room. There was the swish of the waves without, and there was the toll of the boat, but all else seemed strangely silenced as if a little storm had passed in eventide and the twilight had settled down. But it did not last for long.

"Martindale is a regular old brick," suddenly exclaimed a man whose voice filled the entire apartment. "He is a true American, and while people say that he is lucky, I am sure he deserves everything he has got. Certainly there is nobody who enjoys life more, or who can tackle a situation with better humor or bigger nerve. I was in Cariopolis when he had the street railway fight. It was when the lines were being changed from the old horse cars to the trolley system, and he wanted new franchises. The Aldermen or the City Councilmen, or whatever you call them, all expressed their willingness to do whatever the old man wanted them to do. He refused to pay a red cent and put his refusal upon the score of public improvement and enterprise. Well, their favor was rather suspicious, but at the same time it seemed genuine. They actually voted just what the old man wanted, and then after everything was fixed and the bosses thought they had the situation in their hands they met and rescinded their action, and on top of all the bosses and the crowd sold they could not deliver the goods and old Martindale cleaned up a cool million and busted the whole gang. Then he got what he wanted after all. The deals in that city must have netted him from one to two millions. Then he

"Choppy," she replied.

came back to the stock, short. He took up two other lines and began his manipulations. They were perfectly confident he would not try the same trick three times running, but they did not know their man. He succeeded the third time, and then on the fourth affair when they tried to outdo him in another city he took the other track and made more than in any other deal he had attempted. He is worth ten millions."

"Who will get all that money?" inquired a young person, who should have been in bed.

"His nieces, I suppose," was the reply. "He has no children, you know, and his wife, who is with him, has been ill ever since we left Southampton."

Ten millions! Count Fricadelli could scarcely believe his ears. It means wealth beyond anything his imagination could comprehend. Ten millions! Two hundred million francs! It was grand. It was magnificent!

On the next morning when he saw the same young lady again pacing up and down the deck, he put all his energy into the English he could summon, and with profuse apologies made comments upon the sea, the earth, the sky, and all that therein is. She was pleasant, and he was enthusiastic, and when the buoyant Mr. Martindale came out again to say

"With Mr. Martindale, my uncle!"

something to her, and after she had disappeared, the Count let his enthusiasm bubble forth in many earnest but somewhat broken syllables.

"Mees Wiltsong, she is so charming."

"She is a very pleasant young lady," replied Mr. Martindale, and then he walked down the deck with a broad grin on his face. After that he called her "Mees Wiltsong."

The Count was very attentive, very persistent, very gallant, and every time Miss Wilson appeared on deck in some mysterious manner he managed to be near to offer every attention that gallantry could suggest, that invention could find. He was undeniably handsome and his English improved with the voyage. It was as if the shaking up had rubbed the rough-est edges off his syllables. When Miss Wilson was not about he cultivated Mr. Martindale and the burly millionaire enjoyed the attention. Finally, one day, in a great burst of confession and confidence the Count said, "Meester Martindale, I would be so glad to pay my attentions to your niece."

"Why, certainly. Go ahead," exclaimed Mr. Martindale with a laugh that was on the point of an explosion that might have shaken the ship if it had found its full vent.

And so it went on, and the climax came a lovely morning when the great vessel passed Fire Island on her homeward stretch through the gateway of the new world.

The young lady with the flush of health deep in her cheeks, her eyes as clear as the blue of the skies, and her whole being a personification of vigor and beautiful happiness, was standing in a corner by herself when the Count approached and told her that he had found that for which he had searched the earth in vain—the object of his love—the most adorable woman, whom he loved with an unselfishness that no language could express.

While he was speaking she was gazing toward the horizon, and there was upon her face a half smile like the play of sunlight upon the face of a goddess. Finally he exclaimed, "I have ze permission of Mr. Martindale, your uncle, to speek zus wis you."

"With Mr. Martindale, my uncle!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Meesz," he replied, "wis him; he knows of it. You may ask him, he will comprehend."

She said nothing, but seeing the rotund form of the millionaire coming down the deck advanced to meet him, and without a word came back with him to where the Count was standing.

"Mr. Martindale," she said, very soberly, "I understand Count Fricadelli to say that you are my uncle, and that you have given him permission to speak to me upon a somewhat personal subject."

Mr. Martindale smiled broadly and replied, "The Count must be mistaken. I have never claimed to be your uncle, although I should be very proud if I were."

The Count was becoming strangely agitated, but he said, "Meester Martindale, you said I might pay my attentions to your niece."

"Well, Count, I have not the slightest objections to that, but it happens that the only niece I have lives in Dakota and has the finest family that any man ever saw."

"Then Mees Wiltsong," mumbled the poor man on the verge of collapse.

"Mees Wiltsong!" said Mr. Martindale, taking the words from him, "is a most delightful and a most capable professional nurse who has been most attentive to my wife during our little trip to Europe, and she is a lady whom I can cordially recommend to any one needing her services."

It would be hard to follow the rest of this disaster, but "Mees Wiltsong" and Mr. Martindale were laughing after the Count had found solitude in the stateroom, from which he did not emerge until the stewards were admitted to put him off the ship.

HOW THE JAPANESE KNEW.

Had Spies to Watch Building of Russian Battleship at Philadelphia.

A story is being told which sheds an interesting light on the marvelous foresight and precaution that characterized the preparations of the Japanese for the present war. Some years ago a Japanese agent came to Philadelphia with a letter of introduction to a prominent Philadelphian who had traveled in Japan. This Philadelphian tells the story.

The letter was written by a Japanese official who knew the Philadelphian, and it stated that if he would help the bearer in what he desired the favor would be greatly appreciated. The favor was for the Philadelphian to simply introduce the agent to a first-class firm of detectives. This was done and the agent described as a responsible person. He had plenty of money, and a bargain was made with the firm, the latter to receive a large sum of money.

The detectives were required to dress in the clothes of laborers and secure work in Cramp's shipyard and then to gather full information about the Russian battleship Variag, then in early course of construction. This they did, and the Japanese government was supplied with every detail of the construction and armament of the Variag. The officials at Cramps do not yet know exactly how the Japs obtained it.—Philadelphia Press.

WHY HE QUIT PLAYING POKER.

Lesson Which an Old Gambler Taught Novice at the Game.

An old man sat at a late breakfast in a hotel cafe last Saturday, when a young man with haggard face and downcast eyes took a place near him.

"Tom," said the newcomer to the attendant, "I must go light, for I played in hard luck last night."

The old man had finished and sat studying the other's face as he ate. Shortly he took a roll of bills from his pocket and laid it in front of him.

"It's yours," he said.

Mechanically and with a trembling hand the young man took the money.

"You were in the game?" he said.

"Yes, and that is your money, about $300. Quit playing poker. I began it sixty years ago on the Mississippi river and have made a living out of such fools as you. With my coolness it's robbery to play against your recklessness. I see desperation in your face. I am told that you are a teller in a bank, and that you have a wife, to whom you will lie about your absence from home last night. Quit poker."

He walked out, and the young man, lowering his head to his folded arms, did not move until the attendant aroused him.—New York Times.

The Bismillah Ceremony.

A little Moslem when she is four years four months old goes through the "Name-of-God," or Bismillah, ceremony—which begins her real life. She is dressed in cloth-of-gold, with a veil and wreath of flowers; and friends are invited to salute the little queen. She sits on a gold cushion, which must be borrowed if she hasn't one, and all the rest sit on the floor. Then an old mullah recites very slowly a certain verse from the Koran, which is also written in saffron on a silver plate bibi holds in her hand. She runs her fingers over the words, and stammers them after him. "Say it not, Bibi; be of a good girl, then you shall see your presents." Soon they all cry, "Shabash! Shabash! Wah! Wah!" and the ceremony of the little girl's first lesson in reading, writing and religion is over. She salaams mamma, then shows her presents to her sahelis (girl friends).—Edmund Russell, in Everybody's Magazine.

Children's Children.

John D. Crimmins, who made last month an unusually favorable impression upon the Apostolic Society of Rome, is never more delightful than when he is telling anecdotes of children.

"A little girl of seven," Mr. Crimmins said one day, "came to me after church on a Sunday morning and asked:

"'Have I any children?'

"I dropped my newspaper and regarded her with amazement.

"'What?' I said.

"'Have I any children?' she repeated.

"'Well, I should hope not,' I exclaimed. 'Why on earth do you ask me such a question as that?'

"'Why, in church this morning,' said the little girl, 'the clergyman preached about children's children, and I wondered if I had any.'"

Paper Gloves and Stockings.

Paper gloves and stockings are now being manufactured in Europe. The stockings have been carefully examined by experts, and they are loud in their praise of them. Let no one assume, they say, that these stockings, because they are made of paper, will only last a few days, for they will last almost as long as ordinary stockings. The reason is because the paper of which they are made was, during the process of manufacture, rendered into a substance closely resembling wool, and was then woven and treated as ordinary wool.

"The Sunrise Never Failed Us Yet."

Upon the sadness of the sea
The sunset broods mournfully,
From the far lonely spaces slow
Withdraws the wistful after glow.

So out of life the splendor dies,
So darken all the happy skies,
So gathers wistful, cold and stern,
But overhead the immortal morn.

And up the East another day,
Shall chase the bitter dawn away,
What though our eyes with tears be wet
The sunrise never failed us yet.

The blush of dawn may yet restore
Our light and hope and joy once more
Sad soul take comfort, our forecast
That sunrise never failed us yet.
—Celia Thaxter.

MOVE OF GREAT BRITAIN LOOKS LIKE LAND GRAB

While Russia is engaged with Japan in the debatable land of eastern China, England is fighting her way into the debatable land of southwestern China. Col. Younghusband, at the head of a detachment of the British army, has forced his way over the Himalayas into Tibet and has defeated the Tibetans at Guru, not a hundred miles south of Lhassa, the Tibetan capital.

This advance of the British into Tibet had been more carefully prepared than was the Russian advance into Manchoria. Bhotan, the semi-independent mountain state lying south of Tibet to the east of the trade route from Bengal to Tibet, was brought under British control in 1865. British influence in Nepal, the Himalayan state south of Tibet, west of the trade route, was established in 1815. Between the two lies Sikkim, a Tibetan state, and a British protectorate was established over this in 1890. Control of Sikkim gave the British possession of the trade route as far north as the mountain passes.

Meantime Russian agents, Japanese priests, and Chinese travelers had penetrated to Lhassa. A Japanese priest was the first man to live for any length of time in the mysterious city, and on his return he published

PALACE OF THE DALAI LAMA

his observations. Among the things he reported was the success of a Russian expedition to Lhassa bearing presents to the Grand Lama, or sovereign of the country. Among the presents was a consignment of American, or Springfield, rifles sent by the Czar as a personal gift to the Tibetan ruler.

England's answer to this report of Russian success was to order Col. Younghusband with 200 men across the mountain divide into Tibet. The expedition was called a commercial mission, and its object was declared to be to persuade the Tibetan government to remove the restrictions on the Indian tea trade. It was represented that, while Tibet purchased from China every year tea to the value of $800,000, the government permitted the Tibetan people to purchase scarcely any tea grown in India.

Col. Younghusband left Darjeeling, the outpost on the Indian frontier, in October last. He made his way to the higher mountain passes, where he was confronted by the Tibetans, who insisted that he should return. He held his position, however, and sent for reinforcements. Then he proceeded northward by way of Yatong, Chumbi, Phariong, and over the difficult pass beyond into the Tang-la valley, making a new base at Tuna.

A short distance north of this point, the Tibetans, under command of the general at Lhassa, disputed his passage. The result was two engagements, in which the Tibetan loss is reported at 750.

This means war, with as many possibilities as hang on the outcome of the campaign in Manchuria. The British detachment at Tuna will be reinforced, and the Tibetans will make resistance. In the end the British are likely to capture Lhassa and extend British influence to all of southern Tibet.

Tibet's standing army is reputed to be one of the strangest aggregations of soldiers of modern times. Consisting of about 4,000 men, so far as known, it presents the features of an army of medieval days. Part of the force that is opposing the British expedition into Tibet is reported to be armed with matchlock guns. Most of the Tibetan soldiers, however, are armed with lances, bows and arrows and slings. The ordinary Tibetan is more inclined to trust to divinations and spells of oracles and priests than to weapons. The lamas encourage the superstitious beliefs, with the result that the soldiers think their prayers and incantations will procure them supernatural assistance in battle and make them invulnerable against bullets. One of the Tibetan rules of warfare says: "See that there are no lazy, sick or timid in the ranks, but only those who fear not death." This explains why so many, 400, died in the recent battle.

One Time He Had Forgotten.

Senator Knute Nelson was telling colleagues about his experiences with a subcommittee in Alaska. They made a landing at Nome one day when the sea was so rough that the passengers were put in a cage and swung ashore. "And that," he concluded, "was the only time any man ever had me in a cage." "Not much," bluntly interposed Senator Berry of Arkansas, with whom Mr. Nelson has many a time and oft fought over the battles of the civil war. "We had you in a cage at Port Hudson." And Senator Nelson had to admit it. He was taken prisoner by the Confederates there and for a season held in durance vile.

Review Was Not Flattery.

In "The Life of Dean Farrar" his son, Reginald Farrar, has included many extracts from "Men I Have Known," for example, the following story of Browning, which is worth recalling: John Stuart Mill, happening upon a copy of "Bells and Pomegranates," sent a request to Tait's Magazine for permission to review it. The editor answered that, "unfortunately, he could not insert a review of 'Bells and Pomegranates,' as it had been reviewed in the last number." Mr. Browning had the curiosity to see this "review" and found the following: "'Bells and Pomegranates,' by Robert Browning: Balderdash."

Senator Pettus in Bad Plight.

One of the greatest sticklers for propriety in the United States senate is Mr. Pettus of Alabama. The other day he arrived minus a cravat and only learned of his mistake after he noticed some of the pages snickering at him. The old gentleman hurried into the cloakroom, where he remained until a messenger brought him the necessary article of apparel.

Condemned Guns Not Useless.

Condemned guns are not by any means useless. There is at Willets Point, L. I., a magnet made from two Dahlgrens, 15-inch, wound with eight miles of heavy cable and charged with electricity.

Nothing Doin'.

Oatcake—Did that air city chap what wuz up tew your place huntin' last week manage tew hit anything?

Hayrix—Gosh, no! Even when he went tew start for home he missed th' train, by hen!

Australian Wheat.

The three important wheat states of Australia produce 35,000,000 bushels. The yield to each acre in New South Wales is 10.6 bushels, in South Australia 6.9 bushels and in West Australia 4.6 bushels.

Woman Prisoner Mistreated.

A young woman prisoner in the jail at Lille was kept in a cell all night under such conditions that both her feet became frostbitten and had to be amputated. An inquiry has been ordered.

Virginian's Useful Life.

Dr. Moncure D. Conway, who recently celebrated his seventy-second birthday, is a descendant of the Washington family and was born in Virginia. He married Miss Margaret Daniel, granddaughter of Thomas Stone, a signer of the declaration of independence. Dr. Conway was a Unitarian minister at Washington, whence he was compelled to go on account of his sermons against slavery in 1857. Going on a visit to England in 1863, he became minister of South Place chapel in 1864, where he stayed for about twenty years and whither he returned for another five years in 1892.

Independent Oklahoma Town.

Andrew Carnegie heard of a little town in Oklahoma which had no library and decided to supply what he regarded as a necessity. The multi-millionaire offered to furnish $5,000 for the library, provided the citizens would guarantee proper support for the institution. He gathered a new idea of Oklahoma's optimism and independence on learning that the citizens resented his offer as an insult. "Make your offer $20,000 and we may take it under consideration," wrote the town officers, but Mr. Carnegie has not decided to do as suggested.

Western Pioneer Dead.

William F. Syron, a pioneer of Oregon and Washington, is dead at his home in Garfield, Wash., aged 81 years. Mr. Syron and his young wife left Iowa in 1852 with a party and crossed the plains with ox teams. When the Syrons arrived in Oregon they had one ox, the usual prairie schooner outfit and 25 cents cash. In 1877 they moved from Oregon to Washington.

Americans Smoke Much.

If our annual output of domestic cigars were to be made into one long cigar of the usual diameter there would be produced a "weed" that would go eighteen times around the world at the equator.

Proper Definition.

"Say, pa," queried little Johnny Bumpernickle, "what is self-control?"

"It's something a woman possesses who never buys anything at a bargain sale that she doesn't really need," replied the old man.

Russian Officers Lose Perquisite.

The premiums of $250 and $500 offered during the last three years to Russian officers to learn to speak, read and write the Chinese language will be discontinued at the end of the present year.

Fasting an Old Custom.

The ancient Persians, Hindus, Egyptians, Buddhists, Greeks, Romans, Jews all fasted. The Jews used it as a means of insuring victory over an enemy, or bringing down rain from heaven.

DIRE POVERTY IN RUSSIA.

Economic Conditions Are Frightful in the Extreme.

The bad economic conditions of the Russian peasantry may be shown by the statistics of farm animals. The Russian novelist, Uspenski, once wrote a story of peasant life, which he called "A Quarter of a Horse," and which was intended to set forth, in the guise of fiction, the social and economic status of an agricultural population that had only one horse to every four families. Statistics compiled by the zemstvos of the central provinces show that, even before the agricultural crisis became as acute as it is now 20 to 30 per cent of the peasant farmers in the formerly rich provinces of Chernigof, Voronezh, Poltava, Saratof, Kurek and Tambof did not have even a single horse, while nearly one-third of the entire population of Voronezh had neither horse nor cow. In the province of Riazan 22,000 peasant proprietors out of 80,000 had no horse and 21,000 had neither horse nor cow.

Alcohol in Ancient Times.

Considering the possible influence of alcohol upon human evolution, Dr. Harry Campbell assumes that such civilizations as those of Babylon and Egypt may date back 20,000 years and that agriculture by migratory tribes may extend back 30,000 years more, but concludes that the use of alcohol as a beverage has not been known more than 10,000 years. He finds no reason to believe that, as was suggested some years ago, the discovery of fermented liquor gave the first civilizing quickening to the brain of the ape-man.

By the Pound.

Here is something new in railway rates. In Cuba, on the Beulah railway, fares are reckoned at the rate of 1½ cents (¾d.) for each "pound of passenger," after weighing.

In the Spring.

Lowndes, Mo., April 4th.—Mrs. H. C. Harty of this place, says:

"For years I was in very bad health. Every spring I would get so low that I was unable to do my own work. I seemed to be worse in the spring than any other time of the year. I was very weak and miserable and had much pain in my back and head. I saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised last spring and began treatment of them and they have certainly done me more good than anything I have ever used.

"I was all right last spring and felt better than I have for over ten years. I am fifty years of age and am stronger to-day than I have been for many years and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills credit for the wonderful improvement."

The statement of Mrs. Harty is only one of a great many where Dodd's Kidney Pills have proven themselves to be the very best spring medicine. They are unsurpassed as a tonic and are the only medicine used in thousands of families.

Sudden Awakening Harmful.

To be suddenly awakened from sound sleep sends a great rush of blood to the heart, thus overtaxing and straining it. People whose business necessitates their being awakened early have long suspected the practice of being an evil one and have tried to rid themselves of it. But heretofore they have had no better reason for wishing to continue to lie in bed than that they found it inconvenient or unpleasant to rise early. Evidently they have right on their side. It is bad for the heart.

Reward in Passes.

The Southern railway proposes to furnish to engineers and conductors annual passes of the road on the basis of service. Those who have been five years in the service are to be given annual passes over the division on which they are employed; those having ten years to their credit are to receive annuals good over the entire line, and the wives of those who have served fifteen years will be included in the privilege.

Aged Tar Gets Prize Money.

W. Jennings of Hampton Wick, England, lately received from the admiralty his prize money for services rendered while a second-class boy on his majesty's ship Archer, one of the Baltic fleet, in assisting to capture several Russian warships in 1854. The recipient, who is a general dealer, had forgotten all about his money, and the receipt greatly surprised him.

EMPTY NOW.

How One Woman Quit Medicine.

"While a coffee user my stomach troubled me for years," says a lady of Columbus, O., "and I had to take medicine all the time. I had what I thought was the best stomach medicine I could get, had to keep getting it filled all the time at 40 cents a bottle. I did not know what the cause of my trouble was but just dragged along from day to day, suffering and taking medicine all the time.

"About six months ago I quit tea and coffee and began drinking Postum and I have not had my prescription filled since, which is a great surprise to me for it proves that coffee was the cause of all my trouble although I never suspected it.

"When my friends ask me how I feel since I have been taking Postum I say, 'To tell the truth I don't feel at all only that I get hungry and eat everything I want and lots of it and it never hurts me and I am happy and well and contented all the time.'

"I could not get my family to drink Postum for a while until I mixed it in a little coffee and kept on reducing the amount of coffee until I got it all Postum. Now they all like it and they never belch it up like coffee.

"We all know that Postum is a sunshine maker. I find it helps one greatly for we do not have to think of aches and pains all the time and can use our minds for other things." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The one who has to bother with coffee aches and pains is badly handicapped in the race for fame and fortune. Postum is a wonderful rebuilder. There's a reason.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

REACH THE SPOT.

To cure an aching back.
The pains of rheumatism,
The tired out feelings,
You must reach the spot—get at the cause.
In most cases 'tis the kidneys.
Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys.

Chas. Bierbach, stone contractor, living at 2636 Chestnut St., Erie, Pa., says: "For two years I had kidney trouble and there was such a severe pain through my loins and limbs that I could not stoop or straighten up without great pain, had difficulty in getting about and was unable to rest at night, arising in the morning tired and worn out. The kidney secretions were irregular and deposited a heavy sediment. Doctors treated me for rheumatism, but failed to help me. I lost all confidence in medicine and began to feel as if life were not worth living. Doan's Kidney Pills, however, relieved me so quickly and so thoroughly that I gladly made a statement to that effect for publication. This was in 1898, and during the six years which have elapsed I have never known Doan's Kidney Pills to fail. They cured my wife of a severe case of backache in the same thorough manner."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Bierbach will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

If the victims were choosers, police magistrates would be men of few words and short sentences.

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 his firm.

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 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The fact that Rome wasn't built in a day is a source of much gratification to the lazy man.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease. A powder. It rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accept no substitute. Sample mailed Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

More than eight million of the thirteen and a half million people of Mexico do not work.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Figures may not lie, but estimates are often misleading.

BABY HUMORS

Milk Crust Scalled Head and Eczema

Instantly Relieved & Speedily Cured by Baths with

Cuticura Soap

And gentle anointings with CUTICURA OINTMENT, purest and sweetest of emollients and greatest of skin cures. It means instant relief and refreshing sleep for tortured, disfigured, itching, and burning babies, and rest for tired, fretted mothers, when all else fails.

Sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Prop., Boston. How to Cure Skin Diseases, 64 pages, 50 illustrations, free. Cuticura Soap, 25c. Ointment, 25c., 50c. Resolvent, $1. Cuticura Soap Shaving Stick, 25c. Cuticura Medicated Cotton Balls, 25c. Cuticura Medicated Sticking Plaster, 25c. Cuticura Resolvent Pills, 25c. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Proprietors. Send for "How to Cure Every Humor."

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES COUGHS AND COLDS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS. CONSUMPTION