Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

POINTS AT CUE ENDS.

THEY SCORE AT THE TIP AND SHOW CHARACTER AT THE BUTT.

Watch a Man Playing Billiards, and You Will Learn Something About His Disposition—How to Tell the "Sharp"—Signs Which Betoken the Mean Man.

During these days of graphology, physiognomy and bootology—if I may coin a word for the science of character studying from one's old boots—it will not be surprising to learn that a man's many weaknesses and good or bad qualities invariably manifest themselves when "cannoning" or "hazarding" with the fascinating ivories. Let me see a man play a hundred up, and I will tell you with unerring accuracy more about his everyday character than the ordinary observer would know after years of close intercourse.

A well known authority, in a treatise on billiards, by way of warning to the tyro, says, "Beware of the man who carries the chalk in his trousers pocket and calls the marker John, for verily he is a sharp." With all due deference to the writer of the advice, I must say that my own experience is in direct antipodes to his aphorism. The sharp of today is not so easily spotted. You see that man playing over at the far table, possessed of a child-like and bland manner? Well, that is the modern billiard sharp. With patent leather boots and dressed with faultless taste, he lies in wait for the unsuspicious and confiding learner. To all appearances he is a perfect stranger to the marker, and it would not do to hint that the latter is subsidized and "goes whacks" in the spoil. Our gentleman sharp, you will notice, inquires innocently the way to turn the marking board, makes a tremendous number of scientific misses, does not carry the chalk in his pocket, makes shots worthy of Roberts himself and then apologizes for them to his unsuspecting opponent as "beastly flukes." He is most profuse with "I beg your pardon, sir," when he "unintentionally" pots his antagonist's white and assures him, with every expression of sincerity, that "he played for a screw cannon."

At the commencement of the game he insinuatingly suggests that the small sum of 2s. 6d. shall be a stake on the game, not for the sake of having a bet, but just to have a little "interest" in the game, while his real reason is to have both principal and interest in his pocket. He never wins by too many, and then he has been "exceedingly lucky to win," "the balls ran for him," but he will give his opponent "double or quits" on the next game if he cares to have his revenge. He constantly ejaculates "Hard lines, sir," "You are having all the bad luck," and so the sharp plucks his pigeon.

From my experience I should say that no game of skill in the world brings out a man's meanness like billiards. There is a mean man playing. Watch him prepare for the combat. Probably he has argued his friend into giving him half the game, for he never plays with a stranger—he might get taken in, he says. See him carefully chalk his cue, and with what care and anxiety he gives the preliminary miss in balk, his face expressive of his mental agony for fear the ball should stop out of balk. Watch him during the progress of the game, how he walks round the table and views the position of the balls when it is his stroke from every part of the table, lest he should by an oversight give his opponent an advantage. His hesitation over each shot is prolonged, and when he does make up his mind to strike his nervous prostration is terrible as the balls go spinning round the table, and he knocks one of the shades off as he flourishes his cue about in his endeavor to influence the course of the balls. Great is his disappointment when he fails to score. Listen to his grumbles deep and loud when his adversary brings off "a fluke." Let us leave him, for it is dreadfully painful to play with him, and to see him grudgingly part with a shilling, if he be the loser, is like having a tooth drawn. "When found" in a billiard room, "make a note of" and avoid. The jolly, good natured man is the life and soul of the room. He doesn't care a straw whether he wins or loses. He wants a game and means to enjoy it. "Which ball do I prefer?" he says. "I don't care. They are both round." Off he goes, forgets to chalk his cue and then laughs heartily when he gives a miss, rarely asks for points, and if you beat him will ask you to have a cigar, tips the marker and laughs loud and long when you make some extraordinary fluke. You play carelessly with the generous man, and as a consequence often get beaten, but you take your defeat kindly enough from a man like this.

The grumbler and the mean man at billiards are very much akin, and you take a keen delight, in which the spectators participate, in giving him a sound beating. He is to be met with in every large room, and whether the game be pool, pyramids or billiards his grumbles are to the fore, to the annoyance of every one, with the result that he gets intensely hated. He is always being "sold" at pool and is "the unluckiest man in the world." "Gets the yellow ball, which is crooked, nine times out of ten," and he "missed a certain division through one of the spectators ordering a mild and bitter." His tip always comes off on an important stroke which would have won him the game, he "missed a big break through his ball, which, by the way, is anything but round, jumping over an infinitesimal piece of chalk on the cloth," which the marker fails to find. "There is not a straight cue in the room," the cushions are too slow or too fast, bad light, the gas flickers, the room is drafty. Who can make a shot with all this row? And the marker is the worst he ever met—"always talking to some one and not paying attention to the game." One would wonder that he continues to play with all these various conditions against him. He leaves the room in a temper every night, to the great relief of the frequenters, solemnly vowing that he will never play again, only to bob up grumblingly the next night. He can't help it, poor fellow! It is his nature. Watch that youth over there. He has just been talking of a big 50 break he made while on his recent holidays and playing the marker of the hotel at Sloshcum-on-the-Sand. "Take points?" Not he! "Will play the best player in the room level." He rolls up his sleeves, takes the chalk out of his pocket and after a big flourish commences the game. The uninitiated are prepared for something big, but are doomed to disappointment, as the youngster is only an empty boaster, just learning to play, and after being hopelessly beaten by 60 says he is out of form tonight and the table does not suit him. He is quite content to part with his shilling if he conveys the impression that he is a great player.—London Sporting Life.

New York city, with its 300,000 Hebrews, may properly be said to contain more Israelites than all Palestine.

GENERAL COXEY'S FAMILY.

Its Members All Show the Influence of His Predominating Personality.

General J. S. Coxey, the political pilgrim who has filled such a large place in the public eye during the past two months, has with him in Washington a very interesting family to sustain and encourage him by their presence and sympathy—not that the general is particularly in need of

MRS. COXEY AND LEGAL TENDER.

sympathy and encouragement, for he is pre-eminently a self reliant man and accepts the homage and support of those about him as a matter of course.

Mrs. Coxey says that when her husband first told her of his purpose to march to Washington she laughed at the idea, but when she saw that he was really in earnest she acquiesced in the plan, and now, like the dutiful wife that she is, she expresses enthusiastic confidence in his scheme for good roads and lots of money. The influence of Coxey's predominating personality is also shown in the readiness with which his son Jesse and his daughter Caroline have followed his varying fortunes over the rough roads leading to the national capital.

Miss Caroline Coxey, who is a rather bashful maiden of 18, with blond hair, blue eyes and rosy cheeks, is a daughter of General Coxey by his first wife, now divorced. Although the girl lives with her mother at Massillon, the general had no difficulty in persuading her to go to Washington and head the march of the Falstaffian forces into the capital. Now the irate Mrs. Coxey No. 1 is suing her former husband for the abduction of her daughter. Meanwhile the daughter remains with the

CAROLINE AND JESSIE COXEY.

family in Washington and receives many tender missives from youthful admirers in her old Ohio home.

Jesse Coxey, the son, is a rather harum scarum youth whose love of adventure not long ago led him to take a sea voyage of nine months' duration, during which he visited South Africa, Ceylon and the West Indies. He also showed the independence of his character by aiding and abetting the defection of the "great unknown" during the march over the Maryland mountains, but in due time he repented of his folly and returned, like the prodigal son, to his forgiving parents and the family dinner table at the National hotel.

Mrs. Coxey is a tall brunette, quiet and sensible, who is more interested in housewifely arts than in the mysteries of political economy. Just now she is engrossed in the care of a pudgy baby boy about 3 months old who rejoices in the name of Legal Tender. This youth has already shown decided oratorical abilities and promises to take a vociferous part in the political discussions of the future.

TO STOP HAZING.

Students of Northwestern University Must Pledge Themselves to That Effect.

Dr. Henry Wade Rogers, president of the Northwestern university at Evanston in Chicago, has determined that at least one American university shall be free from the ancient abuse of hazing, even if he has to suspend or expel half the students in the institution.

He and his associates in the faculty hold the odd idea that it is not one of the chief purposes of a university to furnish fun for some of its students at the expense of broken bones or loss of life to others, and hereafter any student in Northwestern who originates, aids or abets any kind of hazing whatever will be packed off home, and there will be no excuse or palliation for the offense.

PRESIDENT ROGERS.

The determination to stop hazing is no new one on the part of Dr. Rogers. Three years ago he asked the students to abolish the practice, and they did so. But a few weeks ago the freshmen assembled on the steps of one of the university buildings to have a class picture taken. Some of them carried canes, and the class banner was prominent. The sight of these contraband articles aroused the long dormant ire of the sophomores, and a regular old fashioned cane rush and scrimmage occurred.

The rush was unpremeditated, and no one was hurt, but the rules of the university had been violated, and Dr. Rogers read the riot act. The result was that the students passed resolutions of apology and gave their individual pledges of honor to abstain from all forms of hazing in the future, in consideration of which they were let off with a reprimand from the faculty. All students at the university will be required hereafter to give a similar pledge, and in case of its infraction they need hope for no mercy.

The Champion Fasters.

The Jains of India are the champion fasters, or long distance do-without-food sect of the world. Fasts of from 30 to 40 days are very common among this curious sect, and once each year a "radami" comes forward and undertakes the "grand fast," a period of 75 days, during which time he allows nothing but water to pass his lips. When the fast is once begun, the faster will carry it to the prescribed limit or die in the attempt.

EVEN UP TO DATE.

"I can't help how much yer love me, Van; I can't marry yer, and you'd just as well look at matters in a reasonable way."

"But why, Mandy? There ain't no other feller yer thinkin' more of than yer air of me, is there?"

"I'm talkin fair and squar' to yer, Van Jones. I've always liked yer as a friend, but if yer want to keep friendly with me yer'll have to stop this talk right here. I've told yer that I didn't love yer, and, more'n that, I never could, an as to lovin or thinkin more of somebody else that's somethin I don't think consarns ye in the least."

"Oh, come now, Mandy, don't put me off in this here way. If yer a friend to me it won't take yer long to love me. I've been mighty nigh crazy fer ye fer the last three year. I've got so I can't work fer thinkin of yer in the day ner sleep fer thinkin of yer in the night. There's lots o' other girls in Chincapin Holler, but yer takes the shine out of all of 'em. They're no more like yer than a dishrag's like a silk handkercher. In my eye yer as far above 'em as Pilot Knob's above Cowskin Flat. I'd give my mansion in the New Jerusalem fer jest one kiss o' them purty little red lips o' yer's." So saying, Van tried to draw Mandy toward himself, but Mandy with flashing eyes arose to her feet, and as she did so gave him a smart slap in the face and said:

"Van Jones, yer a fool! Ye take yerself right off from here or I'll call pa. I've been a-tryin to reason with yer as a friend, but I see yer ain't got no sense. Thar's the door, and don't yer never come back here again."

"But, Mandy"——

"Don't Mandy me—pa!"

Van did not stop to meet "pa," but took up his hat and, with a scowl on his face and an oath in his heart, left the house. He was an ill visaged fellow. His features wore the unmistakable marks of cruelty, cunning and sensuality. His face was dark naturally, but it was colored a deeper dye by the smoke of his forge, for Van was the blacksmith of Chincapin Hollow. His burly black head was set upon a thick neck and thus fastened to a herculean trunk. He had all the characteristics of a cruel and ferocious being. He wended his way slowly up the Hollow, muttering curses as he went.

"I know who she's stuck on; its that darn Sam Gray, but by thunder I'll get even with 'em," he hissed between his teeth. "She wouldn't own to to it, but I've had my eye on him, confound him."

It was a lovely Sunday evening in the month of September, in that part of Arkansas called the Boston mountains. The sides of the mountains were covered with luxuriant chincapins, scrubby oaks and trailing, heavy laden muscadines. The scenery in Chincapin Hollow was delightful to one in a frame of mind to enjoy it, but Van Jones saw none of its beauties, in fact it is doubtful if he ever was conscious of them.

If he took any further notice of them at all it was as rock, water and brush. He soon reached his shop, which stood some distance up the hollow. It was an old log building, whose caving roof bore a striking resemblance to a sway-back horse. The tottering chimney visible above the gable had the rakish air of a battered silk tile on a drunken sailor. The door, hung on a single hinge, and being partly open, exposed the interior of the building to view. The tools were lying promiscuously around, and it was evident that Van was not a neat shopkeeper. He entered the building, still bitterly cursing his luck and swearing vengeance against his rival.

"I'll get even with him if it takes fifty years," he snarled. "He shan't marry Mandy Piggin because he's got a good farm and a horse or two more'n I've got. I'll get even with him if I've got to burn his barn or pizen his well. I'll let him know that the man he's buckin agin in this business ain't no slouch," and a diabolical scowl settled over his features as he ceased muttering and drew from his pocket a large clasp knife, which he proceeded to sharpen upon a grindstone.

While Van was thus occupied the sun was slowly sinking. Long shadows fell across the Hollow. Gradually the distant mountain tops were wrapped in roseate mists, and over the valleys floated purple vapors. The shadows begin to deepen in the Hollow, and finally the last ray of light vanishes from the mountain's peak. First one bright star and then another rises in the east, peering down into the shadows below. Slowly the heavens become decked with the myriads of bright scintillating gems of night. It is a calm, delightful night in early autumn; the pure mountain air, like an ethereal elixir, exhilarates and cheers both man and beast.

In the starlit night a man on horseback is seen slowly riding toward Jefferson Piggin's house. He seems to be in no hurry, for he allows the splendid mare he is riding to choose her own gait. He rides up to the front of the picket fence surrounding the house, throws the bridle over one of the pickets, and knocking gently at the door is met by the blushing Mandy and bashfully invited in.

"Howdy do, Miss Mandy? How air ye this evenin?"

"Purty well, I thank ye, Mr. Gray. How air ye and how air yer folks?"

"I'm purty well, I thank ye, and the folks air about as common. Been enjoying yerself today, Miss Mandy?"

"No, I haven't, Mr. Gray. It's been an uncommon dull day to me. You been injying yerself today, Mr. Gray?"

"No, I can't say that I hev, Miss Mandy. I was down at a shootin match at Cowskin Flat, but there wus no good shootin done, and I came home. But looks like a purty gal like you shouldn't feel lonesome—hey, Miss Mandy?"

"Why not, Mr. Gray? Don't yer think gals git lonesome sometimes?"

"Well, I thought, Miss Mandy, ye'd have plenty cump'ny, spesh'ly on Sunday."

"Oh, yes, I've had cump'ny, but it warn't a bit agreeable. I'd rather be alone at eny time than to hev it."

"If it's a fair question, who's been yer cump'ny today, Miss Mandy?"

"Nobody in pertic'ler—at least that's whut I think of Van Jones."

"Why, seems to me, Miss Mandy, that Van ought to be purty good company; he's a right smart feller, I allus thought."

"Well, I don't like him, Mr. Gray, and hope he'll never call ag'in."

"Why, Miss Mandy, did you and him hev any trouble?"

"A little, not much."

"Would ye mind tellin me what it was about, Miss Mandy?" and Sam bashfully hitched his chair a few inches nearer the blushing Mandy.

"I'd rather not, Sam," she replied, hanging her head in modesty at calling him for the first time by his given name.

"Of course, Mandy, if it's a secret I don't want to hear it; it's none of my bizness no how, I reckon, is it, Mandy?" and Sam's arm began a cautious journey around Miss Mandy's apron strings.

Mandy (unconsciously, no doubt) helped Sam's arm along a little by leaning toward him, as she answered:

"Well, Sam, I guess you won't tell anybody if I tell you. Van Jones's been tryin his best to get me to have him, and I jest p'intedly told him he couldn't. He then wanted to know if I thought more of some one else, and I told him it didn't consarn him. I had ter threaten to call pa before he'd leave. He were powerfully disap'inted when I give him no for an answer. I've allus thought purty well of Van as a friend, but I'm afraid if his dander's up he'll do somethin mean."

"And what did you refuse Van fer, Mandy?" said Sam as he gave the girl a sly squeeze.

"How kin yer ask, Sam? Didn't yer know kase why? Kin a woman marry a man she don't luv?"

"Then yer didn't luv Van, Mandy, is that a fac', an couldn't yer if he'd married yer?"

"No, Sam, I never could," and Mandy looked at the floor as she spoke.

"Mandy, if yer don't and can't luv Van, and yer ain't luvin anybody else, how, er—an—er—humph! would yer like ter"——

"Like ter what?" softly asked Mandy.

"As I wus goin on ter say, Mandy," and he took one of her hands in his as he continued, "as I wus goin on ter say—if yer don't luv Van, and yer have told him to go, how'd it be if er—I—er—wus ter ax"— Here Sam stopped stock still, as if he was unable to proceed any farther.

Mandy beamed encouragingly on him and smiling one of her sweetest smiles, said:

"What wus yer goin ter say, Sam? Yer needn't ter be a bit uneasy, Sam, fer I won't say a word about it ter anybody, if it's a secret."

"Well, as I wus a-sayin, Mandy, if yer don't like any other feller better than yer do me—would er—er—yer mind o' havin me?" and Sam broke down completely.

Mandy turned as red as a hollyhock, and it seemed to Sam that the weight of her shoulder increased as it rested heavily against him. Whether he feared that he could not thus support her weight or that she would fall, he suddenly clasped her in his arms. She threw her arms around his neck and sweetly whispered in his ear, "I luv yer, Sam, and I'll have yer."

A pair of wicked eyes gleamed through the single, uncurtained window at the picture. The eyes were those of Van Jones.

"Ah! yer there, are yer, blast yer!" he ground between his teeth. "Well, I'd like ter kill yer both, but I'll not do it tonight. But I know what I can do; I can spile the beauty of this yer fine mare o' his'n. He'll never know who dun it," and walking to where Sam's mare stood patiently awaiting her master's return, he whipped his knife from his pocket and in another instant cut off both of the poor animal's ears close to her head.

"There now," he growled to himself. "Sam Gray, I know that'll almost kill yer when ye see it. I wish to God it would," and the brute slunk off in the darkness to his den.

When Sam Gray on the following morning discovered the disfigurement of his best horse—by the loss of both her ears—he was the maddest man in "seven states." Yet he held his tongue. Sam was not a man to make threats. He was a reticent fellow and kept his troubles to himself. But he was mad, and in his heart he swore to be revenged on the one who had perpetrated the outrage. The first person whom he suspected was Van Jones. He knew his rival's dastardly nature full well.

He took out his clasp knife and carefully examined its edge. It seemed to be satisfactory. Without saying a word to any one he leisurely walked into Van's shop. The latter was pumping away at his bellows.

"Van," he began, "ye've cut off my mare's ears, and I've come here to settle with yer."

"I didn't do anything of the kind, Sam Gray, and yer know it," snarled Van.

"I didn't come ter argy with yer, Van. Git down on yer knees," and as he spoke Sam threw the cold muzzle of his pistol in Van's face.

"Good God! yer not goin to kill me, air yer, Sam?" piteously cried the cringing coward as he sank to his knees. "Lord, Sam, don't kill me! Fer mercy sake, take that pistol away from my head!"

"Yer didn't have any mercy on my mare, Van. But yer needn't ter be afraid. I ain't ter goin to kill yer, but I've a great mind ter. I'm just goin to trim them ears o' yers like yer trimmed the mare's."

With the pistol still leveled at Van's head, Sam drew his knife from his pocket, opened it with his teeth, and with two rapid strokes the man's ears lay upon the ground. Turning to the horrified wretch, who seemed hardly conscious of his condition, Sam said, "That makes us even up ter date, Van," and left the shop.—Arkansaw Traveler.

The Sense of Sight.

Like every other sense, that of sight improves by use under healthy conditions, and therefore the people who have the greatest exercise of their vision in the open air under the light of the sun have the best eyesight. Generally speaking, savage tribes possess the keenest eyesight, acquired through hunting. Natives of the Solomon islands are very quick at perceiving distant objects, such as ships at sea, and will pick out birds concealed in dense foliage some 60 or 70 feet high. Shepherds and sailors are blessed with good sight.

Eskimos will detect a white fox in the snow a great distance away, while the Arabs of the deserts of Arabia have such extreme powers of vision that on the vast plains of the desert they will pick out objects invisible to the ordinary eye, at ranges from one to ten miles distant. Among civilized peoples the Norwegians have better eyesight than most if not all others, as they more generally fulfill the necessary conditions. The reason why defective eyes are so much on the increase in this country, and in Europe lies in too much study of books in early life and in badly lighted rooms.—Brooklyn Eagle.

ARE FAKE LOTTERIES.

List of Fraudulent Concerns Whose Drawings Never Take Place.

A Chicago daily publishes the following list of swindling lottery concerns who are general advertisers. It will be noted that these bogus lotteries use names similar to those of legitimate concerns:

The Kansas State and the Little Louisiana run by J. F. Brady, alias M. Ottens & Co. A fraudulent drawing is employed in the Kansas State, and if a ticket drawing a prize is sold in the Little Louisiana, payment is refused.

The Santo Domingo Loan and Trust Company.

The Louisiana Loan and Trust Co.

The Brazilian lottery.

The Royal Havana.

The Louisiana of Kansas City.

The Louisiana Grand of New Orleans.

The Matanzas lottery.

The Original Loan Association of Illinois.

The Royal Havana Guarantee Loan Company of Havana, Cuba.

The Original Louisiana Lottery Company of Kansas City (Gale & Co.)

The Empire State Lottery Co.

The Cuban Lottery Company of Matanzas, Cuba.

The Mexican Lottery Co. (Garcio & Co.)

The Original lottery of Vera Cruz.

The Pan-American Lottery Co.

The Little Lottery de la Beneficencia Publica of Guaymas, Mexico.—*Publishers' Commercial Union.*

It Outlived the Pharaohs.

The stone age and the bronze age have passed, but the advertising age remains.

Advertising is not so very modern. The pharaohs were prudent advertisers. With what subtilty they put their ads in crafty lines on obelisk and pyramid, and they have drawn in the shekels splendidly!

Advertising is the searchlight of trade. The advertiser is more privileged than the plaintiff's attorney. The former not merely has the opening and closing addresses, but keeps the ear of the jury all the time.

No exposition ever had such worldwide reputation as the Columbian. Why not? No other has ever advertised so ably and elaborately. Cause and effect!—Carpet and Upholstery Trade.

Mathematics and Money.

Husband—According to your own figures, you spent over $100 this year in cheap fripperies which had to be thrown away after once wearing. That $100 would have bought a piece of lace that would have lasted a lifetime—in fact, could be used by your descendants for generations.

Wife—Well, give me $100, and I will buy the lace for next year.

Husband—Um—never mind. I—I don't think lace is very becoming to your style of beauty. Here's 10 cents for another ruffle.—New York Weekly.

Different.

Head of the House (to young man at front door)—Haven't I told you, sir, never to call here again?

Young Man—Yes, sir, but I haven't called to see Miss Clara this time. I have a three months' gas bill to collect.

Head of the House (in a milder tone)—I see. You will please call again.—London Million.

His Love.

Primus—Although you are a millionaire, my love is so great, sir, that it emboldens a poor man like myself to seek a daughter of yours in marriage.

Secundus—Which of the girls is it, young man?

Primus—Any of the three, sir.—Paris Grelot.

Hypnotism and Hysteria.

An authority on hypnotism says that hysterical persons are very difficult to influence. They are so wedded to their own fancies, mental and physical, that they prove very obstinate hypnotic patients. Even if an influence is gained it passes off very quickly.—Exchange.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

Usually involves seasickness. When the waves play pitch and toss with you, strong indeed must be the stomach that can stand it without revolting. Tourists, commercial travelers, yachtsmen, marine—all testify that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best remedy for the nausea experienced in rough weather on the water. Nervous and weaky travelers by land often suffer from something akin to this, and find in the Bitters its surest remedy. No disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels is so obstinate that it may not be overcome by the prompt and thorough remedy. Equally efficacious for chills and fever, kidney and rheumatic trouble and nervousness. Emigrants to the frontier should provide themselves with this fine medicinal safeguard against the effects of vicissitudes of climate, hardship, exposure and fatigue.

"You say there is absolutely no foundation for the story that she writes poetry. What makes you so positive?" "I've seen some of it."

DO NOT BE DECEIVED.

Persons with weak lungs—those who are constantly catching cold—should wear an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER over the chest and another between the shoulder-blades during cold weather. Remember they always strengthen and never weaken the part to which they are applied. Do not be deceived by imagining any other plaster like them. Insist always on having ALLCOCK'S, the only reliable plaster ever produced.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS will purify the blood.

"My muscle," said the prize fighter, "is as hard as armor plate. I am a regular man of war."

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

CONSUMPTION

Is not inherited. It develops only when lungs are weak and the system run down.

Scott's Emulsion

the cream of Cod-liver Oil, often cures Consumption in its early stages and *always* prevents it. Coughing is stopped, Lungs are strengthened and the system built up. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

MOFFITT'S OAK GROVE SCHOOL,

Millbrae, San Mateo Co., Cal., is a first-class home school for boys, with beautiful surroundings. The best of care, superior instruction. Prepares boys for any university or for business. Fall term commences Aug. 8. Catalogue and all particulars can be had by addressing Ira G. Moffit, Ph. D., Master (Ex State Supt. Public Instruction).

Cooks May Smoke In the Kitchen.

Cigarette smoking by women is so far legalized that an English court decided the other day that a mistress is not justified in disabusing a cook without notice because she smokes in the kitchen. The magistrate at the same time expressed strong sympathy with the mistress' feelings.

A cough, cold or sore throat requires immediate attention, as neglect results in some incurable lung disease or chronic throat trouble. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" will invariably give relief.

Corbett is said to have the knack of keeping as well as making money. Mitchell found him very close-fisted.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

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

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo O.

Sold by druggists; 75 cents.

Guard yourself for summer malaria, tired feeling, by using now Oregon Blood Purifier.

SLEEPLESSNESS,

Nervous Debility, Nervous Exhaustion, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Locomotor Ataxia, Melancholia, and kindred ailments, whether resulting from over anxiety, overwork or study, or from unnatural habits or excesses, are treated as a specialty, with great success, by the Staff of Specialists attached to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y. Personal examinations not always necessary. Many cases are successfully treated at a distance.

ASTHMA. A new and wonderfully successful treatment has been discovered for Asthma and Hay Fever, which can be sent by Mail or Express.

It is not simply a palliative but a *radical cure.*

For pamphlets, question blanks, references and particulars, in relation to any of the above mentioned diseases, address, with ten cents in stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

TAKE THE BEST

25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

Burst!!

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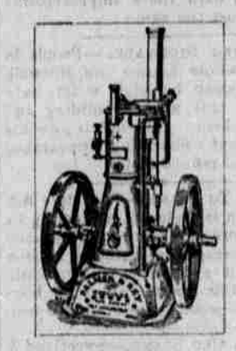

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