Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

MY PHANTOM.

There's a wrinkled old man called Care,
With thin and scragly hair,
Who stands by my side all day
And follows me everywhere.

In the night I wake with a start.
I find him there at my bed;
I'm chilled by his stony gaze,
And my prayers are left unsaid.

When I stretch my hands toward the light
And the promise bow seems near,
I shudder in sudden dread
As I see this ghost appear.

His cheeks are sunken with age;
His eyes are hollow and dim;
His breath I breathe in the air,
And I'm growing to look like him.

Go where I will or may,
This old man holds me fast,
And so it will ever be
As long as my life shall last.
—Leontine Stanfield in Opera.

WELSH SUPERSTITIONS.

They Associate Spectral Hounds With Mountain Storms.

One of the many curious superstitions of the Welsh peasantry is that of Cron Annwn, or "the spirit hounds of the air." When a storm rages over the mountains of Wales, the peasant will tell you that his ear can discern the howl of the Cron Annwn mingled with that of the wind, but sufficiently clear and distinct to admit of no mistake of what it is.

These "spirit hounds," he tells you, are the spectral dogs which hunt the souls of the dead, or which foretell, by their expectant cry, the approaching death of some person of evil deeds. Few of those who pretend that they can so readily distinguish the cry of the soul hunting pack are willing to admit that they have ever actually seen a Cron Annwn, "for," they say, "who would linger until such specters dawned upon the sight?" They are described by Faliesin, and also in the "Mabinogion," where it is said they are of a clear, shining white, with red ears. The above seems to be the universal description, and on that account the author of "Mythology of the Ancient Druids" gives it as his opinion that they are really "mystical transformations of Druidish priests, with their white robes and red tiaras."

In the popular superstitions of Ireland, where a similar belief in spectral hounds exists, they are said to be "jet black, with eyes and teeth of fire." Old Con McMichael, who murdered 20 persons in the early part of the fifteenth century, and who got rid of his victims by burning their bodies, is said to have been eaten by spectral dogs "that could be seen high in the air awfully rending and tearing his flesh." One of the peculiarities of the Cron Annwn, according to the Rev. Edmund James, is that the farther away they are the louder their cries appear, the sound decreasing as they draw near.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Weighting Silk.

Some improvements in the treatment of silk are noted. Ordinarily silk is "weighted" by depositing tannate of tin on the fiber; the material receives a bath of tannic acid and then another of perchloride of tin, a repetition of this being made until an increase of the weight amounts to from 15 to 20 per cent, beyond which it is not considered safe to go in the case of silk intended to be dyed light shades or to be bleached. Recently a German inventor has brought forward a process in which silica is the weighting agent. In carrying out this method three steps are described. First, the silk, raw or in any stage of manufacture and either before or after dyeing, is worked for an hour in a bath of perchloride of tin; then, after squeezing and washing, it is worked in a warm solution of water glass or soluble silicate of soda for about an hour, followed by washing, having also been previously passed through a solution of phosphate of soda. The operation may be repeated again and again with no harmful effect on the fiber or on the subsequent dyeing, and in five operations the silk may be increased in weight some 100 to 120 per cent. The silk is now soaped, and, if already dyed, is cleared in an emulsion of olive oil and acid.—New York Sun.

Hatching Eggs on a Fire Engine.

A good story is told concerning the members of the fire brigade in a certain town not far from Hastings. On one occasion it appears a fire broke out in the town, and a rush was naturally made for the fire engine, which was always kept on the premises of one of the inhabitants. When the men attempted to take the engine out, however, they were met with the exclamation from the custodian:

"Hi! ye can't take that out. I've got a hen sitting on there, and you'll break her eggs."

Tradition avers that the men, seeing the force of this argument, instantly withdrew, and the fire was put out by means of pails of water drawn from a neighboring well.—Pearson's Weekly.

Happiness.

If you cannot be happy in one way, be in another. This facility of disposition wants but little aid from philosophy, for health and good humor are almost the whole affair. Many run about after felicity, like an absent man hunting for his hat while it is in hand or on his head.—Sharp.

A teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda is an excellent remedy for sick headache or nausea. It is also best to keep in a horizontal position. Chloroform is also recommended, from five to ten drops on a lump of sugar being the amount to be taken.

It cannot be denied that outward accidents conduce much to fortune's favor—opportunity, death of others, occasion fitting virtue—but chiefly the molding of a man's fortune is in his own hands.—Bacon.

Said a little boy who, during a visit to Florida, was obliged to drink condensed milk, "Mamma, I just wish that condensed cow would die!"—American.

A PLAGUE OF PARIS.

The Wild Dogs of the Days of the Reign of Terror.

So many startling events happened from day to day during the reign of terror that the apparition of wild dogs in Paris is commonly overlooked. But it was quite natural. The greater part of those grandees who fled or went into hiding kept dogs, and very few of them were able to make any arrangement for the poor beasts when they left home.

The dogs, abandoned, took to the streets, of course, and shortly they began to congregate in two packs, one occupying the Champs Elysees and one the Bois de Boulogne. Soon they became a public danger. Carlyle pokes fun at Santerre, the brewer, who proposed a law that all dogs should be hanged; he had not noticed the paragraphs in the newspapers telling how people had been attacked in the Champs Elysees.

At length the situation became really grave, as is easily understood when thousands of starving animals have to find subsistence in a starving city. Many of them were wolf hounds and of powerful fighting breeds. So in September, 1793, drastic measures were taken against the Champs Elysees pack.

Two battalions of the national guard surrounded the area, leaving a gap toward the Rue Royale, while multitudes of ragamuffins beat the cover. The game was driven up the Rue Royale to the Place Royale, where troops made a battue of it, firing volleys. Three days consecutively this operation was repeated, and more than 3,000 dead dogs lay in the place.

A certain Gaspardin received orders to clear them away, and he, short of means, applied for the royal equipages. It was a timely jest, greeted with applause. So M. Gaspardin packed the dead dogs neck and heels in gilded coaches as full as they would hold and made a state procession through delighted Paris.—Pearson's Weekly.

HIS GRACE'S SUSPENDERS.

Clever Ruse by Which Wellington's Autograph Was Secured.

It is well known that toward the latter years of the Duke of Wellington's life it was next to impossible to coax or wheedle his autograph out of him. All the stratagems used to get a reply from him to letters failed; he either did not answer them at all or directed his private secretary to do so, and thus the famous signature of "Wellington" became a rarity highly prized by collectors.

Apropos of this Answers tells of a London lady who had an album garnished with the autographs of most of the great men of the day, but wanted that of the "Great Captain." She mentioned her distress to a friend, a certain Mr. H., and a few days after he, to her great surprise and pleasure, brought her a note from the hand of the victor of Waterloo. It ran thus:

"Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington never ordered a pair of braces of the Messrs. Simpkin. If F. M. the Duke of Wellington had ordered the articles, he could not forget it. F. M. the Duke of Wellington always pays for his braces."

This was a very odd document for a lady's album, but its authenticity was undoubted, and it therefore found the best place in the interesting collection. The way in which this singular note was elicited was this:

Mr. H. filled up one of the bankruptcy court forms and signed it, informing the duke that in winding up the affairs of Messrs. Simpkin he (the assignee) found on their books the sum of 6s. 6d. due by his grace for a pair of braces, which he requested the duke would immediately pay or have paid. Mr. H.'s ruse was founded on pure fiction, but it succeeded.

Factory Buildings.

One of the most perplexing problems that the mechanical engineer or the superintendent of a manufacturing establishment encounters is the dovetailing of new buildings upon old ones so as to work in harmony with them and at the same time introduce such improvements as may be necessary. Frequently half a dozen buildings are erected on a large plot of ground, each building facing in a way that seems most convenient at the time and without any particular reference to the others. When the establishment has grown so that the available ground area must be nearly covered over with buildings and each one must, either by shafting or belting, be connected with its neighbor or with some central source of power, then the trouble arising from lack of harmony in the original structures makes itself felt in a most aggravating manner. It seems sometimes as though trouble had been created on purpose by those who first erected the shops, so aggravating and uncompromising do the buildings appear. The moral therefore is that in putting up a shop it is well to think a long way ahead and to consider at least some of the most probable contingencies of the future.—Cassier's Magazine.

One of Field's Pranks.

A story that has been written about Field concerns the trick he played on two car loads of Kansas City merchants who went away one time on an excursion. Each car was to go by a different route, and the cars separated at an early hour in the morning when everybody was asleep, except Gene Field, who was along to write up the trip. Just before the cars parted company he carried all the shoes from one sleeper into the other and carefully exchanged them. Then he took the shoes from the sleeper that had a double supply and carried them into the sleeper where nobody had any shoes. The next morning there was a blue streak two ways across Kansas. Every man in both sleepers was miles and miles away from his own shoes.

Diplomatic.

Miss Playne—Is it true that you said the mere sight of my face would make a man climb a fence?

Hargreaves—I—er—I meant, of course, if the man was on the other side of the fence.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

FICTION AND MORALS.

HALL CAINE POINTS THE MORAL WAY IN THE NOVEL.

A Plea For the "Moral Nude In Fiction." Hugo, Tolstoi and Scott the Greatest Novelists of This Century—The Writer's Aim the Great Test.

Before the Nineteenth Century club, in New York, the other evening, Hall Caine, the novelist, delivered a literary sermon. His subject was "Moral Responsibility In the Novel and the Drama," and his treatment of it was a plea for liberty of conscience in fiction.

The audience saw before them a man apparently about 40 years old, of medium height, rather slender and with something of a stoop in the shoulders that suggested years of sedentary occupation. The tawny hair and beard were the first things noticed about the face; then the tremendous domelike forehead asserted its pre-eminence. So broad is the novelist's forehead that the whole face seems to slope away from it sharply. The eyes are well set and expressive, and the face, as a whole, one of extreme sensitiveness and nervous power. This impression of nervousness is borne out by the hands, which are long, fine and instinct with constant expressiveness, although making but few gestures. His voice was low, but clear, except at the end of the evening, when it became a trifle husky. Mr. Caine read his address. He said in part:

HALL CAINE.

"There are writers who tell us that such light forms of literature as the novel and the drama ought to have no moral responsibility whatever. These writers are of two classes. First, there are those who think of a novel as Johnson defined it in his dictotnary, 'A smooth tale, generally of love.' The second class are those who think too meanly of all forms of imaginative writing to allow either novel or drama a place among the works that have anything to do with serious thought or the real facts of life. But there are other writers who are so far from wanting the novel and drama to be a sugar candy kind of literature that they are forever asking the remorseless German question, 'To what end?' Then there are those who say the duty of a story teller is to tell stories, not to preach sermons. The novel should be no more moral than a story in 'The Arabian Nights.' Art and morality have nothing to do with each other. When the novelist or dramatist presents his characters, he should stand aside from them; he should disappear; he should annihilate himself. This is the attitude of many of the French authors at the present moment.

"The general practice of nearly all the great masters is against this view. Against the array of genius on the side of conscious moral intention we can mention two names only, but perhaps they are the greatest names in literature—Shakespeare and Scott. Taine calls them 'the great impartial artists,' meaning that they are the two great speakers who were unconscious of an aim in speaking. And seeing this, that our highest literary man of the sixteenth century, as well as our highest literary man of the nineteenth century, who both immeasurably beyond all others commanded the world's ear, had either nothing to say or preferred to be unincumbered by an ulterior aim, the greater part of writers and readers have concluded that in a novel or drama it is best to say nothing. Carlyle does not take this view. The John Knox in Carlyle sees only the Rob Roy in Scott, and Scott descends as a consequence from the rank of a great man.

"But there is a greater thing in a novel or drama than subject, or scene, or character, and that is motive. It is here that the master shows his highest mastery. Motive is to the novel or drama what the text is to the sermon. When I speak of motive, I do not mean moral purpose. Motive is the silver thread that holds in line the beads of art. Modern novelists and dramatists seem to find it hard to combine unity of purpose with freedom of invention. The author of 'Notre Dame' shows masterly over motive, and so does the author of 'Anna Karanina.' These two and these alone seem to me to realize George Eliot's ideal of the intensest realism of presentation with the highest idealism of conception, and by virtue of this mastery, and not because of any special superiority in delineating character or depicting scene, I claim for Victor Hugo and Count Tolstoi that, with Walter Scott, they will in the time to come be recognized as the three greatest novelists of the nineteenth century.

"I count him the greatest genius who touches the magnetic and divine chord in humanity which is always waiting to vibrate to the sublime hope of recompense. I count him the greatest man who teaches men that the world is ruled in righteousness."—New York Sun.

A Fuel Preparer.

The meek boarder was busily engaged dissecting the slug of steak lying supinely in the plate before him as the landlady at the head of the table was descanting learnedly upon anatomy, physiology and hygiene.

"Food, you know, Mr. Starre," she said, "is the fuel of the body."

"So I've understood, ma'am," he replied, "and I was just wondering why you didn't have this sawed up before serving it," and once more he ran at the steak with his caseknife.—Detroit Free Press.

Mercurial.

The adjective mercurial, like many others, came into ordinary speech from the realm of astrology. In astrological language a mercurial man was one born under the influence of Mercury, when Mercury was in the ascendant, and therefore possessed of the mental qualities supposed to distinguish the heathen deity of that name.

PRIMITIVE FERRIES.

How Travelers In the Ozark Country Cross the White River.

The navigators of the White river have no quarrel with the bridge builders. From Newport, below Batesville, for 200 miles, not a pier profanes the channel. Transportation from side to side is by ferry. There is a crossing every mile or two. Quaint and primitive some of the methods are. Most of the ferryboats are small, flat bottomed craft, without railings on the sides or gates at the ends. At a few of the most frequented north and south roads a cable has been stretched from the tree tops high enough to escape the steamboat chimneys. The boat is attached by ropes, bow and stern, to a pulley running on this cable. When one line is lengthened to give the boat an angling direction with the stream, the current slowly carries the load over to the opposite bank. Such a labor saving appliance, however, is in use very sparingly. Most of the ferrying is done by hand with the pole and sweep. As the Ozark country traveler approaches within hailing distance of the bank he begins to let his voice out with:

"O-o-ov-er!"

In the course of time there is an answering:

"Whoop-ee!"

The ferryman comes slowly down the bank, with his brother, or his son, or with somebody else's son whom he has persuaded it is great fun to help run a ferryboat. Travelers in the Ozark country have often commented on the disproportionate frequency with which the boat is at the bank opposite to that approached. And ferrymen all agree that by a strange perversity the travel is from the direction necessitating a trip across and back to collect one fare. There is time enough to meditate on this problem while the ferryman slowly poles his frail craft along the bank for some distance up stream.

Then, as he grasps the sweep and pulls out for the other side with much puffing and perspiration, there is not time to think of anything else but the inch of pine between dry shoe leather and a current which means a long, hard swim if the boat goes amiss. Accidents are very few. The White river ferryman knows his business and earns his quarter.

"George," said Mr. Webber to the Harvey who was directing the course of the boat, "is that your brother helping you with the boat?"

"Yes," said George, "he's my brother."

"He resembles you," commented Mr. Webber, "but I think he's rather better looking than you are."

"That's because he's weller fed," said George. "His wife's a good cook."—Chicago Journal.

FATHER'S DOMESTIC HEADSHIP.

No Outside Success Will Atone For a Negligence of His Home Responsibilities.

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, D. D., in Ladies' Home Journal writes concerning "The Father's Domestic Headship:" While, perforce of ordinary circumstance, the father's duties will hold him considerably apart from the contacts of home life, yet whatever successes he may achieve outside will not atone for any failure on his part to regard his home as the prime sphere of his obligation and the point around which his devotements will cluster in distinguished earnestness and constancy. Whatever he may have achieved in his art, trade, profession or other engagement, the man who stands at the head of a household has been in the broad sense of the term a failure if he has not been a true husband and a wise, strong and devoted father. It cannot be a successful home where the mother looks after the children and the father looks after his business. The most productive services rendered are always personal, and any amount of exertion expended outside in providing for the necessities of the home will not take the place of that tuitional ministry which comes only by the direct and continuous contact of father with child. However complete a woman may be as a mother, there are qualities of character which the father will communicate to his children that the mother will be less able to do as well as less intended to do.

No Faith In the Instrument.

One of the first things the observant trained nurse does when a new patient enters the hospital and is put in bed is to place a delicately constructed thermometer under the sick one's tongue and get the temperature. A chambermaid from one of the down town hotels was taken to one of the city hospitals not long ago, and the above described operation was performed at once.

"What in the wurruld are yez doing that for?" she asked after the nurse got through.

"I'm merely taking your temperature," responded the maid with the muslin cap.

"Rats!" said the occupant of the sick couch. "How are yez going to tell by that little thing whether I've got a temper or not?"—Washington Star.

Opening an Umbrella With One Hand.

"Not infrequently," said a stroller, "you see people with their arms full of bundles making hard work of opening an umbrella. There is a very simple and easy way of opening an umbrella with one hand, known to many, but perhaps not to all. You grasp the little cylinder around the handle, to which the lower ends of the ribs are attached, plant the point of the umbrella against a lamppost, and push until the little cylinder catches on the upper catch, and there you are, without the least trouble in the world."—New York Sun.

Will It Come to This?

Somebody's Treasure (applying for situation)—What, five little children! No, thank yer, mum, I never goes nowheres where there's more than two.

Lady—Well, if you give us till Thursday perhaps we can drown three of them.—Ally Sloper.

He Dotes on Strikes.

Van Waffles—There goes a man who has caused more strikes than any man in the country.

McGilder—Some grasping capitalist, isn't he?

Van Waffles—No; he is a champion bowler.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Hybrid Vegetables.

Tomato plants have been grafted on potato plants in England, giving a crop of tomatoes above ground and of potatoes below. Potatoes grafted on tomatoes have produced flowers and apples and a few tubers.

A REAL JOURNALIST.

LIKE THE POET HE IS BORN, NOT MANUFACTURED.

No Set Rules to Govern His Picturesque Career, Yet He Is the Man Who Controls the World—Capacities Required to Obtain a Place In Journalism.

Can journalism be learned by rules? This question as to whether journalism can ever become a normal career, like other recognized careers, has always haunted and even, I may say, besieged me. And indeed it would be strange if this were not the case. For the knowledge requisite to make a pair of boots, or a hat, or a pair of gloves may be taught according to established principles and fixed rules; by dissection of the dead human body may be discovered the laws of medicine and the best methods of curing the living; a lawyer may learn in the schools the modes of procedure and exact precedents of his profession; the art of war, its rules and precepts—indeed throughout the entire list of human professions there is for each a special series of laws and conditions by knowledge of which he who enters as an apprentice may go out, by slow degrees of advancement, a master.

But in journalism alone among professions this is not the case. In this career there is no body of doctrine, no series of fixed rules, apparently no possible method of instruction.

Nowhere has there been an attempt to establish such laws, nowhere has there as yet been a school for journalist apprentices, where they might learn precise rules for their profession or obtain a recognized basis of preliminary and indispensable knowledge, and yet journalism governs the world and is becoming daily a more and more influential power. The problem is really pressing, and even because of its very difficulty fascinating to the mind.

Men who cannot make up their minds to follow another's lead along a path to be traced slowly, step by step, often leave the slower and more regular professions to enter journalism, much as formerly mercenaries engaged themselves to this and that foreign army, quite willing to fight at random on the morrow against an enemy whose very existence the night before was unknown to them. Once become journalists, they change their newspaper, as formerly they changed their profession or career.

They jump from grave to gay, from the political journal to the journal of satire. They become at will reporters, chroniclers, art critics, literary reviewers, not seeking in any way to study the course of events, the drift of the times, but, on the other hand, fitting all contemporary ideas and events to the measure of their own personal temperament, so that an event or problem, thus treated according to the fancy of a journalist, appears tragical or comic, without any sort of regard for its real character. Instead of describing it as it is, establishing the principle which it illustrates, they scatter abroad confusion and produce in the public mind a condition of uncertain kaleidoscopic eclecticism which is the negation of all really authoritative opinion and the destroyer of all conviction.

To obtain a place in journalism an entire series of capacities is required, all to be summed up, but not defined, in the single word talent. The absolutely ignorant, men without imagination, without intelligence, without the gift of assimilation, without, let me add, audacity and gayety, cannot obtain a place, cannot succeed in journalism.

The man who would enter a school of journalism should feel a positive "call" to this vocation, should have in him the unwearying vigilance which is an absolute condition of it, the love of danger—of civil danger, that is—and real peril, a boundless curiosity and love for truth, and a special and marked facility of rapid assimilation and comprehension.

Take a young man possessing the first scholarly diplomas in his country. If he enjoys good health; if he has the free use of all his bodily faculties; if he sees and hears accurately and knows how to express quickly what he hears and sees, then, if he wishes to be a journalist, take him in hand, undertake his education, give him that general equipment fitted for the various forms of battle which such a career implies, and if you do not make a great journalist of him you will, at all events, make one who can easily stand comparison with any, even the most authoritative product of the utterly disorganized journalism of today. But you will do more than this. You will have created a type, one of a special class, now isolated and rare, but soon to increase and multiply—the type of the journalist—elect, standing head and shoulders above the common stream of contemporary journalists. In other professions those who issue from a special school, with a special training, are a model for those less favored by fortune. They precede and guide the latter, and, with the rarest exceptions, always maintain their lead. So it must be in journalism whenever in any country a national school of journalism shall have been created.—M. De Blowitz.

Italian Marionettes.

The first modern Italian writer who alludes to the public performances of marionettes is the learned Dr. Jerome Cardan, who was born at Pava in 1501. He speaks with positive enthusiasm of the perfection to which the art of working the little figures had then been brought, how by the pulling of a single string they could be made to play, fight, hunt, dance, blow trumpets and cook "very artistically." Judging from sixteenth century pictures and descriptions, the popular puppet shows of those days differed but little from the performances that may be witnessed on the piazza of any Italian city in our own time.

There was the little portable stage, or castelletto, on which the burattini of Florence and Rome and the fantoccini of Naples played their mimic parts. The latter city was the birthplace of the hero of the modern street drama, "Pulcinella," so named, it is said, from the hen chicken, whose cry his voice is supposed to resemble. The Neapolitan Pulcinella was by no means such a monster of iniquity as our English Punch. He seems to have been nothing worse than a pleasure loving, quick witted, irresponsible scamp of the "nobody's enemy but his own" type.—Cornhill Magazine.

Some Are That Way.

She—Why doesn't Mr. Pompus join the church? He seems to be quite a good man.

He—I guess he feels as if the church ought to join him.—Detroit Free Press.

HIGH, LOW JACK!

Fine ice means very cold weather, then comes a high old time in skating rinks and skating ponds, on slides and rides, and we go home tired and overheated. It's the same old story of cooling off; off with wraps and on with all sorts of aches and pains, rheumatic, neuralgic, sciatic, lumbagic, including frost-bites, backache, even toothache. They who dance must pay the piper. We cut up Jack and are brought low by our own folly. What of it, the dance will go on, all the same. It is generally known that St. Jacobs Oil will cure all such aches and pains separately or collectively, and the cry is on with the dance.

I saw a lordly Briton
In a most unseemly pet,
Quote I, "Are you Dunraven?"
And he answered, "No, not yet."

A SINGULAR FORM OF MONOMANIA.

There is a class of people, rational enough in other respects, who are certainly monomaniacs in dosing themselves. They are constantly trying experiments upon their stomachs, their bowels, their livers and their kidneys with trashy nostrums. When these organs are really out of order, if they would only use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would, if not hopelessly insane, perceive its superiority.

Bacon—That lawyer you recommended is not a man of his word. Egbert—Why not? "He told me that I could talk freely to him, and look at the bill he's sent me!"

DON'T TOBACCO SPIT OR SMOKE YOUR LIFE AWAY

is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotinized nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by druggists everywhere under a guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

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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 inflammed 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.

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For Whooping Cough Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. Dieter, 67 Th.oop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

Try Germea for breakfast.

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And pains of rheumatism can be cured by removing the cause, lactic acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism by neutralizing this acid. Thousands of people tell of perfect cures by

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Mr. A. H. Cranaby, of Rooms 18 Kerr Bl., Memphis, Tenn., writes that his wife had cancer which had eaten two large holes in her breast, and which the best physicians of the surrounding country treated, and pronounced incurable. Her grandmother and aunt had died of

Cancer

and when told this, the most eminent specialists of New York, under whose treatment she was placed, declared her case was hopeless. All treatment having failed, she was given up to die. S. S. S. was recommended, and astonishing as it may seem, a few bottles cured her sound and well.

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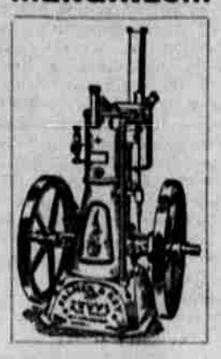

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