THE SIGNIFICANCE OF A GRAY OVERCOAT

Upon the tongue, yellowness of the skin and eyeballs, nausea and uneasiness beneath the right ribs and shoulder blade, is that the victim of these discomforts is bilious. The "proper caper" under such circumstances is to take Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also cures chills and fever, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatic and kidney complaints and nervousness.

She—Maude? Oh, she's one of the friends of my youth. He—I didn't take her to be as old as that.

Two bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption cured me of a bad lung trouble.—Mrs. J. Nichols, Princeton, Ind., Mar. 26, 1895.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

That

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

Tired

Feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

Feel-

ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for, if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that

Hood's
Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK or "Just Don't Feel Well," DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS are the One Thing to use. Only One for a Dose. Sold by Druggists at 25c. a box. Samples mailed free. Address Dr. Bosanko Med. Co. Phila. Pa.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free from Animal Oils. GET THE GENUINE.
FOR SALE BY OREGON AND WASHINGTON MERCHANTS and Dealers generally.

WHO CARRIES THE LARGEST Line of Cutlery, Sporting Goods, Barber supplies and Bazaar Goods? Why, dos t you know
THE WILL & FINCK COMPANY?
They will supply you with anything you want at lowest market prices. Send for General Catalogue or Catalogue of Sporting Goods or Barber Supplies. 820 Market Street, San Francisc, Cal.

If Your Dealer will not sell you the **S·H·& M·** BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDINGS we will.

REGISTERED TRADE MARK.

Write us for free samples showing labels and materials.

"Home Dressmaking," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, telling how to put on Bias Velveteen Skirt Bindings sent for 25c., postage paid.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

Is this what ails you?

Have you a feeling of weight in the Stomach—Bloating after eating—Belching of Wind—Vomiting of Food—Waterbrash—Heartburn—Bad Taste in the Mouth in the Morning—Palpitation of the Heart, due to Distension of Stomach—Cankered Mouth—Gas in the Bowels—Loss of Flesh—Fickle Appetite—Depressed, Irritable Condition of the Mind—Dizziness—Headache—Constipation or Diarrhœa?

Then you have

DYSPEPSIA

in one of its many forms. The one positive cure for this distressing complaint is

Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets,

by mail, prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents.

CHARLES RAMSEY, Hotel Imperial, New York, says: "I suffered horribly from dyspepsia, but Acker's Tablets, taken after meals, have cured me."
ACKER MEDICINE CO., 16 & 18 Chambers St., N.Y.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

A BISHOP'S WILD RIDE

RODE FORTY MILES CLINGING TO THE STEPS OF A VESTIBULE CAR.

Hung on Desperately While the Train Flew on at the Rate of Fifty Miles an Hour—A Keen Wind and Rain Cut Into His Flesh.

Bishop John J. Esher, 72 years of age, head of the Evangelical association of Illinois, Ohio and Pennsylvania, had an exciting experience the other night that would have tried the nerves of a stronger and younger man. However, he has been all over the world, has crossed the Atlantic 30 times and is not easily frightened. His latest adventure was riding on the lower step of a sleeping car on a fast train going at the rate of 50 miles an hour, he being unable to either get off the train or into the car. Bishop Esher had been going the rounds of the churches in his diocese, his last stop being at Reddick, Ills., a small town on the St. Louis division of the Wabash railroad. He preached to a large congregation there. He lives in Chicago.

BISHOP ESHER.

The limited train came through Reddick at 4 o'clock in the morning and stopped at a water tank for a few minutes, so the bishop, accompanied by Rev. Jacob Schwartz, pastor of the Reddick church, drove to the tank and waited. When the train came along, the venerable bishop mounted the steps of the last sleeper just as the cars began to move. But being incumbered by a heavy satchel he could not knock on the vestibule curtain so as to attract the attention of the porter.

Faster and faster the train moved, and the bishop, his flesh cut by the keen sleet driven by a strong wind, and thoroughly drenched by a heavy rain, clung to the railing of the platform for dear life. Station after station flew by, and the train showed no disposition to stop, although the aged prelate prayed that it might. But it was the limited, and would not pause until it reached Englewood, 40 miles from Reddick. Almost dead from cold, the bishop hung on, although his senses were nearly gone, and several times he thought he would surely lose his grip, but he didn't, and just as the train was drawing up to the station at Englewood the colored porter happened to look out.

"Fo' de Lawd's sake," he gasped, as he saw the white haired bishop balancing himself on the lower step, and, hastily unlocking the door in the vestibule curtain, he seized the old man by the shoulders and dragged him inside. Stimulants judiciously administered soon restored the bishop, and when the train rolled into the Dearborn station he had almost recovered from his exciting experience.

The bishop said that, although he had traveled a great deal, this was decidedly the roughest trip of his life.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A MOVING MOUNTAIN.

It Moves Fifteen Feet a Day—Causing Great Alarm and Much Wonder.

The object of greatest interest in continental Europe at this minute is a walking mountain in Gard, France, which is moving toward the river of the same name at the rate of 15 feet a day. The advance has destroyed the machinery in the pits of the Grand Combe colliery and nearly a mile of the Alais railway. The great thing now is to prepare new channels for the Gard and Gardon rivers, which are sure, when the landslide comes, to be completely choked up.

Six hundred persons have been obliged to leave their homes at Grand Combe. The lower strata of the mountain, which rises sheer from the valley, are grit and green marl. Both have given way owing to filtration of rain. Recently 5,000 persons went from Nimes to see the moving mountain. The noise it makes is frightful, and there are wide cracks in all directions. Nobody is allowed to go on the mountain or into the valley on which it advances.—New York Journal.

The single oar propulsion common among the boatmen of almost every country is on the principle best seen in the tail of the fish.

Papier mache shoes for horses have been recently introduced, with, it is said, gratifying results.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

SURE CURE FOR PILES
Itching and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops itching, absorbs tumors. A positive cure. Ointment and tips. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Phila., Pa.

A WOMAN BURGLAR.

Had the Horrible Fate to Be Caught by a Mere Man.

A woman burglar was captured in Paterson, N. J., on Saturday night. She was caught fairly in the act of robbing the home of Josiah P. Doremus, a real estate dealer. No formal charge of breaking and entering was lodged against her. She was committed to the Passaic county jail by Recorder Senior for three months merely as a disorderly person.

Mrs. Doremus retired early, and shortly before 10 o'clock imagined she heard a noise as of breaking glass underneath her bedroom at the side of the house. Her husband was not at home, and Mrs. Doremus called to her servant, Maggie Hagen, who was in the kitchen, to make an investigation.

Maggie made a tour of the building and found that a pane of glass in the side parlor window had been broken. Making closer scrutiny of the room, she discovered a woman crouched in the corner behind a chair. The girl screamed when she saw the intruder, and the latter flew for the door the moment she was discovered.

George Slingland, a fireman, was passing the house at the time, and, hearing the servant girl's screams, rushed in. The female burglar made her way through the front door, only to fall into the arms of the fireman, who is a tall, powerful fellow.

The fireman took his prisoner to the nearest patrol box and had her removed to police headquarters. There she was immediately recognized as Jeanette Phillis, an old "rounder," who has scores of times been arrested for drunkenness and vagrancy, but for nothing more serious.

There is no doubt that the woman intended to rob the Doremus house. She had removed all of the silverware in the dining room from the sideboard and placed it in a pile on the floor.

She had made preparations to wrap the plunder in a parcel, and in a few minutes, but for the interruption, would have made a successful coup on her first attempt.—New York Herald.

SUING A DEAD MAN.

A Curious Case That Is Now on Trial at Lemars, Ia.

A breach of promise case against a dead man is a peculiar affair, but such is the case of Hubner versus Reikhoff, now on trial before Judge Frank R. Gaynor in the district court of Le Mars, Ia.

Mrs. Amanda J. Hubner, aged 36, good looking and fairly educated, was the housekeeper of William Reikhoff for about two years shortly before his death, which occurred in Lemars Sept. 8, 1894.

He purchased a fine residence in Lemars, furnished it richly, and installed Mrs. Hubner as housekeeper. She served in that capacity for several months and then went home to Grinnell, and Mr. Reikhoff's daughter attended to the household.

After the death of Mr. Reikhoff his last will showed he had not provided for Mrs. Hubner and she began a suit for $15,000 against the estate on the ground of a breach of promise of marriage.

The deceased was a scholar of rare attainments and very eccentric. He devoted himself to books, and declared that he had no time to read newspapers. One of the wills that was produced in court was a literary gem. Several months before his death he had a coffin constructed of two inch oak and lined with copper. In it he was buried at his old home in Toledo, Ia. He had traveled much in his later years and was a writer upon political and economic questions. He was greatly beloved by his children and by friends who penetrated his reserve and eccentricity.—Chicago Tribune.

WANTED A PERFECT WIFE.

Odd Trial, Out of Which Londoners Are Getting Lots of Fun.

All London is laughing over the trial of the managers of the World's Great Marriage association, which cleared $26,000 profit in ten months in its alleged efforts to get husbands and wives for its subscribers.

The witnesses thus far have been men of some means, including a tobacconist, a hairdresser and a law student.

The fourth one was a man who declared himself to be the champion backgammon player of England. He subscribed for a wife of good, sound judgment, able to swim, play backgammon, of a philosophical turn of mind and able to see without spectacles.

Sir Frank Lockwood asked him if ever in the whole course of his life he saw a woman with all these qualifications.

The witness admitted that while in correspondence with a certain Alice May he was also writing to 51 other ladies. The prosecution charges that the association kept what is called a "Bertha" book, full of names of fictitious ladies, most of the letters to wife hunters being in one handwriting, and the book was necessary as the business grew so as to keep track of what women each man had been corresponding with.

Notable lawyers are engaged on the case, and are making much more fun out of it than would heretofore have been believed possible in an English court.—Julian Ralph in New York Journal.

Before He Went to Boston.

A couple of naive remarks may be worth repeating:

A guest at one of our big hotels while going down in the elevator remarked to the colored elevator man, "I want to go to the wharf where the tea was thrown overboard." "Well," replied the man, looking mystified, "you'd better inquire at the office. I reckon that was before I came here. I've only been in Boston about a year!"

The other remark was made by an Irishman in the Museum of Fine Arts. He was looking at the Morse collection and said to his companion: "Mike, will ye luk at all them pots from Japan. What a counthray that must be for mustard!"—Boston Transcript.

Paternal Advice.

"Yasser," said little Ben Peachblow, "w'en I gits er big man, I'ze gwinter be a artic 'splorer, sho's yer bawn."

"Shet up dat talk right now," said his father severely. "Whut foh you gwine 'splorin?"

"Gwinter fin de nawf pole."

"Sonny, you hyuh me say dis: Lef' de nawf pole 'lone. Git yer se'f er good razzer an er strop. Den go out in s'arch ob er fus' class babber pole, an yes gwinter be jes' as much use in de commun'ty an inj'y er heap mo' comfort."—Washington Star.

AN AMAZING STORY.

HOW THE GREAT AND RICH B. AND O. RAILROAD WAS WRECKED.

Champagne That Cost Millions—Robert Garrett, Flushed With Wine, Told His Secret—Thomas Scott Anticipated Him. Mary Garrett's Fine Loyalty.

The Baltimore and Ohio railroad has arrived in the hands of receivers.

Its descent in that direction began when Robert Garrett opened a certain bottle of champagne. That was the dearest bottle of champagne on record. It cost millions of dollars.

The Baltimore and Ohio is the oldest steam railroad in this country. The first stone of its roadbed was laid in Baltimore on the Fourth of July, 1828, with elaborate ceremony. Over its original length of nine miles mules dragged its cars. Then Peter Cooper, a manufacturer of New York, took to Baltimore a steam engine—a curious concern, something like a boiler with a stovepipe in it. And Cooper's engine broke down, and the horse express beat it. Then came the grasshopper engines that were exhibited at the World's fair, the embryonic germs of the tremendous locomotives of today. So, historically, the Baltimore and Ohio is extremely interesting.

The road grew. It was the first to cross the Alleghany mountains and tap the great west. It grew, and, thanks to the energy, the executive capacity, the untiring labor of John W. Garrett, it thrived in time.

Garrett was of the type of Commodore Vanderbilt, who created the New York Central, and of Thomas A. Scott, the father of the Pennsylvania. Garrett knew everything about a railroad from the ties to the president's desk. Under his management the road rose to a prosperity that even he had not dreamed of. The Baltimore and Ohio became the city of Baltimore and the state of Ohio and controlled both.

PRESIDENT J. K. COWEN.

John W. Garrett died in 1884, and his son, Robert Garrett, succeeded him as president of the B. and O. Robert Garrett suffered the disadvantage of having a great father. Robert Garrett was a luxurious millionaire. The Garrett holding of B. and O. stock was then 57,000 shares of the 150,000.

Robert Garrett was the center of the social system of Baltimore. He wished besides to rival his great father as a railroad man.

There was one railroad between Philadelphia and Baltimore. Robert Garrett wanted it for the Baltimore and Ohio. Thomas A. Scott wanted it for the Pennsylvania railroad.

That railroad was the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore. Just at that time it was naturally the most desirable thing in the world to the Baltimore and Ohio and to the Pennsylvania.

Robert Garrett generally got anything he wanted. Wanting the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore, he looked around to see how he could get it. He learned that several of the largest owners of the stock lived in Boston. They owned almost half the stock, and with that in his possession Robert Garrett could easily get control of the majority.

So he went to Boston. His negotiations were eminently successful. His offer for the stock was accepted. Robert Garrett went to New York. Already in his mind's eye he saw the Baltimore and Ohio trains rolling into the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore depot at Broad and Prime streets, Philadelphia, for all that remained was to sign some papers.

Now, be it remembered, Robert Garrett was never a self contained man. He drank deep. Arrived in New York, he went to a dinner party with some of his old friends. Some corporation lawyers were among them.

At that dinner the bottle of champagne that cost millions was opened. Robert Garrett drank it. Flushed, he could not keep his triumphant secret.

"Congratulate me," he cried. "Drink to the B. and O. and her outlet to Philadelphia. In two days I will control the P., W. and B."

More corks popped. But one man, whose legs were under the mahogany, did not drink. He excused himself about 10 p. m., pleaded a pressing engagement and left the table. He took the first train he could catch to Philadelphia. There he was driven to the house of Thomas A. Scott, Rittenhouse square and Eighteenth street. It was long after midnight. He aroused Mr. Scott, a plain man. Mr. Scott went down stairs with his nightgown tucked in his trousers and his stockingless feet in slippers. The man who had dined with Robert Garrett told Scott of Garrett's boast.

"In two days?" mused Scott aloud. "We'll see."

Instantly Scott sent for his assistant, Captain John P. Green, now vice president of the Pennsylvania railroad, and for some of the directors. The conference lasted until daylight. That morning Captain Green took the first train to Boston. Other men close to Scott went flying in the directions where they knew P., W. and B. stock was held.

By 2 o'clock the next day the papers were signed that gave the Pennsylvania control of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore. The stock was to be delivered in New York that night. Captain Green went to Philadelphia, and instantly returned to New York carrying a big satchel. The satchel looked as if he was going on a long journey. It was fat and heavy. R. D. Barkley, assistant to the president of the Pennsylvania, helped Captain Green carry it.

That satchel contained more than $3,000,000. Captain Green paid it down on the nail spot cash, and the P., W. and B. shares were handed over to him. When Robert Garrett awoke on what he firmly believed was to be the morning of his triumph, the newspapers were full of the deal between the Pennsylvania and the P., W. and B.

Inexpressibly mortified, chagrined beyond measure, Robert Garrett determined in June, 1885, to build a line of his own to Philadelphia. First it was necessary to get legislative permission to enter Philadelphia. That seemed difficult. The Pennsylvania had the pull of all its locomotives with the legislature of Pennsylvania and with the Philadelphia city councils. The Pennsylvania fought Garrett with all its strength.

But Robert Garrett, on his mettle, got permission for his road to enter Philadelphia in 40 days. It cost him $500,000. He paid his secret agents well; he advertised liberally; he expended large sums in fees to counsel. There were those who insisted that it should be spelled c-o-u-n-c-i-l.

The Pennsylvania road, finding that Robert Garrett could get into Philadelphia, determined to patch up a truce with him. They agreed to pay him all the liabilities he had incurred looking to the construction of the road to Philadelphia. They made other agreements that would have profited the B. and O., and Robert Garrett decided not to build the road. He estimated that the project had already cost $2,000,000. The Pennsylvania was ready to pay that.

It had really cost $8,000,000. The Pennsylvania withdrew from the agreement. The game was not worth the candle to them. Robert Garrett built his road. It proved a fearful drain on the B. and O. The road floated $17,000,000 of securities on the strength of that road between Philadelphia and Baltimore. But a large part of that money was diverted to other parts of the B. and O. system and was dissipated by peculiar financiering.

The B. and O. found itself on the brink of insolvency in October, 1887. Drexel, Morgan & Co—which is to say, J. Pierpont Morgan—advanced the money that delayed the day of reckoning. But, before lending a cent, Mr. Morgan demanded that Robert Garrett resign the presidency.

Perhaps he had heard that Robert Garrett, at that time, owned 140 pairs of trousers. It is extremely improbable that old John W. Garrett ever owned two pairs of trousers at one time.

Whether or not he knew about the trousers, Mr. Morgan surely knew of Robert Garrett's eccentricities. In a word, Robert Garrett's mind was unbalanced. He was a paretic.

Samuel Spencer, who was vice president of the Baltimore and Ohio, became president in Mr. Garrett's stead. Mr. Spencer is of the firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co., and he is a fine railroad man. He began to economize rapidly. He upset all the traditions of the Garrett management. He smashed Baltimore's gods. All the Garrett family, all Maryland, rose in protest.

Miss Mary Garrett, who, of course, inherited a great fortune from her father, old John W., put her hand in her pocket. She loyally paid off a large part of the road's obligations to Drexel, Morgan & Co. Then Samuel Spencer had to go. Then came Charles F. Mayer as president. His was an extravagant administration. During it the once prosperous railroad steadily sunk deeper and deeper in the mire of floating debt, bad bookkeeping and the payment of unearned dividends.

And it is said Stephen Little, the expert accountant who went to Baltimore to examine the Baltimore and Ohio's books, found the books doctored. There are hints of journal entries that bear the initials of the officer requiring them to be made, thus to relieve the accountant of the responsibility.

Enhancement of the market prices of securities is made on the books to appear as income, and no change was made when the value of the securities again declined. It is understood, too, that Mr. Little found 150 engines laid up, useless for want of repairs.

John K. Cowen, who resigned his seat in congress to become the Baltimore and Ohio's president, is now made a receiver of the property for the United States courts. He will continue to operate the railroad much as though nothing had happened, but the creditors of the company will be told when they press their claims: "You can do nothing. This company is in the hands of the courts."—New York World.

A Royal Romance.

That romance is not entirely wanting even in royal marriages is shown by the pretty story which precedes the engagement of the king of Portugal. Prince Carlos, who was known at that time as the Duke of Braganza, was on the way to Venice to celebrate his betrothal to the Archduchess Marie Valerie, daughter of the Austrian emperor, when, upon his arrival in Paris, he received news that her imperial highness had changed her mind. The prince was unwilling to return without a bride, and sought the advice of the Marquise de la Ferronay, an old friend of the family. Her ladyship showed him the picture of a young girl, who, she said, was rich, talented and equal in rank. "I will have her, whoever she may be," exclaimed Carlos. "Where can she be seen?" "According to this morning's paper," replied the marquise, "her royal highness, the Princess Amelie of Orleans, arrived yesterday in Nice." Three days later the duke and princess met for the first time, and shortly afterward their betrothal was announced.

A Bicycle Tournament.

The fashionable people of Washington are going to give a novel entertainment for the benefit of a local charity. It will be a bicycle tournament, and the ladies and gentlemen of the swagger set will participate in races and other feats of skill and valor on the grounds of the old Vanness mansion.—Chicago Record.

Marked "Confidential."

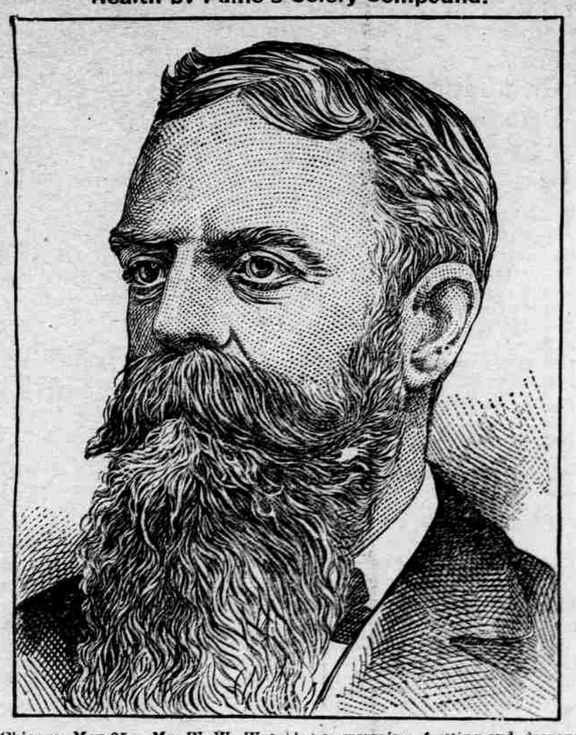
That the X rays can pierce letters is another source of terror to politicians. Still, however, there is nothing surer of publication than a communication marked "confidential." It is given out with great ceremony every time it is received.—Philadelphia Press.

Work will shortly be begun on a drydock which, when completed, will be large enough to admit the largest vessel entering New York harbor. The plans for the new dock have been completed and the work is now being prepared.

The new dock will be built at Erie basin, Brooklyn, by the recently incorporated Internal Drydock and Construction company of New York. The cost will be about $800,000, and it is expected that it will be completed within nine months.

ALL CHICAGO KNOWS HIM.

W. W. Watson, Leading Real Estate Man, Restored to Health by Paine's Celery Compound.



Chicago, May 25.—Mr. W. W. Watson's reputation throughout the West for unerring judgment in the valuation of land has made him foremost among the most conservative, careful class of investors in Chicago.

Unlike many hard driven business men, the owner of "Alpine Heights," that splendid suburb of Chicago, has not neglected his health on account of his exacting business. The following unrequested statement from Mr. Watson shows how consistent with his lifelong, careful, conscientious and successful business habits has been his attention to getting well. He states in the Times-Herald:

"Upon the recommendation of a friend, I used Paine's celery compound for headaches, constipation, indigestion and loss of sleep, and found it all it was recommended to be. I suffer no more from headaches, sleep soundly at night, and am now in perfect health. This is the only medicine that I have ever taken for these complaints, which has benefited me at all.

"W. W WATSON, 225 Dearborn st."

Busy men and women are apt to think there is always time to get well The fact that only one person in a hundred dies of old age shows how recklessly men and women postpone attending to their health and allow it to go to pieces while they devote themselves heart and soul to affairs that are trifling in comparison. Wives and mothers have no greater duty than to see that those dear to them do not become so absorbed in the work of providing for the household as to lose their health and shorten their days.

No more thoughtful step could be taken during the spring days that are now here than to urge such tired and often irritable home providers to take Paine's celery compound. There are thousands of homes where overwork has led to worrying, fretting and despondency, that need only Paine's celery compound to banish the unhealthy atmosphere and make things bright and cheerful again

It is the only spring remedy universally prescribed by physicians. It makes people well by giving them a hearty appetite and a relish for their food. Hard-worked men and women, the nervous, weak and debilitated, get new strength, fresh nerve energy and a purer, more vigorous blood supply from Paine's celery compound.

This most valuable nerve and brain invigorator and restorer practically demonstrates the lifelong conviction of its eminent discoverer, Professor Phelps, M. D., LL D, of Dartmouth College. Professor Phelps was for a long time convinced that sound nutrition was the keystone of firm health, and that where there were signs of poorly nourished nerve tissues, and of thin, pale-colored blood, some means must be devised to supply these deficiencies briskly and rapidly. Professor Phelps prepared Paine's celery compound on this basis. It has proved an invigorator, strengthener and a great spring purifier, such as the world has never enjoyed before our day.

Tomorrow, or next day, or the day after is not soon enough to look about getting rid of weakness or disease. Take Paine's celery compound today. There is no time equal to these early spring days for throwing off poor health. There are few persons who do not need to take a spring remedy.

Many not downright sick, but tired or ailing, would be immensely benefited by taking Paine's celery compound, especally at this particularly favorable season of the year.

This great compound will banish that tired feeling, cleanse the blood and regulate the nerves.

Ornaments In India.

In India, for the mass of the people, the purchase of ornaments is almost the one form of indulgence to which a man who has made a little money treats himself. Ordinarily the man who has saved a few rupees does not change the nature of his food or the style of his clothing, nor does he invest in articles of furniture.

What he does—if he is of a cautious and saving nature—is to put his rupees in a hiding place, but if he is inclined for show he indulges his fancy by putting gold or silver ornaments on the persons of his wife and children.

These ornaments are the very last things to be parted with on a reverse of fortune, and even in the lowest social depths they are not put on the market until the last piece of coined money has vanished and no household utensils of brass or copper are left with which to obtain a coin.

SCROFULA

Miss Della Stevens, of Boston, Mass., writes: I have always suffered from hereditary Scrofula, for which I tried various remedies, and many reliable physicians, but none relieved me. After taking 6 bottles of SSS I am now well. I am very grateful to you, as I feel that it saved me from a life of untold agony, and shall take pleasure in speaking only words of praise for the wonderful medicine, and in recommending it to all. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address.

CURED

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

N. P. N. U. No. 651—S. F. N. U. No. 728

OFFICE OF BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO COMPANY. DURHAM, N. C.

To ALL Merchants Who Retail TOBACCO.

Dear Sir:

You are entitled to receive FREE from your wholesale dealer, WHITE STAR SOAP with all the **Blackwell's Genuine Durham Smoking Tobacco** you buy. One bar of soap Free with each pound, whether 16 oz., 8 oz., 4 oz., or 2 oz., packages.

We have notified every wholesale dealer in the United States that we will supply them with soap to give you FREE. Order a good supply of GENUINE DURHAM at once, and insist on getting your soap. One bar of Soap FREE with each pound you buy. Soap is offered for a limited time, so order to-day. Yours very truly,

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO COMPANY.

If you have any difficulty in procuring your soap, cut out this notice and send it with your order to your wholesale dealer.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH, RED CROSS **PENNYROYAL PILLS** DIAMOND BRAND

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Sure, and reliable Pill for sale. Ladies, ask Druggist for Chichester's English Diamond Brand in Red and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other kind. Refuse Substitutions and Imitations. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. At Druggists, or send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials, and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return Mail. 10,000 Testimonials. Name Paper. Sold by all Local Druggists.
CHICHESTER CHEMICAL CO., 2561 Madison Sq., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WOMAN FOR YOU

The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given it the name of Woman's Friend. It is uniformly successful in relieving the backaches, headaches and weakness which burden and shorten a woman's life. Thousands of women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists. BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, Agents.