Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in leavening strength
—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

Absolutely Pure

"The Heroic Symphony."

work of art requires no explanation. the very title Beethoven gave the roic Symphony" provokes question, there have been many endeavors to in it. Wagner tried less to explain eaning than to explain it away. ned to his one idea, he asserted that hoven's hero was not a military but a young man of complete spir- and physical endowment, who d from mere brute delight in life his strength through tragic suffer- to a high spiritual satisfaction in —that is to say, he asserted that hoven's hero was Parsifal or Sieg- Now this much of Wagner's the- is true—that Beethoven would not ship a mere human butcher any more he would worship a pork butcher hero. On the other hand, Beetho- hero was undoubtedly a military Napoleon Bonaparte. We know the symphony was originally dedi- to Napoleon, that the dedication altered when Napoleon (as Beetho- thought) turned traitor and became eror. We know that when the news his death came Beethoven casually arked that he had already composed music for that event

of what parts, then, of Napoleon's er do the first and last two move- nts tell? These are questions which never be answered; and, mere curi- y apart, it so happens that it matters le whether they are answered or not wered so long as they are not an- red altogether wrongly. For what- r events Beethoven might at any mo- t have in his mind, he never tried depict them, but only to communicate emotion they aroused. He himself as much. It is in the expression of man emotion he is supreme, and to aright the emotions of the "Heroic mphony" we need only have our minds r of a story which Beethoven did not could not have had in his mind.—urday Review.

Interpreting the Koran.

The Koran is at the same time a reli- s and political code. All Mussul- ns admit it to be so, and it cannot be ected therefore that, since their reli- n is connected with their national licy, they will not make use of the mer to carry out the latter. Their licy may be briefly defined—namely, maintenance of their faith in its rity by exclusiveness and isolation, emancipation of the countries which e fallen under Christian rule, the rmination of the infidel nations and s who by refusing to pay tribute for redemption of their blood are pro- ced by the prophet to be in a state open rebellion against the law and sequently deserving of death. En- tened and tolerant Mohammedans ll endeavor to palliate these precepts quotations from the Koran and Hadis (traditions), but they are not the less erished creed, the conscientious belief upward of 200,000,000 Mohamme- ns.—English Consular Reports.

Ought to Fill the Bill.

"We have no use for bear stories," id the editor. "Our readers demand mething spicy."

"Well," said the man with the manu- ript, "this story is about a cinnamon ar."—Sports Afield.

DRIVEN FROM THE CITADEL.

The warmth of spring and summer may do much to relax the muscular system and make many feel much more comfortable, but there is this about the old enemy rheumatism, that when he once takes hold, he tries to hold the citadel at all sea- ns of the year. But whether this arch emy lurks in the muscles, joints, bones the nerves, he is such an enemy to man happiness that he must be driven t of any stronghold. It was planned ng ago to do this, and St. Jacobs Oil as ought in battle has scored wonderful vic- ries. At all times he is ready to over- me and conquer this fiend of pain, and es it as surely and certainly as knights old extirpated the Saracen. So no one hould be deceived by the mild weather of pring to trifle with it either in chronic or ransient form. Use the great remedy for in and get rid of it at once and for all.

"Biggs thinks he's getting fat." "Isn't he?" "No; the laundry is only shrinking his flan- els."

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

HER FAN.

Flutter of feathers and perfume of laces,
Carved sticks of ivory, daintily white;
Plump little Cupids, with mischievous faces—
Ah, could I but read your expression aright!

Say, do you know, are you wholly unfeeling,
As you pelt one another with roses so sweet?
Do you not know that my heart she is stealing,
To trample it under her pearly shod feet?

Almost I think you exult in the glances
Your owner bestows when she seeks to enslave,
Know you no cure for wounds from love's lances?
Have you no power her victims to save?

Swiftly she whirls in the maze of the dances;
Slyly you laugh as you peep from each fold.
And thus one more victim of coquetry's fancies
Questions in vain—his fate is untold.
—Lucy Mayo Warner in Boston Budget.

CRANKY GUESTS.

Experience of Hotel Clerks In Dealing With Some of Them.

"I cannot sleep in that room," said a guest at a hotel in this city last evening as he walked to the desk in the office and threw the key upon it.

"What is the matter with it?" asked the clerk.

"There is nothing the matter with it except that the bed is in the wrong place," the guest replied. "For more than 20 years I have slept in a bed with the head toward the north, and it has become such a habit with me that it would be actually impossible for me to sleep with the head in any other direction."

"It will be impossible for me to give you a room containing a bed with the head in that direction," said the clerk. "The hotel is well filled tonight, and I have only two vacant rooms, but I will have the bed turned for you." Calling a porter, the clerk instructed him to turn the bed in the gentleman's room so that the head would be to the north. The guest followed the porter up stairs, and as nothing further was heard from him it is presumed that he retired and slept peacefully.

"There is no accounting for tastes," said the clerk, turning to the reporter, "and the funny experiences we have in the hotel business would fill a volume. Before the night is over we may have calls for beds with their heads turned to every point of the compass, and of course we are obliged to accommodate every one.

"I remember an instance like this several years ago. A man slightly inebriated came into the hotel one night, and producing a pocket compass said that he wished a room where the head of the bed should be placed to the northeast. We sent two boys with him, and they turned the bed as requested. The joke was that the compass was furnished with a little stop, which held the indicator in a certain position. It so happened that the gentleman's bed, which had been carefully placed northeast according to the compass, was in reality placed with the head to the south. The man discovered his mistake the next morning and was cured of the fad."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Cremation Growing In Favor.

The movement in favor of cremation as against earth burial is growing in England. The other day Mr. William Rathbone, ex M. P., stated in public that he had made provision for cremation in his own case on principle and with a view to promoting the reform. At this moment a new crematorium is almost ready for use at Liverpool. It is a neat building of red sandstone, simple and chaste in design. The main door opens into a small chapel. From this room the coffin will be carried after the burial service is read into a small apartment beyond and there placed upon an iron frame running on wheels and rails in a line with the furnace and pushed noiselessly into the abode of flames.

From the chapel the clergyman, followed by the relatives of the deceased, will ascend a stair on the opposite side from the door by which the coffin has been removed into a small gallery overlooking the door of the furnace. From this gallery the service prescribed for the grave will be read and the mourners will take the last look of the coffin as it disappears within the furnace. The situation of the crematorium at Anfield is wisely chosen, being in the heart of a pretty suburban neighborhood and accessible from all parts of the city. There is an office, with a cottage for the caretaker attached, at the entrance gate. The crematorium will be opened for public use not later than April 1.—Westminster Gazette.

The Mascot Worked.

Otto Feudner has been buying lottery tickets for years and has never won so much as an approximation prize. He concluded that he would have to get a mascot, so on the advice of a colored friend he set a box trap out in the cemetery to catch a graveyard rabbit.

Feudner caught a great big fellow the first night and put him in a big dry goods box. It was the day before the drawing, so to make sure that the mascot would work all right Feudner put $25 worth of tickets in the box with the rabbit. After the drawing he went to see what he had won.

The mascot had worked. It had eaten up all the lottery tickets.—San Francisco Post.

Unidentified Rivers.

The first rivers mentioned in authentic history are alluded to in Genesis. They are the Pison, the Gihon, the Hiddekel and the Euphrates, which are said to have flowed from the garden of Eden. Various attempts have been made to identify these streams, but no agreement has been reached among the authorities save in the case of the last.

Temperance Shoes.

Customer—I notice some shoes in the window that you have labeled "Temperance shoes." What kind are they?

Dealer—They are warranted not to be tight.—London Tit-Bits.

North Dakota, though still young, employs 1,847 hands in her factories and sends out every year $5,028,107 worth of product.

COL. R. W. THOMPSON

NOW LIVING QUIETLY AT TERRE HAUTE, IND.

The Once Secretary of the Navy Passing His Declining Days in a Tranquil Home Planned by Himself and Wife Nearly Half a Century Ago.

Four Score and Seven.

In his pleasant home at Terre Haute, Ind., Col. Richard W. Thompson is enjoying a well-earned rest, after half a century of important judicial, legislative and administrative duties. At the age of 87, vigorous and active as many

RICHARD W. THOMPSON.

men 30 years younger, his intellect is as strong as ever, and the clear apprehension, the sterling character that made him an important figure in Congress and in the Presidential Cabinet during vital periods of the nation's history, manifest themselves powerfully when he is called upon to express his sentiments on questions of the day. Brought up in the vicinity of such men as Jefferson, Madison and Monroe, the associate of Adams, Jackson, Webster, Clay and Calhoun, the intimate friend of later statesmen and orators, his memories embrace the most interesting phases of national politics, and all clear as cameos. Other men in various positions in public life have accumulated millions of dollars. Col. Thompson is far from being wealthy, as rich men are rated, and the competency he enjoys was derived from sources wholly separate from politics.

The venerable ex-Secretary of the Navy was born near Culpeper, Va., in 1809, of ingrained American stock, and throughout his life his habits of thought, his hospitality, his culture and his courtly ways have been those of the educated, well-bred Southerner. Twenty-one years later, at the Christmas season, he left for the West and settled at Bedford, Ind., as a young lawyer. In 1842 he came to Terre Haute, and a brilliant career opened up for him. A term in the State Legislature had been followed by one as State Senator, and he was now in Congress. He was returned in 1848, then appointed Circuit Judge, and from that event until he was handed the naval portfolio by President Hayes was nearly all the time serving the people in a judicial capacity. During the war he was provost marshal of his district and drilled four regiments—an official capacity fraught with danger in that particular district, where that somewhat mysterious and deadly association, the Knights of the Golden Circle, were a strong present social feature. It was in his first term in Congress, in 1841, that Col. Thompson met Abraham Lincoln. The acquaintance grew into a friendship which endured until the death of Lincoln. When the latter was President he urged Col. Thompson to take a seat on the bench of the Court of Claims. The ex-Congressman declined, as he had the proffer of the Austrian mission under Taylor and the recordership of the Land Office in Fillmore's administration, but he was a prominent figure in all campaigns. In the old Tipecanoe campaign he gave the elder Harrison zealous support on the stump. As a Presidential elector, he cast his vote for the first President of the name. Nearly fifty-six years afterward his support materially aided the grandson in securing the nomination and election. He was several times a Presidential elector, and was a member of all the historic or notable Republican conventions after the formation of the party. Col. Thompson retired from the Hayes Cabinet shortly before the close of the administration, to become president of the American committee of the Panama Canal Company. He was also a director of the Isthmus Railway.

Col. Thompson is passing his declining days in a tranquil home, surrounded by great elms that look as if they were natural forest growth, planted by himself and his young wife close upon a half century ago. He has just completed his interesting "Personal Recollections." Full of entertaining anecdote, he is as well a rare analyst of human excellence and the national progress. He believes that Webster's oration will never die, that Calhoun was a brilliant man always underestimated, that Clay was the greatest speaker of his age; but he does not believe that American eloquence died with them. He considers that, as great questions come up for settlement, able disputants will meet the occasion, and that American pride and energy can compass all requirements that arise to make it necesary to maintain the supremacy of the United States.

He Was Apprehensive.

"What's the matter?" was the inquiry. "Are you looking for something to eat?"

"N'indeed. I ain't hungry. I wants sci'ntific infohmation. I wants ter know 'bout dese hyah X rays dat dey's takin' de phortygrafs wif. Dey done tells me dey kin take picters right fro yer; dat when dey goes after ye wif one er dem, yer skin an' yer clo's ain't no 'tection 't all."

"That's what they claim."

"An' ef I dun hed chickin foh dinner, I s'pose dey could jes fro me down an' take a pictur ob de chickin."

"I believe the theory is something like that."

"Da's whut I thought. Da's whut I thought. Does yer b'lieve dat dey could git er good nuff likeness ob de chicken ter inable de ownah ter reco'nize 'im?"

The pomp of power—a darkey in office.

SPRING is the most perilous season of the year in the far West and is always attended with great loss of life and property. Fierce blizzards sweep across the great plains of the Dakotas, Wyoming and Colorado, marking their course with the frozen carcasses of thousands of cattle.

The blizzard gives but a brief warning of its coming. Only those close to shelter may hope to escape its fury. The cowboy on the distant range reads the sign in the sky, notes the action of the cattle, and prepares to battle for his life. Usually a snowfall precedes the blizzard. The snow is fine and light and dry. The atmosphere is calm and cold, the temperature being below the freezing point, but there is a feeling of oppressiveness in the air. The sky is dull and leaden. Brute instinct is quicker to discover these signs of the approaching blizzard than the intelligence of man. The cattle begin to gather for protection, first in small bunches which meet and mingle until they have grown to the proportions of a herd. Animals that have strayed off alone are attracted to the constantly increasing main body, and they approach the common center from all parts of the range. Not a breath of air has yet disturbed the newly fallen snow, but the sky is growing darker, and notwithstanding the coldness the air seems heavy and produces a suffocating sensation.

Suddenly the leaden hue fades from the sky; it grows black in an instant. The mercury falls to zero within a few moments, and continues to sink toward the bulb of the thermometer. The cold is bitter and keenly penetrating, but its power to chill and kill will be doubled when a velocity of sixty or eighty miles an hour has been given the atmosphere. The cowboy buttons his buffalo overcoat and ties it with a rope tightly around his waist—preparatory to fighting his way to shelter. The wind comes in intermittent puffs, and here and there fine particles of snow are

CAUGHT IN A BLIZZAAD.

tossed and whirled in the air, just as little clouds of dust rise and curl when a glancing bullet strikes the dry ground. Another moment of dead calm followed by a cold blast of wind more general and far-reaching than what has preceded, which whitens the air with snow, chills the cowboy and his pony, and causes the cattle on the edge of the herd to shiver as they crowd closer together.

Presently there comes a low moaning sound from the north; it grows shriller until it resembles a wail; it rises and swells into a howl and then a shriek, as the great currents of air from nature's cold storage sweep with cyclonic fury over the treeless plain. The air is thick with fine, cold snow; the cowboy and his pony are obliterated from the vision and the herd is but a mass of incomplete and shadowy forms. The blizzard has begun. The buffalo coat of the cowboy does not seem to afford him any better protection than if it were of linen; the icy wind finds its way into every opening and penetrates the thick material as though it were a sieve. His eyes are momentarily blinded by the fine cold snow, and there is a stinging sensation in his face as if a mass of chilled needles were being hurled into it each instant. His first thought is for shelter, but whither will he go? There are no longer any cardinal points of the compass. North, east, south and west are all one now. There is nothing but a whirling, swirling, blinding mass of snow and the shriek of the tempest. He cannot trust to his pony to carry him to a place of refuge or to the home ranch. For the pony in a blizzard is ruled absolutely by the instinct of self-preservation, which means that if left to choose his own route he will travel in the same direction as the storm. Only by persistent urging can he be made to face it, and it must be an experienced rider that can guide him in any direction but the one which gives him the best protection from the elements.

There will come momentary lulls when the rider may take his bearings, but before he can make much headway in what he thinks is the right direction the blizzard is again upon him and often the skillful guiding of his pony will result in traveling in a circle.

The herd, with the same instinct uppermost in the pony, turns tail to the storm and drifts with it. The bodies of those on the outer side of the herd are soon coated thick with snow and there is a constant struggle for a place near the center of the bunch, where the surrounding animals impart warmth and serve to break the powerful force of the wind. It is a contest in which the strongest are the survivors and the weakest perish.

If the blizzard lasts but a few hours all may escape; if for days, then only the hardy animals will be left. Following in the path of the blizzard the rider will come upon the dead carcasses of the animals singly, in twos, and sometimes as many as a dozen will fall and perish together.

The heavy thaw that so often follows fast upon the blizzard frequently causes as heavy losses in cattle as the blizzard itself. The cattle seek the lowlands for water. There they find that the terrific wind has swept away the snow. The grass there is more luxuriant than on the range, but with each hour of sunshine their footing becomes more and more insecure and they sink deeper and deeper into the soft mire of the marshy ground. Those that have been weakened either through fasting or the rigors of the storm are held fast. In the spring every marshy waterhole is closely watched by the cattlemen and thousands of cattle are rescued. Those places that are not watched are thickly strewn with carcasses, and in the summer and fall look like boneyards.

Not painted in water colors—a toper's nose.

TOBACCO-TWISTED NERVES

The Unavoidable Result of the Continued Use of Tobacco.

Is There a Sure, Easy and Quick Way of Obtaining Permanent Relief From the Habit?

Millions of men think they need stimulants, because their nerves are set on fire by tobacco. The persistent abuse to which the tobacco-user subjects his nerves cannot possibly fail to make weak the strongest man. Chewing and smoking destroy manhood and nerve power. What you *call a habit* is a nervous disease.

Tobacco, in the majority of cases deadens the feelings. You may not think tobacco hurts you, but how are you ever going to tell how much better you would feel without it, unless you follow the advice of Postmaster Holbrook:

CURED 49 CASES OUT OF 50.

HOLBROOK, Nev., June, 13.

Gentlemen—The effects of No-To-Bac are truly wonderful. I had used tobacco for forty-three years, a pound plug a week. I used two boxes of No-To-Bac and have had no desire for tobacco since. I gave two boxes of No-To-Bac to a man named West, who had used tobacco for forty seven years, and two boxes to Mr. Whiteman, and neither of them have used tobacco since, and say they have no desire for it. Over fifty that I know of have used No-To-Bac through my influence, and I only know of one case where it did not cure, and then it was the fault of the patient.

I was 64 years old last week. I have gained seventeen pounds in flesh since I quit the use of tobacco. You can use this letter, or any part of it, as you wish.

Yours respectfully,
C. E. HOLBROOK, P. M.

You say it is wonderful. Indeed, it is. No To-Bac cured over 300,000 cases just as bad. You can be made well and strong by No-To-Bac. Your own druggist guarantees a cure. Get our booklet, "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke You Life Away," written guarantee of cure and free sample, mailed for the asking. Address The Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Bacon—So your friend is engaged to that Boston girl, after all. Egbert—Yes. Bacon—How did he melt her? Egbert—He didn't; he simply froze to her.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL,

As Shakespeare says, is to poke fun or sneer at people who are nervous, under the half belief that their complaint is imaginary or an affectation. It is neither, but a serious reality. Imperfect digestion and assimilation of the food is a very common cause of nervousness, especially that distressing form of it which manifests itself in want of sleep. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters speedily remedies nervousness, as it also does malarial, kidney, bilious and rheumatic ailments. The weak gain vigor speedily through its use.

As Mamma Saw It.—Mrs. Younglove—See this beautiful ring John bought me. Mrs. Oldbird—What's he been up to now.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 16th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"Do you desire the peace of Europe?" Chorus of great powers: "That depends on which of us gets the biggest piece."

CONSUMPTION CURED

AN ABSOLUTE REMEDY FOR ALL PULMONARY COMPLAINTS.

T. A. Slocum offers to Send Two Bottles Free of His Remedy to Cure Consumption and All Lung Troubles—An Elixir of Life.

Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy in its wake than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., of 183 Pear. street, New York. Perfectly confident that he has an absolute remedy for the cure of consumption and all pulmonary complaints, he offers through this paper to send two bottles free to any reader who is suffering from lung trouble or consumption, also loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting. He invites those desirous of obtaining this remedy to send their express and postoffice address, and to receive in return the two bottles free, which will arrest the approach of death. Already this remedy, by its timely use, has permanently cured thousands of cases which were given up, and death was looked upon as an early visitor.

Knowing his remedy as he does, and being so proof-positive of its beneficent results, Dr. Slocum considers it his religious duty, a duty which he owes to humanity, to donate his infallible remedy where it will assault the enemy in its cidatel, and, by its inherent potency, stay the current of dissolution, bringing joy to homes over which the shadow of the grave has been gradually growing more strongly defined, causing fond hearts to grieve. The cheapness of the remedy—offered freely—apart from its inherent strength, is enough to commend it, and more so is the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the offer, who holds out life to those already becoming emaciated, and says: "Be cured."

The invitation is certainly worthy of the consideration of the afflicted, who for years, have been taking nauseous nostrums without effect; who have ostracised themselves from home and friends to live in more salubrious climes, where the atmosphere is more congenial to weakened lungs, and who have fought against death with all the weapons and strength in their hands. There will be no mistake in sending for these free bottles—the mistake will be in passing the invitation by.

Eugene Field.

One of the many stories which are told about the late Eugene Field is of a little joke he had at his wife's expense. They had entered a street car, to find all the seats taken, save one at each end of the car, and they seated themselves accordingly. When the conductor collected the fares, Mr. Field announced in audible tones, as he gave him a dime, at the same time pointing to the far end of the car, "This is to pay the fare of the lady over there—the one wearing the new, beautiful brown silk dress." All eyes were turned to her, and her pretty face took a most becoming rose color, but back of the reproving glance she threw at him was one of mingled indulgence, appreciation and mirth at the unexpected and apparently truthful announcement.

The Woman of It.

"Now, dear, I have one favor to ask of you."

"It is granted."

"Then please don't tell me that you have never loved before, that you never dreamed that you could love, that I'm the only girl you have ever been engaged to, that"—

He (interrupting)—I won't.

She (anxiously)—But you have never been engaged before, have you, dear?—Brooklyn Life.

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.

Mothers

Anxiously watch declining health of their daughters. So many are cut off by consumption in early years that there is real cause for anxiety. In the early stages, when not beyond the reach of medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla will restore the quality and quantity of the blood and thus give good health. Read the following letter:

"It is but just to write about my daughter Cora, aged 19. She was completely run down, declining, had that tired feeling, and friends said she would not live over three months. She had a bad

Cough

and nothing seemed to do her any good. I happened to read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and had her give it a trial. From the very first dose she began to get better. After taking a few bottles she was completely cured and her health has been the best ever since." MRS. ADDIE PECK, 12 Railroad Place, Amsterdam, N. Y.

"I will say that my mother has not stated my case in as strong words as I would have done. Hood's Sarsaparilla has truly cured me and I am now well." CORA PECK, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Be sure to get Hood's, because

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 purely vegetable, reliable and beneficial. 25c.

USEFUL BOOKS GIVEN AWAY

ART AND FANCY WORK

Mrs. Nella Daggett of Boston, has recently written a book, "Fancy Work and Art Decorations," that gives practical instructions for making dollies, table covers, scarfs, tray cloths, pin cushions, etc., etc., with fifty illustrations. This book, together with "Successful Home Dyeing" will be sent free to any reader who forwards the attached coupon and a 2-cent stamp to Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington Vt.

COUPON NO. 1092.

This entitles any reader of this paper to one copy of "Fancy Work and Art Decorations," and "Successful Home Dyeing."

The above liberal offer is made to advertise the reliable Diamond Dyes, and to get their book upon home dyeing into the hands of women who want to dress well by making their old clothing look like new.

The fact that Diamond Dyes have been the standard home dyes for nearly twenty years, and that their sale increases from year to year, is proof positive that they have never had an equal.

take the

law in your own hands, ladies, when you ask for

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RED STRIPED TRADE MARK.

Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding

and don't get it. Sentence such a store to the loss of your trade and give it to merchants who are willing to sell what you demand.

Look for "S. H. & M.," *on the Label,* and take no other.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

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Patentees of Self-Spacing Type.
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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, plain wrapper, 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., 2821 Madison Sq., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

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.

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"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY

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'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

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