ARE YOU TO LIVE IN ALASKA?

Some Requirements That Are Indispensable—Miners Food Must Be Right.

The universal article of diet in that country, depended upon and indispensable, is bread or biscuit. And to make the bread and biscuit, either in the camp or upon the trail, yeast cannot be used—it must be baking powder; and the powder manufactured by the processes of the Royal Baking Powder Company, miners and prospectors have learned, is the only one which will stand in that peculiar climate of cold and dampness and raise the bread and biscuit satisfactorily.

These facts are very important for every one proposing to go to Alaska and the Yukon country to know, for should he be persuaded by some outfitter to take one of the cheap brands of baking powder it will cost just as much to transport it, and then when he opens it for use, after all his labor in packing it over the long and difficult route, he will find a solid caked mass or a lot of spoiled powder, with no strength and useless. Such a mistake might lead to the most serious results. Alaska is no place in which to experiment in food, or try to economize with your stomach. For use in such a climate, and under the trying and fatiguing conditions of life and labor in that country, everything must be the best and most useful, and above all it is imperative that all food supplies shall have perfect keeping qualities. It is absurd to convey over such difficult and expensive routes an article that will deteriorate in transit, or that will be found when required for use to have lost a great part of its value.

There is no better guide to follow in these matters than the advice of those who have gone through similar experience. Mr. McQuesten, who is called "the father of Alaska," after an experience of years upon the trail, in the camp, and in the use of every kind of supply, says: "We find in Alaska that the importance of proper kind of baking powder cannot be overestimated. A miner with a can of bad baking powder is almost helpless in Alaska. We have tried all sorts, and have been obliged to settle down to use nothing but the Royal. It is stronger and carries further, but above all things, it is the only powder that will endure the severe climatic changes of the arctic region."

It is for the same reason that the U. S. government in its relief expeditions, and Peary, the famous arctic traveler, have carried the Royal Baking Powder exclusively.

The Royal Baking Powder will not cake nor lose its strength either on board ship or in damp climates, and is the most highly concentrated and efficient of leavening agents. Hence it is indispensable to every Alaskan outfit. It can be had of the trading companies in Alaska, but should the miner procure his supplies before leaving, he should resist every attempt of the outfitter to palm off upon him any of the other brands of baking powder, for they will spoil and prove the cause of great disappointment and trouble.

American Horses in Belgium.

A Belgium agricultural journal says that in Antwerp in 10 months more than 4,000 American horses were disposed of, exclusive of those coming by way of England or by transportation vessels calling at that port, and that these importations must not be confounded with those brought from the Argentine Republic some years before. The wild horses known as "pampas," left a sad souvenir, still remembered by many persons. Such a mistake would do a great injustice to the American horse, whose hitherto disputed qualities are today fully appreciated at their just value.

Joplin Becoming Prosperous.

Joplin, Miss., which for the past few years has been prominent as a lead and zinc producing region, is gradually coming into the hands of companies with sufficient capital to operate the mines in a thoroughly up-to-date manner, instead of the slipshod operations that have heretofore prevailed. The lead and zinc ores form this district sold during the past year is estimated to have been valued at about $4,600,000.

Ignatius Donnelly, who is 66, is going to marry a woman who is only 21. Mr. Donnelly wants a wife who is not so set in her opinions that he can't convince her that Lord Bacon wrote Shakespeare.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A drawing of the bison has been discovered in the rocks of the La Mouthe cave in Dordogne, France.

After being swindled by all others, send us a stamp for particulars of King Solomon's Treasure, the ONLY renewer of manly strength. MASON CHEMICAL CO., P. O. Box 747, Philadelphia, Pa.

Chicago is healthier than ever before. In fact it is by far the heathiest large city in the United States.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me large doctor bills.—C. L. Baker, 4228 Regent Sq., Philadelphia, Pa., Dec. 8, '95.

Timber Bridges.

Except in rural districts for crossing small streams, we had thought that timber bridges had long since become things of the past. This however, is not the case in those parts of Austro-Hungary where there are forests available for this old-time method of construction. Timber bridges are largely in vogue in Galicia for highway purposes, a variety of types of construction being adopted, the bridges having spans ranging from 80 to 150 feet.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

In a recent work on the birds of Colorado, W. W. Cooke brings up the number of species and sub-species found in that state to 363.

Trolley car ambulances are to be introduced in the city of Pittsburg, running independently over all the street car tracks as called for.

Miss Eleanor Ormerod declares that the English cockroach is in danger of extermination before the hordes of imported German black beetles.

Greater New York consists of 45 islands, just as many as there are stars in our flag. It might be appropriately called the Island City.

What is probably the largest locomotive in the world has just been completed and weighs, with the tender, over 285,000 pounds. It is for use in Mexico.

The largest parish in London in point of area is Lewisham, which has 5,778 acres; and the largest in population is Islington, which has now 330,000 inhabitants.

A writer in a magazine has made the prophesy that in 300 years from now the world will only know three languages—English, Russian and Chinese.

Many collieries in Silesia are provided with bombs filled with compressed oxygen for use in cases of accident or entrance into old galleries where the air is foul.

Harvard this year, for the first time, has a colored person as a candidate for the degree of A. B., in the person of a young colored woman from Millerton, N. Y.

The famous Louis XV drawing-room suite, composed of a sofa and six armchairs, with old Beauvais tapestry, has been sold in Paris to a London dealer for $70,000.

The tramways, omnibuses and underground railways in and around London, within a radius of five miles, carry each year, it is calculated, about 453,000,000 passengers.

At the grape cure establishment in Switzerland, France and Austria, patients are usually turned loose in the vineyards and allowed to gorge themselves at pleasure.

Before a fire brigade can start for a fire in Berlin the members must all fall in line in military fashion and salute their captain. This proceeding wastes at least three minutes.

There is an enormous demand in New York for Fifth avenue property facing Central Park. Only the rich can buy, when bare lots are held at from $4,000 to $5,000 a front foot.

A Kansas minister says that one of his favorite hymns is the one beginning, "Blest be the tie that binds," because he makes "more money in marrying couples than in preaching."

In Delaware two brothers lived for 40 years within eight miles of each other, attended the same church and frequently traded with each other without knowing that they were related.

Col. Thomas Hoyer Monstery, the veteran fencing matser of Chicago, who is 85 years old, is in a Chicago hospital, suffering from rheumatism. He saw military service under 12 different flags.

BLACK AND BLUE.

Black and blue colors are not subject to fashions this season nor in any season. They hold their own and will not wash out. They are pretty solid colors, and but for the misery of wearing them, might become fashionable. Some men take pride in wearing them as tokens of their profession, as soldiers do their scars. But bruises, black or blue, or both, ought to have immediate attention, for under them may be a nerve hurt or a muscle badly wrenched. A black and blue bruise is a bad thing, not only from its tender soreness but the contused blood is prevention of regular circulation. While sore spots like these will not wash out, there is something that will rub them out in no time, and that is St. Jacobs Oil. It is peculiarly adapted to their quick cure. A pennant can be won only by hard knocks, with scars and bruises, but after the ball is over, if any remain, this one cure is the best. Bruises come from contusion in all avocations, and it is well to remember at all times just what will cure them the best.

Russia's population has increased during the last 100 years a fraction less than 1,000,000 annually.

AN OPEN LETTER

From Miss May Sachner, of Columbus, O., to Ailing Women.

To all women who are ill:

It affords me great pleasure to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for the boon given to suffering women in that excellent remedy.

Before taking the Compound I was thin, sallow, and nervous. I was troubled with leucorrhœa, and my menstrual periods were very irregular. I tried three physicians and gradually grew worse. About a year ago I was advised by a friend to try Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and Vegetable Compound, which I did. After using three bottles of the Vegetable Compound and one package of Sanative Wash, I am now enjoying better health than I ever did, and attribute the same to Mrs. Pinkham's wonderful remedies. I cannot find words to express what a Godsend they have been to me.

In some parts of China the young women wear their hair in a long single plait, with which is intertwined a bright scarlet thread. This style of ornamentation denotes that the young lady is marriageable.

Your Tax

for the coming year on baking powder will be very light if you buy *Schilling's Best* and use only one heaping teaspoonful to a quart of flour.

ST. VALENTINE'S day came on a Thursday that year. Tuesday, the 12th, was very warm, almost spring-like; people listened involuntarily for bluebirds and robins and looked at the elm branches against the sky as if they expected to see leaves. That morning Serena Ann Wells had found two ladies' delights blooming in a sheltered spot and carried them to school to give the teacher. The scholars crowded up to the desk to see them, and the teacher said she would call them her valentine. That set Serena Ann to thinking. After school began she wrote a little note on her slate and held it under cover of her desk so Tabitha Green, who sat next, could read.

"Did you ever hav a valintin?" she inquired, in plain, round characters.

Tabitha nodded. Serena Ann looked impressed. The teacher, Miss Cornelia Little, had come softly to her other side. "Communicating, Serena Ann?" inquired Miss Little, gently.

Serena Ann gave a little sigh, which was almost a sob, of assent.

The scholars craned their necks to see. Serena Ann's writing was so large and plain that those who sat near could read easily. There was a chuckle, which Miss Little quieted instantly with a look. "Were you communicating also?" she said to Tabitha Green. "Yes, ma'am," replied Tabitha, disconsolately.

Then the two little girls were bidden to go out in front of the school, and there they stood for a half hour with their slates suspended from their necks by twine strings hanging over their pinafores like breast plates.

Tabitha did not mind the punishment half as much as Serena Ann did. It was the first time she had ever been punished in school, and she had given two ladies' delights to the teacher that very morning. Somehow, that last stung her worst of all. It was to her the first prick of the serpent's tooth of ingratitude. Then there was another reason for Serena Ann's grief; her grandfather, Judd, had promised her a book if she were not punished in school all that year.

Miss Little, the school teacher, came in with the young man who was paying her attention. She had been telling him how she had punished that dear little Serena for whispering about a valentine; how sorry she was, and how she had wished to send her a valentine, to atone—and the young man had been thinking how sweet and tender-hearted she must be.

Miss Little at once selected the same valentine which had pleased Grandfather Judd.

"This is the prettiest," said she. "I will take this." She furthermore decided she would leave it at the store and have it sent from there.

The school teacher carefully directed the envelope which was to hold the valentine to Miss Serena Ann Dodd, Riggsville, N. Y.

Dodd was the name of the young man who was waiting upon the school teacher, and when she married him she was to go to Riggsville, N. Y., to live.

After the envelope was directed Miss Little gave Solomon Badger a penny to buy a stamp. After they had gone Solomon Badger spied the envelope; discovered that the valentine was not inclosed, and began to search for the one she had chosen. It was quite another valentine than the one Miss Little had purchased, which was posted next day. It went to Riggsville, N. Y., and finally brought up in the dead letter office, where it must be now.

It was 8 o'clock when the valentine was sold for the third time to Miranda Sall. She gave it to Lettie Goodwin to post, because her way home lay past the office.

The next morning Serena Ann's cousin, Sam Wells, drove over from the east village, and passing the postoffice saw something white on the snow bank. He stopped, got out and investigated. "I declare, it's a valentine," cried Sam Wells. He tried to pick it up, but it was frozen down. There had been quite a thaw the day before, and the weather had grown colder during the night. Sam was very careful, but he had to leave the addressed part of the envelope in the snow.

BIDDEN TO GO OUT IN FRONT OF THE SCHOOL.

She quieted her sobs with a convulsive effort. After a while she peered pitifully over her pinafore, and her tearful eyes met Johnny Starr's compassionate ones. Johnny Starr was a pretty, quiet boy, and Serena Ann's mother had told his mother that she had just as soon have him come over to see Serena Ann as a girl.

Recess came soon after the girls were released from their position in the floor, and everybody went out, the weather was so warm. Johnny Starr followed Serena Ann into the school yard.

"It's mean," he declared.

Serena Ann smiled gratefully at him. Then Miranda Sall, the doctor's daughter, joined Serena Ann. Miranda was one of the big girls, very bright-eyed and red-cheeked.

"Don't you feel bad one bit," said she. "I had stood in the floor dozens of times before I was as old as you. Didn't you ever have a valentine, Serena Ann?"

Serena Ann shook her head and looked up gratefully into the girl's handsome, glowing face.

"Well, maybe you'll get one this year—stranger things have happened," Miranda remarked, meaningly, as she turned away.

Serena Ann had, during all the rest of that day, a vague impression of a kindly intent toward her from everybody. Her grandfather, of his own accord, proposed giving her another trial to win his offered reward, and Serena Ann was radiant. Then her father asked if she didn't want a sleigh ride with him.

Grandfather Judd turned to his daughter, when the sleigh bells had jingled out of the yard. "Tell you one thing, Maria," said he, "that child's goin' to have a valentine to pay for havin' so much trouble."

"Now, father, I don't know. I'm afraid it's kind of foolish——"

"No, it ain't foolish, either. Child's been cryin' her eyes out. She's goin' to have the handsomest valentine in Solomon Badger's store," declared Grandfather Judd, rising as he spoke.

There was quite a stock of valentines in the boxes on the counter, and Solomon Badger's grandson, 'Lonzo, was waiting to sell them. The trade had been quite brisk since morning, though it was the day before Valentine's day.

Grandfather Judd went over to look at the valentines. One immediately caught his eye. It was much the largest and handsomest there, a beautiful combination of lace paper, embossed doors, roses and angels.

"How much is this one?" inquired Grandfather Judd.

"Marked on back," mumbled 'Lonzo, sucking his lemon drop. "Fifty cents."

Grandfather Judd bought it; gave 'Lonzo five cents; told him to buy a one-cent stamp for the valentine and put it in the postoffice the next day, and he might keep the remaining four cents for himself.

As for 'Lonzo, he put Grandfather Judd's five cents in his pocket. As for the valentine, he had taken that out of the envelope and placed it back in stock.

It was about half past 7 o'clock when Sam went to Solomon Badger's about fifteen minutes before school time and found Sophia in attendance.

"Hallo, Sophia," said he, "ever see this before?"

Sophia bent her pink face over the valentine, then raised it. "No, I guess not," said she, looking up in Sam's face.

"Well, then, I want to buy an envelope, and I wish you'd address it. Sophia, my hands are cold, and I can't write fine enough to go on a valentine."

Sam left the valentine and a penny for postage. Sophia took up the envelope to address it, and then a sleigh stopped at the door and a young man from the east village came in and asked her to go a little way for a drive. And that was the last she thought of Sam Wells and Serena Ann's valentine.

It was not sold again until after school that night, and then Johnny Starr was the purchaser. He had shaken the iron savings bank in which he had deposited his money, earned by selling berries the summer before, until he got 52 cents, all in pennies. He gave them to Solomon Badger for the valentine and an envelope. Johnny had not shaken enough pennies to buy a stamp.

He gave it to Serena Ann the next morning before school, slipping it into her hands when nobody was looking. Serena Ann looked at it, colored high, then turned white. She was almost ready to cry. To think she had a valentine, and such a valentine! She showed it to one, then another; by noon everybody in school had seen that valentine, teacher and all.

"Who did you say gave it to you, Serena Ann?" asked Sam Wells.

"Johnny Starr." Sam Wells whistled. At noon Miss Little called her up to the desk and questioned her. Then she called up Johnny Starr and asked where he got the valentine. "At Mr. Solomon Badger's," replied Johnny, stoutly. Serena Ann did not know what it all meant. She was bewildered when they came to her at the afternoon recess and told her that Miranda gave her the valentine and not Johnny Starr. She was more bewildered when she got home and found that her Grandfather Judd had given it to her. It began to seem to poor little Serena Ann as if everything was out of proportion and topsy-turvey, and people were behaving like fairy stories. For several days the whole village was in a turmoil over Serena Ann's valentine. Everybody questioned wildly, who had or had not bought it. 'Lonzo Badger was discovered to be guilty of petty dishonesty and whipped with a birch stick, but that did not go far toward the solution of the whole mystery. Some of it was always dark in the minds of the village. It seemed unquestionable that one valentine had been sold several times.

At all events, Serena Ann had her valentine, her first one. And she never had any doubt as to who had given it to her. It was Johnny Starr, and he had bought it with his huckleberry money which he had shaken out of his iron bank.

THE LINCOLN CABIN.

Humble Abode In Which the Great Emancipator First Saw the Light.

The house in which Abraham Lincoln was born still stands near Nolon Creek, in Larue (formerly Hardin) County, three miles south of Hodgensville and two miles north of Buffalo, Ky. It is situated near the top of a hill, a full half mile from the roadway. A corn field surrounds the little house, which was built by Lincoln's father when he first attempted to do some farming on his own account. The soil round about the cabin is rough, unproductive and next to valueless, and there is no doubt that Abraham's father determined the site for his little homestead by the freely flowing spring that bubbles up from the limestone formation at the bottom of the hill. The flow of water is 1½ inches in diameter and runs as freely as it did a century ago, giving a plentiful supply of water the year round.

The elder Lincoln was a carpenter, and he settled in that spot soon after his marriage for the purpose of trying agriculture. If Mr. Lincoln, the father, was a good carpenter he was certainly a poor builder, for the architecture of the cabin is anything but an evidence of art or skill. The sides are constructed of very small logs that were not properly squared. The rafters are mere poles, and the chimney was made of sticks. The cabin was lighted and ventilated with one door and one window. The door was built of rough boards, and even the hinges of the door were of roughly hewn wood. This house in which the future statesman and President spent the days of his childhood had but one room. One-half of one wall of this is taken up with the great fireplace. When the patriot's father built it he lined its inside with rough stones taken from the field. But at the present time not one of these remains in its place. When "Abe" was 7 years old his parents removed from this place to Indiana. It was an odd coincidence that 120 miles from this spot a few months before Lincoln's birth Jefferson Davis was born in a three-room log house.

THE LINCOLN CABIN.

LINCOLN AND THE KITTENS.

A Story Illustrative of the Kindness of His Generous Nature.

Gen. Horace Porter in his Campaigning With Grant, in the Century Magazine, tells a good story of Lincoln's kindness to animals on the occasion of the martyr President's visit to Gen. Grant's camp. Three tiny kittens were crawling about the tent at the time, says Gen. Porter. The mother had died, and the little wanderers were expressing their grief by mewing piteously. Mr. Lincoln picked them up, took them on his lap, stroked their soft fur, and murmured: "Poor little creatures, don't cry; you'll be taken good care of," and turning to Bowers, said: "Colonel, I hope you will see that these poor little motherless waifs are given plenty of milk and treated kindly." Bowers replied: "I will see, Mr. President, that they are taken in charge by the cook of our mess, and are well cared for." Several times during his stay Mr. Lincoln was found fondling these kittens. He would wipe their eyes tenderly with his handkerchief, stroke their smooth coats, and listen to them purring their gratitude to him. It was a curious sight at an army headquarters upon the eve of a great military crisis in the nation's history, to see the hand which had affixed the signature to the Emancipation Proclamation, and had signed the commissions of all the heroic men who served the cause of the Union, from the general-in-chief to the lowest lieutenant, tenderly caressing three stray kittens. It well illustrated the kindness of the man's disposition, and showed the child-like simplicity which was mingled with the grandeur of his nature.

LINCOLN AND SOCIETY.

Introduced Himself and Wife as the "Long and Short of the Presidency."

In an article recalling the incidents of "When Lincoln Was First Inaugurated," in the Ladies' Home Journal, Stephen Fiske gives a graphic account of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln's presentation to Washington society. There were a large number of the best-known of Washington's society people assembled in the parlors of the hotel where Mr. Lincoln and his wife were stopping, nearly all moved by curiosity to see the "rail-splitter" President. "Presently, from a side door that suggested a scene on the stage, emerged the face of Mr. Lincoln, smiling nervously; then his tall, thin, awkward body; then a long arm, and finally, at the end of this arm a dumpy, little woman. He was dressed in a new suit of shiny black that had been presented to him as an advertisement by an enterprising tailor. She was wrapped in a white shawl. Mr. Lincoln looked at the fashionable assembly and said, in his clear, distinct voice: 'Ladies and gentlemen, permit me to present to you the long and short of the Presidency.'"

"As he said 'the long,' he bowed; as he said 'the short,' he looked down at Mrs. Lincoln and smiled. A shudder ran through the parlors. The ladies stared at the strange couple; the gentlemen bent their heads. That man the President of the United States! That woman the first lady of the land! All the etiquette of the Republican court that had been established since the days of President Washington was violated."

THE STORY.

T was in the war
times' early days,
When eyes looked
forth with anxious
gaze,
A young lad had been
doomed to die,
And would'st thou
know the reason
why?

He had been placed his
sentinel,
And at his post asleep
he fell,
And for that closing
of his eyes
Before him dreamless slumber lies.

The President read the sentence through
And murmured, "The act I cannot do.
Brought up on farm, at work late kept—
Poor boy! No wonder that he slept."

And o'er the paper he drew his pen,
And signed his pardon there and then.
Great-hearted man! Shall I unfold
What later on the sequel told?

At Fredericksburg, among the slain,
A lad, beyond all mortal pain,
Was lying by himself apart,
A picture next his youthful heart.

'Twas Lincoln's picture that he wore,
And just beneath these words it bore—
"God bless Abraham Lincoln." Thus he showed
The debt of love to him he owed.

His Valentine.

Dear girl, I have no bauble fine,
No trinket rich and gay,
No jewel rare, no gem divine
To greet great Cupid's day.
But take, oh, sweetheart, as my gift
What may my love disclose;
I offer, though my purse be rift,
One big midwinter rose.

THE TERRORS OF CONSUMPTION

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY OF AN AMERICAN MEDICO-CHEMIST, AND ITS GREAT VALUE TO HUMANITY.

HOW EVERY READER MAY OBTAIN THREE FREE BOTTLES OF THE NEW SYSTEM OF MEDICINE THAT CURES.

THE FREE DR. SLOCUM NEW SYSTEM OF MEDICINE.

ALL THOSE WHO USE IT GET WELL.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—All readers of this paper anxious regarding the health of themselves, relatives or friends, can have Three Free Bottles of the Doctor's New Discoveries, as represented in the above illustration, with complete directions, by sending full address to Dr. Slocum's Laboratory, 98 Pine Street, New York City.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

Foremost among the world's greatest Medico-Chemists stands Dr. Slocum, of New York City. His efforts, which for years had been directed toward the discovery of a positive cure for consumption, were finally successful, and already his "new system of treatment" has, by its timely use permanently cured thousands of apparently helpless cases.

He has demonstrated the dreaded disease to be curable beyond a doubt, in any climate.

Indisputable facts prove that the Doctor's New Discoveries are an absolute cure for Consumption and all bronchial, throat, lung and chest troubles; stubborn coughs, winter catarrhal affections; scrofula, rheumatism, general decline and weakness, loss of flesh, and all wasting conditions; and to better demonstrate its wonderful merits he will send Three Free Bottles (The Dr. Slocum New System of Medicine) with full instructions to all readers of this paper who send for them.

Simply write to T. A. Slocum, Manufacturing Chemist, 98 Pine street, New York, giving name and full address.

There is no charge for medicine or correspondence-advice—strictly confidential.

Knowing, as we do, of the undoubted efficacy, we urge every sufferer to take advantage of this most liberal proposition.

Please tell the Doctor, when writing, that you read this generous offer in this paper.

Michigan has a law fixing a heavy penalty upon railroad companies for employing persons addicted to the use of intoxicants.

DEMAND FOR MORE BATTLESHIPS.

The secretary of the navy has demanded more battleships, and there can be no doubt that congress will consider his recommendations. Protection is what our sea ports require, and fortifications will not adequately supply this. Defense against all disorders of a malarial type is, however, adequately afforded by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an efficient remedy, also, for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism, and nervousness.

Poe has immortalized the raven, Whittier the robin and Longfellow the snowbird that sung to the monk Felix.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for chilblains, sweating, damp, callous and hot, tired aching feet. We have over 10,000 testimonials of cures. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c. in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The most popular female in the United States is the blonde lady whose face adorns the $20 gold piece.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark.

I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look Carefully at the wrapper and see that it is *the kind you have always bought*, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

Magdaleen Cicute, who has just died in the City of Mexico, was probably the tallest woman in America, her height being six feet nine inches tall.

"A Perfect Type of the Highest Order of Excellence in Manufacture."

Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa

Absolutely Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

..Costs Less Than ONE CENT a Cup..

Be sure that you get the Genuine Article, made at DORCHESTER, MASS. by

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

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

HOME PRODUCTS AND PURE FOOD.

All Eastern Syrup, so-called, usually very light colored and of heavy body, is made from glucose. *"Tea Garden Drips"* is made from Sugar Cane and is strictly pure. It is for sale by first-class grocers, in cans only. Manufactured by the PACIFIC COAST SYRUP CO. All genuine *"Tea Garden Drips"* have the manufacturer's name lithographed on every can.

In buying seeds "economy is extravagance," because the cost of cultivation wasted on inferior seeds always largely exceeds the original cost of the best and dearest seeds to be had. The best is always the cheapest. Pay a trifle more for

FERRY'S SEEDS

and always get your money's worth. Five cents per paper everywhere. Always the best. Seed Annual free.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

FOR 14 CENTS

We wish to gain 10,000 new customers, and hence offer

1 Pkg.	13 Day Radish,	10c
1 Pkg.	Early Spring Turnip,	10c
1 "	Earliest Red Beet,	10c
1 "	Bismarck Cucumber,	10c
1 "	Queen Victoria Lettuce,	15c
1 "	Klondyke Melon,	15c
1 "	Jumbo Giant Onion,	15c
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