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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE BUSINESS GIRL.

She Expresses Her Opinion of Men, Matrimony and Money.

The social philosopher had been petting her chin in an absurdly hayseedish manner, and as the thoughtful panorama was ominously regarded as a forerunner of a more or less prolonged lecture she didn't dare disappoint her admiring petticoated audience. So she said:

"It seems to me that the very moment that a young woman shows ability in any chosen profession about 500 ordinarily charming and lovely individuals rise up like solicitous hens over a weak legged chicken and implore her not to spoil her good work by tumbling into the matrimonial tank."

"Huh!" puffed the girl who always interrupts, "'the motherly hens had better wait until she gets a good chance. Then they'd see how quickly 'Yes, sir. I'm yours,' could be said."

"What nonsense!" the social philosopher deigned to answer. "Every girl has opportunities to marry, but no girl in her right mind is going to blindfold herself to the dozens of things to be considered. There's the money question, for instance. That always comes first, for if you are a business woman, earning a fairly decent salary, it is absurd to marry a man who receives but little more. Diamond tastes and window glass purses make a mighty unsatisfactory combination, my dear. Besides perhaps you are fond of your work and dislike household managing, but if you go down to business every day people will look wise and say mean things, and you'll wish yourself unhooked from your matrimonial venture.

"Perfect men are so hard to find too! Now, what girl could endure a bald head or a red nose, even if it went with loads of wealth and bushels of love? Why, in less than six weeks she'd be making the poor man wear a frilled cap and a prepared chalk nose. A man's good looks go a long way with a girl, I'm ashamed to confess, and a jerky manner of talking, or a sissy walk, or a nervous movement of the hands will make a girl's teeth grind and her temper fray at the edges—that is, unless she's really and truly in love. Then he might be a tailor's dummy, noseless and cross eyed, bewhiskered and with rouged cheeks, and she'll still think him the loveliest thing on earth."—Chicago Record.

Dr. Mary Walker In New Hampshire.

Dr. Mary Walker is preparing to leave this locality, disgusted with New Hampshire and her governor. Dr. Mary has been possessed with a conviction that the man executed for the murder of Christie Warden was not Almy, but one Abbott, and that he was innocent of murder. She has haunted the statehouse for nearly two weeks trying to see Governor Smith. Yesterday he hastily gave orders for Mary to be admitted. She appeared. For more than two hours she talked and then was compelled to stop because of exhaustion. She then went back to her hotel. The executive said he would take the matter under advisement. This morning Dr. Mary was told it was too late to take any action regarding the matter.—Concord (N. H.) Letter.

The Mantle of Charity.

It is the one garment the fashion of which never changes, writes Ruth Ashmore in Ladies' Home Journal. The years may go and come, and yet she who cloaks herself in this mantle is at once happy herself and the giver of happiness. In cut it never changes. It is always large and full, so that it can envelop those who are unhappy and give them warmth and comfort. Like the cloak worn by the prince in the fairy tale, it is invisible to all but those whose eyes are made clear by faith. It is the garment that I would like my girls to wear. It is true that much patience and much self denial are required before this cloak is put on, as it should be, for all time, but once assumed the amount of joy to be got from it and the happy heartbeats to the wearers of it cannot possibly be overestimated.

Girl Babies of Sicily.

In some parts of Sicily the birth of a girl is looked upon as such a misfortune that a black flag is hung out the window to proclaim the sad event. Having to be supported by the family as long as they are unmarried, and being obliged to dower the bridegroom, they are looked upon as expensive luxuries. Boys, on the other hand, are very soon self supporting, and when the time comes for marrying increase the family wealth by bringing home a bride and her dot. The girls live in seclusion, are most kindly treated, and at the age of 14 or 16 they are disposed of in marriage on a purely financial basis.—New York World.

Signs of Coming Trouble.

Johnny—I tell you, papa's going to catch it after the company's gone.

Tommy—How do you know?

Johnny—He's told ma once or twice she was mistaken about something, and she's said, "Why, darling!"—London Million.

Waste

is overcome by giving the body proper and sufficient nourishment. When waste is active and you are losing flesh and strength, take

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. It will overcome the waste by giving ample nourishment. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

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ABOUT ABDUL HAMID

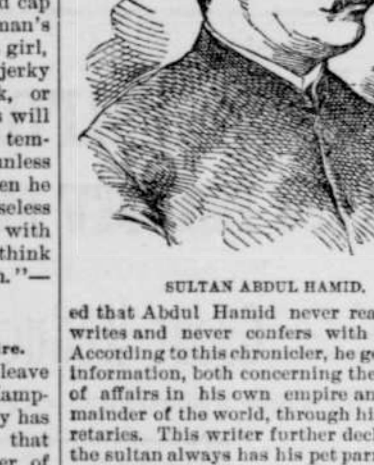
MANY CONFLICTING STORIES TOLD CONCERNING TURKEY'S SULTAN.

Some Say He Never Reads or Writes and Is Altogether Frivolous, Others That He Reads and Writes Extensively and Is a Hard Worked Potentate.

The civilized world has again begun to think much on the sultan of Turkey, and whether or not the complaints of the Armenians as to Turkish cruelty that have aroused this revival of interest in Abdul Hamid are true be is no doubt utterly unfit to be the ruler of even the smallest nation, let alone a complicated aggregation of races and nationalities such as inhabit Turkey.

The sultan is now perhaps 55 years old, rather tall, but somewhat stooping. His movements are nervous and jerky, the skin of his face is of a sickly yellow, his nose is large, his beard is of an inky blackness, and the expression of his eye shows great anxiety and suspicion, but not one whit of cruelty or ferocity. Those who have been admitted to a private audience with the autocrat of the Bosporus say that his voice is not unmusical, and that he adopts a low tone in conversation. His manners are described as the very essence of courtesy.

Concerning the personal life and attributes of the sultan many and greatly diverse stories are told. Not long ago a writer presumably well informed assert-



SULTAN ABDUL HAMID.

ed that Abdul Hamid never reads, never writes and never confers with any one. According to this chronicler, he gets all his information, both concerning the progress of affairs in his own empire and the remainder of the world, through his two secretaries. This writer further declares that the sultan always has his pet parrot in the room when he listens to these functionaries, and that he persistently plays with the bird all through the reading of their reports. The recording secretary enters first, and his report consists of a synopsis of the affairs of the day, propositions concerning the immediate course of the government and information as to what has been done in the way of executing previous orders. Occasionally the potentate nods, and every nod is taken by the secretary as an assent to some proposition. A memorandum is made, and eventually an irade thereon is issued. An irade is like a proclamation, or, more properly, a Russian ukase, "only more so." To question the wisdom of an irade is to utter treason, and treason is a very serious matter in Turkey. It is apt to eventuate in the bowstring and the sack. Very rarely is the subject of an irade well considered. Usually only the barest outlines of any given proposition are read to him, and the details of its carrying out and of the probable effect thereof are not often known to the sultan, and yet the fate of thousands often depends upon just such hastily written decisions by this monarch. After the sultan has got through with this secretary then comes another, who reads a synopsis of the news of the day, both home and foreign, including dispatches from all parts of the earth received the night before.

Then the ministers are admitted, and Abul Hamid talks to them of what he has heard and what he thinks of it. This is called a "discussion," though only the sultan takes part therein. After it is over the ministers retire to a little room, where what they do can be seen and what they say can be heard by their master. Sometimes their views are embodied in the report read by the first of the secretaries the next morning and sometimes not. Rarely does the sultan pay even as scant an amount of attention as is above described, or more than two or three hours. After noon he fills up his time with the most trivial things, not the least of which are the dancing and playing upon musical instruments of his 200 female slaves, or odalisques, all of whom are less than 16 years old.

Here is another picture of the sultan, painted indeed by his only intimate friend, Osman Pasha, but probably as likely to at least approach the truth as the other. According to this authority, the sultan is not at all a man of frivolous ease and indolence. He is impressed with the thought that in his hands are placed the keys of Europe, and that the responsibility is something enormous. He therefore reads much, studies history profoundly, keeps himself accurately informed upon all current events and the trend of modern western thought.

No man in all the Ottoman empire works harder. He rises with the sun, often after but an hour or two of sleep, frequently having passed the night writing with his own hand some important document of state. Since the affairs of the Turkish provinces have come so prominently to the front the sultan allows no order of any sort affecting them to issue without understanding it thoroughly or without his own signature, and, according to Osman Pasha, a ruler more thoroughly in touch with the most remote parts of his realm would be very hard to find. This story goes on to the effect that, although the sultan has a hundred women in his harem, besides his 200 odalisques, making 300 in all, he is thoroughly devoted to his wife, by whom he has three daughters, of whom he is very fond. Whenever he is tired of the cares of state and the court, he betakes himself to the company of his wife and the daughters, and the latter play for him on the harp and the piano. He delights in such melodies as are to be found in "The Huguenots" or selections from Wagner, of whose "Funeral March" he never tires. The sultan then looks as little like a Turk as he possibly can and yet be one. "Put him into a slouch hat and black clothes, and he would look not unlike an American divinity student."

After all, the outside world knows very little about the real personality and life of the sultan of Turkey.

A House of Gingerbread.

During the German emperor's visit to Thorn he received a deputation of the confectioners of the town dressed in picturesque costumes, who presented him with a house made of gingerbread, which was so heavy that it had to be carried by four men. The house is 4 feet high and 7 feet wide and weighed three hundredweight. The walls, roof and windows are entirely of gingerbread and sugar, and the emperor was so delighted with his present that he at once ordered it to be sent to his sons at Potsdam.

Dr Price's Cream Baking Powder. World's Fair Highest Award.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

THE SAD DEATH OF AN ESTIMABLE YOUNG WOMAN.

Women In Chicago—A Plucky Woman's Success—A Matter of Suitable Dress. Mrs. Potter Palmer's Splendid Diamonds. Hints For the Home.

The death of Miss Letitia Townsend of typhus fever in the Riverside hospital was a very sad event. Miss Townsend was the general secretary of the Girls' Friendly society. Her life had been given up to good work. Her mother died last December, and Miss Townsend had nursed her assiduously during a long illness extending over two years. It added to the sadness of Miss Townsend's death that her brother, who is rector of one of the Protestant churches in Atlantic City, and her sister were not permitted to see her during her last hours. This may have been a wise and reasonable precaution of the medical officer of the health board, but it seems to us to have been carrying quarantine rules a little too far. There is no reason why, under proper precautions, a visitor to a patient sick with typhus fever should catch the disease any more than there is any reason why attendants and attending physicians should catch it.

Miss Townsend's death, independent of the loss of her blameless and useful life, is a public interest because it is not known how she contracted the disease. About 10 days ago she went to St. Luke's hospital to complain of certain symptoms that might have been the result of a bad cold. She was taken into the hospital for treatment, and in a few days unmistakable typhus fever made its appearance. She was removed to the Riverside hospital on North Brother island, and the physicians who were attending her had very little hope of her recovery.

Before Miss Townsend was stricken down she was living at St. Anna's hall at 428 West Twentieth street. This is the headquarters of the Society For the Home Study of the Holy Scriptures. Although the remaining inmates of this home were carefully watched, none of them developed typhus. There was no trace of typhus at her home, nor was Miss Townsend known to have been in any house where there had been an undoubted case of typhus fever.—New York Sun.

Women In Chicago.

There seem to be as many women out at work in Chicago as there are women staying at home in Brooklyn. You cannot buy anything outside of the gin mills without finding a girl clerk to serve you and a girl cashier to take your money, or both together. If you ride on the elevated, you buy your ticket of a woman. When you get a stamp at the postoffice, it is a girl who serves you. The clerks in the newspaper offices are as apt to be girls as men. At the headquarters of the World's fair and in all the department offices girls seem in the majority. The hum of their voices and the swish of their skirts fill the air. They are also in the public offices in the city hall. In all the hotels, down in the lobbies, crowded with men and rank with tobacco smoke, the newsstands, flower stands, telegraph counters, jewelry stands, theater and railroad ticket stands and telephone offices—all are managed by girls. The word girls is used advisedly. Women of 35 or over are few beside the girls of from 17 to 25 who are serving the public. It is a queer sensation for a man in a hotel to call out "come in" in response to a knock on his door, and to see a pretty, ladylike girl walk in with the remark, "You are the man I am to do stenographic work for, I suppose."

If the kingdom coming for women is one of varied industry, independence and the right to work as hard as the men, then Chicago is the nucleus and starting point. A New Yorker who has lived here for a year or more was asked what he thought of the revolution.

"It is good for the women," said he, "but it is hard for the men. The women have more liberty, more money and more ability to take care of themselves in all the emergencies of life. They aim at marriage the same as other women do, or should, but they have time and opportunity to wait and wed shrewdly, so shrewdly often that I think Chicago will found a new race of beings sharper in trade than the Hebrews, born of sharp mothers who have chosen sharp husbands. But it is hard on the men. The romance is leaving the romantic sex. The physical charms remain, but mentally and morally the women who deal with the public grow angular, selfish and mercenary." — Chicago Cor. New York Sun.

A Plucky Woman's Success.

Something more than 20 years ago Miss Jennie Stevens entered the government service at Washington as a department clerk. For 21 years she pursued the weary round of her work. At the end of that time she lost her position. She was no longer young, and as she was familiar with no sort of work save that which she had been doing for so many years she found herself without means of support. As a recreation after her hours of work she had taken some lessons in pen painting on velvet. As she was extremely fond of work of this sort she made up her mind that she would try to secure a few pupils. In displaying her work for this purpose she met a woman who saw that she had talent and who told her that she was wasting her time in painting with a pen on velvet, and that she should take her colors, brushes and a piece of matting and see what she could do in the way of decorative work.

She acted on this suggestion, and for two years kept body and soul together by teaching while she taught herself. At the end of that time she had gained much, and withal some recognition as an artist. She decided to try for public recognition and painted three pictures for the exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters at Piccadilly, London. A thousand pictures were sent to the committee of artists in New York, and among the 20 selected as representative of America were the three submitted by Miss Stevens. Not only this, but for one of her decorative works she received a prize in money and for another a diploma. While she has been successful in both oil and water colors she excels in purely decorative work. She is especially successful in painting tapestry. Some of Miss Stevens' works are exhibited in the Woman's building at the World's fair and form an interesting showing of what a woman may achieve in a wholly new line of work after she has passed her fortieth birthday.—Chicago Post.

The Matter of a "Suitable" Dress.

A great deal is being said and written just now on the subject of suitable dress for a business woman, and out of the mass of suggestions something admirable is bound to come. But women are queer "kittle kattie," and we have yet to see one who shall admit there is any difference between her employment and the idleness of her neighbor. The moment women are separated from each other by this question of dress, or "a dress," that moment that dress, however suitable, becomes an impossibility and no longer desirable in their eyes.

Modern women, with all their boasted independence, will never adopt an attire that implies class distinction or the idea of sumptuary laws. Yet the need for an ideal dress grows apace. The extravagance of rich women, the increased cost of all fashionable dress, throw out women of refined tastes and small means quite as much as it debars the ordinary working woman from wearing comfortable, becoming and well made clothes. It is the feminine instinct to "look pretty" at any cost, but how will it ever be beaten into a girl's head that when she seeks her living in the field with men this natural coquetry must be abandoned and her aim concentrated in the endeavor to look "suitable" instead?

If a woman is gifted with a trim, natty figure, a neat foot and ankle, the suitable business dress, which is short in skirt and severely simple in style, will not disfigure her nor tend to lessen her physical attractiveness. But unhappily the majority are not built that way. Then, too, they see constantly before them wherever they go the most tempting adornments, other women groomed and gowned at the rate of thousands per annum, and their hearts swell with a sense of injustice to their sex, and they long for an imitation if they cannot have the real.—Boston Herald.

Mrs. Palmer With Her Diamonds On.

There are probably not many American women who would care to invite comparison by placing their gems beside the glittering array of the German empress, but there is at least one in Chicago who could do so smilingly, sure if not of outshining, certainly of not being outshone.

This woman is Mrs. Potter Palmer. At the various balls she attended last winter Mrs. Palmer's diamonds were the envy and admiration of every woman who saw her arrayed in all their dazzling splendor. It is safe to say that members of the foreign legation who bowed over her small hand at the dedication ball last October will never forget the picture she made. It is doubtful if even European courts could produce so brilliant and beautiful an ensemble.

On such occasions Mrs. Palmer wears a diadem of large diamonds finely matched and exquisite in color. This almost encircles her head, and each point of the gorgeous coronet is tipped with a large and costly pearl. Disposed about her corsage are two ropes of diamonds, which are generally caught up by a beautiful brooch of diamonds and sapphires. Lesser ornaments in the shape of stars, crescents and circlets are pinned to the front of her bodice, and at her ears hang large pearls.—Chicago Herald.

Mrs. Cleveland as She Is.

At the informal noon hours of Easter week Mrs. Cleveland received between 300 and 500 ladies each time, standing alone by the door of the red parlor, and barely having a chance for a word with those whom she knew as the procession of strangers streamed in. To those who have not seen Mrs. Cleveland during the four years since she left the White House she seems to have changed in appearance, but for the better. She is stouter and matronly in every way. The simple manner of dressing her hair is vastly becoming, and the pure white colorless complexion adds a refinement and distinction to her face. No one has been more maligned by the sunlight than Mrs. Cleveland, and the new photographs that have been on sale this spring are the reverse of flattering. More of the photographs taken just after her wedding are seen and sold here than of the prints from negatives made at Lakewood last winter. There is as much charm and cordiality in her manner as ever, with more dignity and repose than before—the simplicity, directness and ease of a woman fully at home, aware of and equal to the requirements of her position.—Washington Letter.

Present Rules For Mourning.

Lighter rules for mourning prevail at present than have been in vogue for many years. As in the keeping of Lent, the observance of a time of strict seclusion is softened greatly from its former austere character. Possibly the Burial Reform association has had something to do with this. One of its objects is to discourage the wearing of crape and particularly of crape veils. Eccentricities will flourish, however, in individual cases. A young girl, just in her teens, was met the other day whose short frock was of bombazine trimmed heavily with crape, while a crape veil fell from the back of her round hat to the hem of her gown. Nun's veiling is more employed every year to take the place of the ugly, unwholesome and perishable alternative. Cloths, and even buttons, to closely intimate crape are substituted for it in dress trimmings.—Philadelphia Press.

Fashionable Bonnets May Be Dangerous.

A new danger seems to threaten fashionable women from an article of their toilet which has hitherto been considered comparatively harmless—the bonnet. At an afternoon reception the other day a lady entered looking very pale. She had been the victim of a curious accident. On entering her coupe she hit her head against the door and felt a sharp pain. Then, feeling something trickling down her forehead, she found to her horror that it was blood. Stopping at a drug store, she had the flesh wound stanched. It was found that the weapon was a sharp jeweled pin which stood upright in her bonnet. And now the wearers of those dainty bits of lace and steel ornaments have warning to carry their heads low at the peril of their lives.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Queen's Statue.

The queen has unveiled in Kensington gardens the statue of herself by her daughter, Princess Louise, the cost of which has been defrayed by local subscription. The Princess Louise, who is a sculptor of considerable merit, received £500 for the work and insisted on the same terms as a professional would have demanded—viz, £100 down on accepting the commission, £200 when the work was half done and £200 on its completion. The princess is popular, so that no one grudges her the money, except perhaps some struggling sculptor who might have obtained the job had not a princess been competitor.—London Letter.

Women and Music In Chicago.

An orchestra of 65 women players is taking part in the concerts of the Columbian festival and performs with the great Sousa band the same high class compositions played by the Boston Symphony. The dramatic overture at the dedicatory exercises of the Woman's building was written by a woman, Miss Frances Ellicott of London. The "Jubilate" for mixed voices and orchestra was written by Mrs. Beach of Boston, and at the great religious concert at the close of the woman's congress music written by women only will be sung by women, with possibly a few men's voices in the choir.—Exchange.

Dresses That Are Not Too Short.

Lady Harberton, writing to deny that she is the originator of the Short Skirt league, observes that a dress five inches from the ground is not by any means so short as some people imagine, as it comes to the top of the instep, and therefore is not short enough to enable the wearer to walk about in muddy weather without having to hold it up a little. "Many ladies," she adds, "have been wearing their walking dresses quite as short as this for the last year in London, and find they attract no attention whatever, but can get about with much less fatigue."

Honors Won by Girl Students.

The University of St. Andrew's, which one year ago opened its gates to women, has now published the results of the first sessional examination in which women have taken part. As yet the woman students are very few, but they have secured the second place in English literature, the first in Latin, the first in Roman history, the fourteenth in Greek and the seventh, the twelfth and the fifteenth in first mathematics. As the classes consist of 70 or 80 students each, honor of being among the first 12 or 16 is of some value.

The Secret of Fascination.

A pretty woman said the other day: "When will women learn that suggestiveness and not display is the greatest attractiveness they can have for men? Why, it is the very kernel of fascination. An arm covered with a flowing sleeve that just gives glimpses of it occasionally is far more beautiful than an arm bared to the shoulder. A sense of mystery—indefinite, if you like. My dear, it's the stuff all coquettes are made of. Take the word of a daughter of Eve for it."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Dainty Violet Trimmings.

Speaking of violet, I know of one April bride who had the tiny ribbons of all her lingerie in violet, and each set of which was tied by itself with a wider ribbon of the same color. Each chiffonier drawer was lined with a sachet of violet silk filled with Florentine orris. "Just dreams"—that seems to be admiring woman's most satisfactory expression for these costly belongings.—Exchange.

What to Do With an Old Black Dress.

Black dresses make over beautifully by using the gored skirt and using the left over pieces for a crossway flounce headed with a small roll of bright colored velvet. No matter how old fashioned the basque may be it can be cut into a low necked bodice, a square in front and a point behind.

Mrs. Juana Neal of California, on a salary of $10,000, has been placed in charge of the woman's department of insurance by two leading companies of New York. Her position empowers her to organize and enlarge the work in the Pacific coast states.

A bright woman, Mrs. Mary J. Burke of Rowley, Mass., has invented a wonderfully good, adjustable ventilator for windows which does away with the danger of drafts while thoroughly purifying the air.

To be correct nothing on one's mantel should "match" anything else, nor should the clock stand in its old place in the exact center. It seems absurd that there should be a fashion in such matters, but there is.

A novel written by Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher over a quarter of a century ago and kept a secret even from Mr. Beecher is entitled "Light Out of Darkness" and is a story of the civil war.

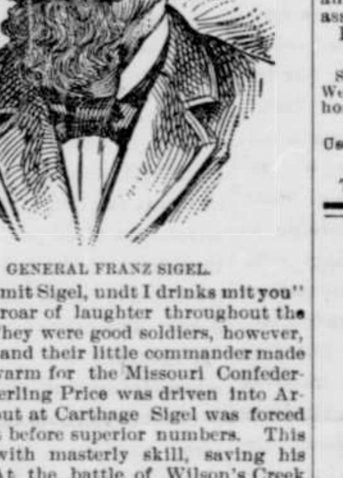
"WE FIGHTS MIT SIGEL."

The General Is Seventy Years Old and Still In Good Health.

General Franz Sigel, one of the rapidly lessening number of prominent survivors of the great civil war, recently celebrated his seventieth birthday at his home in Morrisania, N. Y. He is in excellent health for one of his advanced years, and although no longer an active factor in political affairs he is still very much interested in the adopted country for which he so gallantly fought. He was born in Sinsheim, Baden, Nov. 18, 1824, received a military education and took such an active part in the German revolution of 1848 and 1849 that he was compelled to flee the country.

In 1852 he came to the United States and began teaching in a private school in New York. Five years later he located in St. Louis, where he married the daughter of Rudolf Dalton and became intimately associated with Carl Schurz and Joseph Pulitzer. Like Schurz, Sigel was loyal to the Union when the war began. St. Louis was a Confederate rallying ground for troops, and Sigel promptly organized a regiment of loyal infantry and two batteries of artillery and offered his services to General Fremont, Federal commander of the department. He assisted in capturing the St. Louis arsenal from the Confederates and broke up Camp Jackson, their headquarters.

Although he was very much in earnest, he and his German troops caused the first laugh of the war. When asked who they were fighting for, his raw recruits replied, "We fights mit Sigel," and the expression



GENERAL FRANZ SIGEL.

"I fights mit Sigel, undt I drinks mit you" caused a roar of laughter throughout the north. They were good soldiers, however, and they and their little commander made it very warm for the Missouri Confederates. Sterling Price was driven into Arkansas, but at Carthage Sigel was forced to retreat before superior numbers. This he did with masterly skill, saving his army. At the battle of Wilson's Creek the death of General Lyon placed Sigel in command, and another masterly retreat again saved the Union army from rout.

For this work Sigel was made a brigadier general. He commanded two divisions at the battle of Pea Ridge, was credited with the victory gained by the Federal troops and was made a major general. He served under Pope in the Virginia campaign and fought gallantly at the second Bull Run. During Early's raid in 1864 he defended Maryland Heights with 4,000 men against 15,000. Since the war he has held several political offices.

To Dance on the Deck of a Warship.

The idea of a dance on board the United States monitor Miantonomoh, proposed by the officers of that aggressive looking battleship over a month ago, has not, I understand, been relinquished. The original plan to hold it the night after the naval review was impossible of execution, owing to the ordering out of the vessel for the celebration and even had she remained at the navy yard the weather has so far been unfavorable for such an event. The dance could only be held on the deck of the vessel, and as awnings would be the sole protection against the night air the evening must be mild in order to insure its success. The officers have no idea of giving up the plan if it is not found impracticable. The ship is still lying in the North river, and they only await a return to the navy yard and settled warmer weather to put it through.—Brooklyn Life.

A VERY NOBLE FIGHT

AN EMINENT LAWYER'S LONG CONFLICT WITH DISEASE.

Twenty-Five Years of Prosperity, Adversity and Suffering — The Great Victory Won by Science Over a Stubborn Disease.

From the Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.]

Foremost among the best known lawyers and farmers of North Carolina stands Colonel Isaac A. Sugg of Greenville. Mr. Sugg has resided in Greenville twenty-two years. While nearly every one in Pitt county knows Mr. S.'s history, perhaps all do not know of his return to business again after an illness of sixteen years. No man has gone through more than he and lived. It was a case of the entire breaking down of the nervous system, attended by excruciating, agonizing, unendurable pain. Opiates and stimulants only quieted temporarily, and all treatments failed him. Only his love of family and friends prevented suicide. He told a reporter the following interesting story:

"I kept at my work as long as I could, but nature gave way at last and I succumbed to the inevitable. My entire nervous system had been shattered by the stimulants and opiates I had taken; my blood had actually turned to water; my weight had dropped from 173 pounds to 123, and it seemed to everybody that the end was in sight. Why, I could not bear the gentle hand of my wife to bathe my limbs with tepid water. I was simply living from hour to hour. I had made my will, settled my business and waited for the last strand of life to snap.

"It was at this time that a somewhat similar case as my own was brought to my notice. This man had suffered very much as I had; his life had been despaired of as mine had, and yet he had been cured. Think what that little word meant to me—CURED. The report stated that the work had been accomplished by a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I investigated the report thoroughly, and found that it was true in detail. Then I procured some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and began taking them, and began to get better. I began to sleep like a healthful child, sound, calm and peaceful. My appetite came back, and my nerves were soothed and restored to their normal condition and I felt like a new man. But the greatest blessing was the mental improvement. I began to read and digest, to formulate new plans, to take interest in my law practice, which began to come back to me as soon as my clients realized that I was again myself. After a lapse of ten years I ride horse back every day without fatigue.

"That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life is beyond doubt, and I am spreading their praise far and wide."

Inquiry about the town of Greenville substantiated the above facts of Colonel Sugg's case, and that many others are being benefited by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box or six boxes for $2 50.

She Knew.

"Do be quiet, Johnny. Don't you know that there's a visitor in the next room?" said Frances to her little brother.

"How do you know? You haven't been in."

"But," said Frances, "I hear mamma saying 'my dear' to papa."—Pick Me Up.

Remorse.

A chemist had made a mistake in his weights and poisoned a customer. When the fatal tidings were brought to him, he pulled out two handfuls of hair and exclaimed:

"Wretch that I am—and my best customer too!"—London Judy.

BEFORE A FULL HEAD OF STEAM

Is gathered by that tremendously destructive engine, malaria, put on the brakes with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will check its progress and avert disaster. Chil is and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake are promptly relieved and ultimately cured by this genial specific, which is also a comprehensive family medicine, speedily useful in cases of dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, nervousness, rheumatism and neuralgia. Against the hurtful effects of sudden changes of temperature, exposure in wet weather, close application to laborious mental pursuits and other influences prejudicial to health it is a most trustworthy safeguard. It fortifies the system against disease, promotes appetite and sleep, and hastens convalescence after debilitating and flesh-wasting diseases.

Whenever we eat cranberries we conclude that we have found another woman who doesn't know how to cook them.

EXERCISE.

One reason for the fact that the general health of the community is growing better every year is that more people take regular exercise. Exercise, however, has its difficulties. If indulged in a little too long, or so violently as to make one liable to take cold, it results in stiffness and soreness of the muscles and joints.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are invaluable in such cases. Placed on the back, the chest, on the limbs, they afford instant relief and leave the muscles free from all soreness. Some athletes cut them into strips and apply them to parts of the limbs where they could not put a whole PLASTER and find that they are a great relief and assistance.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS cure constipation.

She—I'm going right home to mother. He—Well, that's better than bringing mother right home to us.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust no smell

TRY GERMEA for breakfast

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

THE WORLD THEIR PARISH.

The Dr. Liebig World Dispensary and International Medical and Surgical Institute, both by the vastness of its business and the universal good done by it, reminds one of the late John Wesley, who was wont to observe, "The World is My Parish." It is an acknowledged fact that ever since its inception the Dr Liebig World Dispensary has continued to turn out cure after cure in cases which had been considered hopeless and incurable. The doctors comprising its staff of physicians are all medical men of large experience and recognized ability, and those suffering with chronic complaints may feel safely anchored when they have put themselves under the Institute's care. Diseases peculiar to men receive special attention at the hands of these learned practitioners, and here, indeed, it may be said, "a stitch in time saves nine." Cases of this nature, unless speedily and intelligently attended to, usually result in complications whose name is legion and whose effect is premature and untimely death. A responsible institution, such as the leading authorities all over the United States have concurred in asserting the Dr. Liebig Dispensary to be, is invaluable to sufferers in instances of the above nature, for its staff swiftly, speedily and secretly restores them to their pristine condition by eradicating from the system the disease germs and places their feet once more on the broad macadamized road leading to health and happiness and worldly enjoyment. The Dr. Liebig World Dispensary is one of the best equipped and most skillfully arranged institutes of the kind to be found on the Coast; the best guarantee of what it can do for you is what it has done for others, and the best diplomas which its celebrated staff of physicians and surgeons can show are not those which hang upon their walls, but those which are written in the ruddy characters of health upon the contented faces of all who have been their patients.

The Dr. Liebig World Dispensary employs no solicitors or cappers to bring patients to its doors. Like Wisdom, she sits upon her throne, conscious of the good she can do for you if haply you but seek her out and find her, but the dignified staff disdains to adopt the methods of transient quacks to bring patients within the purview of her health-giving power. Patients, both male and female, will find this old established institute just what they want to restore the flush of health to their cheek and the elasticity of youth to their walk. The Dr. Liebig Company has been treating all the chronic, private and complicated diseases of men and women for twenty-five years in San Francisco. Their offices are open for free consultation from 9 A. M. to 8 P. M. on week days and 10 A. M. to 1 P. M. Sundays. Home treatment given to those who cannot visit the offices at 400 Geary street, San Francisco, Cal. Call or address for further particulars.

NEW WAY EAST—NO DUST.

Go East from Portland, Pendleton, Walla Walla via O. R. & N. to Spokane and Great Northern Railway to Montana, Dakotas, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Omaha, St Louis, East and South. Rock ballast track; fine scenery; new equipment; Great Northern Palace Sleepers and Diners; Family Tourist Cars; Buffet Library Cars. Write C. C. Donovan, General Agent, Portland, Oregon, or F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.

A Gentle Corrective

is what you need when your liver becomes inactive. It's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets; they're free from the violence and the griping that come with the ordinary pill. The best medical authorities agree that in regulating the bowels mild methods are preferable. For every derangement of the liver, stomach and bowels, these tiny, sugar coated pills are most *effective*. They go about their work in an easy and *natural* way, and their good *lasts*. **Once used, they are always in favor.** Being composed of the choicest, concentrated vegetable extracts, they cost much more than other pills found in the market, yet from forty to forty-four are put up in each sealed glass vial, as sold through druggists, at the price of the cheaper made pills.

"Pleasant Pellets" cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Put up in sealed glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. Whether as a laxative, or in larger doses, as a gently acting but searching cathartic, these little "Pellets" are unequaled.

As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve the distress arising from over-eating, nothing equals one of these little "Pellets." They are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules. Any child readily takes them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be *better for the dealer*, because of paying him a better profit, but *he* is not the one who *needs* help.

A free sample (4 to 7 doses) *on trial*, is mailed to any address, post-paid, on receipt of name and address on postal card.

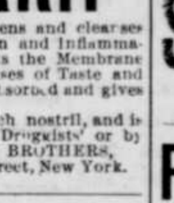
Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT PURIFIES THE BLOOD. IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN. CURES CONSTIPATION INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS. ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN. BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION. $50. FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE.

An agreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per package. Samples free.

KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath, 25c.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from the nose. Physicians prescribed without benefit. After using Ely's Cream Balm a short time the disease was cured.—A. O. Cary, Corning N. Y.



CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

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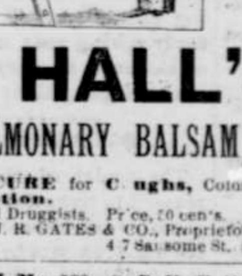

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The Best CURE for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. Sold by all Druggists. Price, 50 cents. J. R. GATES & CO., Proprietors, 417 Sansome St., S. F.

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"For three long years I was a dreadful sufferer with stomach trouble. My nerves, too, were in an awful condition, and the least bit of noise would startle me. The doctor told me that I had a cancerous

Mrs. H. Burke

Tumor

in my stomach, and would have to have it cut out. I could not bear to think of this. One of our neighbors was very persistent in urging me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and at last I concluded to do so. Before I had taken one bottle, I began to get better. I have taken three now. My nerves are all right. My stomach trouble has gone."—MRS. H. BURKE, 512 Willis avenue, Ashland, Wis.

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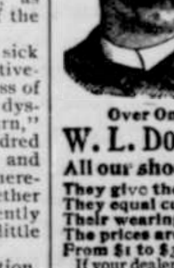

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