Royal Baking Powder

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

Absolutely Pure

Harder Than Diamonds.

When boron is made to act upon carbon under the heat of the electric furnace, two bodies are formed, one of them stable, the other attackable by a mixture of potassic chlorate and acetic acid. The first of these has the formula BoC_2. M. M. Moissan, in La Nature, says it is obtained by the direct union of boron with carbon in the electric furnace and in other ways which are indicated by the author.

Boride of carbon belongs to the same class of compounds as silicide of carbon (carbide of silicon). Like the latter, it possesses great stability and great hardness. It occurs in brilliant black crystals, having the density of 2.51. Heated to 1,000 degrees C. in oxygen gas, it burns slowly and with more difficulty than the diamond, yielding carbonic acid and a black residue coated with melted boracic acid. The most curious property of this new compound is its excessive hardness. While silicide of carbon scarcely polishes the diamond and does not cut it, facets may be produced on the diamond by using the dust of boride of carbon. The latter is very friable. It can be pounded fine in a mortar, then mixed with oil and used instead of diamond dust for cutting diamonds.

The hardness of this boride is apparently less than that of the diamond, since it grinds more slowly, but the facets are cut with great clearness, and it is the first example of a definite substance capable of cutting the diamond. The compound therefore is harder than silicide of carbon.—Popular Science News.

Do We Eat Too Much?

If you require proof that we do, suppose that we have for breakfast a nice fresh roll which eats like a piece of cake, will we not eat more heartily than if we had to partake of bread two or three days old?

Can it be affirmed that it is absolutely necessary to have several courses for dinner? After the second course we only eat for the sake of eating. There is no doubt that we eat more than enough to satisfy our hunger.

If we compare the quantity of food which satisfies a peasant and that which is considered necessary for a rich man, we shall be inclined to think that they belong to a different species.

A fisherman will be contented with a piece of bread and cheese, but the tourist who goes with him takes a tremendous hamper crammed full. It is not because physiological necessity is more exacting in the one man than in the other, but because the gentleman is accustomed to eat, not according to the dictates of hunger, but until all the courses are exhausted—and in many cases until it is materially impossible to eat more.

The Arab who accompanies the sportsman on an excursion in the desert finds a piece of hard bread and a few dates sufficient for his wants; the sportsman is afraid of dying of hunger if he does not take with him several baskets of provisions, boxes of preserved meat and the like.—London Tit-Bits.

Goats In Baggage Cars.

Some years ago the baggage department of the Northern Pacific road issued an order that no goats should be transported in baggage cars. A peculiar incident brought about the general order. A goat had been placed in a baggage car that was bound for the Pacific coast. During the trip the animal had eaten the leather straps that held the brass checks to the trunks. When Portland was reached, the checks were all on the floor of the car, and there was no way of identifying the trunks. It took nearly three months to straighten out the tangle, and the general order was issued.—Minneapolis Times.

Spoiled His Fun.

"Who is that sour looking man?" said one pretty girl to another at the church festival. "He doesn't seem to be enjoying himself a bit."

"He isn't. He's the man who makes jokes about church fair oyster stews, and I had them give him more oysters in his than he could eat."—Washington Star.

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.

Writers Who Are Seldom Seen.

Of some celebrities we hear a great deal, because they deem it advisable to keep themselves well before the public; of others we hear nothing at all, but of their work a great deal. Of literary men Bret Harte, George Meredith, George Gissing, W. Clark Russell and "Q." keep, as the expression is, themselves to themselves and shun publicity as they would the cholera. Bret Harte—white haired now and not so slim as when he "put 'Sandy Bar' together"—clings to the shady retirement of St. John's Wood and neither lectures, preaches, edits nor endeavors to get into parliament. But ever and anon we have a new collection of his delightful stories of "Woolly West" life, and so are made aware that he is still working away as hard as ever.

The fact that Mr. George Meredith recently spoke in public for the first time qualifies him for the title of "retiring celebrity;" Mr. Gissing avoids London's roar and dirt with a steady persistence, and Mr. Clark Russell prefers his house at Deal to the most sumptuously furnished west end mansion. "Q." seldom leaves Fowey, a solitary little township in Cornwall, whither Messrs. Cassell & Co.—for whom he acts as literary adviser—dispatch great parcels of MSS. at regular intervals, to be passed judgment upon.—London Sun.

Mortality of Physicians.

Dr. Cortright, in the Brooklyn Medical Journal has written a paper on the "Mortality and Causes of Death In Medical Men." This paper is based on the records of 450 physicians who died in New York and Brooklyn during the past eight years. The average age of death was 54.6 years, and the mortality was about 25.23 as compared with a mortality of 15.93 in clergymen and 20.23 in lawyers. There is a considerable mortality from the self administration of drugs; that from consumption is about half the general rate, while that from typhoid fever is very high. There is a high death rate due to arterial sclerosis and other degenerative changes.

The practical conclusion deducted from Dr. Cortright's statistics, says The Medical Journal, is that doctors should take at least three weeks' complete rest and change yearly; should be extremely moderate in the use of stimulants; should be regular in their meals, never worry and never hurry. This is the kind of advice that doctors give, but do not take. The further suggestion, however, that they all join some medical sickness and life assurance society is a wise one.—Medical Record.

He Must Have Been There.

An anecdote—a perfectly true one—told me the other day of the late Duke of Clarence, reminded me of another about the Duke of Wellington, who, when a party of friends were busily poring over a map of Waterloo, remarked in an unconcerned way, as if they were unaware of the fact, "I was there, you know."

But about the Duke of Clarence. He was visiting his friend and tutor, Mr. Oscar Browning, at his rooms in Cambridge. There hung upon the walls an engraving of Windsor castle, taken from a point of view unfamiliar, perhaps, to the young prince. "What a beautiful place!" he exclaimed as he looked at the picture. "Somehow I seem to know it. I think I must have been there!" "Windsor, sir, Windsor," said Mr. Browning. Of course the duke laughed heartily with every one present.—London Gentlewoman.

A Judge's Reply.

At one time a delicate question as to the construction of a statute was discussed before the venerable chief justice of the New York court of common pleas, the Hon. Charles P. Daly, and after elaborate arguments on each side, the chief justice decided the question in open court, giving his reasons in a few well timed remarks which caused a lull in the courtroom. The silence was speedily broken by the successful attorney, who stood and said, with an air of patronizing approval, "May it please your honor, I, for one, agree with you entirely." The chief justice, with a twinkle in his eye which betokened his enjoyment of the joke, but a perfectly grave face, quietly removed his glasses, and, amid a breathless stillness, said, "I have, counselor, generally found in my experience that the successful party agrees with the court."

Du Maurier, by Himself.

They are telling a good story on the other side of Mr. Du Maurier in connection with a collector of Trilbyana, who wrote to him for an autograph contribution to a volume which he is making up. The book was sent back to him with a pleasant letter from the artist and a sketch representing the creator of Trilby with angel's wings, a forked tail, his left hand in his pocket and his right holding a cigarette, in the curling smoke of which might be read the following modest legend: "Some seem to think he's got wings like an angel, some that he's got a cloven foot and a forked tail. He is quite an ordinary little man, I assure you—un vieux petit bourgeois—ni bon ni mauvais et tres malheureux qu'on s'occupe tant de lui."

Stags.

Pliny says that among the Romans of his time there was a belief that stags could, by their breath, draw serpents from their holes in the ground, and after getting them out would then trample them to death. The early hunters of this country relate many incidents concerning the enmity between deer and serpents of all kinds. It was well known that stags would often without hesitation attack rattlesnakes, and by jumping high in the air and descending upon the serpent with the fore hoofs drawn closely together would cut the snake to pieces.

How Pepper Grows.

The common black pepper berry grows on a climbing vine, which attains a length of from 12 to 20 feet.

THE CRAZE FOR GOLD

CONDITIONS RIPE FOR THE GREATEST FRAUDS OF THE CENTURY.

Cripple Creek the Great Center of the Frenzy—Mining Experts Give No Warning—Richest Gold Camp on Earth, but Claims Should Be Examined.

I have just come from the great camp at Cripple Creek, where 30,000 delirious people are swarming on the hills and in the valleys with gold in their heads, gold in their hearts and gold in their veins. It is a scene of breathless excitement. The discovery of gold in paying quantities has converted the whole region into a vast gambling house. Every train is crowded with adventurers, men who want to get rich in a day. Even as I write these lines word has been received that hundreds of poor men are on their way from Chicago and other cities without the slightest idea that they are going to a desolate region of snowclad mountains nearly 10,000 feet above the sea level, where there is scarcely any prospect of a living except for those who have money to invest or practical knowledge and experience to apply.

Unless something is done to check this fever, which is spreading all over the country, Colorado will soon be crowded with paupers and criminals. There is little chance in Cripple Creek, except for experienced gold miners and men who have capital to invest in honestly developing the porphyry belt. All others had better stay at home.

I rode for five hours over the gold hills in the teeth of a driving storm, and still I could see, in spite of the white whirlwinds whistling over the ridges of pines and aspens, hundreds of weary men picking at the hard hillsides in the drifting snow, and on all sides thousands of empty holes, cuts and trenches—the graves of the hope of multitudes who long ago abandoned the place after months of toil, exposure and starvation. Yet the big camp supports 80,000 people, and at least 8,000 miners are getting their living out of the ground today.

As I hurried along from mine to mine I encountered double teams dragging ponderous wagons loaded with gold ore down the hills toward the railway. The wind rose higher and roared up the vacant valleys. The snow fell faster and thicker. But the gaunt, fever eyed prospectors stuck to their holes and trenches, digging, digging, digging down to the seams and fissures in which the mineral bearing waters foamed up ages ago from the interior of the earth and left their riches incrusted in layers of hardened mud among the upheaved rocks of the great volcano and its geyser vents.

Day after day I wandered among the hills, talking to miners as they came out of the shafts and tunnels, watching the sorting of ore in the shafthouses, chatting with the prospectors, sometimes accompanied by a working miner and often aided by a distinguished mining expert. Since then I have seen the dividend checks of many mines, the return sheets from smelting works and chlorination mills, and I have even been able to trace out bank deposits. The result of all this work is a firm conviction that Cripple Creek is one of the greatest gold mining camps in the world, and that it is the only one which has been developed to such an extent by poor men.

But the reckless stories of its riches which have been spread broadcast in Europe and America have turned the heads of investors, and it is almost as easy now to dispose of a semiworthless ten acre lot as a real mine. Cripple Creek is turning out many a millionaire, and the difference between the millionaire of Colorado and the millionaire of Wall street is that one produces wealth without injuring his neighbors, while the other preys upon his fellow man.

The specter in this scene of honest toil and sudden prosperity is the man who secures a piece of ground, or perhaps a lease upon it, or an option to buy it at the end of a few months of prospecting, and straightway organizes a company with a capital stock of a million or two million dollars and unloads the shares upon the too willing public, even if he gets but a few cents a share. And although the prospects of the mine may be merely problematical or the title insufficient or conditional, although the treasury may be empty of stock or funds for developing purposes, the public will buy because the stock looks cheap and the position of the claim upon the map is alluring.

Not more than 15 or 20 of the companies having stock for sale have registered their shares with a bank or trust company to protect buyers from an overissue, and in the case of the Golden Dale mine, which has 2,000,000 shares at a par value of $1 each, there was an overissue of 496,000 shares. It is true that the men who make mining a business have done much to prevent frauds upon the public, but the field is so vast and companies have multiplied so thickly in the past few weeks that nothing but the glare of a thousand searchlights in every financial center and the vigilance of stock exchanges throughout the world will prevent swindling upon a gigantic scale.

Two or three nights ago a brisk little man arrived at Cripple Creek from New York. "I want to buy some very cheap claims," he said. "I am anxious to get some lots right off."

After a few hours he found a miner who had five practically worthless claims in a region many miles from the camp. The price was $300 and 50,000 shares in the company which was to be organized. The New Yorker looked at the claims on the map, saw that their position would support him in a good deal of plausible talk about the splendid chances of finding a mine so near to Cripple Creek, and without further investigation he paid the money, gave the guarantee for 50,000 shares, pocketed the titles to the claims and took the next train for the metropolis. Can any one doubt the purpose of this transaction? A new company will be formed, a glowing prospectus will be printed, with a handsome map showing the position of the company's magnificent mining properties not far from the greatest mines in Colorado, the organizer will tell enchanting stories of how penniless adventurers in the hills have been suddenly enriched and stock selling at 3 cents a share has suddenly shot up to $1 upon the discovery of a rich chute of ore; he will tell the old familiar story of Mr. Stratton and his almost incredible luck, and point out the sites of wonderful mines which only a few months ago were "turned down" by famous mining experts because the strange geological conditions of Cripple Creek confounded them. And he will be unconsciously aided in his scheme of plunder by enthusiastic newspaper correspondents and boastful mine owners, to say nothing of millions of circulars issued by stockbrokers east and west.

There never were better conditions for successful fraud than exist at Cripple Creek today. Let a prospector uncover a vein of any kind, and although it may not have a trace of gold in it the fact of a vein at all is sufficient to make the mining expert dumb, and the cornerstone of a million dollar company is at hand. A mere lease upon such a claim, with scarcely any chance of ultimate ownership, seems to be sufficient to justify the floating of stock. One or two reputable mining exchanges may frown upon the enterprise, but nothing is said openly, and there are hundreds of brokers to buy and sell for the public and plenty of so called exchanges to assist in the transaction. Millions upon millions of shares in such companies are being gathered up, and presently they will be unloaded at a high price in London and Paris upon the strength of sweeping and unguarded statements made by the notable mining engineers who have visited the camp and have been infected by the general gold madness.

There are plenty of good mines in Cripple Creek. I can bear witness to that. A. L. Dickerman, the mining engineer upon whose reports Mr. Rockefeller recently invested in the northwest iron mines, told me just after coming out of the main shaft of the Independence mine in Cripple Creek that he had seen veins of gold ore so rich and extensive that if it had been iron instead of gold he would consider the mine a very valuable property. Hamilton Smith, the renowned English expert who investigated the South African goldfields for the Rothschilds, made a very thorough examination of the Independence a few days ago and then offered Mr. Stratton $3,000,000 on a basis of the ore actually in sight. Clarence King, who is perhaps the highest authority upon such a subject in this country, made a trip down the Independence shaft last week and fully confirmed the opinion of the other experts. This judgment is also confirmed by Charles J. Moore and A. T. Hathaway, both experts of very high rank in the west and practical mine managers. Besides all of which and much more of the kind a practical miner, representing The World, secretly inspected every part of the mine three days ago, and simply repeated what the others had said. The Independence mine is not the property of a stock company. It is owned entirely by Mr. Stratton, who refuses to sell it at any price.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any man who has visited this country within the last few days, and who is aware of the character of the letters and telegrams that have been pouring in from New York, Chicago, Boston, London, Paris and Stuttgart, not to speak of the thousands of messages from the towns and villages all over the country, that the Cripple Creek craze is spreading and that there is a danger in sight which may overwhelm thousands of men and women who have been foolish enough to believe that it is possible to become suddenly rich by expending a few dollars on the strength of the stories of newspapers or stockbrokers.

I can say from personal knowledge that there are no properties, except those which involve high gambling, for sale at a price that a conservative man would care to pay for them. There are hundreds of millions of dollars in the hands of Colorado men seeking good investments. Mr. David H. Moffatt, for instance, president of the First National bank of Denver, principal owner of the Victor mine, and one of the most extensive proprietors in the Cripple Creek camp, could furnish, on ten days' notice, $25,000,000 if it were necessary for the purchase of property that would justify such an expenditure. There are no "bonanzas" kicking around the camp for lack of purchasers; that might as well be understood. But there is a good chance to invest money in substantial mines that are paying and will continue to pay 10, 12 and sometimes 15 per cent, or even higher. The Portland, for instance, which is on the southeastern slope of Battle mountain, and within a stone's throw of the Independence, is paying $60,000 a month in dividends on a capital stock of $3,000,000, and has expended within the year, outside of its dividends, at least $1,500,000 in mining equipment and the acquisition of new properties. I have seen the dividend checks.

It would make me miserable to be an idle, useless fellow. I have an active, restless, energetic temperament. I must work. Now, if my mine is worth $5,000,000 or $10,000,000 or even $15,000,000 to any one else, it is worth just as much to me. I don't know any better business than mining. I love it; it suits my mechanical taste and habits. It enables me to get my living and the livings of a great many other people, while adding to the wealth of the world and without taking a penny that belongs to any one else. Then there is an element of adventure in gold mining, the tracing out of new veins and the discovery of new chutes of ore, the study of the hiding places of nature. It is all very delightful and very satisfying to a mechanic, especially to one who values his wealth a thousand times more because it is not taken from the pockets of other men.—James Creelman in New York World.

SPOKE BY MACHINE.

Congressman Smith Addresses an Audience While Eight Hundred Miles Away.

Congressman William Alden Smith, 800 miles away in Washington, delivered a rousing speech before the Young Men's Republican club of Grand Rapids, Mich., the other night that made the biggest hit of any political speech ever delivered in that city. Congressman Smith was on the programme, expecting to be present, but was called to Washington by the president's second special message.

The idea was conceived that Mr. Smith might talk his speech into a phonograph and ship the cylinders, to be placed in another phonograph, and then have the speech delivered in spite of distance.

The cylinders arrived on time and worked to perfection, and the big audience went wild when the familiar sonorous tones of Grand Rapid's favorite son came rolling out of the machine.

A Novel Secret Society.

Something novel in the way of a secret society has been evolved in Maine. Instead of going back to mediæval times for inspiration, the founders took the conditions lying next their hands, and in place of loading the officers with grandiose and grotesque titles the understandable commonplace is drawn on. The society is called the Annabessacook Hayloft, No. —, and the officers are: Chief haymaker, assistant haymaker, overseer, past chief haymaker, boss driver, hornblower, guard of barndoor, guard of hayloft and grand keeper of bundles.

Power Consumption In Piano Playing.

The amount of power expended in playing on a piano has recently been figured out in a way which, if not altogether accurate, is at least interesting. Commenting on the statement made that "it requires more force to sound a note gently on this instrument than it does to lift the lid of a kettle," The American Art Journal says that this is "easy to verify if one takes a small handful of coins and piles them on a key of the piano. When a sufficient quantity is piled on to make a note sound, they may be weighed and the figures will be found to be true. If the pianist is playing fortissimo, a much greater force is needed. At times a force of six pounds is thrown upon a single key to produce a solitary effect. With chords the force is generally spread over the various notes sounded simultaneously, though a greater output of force is undoubtedly expended. This is what gives pianists the wonderful strength in their fingers that is often commented on.

"A story used to be told of Paderewski that he could crack a pane of French plate glass half an inch thick merely by placing one hand upon it as if upon a keyboard and striking it sharply with his middle finger. Chopin's last study in C minor has a passage which takes two minutes and five seconds to play. The total pressure brought to bear on this, it is estimated, is equal to three full tons. The average 'tonnage' of an hour's piano playing of Chopin's music varies from 12 to 84 tons.

"Wagner has not yet been calculated along these lines."—Cassier's Magazine.

NEVER TOO LATE

PREMATURE OLD AGE MADE IMPOSSIBLE.

A Life-Time Habit Easily Broken—It's Easy if You Only Take the Right Road.

From The Press, Everett, Pa.

A number of our great and most inveterate tobacco smokers and chewers have quit the use of the filthy weed. The reform was started by Aaron Gorber who was a confirmed slave for many years to the use of tobacco. He tried the use of No-To-Bac and to his great surprise and delight, it cured him.

Hon. C. W. Ashcom, who had been smoking for sixty years, tried No-To-Bac and it cured him.

Col. Samuel Stoutener, who would eat up tobacco like a cow eats hay, tried this wonderful remedy, and even Samuel, after all his years of slavery, lost the desire.

J. C. Cobler, Lessing Evans, Frank Dell, George B. May, C. O. Skillington, Hanson Robinett, Frank Hershberger, John Shinn and others have since tried No-To-Bac, and in every case they report, not only a cure of the tobacco habit, but a wonderful improvement of their general physical and mental condition, all of which goes to show that the use of tobacco had been injurious to them in more ways than one.

All of the above gentlemen are so well pleased with the results that we do not hesitate to join them in recommending it to suffering humanity, as we have thoroughly investigated and are satisfied that No-To-Bac does the work well and is a boon to mankind.

The cost is trifling, and three boxes are guaranteed to cure any case, or money refunded. One box in every instance stated above effected a cure, with one or two exceptions. No-To-Bac has a wonderful sale upon its merits alone, and can be secured at any drug store in this country or Canada. It is made by the Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal or New York. Our readers are warned against purchasing imitations, as there are several on the market. Be sure you get No-To-Bac. Then you're all right.

There was a young fellow that golfed.
And thus it occurred oft and oft
They saw him at play
Carried with them away
The belief that his head was quite softed.

ONE THING LEFT OUT.

In acrobatic, gymnastic and athletic training one thing seems to be entirely left out; a thing which, if practiced, might prevent many serious consequences and thereby become the useful part of training. How to fall down easily and gracefully with the least amount of resistance by the muscles, might be made a fine art. Why not adopt a slide and practice feet-slipping with these objects in view. Everybody knows that at this season the worst injuries result from not knowing how to fall. There seems to be nearly always a complication of injury in every fall, such as a sprain, bruise and often broken limbs. It is true that for all these mishaps, either separately or in complicated form, and especially for sprains, St Jacobs Oil is the best known and surest cure. Speaking of sprains, the very worst often result from falls, because the muscles sustain such violent twists from resistance. But Whether there is practice of the art or not, the great remedy for pain is sure to cure.

When asked why she rejected me,
Her reasons were most frank;
She weighed me in the balance—and
I had none at the bank.

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.

He Wanted the Watch.

A young English barrister in Africa was once retained to defend a Zulu charged with stealing a gold watch. The evidence was entirely circumstantial, and the lawyer made such a good defense that his client was discharged. The same evening he was sitting with the magistrate on the porch of the hotel when the Zulu came up and said in English:

"Master, can I wear the watch now?" pulling out the stolen article at the same time.

The magistrate roared with laughter, and the young advocate was somewhat confused.—New York Mail and Express.

Where Custer Died.

Custer battlefield in Montana, where Custer and his command were massacred, is to be greatly beautified next spring and made into an attractive park. The government is to put in a system of waterworks and plant trees, and a substantial stone wall three feet high will be built to take the place of the present stake fence inclosing the battleground.

DON'T BE TOO LATE FOR THE STEAMER,

And don't omit when you are packing up your effects preparatory for the voyage, to include among them a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the great remedy for sea sickness. Travelers for pleasure or business seeking foreign climes, or who locomote by steamboat or train, besides yachtmen and mariners, testify to the remedial and preventive efficacy of the Bitters, which is incomparable for nausea, headache, dyspepsia, biliousness, rheumatism, nervous and kidney troubles.

Musty—They always have a chaplain to pray for congress. Crusty—They do not. They generally get a blind preacher that can't see them, and he prays for the country.

$100 REWARD $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Insist

On a good (the best) skirt binding as strenuously as on a good cloth for the skirt.

Ask for (and take no other) the

TRADE S·H·&M· MARK

Bias Velveteen Skirt Binding.

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.

Spring

Is the season for purifying, cleansing, and renewing. The accumulations of waste everywhere are being removed. Winter's icy grasp is broken and on all sides are indications of nature's returning life, renewed force and awakening power.

Spring

Is the time for purifying the blood, cleansing the system and renewing the physical powers. Owing to close confinement, diminished perspiration and other causes, in the winter, impurities have not passed out of the system as they should but have accumulated in the blood.

Spring

Is therefore the best time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because the system is now most in need of medicine. That Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and Spring medicine is proved by its wonderful cures. A course of Hood's Sarsaparilla now may prevent great suffering later on.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Mr. A. H. Cransby, of No. 158 Kerr St., Memphis, Tenn., writes that his wife had cancer which had eaten two large holes in her breast, and which the best physicians of the surrounding country treated, and pronounced incurable. Her grandmother and aunt had died of

Cancer

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

Our treatise on this disease will be sent free to any address.

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