"He That Stays Does the Business."

All the world admires "staying power." On this quality success depends. The blood is the best friend the heart has. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best friend the blood ever had; cleanses it of everything, gives perfect health and strength.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

The whistle on the new Atlanta Milling Company's mill has been constructed to be audible at Macon, 40 miles distant.

The glove industry, which was first settled in Gloversville, N. Y., in 1809, now represents an investment of no less than $15,000,000. The operators earn on an average $2 a day.

Mechanics and laborers will do well to shun the Philippines. Skilled artisans are paid an equivalent of $15 per month in gold. Accountants, book keepers and clerical employes get from $30 to $60 per month, and the common laborer about $4 per month in gold.

Buffalo's new Union railroad station, to cost $6,000,000, is to have a waiting room 80x235 feet, said to be the largest in the world. The other accessories and the train shed arrangement are on the same liberal scale.

The most important iron and machinery works in Brazil is the National Rolling Mill of Rio de Janeiro, having a harbor front and railway siding. These works have a combined power of 250 horse power, with electric installation, and employ about 400 operatives.

A new industry in Kansas is the manufacture of salt. A large deposit has been discovered on the line of the Santa Fe railroad, near the town of Hutchinson, in the central part of the state, the largest in the world. More than $3,000,000 has already been invested in plants to purify it, and the output last year reached nearly 2,000,000 barrels.

There was a young man from Lenore,
Who boldly went off to the war;
The "beef" made him sick,
He recovered quite quick
By the prompt use of old Jesse Moore.

Letters pass between Paris and Berlin, a distance of 750 miles, in 35 minutes. Pneumatic tubes are used.

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

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

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL

A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

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

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

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

The most active volcano in the world is Mount Sangay, 17,190 feet high, situated on the eastern chain of the Andes, South America. It has been in constant eruption since 1728.

A telephone girl in Owensboro, Ky., was recently cowhided by an enraged patron, who charged her with having disclosed an important conversation she had overheard over the wire.

Mr. Covert, American consul at Lyons, France, declares that the eyeglass and spectacle mountings of American manufacture are the best in the world, and that in certain lines of such goods this country may have a monopoly if it so desires.

Vestadium is a recently discovered white metallic alloy, of a beautiful appearance and great strength. It seems to meet with as quick and general an acceptance as was the case with aluminum.

TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."
GEO. W. BOWLES, Baird, Miss.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 313

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

RAMBLERS. $40.
SHELBY IDEALS, $20, $25, $30.
MANHATTANS, $24.
Send for catalogue. Live agents wanted.
FRED T. MERRILL CYCLE CO.,
PORTLAND, OR.
SPOKANE. TACOMA. SEATTLE.

WHY ARE YOU SICK
When a little simple cleaning up of the blood will remove that tired feeling, pains in the back, headaches, etc., etc.? Take
Moore's Revealed Remedy
It's a medicine with honest merit—pleasant to take. $1.00 per bottle at your druggist's.

The Greatest Railway Systems of the United States
Use CARTER'S INK
They wouldn't use it if it wasn't good. Costs you no more than poor ink. Insist upon having it.

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.

THE DUEL ON THE MOUNTAIN.

DURING a visit to Ireland, I was one of a very jovial party at the hunting lodge of my cousin, Mr. Farrel, whose generous and social disposition was well known in the neighborhood of "Hollow Glen."

It was in September; the shooting season had just set in, and the entire party, with a single exception, and that myself, was composed of Irish gentlemen devoted to the gun.

Among those assembled was Capt. Conan, who, I learned during the conversation of the evening, was about leaving in a few days to join his wife and daughter, then at Castlerock.

Unrestrained by the society of the fair sex, we enjoyed ourselves exceedingly, and indulged rather freely in the contents of our host's wine cellar.

The last thing I remember of that night is my making an effort to respond to "our visitor." The next I knew was, when aroused by the cheery voice of Jemmy O'Neill, my cousin's man-of-all-work, I found myself on the sofa in the smoking-room, whither I had been carried some hours before.

"Here's a letter for ye, sir," said Jemmy.

"All right," I replied, reaching my hand for it.

He gave me the letter, then left the room.

I felt I must have slept a long time, as the sun was streaming in at the windows; and, as the light seemed to aggravate my headache, I merely glanced at the superscription, and, laying the letter on a chair, proceeded to draw down the blind. My next thought was to take a bath; but, seeing the letter as I turned from the window, I concluded I would read it first.

I sank into a chair and tore it open, throwing the envelope on the table. What was my surprise on seeing it begin:

"My Beloved Husband——"

The next instant Capt. Conan walked in and passed me in the direction of the fireplace. As he did so, his eye caught the letter.

"You miserable, ill-bred puppy!" he exclaimed. "How dare you have the impudence to open my letters?" snatching it rudely from my hand as he spoke.

Smarting under his insulting words, I sprang up and replied:

"In justice to myself, I deny having opened your letter intentionally. Further," continued I, trembling with passion, "you prove yourself ill-bred and no gentleman by your vile language."

"What!" he screamed; "no gentleman, do you say?" Retract instantly, sir! Refuse at your peril!" and he advanced with uplifted arm.

"I never retract," cried I; "but I repeat—no gentleman would speak as you do."

"I say you shall, though, else I'll choke the life out of you!" springing toward me as he spoke.

How this would have terminated I know not, for at this moment Mr. Farrel rushed into the room in time to catch him ere he reached me.

"Hold, Capt. Conan!" cried Mr. Farrel, "Mr. Morton is here as my guest, and as such I consider it my duty to protect him from violence."

The captain seemed to see the justice of this observation, but his fury was not abated. Turning to my cousin, he said:

"Perhaps you will also consider it your duty to teach him some manners. He had the impudence to open a letter addressed to me, and instead of offering an apology, added to his misbehavior by saying I was no gentleman. Here is the envelope," taking it from the table, "plainly addressed to me, and I caught him in the act of reading its contents."

"However that may be," replied my cousin, "as a relative and friend of mine, I demand that you treat him as a gentleman."

"Out of respect to you and as your relative, he shall be treated as a gentleman," replied the captain, hotly. "So I will begin by demanding an apology from him for opening my letter; also for saying I was no gentleman, and that he shall retract that remark."

"Regarding the letter," said I, "I will say I opened it by mistake for my own. Regarding the remark, I shall not retract it, and repeat—no gentleman would use your language, and not apologize for so doing. It is from you an apology is due, and, if given, will be accepted."

"Enough," said he. "Mr. Farrel says you are a gentleman. I will soon prove him either right or wrong, by treating you as one. You will hear from me during the day," and he strode from the house without another word.

"A duel without doubt," said my cousin; "nothing less will satisfy him. How did this all happen?"

I then told my cousin how the mistake had taken place. I left my letter on the chair and had taken up the captain's, which Jemmy had left there for him, believing it to be my own.

On learning what the captain had said to me, he thought me very moderate in my resentment of the insult, and agreed with me that it was from the captain an apology was due.

"The devil of it is," said he, "the captian is such a good shot he generally pops his man every time."

"Pops his man!" said I. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that he will challenge you to a duel, and if you do not accept it I must, for I demanded that you be treated as a gentleman. But come," he continued, "and see what John has in the dining-room for us; for my part, I feel as though a dozen of port would not quench my thirst."

While discussing our wine, a messenger came with a note addressed to me.

"From the captain, I'll bet!" said my cousin. "You must go it, my boy."

I opened the seal and read as follows:

"Horace Morton, Esq.—Sir: Capt. Conan has selected me to arrange a meeting between you and him, that the affair of this morning may be honorably settled. Have a friend, for you, to communicate with me during the day. Yours respectfully,

"Robert Sinclair."

"Sinclair, as I live!" said my cousin, when I showed him the note. "Just as hot-headed as the captain himself. What are you going to do, Horace?"

"Do?" said I. "What can I do?"

"Why, fight or apologize."

"Fight by all means, then," said I. "I'll never retract."

"Who will act as your friend in this matter?"

"You, I hope. I know no one else I could ask."

"Very well. I shall proceed direct to Mr. Sinclair. Have you any instructions."

"None whatever, except the request that you will arrange the affair to come off soon; to-morrow, if you possibly can."

My cousin departed on his mission, while I, to calm the turbulent feelings of my mind, took a walk along the base of the mountain. My mind was filled with the most gloomy forebodings, nor could I banish the thought of my lamentable fate—coming to Ireland on a visit of pleasure, to be shot down by an angry gentleman.

I was roused from these gloomy reflections by the sound of a rapidly approaching carriage. I looked up and saw a horse and carriage come tearing at breakneck speed down the mountain road.

"What reckless driving!" thought I.

The only occupant of the carriage was a young and beautiful girl, clutching wildly the seat in front of her, not knowing the moment she might be dashed down one of the chasms of the mountain side. The anguish depicted on her sweet countenance went directly to my heart, and I resolved to make an effort to save her.

"Why should I hesitate," thought I, "when to-morrow I may fall a prey to the captain's bullet?"

On came the frightened horse, and when within a few yards of me I instinctively felt a desire to get out of the way; but a glance at the fair being in danger nerved me to the effort, and I threw myself with all my strength on the bridle-rein. But what was my strength compared with the force that

"HEAVENS!" SAID I, "WHY DON'T HE FIRE?"

resisted it? I was off my feet in an instant, but clung to the bridle with the tenacity of despair, for I well knew that to relinquish my hold would add to my danger, as the carriage would certainly crush me beneath it.

While I did not succeed in stopping the horse, I somewhat lessened its impetuosity, and was at length conscious of others coming to my assistance, and knew we were saved. I fainted from exhaustion. When I recovered I found myself at my cousin's house, my nerves badly shattered by the excitement, and my body considerably bruised; but beyond this no material injury had been received.

During the evening my cousin informed me that he had seen Mr. Sinclair, and had arranged a meeting between the captain and me the following morning at 8 o'clock on the mountain, where we were to fight with pistols, at thirty paces apart, one shot only to be exchanged.

"Under the circumstances, though," said he, "I am justified in having the matter postponed until you are better prepared, and will see Mr. Sinclair to-night for that purpose."

"Not at all," cried I; "that would be ascribed to cowardice. Anyhow, I will be all right to-morrow."

The morrow came, and, true to our appointment, Mr. Farrel and I proceeded to the spot indicated on the mountain. We were accompanied by a doctor, in case his services might be needed, and Jemmy O'Neill, who drove the car.

Though not yet 8 o'clock, we found the captain and Mr. Sinclair awaiting us. I noticed that the captain was exceedingly pale, and regarded me closely as I approached.

The preliminaries were soon over, and each of us took our stand, and had the pistol given us. No effort at conciliation was made.

The signal for firing was to be the discharge of a pistol by Mr. Sinclair. Mr. Farrel stood to my right, encouraging me, Mr. Sinclair about midway between us, to my left, while the captain and I, with arms elevated, and pistols presented at each other, awaited the signal.

Bang went the pistol, and the next instant, though scarcely conscious of it myself, I discharged mine.

As the smoke cleared away I beheld the captain standing just as he was before I fired, and still holding his pistol presented at me.

"Heavens!" said I, "what suspense is this? Why don't he fire?"

He did not do so, however, but, throwing his pistol to Mr. Sinclair, approached me and extended his hand.

"Mr. Morton," said he, "as it was I who challenged you to this meeting, I would say nothing to interrupt the duel; but now that you have had your shot, I will say I could not bring myself to shoot at the man who had done me such an invaluable service as to save the life of my beloved daughter."

"Your daughter!" said I, in astonishment.

"Yes," said he; "it was my daughter whose life you saved yesterday, so to-day I withheld my fire on that account. Besides, I apologize for my rude words of yesterday morning, and admit I was wrong in using them. For preserving my beloved child, I thank you from my heart, and she herself will thank you in person ere long."

As I write these lines now, a familiar form hangs over my chair, and, looking up, I see the same sweet countenance I beheld in the carriage on the eve of the duel on the mountain.—Chicago Journal.

AN OLD VIRGINIA DOCTOR.

He Was Far in Advance of His Time in Medical Practice.

Dr. Charles Everett, a Virginia physician who died in 1848 at the age of 81, must have been as lonely in the practice of his profession as "the voice of one crying in the wilderness." Doctors in those days had little faith in the healing power of nature; their pills were large, their doses nauseous and freely given. But Dr. Everett, whose practice extended over eight counties, anticipated the medical teaching of the present day; he held that the physician's aim should be to help rather than coerce nature, and that medicines ought to be administered by the hand of a miser.

Thomas Jefferson and Dr. Everett were neighbors, but politics separated them in social life. A jocose remark, made by the ex-President in his last illness, pushed them still farther apart.

Dr. Everett had been in consultation with two other doctors, and as they entered the sick man's room Jefferson looked up and said, "Whenever I see three doctors together I generally look out for a turkey buzzard." Dr. Everett immediately withdrew, highly offended.

The Doctor was a keen observer of human nature, and often used the knowledge he had thus gained for the benefit of his patients. Mr. E. C. Mead, in his "Historic Homes of Virginia," tells how the wise physician once, by his acquaintance with the working of a man's nature, roused a patient to consciousness.

A notorious old miser named Jones had fallen into a stupor from which nothing had been able to rouse him. Dr. Everett was called in, and made several futile efforts to rouse the old man. Seeing the county sheriff passing by, and recalling his patient's ruling passion, he went out and hastily summoned the officer to his help. It was arranged that the sheriff should enter the sick man's chamber and drop his saddle-bags on the floor, making them rattle as though they contained a quantity of specie.

"Mr. Sheriff," said the Doctor, as soon as the jingle subsided, "how much money did you say you had collected for Mr. Jones here?"

Before the official could reply, the old miser stirred, and in his eager, weak voice cried, "How much did he say?"

Dr. Everett must have found many patients who appreciated his advanced medical opinions, for he left a fortune amounting to more than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He was also in advance of his neighbors as to slavery. His will directed that his many slaves should be freed, transported to Liberia and settled there in furnished homes. One thousand dollars in money were also to be given to each family, in order to start them in their new life.

His nephew, to whom the estate was left, becoming convinced that the slaves could find no suitable home in Africa, took advantage of a codicil to the will, and settled them in Mercer County, Pennsylvania.

No Anxiety About Herself.

Among the guests at an old lady's recent birthday party was her son. As the old lady was celebrating her centennial and the son was eighty years old they made a remarkable couple. The mother, in spite of her years, was so strong and vigorous, both mentally and physically, that it seemed almost incredible that she had rounded out a full century of existence, and her son had been absent from her for several years. The meeting between them had been very affectionate, and they had remained close to each other during the son's stay. When the time came for him to go he embraced his mother, saying, wistfully, "Well, mother, I suppose this is the last time I shall ever see you." The mother looked up quickly and astonished. "Why, dear, what's the matter?" she asked. "Don't you feel well?"

Telephones to Hospital Beds.

Telephones are to be placed in the wards of one of the Paris hospitals within reach of the bed-ridden patients, so as to enable them to communicate with their friends outside. There will also be an arrangement whereby the telephones may be switched on to a wire connected with a concert hall, so that the performance may be enjoyed by the invalids.

Getting Rid of a Splinter.

When a splinter has been driven deeply into the hand it can be extracted by steam. Nearly fill a wide-mouthed bottle with very hot water, place the injured part over the mouth and press it slightly. The suction thus produced will draw the flesh down, and in a minute or two the steam will extract splinter and inflammation together.

Truant Laws Enforced.

The absence of a child from school in Switzerland, unless in case of illness, is punishable by a fine, the amount of which is daily increased. If it is suspected that the child's illness is shammed a doctor is sent by the school authorities, and, when he is convinced that the suspicion is correct, the parents have to pay his fee.

When a man is noted as a bore, other men try to get by him without being seen.

Bonds Sold.

At a recent meeting of the council of the city of Wallace, Idaho, bids were opened for the sewerage bonds which were advertised for. Three bids were received. The bid of C. F. Kimball, of Cleveland, was accepted. He agrees to pay par and accrued interest from the date of delivery of bonds and a premium of $450 for the $18,000 sewer bonds, bearing interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum from the first day of July, 1899, payable semi-annually on the first day of January and the first day of July each year.

Prospects for Wool.

Mr. E. H. Clarke, the well-known wool-buyer, was in Elgin recently looking up the wool situation. The gentleman reports a very favorable outlook for prices this year and the market will now stand a price of 10 to 11 cents a pound. Elgin is the shipping point for Wallowa county and with the local output of that immediate vicinity there will be a total of about 1,000,000 pounds of wool handled at that point this year.

To Construct Waterworks.

An election will be held soon at Vernon, B. C., for the purpose of voting on a by-law to raise $30,000 upon the credit of the municipality of the city of Vernon, for 50 years, with interest thereon at the rate of 5 per cent per annum, the money to be expended in the construction of a system of waterworks.

Sugar Crop.

Reports from Oxnard, Cal., state that there are 17,000 acres in that district planted to sugar beets. The factory there is nearly in complete order to crush 2000 tons of beets a day. When in full blast the factory will pay out to farmers $10,000 a day for beets.

PACIFIC COAST TRADE.

Seattle Markets.

Onions, 80c@$1.10 per 100 pounds.
Potatoes, $35@40.
Beets, per sack, $1@1 25.
Turnips, per sack, 50@75c.
Carrots, per sack, $1.
Parsnips, per sack, 85c@$1.
Cauliflower, $1.00 per doz.
Celery, 35@40c.
Cabbage, native and California $2.50 per 100 pounds.
Apples, $2.00@3.50 per box.
Pears, 50c@$1.50 per box.
Prunes, 50c per box.
Butter—Creamery, 18c per pound; dairy and ranch, 12@18c per pound.
Eggs, 19c.
Cheese—Native, 13c.
Poultry—Old hens, 16c per pound; spring chickens, 14c; turkeys, 16c.
Fresh meats—Choice dressed beef steers, prime, 9c; cows, prime, 9c; mutton, 9c; pork, 7c; veal, 8@10c.
Wheat—Feed wheat, $20.
Oats—Choice, per ton, $27@28.
Hay—Puget Sound mixed, $7.00@8; choice Eastern Washington timothy, $12.00.
Corn—Whole, $23.50; cracked, $24; feed meal, $24.00.
Barley—Rolled or ground, per ton, $25@26; whole, $24.
Flour—Patent, per barrel, $3.35; straights, $3.10; California brands, $3.25; buckwheat flour, $3.50; graham, per barrel, $3.60; whole wheat flour, $3.75; rye flour, $4.50.
Millstuffs—Bran, per ton, $15; shorts, per ton, $16.
Feed—Chopped feed, $21@22 per ton; middlings, per ton, $22; oil cake meal, per ton, $33.

Portland Market.

Wheat—Walla Walla, 58c; Valley, 59c; Bluestem, 60c per bushel.
Flour—Best grades, $3.20; graham, $2.65; superfine, $2.15 per barrel.
Oats—Choice white, 45c; choice gray, 43@44c per bushel.
Barley—Feed barley, $22.00; brewing, $23.00 per ton.
Millstuffs—Bran, $17 per ton; middlings, $22; shorts, $18; chop, $16.00 per ton.
Hay—Timothy, $8@9; clover, $7@8; Oregon wild hay, $6 per ton.
Butter—Fancy creamery, 30@35c; seconds, 27@30c; dairy, 25@27c store, 20@22c.
Cheese—Oregon full cream, 13½c; Young America, 15c; new cheese, 10c per pound.
Poultry—Chickens, mixed, $3@4 per dozen; hens, $4.00@5.00; springs, $1.25@3; geese, $6.00@7.00 for old, $4.50@5 for young; ducks, $5.00@5.50 per dozen; turkeys, live, 15@16c per pound.
Potatoes—$1@1.10 per sack; sweets, 2c per pound.
Vegetables—Beets, 90c; turnips, 75c per sack; garlic, 7c per pound; cabbage, $1@1.25 per 100 pounds; cauliflower, 75c per dozen; parsnips, 75c per sack; beans, 3c per pound; celery, 70@75c per dozen; cucumbers, 50c per box; peas, 3@3½c per pound.
Onions—Oregon, 50@75c per sack.
Hops—11@13c; 1897 crop, 4@6c.
Wool—Valley, 11@12c per pound; Eastern Oregon, 6@10c; mohair, 27c per pound.
Mutton—Gross, best sheep, wethers and ewes, 4c; dressed mutton, 7½c; spring lambs, 7½c per lb.
Hogs—Gross, choice heavy, $4.50; light and feeders, $2.50@3.00; dressed, $5.00@6.00 per 100 pounds.
Beef—Gross, top steers, 4.00@$4.50; cows, $2.50@3.00; dressed beef, 5@6½c per pound.
Veal—Large, 6@7c; small, 7½@8c per pound.

San Francisco Market.

Wool—Spring—Nevada, 10@12c per pound; Oregon, Eastern, 8@12c; Valley, 15@17c; Northern, 8@10c.
Millstuffs—Middlings, $17.50@20; bran, $15.50@16.50 per ton.
Onions—Silverskin, 50@90c per sack.
Butter — Fancy creamery, 17@18c; do seconds, 16@17c; fancy dairy, 15c; do seconds, 14@14½c per pound.
Eggs — Store, 16@17c; fancy ranch, 18@19c.
Hops—1898 crop, 15c.
Citrus Fruit—Oranges, Valencia, $2@2.50; Mexican limes, $4.50@5; California lemons, 75c@$1.25; do choice, $2.50 per box.
Hay—Wheat, $13@15.50; wheat and oat, $13@16; oat, $14@16; best barley, $12@13; alfalfa, $11@12 per ton; straw, 40@70c per bale.
Potatoes—Early Rose, $1.50@1.75; Oregon Burbanks, $1.65@1.85; river Burbanks, 75c@$1; Salinas Burbanks, $1@1.10 per sack.
Tropical fruits—Bananas, $1.50@2.50 per bunch; pineapples, $2.50@4.50; Persian dates, 6@6½c per pound.

A Skilled Workman.

Lady (to tramp)—What do you do for a living?

Tramp (between mouthfuls)—I eat.

"Well, you ought to command good wages."—Harlem Life.

Resemble Postage Stamps.

Some men resemble postage stamps; they stick to one thing until they get there—but you've got to lick them first.—Chicago Daily News.

A smoking tree has been found in the village of Ono, Japan. It smokes only in the evening, just after sunset, and the smoke issues from the top of the trunk. The tree is 60 feet high.

An old man named Gregor Berds of Erlau, in South Hungary, committed suicide because a little grandson had broken his favorite pipe. Near his body was found a note on which was written: "My pipe is dead; I will die, too."

Epictetus: We do not choose our own parts in life and have nothing to do with those parts. Our duty is confined to playing them well.

Exhibits at Paris.

There will be a large exhibit from this country at the Paris exposition in 1900, which will prove very interesting to all, but no more so than the news that the famous American remedy, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will cure dyspepsia, indigestion and constipation. To all sufferers a trial is recommended.

The fishing industry of Maryland gives employment to 42,812 persons.

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

When one of her friends is sick Mrs. McKinley sends her a basket of flowers daily from the White House conservatory.

Life to a Lazy Liver.

Lazy, loaden livers cause nine-tenths of all health. Give your liver life with Cascarets Candy Cathartic and save your own life! All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Exports of American manufacturers are over $1,000,000 a day.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Wire nails are made in Brazil from imported Belgian wire.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

The maximum weight of freight locomotives is now 218,000 pounds, against 100,000 pounds 15 years ago.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, nervous 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 or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for Ingrowing Nails, sweating, callous and hot, tired, aching feet. We have over 30,000 testimonials. 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.

A London omnibus earns on an average $11 per day from passengers and $25 per day from advertisers.

STORIES OF RELIEF.

Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS, Englishtown, N. J., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I cannot begin to tell you how I suffered before taking your remedies. I was so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without falling. I had womb trouble and such a bearing-down feeling; also suffered with my back and limbs, pain in womb, inflammation of the bladder, piles and indigestion. Before I had taken one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felt a great deal better, and after taking two and one-half bottles and half a box of your Liver Pills I was cured. If more would take your medicine they would not have to suffer so much."

Mrs. JOSEPH PETERSON, 513 East St., Warren, Pa., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb, I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so dizzy. I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times choking me. I could not walk around and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up in bed nights in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything.

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