A Good Suggestion.

A German officer who was over head and ears in debt said to a friend:

"I owe so much money that I have got to do one of two desperate things."

"What are they?"

"I must either marry a woman with money or commit suicide. Which do you recommend?"

"Marry, by all means. You will have plenty of time and justification for committing suicide afterward," replied the friend.—Tammany Times.

THAT JOYFUL FEELING

With the exhilarating sense of renewed health and strength and internal cleanliness, which follows the use of Syrup of Figs, is unknown to the few who have not progressed beyond the old time medicines and the cheap substitutes sometimes offered but never accepted by the well informed.

The color of the skin depends on pigment cells in the inferior epidermis.

BUDS, Society buds, young women just entering the doors of society or womanhood, require the wisest care. To be beautiful and charming they must have perfect health, with all it implies—a clear skin, rosy cheeks, bright eyes and good spirits. At this period the young woman is especially sensitive, and many nervous troubles, which continue through life, have their origin at this time. If there be pain, headache, backache, and nervous disturbances, or the general health not good, the judicious use of medicine should be employed. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the best restorative tonic and nervine at this time. The best bodily condition results from its use. It's a remedy specially indicated for those delicate weaknesses and derangements that afflict womenkind at one period or another. You'll find that the woman who has faithfully used the "Prescription" is the picture of health, she *looks well* and she *feels well*.

In catarrhal inflammation, in chronic displacements common to women, where there are symptoms of backache, dizziness or fainting, bearing down sensations, disordered stomach, moodiness, fatigue, etc., the trouble is surely dispelled and the sufferer brought back to health and good spirits.

"WOMAN'S ILLS."

MRS. W. R. BATES, of *Dillsworth, Trumbull Co., Ohio*, writes:

"A few years ago I took Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, which has been a great benefit to me. I am in excellent health now. I hope that every woman who is troubled with 'women's ills' will try the 'Prescription' and be benefited as I have been."

MRS. BATES.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S MEDICAL DISCOVERY.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received

SPECIAL AND HIGHEST AWARDS

on all their Goods at the

CALIFORNIA MIDWINTER EXPOSITION.

Their **BREAKFAST COCOA,** Which, unlike the Dutch Process, is made without the use of Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes, is absolutely pure and soluble, and costs less than one cent a cup.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.$2.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
·LADIES·
$3.$2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

FIRST CURE FOR COLDS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

KORONG.

CHAPTER XXV.—Continued.

If she took that course once, why not a second time? And if ever she drove in sight, might they not hope, after all, to signal her with their rudely constructed heliograph and stop her?

As for Methuselah's secret, there was only one way, Felix thought, in which it could now prove of any use to them. When the actual day of their doom drew nigh he might, perhaps, be tempted to try the fate which Nathanial Cross of Sunderland, had successfully courted. That might gain them at least a little respite. Though even so he hardly knew what good it could do him to be elevated for awhile into the chief god of the island. It might not even avail him to save Muriel's life; for he did not do so that when the awful day itself had actually come the natives would do their best to kill her in spite of him, unless he anticipated them by fulfilling his own terrible, yet merciful, promise.

Week after week went by—month after month passed—and the date when the Australasian might reasonably be expected to reappear drew nearer and nearer. They waited and trembled. At last, a few days before the time M. Peyron had calculated, as Felix was sitting under his big shade tree in his garden one morning, while Muriel, now worn out with hope deferred, lay within her hut alone with Mali, a sound of tom-toms and beaten palms was heard on the hill-path. The natives around fell on their faces or fled. It announced the speedy approach of Tu-Kila-Kila.

By this time both the castaways had grown comparatively accustomed to that hideous noise, and to the hateful presence which it preceded and heralded. A dozen temple attendants tripped on either side down the hill path, to guard him, clapping their hands in a barbaric measure as they went; Fire and Water, in the midst, supported and flanked the divine umbrella. Felix rose from his seat with very little ceremony, indeed, as the great god crossed the white taboo line of his precincts, followed only beyond the limit by Fire and Water.

Tu-Kila-Kila was in his most insolent vein. He glanced around with a horrid light of triumph dancing visibly in his eyes. It was clear he had come intent upon some grand theatrical coup. He meant to take the white-faced strangers by surprise this time. "Good-morning, O King of the Rain," he exclaimed, in a loud voice and with boisterous familiarity. "How do you like your outlook now? Things are getting on. The end of your rule is drawing very near, isn't it? Before long I must make the seasons change. I must make my sun turn. I must twist round my sky. And then I shall need a new Korong instead of you, O pale faced one."

Felix looked back at him without moving a muscle.

"I am well," he answered shortly, restraining his anger. "The year turns round whether you will or not. You are right that the sun will soon begin to move southward on its path again. But many things may happen to all of us meanwhile. I am not afraid of you."

As he spoke, he drew his knife, and opened the blade, unostentatiously, but firmly. If the worst were really coming now, sooner than he expected, he would at least not forget his promise to Muriel.

"Tu-Kila-Kila smiled a hateful and ominous smile. "I am a great god," he said, calmly, striking an attitude as was his wont. "Hear how my people clap their hands in my honor? I order all things. I dispose the course of nature in heaven and earth. If I look at a cocoanut tree it dies. If I glance at a bread-fruit, it withers away. We will see before long whether or not you are afraid of me. Meanwhile, O Korong, I have come to claim my dues at your hands. Prepare for your fate. To-morrow the Queen of the Clouds must be sealed my bride. Fetch her out that I may speak with her. I have come to tell her so."

It was a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and it fell with terrible effect on Felix. For a moment the knife trembled in his grasp with an almost irresistible impulse. He could hardly restrain himself, as he heard those horrible, incredulous words, and saw the loathsome smirk on the speaker's face by which they were accompanied, from leaping then and there at the savage's throat, and plunging his blade to the haft into the vile creature's body. But by a violent effort he mastered his indignation and wrath for the present. Planting himself full in front of Tu-Kila-Kila, and blocking the way to the door of that sacred English girl's hut—oh, how horrible it was to him even to think of her purity being contaminated by the vile neighborhood, for one minute, of that loathsome monster! He looked full into the wretch's face, and answered very distinctly, in slow, low tones: "If you dare to ask to see her face again, I will plunge the knife hilt deep into your vile heart, and kill you where you stand without a second's deliberation. Now you hear my words and you know what I mean. My weapon is keener and fiercer than any you Polynesians ever saw. Repeat those words once more, and by all that's true and holy, before they're on your mouth I leap upon you and stab you."

Tu-Kila-Kila drew back in sudden surprise. He was unaccustomed to be so bearded in his own sacred island. "Well, I shall claim her to-morrow," he faltered out, taken aback by Felix's unexpected energy. He paused for a second, then he went on more slowly. "To-morrow I will come with all my people to claim my bride. This afternoon they will bring her mats of grass and necklets of nautilus shell to deck her for her wedding, as becomes Tu-Kila-Kila's chosen one. The young maids of Boupari will adorn her for her lord, in the accustomed dress of Tu-Kila-Kila's wives. They will clap their hands; they will sing the marriage song. Then early in the morning I will come to fetch her—and woe to him who strives to prevent me."

Felix looked at him long with a fixed and dogged look. "What has made you think of this devilry?" he asked at last, still grasping his knife hard, and half undecided whether or not to use it. "You have invented all these ideas. You have no claim, even in the horrid customs of your savage country to demand such a sacrifice."

Tu-Kila-Kila laughed loud, a laugh of triumphant and discordant merriment. "Ha, ha!" he cried, "you do not understand our customs, and will you teach me, the very high god, the guardian of the laws and practices of Boupari? You know nothing, you are as a little child. I am absolute wisdom. With every Korong, this is always our rule. Till the moon is full, on the last month before we offer up the sacrifice, the Queen of the Clouds dwells apart with her Shadow in her own new temple. So our fathers decreed it. But at the full of the moon, when the day has come, the usage is that Tu-Kila-Kila, the very high god, confers upon her the honor of making her his bride. It is a mighty honor. The feast is great. Blood flows like water. For seven days and nights, then, she lives with Tu-Kila-Kila in his sacred abode, the threshold of Heaven; she eats of human flesh; she tastes human blood; she drinks abundantly of the divine kava. At the end of that time, in accordance with the custom of our fathers, those great dead gods, Tu-Kila-Kila performs the high act of sacrifice. He puts on his mask of the face of a shark, for he is holy and cruel; he brings forth the Queen of the Clouds before the eyes of all his people, attired in her wedding robes, and made drunk with kava. Then he gashes her with knives; he offers her up to heaven that accepted her; and the King of the Rain he offers after her; and all the people eat of their flesh, Korong! and drink of their blood so that the body of gods and goddesses may dwell within all of them. And when all is done, the high god chooses a new king and queen at his will; for he is a mighty god, who rule for six moons more, and then are offered up at the end in like fashion.

As he spoke the ferocious light that gleamed in the savage's eye made Felix positively mad with anger. But he answered nothing directly. "Is this so?" he asked, turning for confirmation to Fire and Water. "Is it the custom of Boupari that Tu-Kila-Kila should wed the Queen of the Clouds seven days before the date appointed for her sacrifice?"

The King of Fire and the King of Water, tried guardians of the etiquette of Tu-Kila-Kila's court, made answer at once with one accord, "It is so, O King of the Rain. Your lips have said it. Tu-Kila-Kila speaks the solemn truth. He is a very great god. Such is the custom of Boupari."

Tu-Kila-Kila laughed his triumph in harsh, savage outburst.

But Felix grew back for a second irresolute. At last he stood face to face with the absolute need for immediate action. Now was almost the moment when he must redeem his terrible promise to Muriel. And yet, even so, there was still one chance of life, one respite left. The mystic yellow bough on the sacred banyan: the great Taboo the wager of the battle with Tu-Kila-Kila. Quick as lightning it all came up in his excited brain. Time after time, since he heard Methuselah's strange message from the grave, had he passed Tu Kila Kila's temple in losure and looked up with vague awe at that sacred parasite that grew so conspicuously in a fork of the branches. It was easy to secure it, if no man guarded. There still remained one night. In that one short night he must do his best—and worst. If all that failed, he must die himself with Muriel!

For two seconds he hesitated. It was hateful even to temporize with so hideous a proposition. But for Muriel's sake, for her dear life's sake, he must meet these savages with guile for guile. "If it be, indeed, the custom of Boupari," he answered, back, with pale trembling lips, "and if I, one man, am powerless to prevent it, I will give your message, myself to the Queen of the Clouds, and you may send, as you say, your wedding decorations. But come what will, mark this—you shall not see her yourself to-day. You shall not speak to her. There I draw a line—so, with my stick in the dust. If you try to advance one step beyond, I stab you to the heart. Wait till to-morrow to take your prey. Give me one more night. Great god as you are, if you are wise, you will not drive an angry man to utter desperation."

Tu-Kila-Kila looked with a suspicious sideglance at the gleaming steel blade Felix still fingered tremulously. Though Boupari was one of those rare and isolated small islands unvisited as yet by European trade, he had nevertheless, heard enough of the sailing gods to know that their skill was deep and their weapons very dangerous. It would be foolish to provoke this man to wrath too soon. To-morrow, when taboo was removed, and all was free license, he would come when he willed and take his bride, backed up by the full force of his assembled people. Meanwhile, why provoke a brother god to war? After all, in a little more than a week from now the pale-faced Korong would be eaten and digested very well," he said, smiling, but still with the sullen light of revenge gleaming bright in his eye. "Take my message to the Queen. You may be my herald. Tell her what honor is in store for her—to be first the wife and then the meat of Tu Kila-Kila! She is a very fair woman. I like her well. I have longed for her for months. To-morrow, at the early dawn, by the break of day, I will come with all my people and take her home by main force to me."

He looked at Felix and scowled, an angry scowl of revenge. Then, as he turned and walked away under cover of the great umbrella, with its dangling pendants on either side, the temple attendants clapped their hands in unison. Fire and Water marched slow and held the umbrella over him. As he disappeared in the distance, and the sound of his tom-toms grew dim on the hills, Toko, the Shadow, who had lain flat, trembling, on his face in the hut while the god was speaking, came out and looked anxiously and fearfully after him.

"The time is ripe," he said, in a very low voice to Felix. "A Korong may strike. All the people of Boupari murmur among themselves. They say this fellow has held the spirit of Tu-Kila-Kila within himself too long. He waxes insolent. They think it high time the great God of Heaven should find before long some other fleshly tabernacle."

CHAPTER XXVI.

A RASH RESOLVE.

The rest of that day was a time of profound and intense anxiety. Felix and Muriel remained alone in their huts, absorbed in plans of escape, but messengers of many sorts from chiefs and gods kept continually coming to them. The natives evidently regarded it as a period of preparation. The Eyes of Tu-Kila-Kila surrounded their precinct; yet Felix couldn't help noticing that they seemed in many ways less watchful than of old, and that they whispered and conferred very much in a mysterious fashion with the people of the village. More than once Toko shook his head, sagely. "If only any one dared break the Great Taboo," he said, with some terror on his face, "our people would be glad. It would greatly please them. They are tired of this Tu-Kila-Kila. He has held the god in his breast far, far too long. They would willingly see some other in place of him."

Before noon, the young girls of the village, bringing native mats and huge strings of nautilus shells, trooped up to the hut, like bridesmaids, with flowers in their hands, to deck Muriel for her approaching wedding. Before them they carried quantities of red and brown tapa cloth and very fine network, the dowry to be presented by the royal bride to her divine husband. Within the hut, they decked out the Queen of the Clouds with garlands of flowers and necklaces of shells, in a solemn native fashion, bewailing her fate all the time to a measured dirge in their own language. Muriel could see that their sympathy, though partly conventional, was largely real as well. Many of the young girls seized her hand convulsively from time to time, and kissed it with genuine feeling. The gentle young English woman had won their savage hearts by her purity and innocence. "Poor thing, poor thing," they said, stroking her hand tenderly. "She is too good for Korong! Too good for Tu-Kila-Kila! If only we knew the Great Taboo like the men, we would tell her everything. She is too good to die. We are sorry she is to be sacrificed!"

But when all the preparations were finished, the chief among them raised a calabash with a little scented oil in it, and poured a few drops solemnly on Muriel's head. "Oh, great god," she said in her own tongue, "we offer this sacrifice, a goddess herself, to you. We obey your words. You are very holy. We who each of us eat a portion of her flesh at your feast. So give us good crops, strong health, many children."

"What does she say?" Muriel asked, pale and awestruck, of Mali.

Mali translated the words with perfect sang-froid. At that awful sound Muriel drew back, chill and cold to the marrow. How inconceivable was the state of mind of these terrible people! They were really sorry for her; they kissed her hand with fervor; and yet they deliberately and solemnly proposed to eat her!

Toward evening the young girls at last retired, in regular order, to the clapping of hands and Felix was left alone with Muriel and the Shadows.

Already he had explained to Muriel what he intended to do; and Muriel, half dazed with terror and paralyzed by these awful preparations, consented passively. "But how if you never come back, Felix?" she cried at last, clinging to him passionately.

Felix looked at her with a fixed look. "I have thought of that," he said. "M. Peyton, to whom I sent a message by flashes, has helped me in my difficulty. This bowl has poison in it. Peyron sent it to me to-day. He prepared it himself from the root of the kava bean. If by sunrise to-morrow you have no news, drink it off at once. It will instantly kill you. You shall not fall alive into that creature's clutches."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Swimming Cavalry.

Some very interesting exercises in swimming cavalry took place lately on the Cabul river, at Peshawur. The Thirteenth D. C. O. Bengal Lancers have been practising their horses in a large tank in their lines and on the river for some time. One squadron took cover along the river bank and kept up a steady fire to protect the passage of the other squadron, who placed their arms, accouterments, and clothes in large country boats, and conducted their horses into the water. Some horses seemed to thoroughly enjoy themselves in the water; others became unmanageable from fear. However, the opposite bank was reached and war paint resumed, and the squadron was with most creditable rapidity taking measures to protect the remaining comrades, who then crossed in like manner.—Broad Arrow.

Betrayed by a Photograph.

An English solicitor had among his clients a few years ago a notorious company promoter, whose financial affairs came to a lief one day. Happening to pass by a stationer's shop his attention was attracted by a portrait of a well-known barrister attired in wig and gown, and holding in his hand a paper, on which the solicitor's sharp eye caught the name of his client. His curiosity aroused, he purchased the photograph and proceeded to decipher the words of the barrister's brief, speedily discovering that they indicated that a warrant was "out" for the arrest of his client. In a few hours the man of finance was out of England, to which he has not since returned.

"You can't please everybody," is an old saying. You will do well if you please anybody.

Do You Wish the Finest Bread and Cake?

It is conceded that the Royal Baking Powder is the purest and strongest of all the baking powders.

The purest baking powder makes the finest, sweetest, most delicious food.

The strongest baking powder makes the lightest food.

That baking powder which is both purest and strongest makes the most digestible and wholesome food.

Why should not every housekeeper avail herself of the baking powder which will give her the best food with the least trouble?

Dr. Haines, of Rush Medical College, Consulting Chemist of the Chicago Board of Health, says: "Royal is not only the purest, but the strongest baking powder with which I am acquainted."

The Stamp of Style.

Partly worn sleeves may be made as good as new by cutting off the lower portion and putting in deep cuffs of any suitable material.

Felt hats are shown with indented crowns and brims quite decidedly rolled. The brims are a little broader than those heretofore worn.

Coarse, black, rough and ready straw will be worn through the autumn. Indeed it is not unusual to see these hats until holiday time.

The Wheelman.

In Russia bicycle becomes "samoskatv," which, translated, means "self roller."

It looks as though we were to have as many new gears next season as we have had new tires this season.

The fault of most air pumps is that they are either too short, too heavy or too useless for the rider to be burdened with them.

It is altogether useless to try to talk about cycling to the man who has had his machine for only a week. He knows it all.

A black down grows under the feathers of many birds at the approach of winter because down is the best non-conductor and black the warmest.

New Orleans is the largest cotton market in the world next to Liverpool.

Leather trimming, which was introduced some years ago to a limited extent, is to be again brought out. Some of these garnitures are elegant in the extreme.

With the return of cooler days and the necessity for wraps of some sort, the enormous bow of watered ribbon reappears as a finish for the front of the outside garment.

The oyster enters gayly upon the autumn scene. Most people have to "shell out" during vacation time, but he has to shell out after vacation's over.—New York Journal.

NICOTINIZED NERVES.

The Tobacco Habit Quickly Broken and Nerve Force Restored—A Boon to Humanity.

A number of our great and most inveterate tobacco smokers and chewers have quit the use of the filthy weed. The tantalizing article that does the work is no-to-bac. The reform was started by Aaron Corbyn, 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. 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. Skillington, Hansen Robinett, Frank Herbherger, 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 in 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. No-to-bac is popular with the druggists, as they all sell under absolute guarantee to cure or refund the money.—From the Press, Everett, Pa.

Piano Lamps.

Where there are young children a piano lamp, unless it have a most solid and substantial understanding, is not always desirable. An excellent substitute, particularly if your piano must stand in the dark end of a long city parlor, is a crane pole attached to the folding door or art frame, from which may hang a lantern lamp of almost any style and price. One of the prettiest models is the Pompeiian, which is brought out in several materials and grades.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

In Winnipeg there are four Lutheran churches, of which the Icelandic is the strongest. The Rev. John Bjarnason has labored there for 18 years.

Every hair has two oil glands at its base.

Stub Ends of Thought.

The stones thrown as a man of genius by his contemporaries often go to construct the pedestals of the statues raised to him by posterity.

Never tell a lover his sweetheart's faults; never tell an advocate the weakness of his pleading; and never speak reason with a fanatic.

The worship of self is the religion which knows the fewest apostates.

There is no first step toward vice; there is but one.

The Proof of the Pudding.

Referring to the matter of sub-soiling, to which your attention has, on two occasions, been called by slips sent from this office.

Under the date of the 18th inst., Messrs. Younger Bros. of Geneva, Neb., report as to the outcome of the oats and rye threshed this fall:

"The oats on ground that has been "sub-soiled and raised two crops of "corn, yielded 39¼ bushels per acre; "on ground that had been sub-soiled "and raised one crop of corn, the yield "was 44¾ bushels per acre. This is by "weight.

"Rye on sub-soiled land yielded 30 "bushels, 12 lbs per acre; on ground "not sub-soiled 2⅓ bushels per acre. "Oats on land not sub-soiled, 20 bushels "per acre.

J. FRANCIS, G. P. & T. A.,
Burlington Route.

Omaha, Sept. 24, 1894.

Hall's Catarrh Cure
Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

A Buffalo burglar generously sent a couple of theater tickets to a citizen, and while the couple were enjoying the performance, he leisurely plundered their residence.

For Tired Mothers

"I feel very thankful for what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. I have taken three bottles and the medicine has made a great change. I was

All Run Down

from trouble and overwork, and had other complaints common to my sex at my age, 44 years. Now since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I am much stronger and am gaining in flesh. I would advise all **overworked, tired weak mothers** to take Hood's Sarsaparilla to build them up." MRS. G. W. WARNOCK, Beverly, Nebraska. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mon., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement, "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mon.

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.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

MY WIFE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT AND PAY FREIGHT.

$14 Buys our 3 drawer walnut or oak Improved High Arm Singer sewing machine finely finished, nickel plated, adapted to light and heavy work; guaranteed for 10 Years; with Automatic Bobbin Winder, Self-Threading Cylinder Shuttle, Self-Setting Needle and a complete set of Steel Attachments; shipped any where on 30 Days Trial. No money required in advance. 15,000 now in use. World's Fair Medal awarded machine and attachments. Buy from factory and save dealer's and agent's profits. FREE Cut This Out and send to-day for machine or large free catalogue, testimonials and Compendium of the World's Fair. OXFORD MFG. CO. 342 Wabash Ave. CHICAGO, ILL.

My ELECTRIC BELT sent on TRIAL FREE. Dr. Judd, 8 Detroit, Mich. Want agents.

PATENTS, TRADE-MARKS.

Examination and Advice as to Patentability of invention. Send for Inventors' Guide, or How to Get a Patent. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Washington, D. C.

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