

Bad Digestion, Bad Heart.

Poor digestion often causes irregularity of the heart's action. This irregularity may be mistaken for real organic heart disease. The symptoms are much the same. There is now and then a vast difference between the two organic heart disease is often incurable; apparent heart disease is curable if good digestion be restored.

A case in point is quoted from the *New York Times*, under the heading: "A Case of Heart Failure." Mrs. Elinor Colson, New York, Ind., a woman forty-three years old, had suffered for four years with distressing stomach trouble. The cases generated by the indigestion pressed on the heart, and caused an irregularity of its action. She had much pain in her stomach and heart, and was subject to frequent and severe choking spells which were most severe at night. Doctors were tried in vain, the patient became worse, despondent, and feared impending death.



A Case of Heart Failure.

She was much frightened but noticed that in moments in which her stomach did not annoy her, her heart's action became normal. Reasoning correctly that her digestion was alone at fault she procured the proper medicine to treat that trouble and with immediate good results. Her appetite came back, the choking spells became less frequent and finally ceased. Her weight, which had been greatly reduced, was restored and she now weighs more than for years. Her blood now became pure and her cheeks rosy.

The case is of general interest because the disease is a very common one. They should know the means of cure we give the name of the medicine used—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. These pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves.

WOMEN OF THE ARMY.

These are the times that try women's souls as well as men's, and nowhere more sorely than in the regular army. Used at all times to inconveniences and hardships, women in the army are called upon to endure them, just now their life is more than ordinarily hard. For, of course, the regulars are the backbone of the army and are ordered hither and thither as the wind blows, and their families are not left safely behind in their own homes, but must vacate those quarters to the next corners.

At almost every post in the country, in lieu of draperies and bric-a-brac, packing cases and burlap are the adornments of halls and rooms; and the housekeeper struggles along with a few dishes, pots and pans as she can so that the last day's packing may be as light as possible. Instances of the philosophic way in which she accepts the inevitable are without number. For your true army woman regards war and the discomforts it entails on her as a doctor's wife does his night calls or his irregular hours or his visits to a patient with a contagious disease. It is a sad part of his profession, but a part, no matter how dire its consequences. So the army woman—and the ideal is probably the wife of another officer and the wife of another—packs away her pretty things and tries to think only of the prizes war can bring—not its blanks.

It is told that the meeting of father, sons, sons-in-law and brothers of Chickamauga was the first occasion when all had been together. But the pleasure of the meeting was marred by the knowledge that wives and daughters, mothers and sisters had been left behind to complete the packing. Think of what that meant, yet women of the cities, when it is remembered that the posts were removed from cities and that all dependence for carpentering, packing, etc., had up to that time been placed on the soldiers. When the troops were withdrawn the women had their own hammering to do, and who shall say how many craters were made by hands that the satirist accuses of being unable to hit a nail on the head?

The haste with which the final orders came—when they did come at last—for mobilization was another hard feature for the army woman to face. One young engineer gave up his bridal tour and carried off his day-old wife to his new post. That was no such hardship, however, as came to a young cavalry officer far away on the plains. His betrothed was visiting another hard feature when her orders came at night for the troops to march at daylight. The young officer hurried over to the house where she lived and besought her to have him on the spot. As there was sure to be uncertainty if not danger of death ahead of them, she finally consented, and her sister agreed that such a course of action would be for the best. By the time everything was ready it was midnight, and when the groom left the new wife discovered that she had been married with only one slipper on. In her nervousness and excitement she had not noticed the fact.

Another young woman, whose wedding occurred but little before the Maine disaster, disregarding all "signs of the times," came to her new home and settled with all the pretty fixings and furniture of a bride. No sooner was she in order than the artillery bill was passed, and her husband was transferred to a new regiment. They packed up all the fine furniture which they had enjoyed so much and left for the new post. Since then—but a month or so—they have had two moves, and the bride pluckily observes that while she feels sure she'll never settle down again, she doesn't grieve as much as one might think, because there can't possibly be much left of her household goods after all the traveling they have gone through.

SALT AND ITS PROPERTIES.

A teaspoonful of salt in a lamp will make kerosene oil give a brighter light. Added to a bucket of water it forms a remarkably effective fire extinguisher. A handful of rock salt added to the bath is the next best thing to an ocean dip.

New calicoes soaked in a strong solution of salt for an hour before washing will retain their colors better. As a dentifrice salt and water will not only cleanse, but whiten the teeth, and will harden the gums. When broiling steak a pinch or two of salt thrown on the fire will quench the flames arising from the dripping fat.

A weak solution is good for sore throat, to be used as a gargle, and this is still better if a few grains of red pepper are added.

Ink stains may be removed by the use of moistened salt. When it becomes discolored remove it and use a fresh supply until no color remains.

HORRORS OF THE BULL RING

Mrs. John A. Logan Reports a Spanish Bull Fight.

(By Mrs. John A. Logan.) A feature of Holy Week in Havana and climax of all the carnivals is the extensive preparations for the greatest bull fight of the year, which occurs annually on Easter Sunday afternoon.

Scarcely have the sounds of the church bells ringing out the glad tidings that our San Juan has ascended into heaven, died out before the jangling bells on the gayly caparisoned draught mules used to drag away the dead bulls and horses announce the opening of the bull ring. This vicious national sport the Spaniards have carried to Cuba and all their colonies.

Wishing to see everything that influenced the masses when I was in Spain, I decided to see this spectacle. It was a glorious afternoon when, with a guilty conscience, we ascended the steps that led to the seats in the amphitheater of the enormous bull ring of Sevilla.

We had heard much of the science of the contest, the wonderful skill and courage of Garetta, the greatest living bull fighter, and we hoped in our hearts that there might be some redeeming quality displayed as a sort of palliation to our outraged conscience.

As we took our seats we felt almost bewildered by the gay scene before us: more than 50,000 people on seats arranged tier above tier of the great amphitheater, ladies in their gorgeous costumes, wearing their finest jewels and delicate white or black lace mantillas over their heads as if they were attending the opera; princes, dukes and gentlemen of the highest official rank attending them, until the boxes looked like those of the Metropolitan opera house in New York on a gala night.

In other sections were the wealthier citizens and their families down to infants in arms, then the people of all classes and conditions in their best attire, until every seat was occupied. We had hardly adjusted ourselves when the gates flew open, and like the beginning of a circus the grand entries were made by the matadors and toreros, the picadores mounted on the poor old grayly bedecked nags that were soon to be gored to death.

The males with their tinkling sleigh bells, their riders and drivers all tricked out in the brightest colors of the rainbow, the men wearing costumes richly embroidered in gold braid, with white, blue, yellow, red and bright colored stockings, their slippers and knee caps covered with gold or silver spangles.

The matadors and toreros wore round velvet caps, the picadores large, light-colored sombreros, with bright ribbon bands and feathers. They circled round and round the ring, and then out at one of the entrances, all except the mounted picadores, the matadors and toreros stationed themselves at the opposite sides from the gate at which the bull was to be let into the ring.

At a given signal the gate swung outward and the majestic looking bull creature rushed in from the dungeon-like stall where he had been confined without food or water for many hours before. Once out in the light and surrounded by the gay spectacle which met his bewildered eyes, the poor brute held his head high in the air and seemed so frightened that he was ready to dash away in any direction to escape his surroundings.

This was the opportunity for the picador to ride, spear in hand, upon the very horns of the animal, who, like a creature hunted at bay, naturally plunged his horns into the horse and hoisted him into the air, the torador repeating again and again the brutal assault.

Each time the horse recoiled from the wounds made by the bull in self-defense until the poor, bleeding brute was almost completely exhausted for the dozen or more matadors to attack him right and left with barbed javelins and decorated banderillas.

They worried him continually until Garetta, red cloak and sword in hand, could approach the creature and, being tough enough to thrust his Toledo blade deep into his neck, in the vital spot just behind the horns.

Many times he approached and dexterously tried to bury the sword to the hilt, was often unsuccessful, but as often renewed the attack, until the toradors on foot kept up their persecutions to divert the animal's attention, until at last Garetta made the fatal stroke and the suffering beast would drop, all the while displaying more courage than his nobler animal who had butchered him.

During the combat there were many times when the bull came near dispatching his tormentors, and would have done so but for their fleetness of foot in reaching and getting behind the barriers.

From the first to the last our sympathies were with the poor bulls, and though we were told that the most skillful killing by the greatest bull fighter in Spain of six magnificent bulls, the finest specimens of the peculiar species that are raised on the best estates of dukes and members of the royal families, who are given the exclusive privilege of using them for the fights, which occur in some city in Spain every Sunday, we failed to see one single redeeming feature in the contest.

When you consider that from twenty-five to thirty horses were gored to death and dragged from the ring, and that from twelve to fourteen men were mangled on horseback were constantly torturing and distracting the bulls who could not appreciate the moral courage or skillful thrusts of the great Garetta.

Once the bull made for the lot, and in running for the barrier Garetta fell and the bull ran over him as he was lying for one of the matadors. In passing over Garetta he planted his hind feet between Garetta's shoulders, uncomfortably near the base of his brain, which came well nigh ending the champion bull fighter's career.

Each time a bull was killed the shouts were deafening. Then men threw their hats into the air, crying "Bravo! Bravo! Garetta!" No conquering hero could be more applauded by the whole people than are their best bull fighters.

Garetta's income is estimated to be the largest of any individual in Spain. It was reported, however, that he was injured by the accident that occurred to him Easter Sunday, 1896, and feeling that it was a warning to him, he gave a large sum to the church and left the ring forever.

The demoralizing effect of these barbarous exhibitions on the Spanish people the world over cannot be computed. It has made the people brutal, immoral and to the last degree degenerate. The rulers of Spain for long have been so weak and profligate that they have yielded to the demands of the vicious until refinement and morality are the exceptions, and vice and brutality are the rule. There is a gleam of hope in the fact that the Queen Regent will not allow the young king to be taken to the bull fights, and if she had the power she would suppress them.

MILITARY COOKING.

Something About the Commissary Department.

The commissary department is by no means the least important in modern warfare. The men must be well fed to endure the hardships of the march and battle, so that they can be most effective. A weak soldier is pretty apt to be a poor one, and the proper preparation of the food for the troops is a leading element in the art or science of waging war.

In the first place, a special cooking tent has been devised, fixed with great firmness when pitched, so that the fiercest storm cannot interfere with the cooking. In it is a huge cruciform apparatus, with three large boilers in each leg of the cross. The fire is built in the center, where the smokestack is, flues carrying the heat under all of the boilers in which the food is cooked. This strange looking stove is made of sheet iron and is easily blocked up on wheels when it becomes necessary to move the camp. Around the tent in which this stove is, on which food for a whole battalion can be cooked at once, are big iron hooks for the quarters of beef and bins for the vegetables, so that as soon as the tent is pitched over the battalion's stove the commissary can set to work and have the dinner ready in a short order.

Another and smaller oven has been introduced. It, too, is of sheet iron and is so light that a number of men can easily lift it and put it on an ordinary flat bodied wagon or mule. It is built on a large wheel to permit the cooking of a meal for thirty men at one time. Wood is, of course, used for both of these "stoves," as most easily secured wherever a soldier happens to camp.

In addition to the small stove on wheels, the cooks of the American army were provided with such convenient devices as there they would find their work greatly simplified. Few persons know that the United States commissary general of subsistence has issued a manual for army cooks, with 200 pages of rules and recipes for the guidance of the men who prepare the food for the soldiers. With these German stoves they no longer have to try to improvise an oven by digging a hole in the ground. When they want to broil steaks or chops the "Manual" says:

"Build a good log fire and let it burn down to a bed of coals, so that there will be no smoke. Cut your steaks or chops almost an inch thick and season with pepper and salt. Put your meat between the bars of your broiler and place on the red-hot coals. If a little charred scrape with a knife. "But steaks and chops are rather infrequent luxuries when the army is on the march or in distant lands, and then corned beef and mess pork are staple dishes. Very naturally "cannon balls" and "bombshells" are in general demand. The manual prescribes compounding of cannon balls thus:

"Take six pounds of flour, one and a half pounds of suet, three pints of molasses and one pint of water. Chop up suet, mix with the flour, mix the molasses with water, put flour in it, mix with your hands. Make into balls of any size and roll from one hour and upward, according to size."

It is said that these cannon balls may be stacked up to keep indefinitely without cold storage, being effective from one to two years after manufacture.

"Bombshells" are compounded of "meat and a pint of molasses, six pounds of flour, one pound of onions, three ounces of salt, one ounce of pepper, sweet herbs and water." These are chopped by the hour and then cast into twelve or thirty-two pounders. The projectile is rolled, according to size, in a mortar, or the portable ovens or hours. A note in the manual states:

"The appetite of men taken from quarters and placed in the field increases considerably for the first few days. Meats that would be indigestible from toughness and simple dishes (such as 'cannon balls' and 'bombshells') often do good in barracks, are eaten with appetite."

When the camp is more or less permanent—as at Tampa, for instance—the cook's work is tolerably easy, but when on the march or in temporary camp which may be broken up at an hour's notice the portable ovens of the German army would be of inestimable value.

One of the most interesting recipes in the army cook book is "mock oyster soup," prescribed as follows:

"Mash one quart of canned tomatoes through a colander and boil them for half an hour. Add one pound of mince pepper and salt. While the tomatoes are boiling add a half teaspoonful of fine bicarbonate of soda and let it ferment. Pour in a quart of milk and add two crackers rolled fine in a cloth. Season with salt and butter. Let it boil and serve."

If you don't find any oysters in the soup it's not the cook's fault.

The writer of the manual seems to expect the soldiers to have a large variety of food to enjoy, telling the cooks how to prepare St. Patrick's soup, baked and planked shad (cooking by mailing the fish to a plank close to an open fire), little pigs in blankets (oysters wrapped in slices of bacon), beefsteaks smothered in onions, stuffed egg plant, French artichokes, asparagus on toast, stewed cranberries, artillery fire (bread, suet, apples and sugar), ice cream, wine jelly and lemonade.

When the soldiers of Uncle Sam reach Cuba they will doubtless look eagerly forward to their lemonade, made according to this careful recipe:

"Take a quart of water take the juice of three lemons, using the rind of one of them. Peel the rind very thin, getting just the yellow outside; cut into pieces and put with the juice and powdered sugar, of which use two ounces to the quart, in a jar with a cover. When the hot water is just at the tea point pour it over and let it get cold. The author has forgotten, however, the very important item of the "stick" in it. After a long day's march or the pursuit of fleeing Spaniards just imagine the "boys" drinking "army" lemonade!

The Germans have also introduced some valuable devices for field hospitals. One is a rolling titter, or stretcher, provided with pneumatic rubber tires, used for bringing the wounded to the hospital tent with as little jarring as possible. And in that tent, besides the trim iron beds, folding up for transport, is a bathtub and shower, with a stove attached for heating the water, contributing not a little to the comfort of the wounded or ill soldiers.

The number of prizes captured in the war of the rebellion was about 1,300, the most valuable being the Ironclad Tennessee, taken by Admiral Farragut in the battle of Mobile Bay, and valued at \$950,000.

ARRESTED DEWEY.

Story of the Famous Admiral in His Younger Days.

To George P. Plaisted, an old and highly respected resident of New York City, the unique distinction of being the only man who ever placed Rear Admiral George Dewey under arrest. An absurdly inaccurate and misleading statement as to how this came about has been going the rounds of the press, but the facts are set forth tersely and interestingly in a letter as follows:

"The story of my fining Lieutenant Dewey for assault some thirty years ago, which has appeared in many newspapers of late, was not authorized by me, and is incorrect in its essential parts. In the published story it was said that Lieutenant Dewey thrashed a United States marine at the Kittery navy yard, and that Justice Plaisted heard the complaint and fined Dewey \$25. The fine, so ran the story, was promptly paid, the Lieutenant remarking with a chuckle, as he paid over the money, that it was worth \$25 to have had the pleasure of thrashing such a disgrace to the United States navy."

"Now the law of Maine gives a trial justice jurisdiction only to the extent of a \$10 fine. It is the published story that Lieutenant Dewey had assaulted a United States marine he would have been court-martialed if tried at all, and no civil authority would have had jurisdiction. Thirdly, I never was a trial justice."

"The facts, however, are these: I was at that time a deputy sheriff in and for the county of York, and as such arrested Lieutenant, now Rear Admiral, George Dewey for an alleged assault. He objected to my making the arrest as he was a United States officer, and claimed that I had no authority in the premises. I did arrest him, however, and, as you will see by the photograph of my sheriff's docket, he was fined \$5 and costs of court, the costs amounting to \$5.80, a total fine of \$10.80.

"Lieutenant Dewey was then a young man and felt quite grand with his stripes. He has doubtless learned a great deal since then. "He looked upon me with disdain, and thought a country deputy sheriff wasn't anybody. He was not satisfied that I could legally arrest him, so at his suggestion we repaired to the commodore's office to have that point settled."

"The commodore listened while Lieutenant Dewey stated his side of the case. He then asked me if I was an officer, and if so what rank. I told him I was a deputy sheriff, and showed it to him. Then, after prodding me with a few more questions, the commodore turned to Lieutenant Dewey and said: 'Lieutenant, the young man is right, and you had better prepare for trial.'"

"That rather took the wind out of Dewey's sails, and in due time he was tried with the result shown on the docket. "Garland, the complainant, was a private citizen, and Lieutenant Dewey had hit him a lively crack on the head with a spearing trumpet."

"Thirty years have elapsed since I became acquainted with Lieutenant Dewey, and but for his unparalleled victory over the Spanish fleet at Manila I probably would never have been reminded of the episode of so long ago which led up to that acquaintance. "GEORGE P. PLAISTED."

The town of York, in which Mr. Plaisted lives, adjoins that of Kittery, in which the so-called Portsmouth navy yard is situated. The old time assault case, which Mr. Plaisted now recalls, and as to the disposition of which his sheriff's docket is a silent but positive witness, took place in Kittery, near the navy yard. The defense was that the assault was justifiable. From the point of view of a high spirited young officer who had no use for a loafer and would not take back talk from a fresh civilian it doubtless was; not so, however, in the eye of the law.

The sheriff of thirty years ago is now, by the way, one of the busiest men in York, and vigorous for one of his years. Besides editing and publishing the York Courant—a bright, lively local newspaper, devoted to the best interests of York and surrounding towns—he practices law, writes insurance, deals in general merchandise and acts as notary public.

Money does not buy the old docket, which shows that its owner once placed the great admiral under arrest and made him step into court and toe the mark. It is likely that the valued relic will be kept in the Plaisted family and handed down from generation to generation. There is but one other possible disposition of it. The former sheriff may present it to Rear Admiral Dewey, when, at the first opportunity, he calls upon him to renew the acquaintance of thirty years ago. As a reminder of the days of his youth, and as a smart feeling young lieutenant, he sniffed the salty air of the Piscataquis meadows the teltale sheriff's docket would doubtless please the Rear Admiral mightily.

Matrimony.

In some countries the bride is crowned by the matrons with a garland of prickles, and so delivered to her husband that he might know he had tied himself to a thorny pleasure. In the sixteenth century, Sir John Davis wrote of matrimony:

Wedlock, indeed, hath oft compared been. To public feats where meet a public rout. Where those that are without would faint go in, And those that are within would faint go out.

When the pope heard of the marriage of Father Hyacinth, he exclaimed: "The saints be praised! the renegade has taken his punishment into his own hands. Truly, the ways of Providence are inscrutable."

Cicero tells us that one day Plettinus, calling his neighbors around him, burst into tears and exclaimed that he had not growing in his garden a tree on which three of his wives had in succession hanged themselves, and asked if he had not good reason to weep. Whereupon his neighbors all begged a sprout from the tree, and ever after it was the most sought after of anything on his estate.

It Succeeded.

He stayed to late. He often came, But every time it was the same. She hinted in each word she said When it was time to go to bed. But still he stayed. Even at the door He'd linger for a half hour more, And blind to all her angry sorrow, He'd say good night till it was morrow. One night he came. The clock struck eleven: She yawned and wished he was in heaven. An idea roused her all awake; She from the pantry brought some cake. "Eat this," she said with fell design; "Twain made by these fair hands of mine."

He looked at her with rapture dumb; He ate that cake—yes, every crumb. She smiling saw him to the door. He went—but came again no more.

WHAT THE SOLDIER BOYS EAT

In all the army these days there is no busier department than that of the commissary. It would not seem so on its face, for the wheels of routine never fail to run smoothly, even when they are weighted down with double and triple tasks, yet there is a new proposition before the American soldier of this generation, and those concerned in food supplies quite realize their responsibility. In place of feeding 55,000 men, nearly all in garrison, the problem is now to feed 100,000, perhaps more, many of them in an enemy's country and on the march.

A very few days is likely to bring about precisely this condition of affairs, and quietly, but no less effectively, the commissary department of the United States army has set its great machinery in motion.

Were it merely to put before each fighting and sump of occupation soldier the ration he would get if he were in the military service of one of the continental countries, the task would be sufficiently difficult. But Uncle Sam, army chief, feels the men who war for him on altogether different lines. Even in the field, in the midst of the hardest sort of campaign, he provides them with a bill of fare that is very much better, more varied, more full and more palatable.

OUR BOYS BETTER FED.

No continental soldier gets anything like the amount of meat the United States troops do, and nowhere else is the daily ration so complete. Russia does not, it is true, provide the bread for her soldiers; but we do, and it is black bread, and the Russian army's quota of meat is far less.

In truth, in comparison with the army diet of the civil war, or even with the Franco-Prussian conflict, the modern soldier is luxuriously fed. Refrigerator cars and swift supply boats, equipped with refrigerator compartments, bring him fresh beef and mutton, even when he is actually on the battle field. Salt pork and the like are nowadays deemed obsolete, and hardly likely to be heard of in the invasion of Cuba, much less actually furnished.

In his pocket the modern army man, even the private, carries tablets of saccharine and capsules of tea, one of these capsules being sufficient for very nearly a quart.

A powder like substance—pea meal—needs only water mixed with it and a little hasty cooking to form a very excellent and nutritious soup. It is more than excellent and nutritious; indeed, it is abundantly satisfying, and the most exhausted and footsore soldier, after a lunch or dinner of this can go immediately into combat.

SOLDIER'S STOMACH FIRST.

Modern army science, it is especially to be noted, considers the soldier's stomach first of all. It ranks its commissary train as far ahead of its ammunition train in importance and establishes as its first principle that men cannot

fight well without ample food. Before a battle—invariably if possible—the men are fed, and their appetites satisfied, they march forth fierce and rejoicing. Nor does it answer to feed men these times mathematically and scientifically, who so many ounces of nutriment it is the old army officers put it, the men must "feel their stomachs full."

It was a faulty commissariat, army annals declare, that made Napoleon's campaign in Russia a failure, and many another campaign has ended in comparative disaster because of the bad feeding of the troops.

All the United States army, therefore, up with the lines and experience of other nations, is alive to the importance of this question, and it is likely that the American troops of 1895 will be fed as never were troops before.

MODERN SUPPLY SYSTEM.

Outside of the number of men, the sudden increase in the national forces and the speed with which new machinery has to be put into operation, the question of food is not going to be such a mighty one, after all, for the trained men who will handle it along the shore at need as the army moves on, and these can be replenished by swift ships on commissary duties. Probably in no case will it be necessary for an invading column to carry more than fourteen days' rations.

Here in this city, in the army building, in Whitehall street, is one of the greatest purchasing stations of the American commissary. For nearly everything except fresh meat—which is contracted for in Chicago and Kansas City, as a general rule—New York is the chief market.

In one of the rooms of the army building Colonel Woodruff, the commissary at Governor's island, especially detailed to this work of getting together the food for the new army, sits at a high desk with bundles of facts, figures, telegrams and comparative tables before him. All this provisioning it must be understood, is done by method, rote and rule, and a commissary must be a mathematician who has gone almost as far as differential calculus, as well as versed himself in the rule of three.

SIMPLE MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

Each man is daily entitled while in the service to so many ounces of beef or mutton, so many of flour, so many of beans, coffee or potatoes. There are so many men to be provided for at a certain point at a given time. Multiply ounces by men, get ounces and translate into pounds. A book of comparative tables does this calculating from 1 to 100,000 rations, this word "rations" meaning one day's supply. Thus 100,000 rations stands for one day's food for an army of 100,000 men, five days' food for 20,000. One pound four ounces of beef or mutton—which is each soldier's daily allowance—becomes 125,000 pounds—one day's rations for 100,000 men—any one pound two ounces of bread 112,500 pounds by the same figuring.

In a general way regarding food supplies for the boys that are soon to go into active service Colonel Woodruff chatted entertainingly, and made it plain by anecdotes and detail how a modern American army is fed. First, he touched upon the rations, giving the army bill of fare.

How Old She Looks

Poor clothes cannot make you look old. Even pale cheeks won't do it. Your household cares may be heavy and disappointments may be deep, but they cannot make you look old. One thing does it and never fails. It is impossible to look young with the color of seventy years in your hair.

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P. S.—If you go west through Omaha, you can stop off and see the Trans-Mississippi Exposition.

The whale's nose is on the top of the head, at least his nostrils are situated there, through which he expels the columns of water known as "spouting." Whales only spout when they are feeding.

In Arizona there is a town where, because of the aridity of the region and the dryness of the climate, water is peddled in the streets like milk and carried from house to house in canvas sacks on the back of burros or pack mules.

As regards architecture, it may be said that as a fine art it did not exist in Great Britain till the Normans brought it, and to them England owes some of the finest of existing buildings and the models in which the others are built.

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