

TAKE THE RIGHT ROAD.

Oh, many an intricate turning
Along our life's journey we meet,
Where brambles and briars beset us,
And rough is the path for our feet;
But we find a way out of our troubles,
And walk with a confidence true,
Assured of sweet comfort and guidance
If we take the right road at the start.

We've only to watch those around us,
The friends and companions of youth,
Who eagerly sought after us,
And turned from the teachings of truth;
We've only to watch and remember
The lessons they thoughtfully impart,
That these are the surest to triumph
Who take the right road at the start.

Ah, many a weary a failure
And many a heartache we owe
To pitiful errors and follies,
And blunders we made long ago;
And the way to avoid these disasters,
To loosen the sorrowful smart,
Is to turn from false lights so alluring
And take the right road at the start.

We may point to some time in the future,
When we will our footsteps retraced,
And all the days of our youth
With deeds sure and holy efface;
But we'll find it a fatal delusion,
And we'll set the wretched part,
Who begin as they mean to continue,
And take the right road at the start.

-N. Y. Ledger.

CLEOPATRA.

Being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian.

AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

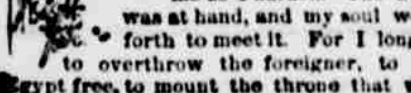
By H. RIDER HAGGARD,
Author of "King Solomon's Mines,"
"She," "Allan Quatermain,"
Etc., Etc., Etc.

Illustrated by NICHOLL, after CATON WOOD-
VILLE and ORRIFILL-HAGNER.

CHAPTER VIII.

FAREWELL OF AHMEDIAS TO HARMACHIS:
COMING OF HARMACHIS TO ALEXANDRIA:
EXHIBITION OF SPHA: THE PARTING OF
CLEOPATRA BORED AS US: AND THE OVER-
THROW OF THE GLADIATOR BY HARMACHIS.

NOW the long days of preparation had passed, and the time was at hand. I was initiated, and I was crowned; so that, although the common folk knew me not, or knew me only as Priest of Isis, there were in Egypt thousands who at heart bowed down to me as Pharaoh. The hour was at hand, and my soul went forth to meet it. For I longed to overthrow the foreigner, to set Egypt free, to mount the throne that was my heritage, and cleanse the temples of my Gods. I was fated for the struggle, and I never doubted of its end. I looked into the mirror, and saw triumph written on my brow. The future stretched a path of glory before my feet—my, glittering with gold and shimmer in the sun. I communed with my Mother Isis; I sat within my chamber and took counsel with my heart; I planned new temples; I revolved great laws that I would put forth for my people's weal; and in my ears rang the shouts of exultation that would greet victorious Pharaoh on his throne.



But still a little while I tarried at Abouthis, and, having been commanded to do, let my hair, that had been shorn, grow again long and black as the raven's wing, instructing myself meanwhile in all many exercises and feats of arms. Also, for a purpose that shall be seen, I perfected myself in that magic art of the Egyptians and the reading of the stars, in which things, indeed, I already had great skill.

Now, this was the plan that had been built up. My uncle Nepa had, for awhile, left the Temple of On, giving out that his health had failed him. Thence he had moved down to a house in Alexandria, to rather strength, as he said, from the breath of the sea, and also to learn for himself the wonders of the great Museum and the glory of Cleopatra's Court. There it was planned that I should join him, for there, at Alexandria, I might have my hair growing, as desired. Accordingly, when at last the summons came, all things being prepared, I made me ready for the journey and passed into my father's chamber to receive his blessing ere I went. There sat the old man, as once before he sat when he rebuked me because I went out to slay the lion, his long white beard resting on the table of stone and sacred writings in his hand. When I came in, he rose from his seat and would have kindly said, "Hail, Pharaoh!" but I caught him by the hand.

"It is not meet, my father," I said.

"It is meet," he answered. "It is meet that I should bow before my King. But be it as thou wilt. And so thou goest, Harmachis! My blessing go with thee, O my son, and may those whom I serve grant to me that my old eyes may, indeed, behold thee on the throne! Long have I searched, striving, O Harmachis, to read the future that shall be, but naught can I discern by all my wisdom. It is a hid from me, and at times my heart fails me. But hear this: There is danger in thy path, and it comes in the form of woman. Long have I known it, and therefore hast thou been allied to the worship of the heavenly Isis, who bids her votaries put away the thought of woman till such time as she shall think well to slake the rule. O my son, I would that thou wert not so strong and fair—stronger and fairer, indeed, than any man in Egypt, as a King should be—for in that strength and beauty may lie a cause of stumbling. Beware, then, of those witches of Alexandria, lest, like a worm, some one of them creep into thy heart and eat its secret out."

"Have no fear, my father," I answered, frowning: "my thought is set on other things than red lips and smiling eyes."

"It is good," he answered: "so may it befall. And now farewell. When next we meet, may it be in that happy hour when, with all the Priests of the Upper Land, I move down from Abouthis to my home in Egypt, as a King should be—for in that strength and beauty may lie a cause of stumbling. Beware, then, of those witches of Alexandria, lest, like a worm, some one of them creep into thy heart and eat its secret out."

the city of a thousand lights. Above them all towered the white Pharos, that wonder of the world, from the crown whereof a light like the light of the sun blazed out across the waters of the harbor to guide mariners on their way across the wide-dark sea. The vessel, for it was night, having been most cautiously made fast to the quay, I disembarked and stood wondering at the vast mass of houses, and confused by the clamor of many tongues. For here all people seemed to be gathered together, each speaking after the fashion of his own land. And as I stood a young man came and touched me on the shoulder, saying as if I was from Abouthis and named Harmachis. I said, "Yes." Thence, bending over me, he whispered the secret password into mine ear, and, beckoning to two slaves, bade them bring my apparel from the ship. Thus they did, fighting their way through the crowd of porters who were clamoring for hire. Then I followed him down the quay, which was bordered with drinking places, where all sorts of men were gathered, tipping wine and watching the dancing of women, some of whom were but scantily arrayed, and some not arrayed at all. And as we went through the lamp-lit houses, till at last we reached the shore of the great harbor, and turned to the right along a wide way paved with granite and bordered by strong houses, having cloisters in front of them, the like of which I had never seen. Turning once more to the right, we came to a quieter portion of the city, where, save for parties of strolling revellers, the streets were still. Presently my guide halted at a house built of white stone, entered a chamber where there was a light, and here at last I found my uncle Nepa, most glad to see me safe. When I had washed and eaten he told me that all things went well, and that as yet there was no thought of evil at the Court. Further, he said, it having come to the ears of the Queen that the Priest of On was sojourning at Alexandria, she sent for him and closely questioned him—not as to any plot, for of that she never thought, but as to the rumor which had reached her that there was treasure hid in the Great Pyramid that is by On. For, being ever wasteful, she was ever in want of money, and had bethought her of opening the Pyramid. But he laughed at her, telling her the Pyramid was the burying place of the Divine Chufu, and that naught knew he of its secrets. Then she was angered, and swore that so surely as she ruled in Egypt she would tear it down, and cast the stones thereof into the sea, and she would be seen to do it. Then she said, "I will see thee again, and then thou shalt know the truth of the matter."

Then, being very weary, I went to rest; but could sleep little for the strangeness of the place, the noises in the streets, and the thought of the morrow. While it was yet dark, I rose, climbed the stair to the roof of the house, and waited. Presently the sun's rays fell upon the temple, and it upon the white wonder of the marble Pharos, whereof the light instantly sank and died, as though, indeed, the sun had killed it. Now the rays fell upon the marble palaces of the Lochias where Cleopatra lay, and lit them up till they shined like a jewel set on the dark, cool bosom of the sea. Away the light flew, kissing the Noma's sacred dome, whereas Alexander sleeps, touching the high tops of a thousand palaces and temples; past the porticoes of the great museum that looked near at hand, striking the lofty shrine where, carved of ivory, in the image of the false God Serapis, and at last seeming to lose itself in the vast and gloomy Necropolis. Then, as the dawn gathered into day, the great flood of brightness overbrimming the bowl of night flowed into the lower lands and streets, and showed Alexandria red, and the sunrise on the mantle of a king, and the eagle on the vane of the Egyptian wind came up from the north and swept away the vapor from the harbor, so that I saw their blue waters rocking a thousand ships. I saw, too, that mighty mole of the Hephestadion; I saw the hundreds of streets, the countless houses, the insuperable wealth and splendor of Alexandria, set like a queen betwixt Maroutis and the sea, and dominating both, and I was filled with wonder. This, then, was one city in my heritage, and cities! Well, it was worth the grasping. And having looked my full and fed my heart, as it were, with the sight of splendor, I communed with the Holy Isis and came down from the roof.

In the chamber beneath was my uncle Nepa. I told him that I had been watching the sun rise over the city of Alexandria.

"He said, looking at me from beneath his shaggy eyebrows: "and what thinkest thou of Alexandria?"

"I think it is like some city of the Gods," I answered.

"Ay," he replied, fiercely, "a city of the infernal Gods—a sink of corruption, a bubbling well of iniquity, a home of false faith springing from false hearts! I would that not one stone of it were left upon another stone, and that its wealth lay deep beneath yonder waters! I would it the Gods were screaming across the sky, and that the wind, unstayed by a Grecian breath, swept through its ruins from ocean to Maroutis! O Royal Harmachis, let not the luxury and beauty of Alexandria poison thy sense; for in their deadly air Faith perishes and Religion can not spread her heavenly wings. When the hour comes for thee to rule, Harmachis, cast down this accursed city, and, as thy fathers did, set up thy throne in the white walls of Memphis. For I tell thee that for Egypt Alexandria is but a splendid gate of ruin, and while it endures all nations of the earth shall march through it to the plunder of the land, and all false faiths shall nestle in it and breed the overthrow of Egypt's Gods."

I made no answer, for there was truth in his words. And yet to me the city seemed very fair to look on. After he had eaten, my uncle told me it was now time to set out to view the march of Cleopatra, as she went in triumph to the shrine of Serapis, to two hours of the morning; yet these people of Alexandria have so great a love of shows and merriment that had we not presently set forth by no means could we have come through the press of the multitudes who were already gathering along the highways where the Queen must ride. So we went out to take our place upon a stand, fashioned of timber, that had been built at the side of the great road which passes through the city, even to the Cheops Gate. For there my uncle had purchased a right to enter, and that dearly.

And with much struggle we were our way through the great crowds that were already gathered in the streets, till we reached the scaffolding of timber, which was reared in with an awning and strir-

gung with scarlet cloth. Here we seated ourselves upon a bench and waited for some hours, watching the multitude press past, shouting, singing and talking loudly in many tongues. At length came soldiers to clear the road, and, after the Roman fashion, in coats of chain armor. After them marched heralds enjoining silence (we stood the populace sang and shouted all the more loudly, and crying that Cleopatra, the Queen, was coming. Then followed a thousand Cilician skinner-bands, a thousand Thracians, a thousand Macedonians, and a thousand Gauls, each armed after the fashion of their own country. Then passed five hundred men of those who are called the Fenec Horsemens, for both men and horses were altogether covered with armor. Next came youths and maidens promiscuously draped and wearing golden ornaments, and with these images symbolizing Day and Night, Morning and Noon, the Heavens and the Earth. After these came many fair women pouring perfumes on the road, and others scattering blooming flowers. Now there rose a great shout of "Cleopatra! Cleopatra!" and I held my breath and bent forward to see her who dared to put on the robes of Isis.

But at that moment the multitude so gathered and thickened in front of where I was that I could no longer clearly see. So I stood as I was, and waited for the barrier of the scaffolding, and, being very strong, pushed my way through the crowd till I reached the foremost rank. And, as I did so, Nubian slaves armed with thick staves and crowned with ivy leaves ran up, striking the people. One man more especially, for he was a giant, and, being strong, was insolent beyond measure, smiting the people without cause, as, indeed, is the wont of low persons set in authority. For high, as he stood, with a head like a rock, bearing a child in her arms, whom the man, seeing that she was weak, struck on the head with his rod so that she fell prone, and the people murmured. But my blood rushed of a sudden through my veins at the sight, and I roared in anger. In my hand I held a staff of olive wood from Cyprus, and as the black brute laughed at the sight of the stricken woman and her babe rolling on the ground, I swung the staff aloft and said: "Be thou newly did I strike that the tough rod split upon the giant's shoulders and the blood spurted forth, staining his trailing leaves of ivy. Then, with a shriek of pain and fury—for those who smite love not that they be smitten—did he turn and spring at me! And all the people round gave back, save only the woman who could not rise, leaving to twain in a ring, as I met him, my foot on his chest, and my arm, being not dead, I smote him with my cleaved flat between the eyes, having naught else wherewith to smite, and he staggered like an ox beneath the first blow of the priest's axe. Thence the people shouted, for they love to see a fight, and the man was known to them as a gladiator victorious in the games. Gathering up his strength, the knave came on with an oath, and, whirling his heavy staff on high, struck at me as I stood, but I dodged him by nimbleness avoided the blow, I had surely been slain. But as it chanced, the staff bit upon the ground, and so heavily that it flew in fragments. Thence again the multitude shouted, and the great man, blind with fury, rushed at me to smite me down. But with a cry I sprang straight at his throat—for he was so heavy a man that I knew I could get hope to throw him by strength—and, and gripped it. There I clung, though his fist battered me like a thunder-god, driving my thumb into his throat. Round and round we turned, till at length he flung himself to the earth, trying thus to shake me off. But he had not fast as we rolled over and over on the ground, till at last he grew faint for want of breath. Then, I being uppermost, drove my knee down upon his chest, and, as I believe, should thus have slain him in my rage, had not my uncle and others there gathered fallen upon me and dragged me from him.

And meanwhile, though I knew it not, the chariot wherein sat the Queen, with elephants going before and lions led after it, had come even to the spot, and because of the tumult had been halted. I looked up and thence, passing, my white garments stained with the blood that had rushed from the mouth and nostrils of the mighty Nubian, I for the first time saw Cleopatra face to face. Her chariot was all of gold, and drawn by two fair girls, clad in Greek attire, standing one on either side fanning her with glittering fans. There she sat in the chariot, her head was the covering of Isis, the golden horns between which rested the queen's round disc, and the emblem of Isis's throne, with the braze twisted around. Beneath the covering was the vulture cap of gold, the blue combed wings, and the vulture head with gemmy eyes, under which her long, dark tresses flowed toward her feet. About her round neck was a broad collar of gold studded with emeralds and coral. Round her arms and wrists were bracelets of gold studded with emeralds and coral, and in one hand she held the holy symbol of life, love, and joy—the golden rod of Asclepius. In the other the golden rod of royalty. Her breast was bare, but under was a garment that glittered like the scaly covering of a snake, everywhere sewn with gems. Beneath this robe was a skirt of golden cloth, laid by a part of the braided skirt of Isis, falling in folds even to the median toe, fastened with great pearls, adorned by white and blue feet.

All this I discerned at a glance, as it were. Then I looked upon the face that face which adorned Caesar, ruined Egypt and was doomed to give Augustus the scepter of the world. I looked upon the ravine Grecian features, the rounded chin, the fall, red lips, the chaste nostrils and the ears fashioned like delicate shells. I saw the forehead, low, broad and level; the crisp, dark hair falling in heavy waves that sparkled in the sun, the and eyes brown and the long black lashes. Therefore was the woman of her Imperial descent. There burst the wonderful eyes, hooded like the Cyprus vulture—eyes that seemed to scure and breed on every thing

an night broods upon the desert, and yet as the night to shift, change and be illumined by gleams of sudden splendor born within their starry depths. All those wonders I saw though I have small skill in telling them. But even thus I know that it was not in these charms alone that the night of Cleopatra's beauty lay. Rather was it in a story and a romance cast through the dusky covering from the fierce soul within. For she was a thing of flame like unto which no woman hath ever will be even when she brooded, the fire of her quick heart shone through her. But when she woke, and the lightning leapt suddenly from her eyes, and the passion-laden mouse of her speech chimed upon her lips, all those who can tell her story shudder. For in her eye all the episodes that have been given to woman for her glory, and all the genius which man has drawn from Heaven. And with them dwelt every evil of that greater sort which fears nothing and makes a mock of laws, hath taken auspices for its place of play, and, coming, watered the growth of its desires with the rich blood of men. In her breast they gathered, together fashioning that Cleopatra whom no man may draw, and yet whom no man, having seen, ever can forget. They fashioned her grand as the Spirit of Storm, lovely as Lightning, cruel as Pestilence, yet with a heart; and what she did is known. Woe to the world when such another comes to curse it!

For a moment I met Cleopatra's eyes as she hidly bent herself to find the tumult's cause. At first they were somber and dark, as though they saw, indeed, but the brain reared naught. Then they awoke, and their very color seemed to change as the color of the sea changes when the water is shaken. First, there was angry wrath in them; next, an idle merriment, then when she looked upon the huge bulk of the man whom I had overcome, and knew him for the gladiator, something, perchance, that was not far from wonder. At the least they softened, though, indeed, her face changed not a wit. But he who would read Cleopatra's mind had need to watch her eyes, for her countenance varied but a little. Turning she saw some one of her guards. Then she turned away and, leaning to her, while all the multitude waited silently to see me slain.

I stood before her, my arms folded on my breast. Overcome though I was by the wonder of her loveliness, I hated in my heart, this woman who dared to clothe herself in the dress of Isis—the usurper who sat upon my throne, this wanton squandering the wealth of Egypt in chariots and perfumes. When she had looked me over from the head to the foot she spoke in a low, full voice and in the tongue of Khem, which she alone had learned of all the lands:

"And who and what art thou, Egyptian—for Egyptian I see thee art—who darrest to smite my slave when I make progress through my city?"

"I am Harmachis," I answered, boldly.

"Harmachis the astrologer, adopted son of the High Priest and Governor of Abouthis, who has come hither to seek my fortune. I smote thy slave, O Queen, because for no fault he struck down the woman yonder. Ask of those who saw, Royal Egypt."

"Harmachis!" she said, "the same hath a high sound—and thou hast a high look." And then speaking to a soldier who had seen all, she bade him tell her what had come to pass. This he did truthfully, being friendly disposed toward me, because I had overcome the Nubian. Thence she turned and spoke with the girl bearing the fan who stood beside her—a woman having striking hair and dark eyes, very beautiful to see. The girl answered sweetly: "Then Cleopatra bade them bring the slave to her. He lay led forward the giant, who had found his breath again, and with him the woman whom he had smitten down."

"Thou dost," she said, in the same low voice; "thou dost who, being strong, didst smite down the woman, and, being a coward, wast overthrown of this young man. See, then, I will teach thee manners. Henceforth, when thou smitest women, it shall be with thy left arm. No, guards, smite this black coward and strike off his right hand."

And her command given, she sank back in her golden chariot, and again the clouds gathered in her eyes. But the guards seized the giant, and, notwithstanding his cries and prayers for mercy, struck off his hand with a sword upon the wood of the scaffolding, and he was carried away groaning. Thence the procession moved on again. As it went the fair women with the fan toward her, caught my eye, and smiled and nodded so sweetly that I rejoiced, when I wondered somewhat.

The people cheered also and made jest, saying that I should soon practice astrology in the palace. But as soon as we might I and my uncle coupled, and made our way back to the house. All the while he rated me for my rashness; but when we came within the chamber of the house he embraced me and rejoiced greatly, because with so little hurt to myself I had overthrown the giant.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Venom of Serpents.

The venom of the rattlesnake has been frequently made the subject of study, and while its action as a poison has been generally conceded, some writers have endeavored to prove its efficiency as a drug. Burgess L. A. Wadell, M. D., has recently been availing himself of his opportunities as a deputy sanitary commissioner in Brazil to determine a priori, and what it would seem that much uncertainty existed—the curious question of the effect of serpent venom on the separate themselves. The experiments generally confirm and extend the principles formulated by Fontana, in 1795, that the venom is neither a poison to the snake itself, nor to those of its own species. This immunity may result from a liberation established through frequent intoxication of the venom in the modified or attenuated form which it assumes when fixed with salivary and gastric juices, and absorbed through the alimentary canal. If this hypothesis can be verified by further experiments, it will go far toward affording indications for combating the action of the venom on man.—N. Y. Ledger.

Wholes to India.

There are 6,000,000 widows in India, and so the majority of marriages take place under ten, the greater part of these women become widows as children. A Hindu widow can never marry again, even if her husband dies before the ceremony of marriage. If she is betrothed she is considered to be widowed, but the rest of her life. As a widow she must give up all the pleasures of the world. She must never wear any jewelry, never sleep on a bed, and for the rest of her life she becomes the care of her mother-in-law's family. She sits by herself and weeps for her own loss.

"Dharma, what do you think is the matter with my little boy?" "Why, it's only a rare-rared disease, mumps—nothing to worry you about from the germ of the animal refrigerator, producing a prodigious amount of vermin, which is the germ of the disease of the mental profanity." "Ah, that's what I told Betsy, but she said it was wrong."

My stomach and digestive organs were in a chronic state of disorder and my liver and bowels so torpid at times that I had to resort to the most drastic cathartics, which would always leave me in a dejected condition. I suffered from general debility and my whole system became deranged. Much weakness and violent cramps in my stomach were common, as also frequent attacks of epilepsy, and no woman suffered from the weakness of our sex as I did. I was under treatment of several physicians and also used a much advertised hepatoplastic without any real benefit, but instead my health became worse. I resolutely committed to try Bull's Terapeutic. The first dose convinced me it was stronger than any other and I felt a warmth through my whole system. Before I had finished the first lot I began to improve. I have only taken five bottles, and now my appetite is splendid, my bowels regular, and my disposition as good as I could wish. It has done for me and other troubles have ceased and I am better than I have been for ten years.—Mrs. J. Cook, Mt. Vernon, Ind.

What is the boasted liberty of the press?

A paper may not be sold in the streets of grammatical errors without being headed over the coals for 100—Hingham Journal.

A way who has practiced medicine for 42 years, ought to know what sugar is, read what he says:

Mrs. F. J. CHERRY & Co.—Boston.—I have been in the general practice of medicine for most of 42 years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with so much confidence of cure as I can find in a certain cure made by you. Have prescribed it a great many times and its effect is wonderful, and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of catarrh that it would not cure if the remedy be taken according to directions. Yours Truly, F. J. CHERRY, M. D., Office, 215 Monument St.

Be not deceived by cheap imitations:

We will give \$100 for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured with Bull's Terapeutic Cure. Taken Internally. F. J. CHERRY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists.

The nervous liability of brides and grooms can be made explained, and it is natural for contracting parties to have a shrinking manner.—Baltimore American.

Comment on a happy curer.

TOBACCO.—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their names and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. HIGGINS, M. D., 181 Park Street, New York.

Be not deceived by cheap imitations:

We moved here recently and the druggist did not have any Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers, but when I said I would have any other he said he would get some for five days, and so he did. I know what Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers will do, and will not give my children any other.—Mrs. J. B. Blair, Boston, Cal.

What nonsense it is to say a man is "cloned to be killed."

When a man is becoming infirm it is quite against his inclination.—Boston Transcript.

No war has ever been initiated as much as Dubious Electric Soap.

The market is full of imitations. Be careful that you are not deceived. J. J. HARRIS, Philadelphia and New York. It is stamped on every bar.

Don't mistake that advertisement for midlets are in every small business.—Texas Sit-ings.

When purgative remedies are fast getting way to the gentle action and mild effects of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

If you try them, they will certainly please you.

When a Prohibitionist goes out to paint the town he does it in water colors.—Sing-hamton Republican.

The Transit.—Brewer's Brewed Procter's act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat.

The average water holds a lay, but the boarder generally finds him playing the deuce.—Hinghamton Leader.

Cure Catarrh and Bronchitis with Hall's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

It is a very strong minded man who can have a hot head and not have the influence.—Granville Herald.

Third who wish to practice economy should buy Carter's Little Liver Pills. Forty pills in the bottle only one pill a dose.

Accepter appointed in the Pitt's position for contempt of court.—Pitt.

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100 Dozen One Dollar Intelligent Dealers will notice that Tutt's Pills

Sold by all druggists. It is the only Sarsaparilla prepared only by C. C. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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

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and is a disease that is
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that is a sign of the approach
of old age. It is a disease
that is a sign of the approach
of old age. It is a disease
that is a sign of the approach
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