

A Precious Stone in High Favor.

A precious stone which at the present time is very valuable, because it is the stone of the hour, is the peridot, or "evening emerald." It is a lovely stone, with its exquisite shades of transparent green, the best suggestion of whose hue is the effect produced by looking at the light through a delicate leaf. Jewelers say that the peridot is a species of olivine, of the same class as the beryl, aquamarine and the topaz, and that it is in fact the ancient "topazion," otherwise known as chrysolite. It is found in Egypt, Ceylon and Brazil, good crystals being exceedingly rare. Of the various shades of green olive, leaf, pistachio, or leek, the clear leaf green is the most admired.

Of all these precious stones the peridot is the most difficult to polish. The final touch is given on a copper wheel moistened with sulphuric acid, a process which requires the greatest care, for if dipped into the acid the stone has the peculiarity of becoming soluble. Sometimes it is cut in rose form, or like a carbuncle, but it is better and more valuable when worked in small steps, as the brilliance is thus increased.

Owing to the quality of softness the peridot has been considered of little value, but now that it is the fashion fabulous prices are charged for the stone.—Montreal Star.

Ten Thousand Miles or Thirty.

It matters not which, may subject you to sea sickness on the "briny deep." Whether you are a yachtsman, an ocean traveler, out for a day or two's fishing on the salt water, or even an inland tourist in feeble health, you ought to be provided with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a valuable remedy for nausea, colic, rheumatism, nervousness and sick headache. Lay in an adequate supply.

Ants Keep Cows.

There are other ways in which ants are like us, though their bodies are so different from ours.

They have stables under the ground in which they keep—guess what?—tiny green plant lice, like those mama will show you on her rosebush. The right name for these little things is "aphis." The stable ants take care of them and bring them bits of tender green leaves to eat.

The aphis is the ants' cow. It does not give exactly the same kind of milk that we drink, but the ants are very fond of what it does give. We call it honey dew. When an ant wants some he touches the aphis in a certain place and the aphis gives a tiny bit of honey.

This seems to me a wonderful thing, and makes me feel as if the ants were in some way related to us. Perhaps as nearly as third cousins. Indeed, the more we watch each little live thing, the more we find that each has something about it like us. Everything is a nice part of the lovely, useful world in which we live.

E. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures everyone that takes it." Sold by Druggists, etc.

Three Eyes a Day.

Cassell's Saturday Magazine: It is a fallacy to suppose that people who wear cork legs and glass eyes are indifferent to their personal appearance. They are often vainier than ordinary individuals. A rich man, for instance, who is obliged to wear an artificial eye, will wear three different eyes every day—an eye for morning, when the pupil is not very large; an eye for noon, when the pupil is smaller, and an eye for evening, when the pupil has extended to its full size. A dealer in artificial eyes, who gave this information, said he made about an equal proportion of glass eyes for men and women. Some people keep quite a stock in their possession; in fact no fewer than twelve eyes have been made for one individual within three years. His son had got one made from measurement, and that eye fitted so perfectly that the old gentleman, in an outburst of gratitude, wrote off for eleven other eyes.

A Use for Marines.

Pearson's Weekly: Miss Inland (to old salt, who is showing the party over the flagship)—"And what are those soldiers on board ship for?"

Bo'sun's Mate—"Them? Oh, them's the marines, mum."

Miss Inland—"Marines? And what are they for?"

Papa Inland—"Don't ask so many foolish questions, Mary Ellen. Every boy knows those gentlemen are employed by the government for the sailors to tell stories to."

A man was photographed in Georgia while dangling at the end of a rope.

Don't be a saint in church and a heathen on the street car.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



CHAPTER VIII

Mr. Brown had obediently taken from the depths of a convenient pocket a bundle of gloves, which combined a rainbow of delicate tints, varying from violet, lemon color, the blue of a robin's egg, to velvety black, and the owner bestowed her gift with careless good humor.

Left alone, after murmuring some confused words of thanks, Dolores contemplated her first pair of fresh gloves with an ecstasy of feminine contentment impossible to describe. How beautiful they were, of a texture like a roseleaf! How deliciously they were scented with some unfamiliar perfume, which may have represented the first, subtle odor of a perfected refinement of civilization to the awakening senses of the girl! She seated herself with the poodle on her lap, stripped off the old gloves ungratefully, casting them down at her feet, and assumed the new ones.

Then she rose, and glanced about her, irresolutely. Unfamiliar with the mansion, she sought Lieut. Curzon on every side, with her glance. He had promised to wait for her and conduct her to the ballroom. Tiresome Florio must first be given to grandpapa.

She went on to the next room of the suite, bewildered by her interview with the singer.

In the second apartment a lady had paused to button her glove. She glanced up, recognized Dolores, and came swiftly toward her. She wielded no fairy wand wherewith to further embellish the poor, little maiden admitted to this paradise of



"THIS IS YOUR WAY OUT."

revelry. Instead, her blue eyes dwelt with an expression of wounding disapproval on the flimsy, pink ribbon encircling the golden-brown throat, and the coarse texture of the dress. The glance was one to coldly discern defects in other women rather than charms.

Miss Ethel Symthe, in a robe of pure, white silk, subtly interwoven with glittering silver, which shone like diamond dust scattered over snow, inspired fear, a chilling dread in the soul of Dolores, as she looked at her. Why? What had she done amiss? The irrefragable flash of jealousy and irritation in the blue eyes of Diana may have been the annihilating ray launched at a rival, the obstacle in the path, since the day of Queen Eleanor and the fair Rosamund. Miss Symthe had not failed to remark the folly of mankind, as evinced by Capt. Blake, and even the Ancient Mariner. Capt. Fillingham, in lingering near the Phœnician of the tableau. The anxiety and abstraction of Arthur Curzon had inspired in her secret uneasiness and suspicion. Where had he found Dolores? Why was she so solicitous about her pose and accessories in the scene? Fate having delivered the innocent culprit into her hands, this daughter of her century decided to dispose of her in summary fashion.

"Good-bye," she said with a haughty bow. "You are going away now, I suppose. Mrs. Griffith is too busy to see you again, I fancy, but it does not signify, as I am here."

The radiant face of Dolores clouded, and she recoiled a step. She was expected to go away instead of dancing. The words, look, and manner of Miss Symthe pierced her heart, as the blow of a whip might have stung her cheek. "I am not leaving yet," she stammered. "There is to be a ball."

Miss Symthe elevated her eyebrows, and bit her lip. She knew that the Grand Duke had expressed a wish to dance the next quadrille with the Phœnician. She was aware that Arthur Curzon loitered in an adjacent corridor to claim his partner. Rage and bitterness filled the soul of the young lady of many seasons.

"You are mistaken," she said, in such cutting accents that the listener winced instinctively. "You do not know about such matters, of course," with another disdainful glance at the pink gown and ribbon. "You were asked to share in the tableau. Mrs. Griffith gives the ball to her friends."

"Then why was I invited at all?" cried poor Dolores, piteously.

"Men will always make a fool of you, if you allow it," said Diana. "This is your way out. You will find your grandpapa yonder." She pointed to a door, and waited to see Dolores depart with a marked impatience that brooked no appeal.

Surprised, dismayed, and not a little aggrieved, the girl would have caught at any straw of delay, had such detraction offered. Her pride flamed up suddenly, and she departed swiftly, stifling tears.

Miss Symthe rebuked her other glove, glided behind a screen of plants, thus adroitly avoiding Arthur Curzon, and entered the ballroom with a smile on her rosy lips.

Dolores, with head lowered, and clasping her dog, ran into Capt. Blake, who started forward at her approach from the court.

"Where are you going?" he demanded, extending his hand.

"I am to go away," replied Dolores, in a faint voice, placing her little, trembling hand in his grasp, and looking up at him appealingly and sorrowfully.

"The little witch!" thought the soldier, with a pleasurable quickening of pulsation in the region of the heart, beneath his red jacket. "I never saw such eyes in my life."

He had placed himself in ambush to await her approach, for he had reasoned that she must bring her dog to her grandfather before dancing. He was moved by the complex motive of admiration of her beauty, curiosity as to who she was and a desire to thwart the sailor.

"Going away without dancing with me?" he exclaimed aloud. "That will never do."

"The lady—I mean Diana—said I was to go away now. Oh, I am so disappointed!" confessed Dolores, bending her head still lower to hide the threatening tears.

"You must not mind Miss Symthe. She is not the mistress of this house," said the gallant captain, in soothing accents.

Dolores dried her eyes with a quizzical expression. In the game of experience Miss Symthe had thrown the shuttlecock of dire warning that men would make a fool of Dolores, and here was the first man met by the girl afterward, tossing back the refutation, in unconscious vindication of his sex, possibly by admonishing her to beware of Miss Symthe.

Lieut. Curzon waited impatiently, now pausing near the door of the dressing room where Dolores had betaken herself to change her stage costume, and again pacing the length of colonnade.

The opening quadrille of honor was over. The new singer, Melita, invited for the occasion, had rendered successfully a brilliant, operatic aria, with innumerable bird-like trills and quavers, substituting as an encore an odd and sad little Russian song in a minor key. Still Dolores did not come. The young officer was vaguely aware that girls require an unconscious time for their toilet. He was too large of soul to notice the frock of Dolores, if he thought of it at all. He was determined to give her the pleasure of dancing at a real ball, and well-of dancing with her. Still she did not come. The blood coursed more quickly in his veins. He paced about restlessly. Perhaps some accident had happened to her. The admiration bestowed on her beauty in the tableaux inspired in him as much distrust as satisfaction. He would seek the grandfather. Why had he not done so before? He paused suddenly at the sight of Capt. Blake approaching, with Dolores on his arm.

The captain thoroughly enjoyed the situation. Miss Ethel Symthe, who had slighted him on several occasions in favor of Lieut. Curzon, wished to banish Dolores. He would make the latter dance all the evening, if possible, in consequence. Besides, he found it very agreeable to pour flatteries into the unsophisticated ear of his companion. He held a card, and was writing down his own name for a number of dances, Dolores observing him with puzzled attention meanwhile.

She recognized Lieut. Curzon, withdrew her hand from the arm of her escort, and ran toward him, with a joyous exclamation. "I am glad to see you again," she said, simply. "I was going away, only Capt. Blake stopped me. He has been so kind," with a light gesture, caressing and grateful, toward her late companion. "I may stay?"

Dolores glanced from one to the other in sudden misgiving of her reception in that great world of ballroom beyond, where reigned Miss Ethel Symthe in her robe sparkling with silver.

Capt. Blake laughed. "Oh, the women!" he said. "He uttered a few sentences of explanation in the ear of Lieut. Curzon, and laughed again. The other listened with an expression of surprise and anger, while a steely light shone in his eyes, and the lines about his lips tightened visibly.

"Here is your card, Miss Dealtry," added the son of Mars, gaily, concealing any vexation the intrusion of Lieut. Curzon on his tete-a-tete might have occasioned him. "Do not forget your engagements with me."

"Oh, no," replied Dolores, smiling, and attaching the card to her fan by the silver cord.

The next moment her features darkened.

"I hate her!" she whispered, fiercely. "Oh, how she has made me suffer!"

Evidently she had heard and comprehended the words of Capt. Blake. "What does it matter?" said Arthur Curzon. "Nobody shall cheat us of our dance, Dolores. You do not hate me, little bird?" He would have deemed his tone sentimental, even lachrymose, in another man.

She lifted her flower-like face, as if inviting a caress, all softness and alluring sweetness in smile and dimple. "How could I ever hate you?" she questioned.

He looked at her in silence. She was there under his protection, but surely some emotion deeper, more subtle, blended of pain and bliss, than the chivalrous sentiment of the gentleman and the sailor, was awakening in his nature.

Already the orchestra breathed forth the first notes of Strauss' Swallow Waltz, in which the listener feels the poisoning of the bird on fluttering wing before launching into wide circles of flight.

Lieut. Curzon led his partner to the ballroom, and had already clasped his arm around her slender waist, when the message of the Grand Duke was communicated to her. Was Dolores surprised or pleased, tasting a first triumph? Her color went and came quickly, still she did not attempt to withdraw her hand from that of Arthur Curzon, even to listen.

"Shall I accept?" she inquired, archly.

"Yes."

The couple glided away into the midst of the dancers, leaving Mrs. Griffith disturbed and displeased by so much audacity and coquetry!

Was it a mere waltz, after all, the brief span of time when society accorded these two the privilege of obeying the rhythm of the music, and the rose in her hair brushing his lips, and her light form obeying every impulse of his guiding and encircling arm? Both forgot the Grand Duke, the ball, mere external circumstances. They were alone in a world of life and radiance, moving through space, almost without personal volition, attuned to the strains of delightful harmonies.

In the sailor's instinctive yielding to the spell of a waltz measure it was apparent that the sea had been his dancing master, and the wind his musician, imparting buoyancy alike to pulse and limb. In his zest of enjoyment he more closely resembled the Frenchman, or the Italian, than the average young Briton, who stalks gloomily through the mazes of the modern dance.

As for Dolores, the blood of her race asserted the right of agility and lightness, spruening the trammels of ordinary instruction in the terpsichorean art. The pupils of the convent school had danced together, during hours of play, as they had laughed or sung. Dolores had often been their leader, but such rudimentary practice of steps could not explain the innate grace of her movements in the Swallow Waltz. Other forms mingled and separated about her in giddy circles, and the waves of soft draperies broke over without submerging her in the folds of silken gauze, shot with variegated colors, the rich bloom of velvet, golden and peach-tinted tissues. Once she was confronted by the calm face of Miss Symthe, making a turn of the dances with the Grand Duke, and again the singer Melita gave her a friendly, half-amused nod of the head in passing.

All too soon the music ceased to resound, and Dolores found herself on a terrace softly lighted with tinted lamps placed amid masses of palms and ferns.

"I am to dance with the Grand Duke next, I suppose," suggested this southern daughter of Eve, glancing up at her companion through her long and silky eyelashes.

"Will that give you pleasure?"

"I don't know. Perhaps I am a little afraid. I wish our waltz had lasted longer."

"I wish it had lasted forever, Dolores."

Calm reason no longer guided Arthur Curzon, even a clear perception of the reality of things was merging in the intoxication of the hour. The Swallow Waltz of the magician Strauss still palpitated through his frame and hummed in his ears. He took her card, scrutinized it with severity, and erased the name of Capt. Blake with a lofty, masculine unconcern of

all rivals. This high-handed measure was calculated to arouse indignation in the breast of the most tame-spirited cavalier, and could only have been satisfactorily adjusted among continental nations by the alloying of hot blood by means of cold steel.

"You must keep the engagement with the Prince, but afterward you belong to me. Do you understand?" he said, authoritatively.

"Yes," assented Dolores, with sweet docility.

Capt. Fillingham quitted a group of gentlemen to accost the young people. His eyes beamed on them through his spectacles with a benevolent and speculative interest. He wore on his breast a formidable array of decorations, including the China, Turkish and Kaffir war medals, and the Swedish Naval Cross of Merit.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



"BOTH FORGOT THE GRAND DUKE."

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Royal Baking Powder
Highest of all in leavening strength.—
Latest U. S. Government Food Report.
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Japan and the Cotton Trade.

One of the consequences of the new relations between Japan and China, it is predicted, will be that the British and American cotton industry will be injured by rapid development of cotton manufacturing in Japan. But to make our operatives accept 50 cents for the dollar in their wages will avert the predicted shrinkage would not seem intelligible to any but an incurable fanatic. For an American workman to subsist on half rations is not an immediate economic necessity, nor is it ever going to be. There are other trades to turn to when cotton manufacturing for export declines. Meanwhile, moreover, domestic demand is bound to increase.—Chicago Times-Herald.

GRASS IS KING: 6 TON PER ACRE.

Sow grass; that is the foundation of all successful farming. Sow this fall! Did you ever hear of six tons per acre? Salzer's seeds produce such yields. Wheat 60 to 80 bushels! Rye 60 bushels! Cut this out and send for free samples of wheat and grass and fall cat-talogue to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. (W.N.U.)

A Queer Journey.

Various towns in Washington county saw a curious expedition in progress last week. A man and woman, both well along in years, were trudging steadily along the country roads, the man pushing a wheelbarrow with what appeared to be bedding, his wife bringing up the rear, carrying a lunch wrapped in a red handanna. They occasionally halted by the roadside, brewed and partook of the cup that "cheers but not inebriates," then filled their pipes and had a social smoke. They claimed to have walked from St. John, and were coming to Bangor looking for work. They seemed to be contented with their lot, and to feel as though their lines had fallen in pleasant places.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.

Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Tender or Sore Feet, Chilblains, Piles, &c. C. G. Clark Co., New Haven, Ct.

The Wise Maiden.

An Ohio man who is being sued for breach of promise makes the defense that he proposed and was accepted on Sunday, and that according to the laws of his state contracts made on Sunday are not legally binding. If this defense is held by the court to be good, future courtships in Ohio will proceed about in this way:

The Wise Maiden—I cannot consider your offer today. If you are in earnest repeat it tomorrow, and perhaps I may give you the answer you wish.

The Suitor—But why not today? Why will you keep me in suspense?

The Wise Maiden—This is Sunday, you know. I don't intend to get left on any future breach-of-promise suit by entering into a Sunday contract.—Buffalo Express.

Tobacco-Weakened Resolutions.

Nerves irritated by tobacco, always craving for stimulants, explains why it is so hard to SWAK OFF. No-Fit is the only guaranteed tobacco-habit cure because it acts directly on affected nerve centers, cures nervous irritation, prevents dizziness and healthy, refreshing sleep. Many gain 10 pounds in 10 days. You run no risk. No-Tobacco is sold and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

English Muffins.

One quart flour, one-half teaspoonful sugar, one teaspoonful salt, two large teaspoonfuls baking powder, one and one-quarter pints milk. Sift together flour, sugar, salt and powder; add milk, and mix into smooth batter, trifle stiffer than for griddle cakes. Have griddle heated regularly all over, grease it and lay on muffin rings, half fill them and when risen well up to top of rings turn over gently with cake turner. They should not be too brown, just a buff color. When all cooked, pull each open in half, toast delicately, butter well, serve on folded napkin, piled high and very hot.

"I have tried Parker's Glycer Tonic and believe in it." It is a mother and so will you say when familiar with its revitalizing properties.

If there is any dog in a man it is sure to growl when his food is not to his taste.

The wise can learn something from the mistakes of a fool.

Just how it does it is not the question. It is enough to know that Henderson's takes out the corns and a very pleasing result. It is at druggists.

Minnesota has a variety of wolves which so closely resemble the Siberian wolf that many people believe they came from that country.

Cast-steel billiard balls are in use in Sweden. They are made hollow, so that their weight is about the same as that of ivory balls.

The Angler's Paradise.

Northern Wyoming holds out very rare inducements to the summer vacationist, particularly if he be of a sporting turn of mind. Its streams teem with the gamiest, greediest trout that ever rose to a fly. Four pounds are not infrequently and several fish weighing over six pounds have been brought to bank.

The fishing waters are so extensive and so accessible that it is not even necessary to go to the trouble of making preliminary enquiries about them. Just purchase a round trip ticket to Sheridan and place yourself after arrival in the hands of one of the numerous capable guides who make their headquarters there. He will "do the rest."

J. Francis, the general passenger agent of the Burlington Route at Omaha, Neb., will take pleasure in promptly answering letters asking for information about the cost of tickets, best way to reach Sheridan, etc.

The world pays more for pleasure than it does for bread.



Cabled Field and Hog Fence,

Steel Web Picket Lawn Fence, etc. Quality first class. PRICES LOW. Catalogue FREE. De Kalb Fence Co., 121 High St., De Kalb, Ill.

Don't Take the Earth. Wheelmen are on the high wave of popular favor just now, but they should not demand the earth. They should permit those who do not ride the bicycle to live, or at least share the ozone in a restricted way. The humble worm will turn, and if they do not grant the pedestrian some rights he may arise in his might and demand them.

Make Your Own Bitters! On receipt of 30 cents in U. S. stamps, I will send to any address one package Stokette's Dry Bitters. One package makes one gallon best tonic known. Cures stomach, kidney diseases, and is a great appetizer and blood purifier. Just the medicine needed for spring and summer. See at your drug store. Address Geo. G. Stokette, Grand Rapids, Mich.

An Optical Delusion. Mrs. Hammond—"Mrs. Hasheroff has bragged again today about her keeping hoards so long."

Mrs. Forawee—"She don't really keep them long. She keeps them so thin that they look longer than they really are."—Indianapolis Journal.

Tobacco Chewing Dog.

Supt. McAlvey has a little English mastiff pup, eight months old and weighing 135 pounds that has developed an abnormal appetite for tobacco. He acquired this taste for it by watching Amos chew no doubt, and he is never happier than when he is given a "chaw." He chews and spits like any other man and has never yet been sick. His tobacco habit is a very expensive one and he will be given a treatment of No-to-tack in the hope of curing him.—Crawfordsville Argus News.

There are said to be over 3,000,000 deities in the Hindoo mythology.

In France there are far more female than male bicyclists.

I believe Fiso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—MRS. ALLIE DOUGLASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, 94.

Immersion in sand, mud or water preserves wood for many centuries.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth. Be sure and use that old and well tried remedy, MRS. WASSLOW'S SCORPION SYRUP for Children Teething.

The right kind of goodness is sure to be good for something.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The poor have a thousand joys that the rich know nothing about.

FITS—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Williams' Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after the first day's use. Barrelocure. Treat and get relief in 10 days. Fit cases. Send to Dr. Williams' Medical Dispensary, 200 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

When we go out to meet trouble we never have a long walk.

Billiard table, second-hand, for sale cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. Axtel, 511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

Estes Park, Colorado. Sixty-five miles northwest of Denver and reached by a two hours ride by rail through twenty miles by stage is Estes Park, one of the most delightful retreats it is possible to imagine. Year by year its attractions become more widely known and each succeeding season witnesses a larger influx of summer visitors who find in the sublime scenery out-of-door life that is there the real just what their systems most need and they themselves most enjoy. The fishing in Estes Park is unequalled in Colorado. Shady nooks of comfort and the hotel's cottages and camping facilities are all that can be desired.

A copy of a little book containing all the information about Estes Park one requires will be mailed to any address on application to J. Frank Is. E. & T. A. Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb.

Worry and the grave digger get on well together.

You can carry the little vial of Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets right in the vest-pocket of your dress suit, and it will not make even a little lump. The "Pellets" are so small that 42 to 44 of them go in a vial scarcely more than an inch long, and as big round as a lead pencil. They cure constipation.

One "Pellet" is a laxative; two a mild cathartic. One taken after dinner will stimulate digestive action and palliate the effects of over-eating. They act with gentle efficiency on stomach, liver and bowels. They don't make you work themselves lives. They simply stimulate the natural action of the organs themselves.

WELL MACHINERY. Illustrated catalogue showing WELLS, ATGERS, ROCK DRILLS, HYDRAULIC AND JETTING MACHINES. SENT FREE. Have been tested and all warranted. Sioux City Engine & Iron Works. Successors to Peck Mfg. Co., Sioux City, Iowa.

DENISON JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Patent Office. 875 a last war. Gooding Claims, etc.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. Fractures, etc. Box 246, Rochester, N. Y.