

gest well, appetite poor, bowels constipated, tongue coated. It's your liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills, easy and safe. They cure dyspepsia, biliousness. 25c. All Druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE Whiskers

Sale of a Kiss.

A pretty story is told of a fascinating English actress, whose name is not mentioned. Being desirous of assist ing a certain charity in the provinces, she offered a kiss to be put up to auction. The bidding was brisk and had advanced in three leaps from two gui. master?" neas to thirty, when, without further parley, the round sum of eight hundred pounds was offered. There being no higher bid, the kiss was knocked down by the auctioneer to a colonel in one of our line regiments, who came forward to meet the blushing young lady. But to the surprise of all present, the colonel introduced a dear little fairhaired boy, explained that it was his grandson's fifth birthday, and that he had acquired the kiss as a birthday gift for him, whereupon the actress took the child in her arms and discharged her debt with interest. The charity, a bed, and when I wake up I thought I'd local one, in which the colonel took a keen interest, was the richer by eight out de lights in de hall. You see, I knowhundred pounds for the granddad's ed, unc' Duke had gone to bed, so I passed generous whim.

Washing Day in Madrid.

Ten thousand women souse and beat the linen of Madrid in the scant waters of the Manzauares every day. Not an article of clothing is elsewhere washed. No other than these Manzanares laven- he head was too black and short. I was have many lady friends here in her troudown the stream they work in groups. Each lavandera brings her own huge roll of bread, and perhaps a bit of cheese; and just before noon they breakfast in great wooden sheds on salt fish, potatoes and coffee, with a measure of red wine, duplicating this meal as a dinner at four in the afternoon. They eat like animals, and the moment their food is disposed of the tinkle of the guitar is heard, and any kindly disposed passer may dance with them until the thirty minutes allowed them for food and amusement have expired. On these occasions everyone dances, girls of eighteen and women of eighty, and the scenes along Manzanares are very picturesque and interest-

Knowledge Came Handy.

One day during Dr. Newman Hall's pastorate of a church in Yorkshire, be was chatting with a farmer about the best method of self-defense when attacked by a savage dog.

"Take off your hat and hold it in must have committed this murder." front of you," advised the farmer. "The dog will at once bite the rim. Then kick violently under your hat, and the distance being exactly that of your leg, the toe of your boot will strike the lower jaw of the dog, who will at once go off in gmeat pain."

at him. There was no refuge near. He had no stick. He remembered his lesson. In an instant the dog rushed howling round the field, and the grand old dissenter, with a slight wound in his hat, went his way .- Youth's Com-

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKEAM NO. 78,465]

"I was a sufferer from female weakness. Every month regularly as the menses came, I suffered dreadful pains in uterus, ovaries

were affected and

had leucorrhosa.

PERIODS OF SUFFERING **GIVE PLACE** TO PERIODS OF JOY

left me very weak. A year ago I was taken with flooding and almost wonders how I ever lived.

died. The doctor even gave me up and

"I wrote for Mrs. Pinkham's advice at Lynn, Mass, and took her medicine and began to get well. I took several bottles of the Compound and used the Sanative Wash, and can truly say that I am cured. You would hardly know me, I am feeling and looking so well. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me what I am."-MRs. J. F. STRETCH, 461 MECHANIC ST., CAMDEN, N. J.

How Mrs. Brown Was Helped.

"I must tell you that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than any doctor.

"I was troubled with irregular menstruation. Last summer I began the use of your Vegetable Compound, and after taking two bottles, I have been regular every month since. I recommend your medicine to all."-MRS. MAGGIE A. BROWN, WEST PT. PLEASANT, N. J.

A Case of Sec-Saw. Lady-Here! you promised to saw some wood if I gave you something

Tramp (from Besten)-Your indis criminate the of the English language is positively painful, madam. I have fulfilled my obligation to the letter, inasmuch as I saw the wood immediately after finishing my dessert while gazing in the direction of the wood pile, Bon jour, madam.



CHAPTER V. "Who has the key to the attic of the

house?" asked the detective, when they had descended from the piazza. "Miss Hattie, master; she asked me for

t yesterday morning." "Is there more than one?"

"No, master, only de one." "Come 'round here on the east side of the house. Is that you, Calban?" "Yes, Mars Lang, it's Calban."

"No one has left the house, save those you know?"

"Mo. Mars Lang. "Now, Hannah, who murdered your

"I don't know that, Mars Lang." "You do know who rang the door bell; but do you mean when Robert Campbell sounded it?

"No, Mars Lang, no. I diden know Mars Robert was in de house till after I heard de bell; but he must have been, for it was he that went to de door, and not five minutes after, when I went to de door of de library, dar he stood, with de bloody knife in his hand, and Mars Herman 'cusing a word, you understand, to anyone of our him of murderin' master."

"Was that the first you knew of his be-

ing in the house?" "Wait, Mars Lang. I had been dozin' in de kitchen. Millie had gone upstairs to see if ole master had gone to bed, and put through the dining room and out into the hall. Somehow, I happen to look up. I spose I was lookin' at de hangin' lamp; but I seed someone standin' on de stairs, about five steps down. Da had on a long white night gown. At first, I thought it was Miss Hattie; but then I seed it was too tall and big for her, and de hatr on sleep alone. Your young mistress will deras are permitted to labor as laun- jest about to speak when de person on de ble. Keep Millie as near you as you can. dresses, and for three miles up and stairs bent ober, sideways like, and reach- Good-night." ed out one arm, and wid de hand seized hole of de wire dat leads to de bell at de lower end of de hall and pulled it. He pulled it several times, and as he was bent ober, I saw his face."

"It was the face of Herman Craven?" "Yes, Mars Lang, and he was as white as death. I diden know what to do. A tremblin' seized me, and I was that skeered I lak to fell down. Suddenly, I heard than he do hisself.' ole master's voice, and someone started for de door from de library. I thought it was ole master. Mars Herman had dodged back upstairs, and I ran through de dining room and into de kitchen."

"Then you did not see Herman Craven descend the stairs?"

"No, Mars Lang. Mars Herman was in his night shirt, and he ran back after he had pulled de bell wire."

"Did he see you, Hannah?" "I can't be certain; but I don't think he

did, Mars Lang.' "If he did, your life may be in peril, not that he would fear your testimony, but that you might give me information. You must be on your guard, and wat

him closely. You must never be alone-

never leave the house by yourself. He "How could he, Mrs. Lang? I haden been back in de kitchen no time when I heard a groan. I ran back to de dinin' room door, and was standin' there tremfront door and run in. He was bare-

blin', when Mars Robert pushed open de headed, and I dodged back, as he entered de library door. The next thing I heard The very next day Dr. Hall was his cry: 'Help! Murder!' then I hear Mars crossing a field when a fierce dog ran | Herman knock on Miss Hattie's door and call her, and saw them come down stairs together." Robert Campbell, you say, pushed open

the front door and ran in? It must have been unfastened, then." "The door was standin' ajar, Mars Lang, lak he left it, when he went out to see who was dar."

"Then you do not think Herman descended the stairs after you saw him pulling the wire, until after the murder had been committed?"

"No, Mars Lang, he hadn't time." "Do you know when Herman entered

the house to-night?" "No, but I know he was in de library, and I was in de dinin' room, when he pass-I had my children ed through de hall and went up to bed."

"How long was this before he pulled the very fast and it "Oh, a long time, Mars Lang, before I

was dozin'-perhaps an hour." your master and Herman were quarreling

"No. Mars Lang. Ole master nebber quarrel. He say what he mean, but he nebber quarrel, and I heard no loud voices "Help! Murder!"

Suddenly he said: "You know, Hannah, that it would not have taken Herman Craven long to run down the stairs, strike that blow and dash up them again.'

flown stairs when de bell sounded, and hid The banker is murdered, the bag of coin door. He didn't run up after that."

the murderer of your master he was down will tell; and now for the grieving mother stairs at the time you heard that groan." and sister of the innocent victim of cir-"He couldn't have been, Mars Lang. Mars Herman is not the murderer of sle strides the floor of a cell in the county master."

"Why did he pull the wire and sound ! the bell? He must have known that Rob- dence on Walnut street. ert was in the house, and it must have been for the purpose of calling him to the

"Either he or old master, Mars Lang. He must have thought I had gone to bed.' "Yes, either Campbell or your master. dispel your agonizing-fears, and ere long, You say that when you finally advanced I trust, restore to you your son and brothto the library door Robert was standing er." And he rang the door bell. with the bloody knife in his hand?"

"Yes, and right over ole master's body, as though he had just pulled the blade from his breast. There was blood on his hand and sleeve, and horror on his face. | the detective was well known, opened the boy. I think there are many such boys

murderer, but Mars Robert did not kill ole master. He was not in the house when that blade was driven to his heart and I heard that cry."

"Did you see anything of a bag of coin when you entered the library, Hannah?" "Nothing, Mars Lang."

"Has Herman any personal friends, whom he sometimes brings to the house? Young men, probably."

"No, Mars Lang; none have ever accompanied him here.' "Do you think your master had a high

regard for his nephew?" "He take him in when he come to him, Mars Lang, because he was his sister's son; but ole master had no use for his father, who led Miss Mattie a sorry life, and broke her heart before she died. I

"You don't think he would have given him his daughter's hand in marriage?" "Never! He know Miss Hattie love Mars Robert, and I often hear him praise Mars Robert up.'

don't think he had much use for his son."

"Well, that is all to-night, Hannah. Not conversation. If Herman speaks to you, do not seem to doubt the guilt of Robert Campbell. To your mistress, say that I will see her to-morrow. Tell her further, that if she has suspicions, to keep them to herself. I do not think she believes Herman guilty; but she must not seem suspicious of him. She must try and act as though she believed the right party had been apprehended. Tell her that Robert Campbell, though in custody, is under the protecting care of Lang Sellars. Now can you return to the house without your absence having been noted by Herman?"

"Easily, Mars Lang." "Then do so, and watch closely. Do not

"Good-night, Mars Lang," said the negress, and she had started along the side of the house for the rear entrance when the detective called her back.

"Are Adam, the coachman, and Herman on friendly terms?" he asked. "Adam rather see the devil than Mars.

Herman," said the negress. "Mars Herman 'spect more of ole master's niggers "I understand," said Sellars. "That is

all." and as the negress again started off he joined Calban. "You can go home now, Calban," he said. "It must be 3 o'clock in the morn-

"I 'spec it is, Mars Lang," said the negro, as he made off in the darkness.

"Another mystery to unravel," muttered the detective, as he passed out the gate. "Herman Craven's hand must have guided the keen blade of that sheath knife, sure you that in his heart there rests not notwithstanding the fact that Hannah states that it could not have been he. Not a drop of blood on his spotless garments.

at a stain on his white hands, but a mnable one on his guilty conscience. Whether or not he struck the blow, his was the head that planned the murder. He pulled the wire and sounded the bell that for a moment left the coast clear. then recovering in a degree her composure, Campbell was the one man he wished removed from his path. But the bag of coin? Clearly he had a confederate, and that confederate struck the blow and escaped with the coin. Why, Herman had no knowledge of the fact that Campbell was to be there with the coin to pay that note to-night-I mean last night, now-until after he had entered the house and the banker had informed him in the libraryand then he did not know that he would bear with him a bag of coin. Not a living soul witnessed that blow, save the one who struck it-not even Herman Craven -unless, perchance, he struck the blow. Hannah alone saw his blanched face when he pulled that wire, and her oath would not be admissible in a court of justice. Lang Sellars, you have solved some intricate cases. Solve this, and bring the murderer or murderers of Banker De Rosette to justice. Humph! Not a doubt

of it!" the detective exclaimed aloud. "Why," he thought, "I can place my hand, any minute, on the formulator of right to have his power, such as it is, this tragedy. Now for the evidence that will condemn him. Now for the unknown accomplice-if he had one-and the bag of coin. I wonder," he thought, suddenly coming to a full halt, "if I have his full motive. Was this murder planned after "Did you hear loud voices, as though he had arrived at the house last night, and was his sole object to get possession of that money? If so, he had a confederate. sure. He might have ab acted a much his life-work the school numbered over larger sum from the bank. Ah, yes, but four hundred pupils. The schoolmascertain detection would have followed. until I heard Mars Robert's cries of One thing is certain: The object was to get rid of Banker DeRosette. I think For a moment the detective stood there that had been determined in your mind bein the darkness, in thoughtful silence. fore to-night, Herman Craven, and if before to-night, why, then the securing of school work. this bag of coin was no part of your motive; but Robert being there with his bag of coin was a circumstance, though not "I know that, master; but he couldn't counted on, yet to be taken advantage of, have done it. If he had already been and shrewdly the matter was managed. in master's room, or in de library, he disappeared, and the man who stood in the might have had time after Mars Robert | nephew's way is in the custody of Sheriff went to de door to have killed ole master | Cobb-presumably a murderer. And I am | and dashed up de stairs before I heard left to solve the mystery that surrounds that groan and got back to de dining room the taking off of a good man. I wonder if Mr. DeRosette left a will, and what "You forget," said Sellars, "that if he is | that document will reveal? A little time cumstances, who is pacing with anxious

jail." Sellars had reached the widow's resi-

A bright light shone forth from the front windows, and as he stepped on the piazza a low moaning sound reached his ears from within. "Poor souls," he thought, "I will soon

CHAPTER VI.

Roger, an old family servant, to whom Mars Herman denounced him as master's door, and as he saw the tall form of Sel- among you."-Youth's Companion.

lars before him, the exclamation: "Thank God!" fell from his lips.

"Your mistress and her daughter know of the murder, and that Robert is held in custody of the sheriff?"

"Yes, Mars Lang, yes; Sheriff Cobb brought Mars Robert here, before he take him to jail. There was a scene, Mars Lang, a scene, and my old mistress and Miss Jennie is distracted. Dat boy ain't no murderer, Mars Lang. I trot him on my knee when he was a chile, and I oughter know. Rascality don't run in de Campbell blood, Mars Lang." "Tell the ladies I am here, Roger, and

ask them-At this moment the sitting room door opened and Jennie Campbell stepped into the hall, with a handkerchief to her eyes.

"What is it, Roger?" she asked. "One who has called to bid you banish all fear as to any peril your brother may be in because of this sad case," said the detective, as he advanced towards her. "Lang Sellars."

"Oh!" cried Jennie. "The great detective. But-but Robert said that even you believed him guilty of that terrible crime -that you remarked that Sheriff Cobb had apprehended the guilty man. Sure-

ly, surely, sir--"It is sometimes necessary, Miss Jennie, to divert suspicion from the perpetrators of crime, in order that they may deem themselves secure, and in their fancied security to let them rest until they are thoroughly entangled in the network of their own crime, and a chain of evidence be woven about them that will leave no doubt as to their guilt when they are arraigned before a bar of justice. Such a case is this. So, though seemingly I acquiesced in Sheriff Cobb's opinion and approved of your brother's apprehension, I assure you that even then I was fulty aware that he had an innocent man in custody. Robert Campbell was not the

murderer of Alvin DeRosette." "Bless you, sir! Bless you! Your assurance will give my mother comfort that the words of no other could. Not but that she knows Robert to be innocent, but that you, a man whose fame as a detecter of crime, and who, it is said, reads men's lives, their motives and their thoughts, in their eyes and features, as we ordinary people would in a printed book, have pronounced him innocent. Please come to my mother, sir."

"You flatter me, Miss Campbell," said the detective, as he followed her. "I can scarce speak unmerited words of

flattery, sir, of the man who saved the life of Herbert Russell." The mother of Robert Campbell sar

bowed in grief in a rocker near a table ia the center of the room-the most bitter grief she had ever known, for her loved son lay incarcerated in Wilmington jail, and the foul crime of murder was charged against him.

"Mother!" exclaimed her daughter, "here is one who will drive away your agonizing fears, one who will assure you of my brother's innocence."

"If I could have the assurance of one man alone in all this broad land," said the widow, "that he believed my son innocent of a foul crime of which I know him to be not the perpetrator, my heart would be comforted. But alas, he also has condemned my boy. You know of whom I speak, daughter-the great Southern de tective."

"Madam," said Sellars, deeply moved; "he whom you indicate, from motives now known to your daughter, or partly so, it is true, did seemingly approve of the apprehension of your son, but let me asa single doubt of your son's innocence. To assure you of that fact, and in a measure relieve you of anxiety, he is here."

At the first sound of the detective's voice Mrs. Campbell had raised her tearstained eyes to his face, and now a deep sob burst from her breast, and for a moment she seemed choking with emotion: she extended one hand to the detective.

"The Lord be praised!" she exclaimed. "Lang Sellars! With him assured of my boy's innocence, with Robert under his protecting care, all is well. My daughter, we have nothing to fear. We will banish our tears and moans. God bless you, sir!" (To be continued.)

EDWARD THRING-HEAD MASTER

A MostRemarkable Man in the Science of Education.

Soon after the death of Edward Thring, thirty-four years head-master of Uppingham School, a member of Parliament said to his biographer:

"Thring was the most remarkable Christian man of this generation. Because he was the first man in England | of shoes, anyhow? to assert openly that in the economy of God's world a dull boy had as much fully trained as a boy of talent, and that no school did honest work which did not recognize this truth as the ba-

sis of its working arrangements." When Thring became head-master of Uppingham, a "faire, free grammar school" founded in 1584, it had twentyseven pupils. On his departure from ter, as he called himself, had a passionate conviction that education was, in a special sense, a work of God. That special sense, a work of God. That believes the storm of the sense of the storm of the ate conviction that education was, in a conviction was his starting-point for

One night he had the gratification of hearing a statement that cheered him greatly because it disclosed the formative influence of his teachings. A gentleman, lecturing in the schoolroom on living and healthy. The oldest is 25 Education," told an anecdote illustrative of the value of a teacher's influ-

A boy, traveling on foot in France, full of spirit and life, had been asked by his companions to start early on Sunday to have a long day. The boy refused. Being pressed, he said:

"No, I will not do it; the head-master will not like it."

The other boys laughed, and said that the head-master was five hundred miles away; his excuse was nonsense. But their jeering did not change his

purpose. Then the lecturer turned round toward Mr. Thring, and said: "That boy was from Uppingham;

that head-master was you, sir." The school cheered. The head-master, greatly moved, rose and said, "I am sure you will all thank the lecturer you must feel what I feel deeply. 3 thank the school for giving one such Britons Are Sugar Eaters.

In 1869 the English consumed, on the average, forty-two pounds of sugar per capita annually. That this is enough for either health or reasonable enjoyment is proved by the fact that few peoples use as much to-day. For example, in 1896 Italy consumed 7.19 pounds per capita; Spain, 12.67 pounds; Austria-Hungary, 16.84 pounds; Belpounds; and France, 28.24 pounds. In the United States, where the use of sweets is said to be injuriously excessive, only 35 pounds per capita were consumed in 1869 and 61 pounds per capita in 1898. In England during 1895-'97 every human being, including bables, invalids and paupers, disposed, on the average, of nearly four ounces of sugar a day, or 84.77 pounds a year.

Furthermore, neither from the economic nor the sanitary standpoint do the uses to which the extra sugar ration is put seem satisfactory. One of the chief of these appears to be to encourage drinking. Though the exports of beer from England show a tendency to decline brewing grows apace. Twenty-seven gallons a year per capita, counting women and children, is surely enough. In America, though the amount of spirits drunk is the same, fifteen and a half gallons of beer suffice; and American beer is light. Twenty-seven and one-quarter gallons was the measure for England in 1883; yet in 1897 it had swelled to thirty-one and a balf gallons, an expansion at the rate of about 1 per cent. a year. But, fast as brewing grows, the weight of sugar used in the beer grows faster. In 1883 the public put up with something less than four and three-quarter pounds of sugar to the barrel; in 1897 it demanded between eight and nine pounds .- Forum.

Electricity and Plants. Attempts to employ electricity in

stimulating plant growth appear to have met with some success. Doctor Stone, of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, reports that in the case of 20,000 plants experimented with, the results show that germination is accelerated by the application of electricity, although the beneficial effect is obtained only within certain limits determined by experiment.

Device for Leveling Clocks.

Clocks can be accurately leveled by a new shelf, which has a fixed wall plate supporting a pivoted, adjustable shelf, with levels in the top, to be set by thumb screws on the under side.

Nasal Catarrh quickly yields to treatment by Ely's Cream Balm, which is agreeably aromatic. It is received through the nostrils, cleanses and heals the whole surface over which it diffuses itself. Druggists sell the 50c. size; Trial size by mail, 10 cents. Test it and you are sure to continue the treatment

Announcement,

To accommodate those who are partial to the use of atomizers in applying liquids into the nasal passages for catarrhal troubles, the proprietors prepare Cream Balm in liquid form, which will be known as Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Price including the spraying tube is 75 cents. Druggists or by mail. The liquid form embodies the medicinal properties of the solid preparation.

Knew as Quick a Way. "What a wonderful painter Rubens was!" remarked Mr. Jones at the art

"Yes," assented Mrs. Jones. "It is said of him that he could change a laughing face into a sad one by a single stroke."

"Why," spoke up little Johnny, in disgust, "my schoolmaster can do that."-Pearson's Weekly.

Hall's Catarrh Cure Is a constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

Chicago vs. St. Louis, Della-Taking much outdoor exercise now, Sadie? Sadie-Yes, I covered five miles last

Della-With your bike? Sadie-No; with my feet. Della-Look here, Sadie, how many hides does it take to make you a pair

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.-J. R. Madison, 2409 42d ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Financial Question. "Some folks do say that time is money," remarked the village storekeeper, "but I don't take much stock

"You don't eh?" queried the loafer. "No. I don't," replied the storekeeper, "and I wish you'd spend a leetle more money here and a leetle less

Sixteen Children and All Girls! Thomas H. Norman, a colored laborer in the general postoffice at Washington, is the proud father of sixteen children, every one of them girls and all years and the youngest 19 months. Norman himself is 44 years old, while his wife is a year younger.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. Z cents a bottle.

One on Uncle Sam. Stubb-That old man an artist? Why, I don't believe he could draw a straight

Penn-Perhaps not; but he can draw

Gern Proof Bleer,

An American chemist and analyst, who visited India some time ago, has found by actual experiment that the water of the Ganges is entirely free from the germs and animalculae with which the other waters of every country in the world swarm. He asserts that not only the water of the Ganges is pure itself, but possesses the power, glum, 22.8 pounds; Germany, 27.14 as he found by actual experiment, of purifying other streams joining it.

Just Found It Out.

"Simpson, where have you been till this unearthly bour?" "'S all ri', my dear. I been celebra-

tin' queen's birsday." "The queen's birthday! What an

'Yes, m' dear. An' funniest thing bout it is that I-ha, ha, ha-didn's know she had a birsday until pleeceman jus' told me so at d-door."-Cleve

land Plain Dealer.

We would be satisfied if we had all the money that is invested in tea sets that are placed on center tables and never used .- Washington Democrat.

"He Laughs Best Who Laughs Last."

A hearty laugh indicates a degree of good health obtainable through pure blood. As but one person in ten has pure blood, the other nine should purify the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then they can laugh first, last and all the time, for



Ladies Plush Cape

Made of Salt's seal plush, fined with serge and in-



braid, high storm collar med with Thibet Fur-Length 30 inches. Style "M"

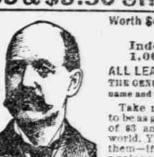
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Indorsed by over 1.000,000 wearers. ALL LEATHERS. ALL STYLES THE CENUINE have W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom, Take no substitute claimed to be as good. Largest makers of \$3 and \$3,50 shoes in the world. Your dealershould keep them-if not, we will send you a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue D Free.

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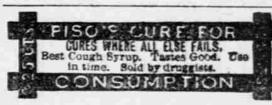
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