

NO REMEDY EQUALS PERUNA,
SO THE WOMEN ALL SAY.



Miss Susan Wyman.

Miss Susan Wyman, teacher in the Richmond school, Chicago, Ill., writes the following letter to Dr. Hartman regarding Peruna. She says: "Only those who have suffered as I have, can know what a blessing it is to be able to find relief in Peruna. This has been my experience. A friend in need is a friend indeed, and every bottle of Peruna I ever bought proved a good friend to me."—Susan Wyman.

Mrs. Margaretta Dauben, 1214 North Superior St., Racine City, Wis., writes: "I feel so well and good and happy now that pen cannot describe it. Peruna is everything to me. I have taken several bottles of Peruna for female complaint. I am in the change of life and it does me good." Peruna has no equal in all of the irregularities and emergencies peculiar to women caused by pelvic catarrh.

Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O., for a free book for women only.

Star Spangled Banner.
Had Columbia, Strange Complaint, Columbia, America, Bivouac of the Dead, Campaign Thunder, Flag, Golden Age, Dear Land So Fair, Flag Fading Song, Home of the Free, Land I Love, Revolutionary Tea, Snowed Under, Ensign of Liberty, McNally's Pocket, School House Flag, 17 songs with music, sheet music size. Catalogue new music. All for ten-cent P. O. stamps, sent prepaid. F. P. DEAN, music store, Sioux City, Iowa.

President Loubet of France is no mean swordsman. He has fought three duels, in two of which he was successful and severely wounded in the other.

Medical Book Free.
"Know Thyself," a book for Men Only, sent free, postpaid, sealed, to any male reader mentioning this paper; 6c for postage. The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, the best Medical Book of this or any age, 35c, with engravings and prescriptions. Only 25c paper covers. Library Edition, full gilt, \$1.00. Address The Peabody Medical Institute, No. 4 Bulfinch Street, Boston, Mass., the oldest and best in this country. Write to-day for these books; keys to health and vigor.

Trolley cars have been put in operation at Peking, China.

Kansas City Excursion.
Through sleeper from Sioux City 7:40 p. m. July 21, arriving in Kansas City following morning. For reservations address H. C. Cheyney, General Agent, Sioux City, Iowa.

The interest that Shylock had at heart was about 27 per cent.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?
Shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or new shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

The question is never agitated half as much as the questioner.

Uncle Sam uses the best of everything. Uncle Sam uses Carter's Ink. He knows.

Give your friends credit for most any good thing—but money.

Mrs. Pinkham

The one thing that qualifies a person to give advice on any subject is experience—experience creates knowledge.

No other person has so wide an experience with female ills nor such a record of success as Mrs. Pinkham has had.

Over a hundred thousand cases come before her each year. Some personally, others by mail. And this has been going on for 20 years, day after day and day after day.

Twenty years of constant success—think of the knowledge thus gained! Surely women are wise in seeking advice from a woman with such an experience, especially when it is free.

If you are ill get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once—then write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

GONOVIA For both sexes, for the cure of Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Unnatural discharges, Inflammations, Irritations, Ulcerations. An internal remedy with infection. 50c or 2 for \$1. Sent on receipt of price. Kid, Drug Co., Elgin, Ill. Retail, Wholesale, H. S. Baker, Sioux City.

DENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 17 years in civil war as adjudicating claims, attorney.

DROPS NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief & cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 DAILY Treatments FREE. Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Box 5, Atlantic, Va.

Captain Brabazon

BY B. M. CROKER

A Military Romance of South Africa

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

The doorway through which they had to pass was blocked for a moment. A young man standing there evidently looked upon the right of entrance as his own exclusive property, for he was engaged in what he considered elegant attendance with no less than three ladies. In spite of themselves, Esme and Miles could not help overhearing a few scraps of conversation.

"I'll tell you what it is," lisped the young Adonis to a pretty, bright little woman in black, who was eating an ice while he scribbled languidly on her card. "Look here, you know this sort of thing won't do, you know; the next time you are so late I shall not be able to give you two dances!"

Miles and Esme gazed at this youth in open-eyed amazement. He was not joking. No, he was perfectly serious, and the little lady was actually laughing and taking his remark as the most natural thing in the world.

"Well," exclaimed Captain Brabazon, freely, making his way through the crowd with an angry shove, "what next? ill-mannered, conceited young cub! Not to be able to give the two dances, indeed! I should like to be able to take him down to the pump and give him a ducking that would wash some of the cheek out of him. Supposing he had said that to you, Esme, what would you do?" looking down at her interrogatively.

"I think I should feel a burning desire to box his ears—only, of course, I couldn't," laughing, "and here is my next partner; good-by, till number twelve," withdrawing her arm, and nodding at him coquettishly.

Number twelve came in due time, and was duly danced by the cousins, and as they paused for breath after a long round, Esme held forth in rapturous terms on the delights of the evening.

"I've danced every dance right through and hardly missed a bar," she observed, triumphantly, "and the funny thing is, I don't know half my partners' names; people mutter so, or write so badly; these scratches on my card might be anything. The next one puzzles me. I have it—'it's Berkeley!'"

"And who is he? point him out, please." "There he is, passing now, with the lady. 'Captain Berkeley, Prince's Lancers,' to give him his full title."

"'Prince's Lancers!'" with a visible start, and coloring perceptibly. "Oh! if I had only known," regretfully, gazing, as she spoke, with eager interest at the swart little cavalryman.

"However," she said, "just let me look at my card. I think I'm going to dance with him again; yes," triumphantly. "Here it is, and is the next dance. I want to ask him about a friend of mine," with rash indiscretion. But her cousin was not in a merry mood, to judge by his face, which looked darker than she had ever seen it, and set and stern.

"May I inquire the reason of your sudden interest in Captain Berkeley, and why the very name of his regiment sounds as music in your ears?" he asked, in a freezing tone.

"Why should I tell you?" she rejoined, playfully. If Miles were going to be disagreeable she was not going to put up with it.

"But supposing that I insist on knowing," he said, in a low, impressive tone, standing up and facing her, with his back to the ball room.

"Insist! what an ugly word! What does insist mean?" raising her pretty eyebrows, and surveying him defiantly.

"It means that I'm not going to be trifled with. I've stood a good deal as it is," his mind suddenly flaming up with recollections of the gate scene and the photograph. "It means that you must and shall tell me who it is you know that fellow's regiment and what he is to you."

"Supposing I say I won't," shutting her lips very tight, and looking rather white. "What then?"

This was not the way to make her reveal Teddy's secret, standing over her authoritatively, his voice shaking with passion, his face as dark as a thunder cloud.

"Very well then, so be it," rejoined Miles, beside himself with anger. "That puts an end to everything. Endurance has its limits—I draw the line at your friend in the cavalry!"

"My friend in the cavalry is infinitely obliged to you," she returned, with a little aggravating laugh. "And as to an end to everything, I don't see how there can be an end to what never had a beginning. If you imagine that you are breaking off an engagement with me, please to bear in mind that it never existed. I would not have believed," now breaking down a trifle, "that you could be so rude, so suspicious; that you had such an awful temper."

"Oh, yes," smiling rather constrainedly, and winking back two big tears, "our dance is it, Captain Berkeley?" rising as she spoke, and, throwing her bouquet ostentatiously on the sofa, she walked away with great dignity, leaving it and its donor side by side.

CHAPTER X.

During the remainder of the evening Esme did not once see Miles. He must have left immediately after their quarrel, and she went home in the fly untroubled belle of the ball, and acting decorously to all her sister's encomiums and expressions of delight, and yet with a heart as heavy as lead.

"It was ridiculous!" she would not have believed it! "I don't see how there can be an end to what never had a beginning. If you imagine that you are breaking off an engagement with me, please to bear in mind that it never existed. I would not have believed," now breaking down a trifle, "that you could be so rude, so suspicious; that you had such an awful temper."

"I did not think I should have cared so much," she said to herself, aggrievedly. "He may imagine what he likes, but I shall keep Teddy's secret! If he had not been so angry, I might—I might have told him; but if he really cared for me, he would not be so ready to suspect me!" and Miss Esme Brabazon bent her arms on the window sill, and, burying her face in them, wept bitterly.

Breakfast was late, of course, and when Esme joined the family circle with pale cheeks and hollow eyes her aunt said, as she kissed her primly on either cheek, "Dissipation does not agree with you, my dear! No more balls for you!" sportively, for the old lady was immensely delighted with her niece's debut, and all the compliments that had been paid to her about the beautiful Miss Brabazon.

After breakfast Gussie and Mrs. Brabazon went off shopping, and Esme fell on an easy prey to one of the Miss Clippertons, who led her off to the parade in triumph. The sun was shining, and it was a bright, cold day, with a very high wind. The bathing machines were not down, the boats were drawn up, and formidable white horses were beginning to show their crests, although but an hour ago it had been a very tolerable morning. Many were the fashionable promenaders up and down in twos and threes, but chiefly twos. There were some pretty faces to be seen, and some pretty frocks, and not a few yachtsmen in blue serge suits.

After our young ladies had taken one turn they came to the very end of the parade, and were surprised to see a large crowd down on a rocky part of the beach, at some distance, all looking out on the sea in one direction—at what?

Miss Clipperton and Esme, true daughters of Eve, hurried down to the spot, and were in time to hear a weather-beaten old gentleman, in a pea-jacket, asking impudently, as he pushed and elbowed his way into the crowd, "What is the matter?"

"Three poor men drowning," returned a woman with pallid cheeks. "They are out there," pointing; "they were bathing and swam out, and can't get back again. Holiday people; cheap trippers."

"Bathing such a day!" cried the old gentleman, putting his telescope to his eye. "Madness, madness! Escaped lunatics!"

"Where's the lifeboat?" demanded a naval officer, raising his voice to a shout. "She's under repair, and, any way, she'd never be found in time," responded a surly voice from the crowd. "They'll not hold out more than ten minutes," with stoic calmness.

"It was only a bit rough when they first went in," volunteered another speaker; "and they were good swimmers till the tide took them, and now they can't make the shore at any price," speaking from the middle of a scarlet-worsted comforter.

"And must they perish before our eyes, good friends?" said an elderly clergyman, looking anxiously round the throng. "Will no one put out a hand to save our fellow-creatures? Boatmen!" addressing himself to that compact body, "will none of you venture?"

"Venture, indeed!" echoed a shrill-tongued fish woman, in a checked shawl, with her hands on her capacious hips. "What boat could live in that sea but be smashed on the shingle ere she was launched? Our sailors' lives are just as much to us—don't you think—as those strangers' out yonder. Venture, indeed!" with a snort of indignation.

At this instant a man broke into the midst of them, without his cap or coat, in a state of the utmost excitement and despair. He had been one of the bathers, but, fortunately for himself, had not been carried out so far, and had gained the shore by superhuman exertions.

"Will none of you put out a boat?" he demanded fiercely. "Will you stand there, not moving a finger, and see my comrades drown before your eyes? I'll go on my bedded knees to anyone that will lend a boat and pull an oar with me!" looking eagerly about; but there was no reply in the weather-beaten, stolid countenances that surrounded him.

"Shall I go, Esme?" said a voice beside her, a well-known voice, that made her start, and, glancing up, with streaming eyes, she beheld Miles, who had just appeared upon the scene.

"Yes, oh, yes," she cried, jumping to her feet, "do go!" forgetting, in the agitating scene before her, the delicate terms on which they had last parted; "and quickly, quickly, Miles," seizing his arms; "there is not a second to spare."

"I'm going out," he shouted, raising his voice without hesitation and addressing the throng; "any volunteers?" No answer beyond the whistling, songing wind and lashing, gray-green waves.

"Twenty pounds!" he continued, elbowing his way toward the center, and speaking in a clear, decisive voice. "Twenty sovereigns for a seaman and a boat! Who is coming? Don't all speak at once!"

"Twenty pounds! all, that was a consideration, though, for an instant, there was no reply. At last, after a muttered discussion, there was a murmur, a move, in the crowd, and a long-armed sailor, in a blue knitted jersey, shambled out from among the group of boatmen, and said: "I'm your man for twenty sovereigns. I'm game to go, and I've a tight boat; but I'd like to see the money first."

"I've only a few pounds with me, but my watch is worth double, and I'll leave it as a pledge," returned Miles, unfastening it and handing it over as he spoke.

"'Tis the price of your life, Jack Small," said the big fish woman, impressively. "You'll be food for the fishes."

"Well, 'tain't a bad price; many a man has risked his self for less, and the gentleman is venturing for nothing," rejoined Jack, in a deep growl.

The fish woman was understood to say that "the gentleman was a fool," but at any rate he was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet.

"Here, you don't stand jawing there," tching off his coat and flinging it to Esme. "Come along, you fair-weather sailors, lend us a hand to shove her off;

you are not afraid to do that, are you?"

"I would not give a pinch of salt for their lives," said an old woman in a large black bonnet. "Jack Small'll never have the spending of that twenty pound."

"And the young gentleman that went for nothing!" said a milder voice, compassionately.

"Nay, the girl bid him go," exclaimed the virago in the checked shawl, darting as she spoke a vindictive glance at Esme, who stood as close as she dared to the water's edge, trembling and shivering with excitement.

"Heaven help you then, young woman," said a bath-chair man, piously. "You never meant it, but you just sent him to his death. No boat could live in such a sea; there, see that!" his voice rising to a shriek, as a vast wave came tumbling over the others and entirely hid the boat from sight.

"She's foundered," shouted the crowd, hoarsely.

"She's not! she's through it safe this time," bawled an old gentleman with a telescope under his arm, and there, sure enough, was the Mary Ann still afloat, still fighting her way, conquering every inch of water by sheer determination and muscle alone.

"Sent him to his death!" and the words rang in Esme's ears as she looked out over the awful sea, with eyes nearly glazed with terror. She felt that the woman was right, she had sent him to his death. Oh! was it too late to recall him? They had only made a little way. Flying to the very edge of the water, regardless of wet and spray, regardless of the splashing crowd, she stretched out her arms and cried: "Come back, come back, Miles, you will be drowned, too!"

But the wind and the waves roared in partnership, and mocked her entreaties, and drowned her feeble voice, and the fluttering figure, gesticulating wildly, at the water's edge, was wholly unnoticed in the boat.

And now the boat is among the surf, and the hush of suspense denotes that everyone is aware that this is the critical moment of life or death. Which will it be? It will be life; after various ineffectual struggles, after being on the brink of capsizing twice, after bringing everyone's heart into their mouths about half a dozen times, they grate on the beach, are landed far up on the shingle, on the crest of a monstrous wave, the rescued ones aboard.

The Mary Ann was almost swallowed up by a surging, clamorous crowd; the half-drowned men were carefully wrapped up in coats and jackets and carried off first; and then a roar of acclamation greeted Miles and Jack Small. The feat had been accomplished bravely and successfully, and many contemptuous glances were now leveled at the little knot of boatmen, who looked more sullen than ever. Indeed, one bold, loud-voiced young woman loudly declared "that had a barrel of beer been anchored out there beyond for them, they had pulled it to smart enough."

Miles, quickly seizing his coat, whispered to Jack that if he came up to the Grand he would find his twenty pounds; and was about to hurry away, leaving him to receive both shares of the popular ovation, but Jack could not part from his fellow-boatman in this fashion.

"If I may make bold, sir," he said, bashfully, "I'd like to shake hands with you," tendering a horny paw. "We have been partners together for half an hour, and a rare half hour it were. I never wish a better mate."

Miles wrung the proffered hand, and leaving Jack to expound, and talk, and swagger, once more made an effort to escape. He dreaded, horribly dreaded, being remarked or spoken to, with the hatred of notoriety common to his class, and felt that he would sooner take to the sea again than listen to a speech. In short, he was as shy and frightened as a girl. On the edge of the crowd he encountered Esme, pale, disheveled and breathless.

"Oh, Miles, Miles!" was all she could gasp.

"What in the world has happened to you?" he said, pausing and surveying her blankly, their quarrel of the previous evening now apparently entirely forgotten by both. "However," eagerly holding out his hand, "don't let us stay here; come along, come along," hurrying his cousin up the beach, goaded by his fears, and before anyone could realize the fact he was gone.

(To be continued.)

The Happy Marriage.

Charles W. Eliot, president of Harvard University, recently addressed the Dorchester Woman's Club. His subject was "The Happy Marriage." "Human love is the main source of our human ideals," he said. "For creating and increasing human happiness the home counts for very much more than anything else. Marriage is and always must be the source of domestic joys and happiness. Within fifty years marriage has undergone many changes, but, after all, it has only changed with everything else in the world. The intellectual conditions of civilized life have also changed as the industrial independence of woman increases. The happy marriage begins in the attraction between man and woman which we call love. It is the most admirable thing in human nature, being an idealizing devotion. The young woman who marries for money or position is sacrificing the best of life which marriage affords. The chief conditions of a happy marriage are health, common intellectual interests, and a religious belief held in common between husband and wife."

Curious Cycling Effort.

A curious effect of hard cycling is reported from France. Out of the last batch of conscripts no fewer than eight well-known cyclists, some of them enjoying European renown, were rejected as physically incapable of doing duty in the ranks. Hypertrophy and other diseases of the heart were the chief causes of these rejections, which occasioned profound astonishment to the candidates themselves. One would have thought that such wrecks of athletic humanity might at all events have been utilized as military cyclists, who are not unknown in the French army.—New York World.

The first exports of cotton from this country was in 1785, in which year one bag was sent from Charleston to Liverpool, while twelve were sent from Philadelphia to New York.

THE REPORT OF A MAN OF EXPERIENCE.

What He Found in Western Canada to Induce Him to Settle.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Feb. 20, 1900. To whom it may concern, especially to those who are desirous of obtaining health and wealth for themselves and families, I wish to state a few facts in regard to the Canadian Northwest, where I went, leaving Sault Ste. Marie on May 2, 1899, for the purpose of seeking a better home for my family in the future. I got a special rate ticket for Ft. McLeod, Alberta. Through Manitoba and part of Assiniboia the farmers were busily employed ploughing and seeding. I found the farmers very kind and friendly, willing to talk and assist in giving me the particulars of the country. At McLeod I spent a few days looking over some ranchers' stock, which I was surprised to see looking so well; they were in better condition than any stock I ever saw in Michigan, even those that had been stabled, and most of these had never seen the inside of a shed or received any feed from the hands of man. But as I was looking for mixed farm land, I found McLeod no place for me; it is only fit for ranching purposes.

Retracing my way back to Winnipeg, I stopped off at Lethbridge, where I found some of the greatest horse ranches I ever had the pleasure of looking at; it is a fine, level country and lots of water and good grazing. At Medicine Hat, which is located in a valley, there were lots of sheep, cattle and horses in the surrounding country and all looking well.

On July 14 I went on to Regina. There I began to see mixed farming lands in abundance, and the crops looking remarkably well, and as long as daylight lasted I saw the same all along the line, and on the 15th day of July I arrived in Winnipeg, just in time for the exhibition. There I met with one of the most beautiful pictures of the world's records, for as soon as I entered the grounds my eyes met with all kinds of machinery, all in motion, and the cattle, grain and produce of the country was far beyond my expectation, in fact it was beyond any industrial exhibition or agricultural fair I ever visited, and I have seen a good many.

From Regina to Prince Albert, a distance of 250 miles, it is all good for mixed farming, and well settled, with some thriving little towns. In some places the grain, just coming in head, would take a man to the waist, and the wild fruit along the line was good, rich and in great quantities. From Saskatchewan on the south branch of the Saskatchewan river, to Prince Albert on the north branch of the Saskatchewan river, is one of the best farming districts, without any doubt, that ever laid face to the sun, and everything to be found there that is necessary to make life comfortable, all that is required is labor. There is lots of wood, good water and abundant hay land, and the climate is excellent.

Prince Albert is a flourishing little town, situated on the north Saskatchewan river, having a population of about 1,800, with good streets and sidewalks and churches of nearly every denomination, three school houses and another one to be built at once, also a brewery and creamery. Here I stayed for about four months, working at my trade of brick laying, and met with farmers and ranchers, with whom I made it my special business to talk in regard to the prospects. I also visited several farmers for some distance out in the country while crops were in full bloom, and I may say that I never saw better crops in all my travels than I saw along the valley towards Stony Creek and Carleton Place. In the market garden there is grown cabbages, both red and black, and as fine a sample of roots and vegetables as ever went on a market. The soil in and around this district cannot be beaten for anything you may wish to grow, and besides the season is long, giving time for everything to mature. The cattle were looking as good as I saw anywhere, good pasture and hay land, and plenty of water wherever you go; the country is dotted all around like islands with timber fit for fuel and building purposes, and within a day's walk of lumbering woods, where lumbering and the making of shingles is carried on in winter. Both large and small game is plentiful. There are two good sawmills in this district, with a good supply of all grades of lumber all the year round, and also two good brickyards with an excellent quality of brick. There is no scarcity of building material and at a reasonable price; clothing and living are no higher than I find in Michigan, and furthermore I wish to say that there is a great demand for laboring men all the year round, and good wages, ranging from \$1.75 to \$2 per day, and from \$25 to \$35 per month with board.

I wish to say that I am perfectly satisfied with the country, and I intend to return to Prince Albert early in the spring of 1900. Any reasonable man can go there and in from five to ten years make a good comfortable home for himself and family, and if any person into whose hand this letter should fall desires more information, please write to me and I will freely give them my best opinion. I am writing this for the benefit of those who may want to make a better home for themselves and families or friends.

Trusting that this statement may be useful to you in the publication of your next pamphlet and be the means of guiding at least some of those who are in search of a home, I remain your humble servant,

Signed, WILLIAM PAYNE.

The above letter was written to Mr. J. Griev, Canadian Government agent, Saginaw, Mich. Information as to lands can be had from him or from Mr. M. V. McInnes, No. 2 Merrill block, Detroit.

Novel Scrubbing Brush.
Two French women have patented a scrubbing brush which is to be attached to the shoe by straps and a heel plate, thus making it possible to clean floors while standing upright.

\$30.30.
N. E. A. convention at Charleston, S. C., in July. Tickets good going via Chattanooga, Knoxville, Asheville and Spartanburg, and returning via Norfolk, Old Point Comfort, Richmond and White Sulphur Springs, Va. For maps, time cards, etc., address J. C. Tucker, 234 Clark street, Chicago.

Russia's army boasts of feminine medical officers.

HAIR

So many persons have hair that is stubborn and dull. It won't grow. What's the reason? Hair needs help just as anything else does at times. The roots require feeding. When hair stops growing it loses its luster. It looks dead.

HELP What's the reason? Hair needs help just as anything else does at times. The roots require feeding. When hair stops growing it loses its luster. It looks dead.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

acts almost instantly on such hair. It awakens new life in the hair bulbs. The effect is astonishing. Your hair grows, becomes thicker, and all dandruff is removed.

And the original color of early life is restored to faded or gray hair. This is always the case.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor, and am really astonished at the good it has done in keeping my hair from coming out. It is the best tonic I have tried, and I shall continue to recommend it to my friends."

MATTIE HOLT, Burlington, N. C. Sept. 24, 1898.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expect from the use of the Hair Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Dr. J. C. Ayer, Lowell, Mass.

Summer Excursion

To Buffalo, N. Y., going via Chicago and Niagara Falls, returning via the great lakes, Duluth and St. Paul. Rates, route, etc., address H. C. CHEYNEY, general agent Northwestern Ry., Sioux City, Iowa.

There is no word in the Chinese language which contains an intimation of what we term public opinion; nor is there a synonym for patriotism.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Officers regard the quarrels of privates as rank affairs.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. Kline's Kidney and Bladder Treatment. FREE 61 Trial Bottle containing 2 weeks' treatment. Dr. Kline's Institute, 21 Arch Street, Philadelphia. Founded 1851.

A young man who can't earn his salt is usually much "too fresh."

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, always cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Over 385,000 persons are employed in English collieries.

TOO MUCH TAPE.

A Live, Crawling Thirty-foot Man-Eater.

Human Lives Destroyed by Tape-Worms—Thousands of Weak, Debilitated People Are Worm-Eaten.

Lots of people are eaten alive without knowing it. Thousands of invalids suffering from weakness and debility, wasting away in a slow death without apparent cause, are turning out to be victims of tape-worms. Cascarets Candy Cathartic are found to be perfect eliminators of tape-worms, those destroying parasites that are eating up human lives by thousands.

There was no way of telling the presence of tape-worms until Cascarets began killing them. The records of cases come in daily. Here is one: Lima, Ohio, Feb. 25, 1890.

Gentlemen—After suffering for two years and spending a great deal of money trying to be relieved from a tape-worm, I was induced to try a box of your Cascarets. After taking four tablets between nine a. m. and five p. m., at seven o'clock in the evening I passed a worm about thirty-two (32) feet long, head and all. I take great pleasure in recommending Cascarets to my one suffering from this trouble. Yours truly, SAMUEL WEINFELD, Traveling Salesman, Henry Diesel Cigar Company.

If you feel bad, and don't know why, take Cascarets. They are absolutely harmless, make the liver active, open the bowels and kill the disease germs in the body. Buy and try Cascarets to-day. It's what they do, not what they say they'll do, that proves their merit. All druggists, 10c, 25c or 50c, or mailed for price. Send for booklet and free sample. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago; Montreal, Can.; or New York.

This is the CASCARET tablet. Every tablet of the only genuine Cascarets bears the magic letters "CCC." Look at the tablet before you buy, and beware of frauds, imitations and substitutes.

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Double Daily Service

New line via Council Bluffs, Fort Dodge, Waterloo, Dubuque and Rockford. Buffet-library-smoking-cars, sleeping cars, free reclining chair cars, dining cars. Send to the undersigned for a free copy of Pictures and Notes En-Route illustrating this new line as seen from the car window. Tickets of agents of I. C. R. R. and connecting lines. A. H. HANSON, G. F. A., Chicago.

S. C. N. U. - No. 20-1900

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.