New Buffalo Reporter.

From Cole County Democrat, Jefferson City, Mo.

Views is grippe visited this section, about two weeks ago. Hannan M. Kyzier, about five miles west of town, was one of the victims, and has since been troubled with the after-effects of the disease. He is a well-to-do carpenter and builder, a business man of much mental and physical vigor, and has his health been fairly good until this year, and that he lives to-day is almost a miracle. He says:

"I was troubled with shortness of breath, pain in the heart and a general debility. My back also pained me severely. I took one dose after another and numerous remedies suggested by my friends, but without apparent benefit, and began to give up hope. Then I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People extolled in a St. Louis paper, and after investigation, decided to give them a trial.

"After using the first box I felt wonderfully relieved and was satisfied that the pills were putting me on the road to recovery. I bought two more boxes and continued taking them.

"After using four boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I am restored to good health and feel like a new man. I am now capable of transacting my business with increased ambition.

"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a wonderful medicine and anyone that is afflicted with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration and general debility, will find that these pills are the specific. HANNAN H. KYZIER."

Subscribed and sworn to before me, a Notary Public, this 24th day of May, 1897.

ADAM POTTSMONO, *Notary Public.*

Mr. Kyzier will gladly answer any inquiry regarding this if stamp is enclosed.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure people troubled with the miserable effects of grippe because they act directly on the impure blood. They are also a specific for chronic erysipelas, eczema, rheumatism and all diseases due to impure or impoverished blood.

The greatest known natural bridge in the world has just been discovered in Utah within four or five miles of the little town of Moab, in Grand County. The Utah bridge, write about the same height as the one in Virginia—two hundred feet—is wider and has a thickness of seventy-five feet, while the same measurement on the Virginia arch is forty feet. Then the span of the Utah bridge from abutment to abutment is 250 feet, while that of the Virginia structure measures only ninety-three feet.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clear your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Cure your skin of pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets.—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

There are 1,238 registered dentists and 5,254 registered pharmacists in the German empire.

Pinked ruches of taffeta silk are used for skirt trimmings.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

The American missionary associations use forty-six languages in their work.

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can give plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa

"The face of humanity displays fewer pimples "thanks to Resinol." Cleans the Skin. Resinol Soap. Resinol Ointment. Resinol Liquid Hair & Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy. M. P. DITTRIC, of Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1894.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Colorado has a mining town named Wall street.

Sour Stomach

"After I was induced to try CASCARETS, I will never be without them in the house. My liver was in a very bad condition, and my head ached and I had stomach trouble. Now, since taking Cascarets, I feel fine. My wife has also used them with beneficial results for sour stomach."
JOS. KREBILIO, 1611 Congress St., St. Louis, Mo.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.
CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 311

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

WRITE L. FILTON, ATY., DENVER, TEX.
If you have money due you 10 years or more.

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

DISCOURSES OF THE DAY

A COMPETITIVE SERMON BY A PROMINENT MINISTER.

Subject: "Making the Best of Things" Advice About Looking on the Bright Side—Illustrations in Misfortune's Guise—Bereavements Fortify Our Spirit.

TEXT: "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."—Job xxxvii., 21.

Wind east. Barometer falling. Storm-signals out. Ship reefing mainto'gasil. Awnings taken in. Prophecies of foul weather everywhere. The clouds congestate around the sun, proposing to abolish him. But after awhile he assails the flanks of the clouds with flying artillery of light, and here and there is a sign of clearing weather. Many do not observe it. Many do not realise it. "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds." In other words, there are a hundred men looking for storm, where there is one man looking for sunshine. My object is to get you and myself into the delightful habit of making the best of everything.

You may have wondered at the statistics that in India, in the year 1875, there were over nineteen thousand people slain by wild beasts, and that in the year 1876 there were in India over twenty thousand people destroyed by wild animals. But there is a monster in our own land which is year by year destroying more than that. It is the old bear of melancholy, and with Gospel weapons I propose to chase it back to its midnight caverns. I mean to do two sums—a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition—a subtraction from your days of depression and an addition to your days of joy. If God will help me I will compel you to see the bright light which is in the clouds, and compel you to make the best of everything.

In the first place, you ought to make the very best of all your financial misfortunes. During the panic years ago, or the long years of financial depression, you all lost money. Some of you lost it in most unacountable ways. For the question, "How many thousands of dollars shall I put aside this year?" you substituted the question, "How shall I pay my butcher, and baker, and clothier, and landlord?" You had the sensation of rowing hard with two oars, and yet at the time you did not even gain an inch.

You did not say much about it because it was not politic to speak much of financial embarrassment. But your wife knew. Less variety of wardrobe, more economy at the table, self-denials in all the days of adversity. Compression; retrenchment. Who did not feel the necessity of it? My friend, did you make the best of this? Are you aware of how narrow an escape you made? Suppose you had reached the fortune toward which you were rapidly going? What then? You would have been as proud as Lucifer.

The few men have succeeded largely in a financial sense and yet maintained their simplicity and religious consecration! Not one man out of a hundred. There are glorious exceptions, but the general rule is that in proportion as a man gets well off for this world he gets poorly off for the next. He loses his sense of dependence on God. He sets a distance for prayer meeting. He has plenty of bank stocks and plenty of Government securities, what does that man care about the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread?" How few men largely successful in this world are bringing souls to Christ, or showing self-denial for others, or are eminent for piety? You can count them all upon your slight fingers and two thumbs.

One of the old covetous souls, when he was sick, and sick unto death, used to have a basin brought in—a basin filled with gold, and his only amusement and the only relief he got for his tortured and that used that gold he fondled it, coins of silver, and that should be placed in a coffin of iron, and there he would be of treasure could be thrown in over his body. And so he was buried, and the man who buried him were slain, so that no one might know where he was buried, and no one might there discover with his treasures. Oh, men of the world, who want to take your money with you, better have three coffins.

Again, I remark, you ought to make the very best of your bereavements. The whole tendency is to brood over them, to exaggerate and to give much time to the handling of mementoes of the departed, and to make long visitations to the cemetery, and to say, "Oh, I can never look up again; my hope is gone; my courage is gone; my religion is gone; my faith in God is gone! Oh, the weary and sickening exhaustion of this loneliness!" The most frequent bereavement is the loss of children. If your departed child had lived as long as you have lived, do you not suppose that he would have had about the same amount of trouble and trial that you have had? If you could make a choice for your child between forty years of annoyance, loss, vexation, exasperation, and bereavements, and forty years in heaven, would you take the responsibility of choosing the former? Would you snatch away the cup of eternal bliss and put into that child's hands the cup of many bereavements? Instead of the complete safety into which that child has been lifted, would you like to hold it down to the risks of this world? Would you like to keep it out on a sea in which there have been more shipwrecks than safe voyages? Is it not a comfort to you to know that that child, instead of being besoiled and flung into the mire of sin, is swung clear into the skies? Are not those children to be congratulated that the point of celestial bliss which you expect to reach by a pilgrimage of fifty or sixty or seventy years they reached at a flash? If the last 10,000 children who had entered heaven had gone through the average of human life on earth, are you sure all those 10,000 children would have finally reached the blissful terminus? Besides that, my friends, you are to look at this matter as a self-denial on your part for their benefit. If you children were to go off in a May-day party, if your children want to go on a flowery and musical excursion, you consent. You might prefer to have them with you, but their jubilant absence satisfies you. Well, your departed children have only gone out in a May-day party, and flowery and musical entertainment, amid joys and hilarities forever. That ought to quell sorrowful grief, the thought of their glee.

So it ought to be that you could make the best of all bereavements. The fact that you have so many friends in heaven will make your own departure very cheerful. When you are going on a voyage, everything depends upon where your friends are—if they are on the wharf that you leave, or on the shore toward which you are going to sail. In other words, the more friends you have in heaven the easier it will be to get away from this world. The more friends here, the more bitter good-bye; the more friends there, the more glorious welcomes. Some of you have so many brothers, sisters, children, friends in heaven, that I do not know hardly how you are going to crowd through. When the vessel came from foreign lands, and brought a Prince to New York harbor, the ships were crowded with human life, and you remember how the men-of-war thundered broadsides; but there was no joy there, compared with the joy by which shall be demonstrated when you sail up the broad bay of heavenly salutes. The more friends you have there, the easier your own transit. What is death to a mother whose children are in heaven? Why, there is no more grief in it than there is in her going into a nursery amid the romp and laughter of her household. Though all around may be dark, see you not the bright light in the clouds—that light the irritated faces of your glorified kindred?

So also, my friends, I would have you make the best of your sickness. When you see one mover off with elastic step and in full physical vigor, sometimes you become impatient with your lame foot. When a man describes an object a mile off, and you cannot see it at all, you become impatient of your dim eye. When you hear of a well man making a great achievement you become impatient with your depressed nervous system or your dilapidated health. I will tell you how you can make the worst of it. Brood over it; brood over all these illnesses, and your nerves will become more twitchy, and your dyspepsia more aggravated, and your weakness more appalling. But that is the devil's work. I tell you how to make the worst of it; it is my work to show you a bright light in the clouds.

Which of the Bible men most attract your attention? You say, Moses, Job, David, Jeremiah, Paul. Why, what a strange thing it is that you have chosen those who were physically disordered! Moses—I know he was nervous from the blow he gave the Egyptian. Job—his blood was vitiated and diseased, and his skin distressfully eruptive. David—he had a running sore which he speaks of when he says: "My sore ran in the night and ceased not." Jeremiah—had symptoms of the spleen. Who can doubt it who read Lamentations? Paul—he had lifetime sickness which the commentators have been guessing about for years, not knowing exactly what the apostle meant by "a thorn in the flesh." I do not know either, but it was something sharp, something that stuck him. I gather from all this that physical disorder may be the means of grace to the soul. You say you have so many temptations from bodily ailments, and if you were only well you think you could be a good Christian. While your temptations may be different, they are no more than those of the man who has an appetite three times a day, and sleeps eight hours every night.

From what I have heard I judge that invalids have a more rapturous view of the next world than well people, and will have a brighter renown in heaven. The best view of the delectable mountains is through the lattice of the sick room. There are trains running every hour between pillow and throne, between hospital and mansion, between bandages and the banquet, between crutch and palm branch. Oh, I wish some of you people who are compelled to cry, "My head, my head! My foot, my foot! My back, my back!" would try some of the Lord's medicine! You are going to be well anyhow before long. Heaven is an old city, but has never yet reported one case of sickness or one bill of mortality. No ophthalmia for the eye. No pneumonia for the lungs. No pleurisy for the side. No neuralgia for the nerves. No rheumatism for the muscles. The inhabitants shall never say, "I am sick." "There shall be no more pain."

Again, you ought to make the best of life's finality. Now, you think I have a very tough subject. You do not see how I am to strike a spark of light out of the flint of the tombstone. There are many people who have an idea that death is the submergence of everything pleasant by everything doleful. If my subject could close in the upsetting of all such preconceived notions, it would close well. Who can judge best of the features of a man—those who are close by him, or those who are afar off? "Oh," you say, "those can judge best of the features of a man who have always lived with him."

Now, my friends, who shall judge of the features of a man who have been dead? Those who are close by him, or those who are afar off? "Oh," you say, "those can judge best of the features of a man who have been dead and then have come back to life and have lived with him again." Well, I suppose that is the best way to get the features of a man who have been dead. Now, I suppose that the best way to get the features of a man who have been dead is for those who have been with him while a month of death, or a week of death, or an hour of death, or a minute of death. They stand so near to him that they can see him. They give unanimous testimony. If they are Christian people, that death, instead of being demoniac, is cherubic. Of all the thousands of Christians who have been carried through the gates of the cemetery, rather up their dying experience, and you will find they nearly all bordered on a jubilate. How often you have seen a dying man join in the psalm being sung around his bedside, the chorus of the voices opening to let his ransomed spirit free!—long after the lips could not speak, he looking and pointing upward.

Some of you talk as though God had exhausted Himself in building this world, and that all the rich materials for use had he hung around this planet, and all the flowers He ever grew He has woven into the carpet of this dwelling place. No. This world is not the best thing God can do; this world is not the best thing that God has done.

One week of our year is spent in God's week—called so all through this land, because there are more blossoms in that week than in any other week of the year. Blossom week! And that is what this future world is to which a Christian is invited—blossom week forever. It is as far above of this world as spring is more of a season than winter, and yet here we stand trembling and fearing to go out, and we want to stay on the dry land, and yet all the spring-time, when we are invited to arbors of jessamine, and birds of paradise.

One season I was in Florida, sometimes I went to New Orleans in April, and I marked the differences between going toward New Orleans and coming back. As I went on down toward New Orleans, the verdure, the foliage, became thicker and more beautiful. The further I went from home the less the foliage, and less it became until there not a leaf, not a bud, not a flower upon the direction in which you travel. If a spirit from heaven should come toward our world, he is traveling from a world where it is always in blossom, toward a world where it is winter, and the further he comes the more beautiful the foliage, and the more fragrant the blossoms, and the more glorious the scene. Edenic blossom—from the arctic of trouble toward the tropics of eternal bliss.

Oh, what an advantage we have! We are attached to the malarial marsh in which we live that we are afraid to go up and live on the hilltop. We are alarmed because vacation is coming. Best programme of celestial entertainment and concert. Undecument. Let us stay here and keep ignorant and sinful and weak. We do not tremble at the thought of John Milton and Bourdalone. Keep our feet on the sharp cobblestones of earth instead of planting them on the bank of a river in heaven. Give us this small island of a leprous world instead of the immensities of heaven and your angels coming down with their pitchers full of nectar, and our shoulder under the burden, and our neck in the yoke, and our feet in the fetters, and our handcuffs on our wrists. "Dear Lord," we seem to say, "keep us down here where we have the delightful exercise of getting us up where we might live and reign and rejoice."

We are like the persons standing on the cold steps of the national picture gallery in London, under umbrells in the rain, afraid to go in and look at the pictures of Raphael and the Raphaels. I come to them and say, "Why don't you go inside the gallery?" They say, "We don't know whether we can get in." I say: "Don't you see the door is open?" "Yes," they say; "but we have been so long out in the cold steps, we are so attached to them we don't like to leave." "But," I say, "it is much brighter and more beautiful in the gallery, you had better go in." "No," they say, "we know exactly how it is here, but we don't know exactly how it is inside."

So we stick to this world as though we preferred cold drizzle to warm habitation, disoord to cantata, sackcloth to royal purple, starving on a pinch of meal, living with four or five of the keys out of tune to an instrument fully attuned—as though earth and heaven had exchanged apparel, and earth had taken on bridal array and heaven had gone into deep mourning, all its waters stagnant, all its harps broken, and all chalices cracked at the dry wells, all the lawns sloping to the river plowed with graves and the angels sleeping under the furrow.

I am amazed at myself and at yourself for this infatuation under which we all seem to be laboring. Sometimes I get frightened at having to stay in this world instead of getting frightened at having to go to heaven. It is as bright as it is bright to me as to any living man, but I congratulate anybody who has a right to die. It will be a happy day when I can go and cannot avert, or through accident you cannot avoid—when I am transported from the arena of trouble and disappointment and sin, to the place where this world is not the best thing God has done.

Dr. Guylee, of Chicago, preaches from the text, "Who made thee to differ?" "I removed the cause of the trouble."

THE ART OF TALKING BACK.

"I hardly know how to say it," said she, when he asked her if she would be his wife.

"I would not let that worry me," said he soothingly. "That is something a woman learns perfectly soon after marriage."

PROVED.

De Million—I must say I am very much disappointed in you. You told me that when you were married you would prove that you had business ability.

Du Porely—Well, my dear Sir, I did prove that when I married your daughter.

A GOOD INDICATION.

Junior Partner: Do you think the new office boy is trustworthy?

Senior Partner: I'm sure of it. I've noticed that when he hasn't anything to do he never pretends to be busy.

THE REAL THING.

Mrs. Culchaw (to visitor) Yoes see I found it best to get a French maid for the baby. It is quite the fad, you know.

French Maid (from adjoining room) —Roise yer jaw, me jool, while I toy yer bonnet.

CUPID'S GYNTAX.

Teacher—Miss Sinnico, please parse the sentence "Adolphus married Caroline."

Miss S—Well, "Adolphus" is a noun because it is the name of a thing; "married" is a conjunction, because it joins Adolphus and Caroline; and "Caroline" is a verb, for it governs the noun.

SWEET INNOCENCE.

Surprised.—Sweet Sixteen—Any fresh war news, papa dear?

Pater—Yes. Two men killed on one of our warships. Shot while at the wheel.

S. S.—Gracious! I didn't know that bicycles were allowed on battle ships.

KITCHEN QUEEN.

Jeweler (excited)—What became of those diamond earrings while I was out? They're worth $400!

His Wife—The cook saw them, dear. It's her day out, you know, and she didn't leave! I didn't let her wear them this afternoon.

GOT THE BONNET.

Tracy—You really don't need a new bonnet, my dear. You must admit that the one you have is becoming.

Mrs. Tracy—Yes; it is becoming—antiquated.

SHE MADE HIM NERVOUS.

She is a woman of more than ordinary depth. That is to say, she has a trick of saying things that have a tendency to keep the ordinary man guessing, as it were.

"The eyes," she said, "have been described as the windows of the soul."

"Yes?" he returned.

"Have you noticed," she asked, "how fashionable ground glass windows have become?"

WAITING FOR IT.

Interviewer—You have lived many, many years. Now, what I wish to ask is, what was the happiest moment of your life?

Old Man—It has not come yet.

Interviewer—Not come yet? When will it come?

Old Man—When people cease asking foolish questions.

THEIR WAY.

Askins—"I wonder why it is that these actresses always look so young in their lithographs?"

Grimshaw—"Oh, when an actress is young she has her picture taken, and when she is old she does not depart from it."

WEADEY YEASE.

"Your footman is tall!" he cried.

"Yes," she said, "he's tall for the office."

DEWSILED.

Who asked for a glass of vanilla,
But the clerk in the store
Was so rattled by war
That he gave her a mug of sarsaparilla.

JOHNNY'S PA KNOWS.

"Pa, can you tell me what fame is?"

"Fame, Johnny, is what a man gets for being civil to newspaper men."

EASILY CREDIBLE.

Mrs. Gibberly—Is it true, David, that swans sing before they die?

Gibberly—Of course. Couldn't they after they died, could they?

AN UNSTABLE MAN.

Poindexter.—Handelbarr has changed his politics again.

Tillinghast.—I'm not surprised at that. He changed his wheel not long ago.

ENCOURAGING.

Her Father—What are your prospects, young man?"

Her Suitor—I can't tell you yet, sir. Soon as I can raise enough money I'm going to get my horoscope cast.

A DELICATE OPERATION.

Dr. Pills: Yes, old Milyuns was on the verge of nervous prostration, all through worrying about his money.

Dr. Squills: How did you cure him?

"I removed the cause of the trouble."

THE ART OF TALKING BACK.

"I hardly know how to say it," said she, when he asked her if she would be his wife.

"I would not let that worry me," said he soothingly. "That is something a woman learns perfectly soon after marriage."

PROVED.

De Million—I must say I am very much disappointed in you. You told me that when you were married you would prove that you had business ability.

Du Porely—Well, my dear Sir, I did prove that when I married your daughter.

A GOOD INDICATION.

Junior Partner: Do you think the new office boy is trustworthy?

Senior Partner: I'm sure of it. I've noticed that when he hasn't anything to do he never pretends to be busy.

THE REAL THING.

Mrs. Culchaw (to visitor) Yoes see I found it best to get a French maid for the baby. It is quite the fad, you know.

French Maid (from adjoining room) —Roise yer jaw, me jool, while I toy yer bonnet.

CUPID'S GYNTAX.

Teacher—Miss Sinnico, please parse the sentence "Adolphus married Caroline."

Miss S—Well, "Adolphus" is a noun because it is the name of a thing; "married" is a conjunction, because it joins Adolphus and Caroline; and "Caroline" is a verb, for it governs the noun.

SWEET INNOCENCE.

Surprised.—Sweet Sixteen—Any fresh war news, papa dear?

Pater—Yes. Two men killed on one of our warships. Shot while at the wheel.

S. S.—Gracious! I didn't know that bicycles were allowed on battle ships.

KITCHEN QUEEN.

Jeweler (excited)—What became of those diamond earrings while I was out? They're worth $400!

His Wife—The cook saw them, dear. It's her day out, you know, and she didn't leave! I didn't let her wear them this afternoon.

GOT THE BONNET.

Tracy—You really don't need a new bonnet, my dear. You must admit that the one you have is becoming.

Mrs. Tracy—Yes; it is becoming—antiquated.

SHE MADE HIM NERVOUS.

She is a woman of more than ordinary depth. That is to say, she has a trick of saying things that have a tendency to keep the ordinary man guessing, as it were.

"The eyes," she said, "have been described as the windows of the soul."

"Yes?" he returned.

"Have you noticed," she asked, "how fashionable ground glass windows have become?"

WAITING FOR IT.

Interviewer—You have lived many, many years. Now, what I wish to ask is, what was the happiest moment of your life?

Old Man—It has not come yet.

Interviewer—Not come yet? When will it come?

Old Man—When people cease asking foolish questions.

THEIR WAY.

Askins—"I wonder why it is that these actresses always look so young in their lithographs?"

Grimshaw—"Oh, when an actress is young she has her picture taken, and when she is old she does not depart from it."

WEADEY YEASE.

"Your footman is tall!" he cried.

"Yes," she said, "he's tall for the office."

Berlin, with a view to testing the capabilities of a captive balloon as a means of reconnoitering in war time. On a wooden platform placed on two pontoons was fixed a windlass, on which was wound the rope holding the balloon. Along the rope ran a telegraph wire connecting the balloon with the platform, on which an officer, seated at a table with his telegraphic apparatus in front of him, was able to carry on communication with the occupants of the balloon, who, at a height of some 3,000 feet above the ground, commanded a vast expanse of country.

THE SPREE ASCENT.

THE UNIQUE BRIDGE.

PECULIAR BRIDGE IN KANSAS.

It's a Wire Suspension, and Accommodates School Children.

The bridge shown here would be hard to beat for general usefulness. It is over the town of Lawrence, in Kansas. The bridge has a board flooring fifteen inches wide, suspended by wires from one side of the River Wakarusa to the other. It was built principally for the benefit of the school children who live on the other side of the river, away from the schoolhouse; and it saves them a walk of several miles to the nearest wagon bridge. The wire used in the construction is wire fencing, which is so strong that it would be impossible for the whole of one's body to fall through, in the event of one slipping.

"It is a nation without a history," hotly exclaims a Spanish fire-eater of the United States. At the rate we are making it we shall soon have enough to satisfy the most exacting dos.

Painting warships black or lead color is with a view to preventing an enemy recognizing them as belligerents.

The war tax on chewing gum is the only one bad feature. It gives a reasonable excuse for using gum.

PATENTS
Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained and all business conducted for MODERATE FEES. OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.
Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.
A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,
C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

ONE GIVES RELIEF.
Don't Spend a Dollar for Medicine until you have tried
RIPANS TABULES
You can buy them in the paper 5-cent carton
Ten Tabules for Five Cents.
This sort is put up cheaply to gratify the universal present demand for a low price.
If you don't find this sort of
Ripans Tabules At the Druggist's
Send Five Cents to THE RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, Spruce St., New York, and they will be sent to you by mail. 12 cartons will be mailed for 48 cents. The change is one that Ripans Tabules are the very medicine you need.

Who makes the best Ice Cream? Who makes the best Ice Cream? Who makes the best Ice Cream?
Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream?
Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream?
Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream?
Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream?
Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream?
Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream?
Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream?
Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream?
Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream?
Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream?
Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream?
Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream?
Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream?
Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream? Why, Who makes the best Ice Cream?

Sarsaparilla
Is a Great Medicine. $1; six for $5.
Pills cure biliousness, indigestion.
Want to indulge in the latest? Give your handkerchiefs, empty vases, with flowers to match the dress in your hat.
Soft and Smooth Your Life Away. Tobacco spit and smoke, forever, be gone! Make nerve and vigor, take NO-TO-BAC, wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. Guaranteed to cure. Over a million cured. Pleasant sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Among people where the practice of economy is a necessity, the buying of soap is an important yearly item. The grocer who has an eye to larger profits, may not suggest Ivory Soap. He will recommend something else if he is conscientious. Ivory Soap is a pure soap, all through. That makes it the most economical and best. A perfect soap for the toilet and laundry.

IT FLOATS.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the 'Ivory;'" they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

Copyright, 1897, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.

Trade Notes. U22

Lead market pretty heavy.
The rubber business is very elastic.
Leather continues rather tough.
Trade in iron is heavy as usual.
Tallow has a bright future.
Kerosene outlook is for light business.
Pork is going steadily by the hogshead.
Beef is rather bullish in tendency.
Good deal of stock is being watered these hot days.
Spring chickens are picking up a little.
The butter market is strong in some localities.

Dried fruit is swelling the market.
Yeast is rising rapidly.
Shrinkage is reported in green fruit.
Bananas slipping along as usual—occasional drop.
Tomatoes are going up.
Cheese is lively and stirring.
Onions are strong.
Honey relations are strained.

Shells, as they are known in the present day, were not used in the navy until the latter end of the eighteenth century.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

No Need to Lose a Day of Delightful Spring Riding.
We can fill all orders at once from stock. We are sure we can please you in quality and price with a
Columbia Hartford or Vedette.
Machines and Prices Guaranteed.
Pope Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.

YOU WANT THESE
Fine Cabinet Pictures, from latest sittings, of the most prominent heroes and participants in the struggle for Cuban Liberty. We now offer, on fancy heavy card board mounts, red, white and blue edges, the following portraits:
Rear Admiral George Dewey, U. S. N.
Rear Admiral Wm. T. Sampson, U. S. N.
Commodore W. S. Schley, U. S. N.
Captain R. D. Evans, U. S. N.
Major General Nelson A. Miles, U. S. A.
William McKinley, President.
These pictures are really fine, and suitable for place in any parlor. Price, mailed postage paid to your address, any TWO for 10 CENTS; any SIX for 25 CENTS. Stamps or silver.
We also have the same on heavy card board, 11x14 inches, suitable for framing, splendid steel engraving, which we offer, postpaid, any ONE for 10 CENTS, and any THREE for 25 CENTS, stamps or silver.
PARAGON PUBLISHING CO.,
Vandewater Street, New York.
What Brings Release From Dirt and Grease? Why, Don't You Know?