MISCELLANEOUS LATEST.

Soft-Bodied Insects Which Eat Holes in Living Animals' Horns.

A curious fact which for many years has proved a bone of contention among scientific men has just been decided. Sportsmen and naturalists when hunting in India and Africa have from time to time had brought under their notice the horns of various species of deer and buffalo which have been more or less perforated by insects. On careful examination it was found that the little creatures which tunnelled and made their home in the hard fibre of the horn were the caterpillars, or larvae of a moth, belonging to the same family as the common and all too familiar clothes moth.

From their diminutive size, the moths belonging to this family have received the name of tineidae, and it has been observed that they are all more or less given to making their homes in strange places during the larval stage of their existence. The little larvae of our old enemy the clothes moth, for instance, make for themselves protective cylinders out of the cloth they so greedily devour.

Sometimes these tubes present a very curious appearance, owing to their having enlarged as the insect has grown and different colored materials used, for the new portions of the old case. The larvae of another branch of this family deck themselves out with floral garments, the calyx of the flower of the common marigold being a very popular dress, while others are of a mining disposition and love to excavate elaborate tunnels in the leaves of the honeysuckle.

Strange as these habits appear, it is yet more wonderful that a species of these soft-bodied insects should be capable of boring so hard a substance as the antlers of a deer. During the forty-five or fifty years that these horn-devouring larvae have been under observation the various stages of their existence have been successfully noted, from the laying of the egg upon the horn by the mother moth to the final appearance of her offspring as perfect male and female insects.

The larvae, on emerging from the egg, bore down into the horn, and when they have eaten their fill and are ready for their chrysalis sleep they tunnel up to the surface, so that they may have a convenient exit by which to make their escape when the pupal sleep is over and they have become perfect moths.

But, although so much of their life-history was known, there still remained one problem unsolved. This knotty question was that no one knew for certain whether these larvae attacked the horns and antlers of the buffalo and deer while the animals were alive or only after death. After many years of speculation and conflicting opinions it has at last been conclusively proven that these insects do infest the horns of living quadrupeds, for the news has just come to hand that both the larvae and chrysalis have been taken from the horns within an hour of the death of the animals to which they belonged.

It Had Just Happened.

The other night—or, rather, it was very early in the morning—the telephone in a certain newspaper office rang loud and long. Most of the workers had gone home for the forty winks that newspaper people contrive to put in between times, but there was one man on the "dog watch"—that is, you know, he was the one person detailed to stay around the office and be ready for anything from a murder to a fire. At that hour of the day—about, well, somewhere around 3 a. m.—the telephone bell in a newspaper office rings it generally means a police story that is worth looking up, so the "dog watch" hastened to answer the summons.

"Hello!" said a voice; "is it too late to get something into to-morrow morning's paper?"

"Not if it's important," was the reply.

"Oh, it is," assuringly.

The reporter rustled for a pad of paper and a pencil, screwed his ear up to the telephone again and said:

"All right; fire away there!"

Then the voice was heard again, tremulous with emotion:

"The engagement of Miss —— to Mr. —— is announced."

"Why under the blankety-blank-blank" (that wasn't exactly what was said, but it will do, you know) "didn't you send in such stuff earlier in the day?"

"But I couldn't," said the voice, apologetically. "You see, it just happened.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Prices During Siege of Manila.

The blockade and siege sent prices skyward in Manila. Hotel rates rose from $3 to $7 (Mexican) a day, beer from 10 to 30 cents a glass, flour from $2 to $20 for fifty pounds. Meat could not be obtained at any price.

The Royal Palace of Madrid, Spain, cost $9,000,000. It was built by an Italian architect in the early part of the eighteenth century and was the Versailles Palace altogether in the shade.

DISCOURSES OF THE DAY.

A TIMELY SERMON BY THE REV DR. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

Subject: "The Grandmothers"—The Influence of Heredity—A Rich Legacy Left to by a Glorious Band of Godly Women—Value of Their Example.

TEXT: "The unfeigned faith that is in thee, which dwelt first in thy grandmother Lois."—II Tim. 1. 5.

In this pastoral letter which Paul, the old minister, is writing to Timothy, the young minister, the family record is brought out. Paul practically says: "Timothy, what a good grandmother you had! You ought to be better than most folks, because not only was your mother good, but your grandmother was good also. Two preceding generations of piety ought to give you a mighty push in the right direction." The fact was that Timothy needed encouragement. He was in poor health, having a weak stomach, and was a dyspeptic, and Paul prescribed for him a tonic, "a little wine for thy stomach's sake"—not much wine; but a little wine and only as a medicine. And if the wine that he had been so much adulterated with logwood and strychnine as our modern wines, he would not have prescribed any.

But Timothy, not strong physically, is encouraged spiritually by the recital of grandmotherly excellence, Paul hinting to him, as I hint this day to you, that God sometimes gathers up as in a reservoir, away back of the active generations of to-day, a godly influence, and then in response to prayer lets down the power upon children and grandchildren and great-grandchildren. The world is woefully in want of a table of statistics in regard to what is the protractedness and immensity of influence of one good woman in the church and world. We have accounts of how much evil has been wrought by a woman who lived nearly a hundred years ago, and of how many criminals her descendants furnished for the penitentiary and the gallows, and how many hundreds of thousands of dollars they cost our country in their arraignment and prison support, as well as in the property they burglarized and destroyed. But will not some one come out with brain comprehensive enough, and heart warm enough, and pen keen enough to give us the facts in regard to some good woman of a hundred years ago, and let us know how many Christian men and women and reformers and useful people have been found among her descendants, and how many asylums and colleges and churches they built, and how many millions of dollars they contributed for humanitarian and Christian purposes?

"The good women whose tombstones were planted in the eighteenth century are more alive for good in the nineteenth century than they were before, as the good women of the nineteenth century will be more alive for good in the twentieth century than now. Mark you, I have no idea that the grandmothers were any better than their grandaughters. You cannot get very old people to talk much about how things were when they were boys and girls. They have a reticence and a non committalism which makes me think that they feel themselves to be the custodians of the reputation of their early comrades. While our dear old folks are rehearsing the follies of the present, if we put them on witness-stand and cross-examine them as to how things were seventy years ago the silence becomes oppressive.

"The celebrated Frenchmen, Volney, visited this country in 1796, and he says of women's diet in those times: "If a portion was offered for a regimen most destructive to health, none could be devised more cautious for these ends than that in use among these people." That eclipses our lobster salad at midnight. Everybody talks about the dissipation of modern society and how womanly health goes down under it, but it was worse a hundred years ago, for the chaplain of a French regiment in our Revolutionary War wrote in 1782, in his "Book of American Women," saying: "They are tall and well-proportioned, their features are generally regular, their complexions are generally fair and without color. At twenty years of age the women have no longer the freshness of youth. At thirty or forty they are decrepit." In 1812 a foreign consul wrote a book entitled, "A Sketch of the United States at the Commencement of the Present Century," and he says of the women of those times: "At the age of thirty all their charms have disappeared." One glance at the portraits of the women a hundred years ago and the mystery of dress makes us wonder how they ever got their breath. All this makes me think that the express rail train is no more an improvement on the old canal boat, or the telegraph no more an improvement on the old-time saddle-bags, than the women of our day are an improvement on the women of the last century.

But still, notwithstanding that those times were so much worse than ours, there was a glorious race of godly women, seventy and a hundred years ago, who held the world back from sin and lifted it toward virtue, and without their exalted and sanctified influence before this the last good influence would have perished from the earth. Indeed, all over this land there are seated to-day—not so much in churches, for many of them are too feeble to come—a great many aged grandmothers. They sometimes feel that the world has gone past them, and they have an idea that they are of little account. Their head sometimes gets aching from the racket of the grandchildren down-stairs or in the next room. They steady themselves by the banisters as they go up and down. When they get a cold it hangs on them longer than it used to. They cannot bear to have the grandchildren punished even when they deserve it, and have so relaxed their ideas of family discipline that they would spoil all the youngsters of the house, hold by too great leniency. These old folks are the resort when great troubles come, and there is a calming and soothing power in the touch of an aged hand that is almost supernatural. They feel they are almost through with the journey of life and read the old Book more than they used to, hardly knowing which most they enjoy, the Old Testament or the New, and often stop and dwell tarrifully over the family record half-way between. We hail them to-day, whether in the house of God or at the homestead. Blessed is that household that has in it a grandmother Lois. Where she is, angels are hovering round.

Is it not time that you and I do two things—swing open a picture-gallery of the wrinkled faces and stooped shoulders of the past, and call down from their heavenly thrones the godly grandmothers to give those around them the benefit of their experience? Let the grandmothers of to-day that are living for all time, and that against the sides of every cradle in which a child is rocked beat the two eternities?

Here we have an untried, undiscussed and unexplored subject. You often hear about your influence upon your own children; I am not talking about that. What about your influence on the twentieth century, upon the thirtieth century, upon the fortieth century, upon the year two thousand; upon the year four thousand, if the world lasts so long? The world stood four thousand years before Christ came; it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may stand four thousand years after His arrival. Four thousand years the world swung off in sin, four thousand years it may be swinging back into righteousness. By the ordinary rate of multiplication of the world's population the population of the coming Monday will be over three hundred and by two centuries over fifty thousand, so upon every one of us living, you, the mother of to-day, will have an influence for good or evil. And if in four centuries the descendants shall have with their names filled a scroll of hundreds of thousands, will some angel from heaven, to whom is given the capacity to calculate the number of the stars of heaven and the sands of the seashore, step down and say to you that of those that you will have in the four thousandth year of the world's possible continuance? Do you not begin to think that they are retired, and sit clear back out of sight from the world, feeling that they have no relation to it. The mothers of the last century are to-day in the person of their descendants, in the Senates, the Parliaments, the palaces, the pulpits, the banking houses, the professional chairs, the prisons, the almshouses, the company of midnight brigands, the cellars, the ditches of this century. You have been thinking about the importance of having the right influence upon one nursery. You have been thinking of the importance of getting those two little feet on the right path. You have been thinking of your child's destiny for the next eighty years, if it should pass on to be an octogenarian. That is well, but my subject sweeps a thousand years, a million years, a quadrillion of years. I cannot stop at one cradle, I am looking in the cradles that reach all around the world and across all time. I am not talking of mother Eunice. I am talking of grandmother Lois.

Good or bad influence may skip one generation or two generations, but it will be sure to land in the third or fourth generation, just as the Ten Commandments, speaking of the visitation of God on families, says nothing about the second generation, but entirely skips the second, and speaks of the third and fourth generation: "Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." Parental influence, right and wrong, may skip over a generation, but it will come down further on as sure as you sit there and I stand here. This explains why we often see sons of godly women distinguished for benevolence when the father and mother were distinguished for profaneness, or we see some young man or woman with a bad father and a bad mother come out gloriously for Christ, and make the Church sob and shout and sing under their exhortations. We stand in corners of the vestry and listen to the matter, and say, "How is this, such great piety in sons and daughters of such parental worldliness and sin?" I will explain it to you if you will fetch me the old family Bible containing the full record. Let some septuagenarian look back as clear upon the page of births and marriages, and tell me who that woman was with the old Roman name of Jemima or Betsy or Mehitabel. Ah, there she is, the old grandmother, or great-grandmother, who had enough religion to saturate a century.

There she is, the dear old soul, Grandmother Lois. In the cheerful Greenwood Cemetery there is the resting place of George W. Bethune, once a minister of Brooklyn Heights, his name never spoken among intelligent Americans without suggesting two things—eloquence and evangelism. In the same tomb sleeps his grandmother, Isabella Graham, who was the chief inspiration of his ministry. You are not surprised at the poetry and pathos and pulpit power of the Bethune family when you read of the faith and devotion of his wonderful ancestress. When you read this letter, in which she poured out her enthroned soul in longings for a son's salvation, you will not wonder that a succeeding generations have been blessed:

NEW YORK, May 20, 1791.

This day my soul went to him in bitter wringings of heart; he is again launched on the ocean—God's ocean. The Lord saved him from shipwreck, brought him to my home, and allowed me once more to indulge my affection overfun. He has been with me but a short time, and it have improved it; he is gone from my sight, and my heart bursts with tumultuous grief. Lord, have mercy on the widow of a child only son of his mother."

I ask nothing in this world for him; I repeat my petition, Save his soul alive, give him salvation from sin. It is not dangerous the seas that distance me; it is not the hardships he must undergo; it is not the dread of never seeing him more in this world; it is because I cannot discern the fulfilment of the promise in him. I cannot discern the new birth nor its fruit but every symptom of captivity to satan, the world, and self-will. This, this is what distresses me; and in connection with this his being shut out from ordinances at a distance from Christians; shut up with those who forget God, profane His name, and break His Sabbaths; men who often live and die like beasts, yet are accountable creatures, who must answer for every moment of time and every word, thought and action. O Lord, many wonders has you shown me; Thy ways of dealing with me and mine have not been common ones; add this wonder to the rest. Call, convert, regenerate and establish a satter in the faith. Lord, all things are possible with Thee; glorify Thy Son and extend His kingdom by his means and land; take the prey from the strong. I roll him over upon Thee. Many friends try to comfort me; miserable comforters are they all. Thou art the God of consolation; only confirm to me Thy promises and you will Thou causedst me to hope in the day when Thou addst to me, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive." Oh let this life be a spiritual life, and I put a blank in Thy hands for all temporal things.

I wait for Thy salvation. Amen.

With such a grandmother, would you not have a right to expect a George W. Bethune? And all the thousands converted through his ministry may date the saving power back to Isabella Graham.

God fill the earth and the heavens with such grandmothers; we must some day go up and thank these dear old souls. Surely God will let us go up and tell them of the results of their influence. Among our first questions in Heaven will be, "Where is grandmother?" They will point her out, for we would hardly know her, even if we had seen her on earth, so bent over with years once and there so straight, so dim of eye through the blindness of earthly tears and now her eye as clear as Heaven, so full of ashes and palms once and now so agile with celestial health, the wrinkles blooming into carnation roses, and her step like the roe on the mountains. Yes, I must see her, my own grandmother, my father's side, Mary McCoy, descendant of the Scotch. When I first spoke to an audience in Glasgow, Scotland, and felt somewhat diffident, being a stranger, I began by telling them my grandmother was a Scotchwoman, and then there went up a shout of welcome that made me fell as easy as I do here. I must see her.

Make it as easy for the old folks as you can. When they are sick, get for them the best doctors. Find the place for them in the hymn book. Never be ashamed if they wear styles of bonnets and mantillas that are antiquated. Let the pillows that they use be made road for the long journey they will take ere you shall be gone! How much would I give to see my mother! I want to tell her things that have happened in the thirty years since she went away. I want to tell her the good influence that came down from good grandmothers all along back. Children, don't forget your mother, Eunice, and don't forget your grandmother, Lois.

Mothers, consecrate yourselves to God and you will help consecrate all the ages following. Do not dwell so much on your lineage that you miss your opportunity of wielding an influence that shall look down upon you from the towers of an endless age. Lucretia Mott, Lucretia Mott was right when he consoled his wife over the death of their daughter by saying: "Don't take on so, wife; remember that this is a hard world for girls." Yes, I go further and say, it is a hard world for women. Ay, I say it is a hard way, It is a hard world for men. But for all women and men who trust their bodies and souls in the hand of Christ the shining gates will soon swing open. Don't you see the sickly pallor on the cheek of the living and the cold cheek of the dying night. Don't you see the brightening of the clouds? That is the flush on the morn forehead of the morning. Cheer up, you are coming within sight of the Celestial City.

Prominent Boston Man Dead.

BOSTON, Oct. 17.—Silas Pierce died at his summer home at Scituate this morning at 11 o'clock after a long illness. He was born in Scituate July 27, 1826. In 1845 he came to Boston and secured a position with his uncle of the firm of Silas Pierce & Co., and in 1856 he was made a member of the firm. He was also made president and director of a large number of corporations.

Quiet at Virden.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 17.—Colonel Young of the First Illinois cavalry commanding the troops at Virden, was in Springfield yesterday and conferred with Adjutant General Reece that all is quiet there and that he does not fear any more trouble. Battery E, under Captain Cram, remains at Virden, and Adjutant General Reece says he will not order it away for a few days yet.

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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 cartons
Ten Tabules for Five Cents.
This not 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, No. 10 Spruce St., New York, and they will be sent to you by mail. Your 5 cents will be returned for 48 cents. The chances are ten to one that Ripans Tabules are the very medicine you need.

The Country Road
Has no terror for a "Search-Light." Gives a powerful light that will not blow nor jar out. Burns kerosene and carries oil for 12 hours.
For sale by all dealers or
THE BRIDGEPORT BRASS CO.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.
Send for Booklet "X."
SEARCH LIGHT

F. C. CORSETS MAKE American Beauties
F. C. CORRECT SHAPES. ARTISTIC EFFECTS.
All Lengths.
On Each Box.
NEWEST MODELS. FANCY AND PLAIN.
KALAMAZOO CORSET CO.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS. SOLD BY
P. CANNON & SON

The Fall
Has its sudden changes, its hot days and chilly nights, its dampness and decaying vegetation, is peculiarly trying to the system. A good Fall Medicine is an almost absolute necessity. Hood's Sarsaparilla keeps the blood pure, gives refreshing sleep, and fortifies the system against malaria, creates a good appetite, gives refreshing sleep, and tonicizes the system through this trying season.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is America's Greatest Medicine.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

NEW ZEALAND WOOL.
Near Paringa, New Zealand, a bed of wool has been discovered, which, although cloudy and not of good colors, spills well and some large sheets have been made.

BEAUTY IS BLOOD DEEP.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets (Candy Cathartic) clean the liver and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving out all impurities through the bowels. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, by taking Cascarets; biliousness, complexion by taking Cascarets; beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

About 5,000 words in the English language have no rhyme to them. These include such important words as honor, virtue, gulf, month and echo.

Five Cents.

Everybody knows that Dobbins' Electric Soap is the best in the world, yet we will give you a cake of the highest price. Its price is now 5 cents, same as common brown soap. Bars full size and quality. Order of Grocer, any

Every year about 280,000 conscripts are added to the Russian army. In times of peace it numbers 1,000,000 men, and is the largest standing army in existence.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure 25c.

Spear Pyrites.

While studying the habitat of the common Jersey brick, mineralogists believe they have made an important discovery in the clay banks of Sayreville, N. J. A few days ago a party of them from New York and Philadelphia returned from the clay fields with the announcement that they had discovered spear pyrites of the marcasite variety imbedded in clay of either the Cretaceous or the jurassic period. Spear writers are said to have been found only on the other side of the Atlantic, and mineralogists generally believed that they did not exist in America.—Philadelphia Times.

Fatigue causes a poisoned condition of the blood. If the blood of a fatigued animal be injected into another animal that is unfatigued, all the symptoms of fatigue will be produced.

A CRUEL CUT.
MRS. LUCY GOODWIN
Suffered four years with female troubles. She cured herself by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.
"A man," said her dearest friend, "will always give up his seat in a street car to a pretty woman."
"I never have to stand," she asserted, promptly.
"Yes," went on her dearest friend, "most men also have the same regard for age."
HAD MET BEFORE.
Young Robinson (who has a very good opinion of himself and has just been introduced).—I think I've met you much, Mr. Ernest Brown, at dog shows.
Miss Brown.—Oh, yes; uncle will go to those dog shows, and meets the most appalling people!
HOW THE SEASONS MOVE.
"How do the seasons move?" asked the cross-eyed boarder of the observant boarder.
"How do the seasons move?" repeated the latter. "I'm afraid I don't grasp your idea."
"Well, at this time of the year the seasons move autumn-atically."
LATEST TERROR.
Senior Member (of law firm)—"What are you so excited and nervous about? The jury will certainly acquit our client."
Junior Member (hastily gathering up his law books and grabbing his hat)—"I'm afraid his women relatives will want to do a lot of kissing when the verdict comes in."
AN UNPROFITABLE MONTH.
President Nickel-in Slot Company—"How were the profits this month?"
Treasurer—"Less than usual. The receipts were not much greater than the expenses."
President—"Humph! Some of the machines must have been in order."
A MENTAL RELIEF.
"George."
She looked up into his eyes, questioningly. "George," she said, "it is so fine to say money that you love me, is it?"

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

HE WASN'T WORTH MUCH.

Smith—Brown isn't working very much this summer, is he?"

Jones—Why, he told me the other day that he had been working for all he was worth.

Smith—Well, that amounts to the same thing.

BRINGING HIM DOWN TO FACTS.

"I could die for you!" he cried passionately.

"Of course," she replied. "But would you?"

Some girls are so practical and prosaic, you know.

HASTY BACKING OUT.

Miss De Boney (school teacher)—"I am informed that you usually spoke of me on the public streets as an old maid."

Bad Boy (much scared)—"N-n-o, ma'am. I said yr mother was an old maid."

ALL RIGHT.

Nodd.—I signed a blank check and gave it to my wife yesterday.

Todd.—Do you think that was prudent?

Nodd.—Certainly! I know that the bank won't give her any more than I have.

WELL QUALIFIED.

"Hopkins ought to join the army."

"Why?"

"He's so brave. He borrowed my wheel and rode it all summer, and now he has brought me in a bill for repairs."

HAS TO DRESS UP TO IT.

"While I acknowledge," said the fat man of the dime museum, "that the policy of expansion has made me what I am, still, it is a awfully expensive."

And he reluctantly paid out three weeks' salary for a new suit of clothes.

A GREAT DRAWBACK.

"They say, Uncle Josh, that your son Jim promises to be a great orator and political leader."

"Too highferlutin'! Too highferlutin' entirely! I been tellin' that boy fur the last year that Demosthenes, Cicero and all them old-time fellers never spoke nothin' but the plainest English."

A CRUEL CUT.
MRS. LUCY GOODWIN
Suffered four years with female troubles. She cured herself by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Sanative Wash and Liver Pills
and now feels as she has done for me. I suffered for four years with womb trouble. My doctor said I had falling of the womb. I also suffered with nervous prostration, all-gone feelings, palpitation of the heart, bearing-down sensation and painful menstruation. I could not stand but a few minutes at a time.
When I commenced taking your medicine I could not sit up half a day, but before I had used half a bottle I was up and helped about my work.
I have taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used one package of Sanative Wash, and am cured of all my troubles. I feel like a new woman. I can do all kinds of housework and feel stronger than I ever did in my life. I now weigh 131½ pounds. Before using your medicine I weighed only 108 pounds.
Surely it is the grandest medicine for weak woman that ever was, and my advice to all who are suffering from any female trouble is to try it at once and be well. Your medicine has proven a blessing to me, and I cannot praise it enough.—Mrs. LUCY GOODWIN, Holly, W. Va.

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

A correspondent of the Keystone, Philadelphia, suggests that retailers should adopt trade marks and use them on stationery and stock and in advertisements.

The Fall
Has its sudden changes, its hot days and chilly nights, its dampness and decaying vegetation, is peculiarly trying to the system. A good Fall Medicine is an almost absolute necessity. Hood's Sarsaparilla keeps the blood pure, gives refreshing sleep, and fortifies the system against malaria, creates a good appetite, and tonicizes the system through this trying season.
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is America's Greatest Medicine.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer is a wonderful medicine for Weak Throats. Dr. Barrows, Deer Grove, Ill., March 21, 1898.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. J. W. Fayette, Hikerter, Mich., Nov. 5, 1898.

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

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C.C.C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

It has been reckoned up that about 110,000,000 people speak English. To ascertain approximately the number who speak it correctly, erase the last seven figures.

The Most Common of All.

The most common of all ailments from sports of all kinds are sprains and bruises. The most common and surest cure of them is by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, which is prompt in its action.

Kitchener a Keen Antiquarian.

Sir Herbert Kitchener, besides commanding the campaign against the Khalifa, keeps a sharp lookout for specimens and curios both, for himself and the South Kensington Museum. He is an Egyptologist of the keenest kind, and is as happy in acquainted with the art of unrolling a mummy as he is with that of rolling up and driving before him the forces of the Khalifa.—London Times.

No-to-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure, 50c, $1. All druggists.

A raw recruit of the Second New Jersey Volunteers, at Jacksonville, Fla., was put on fake guard duty by some wags. He was directed to watch the red light on the top of the city water tower, two miles away, for three hours, to see if it turned green. If so, he must instantly rouse the camp, as the green light would indicate that a Spanish spy was in town

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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