"Peace Hath Her Victories

No less renowned than war," said Milton, and now, in the Spring, is the time to get a peaceful victory over the impurities which have been accumulating in the blood during Winter's hearty eating. The banner of peace is borne aloft by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It brings rest and comfort to the weary body racked by pains of all sorts and kinds. Its beneficial effects prove it to be the great specific to be relied upon for victory. Hood's *never disappoints.*

Salt Rheum—"My mother was seriously afflicted with salt rheum and painful running sores. No medicine helped her until Hood's Sarsaparilla was used, which made her entirely well." ESSIE E. MAPLESTONE, 358 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Tired Feeling—"I had that tired, dull feeling, dyspepsia, headaches and sinking spells, but Hood's Sarsaparilla made me a new man. I never was better than now." JOHN MACK, Oskaloosa, Iowa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Chouse" Seymour.

Seymour, the actor, was locally known as "Chouse," because on one occasion, when playing Othello at the Limerick Theatre, he, in the well-known passage, "Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul, but I do love thee, and when I love thee not, chaos is come again," pronounced the word "chaos" as if written "chouse." Seymour hated the nickname, and it is recorded of him when one night he was playing Othello in the dying scene a voice from the house roared out, "That's blessed good, Chouse!" Then the audience witnessed a singular spectacle. Othello sat bolt upright, shook his fist in the direction of the disturber, and in a voice of rage invited him, if he were a man, to come down and have his head punched. There being no answer to his challenge, the hapless Moor solemnly turned over and proceeded to die, to an obligato of titters from the entire house.—The Argonaut.

AN OPERATION AVOIDED.

Mrs. Rosa Gaum Writes to Mrs. Pinkham About it. She Says:

DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I take pleasure in writing you a few lines to inform you of the good your Vegetable Compound has done me. I cannot thank you enough for what your medicine has done for me; it has, indeed, helped me wonderfully. For years I was troubled with an ovarian tumor, each year growing worse, until at last I was compelled to consult with a physician. He said nothing could be done for me but to go under an operation.

In speaking with a friend of mine about it, she recommended Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, saying she knew it would cure me. I then sent for your medicine, and after taking three bottles of it, the tumor disappeared. Oh! you do not know how much good your medicine has done me. I shall recommend it to all suffering women.—Mrs. ROSA GAUM, 720 Wall St., Los Angeles, Cal.

The great and unvarying success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in relieving every derangement of the female organs, demonstrates it to be the modern safeguard of woman's happiness and bodily strength. More than a million women have been benefited by it.

Every woman who needs advice about her health is invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass.

PROOF.

It is an easy matter to claim that a remedy has wonderful curative power. The manufacturers of

RHEUMACIDE

leave it to those who have been permanently and positively cured of RHEUMATISM to make claims. Among those who have recently written us voluntary letters saying they had been cured are: Rev. J. L. Foster, Raleigh, N. C.; Mr. J. E. Robinson, Editor, Goldsboro, N. C. Daily Argus; Mr. A. Daus, a prominent merchant, Macon, Ga.; Mr. W. R. Duke, a railroad man, Kansas City, Mo.

Rheumacide Will Cure You.
Manufactured by The BOBBITT DRUG CO.
RALEIGH, N. C.
Sold by Druggists generally. Price $1 per bottle

AGENTS WANTED in every city and county for "Thrilling Stories of the Spanish American War by Returned Heroes." Only authentic War Stories published. For terms and territory, address D. E. LUTHER PUB. CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Any Girl Can Tell

A physician who makes the test and is honest about it can tell you that, in many cases, the number of red corpuscles in the blood is doubled after a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

That this means good blood may not be entirely clear from the doctor's statement, but any girl who has tried the pills can tell you that it means red lips, bright eyes, good appetite, absence of headache, and that it transforms the pale and sallow girl into a maiden who glows with the beauty which perfect health alone can give.

Mothers whose daughters grow debilitated as they pass from girlhood into womanhood should not neglect the pill best adapted for this particular ill.

Frank B. Trout, of 103 Griswold Ave., Detroit, Mich., says: "At the age of fourteen we had to take our daughter from school on account of ill health. She weighed only 90 pounds, was pale and sallow and the doctors said she had anæmia. Finally we gave her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. When she had taken two boxes she was strong enough to leave her bed, and in less than six months was something like herself. To-day she is entirely cured, and is a big, strong, healthy girl, weighing 130 pounds, and has never had a sick day since."—*Detroit Evening News.*

The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold only in packages, the wrapper always bearing the full name. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y. 50 per box.

GREAT FOREST FIRE.

Twenty-eight Thousand Square Miles Burned Over in 1874.

In 1874 some hunters started a prairie fire in Bon Homme County, D. T., opposite Niobrara, Neb. There was a strong southeast wind, and it swept to the northeast for over 300 miles, licking up the dry prairie grass and rolling up great columns of smoke on the soft September air for upward of a week. This one was comparatively narrow, being kept from spreading to the west by the Missouri river and from making much progress to the east at first by the Jim river, and later by the wind, which shifted more to the east, but in some places the tract burned over reached a width of seventy-five miles, and it averaged, perhaps, fully fifty.

It found few streams to impede its progress on that side of the Missouri; what few it did encounter it had no difficulty in leaping. Indeed, the distance fire will jump in crossing these prairie streams, where the grass grows rank and tall to the very water's edge, seems almost past belief. In case a fire cannot cross in one place there is usually a place where it can, and so it rushes on, frequently leaving large unburned irregular A-shaped places along the streams or lakes, but leaving the country as a whole, black, barren and forbidding.

This fire took over a week to go rather more than 200 miles. This may seem slow, but several things must be taken into consideration. In many places the grass was short, which necessarily hindered its progress. There was little or no wind during the nights so it, of course, traveled slowly then. At other times, when it got among stretches of blue-joint or other tall grass, it, like any other prairie fire, traveled at such a rate that a horse, be he ever so fast, could not keep ahead. The front was, of course, irregular, and, as usual, it would frequently happen that two long advancing arms would join several miles ahead of the main line of flame and rush onward, forming a new front and leaving a rapidly disappearing island of unburned grass behind.

The left of the mighty advancing column of flame was retarded the second or third day in passing through the Bijou hills. Later the right became entangled among the Wessington hills and fell behind. It finally died out among the coteaux close to the Missouri river, in the neighborhood of Le Beau and Boise Cache creeks. In fact, it was the river that stopped it, for had it not been there, or had the wind got into the south, it would have swept on 250 miles further, out of Dakota and on into the British possessions, no one knows how far. Probably about 28,000 square miles of prairie were burned over by this moving sea or fire. About thirty hunters and a few families were caught in that fire and burned to death.

Preserving the Skin.

The treatment of the skin of the face has always excited a great deal of comment. Some people will declare that it is best to wash the face with soap and water and allow nature to do the rest. These are generally people who have remarkably good skins, and do not need to be careful of them. Those who are troubled with pimples of the ugly little things called blackheads feel that more care must be bestowed. The removal of blackheads is thought to be a difficult matter and few understand what causes them. They are nothing more than the accumulation of dust and flying dirt lodging in the pores of the skin, and held there by the oil that exudes in greater or less degree from these pores. The particles become black from the dust, and as they are imbedded in the pores mere washing of the face will not remove them. The only way to get them out is to press them out with a bodkin or wide-eyed needle. Pressing with the fingernail should not be resorted to. The face should be washed and steamed before beginning to remove the blackheads, then the irritated surface should be soothed with an application of benzoin and water. If this solution is used constantly the blackheads will not continue to appear.

American Exhibits at Paris.

Hundreds of American horseless carriages and vehicles of all kinds will be seen on the streets of Paris during the great universal exposition of 1900. Contracts have recently been let in various cities in the United States, notably Chicago, for the building and equipping of about 5,000 electrical carriages. American railroads are preparing to make extensive exhibits at the Paris Exposition, and some of them will be full of novel and striking ideas. One plan, which has already received the approval of a number of the leading railroad companies, provides for the construction of an enormous upright relief or profile map of the United States, on which every line of railroad in the country will be marked by electrical devices.—New York Journal of Commerce.

Three German cities possess electric railways. So. 13,

ARP'S GOLDEN WEDDING.

He and Mrs. Arp Overwhelmed at the Interest Shown.

GIFTS AND SOUVENIRS FROM

Friends Near Home and Friends Abroad—Kind, Loving Greetings of Children, Kindred and Friends.

The celebration of our golden wedding is over and my good wife and I are still marching to the end of the journey. The fiftieth anniversary of our wedded life brought no change and did not for a moment stop the ticking of the marble clock upon the mantle. The days and the weeks and the months are still coming this way. We did not cross the Rubicon nor the Jordan nor the Styx, but only set up another mile stone and marked it fifty. Now we are on the last quarter stretch nearing the goal, and if it was left to us we would make it an even race. Birth and marriage and death are the most notable events in this life, the most pregnant with fate, and destiny, of happiness or misery and it becomes us to pause occasionally and ponder them. If we can do this with serenity and gratitude it is well for there is no comfort in melancholy.

And so we were made happy on our wedding day, and are happy yet as we recall the kind loving greetings of children and kindred and friends. A shade of sadness came over us of course as we thought of the missing one, the youngest boy afar off in Mexico, but he will come some of these summer days, and bring his sunshine with him. He always brings it and he always sends it in his letters. There is no better sign of a boy than for him to write home often and regularly, and Carl does that. Mr. Craig, of Macon, sent us by express prepaid a pretty iron double seat for the verandah or the lawn and wrote, "I made this with my own hands for your golden wedding. My wife and I wanted to show our love for your son Carl who was so good and kind to our dear boy while he was sick in Mexico. Our boy came home and died, but we have not forgotten Carl, God bless him." What a comfort to a parent are the letters from the children. What comfort are good, kind letters from friends known and unknown and we have had them by the hundred during the past two weeks, and telegrams, too, from New York to Texas—and from the islands of our new domain. We were amazed—overwhelmed and wondered what we had done to provoke such interest in our home affairs. And then the press has showered its benedictions so lavishly that I was constrained to whisper when will this thing stop—where will this bird light. We are proud of all this, but not vain and we are more gratified than proud, but the query is still with us "What have we done and is not this all a dream?"

And then there are the beautiful gifts and souvenirs that kept on coming from friends near home and friends abroad. They crowded our tables and adorned the walls. These golden presents gladdened our golden years and fitted the golden wedding so appropriately, and the flowers did, too—beautiful flowers from Brooklyn and Atlanta and Rome and Mobile and Marietta and all laden with pretty sentiments and some with the ever living lines from Mrs. Hemans:

"Bring flowers, fresh flowers for the bride to wear;
They were born to blush in her shining hair."

Yes, all is for the bride. She lets me look at the beautiful things, and even to handle them, but they are all hers except the gold headed cane and the French Clock that my dear old college mate, Jim Warren sent me. And she has given me one of the gold fountain pens and a pair of the cuff buttons and the new fangled carving fork that I thought was curling tongs for my scattered hair. It seems to me that I am a little humbler than I was before the wedding, for she claims all the pretty things, from the massive golden ladle of Mrs. Akin and the beautiful golden chalices of the Constitution and the lovely spoon service of the Home and Farm and the gold mounted umbrella From Kansas City, down to the golden bookmark and the golden toothpicks. There are scores of other beautiful things in glass and gold, and they are all hers. I am no longer the cashier of this bank, for the bride has put away the goldon coin, though she says she only wants to keep it a while and will then give it back to me. I remember when my father got a pension of $700 for a poor old man who owed him $90 and had owed it for years. Father counted out the gold and gave it to him, thinking that of course he would pay the debt, but he wrapped it up carefully and put it away down in his pocket and started for his horse, who was hitched to the rack near by. As he was about to get up father said to him, "Mr. Jenkins, I thought you told me you would pay me when you got your pension?" "Yes, I did, Asa," said he, "and I'm gwine to do it tomorrow shore. I jest wanted to take it all home and let the old woman look at it and feel of it and count it, and we would sleep with it in the house one night, Asa—just one night, Asa." And sure enough he did bring it back next day and paid the debt and put the rest in my father's safe.

I know that my bride will do that, too. Fifty years ago she promised me everything she had or was going to have and so I will wait. She has always given me everything that came to her except the children. She claims all of them and still speaks of them as "My children—my boys and my girls." Evan Howell, my old friend, came to our wedding and brought his good wife with him. You see, I was at his father's wedding long before he was born and I wanted him here, but when he was called upon to respond to Judge Akin's beautiful speech, I thought he went a little out of his way to say that every man was made better by his wife and that he had reason to believe that his friend, Bill Arp, was indebted to Mrs. Arp for his fame and name and good repute—that she was the power behind the throne—the guiding star—the pilot at the helm, the inspiration, and all that sort of thing. My wife was standing meekly by my side and heard it all, and it seemed to me she straightened up a little and seemed taller as he spoke. He continued on that line until I began to feel like I was nothing but an old ship that my wife was steering through the breakers. I saw that his remrks were very grateful to Mrs. Howell, for she stretched up a little, too, and as I looked around upon the matrons they were all stretching up, and my fear is they will stay so. I don't think I will invite Evan to our next wedding.

And now comes the aftermath—the second reaping of this harvest of love. We must answer all these kind letters, and we must thank the donors for all these beautiful gifts. It will take time, but it will be a labor of love. Many of the letters are in verse, and what is remarkable, most of the poems are from our aged friends. Just take note of this from Dr. Alexander, the veteran physician of Atlanta. Who would have thought that he would have turned bard in his seventy-fifth year? He sent me a beautiful cane, and the following verses, were wrapped around it. May the good Lord lead him down gently to to the grave:

"I never can forget it—whatever time destroys—
The dear old time in youth's sweet prime,
When 'Bill' and I were boys.

It is the one bright memory no earthly dross alloys,
For sweet bells chime of that dear time
When 'Bill' and I were boys!

"I was there when 'Bill' was married, in the pleasant far-away,
To the fair and noble woman
Whom he weds again today.
His golden-marriage time it is. Ah, time no love destroys!
For they love each other better than
When 'Bill' and I were boys!

"Well, here's a greeting to you, 'Bill,'
And blessings on your life,
And love and joy forever
To your jewel of a wife!
To me you're both a memory
No earth dross alloys,
Thank God we're still as happy as
When 'Bill' and I were boys!

"You need no staff to lean on, 'Bill,'
For love's your staff and guide,
And love has led you safe thus far,
And love is by your side:
But take this staff, old comrade,
With your golden wedding joys—
And lean upon it for those days
When 'Bill' and I were boys!

"JAMES F. ALEXANDER.

"March 7, 1899."

Oh the dear memories that these lines crowded on me—the branches where we fished for minnows and perch and horny-heads, the shoal creek where we seined and the mill pond where we jumped from the springboard and the water seemed a mile deep, and the trees we climbed for chestnuts that seemed a mile high. What a fine coon dog was Rover, and what a good rabbit dog was Tag. But the long red hills have shrunk and the mill pond is but a little pool and the trees have been cut down and the dogs we hunted with all dead. Alas! how cruel is time.

And here before me are some tender lines from old Colonel Gibbons, who has passed his four score years. He adds another verse to "John Anderson, My Jo." So does my dear old partner, Judge Branham, and he says that Dr. Deems wrote it. And an old lady from Washington, D. C., sends still another verse and says it was written by a man in Ohio. Here are three different additions to the poem and all are beautiful. And here are several loving verses from our cherished friend, Captain Calhoun, who is no spring bird or bard, but is old enough to write poetry. There is a man who always brings sunshine. His life is a struggle and strain, but "like the sun of Alknomok, he never complains."

Then there is the double-hearted gem from our unknown friend, "Dunne Brown," with its graphic illustrations. Nothing prettier or more appropriate was ever written or designed. He is both a poet and an artist, and the gem is to be encased in a golden frame and placed upon the golden papered wall. And dear, good Charlie Hubner never forgets or neglects to write the right thing in the right way and at the right time. And then there were the golden wedding's golden bells that were rung to sweet music by Colonel and Mrs. Roy Mason, of Richmond, Va.

Besides all these there were beautiful prose poems by Uncle Remus, Frank Stanton, Wallace Reed and Frank Richardson, and Mr. Knott, of The Home and Farm, and Mr. Einstein, of The New York Press, and Albert Shaw, of The Review of Reviews, that have been placed carefully among our wedding treasures. What shall we render to our friends for all their benefits and benedictions? Why, here is a massive wedding ring that Dr. Benham, the oldest and noblest Roman of them all, sent to my wife to be placed by me upon her wedding finger as I renewed the promises I made her 50 years ago. And here is another that our dear good friend, Joe Brown, sends. It is exquisitely engraved "Golden Years, Golden Hearts," and his letter is another gem—a prose poem that is worth more than the ring to me, for I am not a woman. And here is a Klondike nugget sent from a friend who lives in the far off state of Washington and is now mining in Alaska. And here, hanging on the parlor wall, is a beautiful picture of John Anderson my Joe, and his loving spouse. It is encased in an exquisite golden frame, and nothing can be more tenderly pathetic than this sketch, where the good old matron is smoothing the thin and silvery hair of her life-long companion as she sings, "Now we must totter down, John, but hand in hand we'll go." This came from Mrs. Ward, of Birmingham, a dear old family friend, who was a school girl in pantalettes when we moved to Rome in '51. She, too, had to flee from the foul invader in '64. the same night my wife and children, did and when they two get together I tell you they make the yankee fur fly and the yankees' ears burn when those who wear them are talked about. Did you ever try to drive an old hen with a brood of right young chickens out of the garden. Well, that's the way these two mothers fled and dodged and raised their feathers, and pranced around all over the country trying in vain to find some place where the foul invader could not come. But let that pass. After fifty years, let all sad memories be smothered, and all resentments buried. We have many dear friends among those yankees and on this glad event they have all been kind; very kind. The lawyers tell us of a statute of the limitations which is called a statute of repose, and which quiets title to land and cuts of punishment for crime. The Jews made a jubilee of every fiftieth year and proclaimed liberty throughout the land and cancelled all debts and gave the land and the cattle rest. And so now let us have rest and peace both in body and in mind. That is all very sweet and very pretty, says my wife, but we must work on. She made up her bed this morning as usual, and is now sewing new buttons on my old vest. But I can't help seeing the new rings on her fingers and the golden hiar pin that Major McCollum gave her in her hair. As for me, I have my orders, for it has long been my habit when I get a new suit of clothes, to keep them on as long as she will let me, and sometimes when she is not looking, I work in them. Already she has put my wedding suit away, and I will not get it again until Sunday morning. The truth is, I don't see much difference between now and then between the past and the present. I am still the boy. She wants me to bring in some coal right now.

There is no sign of rest for me
In this our year of jubilee.

—Bill Arp, in Atlanta Constitution.

No Trifling With the Queen.

The Spanish government has ordered the prosecution of Gen. Weyler's organ, El Nacional, and of several Republican and Carlist newspapers for publishing, with offensive comments, report that the Queen Regent was about to abdicate and to marry an Austrian Archduke.

Officers Reprimanded.

General Young has issued an order severely criticising the commissioned officers and finding of the court-martial in the trial of the rioters of the Fifteenth Minnesota Regiment, which occurred March 4th and 5th in Augusta, Ga., when one of their number was killed by a saloon-keeper.

Stranded in New York.

The 27 colored families numbering 104 persons in all, who are stranded in Jersey City, after having come from the West to go to Liberia, as is alleged, under a contract with the International Migration Society, have been notified by the Central Railroad, of New Jersey, that they would have to leave the railway cars in which they have remained since arriving in Jersey City.

Herr Huby, the kaiser's barber, who is responsible for his majesty's astonishing mustache, has been decorated several times. His "tonsorial parlors" are the best-paying in Berlin.

NORTH CAROLINA NEWS.

Some thieves entered Mr. John Gleason's smokehouse, at Arlington, and stole all the meat he had, eleven pieces and some sausage. He got on the track of a one-horse wagon and followed it for ten miles in the direction of Concord, till he came to the hills on this side of Buffalo creek, where the tracks left the road. Mr. Gleason and party went only a short distance into the woods, where they found a deserted one-horse wagon, in which was all his meat, some corn which had been stolen from Mr. George Hagler, and a hand saw and other shop tools, stolen from Mr. J. N. Rogers. About fifty yards away was a dark bay horse, stolen two years old. The thieves had fled, leaving everything.

Recent rains swept away the mill dam of Walker's & Co's. roller mill at Oak Ridge. Sixty feet of solid masonry went from the middle, creating a roar which awoke people a mile away. The new county bridge below the mill was swept away. The damage is estimated at $1,000 to the mill property. This is a very old site. Lord Cornwallis camped at this mill on the 11th of February, 1781, a month before the battle of Guilford Court House, as he was trying to intercept General Greene on his way to Virginia. On the following day the bugler was killed by Tarleton's men.

In the decisions rendered the other day, the Supreme Court held that the Fellow Servant act is constitutional, and again in another case that the failure of a railway company to properly equip its cars with safety appliances is negligence and makes it liable for damages resulting from such negligence where an employe sustains injury.

R. B. Raney, of Raleigh, has given that city $35,000 for the public establishment and support of a public library. Thus, one by one, our cities are falling into line. Which will follow next? Raney and Pack have made their names immortal in Raleigh and Asheville, and thousands will call them blessed. Who will emulate their example.—N. C. Journal of Education.

Mr. Joseph Lee, who lives in the western part of Cabarrus county, awoke and found his house on fire. The alarm was given in time to save his family, but too late to save any of the furniture or any part of the house. The loss amounts to several hundred dollars and he carried no kind of insurance.

An order has been passed by the committee on public buildings and grounds in Raleigh, to pave the street on the west side of the Supreme Court. It has also been ordered to put tiled floors in the offices of the State Auditor. The cost for tiling both offices will be about $750.

Another organization incorporated by the Secretary of State is the benevolent Society of Fayetteville, to be known as the Independent Order of True Reformers. Their business is to "nurse and assist the sick and disabled, and to do all other acts of a Christian and benevolent nature."

The secretary of state has issued articles of incorporation for to the Revolution Cotton Mills company, of Greensboro, with E. Sternberger, Moses H. Cone and Caesar Cone as incorporators. The capital stock is placed at $500,000.

Smallpox continues to abate in the State, though there are still a good many cases in Alamance county. The quarantine in that section is pretty rigidly enforced. Elon College, Gibsonville and Graham are quarantined against the whole of Alamance county.

The consolidation of the Winston-Salem postoffice means the largest and only first-class office in the State. The consolidation is to take effect July 1st. This will give the main office nine letter carriers and seven clerks.

The wife of Prof. Scribner, the head of the mechanical department of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, in Raleigh, died after a short illness, of pneumonia. She was only 25 years old, and leaves four children.

The old building at the Institution for the Blind in Raleigh is to be made almost entirely new. The legislature made an appropriation of $10,000 for this purpose and the directors have decided to begin work at once.

Through the Citizens' National Bank of Raleigh, Treasurer Worth has sent $80,000 to the Bank of the Republic, New York, to pay the interest on the 6 per cent. bonds, which falls due on the 1st of April.

Quite a party of Moravians will leave Winston the first of next month for Herrnhut, Germany, to attend the Synod, which opens there in May.

Daniel Bridges and J. C. Batley have been confined in jail in Raleigh on a charge of burning barns in New Light township, Wake county.

Deputy Collector J. P. H. Adams captured a 125-gallon registered brandy still and the owner thereof near Wakefield.

The Odell Manufacturing Company, is now building at Concord the largest weaving mill in the State. It will be equipped with five hundred looms.

A Monument to Patrick Walsh.

Augusta, Ga., will erect a monument to her late mayor, Hon. Patrick Walsh. The idea is to erect a bronze statue on some one of Augusta's many beautiful squares. Not only will Augusta do her part, but the entire South will be invited to assist in commemorating the name of the man who, standing with Henry W. Grady, was foremost in the fight for the recognition of the South's possibilities and the furtherance of Southern development.

TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people." GEO. W. BOWLES, Baird, Mass.

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. 313

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

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

Paper Bath Robes.

Bath robes made of paper are now manufactured, and their use is becoming quite a fad. The kind of material used resembles blotting paper. It quickly dries the body, and as the paper is a bad heat conductor the much dreaded cold after the bath can be avoided. Whole suits are made of this paper stuff, including coverings for the head and feet. One advantage of the fad is the cheapness of such a garment, making it possible for the poorest person to own one.

An Excellent Combination.

The pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative, cleansing the system effectually, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers gently yet promptly and enabling one to overcome habitual constipation permanently. Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative.

In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal qualities of the remedy are obtained from senna and other aromatic plants, by a method known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only. In order to get its beneficial effects and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.
For sale by all Druggists.—Price 50c. per bottle

Edison's Plan for Removing Snow.

Edison's latest suggestion is that snow can be removed from city streets not by melting machines, but by portable steam power compressors, which will scoop up the snow in steel scoop buckets and squeeze it into cakes 12x 12x12 inches in volume, which will be practically solid ice. Carts and men following the compressor can take up the cakes with tongs as they drop to the street, says Edison, and a market can be found for enough snow cubes to pay the interest on the cost of the machinery.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

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

There is a vast difference between speaking "one to another" and one about another.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

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

It is stated that nine-tenths of the mohair plush used in the United States is manufactured at Sanford, Me.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The Cargo of the first ship of the new line between San Diego, Cal., and Manila, consisted of whiskey and beer.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

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No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

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To Cure Constipation Forever.

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by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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