Hypodermic Injection of Perfumes.

There was quite a rage some years ago in the East for perfuming the skin. Some physicians discovered that the hypodermic injection of certain perfumes, such as white rose, lilac or violet, under the skin caused the perfume to be exhaled from the whole body. and even from the breath. All the ladies wanted to be perfumed. The operation had to be repeated about once a week in order to secure the desired results. But, unfortunately, two or three of the perfumed ones suffered subsequently from blood poisoning, and one or two died. That put a quietus on the hypodermic injection of perfume, and the whole matter dropped.-London Answers.

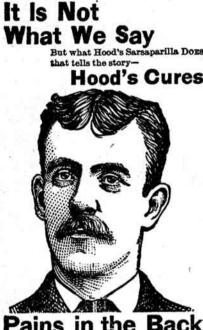
A Strange Superstition.

In Bosnia the people have believed at all times that a bridge could not be firm and lasting unless a human being was walled up in it. Thus there is a legend connected with the handsome Roman bridge at Mostar, which says that the fine arch across the Narents could not be finished until the architect walled up in it a bridal pair. Now that a solid bridge is being built across the Save at Brazcka this superstition is revived. It is rumored everywhere that gypsies are stealing children to sell them to contractors, who will wall one up in each pillar.-Exchange.

Boiled to Death.

The last instance of boiling to death took place in Persia in 1890. The offender was guilty of stealing State revenues and was put into a large caldron of cold water, which was slowly heated to the boiling point. His bones were distributed, as a warning, among the provincial tax collectors.

We Cure Rapture. No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimonials, etc., to S. J. Hollensworth & Co., Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price Si, hy mail, \$1,15.



Pains in the Back And kidney trouble caused me four years of suffering. Was helpless when I commenced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. An improvement was quickly noticed and I continued taking Hood's Sarsaparilla till now my back is strong Hood's Sarso arms in perfect health. I think no one can Hood's Sarsa parilla Cures

AN GIVE THANKS.

For leaf and bud and bloom That came with dawn of spring, For balmy laden breeze. For tuneful birds a-wing. Give thanks.

For sun and moon and stars That heat and light and cheer. And mark the flight of Time. With day and month and year. Give thanks.

For mellowed fruit and grain In bounteous harvest stored : For earth's full generous wealth Into our garners poured-Give thanks.

For love and hope and faith In friends both old and new.

With willing, helpful hands. And trusting hearts, and true-o Give thanks.

For life and all its gains From earth, and sea, and air; For all the great outpour Of blessings that we share-

Give thanks. -H. T. Hollands, in Detroit Free Press

A Thanksgiving Party.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

H, yes, it was such a mistake," said Christine Collingwood, dreamily. 'What was a mistake?" said old

Peggy. 'Our coming to blive in a dreary country place like this," said Chris-tine. "Where no-

body ever visits, and one sees no one but the meat man and the tin peddler. It's no better than being buried alive. I don't see why mamma ever left New York.'

Christine sat in the deep window seat, whither she had climbed, with a pair of shears to cut away the clustering ivy vines that darkened the kit-

"We have been educated for ladies," said Christine, "and not cooks!" "Are the two incompatible, Chris?" lady will be very pleased to accommo-"And I am fully resolved one day to be an artist. A landscapist, to imdate you." mortalize just such scenes as that!" Mrs. Edgeley. "Much obliged, I'm sure! I called in about that setting pointing with slim, taper fingers toward the burning glow in the west. of Muscovy duck eggs, but I'll just "Yes, but in the meantime?" dryly take this baking of nut cakes instead. observed Rossmond. "We must live,

and we must eat. And really I've It's just exactly the sort of thing one made rather a good thing of those wants for a Thanksgiving party. made rather a good thing of those Brahma chickens, at thirty-five cents There's something homelike and homemade about it. And I can have the a pound, while your picture of 'Wynd Mill in a Thunderstorm' still hangs in rest day after to-morrow?" the bookseller's window, and not a soul has so much as asked its price." Christine colored again. "I prefer to retain my position in society as a lady !" said she, with some emphasis.

"But we have no society." "We are asked to the Thanksgiving

party at Bramblethorpe !" exultantly retorted Christine. "We can't go !" averred Rosamond. "Why can't we go?"

"Nothing to wear," Rosamond succinctly answered, giving a sharp, sudden tap of the hammer to a plump nut on the edge of the flatiron. "How do you know that?"

Rosamond lifted her eyes in surprise, and Christine went hurriedly on : "There was a traveling salesman

here this afternoon with some lovely pink cashmere, at little more than half price. Mamma thought it was a bargain, and-and pink is my color, you

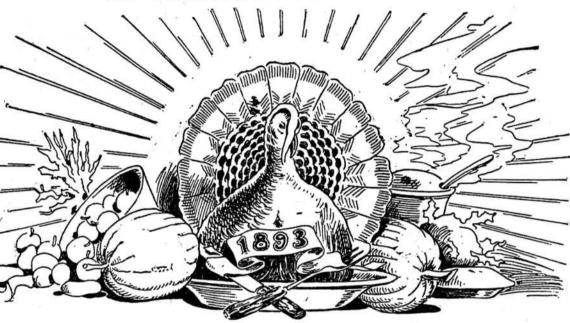
maid, and very fond of Peggy, and so she set diligently forth to gather nuts know, so I bought a dress." Rosamond's eyes were still fixed on Christine's face. the next day. "And how did you pay for it?"

asked she. "I took the money from the India cabinet drawer. There was enough." "My chicken money !" exclaimed Rosamond, reproachfully.

"Oh, I knew you wouldn't mind!" said Christine, nonchalantly. "I can easily pay you back when my picture

dress in the family, there's no reason there shouldn't be two. Only we've is sold, and I did want to go to Bramblethorpe so much, and how could I got to make haste and get it made up. Rosamond was overjoyed when the go without a decent dress?"

THANKSGIVING FEAST.



"I never saw such a girl as you !"

Mrs. Edgeley's spectacled eyes grew

big and round. She came a step or

You can hear Thanksgivin' comin' with the jolliest kind o' sound; You can hear the turkey holler for a mile or two around; For he knows that he is in it, as he has been in the past, An' he thinks that every minute is jes' sure to be his last!

You can hear Thanksgivin' comin' with a rush an with a roar, An' the knives an' jorks a-hummin' as we pass the plate for more O, it's jolly every minute, in the North an' in the South, For the turkey-gobbler's in it, an' we're waterin' at the mouth! —Atlanta Constitution.

"We don't buy nor sell our cake," | tern away," pleaded Rosamond-for said she. But you're welcome to it, all this time the pumpkin features and Mrs. Edgeley, and I'm sure my young the flaming eyes were flattened against her window-blind.

"Not until I get an answer," said Jack, the indomitable. "Humph! humph!" commented "Go away !" said Rosamond.

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"I won't !" said Jack.

Suddenly the jack-o'-lantern countenance disappeared; there was a crash.

"Oh, Jack, you have fallen off the piazza roof! Oh," cried Rosamond, wringing her hands, "what shall I do?'

"No, it wasn't me," said Jack: "it After Mrs. Edgeley had hobbled away on her gold-headed cane, Peggy was only the pumpkin. It wasn't balanced just right on the pole. Do you suppose that I go around peeping into people's windows? Come down, Rosy, I 687 !"

This time Rosamond did not repeat her formula of "Go away!" She came down in the blue dress, a white, She fleecy shawl wrapped around her head. "How nice you look !" said admiring Jack. "Get your hat. Come!"

"Never !" asseverated Rosamond. "Oh, very good !" said Jack. "Then

it's 'never' with me also !" "Never what?"

Rosamond looked puzzled. "Why, never to go away from

will you, my dear? I'll trudge up the here. hill with you after the nuts the first "Jack !"

found a crisp, clean five-dollar bil

She eyed it shrewdly. "It's no more than they're worth,"

"Yes, Miss Rosy, I gin 'em every one away," said Peggy, craftily, "to a

poor old creetur, lame and almost blind. You'd ha' done it yourself if

you'd been here. Her folks is dread-

ful partial to nut cakes, and I've

promised her another batch to-mor-

row. They're expectin' company, you

see. You won't go back on old Peggy.

And she pocketed the bill.

no time in speeding thither.

"Pink is Miss Chris's color," said

lying on the table.

said she.

mornin'."

mond.

thing after breakfast to-morrow "Darling, don't you understand?" said Jack, slipping his arm around her waist (there were only the peaceful stars to see them, and the red, blink-"You oughtn't to have done it without consulting me, Peggy," said Rosaing eye of the jack-o'-lantern, smould-But she was a soft-hearted little ering away in the box borders). can't be happy except where you are. I love you, Rosy. I want you to be my wife !"

Peggy knew where the traveling "Oh, Jack," she faltered, "I never salesman put up-at a wayside inn, thought of that !" kept by a friend of hers-and she lost

Aunt Edgeley, in rnby velvet and barbaric pearls, was "matronizing" the Philadelphia beauty whom the Bramblethorpe people intended for Jack.

she, "and I think Miss Rosamond would look well in blue-a pale, for-Miss Melliter, of Melliter Park, kept get-me-not blue. If there's one new a sharp lookout from a pair of diamondbright eyes for the young heir; and Christine Collingwood, looking like a pink rose in her new gown, was also on the qui vive-when the door swung open, and Jack entered. leading a fair damsel in blue, who hung back, after a shy, pretty fashion. "Mother," he said, going straight to

the head of the room -- "Aunt Edgeley -this is the future Mrs. Jack Bramble This is my promised wife. Give her such a welcome to Bramblethorpe as she deserves. Dick, where is your cornet? Sam, what are you waiting for? Come! Thanksgiving is going to commence in real carnest now !'

The elders were considerably astonished, but, Jack's will had always been law with them, and remained so still The bride-elect was warmly greeted, and old Peggy never could be convinced that she and the nut cakes together had not made the match .-Saturday Night.

Thanksgiving Day.

The first Thanksgiving Day held in America is believed to have occurred in February, 1631, at which date a vessel laden with supplies arrived to succor the starving colony at Charlestown. During the following years frequent days of thanks were appointed in the New England colonies. At first these appointments were at different seasons of the year-sometimes twice n one year-and for special reasons. Thanksgiving Day was a National institution during the Revolution and was annually recommended by Congress, but after a general thanksgiving for peace in 1784 there was no National appointment till 1789, when President Washington recommended a thanksgiving for the adoption of the Constitution. In 1795 Washington appointed another National thanksgiving on account of the suppression of the insurrection of that year. In 1815 a day of thanksgiving for the restoration of peace was recommended by President Madison, but during the early part of the century Thanksgiving remained an institution peculiar to New England, but was not always held either on the same day or in the same month. The Protestant Episcopal Prayer Book adopted in 1789 recommended for a day of thanksgiving the first Thursday in November, and this day was observed by the church generally in States where there was no official Thanksgiving appointed. The first official appointment of a Thanksgiving Day in the State of New York was made in 1817, but the Governors of Western and Southern States did not generally follow the custom until after 1850. Proclamations recommending special thanksgiving were issued by President Lincoln in 1862 and 1863, and in 1863 and 1864 he appointed the annual Thanksgiving Day by National proclamation. Since that time annual thanksgiving proclamations have been issued by the Presidents, the Governors of the several States and the Mayors of the principal cities. The last Thursday of November is celebrated as Thanksgiving Day throughout the country.

Cream of Tartar and Soda

Have uses in cooking well known to every housekeeper; but the method of refining them to make them chemically pure, and of mixing them together so as to produce their greatest leavening power and best results when combined, is a matter of great exactness, requiring the most expert knowledge and skill.

Royal Baking Powder

Is the product of this knowledge and experience and the expenditure of many thousands of dollars in patents and appliances for its preparation. It is a compound of strictly pure grape cream of tartar and absolutely pure soda, combined with exactness and care by famous chemists, and it will produce more wholesome and delicate bread, biscuit, cake, rolls, etc., than can be had where this modern agent of cooking is not used.

Beware of the cheap compounds called baking powders to catch the unwary. They are made with alum and are poisonous.

Senator Proctor Has 15,000 Employes. Significance of "Van" and "Von," It is a common mistake of Ameri-United States Senator Proctor 16 the owner of one of the most valuable cans to think that the predicate "van" marble quarries in the country, and before a Dutch name signifies nobility. his home at Proctorville, in the Green In the low countries-that is in the Mountains, possesses a beauty unkingdoms of the Netherlands and of rivaled in mountain districts. His Belgium-"van" has no particular eldest son is manager of the works. meaning. Names with "van" are to be read on shops, as well as on the Some idea of the value of these quarries doors of the most aristocratic man- and the enormous amount of work sions. The humblest persons have it, performed can be estimated from the as well as the most refined. On the fact that there are 15,000 names on other hand, a great number of the the pay rolls of the company, and the very oldest families are without it. In village of Proctor is made up entirely Germany "von" means noble, and all of the employes. There are 500 cotpersons belonging to the nobility have tages in the village, beautiful little 'von" before their family names, with- two-story dwellings, that are rented out any exception. Persons who do at \$7 per month; always kept in the not belong to the nobility cannot put most perfect repair. The drives in "von" before their names, as they have and around the neighborhood are no right to do so, and would be found solidly macadamized by the hard out directly if they assumed it, and marble siftings from the mines, and make themselves ridiculous. But in one may drive for miles over the case of a man being knighted for some picturesque foads on a roadway un-reason or other he has the right to put exampled for smoothness and freedom 'von" before his family name. For from dust. The Senator is planning to build a spacious private mansion on instance, when Alexander Humboldt the corner of Vermont avenue and K was knighted he became Alexander von street, the lot purchased years since, Humboldt, and all his descendants, just across from the residence of Secretary Carlisle. -- Washington Post. male and female, take the prefix .-Harrison's Magazine.

He Did Sleep.

Miss Georgis A. Knight, of this city, tells a peculiar story. At a con-cert in Bangor recently Miss Knight was singing her favorite solo, "Sleep, My Baby, Sleep," when the stillness of the opera house was broken by a "dull thud" in one of the galleries, followed by a roar of laughter that quickly spread all around the house. It appears that a college student had grown aweary with long application to his studies, and, lured on by Miss Knight's sympathetic tones and kind

invitation to repose, he fell asleep and disgraced himself by rolling off the seat.—Portland (Me.) Eastern Argus.

Rubber Boots vs. Rhenmatism. Since the general wearing of Rubber Boots among farmers and other outdoor workers, rheumatism has very sensibly decreased. Keep your feet dry and you can expose the rest of sour body with less danger. Among the various kinds of Rubber Boots, the "Colchester Spading Boot " has become the most popular of all. The great improvement of the Spading a ease and comfort in walki

ing and I continued until I had taken 6 bottle SWAMP-ROOT

The Great KIDNEY, LIVER and SLADDER Cure to every one who has torpid liver, for it has completely cured me." F. W. CHRISTIANER.

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Had Torpid Liver For 14 Years. Biliousness, Poor Digestion, Loss of Appetite. DEAR SIRS:--''I have been troubled with Torpid Liver for 14 years and gone through courses of bilious fever; many times it has been im-possible for me to do any kind of labor. Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-EGOT was first recommended to ma SWAMP-BOOT was first recommended to me by Holthouse, Blackburn & Co., (Druggists) Decatur, Ind., After taking one bottle I was uncertain whether I was really de-riving any benefit or not; after taking the second bottle, however, I found that my health was improv-ing and Leontinued until U

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CURED ME.

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Hood's Pills cure constipation. Try a box. NY NU-45

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"What is August Flower for ?" As easily answered as asked. It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver .--Nothing more than this. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. To-day it has an honored place in every town and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country, and sells everywhere. The reason is simple. It does one thing, and does it right. It cures dyspepsia@



ANA SABSAPARILLA CO. : GENTLENIN:-I wish to testify to the efficacy DANA'S SARSAPARILLA. For several presers I have been suffering from a ad Blood Disorder called by different mee by the serven Physicians who attended me, it which buffied the skill of them all. I st-cked my face, EATING AWAY HE FLESSH, and leaving a persident maning sore, which nothing would heat. It so broke out on my limbs a SFEVER O BEE. For months I was confined to thout enthese for over ten years. thes for over ten years.



a ever. I am sure that my case is as near a miracle as mything that happens at the present day. ig that happens at the present day. I am very slucerely yours, me, N. Y. MRS. OLIVER CHERRIER.

GENTLEMEN -- We enclose testimonial of Mrs. derrier, which is a strong endorsement of your inable compound. We believe her statement to eompound. We believe her statement to in every respect. We are very respectfully yours, DAVIS BROS. e, N. Y. Wholesale & Retail Druggists

Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

ENSION Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims, to Principal Examinar U.S. Pension Bureau Trialast was. Used Willington Claims, atty since

chen window with their green tendrils. In one hand she held a bunch of ivytrails; from the other the shears Rosamond.

dangled. Her profile, sharply outlined against know, and you can wear anything. the ruddy carmine of the sunset, was Besides, if only one of us is to go, on exquisitely pure and delicate; her account of the gown, I am the eldest, blue eyes were full of dreamy fire. Old Peggy, from her position in that."

front of the kitchen table, looked "Well," said she, briskly setting "Well," said she, briskly setting perience of Christine's varying moods hand. Lizzio aside the pan of baked apples that she had tanght her that it was best to greet her.

had taken from the oven for tes, "I swallow her discomfiture and make the can tell you why, Miss Chrissy. It best of things; but she could have was because you hadn't money enough burst out into a child's passionate she. to keep on living in the city since the weeping as she thought of all the little Barbazon Bank failed, and because comforts for her mother, the many this old stone house that belonged to conveniences for the house, that that your dead-and-gone grand-uncle was seven dollars of "chicken money" had standing empty. House rent is house been destined to procure. rent, and there's lots of nice fruit and 'I wish you wouldn't go vegetables in the garden, though I crack-cracking in that sort of way!" won't say but it's been sadly neglected, and the air can't be beat. Of course it's a bit dull for you young ladies; high window seat. "It makes me so but beggars can't be choosers, you nervous !" know, and Miss Rosamond amuses her-

self with the chickens and the ducks, bless her heart?"

The sudden flush rose angrily to nerves or no nerves." Christine's satin-soft cheek.

"We are not beggars yet," said she. said Christing. "You are always los-'And as for Rosamond, she never had ing your temper !" a soul above a scullery maid." And she flounced away up stairs,

"What's that you're saying about while a single crystal-bright tear fell Rosamond ?" cried a gay young voice, like a diamond spark among the heap as a tall, brown-haired girl came in, of nutshells at Rosamond's feet. with sparkling hazel eyes, cheeks reddened with exercise, and an apronful of nuts. "See what I picked up ism and self-control, too!" on the hill beyond the stone wall; and a nice fight I had with the squirworked harder than ever. rels and little Tom Evans, for 'em. The squirrels chattered at me from every tree in the copse, and Tommy sat on the wall and sulked. But the trees are on our land, and I was determined to have our share of the nut godmother in a story. "Well, I de-

clare! How nice they look !" harvest. Only look, Chris! Aren't they beauties?" "Nuts!" scornfully uttered Christine, vouchsating only a single glance pan with modest pride. "Have one, at the treasures, and turning away her face toward the red sunset glow. er's stuff, that I can tell you !" "What on earth are you going to do

with them ?" "Do with 'em?" echoed Rosamond. then pick 'em out, and then I shall make some nut cookies!"

Christine shrugged her shoulders. "I beg leave to amend my verdict,' said she. "I should have said that Rosamond had the soul of a cook !" Rosamond glanced toward the cellar steps, down which old Peggy had dis-

Peggy.

appeared. 'You know, Chris," said she, lowering her voice, "that Peggy is getting ley, and I'm proud to say it, that I am !" stiffer and more rheumatic every day, and we must do something to help her. Mamma knows nothing about the housework; and, besides, she is far too two nearer. delicate to come down here !"

"I prefer some other way of occupying my time," said Christine, super- for our Thanksgiving party. Aurilla ciliousiy. "Yes, but what?"

Rosamond had reached down the cal. Would you sell me this batch? hammer, and was now balancing the And would the young lady bake me mond. broad end of a smoothing-iron in her another-as a very special favor?" she lar, preparatory to the operation of added, insinuatingly. Peggy tossed her head. cracking,

"Did you ever consider how I was compact little brown paper parcel to buy my dress?" slowly uttered came home.

"I'm quite certain Peggy knows all "Oh, you're the younger sister, you about it," said she, "though she wraps herself in mystery. But she's the best old soul in the world, and she sha'n't lose her reward when my ship comes and it's my right. Everybody knows in; that is, if it ever does." The afternoon preceding Thanks-

giving Day she went up to Bramble-Rosamond said nothing, but worked thorpe with a pasteboard box in her diligently away. Her lifelong exhand. Lizzie Brambleran down stairs

"Have you come to help us arrange the chrysanthemums and ivy?" said "Oh, I'm so glad to see you !" "I couldn't possibly," said Rosa-"My dress isn't done yet, and mond. I've got to hurry home and finish it.

But I've brought you some of my nut cakes, Lizzie; they're a Thanksgiving sort of thing, and I made them after "I wish you wouldn't go on crackan old family receipt that no one has

but me.' querulously spoke Christine, spring-"Nut cakes!" Miss Bramble suring down from her aerial perch in the veyed the tempting show, wrapped in a red-bordered dolly. "Why, Rosy, we've got a lot of 'em already that

"Perhaps then," said Rosamond. Aunt Edgeley bought! Beauties, too! curtly, "you had better go up stairs, You never mean that you made 'em, inasmuch as this work has to be done, dear ?"

Rosamond colored a hot scarlet. All of a sudden the mystery cleared itself. She knew now where the forget-me-not dress came from. She put down the box, with a murmured word or two, and flew swiftly home.

"I never can go to that party now!" she sobbed to herself. "Oh, how could "I'm a goose!" thought the girl. Peggy do such a thing? Of all things to sell my cake to the Bramblethorpe "And with all my grand ideas of heropeople! What must they think?" "Oh, come now !" said Jack Bram-

And she compressed her lips and ble, when the merry clamor of Black "Nut cookies !" said old Mrs. Edge-Sam's fiddle and Georgia Dick's cornet ley, Colonel Bramble's aunt, as she proclaimed the opening dance on that merry Thanksgiving Eve, "if Rosahobbled into Peggy's kitchen, leaning on a gold-headed cane, like the fairy mond Collingwood isn't here, my cake's

all dough.' "It's a matter of cake, any way, said Fernanda Edgeley, satirically

"Yes'm-nut cookies," complacently affirmed Peggy, moving forward the and there was a general giggle." "And the blue-eyed sister is here. Why can't you be contented with that?" Mrs. Edgeley, won't you? It ain't none of your lard-and-molassesy bak-"Because I like Rosy the best," said Jack, with delightful frankness. "Never tasted anything so delicious "Thanksgiving isn't Thanksgiving if in my life," said Mrs. Edgeley, nib- Rosy isn't here, and I'll tell you what,

"Why, crack 'em, to-be-sure! And bling away at the cake with teeth that I mean to go after her!" And he were still as white and perfect as when went. she was sixteen. "You don't mean to

One solitary light shone in the winsay, Peggy, that you made them ?" dows of the old stone house-the win-"I, ma'm? Not I!" protested eggy. "Not but what I call myself dows of Rosamond's room, where the poor little girl was crying her heart as good a hand at cake as most folks. out

All of a sudden a fearful face glared but I'm free to confest I hain't the light touch and the cary knack to stir up a batch like this. It's our Miss in-a jack-o'lantern pumpkin, with eyes of fire, clevated on the extreme Rosamond that made 'em, Mrs. Edgeend of a bean-pole.

"Goodness me !" fluttered Rosamond. "What's that?,"

And she flung the sash open. "It's me, Rosy!" bawled Jack. "Come down here; I want you?"

"Peggy," said she, in a mysterious whisper, "these are just what we want "What for?" "To come to the Bramblethorpe party ! Come, make haste ! Dick and

isn't much of a calculator, and I'm Sam are in royal tune to-night, and the afroid we're going to run short on music has commenced already.' "I-can't-go!" murmured Rosa

> ', Then I can't !" said Jack. "I shall stay and spend the evening with you !' "Do take that horrible jack-o'-lan-



A shoemaker, Kavol Kowates, who, in 1823, lived at Pesth, the capital of Hungary, smoked the first meerschaum pipe. Besides being a shoemaker, however, he was one of Nature's handicraftsmen, being gifted with an intuitive genius for carving in wood and other material. This brought him into contact with Count Andrassy, with whom he became a great favorite. The Count, on his return from a mission to Turkey, brought with him a piece of whitish clay, which had been presented to him as a curiosity, on account of its extraordinary light specific gravity. It struck the shoemaker that, being porous, it must be well adopted for pipes, as it would absorb the nicotine. The experiment was tried, and Kavol cut a pipe for the Count and one for himself. The first meerschaum pipe, made and smoked by Kavol Kowates, has been preserved in the museum at Pesth. - Tid-Bits.

Schedule of Thanksgiving Day.

8 o'clock the boy Is full of joy. At 12 o'clock the lad Is far from sad. At 4 p. m. the sinner Is filled with dinner. At 7 he doth evince The effect of mince. At midnight hour he dreams And loudly screams. And when next day he rises All food despises.

tects the sole from injury and adds to the general durability of the Boot. Be sure and see the "Colchester Spading Boot" before you purchase any other kind.

How's This !

How's This ! We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. ORENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Che-ney for the last 15 years, and believe him per-fectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obliga-tion made by their firm. WEST & TBUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. "MOTHER'S FRIEND" is the greatest offered child-bearing woman. I have been a mid-wife for many yurs, and in each case where "Mother's Friend" had been used it has accomplished wonders and relieved much suffering. It is the best remedy for rising of the breast known, and worth the price for that alone. Mas. M. M. BRUSTER, Montgomery, Ah.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Ha'l's Catarrh Curs is taken internally, act-ing directly upon the blood and mucous sur-faces of the system. Price, 75c, per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Teatimonials free.

Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure For the baby and for the adult. It cures croup and whooping cough, also asthma. 50 cts. A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N. Y., M'f'r.

Farm wanted or village place: state lowest price, full description. C., Box 36, Ft. Lee, N. J. Are your lungs sore? Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup will cure them. 25c. at druggist s Beecham's Pills instead of sloshy mineral waters. Beecham's-no others. 25 cts. a box.



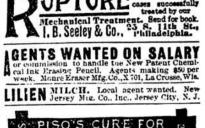
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Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

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