

LOVE AND SORROW.

Love and sorrow met in May, Crowned with rue and hawthorn spray And sorrow smiled.

Sorrow cast before her down Her crown of rue, For love's sake love's own crown, Crowned with dew.

Winter brea'ed again, and spring Covered and shrank with wounded wing Down out of sight.

Love rose up, with crownless head, Smiling down on spring time dead, On wintry May.

—Pearson's Weekly.

Tale of a Typewriter.

Raymond Rose sat in his comfortable after-breakfast chair reading his after-breakfast newspaper. All his surroundings denoted comfort.

He felt himself a success—in literature. At thirty-five his position was assured, so he must, at any rate, have been a moderate success.

In fact, Raymond was one of those felicitous men who have in their life everything that they want—save one thing, and they don't know what that is.

So Raymond Rose read his morning paper glanced around his own comfortable apartment, sighed and frowned. Then, bethinking himself of his volume of short stories, turned again to the newspaper and studied the advertisement sheet.

Typewriting done for authors and others at the rate of \$4. per 1,000 words; paper found. Apply Miss G. Ramsay, 5 Nethercourt Terrace, N. W.

"Cheap!" muttered Raymond, "distinctly cheap! Think I'll try it."

Then he began to wonder, in his usual way, as to what Miss G. Ramsay looked like, and whether Nethercourt Terrace was shabbily genteel or dirtily slum-like.

"It's almost like 'sweating,'" he murmured. "I suppose she is hard up. Wants work badly, perhaps. The price does seem fearfully low all the same. Ah! well, 'tis the same for me as for any one else."

From which it may be deduced that if Raymond's talents were a little above the average, his philanthropy was quite normal. Not that he was mean. No one ever thought of calling him that.

He sat him down before a desk and penned a note, which he addressed to Miss G. Ramsay, of Nethercourt Terrace. The missive contained a request to be informed whether Miss Ramsay could undertake to typewrite Mr. Rose's "Volume of Short Stories" for immediate publication.

Then with a sad mind he proceeded to forget all about Miss Ramsay, Nethercourt Terrace, and the exigencies of the hard-pressed typist. Some letters had to be answered, proofs corrected and one newspaper article written.

Having accomplished these various tasks, he partook of a light luncheon, walked a little by way of exercise, smoked, and finally, as evening drew on, settled himself comfortably in his comfortable chair and looked over his manuscript stories.

One or two required more alteration and addition than he had given them. One, he thought would have to be re-written. The rest were good enough for his purpose, which, after all, was to make an income, so he told himself. They were not great works. Critics would style them "fair, wholesome mediocrity." Friends would smile and prophecy their deservedly popular reception.

Then Raymond Rose went to bed and slept the sleep of the highly respectable. As has been before observed he was a comfortable man, recking little of the future and not at all of the past. Unrealized hopes, ambitions, aspirations were nothing to him. "They are fulfilled," he would have told himself, had he recalled them, which he didn't, "and because they are not fulfilled in the precise way in which I then hoped that they would be I cannot sincerely grieve. Circumstances mould the man. He is a mere puppet, swayed by their force. If I am less than I should be blame flattery and fortune, not me. I am but an instrument in their hands." Which is the way in which many sophisticated persons avoid similar conscience-pricking difficulties.

The next morning he got up, breakfasted and read the morning paper, as was his wont. Then he turned once more to his short stories.

Did he feel seedy this morning? Had the weather depressed him? or what was the matter? Certainly his work seemed far less satisfactory than he had ever previously found it. To his senses, refreshed by a night's rest, these stories appeared weak and dull. Why had he never noticed these things before? Or, rather, why should he have noticed them now, at the eleventh hour? This sudden consciousness was most inconvenient.

"Miss Ramsay, sir," suddenly said his housekeeper from the doorway. Raymond Rose turned in his chair, none too pleased at the interruption.

"Thank you," he said, and stared—stared at his visitor, wondering for the moment what her business with him could be. Mechanically he placed a chair for her.

"I have come about some typewriting," said she, hesitatingly. Raymond started. He remembered now.

This, however, was not the kind of typewriter with whom he usually dealt.

Two women who had done work for him were angular and hard-featured, abrupt in manner, and as careworn as they could be. Miss Ramsay was a mere girl, well dressed, slight of figure and prepossessing of face. Her complexion was good, her small mouth prettily formed, her eyes large and lustrous, her hair a pretty brown color. Raymond found himself noting all these points about his new typewriter.

Suddenly he awoke to the fact that she was waiting for him to speak. "Yes," he said. "I require a volume of short stories typewritten. Unfortunately," he added, recalling his thoughts of a few minutes ago, "they are not quite ready. More than one will want doctoring if not rewriting."

"I might take them one by one," suggested Miss Ramsay. "That would save time. If you have one ready—" "Yes, that will be our best plan," interrupted Raymond.

"And shall I do the work here or at home?" she asked. "Which would be the most convenient for you?" inquired Raymond, trying to stifle his personal inclinations as regards the matter.

"If you will show me your writing—that is, your MS.," said she, frankly, "I can tell you. It is difficult I had best come here, if easy?"

"It is rather difficult," returned the other. "Perhaps you had best come and do the work here," he added, with quite unselfish eagerness. "The mornings would suit me best."

"Very well," she said. "Good morning. I will be here tomorrow." The door closed behind her. Raymond Rose tried to settle down to work again. But he failed—miserably. Thoughts would not come. The pen scratched and spluttered like a thing in a bad temper. Each story as he tackled it grew worse under his alterations. However, he made a desperate effort, and completed one ready for the morrow's typewriting.

Then he got up and went for a walk, wondering what had come to him. The visit of the morning would recur to his mind. Nevertheless, as became a bachelor of thirty, he refused to acknowledge that his comfortableness had been in any way disturbed by it.

"Absurd!" muttered he. "The fact is, I want a little change—change of air, change of scenery, change of people—change of life." The last was quite an afterthought.

The next morning Miss G. Ramsay arrived—typewriter and all. Raymond gave her the story. She read it through and prepared to set to work.

"What do you think of it?" asked Raymond. She laughed—very pleasantly. "At any rate, it is not 'sex-manical,'" she said.

"No," replied he. "I am glad it is not—and began his own work. He thought that she did her typewriting very well. When the story was finished he took the liberty of telling her that the work was more than satisfactory.

She only replied that she was pleased to hear him say so. After her departure he found himself wondering whether the G before her surname stood for Grace or Georgina.

In the days which followed he learned a good deal of her history. She had come to London with her brother, who was a clerk in a broker's office and received an annual stipend of eighty pounds. On this, and on what she could earn, they were dependent for their living. For the parents had died, leaving them penniless. It was a common enough tale, yet Raymond Rose considered it remarkably interesting.

He always asked her what she thought about a story. "Miss Ramsay often gave him valuable suggestions," so he told his friends.

"I think that your stories improve," observed Miss Ramsay one morning. "You seem to probe human nature more than you did, and your sentiment is not so artificial."

"That is due to your influence," he replied, gallantly and sincerely. The dark, lustrous eyes looked up at him, and her face assumed a half frightened expression. Perhaps she caught the true inwardness of his words. At any rate, that glance threw Raymond Rose into ecstasy. No longer did he doubt his own feeling.

The same evening he pondered deeply. Here was a man, with everything to recommend him; a large income, an unimpeachable character, a kindly disposition, a heart filled to the brim with love. And she! A typist in straitened circumstances, of quite unknown origin, so far as the world was concerned. True, her brother presented rather an obstacle. But then—

The picture of the brother faded from his mind. He saw himself wedded to a pretty wife, his old rooms cheered and brightened by her presence; the stale order of things abolished; the opening of new pastures warmed by the dual warmth of kindred souls. Then, moved by a sudden impulse, he sat down and wrote a story.

He wrote of a man, noble and good, to whom honor, fame, riches came like the sweet rain from heaven. The man lived, prospered and was comfortable. He felt, however, that a void existed in his life; he knew not its nature, nor how to fill it. Then came a woman, pure and beautiful as the dawn, and he knew that it was she who was to fill that void. So he married her and lived happily ever after.

By 2 in the morning he had finished the story. He went to rest, feeling that it was the best and the noblest work he had ever done; although it was the unvarnished tale of an ordinary man's life.

When Miss Ramsay next appeared her pretty eyes were red and swollen with weeping. Raymond was horror-struck. Tenderly he bade her be seated and inquired the cause of her grief.

The tale was soon told. "Brother" had suddenly and unexpectedly lost his employment, through no fault of his own. His "firm" had coalesced with another and his services would be no longer required. He was to be paid fifty pounds for his compensation and sent about his business.

"You must let me help you," exclaimed Raymond Rose, sympathetically. Then, on a sudden, an idea flashed into his mind, flooding it with joy. For the first time in his life he blessed that brother. Would not the catastrophe make that task easier? The girl was at this moment threatened with destitution. He gave not a thought to the ungenerous side of the question.

"No," said he, eagerly, as Miss Ram-

say wearily began her typewriting. "I don't wish you to do that to-day. You are in trouble. Here is a new story. I wrote it last night. I want you to read it and give me your opinion as you always do. I—I want to know whether you consider the ending is good."

Mechanically she took the manuscript from his hand. She read it at first without understanding its particular import. Then she suddenly became aware that his eyes were fixed upon her face with a burning, passionate gaze.

"You think it good?" he queried, as she finished. "It ends well, does it not? Miss Ramsay, you are reading the story of my life, for I love you."

And he came towards her with eyes aglow, never doubting that his own passion would carry all before it. He caught her slender wrist and kissed the small hand again and again.

But she shrank away from him, while her face grew crimson. "Give me time to think, Mr. Rose," cried she, piteously. "I did not know, indeed, I did not know. You are good and kind!"

Then Raymond lost his head. He stooped and kissed her lips. "You need no time," he muttered, fiercely. "You are poor, destitute—and I love you."

"Let me go now, please." Raymond started at her tone. Then, seeing that she was in earnest, he opened the door for her and stood meekly by while she passed out. Whereupon he sat down on a chair with an indistinct sense of having done something very foolish.

"I have made a mistake," he said, wearily to himself. "But she will come again. A sensible woman such as she is will not refuse an offer of that sort."

But although Raymond had written of women, and had made capital out of his writings, he had quite failed to grasp the fact that the sex is a strangely delicate organism, liable to be thrown out of gear by the faintest discordant movement.

Three days later there came a letter—Dear Mr. Rose: I have come to the conclusion that the end of your story was, so far as I am concerned, incorrect. Owing to the kindness of an old friend, my brother has obtained a little work, which will suffice to keep us from starvation. This and other considerations, which you will doubtless understand, induce me to decline your no doubt kindly-meant offer of three days since. Yours sincerely,

GRACE RAMSAY. Raymond Rose cast the letter upon the floor and said bad words, cursing in turn the various classes of typists, brothers, and "old friends." Then he packed a portmanteau and went to Switzerland for his long-contemplated change of air. He climbed the Matterhorn and sailed down the Lucerne, coming back after one month's traveling to his old rooms and to his old comfortable ways, also to some old friends, who declared that he never looked so well in his life.

CONGRESSMAN'S OWL. A Friend Sends Him One for a Mocking Bird.

"Did you ever hear about the Brazilian mocking bird that Congressman-elect John P. Tracy, of the Springfield (Mo.) district once owned?" asked Jack Carr at the Planters recently.

"No? Well, I'll tell you about it. I was in Springfield and was going to Texas, and Tracy asked me to get a Texas mocking bird and send it to him. He said his wife had long wished for one, and he thought I could get it for him. I promised to do my best."

"The so-called Texas mocking bird is larger than the northern product and has a long scissors-like tail with a large white spot on each division of it. It is much easier to domesticate than the native of the Northern States, and its tones when it sings are more mellow. When I struck Paris, Tex., I went to see a friend of mine who had, I knew, several fine specimens. I told him what I wanted, and he showed me several birds and then asked me which one I wanted. I told him I wanted the largest one he had."

He took me into a rear room and said he would show me a Brazilian bird that beat the Texas all to pieces. Then he brought out a cage in which was the largest owl I ever saw. Every feather on its body was pure white, and when stretched out its wings measured over two and a half feet from tip to tip. I saw the joke and at once decided to send it—the owl—to Tracy.

"I boxed the bird up and took it to the express office. Then I decorated the box with all sorts of bottle labels, hieroglyphics of different kinds and other mysterious symbols and sent it to Tracy. He paid \$5 or \$4 express charges on it—you know it takes double charges to send live stock by express—and took the box home."

"Well, he made the best of it and kept the bird, and in time became much attached to it. He had a ball and chain attached to its leg so that it could not fly. It could walk easily, however, and for a long time the owl had the freedom of Tracy's house and yard."

"One night the bird grew thirsty and hopped on to the edge of a barrel that stood under a spout at a corner of the house. He lost his balance and fell in and the ball followed. He tried to get out but could not fly with the ball attached to his leg, so he was drowned. The Congressman has not yet secured a genuine Texas mocking bird."

As Good as Bullet Proof Shields. It appears that the comparatively few losses to the Japanese troops in the Manchurian engagements in the recent war with China, were not altogether due to the bad marksmanship of the Chinese. As a means of protection against the cold, the Japanese wore a quantity of floss silk under their outer clothing, and this acted more or less as a bullet-proof shield.

Remarkable Lake On An Arctic Island. One of the most interesting of the results achieved by the Russian naturalists who spent some time on the Island of Solowetz in the North sea laboratory has been the discovery of a remarkable lake on the Island of Kildjine, in the Arctic Ocean. This

BED VALUED AT \$25,000.

It Belonged to the Emperor in the Sung Dynasty and Has a History.

The lover of rare and antique furniture and cabinet art work would go into ecstasies could he but see a bed that is now owned by James L. Hudson, of Washington, D. C., which was built seven hundred years ago for one of the Chinese emperors of the Sung dynasty, and which for thirty years was the imperial throne by day and couch by night. It is valued at \$25,000.

This mammoth piece of furniture, weighing over a ton and constructed of rosewood, ebony, teak, mahogany, boxwood, sandal wood and bamboo, and inlaid with boxwood and ivory figures cut in cameo, tells the history of the famed Sung dynasty from the founder, Tai-tsu, 960 B. C., until the overthrow by the Tartars and death of The-Sing, in 1279. On the upper portion of the bed is told the corresponding mythological history, and all is worked out in the most clearly defined tracings and inlaid carved work. It was constructed by Chung-Ye, one of the most profound and learned historians of the period, who who was also an artist.

When the Tartars and Mongolians overran the empire and made Peking the capital, in 1279, A. D., they sacked the city and looted the palaces of The-Sing, and among the valuable treasures hypothesized was this piece of furniture. The emperor, who was the last of the dynasty, escaped capture and drowned himself and family in the river, near Canton. The bed was next heard of in Ning Po, at the time of the opium war, in 1810, when the city was taken by the British. It fell into the hands of Robert Haywood, an English naval officer, who shipped it on a sailing vessel that was to make Liverpool, but which two years later sailed into Golden Gate harbor, San Francisco. At that time there were only two of the present six Chinese companies on the coast, yet they at once made an effort to get the bed, and appealed to the United States officials for an order restraining its removal from the city with the intention of sending it back to the orient, claiming that it was one of those rare and valuable works of art that their laws forbade leaving the empire. John Hudson, uncle of the present owner who was then in San Francisco, obtained possession of the bed and shipped it to New York by a sailing vessel, and in 1844 presented it to his sister, the mother of the present owner, who on her death gave it to his wife.

The bed weighs 2,400 pounds, is 7 feet 6 inches long, 4 feet 10 inches wide, with a 15 inch projection on the front, and 7 feet 3 inches in height. It is composed of forty-three separate pieces, that go together like a curious Chinese puzzle, not a nail or screw being used in its construction. It has seventy elaborately carved panels of different sizes that depict the history of the reign of the Sung dynasty. The panels are of carved teak, with inlaid figures of sandal wood and ivory in curiously wrought designs, over seventy full length figures being used. Of the 1,100 different figures being used no two are alike in carving or in their positions, and the features of the faces of the persons represented are as expressive as they could be in a painting. The figures are carved and then inserted into the panels in some kind of adhesive preparation, the panels being doweled out in the most perfect and artistic manner to admit of it.

The history of the period as told by the carving is being translated by Mr. Hing Chong, a wealthy dealer in Chinese curios in the capital city.

Despite the great age of the bed it is in a wonderful state of preservation. Mr. Hudson has used it continually for the past forty years, with the exception of three years, when all trace of it was lost. He removed with his family to Richmond, Va., and left the bed in care of a furniture dealer in Washington until he should send for it. About three months later on a visit to that city he found the store closed and learned that the dealer in antiques had left the city and no trace of the property could be found. Two years later he heard that the bed was in the possession of a wealthy tea dealer of Philadelphia, and he was compelled to resort to litigation to recover it.

Many people have seen the bed and Mr. Hudson has been offered \$10,000 for it many times, but places a much higher valuation upon it. P. Z. Leiter, the millionaire Chicago drygoods man, who has the finest collection of Chinese and Japanese art treasure in this country has made overtures to purchase the bed. Mrs. Hearst, wife of the California senator, desired to secure it, but Mr. Hudson did not wish to part with it.

The members of the Chinese legation say there is not in existence such a work of art and such a genealogical record, and that another such could not be produced in this age. It is like a picture of Raphael—impossible of duplication.

The top of the bed is composed of lattice scroll work, upon which a canopy is placed and Chinese tapestry of the finest workmanship and texture hung. The sixteen-inch projection, which extends at the head and foot, makes alcove seats.

Hanged for Cannibalism. Three scientific gentlemen of Sierra Leone, one of them a Sunday school teacher, were hanged recently by the British authorities for cannibalism. They belonged to a "Human Leopard Society," the members of which hid in the bush in the neighborhood of villages, clad in leopard skins, and killed the villagers who came in their way; these the society subsequently ate. In their defense they explained that the murders were committed in order to obtain certain parts of the booty, the hand, leg and heart, with which to make medicine called "ju ju." They were taken from Freetown to the Imperial country, the scene of their crimes, where in a public street a scaffold was set up, on which they were allowed to hang for 48 hours, the scaffold being left in place as a warning to other "leopards."

lake, which is completely separated from the sea by a narrow strip of land, was discovered by the Russian naturalist, M. Herbenstein, who was struck by finding in the lake a fish which is exclusively marine in habit, namely the common cod. On the surface the water is fresh, and inhabited by fresh water animals, such as daphnids, etc.; this water is brought to the lake by streams from a neighboring marsh. Under the superficial layer of fresh water is found salt water, supporting a marine fauna—sponges, sea anemones, nemertines, polychaetes, marine molluscs (chiton aeolis, astarte), starfish and panto-pods. The salt water is believed to reach the lake by an underground communication with the ocean.

THE KANGAROO.

A Success in Many Ways, But not in Running Down Hill.

Leather made from the skin of the kangaroo is one of the new products in the leather line. It is soft, strong, and the light grades are particularly well adapted for light shoes and for shoe tops, while the heavier grades will wear more usage than any other leather finished on the grain side. The light skins are made into the finest brilliant glazed kid and in dull finish for ladies' fine shoes, and the heavy ones are finished for men's fine work. Much of it is crimped and sold for tongue boots. Shoe laces of good quality are also made of it.

The skin of the kangaroo has a wonderfully muscular fibre, which contributes largely to the strength of the animal, enabling the females to carry their young in their pouch until old enough to take care of themselves, and hiding the kangaroo in his long leaps when in motion.

The animal is a native of Australia and adjacent islands. It is a distinct species, and has no counterpart in other countries. There are a great number of families, some scarcely larger than a rat, others of almost gigantic size. The giant kangaroo (Macropus major), the family which furnishes the most valuable skins, was discovered by Capt. Cook about a century ago, at which time it attracted much attention among naturalists.

The natives of Australia call the old males "booma," and are slow to attack them. The "booma" has paws as large as those of a mastiff, though of different shape. His feet are his weapons, and when attacked he is a dangerous antagonist. When raised to his full height his hind legs and tail form a tripod, upon which his body rests, carrying his head as high as that of a man on horseback.

The kangaroo lives upon vegetable food, and roams over the plains of Australia in large flocks. Its teeth are so constructed that it can feed upon roots and live upon barren plains where other animals would starve, and to its destruction of roots is attributed the sterile plains so common in Australia.

When feeding a large male stands at his full height and acts as sentinel, while the balance of the flock lie on their sides and browse. At the slightest approach of danger the sentinel sounds the alarm, and in an instant all are erect upon their hind feet. They leap with their forepaws clasped close to their body, the tail stretched backward, while the powerful thigh muscles are caused suddenly to straighten to the joints, by which act the body flies through the air on a low curve. The ordinary jump is about nine feet, but thirty feet is often made at a leap. When pursued by hunters, and on level ground, or on an up-grade, they can outrun the fleetest dog, but down grade they lose their balance and roll over. The flesh of the kangaroo furnishes excellent food, kangaroo venison being considered a dainty dish, while the tail furnishes an excellent and nutritious soup.

The Best Country Road.

The reports of several investigations conducted by experts of the agricultural department have been submitted to Secretary Morton. The inquiry as to the best roads for farming and farmers was conducted by General Roy Stone, who pictures the road that best meets the farmers' needs as a solid, well bedded stone road, so narrow as to be only a single track, but having an earth track alongside. "A fine, dry, smooth dirt track," the report says, "is the perfection of roads, easy on the horses' feet and legs and free from noise and jar. The stone roads, on the other hand, wear more in warm weather than in wet. Practical experience shows that the junction of the stones and earth sections of the roads can be kept even, and there is no difficulty in the meeting and passing of loaded teams, two points which have been raised in the discussion of construction methods. No rutting of the earth roads results."

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cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

"Praying for Papa." "Did you see that, mister?" said an elevated railroad guard to a New York newspaper man, who stood with him on the rear platform of the first car the other night.

"Yes." "Well, then," added the guard, "you saw my three little children. They were kneeling at a trunk in front of the window of that house we passed. Over them stood their mother. She was about sending them to bed, but before they go she teaches 'em to pray for me. Yes, and she brings 'em there so as I can see 'em."

"And," he added, with a manly attempt to stifle a sob that welled up in his throat, "she has told me what she tells 'em to say."

"What is it?" inquired the auditor. "I do hope you won't think me foolish, sir, but, as I guess you are a married man and a father, you may care to hear it. You see, it is this way. The kids—they go to bed at 9. That's about the time my train goes by the house. It's right on the line. So, just about that moment she brings the little 'uns up to the trunk in their nightgowns and makes 'em kneel down with their hands clasped on their faces. And then they pray and pray—"

"For you?" was the interruption. "Yes, you're right. They pray that papa will be good and kind, and keep sober, and bring home all his money, and—" the big guard's voice trembled. But he continued after an effort:

"I'm rough, tough and all that, but I love my wife and I love my children. They are the only ones on earth that keep me straight."

Dr. Holmes' Judgment of Men. The earlier of the two biographies, written by Dr. Holmes, was the memoir of Motley, published in 1878, within two years after the historian's death, says Prof. Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas. Dr. Holmes was one of Motley's oldest comrades, and he told the story of his friend's life and labors with his accustomed skill. The second biography, the memoir of Emerson, published in 1884, is even more satisfactory than the memoir of Motley. The book is delightful. The sage of Concord is drawn with the sharpest clearness; he is made real to us by abundant anecdote; his works are analyzed with the utmost keenness; and his career and his character are summed up with perfect sympathy.

In nothing was Dr. Holmes more skilled than in his descriptions of his contemporaries, as in these memoirs and in occasional poems.

Of Emerson he asked— Where in the realm of thought, whose air is song, Does he, the Buddha of the West, belong? He seems a winged Franklin, sweetly wise, Born to unlock the secrets of the skies.

ADD TO NATURE a little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's service.

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