Winter is an ol' gray duff; Dressed and muffed in woolen stuff. Settin' at the kitchen fire, cramped with tortur-

in' roomatism. He is lumberin' an' stiff j'inted, An' his hopes is disapp'inted,-But young Spring is full er ginger, full or' giggle, gush an' gism.

Like a girl she's pert an' pure, But she's fond er furniture, Fond or filagree an' finery an' fluffs an' furbe lows;

An' her dandlin', dancin' laces Make a joy in lonesome places, An' her smile's so warm an' tender-thet it melts away the snows.

Like a pretty silver chain Cross the buzzum of the plain Does she wind her gurglin' trout brook in its bendin' links an' lines; An' she takes the shiverin' boulders

An' she pins about their shoulders Pooty stylish capes er mooses, trimmed 'ith use in right carnest. creepers an' with vines.

An' she makes a dark green dress For the naked wilderness, An' she throws her green grass jackets roun'

the wretched, ragged hills,-Jackets jest like stylish women's With bright dandelion trimmin's. Laylock bowkays in their bosoms, 'an with pussy willer frills.

Then ol' Winter, ol', gray duff, Dressed and muffed in woolen stuff, Grumpy, grouty, gruff an' grizzly, groan through all the sunny hours; Then the grass grows up permiscus. Sproutin' through his snowdrift whiskers,

a mound er flowers. -Sam Walter Foss, in Yankee Blade.

THE GOOSEHERD.

BY HERMAN SUDERMAN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY ELIZA-BETH A. SHARP.

Listen and I will tell you the story of my first love. Do you know who my first love was? A gooseherd, a live gooseherd! I am not joking; I have shed bitter tears over the sufferings which he caused me, even when I was a grown-up and most highly respectable young lady.

At the period when he set my heart aflame, it was my highest delight to go barefooted. I was eight and he was ten years old; I was the daughter of the Lord of the Manor, he the son of our smith.

In the mornings, when I drank my coffee on the balcony with mamma and my brother, he would drive his geese down below us, and vanish toward the heath. At first he used to stare at us in native wonderment, without it occurring to him to lift his cap; and when my brother had teproved him, and instructed him to give the company a morning salutation he cried out each time, with a great flourish of his cap: "Good-morning to you."

If my brother happened to be in a down to him; and he always seized it out of my hand with a certain curious anxieback from him.

him vividly; the sleek blond hair hung like vellow thatch-work over his sunburnt cheeks, his merry, sly eyes peeped out from under it, his tattered breeches he had fastened above his knees and in his hand he carried a herding switch, in whose green rind he had artistically cut a row of white spiral springs.

My childish longings were greedily attracted by this switch. It was lovely to me, to hold this sort of magic wand so totally unlike any other of my toys; and when I further pictured myself herding geese with it, and allowed to go barefoot, it seemed to me I would reach the acme of all earthly happiness.

It was one such switch which made us more familiar with one another. One morning, when sitting at coffee, I saw him waving a greeting. I could no longer restrain my desire, I pieced together the honey-roll which I was eating, concealed it. hastily made my excuses, and ran after him. When he saw me he stopped and shouted to me wonderingly; when he saw the honey-roll in my hand, his eyes twinkled knowingly. "Will you give me your switch?" I asked.

"Now why?" he returned, standing on one leg and rubbing its calf with his other foot.

"Because I want it!" I answered impetuously, and added more gently, "I will give you my honey-roll. His eyes wandered longingly toward

the tidbit; but he said conclusively: "No, I must herd the geese with it. But I will make you one like it." "Can you, yourself?" I asked, admir-

replied, deprecatingly. "I can also make flutes and dancing men." I was so completely carried away by this that without further ado I gave him the honey-roll. He bit a hearty piece from it, and without deigning to give me

another look drove his feathered fock alone, and recovering from an attack of I looked after him with bursting heart. He might herd geese while I was obliged to go upstairs to Mademoiselle to learn

the French vocabulary. "Yes," I thought, "happiness in this world is in-deed badly divided."

ful than any I had imagined in my wild-est dreams. Not only had it the white youth, and now helped his old father at rings, but it ended with a knob on which a human face-mine or his, I could not guess, was roughly carved. I was the happiest of mortals.

my sweet morsels with him; he in return | ing to myself our meeting. gave me wor's of art made by his cunning fingers - flutes, kittens, houses, and above all, his celebrated dancing men, with brother to drive me through the wood, which I immediately became the bugbear and I chose a mossy spot in sight of the Hicks.
of the entire household. smithy whereon to rest. My maid was "You

me to share his good fortune of goose to and fro. It must be my herd. herding.

When I told him of my feelings he laughed aloud and said: "Why don't you come with me?" That gave the decisive impetus; without further reflection I answered; "To-

morrow, I will come! "But do not forget to bring something to eat with you," enjoined my

friend. Luck favored me. Mademoiselle had aches and postponed the lesson. Feverish with joy and anxiety. I sat at the coffie table and waited for him to come past. My pockets were stuffed with dainties of all sorts, and near me lay the switch which I hoped to-day to

There he came sauntering along! He blinked his eyes significantly at me while he called out his customary, "Good-morning to you;" and as soon as I could absent myself without remark I ran hastily after him.

"What have you with you?" was the first question.

"Two gingerbread cakes, two bread and butter sandwiches and sausage, a sardine roll and a piece of strawberrytart," I answered, showing him my possessions. He immediately began to eat, while proudly, with ill-suppressed joy, I drove the geese before us. From the firwood, whose further half was not wholly familiar to me, we passed to unknown regions. Stunted undergrowth rose on either side, forming a straggling hedge, till suddenly the wide stretching, endless "T An' Spring buries the ol' dead man un'erneath heath lay before me.

Ah, how beautiful it was! As far as the eye could reach, a sea of grass and brilliant flowers, and dotted over with wave-like rows of molehills. The hot ar | tioning expression. wavered. It seemed to dance over the breezy heath. Summer bees made music, and the golden sun rode high in the deep

blue heaven. At the wood's edge was a swamp with a little pool in which a yellow-gray thick water glimmered. Flocks of ducks swam there; round about it the edges were so moist that great water bubbles cozed up between the grasses, and thousands of prints of the feet of the geese were to be seen, so that the whole ground was patterned over like a carpet. Here was the drove's paradise. Here we halted, and his pocket, while the geese paddled contentedly in the pool we raced about upon the heath, chasing butterflies and plucking blue-

Then we played at man and wife. 'Else," the tamest goose, was our child. We had nearly kissed and knocked the poor animal out of life when it struggled away from our hands after frantic efforts. Whereon I prepared my husband's meal. I un'ied my white pinafore, laid it upon the grass for a tablecloth and placed on it the remains of the dainties. He sat himself gravely down before them; out of sheer joy at playing at house I watched him as he disposed of

one sweet after another. The hours passed as in a dream. Higher and higher rose the sun, and its rays burnt straight down upon us. A buzzing sound began in my head, a dull feeling of exhaustion crept over me and I begood humor I was allowed to reward the came aware of considerable hunger; but herd for his urbanity by taking a roll alas, my husband had already eaten everything up. My throat was dry, my lips were fevered. In order to cool them Two Scientists who Do Not Agree I plucked the moist grasses and pressed ty, as though he feared 1 might draw it them against my mouth. Suddenly the sounds of bells floated to us over the What was he like? I can still recall wood from the far distance. I knew well what it signified. It was the mid-day signal which called me to dinner. And when I should be found to be missing-

O, dear, what would become of me! I threw myself on the grass and began the hope of comforting me, stroked my face and neck with his rough hand. Sudas though lashed by the Furies. For nearly two hours I wandered, weeping, sor's scheme of preserving the various through the thicket; then I heard a voice calling my name, and two minutes later I lay in my brother's arms.

The next morning my poor friend appeared as my instigator and accomplice manor. It seemed to him quite natural that he should be made the scapegoat; he made not the slightest attempt to exculpate himself from the whole blame of the escapade, and took the punishment which my brother applied with great stoicism. Then he rubbed his smarting back against the post of the veranda, and sped away | cal and not of the emotional faculty, and out of sight, while I lay sobbing on the

ground. a thousand tricks and means in order to unacquainted, he might be protesting meet him secretly. I stole like a magpie his love for you, while you might beso that he could enjoy the fruits of my lieve he was expressing the opposite senthieving. I nearly stifled him with the fiment, and vice versa. With the brute excess of my tenderness, with which I language it is different. It is not necessought to make amends for those terrible sary that one should be a student of the

strokes of the riding-whip.
He let my loveflow over him quietly. and requited it with pathetic devotion and a sound appetite.

A year later fate separated us. My poor mother, who had long been ailing, was pronounced consumptive, and "Ach, that's nothing at all," he ordered South by the doctors. She confided the property entirely to my brother, and traveled to the Rivlera accompanied

> Nine years later I returned home. nervous fever.

> As I lay in the armchair, my gaze roved over the well-known objects, one picture after another of the past flitted through my mind, and prominent among them came the image of my beloved fair-

haired gooseherd. In the evening he brought me the promised switch, which was more beauti- my brother; and received the good news the smithy.

prove myself for my foolishness, but too. failed. The dear old memories were too Thereafter we were friends. I divided strong, and I gave myself up to pictur-

A few days after my arrival I went out for the first time. I begged my and I think you thought her perfect."

Our place of evening rendezvous, where | with me, and my brother left me there we exchanged our wares, was behind the while he went to transact some business. goose house. The whole day I rejoiced I sent my maid to gather wild strawber-in thought over the meeting with my ries, and I sat down and dreamed to my young hero. I pictured him to myself, heart's content. The fir trees rustled lying on the grass in the sunny heath above me, and from the smithy came playing his flute, while I labored at my the steady sound of the hammer. The detested lessons; and even stronger and fire of the forge burned brightly, and more strongly did the yearning grow in from time to time a dark figure passed tentedly watched the movement of his arm, admired his strength, and trembled when the fiery sparks flew round him. When my brother returned, I endeavored with his help to walk to the carriage, but

sank down powerless.
"Hm, hm!" he said, thoughtfully. "I sent the coachman home. I thought I could put you into the carriage, but the seat is very high and I fear I cannot lift you alone without hurting you. at the right moment one of her bad head- Gretchen," he continued, turning to the maid, "run to the smith, the young one, you know, and ask him to come and help me." Therewith he threw a small coin on the ground, which the girl eagerly picked up before she ran off.

I teit the blood rush up to my cheeks. I should see him again-here, on this spot-he would act the good Samaritan for me! Pressing my hand on my heart I sat waiting till-

There he is! How strong and handsome he has grown! Like a young Hercules! Awkwardly he lifted his ca which sat so becomingly on the back of his head; but I stretched out my hand smilingly, and said: "How are you?"

"How am I? Well!" he said, with an embarrassed smile, wiping his fingers on his apron before taking my hand. " Help me to lift the young lady into the carriage," said my brother.

wiped his hands again, and seized me, not very gently, under the shoulders, my brother lifted my feet and the next moment I lay on the cushions in the car-"Thanks, thanks," I said, nodding and smiling at him.

He stood by the carriage steps, hold-ing his cap in his hand, and looked at my brother and then at me with a ques-There is still something in his mind, I

thought to myself. How could it be otherwise? At the sight of me the old memories have awakened in him-he does not trust himself-the past in his heart-I must help him a little. "What are you thinking about?" I

asked, looking him straight in the eyes with a friendly, encouraging look. My brother, who had been busied with the horses, turned round and looked at him. "Ach, yes; you are waiting for your tip," he said, and put his hand in

I felt as if some one had struck me with a whip. "For mercy's sake, Max!" I stammered, turning hot and cold by turns. My brother did not hear me, and handed him-yes, he actually dared-and handed

him a markpiece. I seemed to see how my friend would throw the money back in his face. gathered all my strength and stretched. out my hands to ward off the insult-but what is this? No, it is not possible; and yet, and yet, I see it with my own eyes; he takes the coin-he says: "Thank you very much"-he bows-he goes!-

And I? I look after him like an angry spectre, and then I sink back sighing among the cushions.

Thus, my friend, did I take farewell of the dream of my youth .- [Independ-

THE MONKEY LANGUAGE.

With Prof. Garner.

Prof. Garner's theory of a language among monkeys, as perfect and distinct in itself as that of the human family, has not achieved any encouraging recognition among the scientists of the country. Dr. D. G. Brinten, of Philadelphia, takes a decided stand against Prof. Garner. to sob bitterly, while my companion, with At a meeting of the Nineteenth Century Club in New York City, on Tuesday evening, Prof. Garner explained his denly I sprang up and raced to the woods theory at some length. Dr. Brinton followed, and said that while the profescries of the monkeys by means of the , honograph is an original and effective one, some of his ideas concerning a monkey language are, in his opinion, decidedly at fault. Prof. Garner holds before a high tribunal of his lord of the | that the articulate language of human beings is similar to the language of monkeys. Dr. Brinton could not agree with the professor on that point.

"Human speech," he said, "is not derived from the sensations of pain, pleasure, hunger or the like, as Prof. Garner holds. It is the development of the logiis the simplest form of expression. If, for instance, a man were to address you From that day I loved him. I invented in a language with which you were wholly anguage of dogs to understand the difference between the yelps of rage emitted by one of those animals when his tail is trodden upon, and the bark of joy

at meeting his master. "Language is a purely conventional and manufactured product, such as the brute creation are not competent to produce. The cries of a monkey are very similar to the interjections of the human language, but like these parts of the human speech, they cannot be parsed. Therefore, I hold there is no language

among monkeys." Dr. Perry, professor of Sanskrit in Columbia College, agreed with the remarks of Dr. Brinton.

Prof. Garner felt rather incensed at the remarks of these gentlemen, but still maintains that monkeys can speak, and will start for the scene of his peculiar researches in a week or so .- [Philadelphia Record.

A MEAN HUSBAND.

"I saw Mrs. Bunkerton to-day," said I felt my heart beat. I tried to re- Hicks. "She looked mighty handsome, "She's an odious woman," returned

Mrs. Hicks. "You never did admire any of my old girls," said Hicks. "That is only one, "Which one was that?" queried Mrs.

"Yourself," retorted Hicks - Bazar

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

The Last Word-Impossible to Keep -Both Alike-No Excuse - Two Recipes, Etc., Etc.

THE LAST WORD.

Prattle (to his wife)-You don't seem to have the courage of your convictions. Mrs. Prattle-1'd like to know how you get at that conclusion. Prattle-You say, "There's no use

talking," and then you talk some more.

IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP.

Dukane-You have a fine new watch, Gaswell-Yes; isn't it a beauty? It

"Does it keep time?" "Keep time? No; time flies as fast as before I bought it."-[Pittsburg Chron-

BOTH ALIKE.

cost \$150.

"I look guilty." The brooch from Attleboro sighed; "I look guilty,"

The thief who pocketed it replied.

Mother-My dear, you were very rude during Professor Astralle's call. While he was explaining the principles of theosophy you constantly interrupted him with questions.

Little Girl-But, mamma, I didn't know what he was talkin' about. Mother-Neither did the professor, my

TWO RECIPES.

O'Brese-Say, Raysredge, how did you manage to get so thin? Raysredge-Helping dad test his "Fat Preventative." How did you manage to get so stout?

O'Beese-Helping my dad. Raysredge—What was he doing? O'Beese—Nothing.—[Puck.

SOCIAL GRAVITATION.

Returned Tourist-What became of that fool, Saphead, who had more money than he knew what to do with? Business Man-I don't remember him Was he much of a fool?

"Perfectly idiotic " "I presume he has dropped into society."-[New York Weekly.

MY WIFE'S BONNET.

In all she says I quite concur, Nor wish to disagree; For while it may be dear to her, It's much more dear to me.

An American lady visiting Paris was continually interested in the smart little boys in white caps and aprons who deliver the wares of the pastry cooks. One day she said to one of these boys who had brought her some cakes;

one of these cakes yourself sometimes?" "What do you mean, madame?" "You eat a cake now and then?"

"Eat them? Ch, no, mad me, that wouldn't do. I only lick 'em as I come along."-[Youth's Companion.

LOSING HER GRIP.

Mrs. Witherby .- Mrs. Plankington doesn't dress so well as she used to, does

Mrs. Banger-No. since her husband signed the pledge she hasn't the hold on him that she used to have -[Cloak Re-

DEPENDENT GEORGE.

Ethel-Do say yes, papa. George can't live without me. Closefist-I doubt if he could without

THE VOICE OF EXPREIENCE.

Young Callow-Do you think it is cular and a perpizontal line."- Philadelmore trouble for a husband to manage a phia Times. wife than it is for a wife to manage a husband?

Benedick-I don't know, but if an experiment of that kind is tried in one family there is likely to be trouble enough for both.

THE PLY IN THE OINTMENT.

Tramping Jake-It's getting to be too hard work to pick up a livin' in this country. Ef it wuzn't so fur away I'd go to Central Ameriky. A man don't have to do nothin' there. Whole country's covered with bananas. Nothin' to do but lay under a tree all day an' eat bananas.

Rusty Rufe-Got to pick 'em off'n the trees, hain't ye? "Course.

"I knowed ther' wuz some drawback." -[Chicago Post.

SHE WAS ON.

"There's trouble in sight," said the gray-haired old funny man as he looked out of the window toward a body of men

who might have been policemen. "Is there?" responded his aged wife, who had written many of his best jokes for him and was up to his tricks. "Is there, dearie? Then possibly you had better get an older pair of glasses."

The ancient funny man, with a reproachful look at his wife, left the window with a sigh .- [Detroit Free Press.

REWARDED. 'I stole a kiss from you last eve," He said to her; "alack, It was a theft for which I grieve-

I come to give it back.' "You're very good, indeed," said she; "Pray keep it for your honesty." -- New York Press.

A MARTYR TO CANDY. Tommy-You did not give me the whipping you said you would. Father-Why, what a strange boy you

are to want a whipping.

Tommy—Well, I thought I should like the candy you always give me after it .-Once a Week.

DISPROPORTIONATE.

Perhaps it is too much to expect that the man who uses big words should furnish big ideas with them .- [Somerville

Not so! He usually has the most tremendous idea of himself .- [Argosy.

PLENTY OF TIME.

Husband-Your mistress went upstairs a while ago to write a letter, Mary. Please go up and see if she has finished it, as I want to go down town. Waitress-She has finished the letter, sir, and is just beginning on the post-

Husband—Then I can go to the office for an hour or two before she finishes.— [New York Press.

A GENUINE ANTIQUE.

Mrs. Suburb-Is this the house you've been talking about? I don't like it at ail. Agent-It's the latest Queen Ann style, mum.

Mrs. Suburb-I don't like it. The kitchen opens right into the parlor, or nearly so. Agent-Yes, mum. Queen Anne was

a favorite cook, mum. She named that fine old apple pudding, 'brown Betty,' after Queen Efizabeth, mum. Queen Elizabeth was noted for doing things up brown, you know, mum.

Mrs. Subarb-And, dear me, the cellar is half full of water. Agent-Yes, mum. In those old days people always kept water on hand, to use

in time of a siege, you know, mum .-New York Weekly. WHAT HE MEANT.

Ethel-What did you mean by telling Jessie I was the biggest flat you ever

knew? George-I meant that, er-you were the most level headed girl in town .-New York Herald.

THE WILY FARMER.

In the spring the wily farmer Sits him down with spirit glad, And to some city daily sends a Gorgeous summer ad.

New York Herald. CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

"How many are included in the general public?" "It depends on whether you are inviting it to subscribe for a newspaper, or to come up and take a drink."-[Kate Field's Washington.

AN UNFASHIONABLE PAIR. "I think Mr. True and Miss Goodheart have concluded to withdraw from

society. What makes you think so?" "Why they've been engaged for three weeks and there is no talk yet about the affair being broken off."

ANYTHING TO ACCOMMODATE. Druggist-Here's the only remedy in he world for a cold. Customer-I've tried that. I don't

crie for it.

Herald.

Druggist-Then here's something just as good. BEFORE THE YEAR IS OVER. Belle-Who do you suppose I'll be be-

fore loap year is over? Blanche-Left, I guess.

MYSPERIOUS. Dusty Rhodes — That Mrs. Dogood is a blood purifier. For example, read the following from mighty mysterious critter. I asked her Miss Mattie A. Cobb of Providence, R. I., and her 'Ab, I suppose you get the benefit of | for a fam bone this morning and naturally expected to get a civil answer. Fitz William-What did she say? Dusty Rhodes-She told me to say

nothing and saw wood .- [New York

EVERYTHING NREDPUL. Old Grimes-Hullo, Bub, what ye doin' with that big dog? Smart boy Can't you see. I've got

reins on him, on' a whip. I'm out driv-Old Grimes-But ye hain't got no wagon.

Smart Boy -His tail is a waggin, ain't it?- Good News.

TOO MUCH FOR HIM. Upon Benny's return from his first lay at school his mother asked him if he had learned anything new at school. "Yes'm," he replied conficently, "I learned the difference between a horidi-

HE DID. Bride (just after the wedding)-Alfred, you promised to give me a surprise

after we were married. Say, what is Groom (a widower)-I've got six children, my pet .- [Comic.

ABOUT A CORK. Its Autobiography Pleasantly Told in Jerky Sentences.

Young in years, wery young. One day I was taken from a bundle of other corks.

Put into a bottle of champagne. Sent to the Hotel Continental, Paris. Thrown on the floor of room 95. Lay there two days.
Was picked up by Leon Gascon.

He tried to put me into a bottle of absinth. I wouldn't go in. Was cursed and thrown on the floor again. Kicked by Leon when he reached

for his revolver, muttering: "It is false; good-bye, Louise.' Next day was picked up by a chambermaid. Thrown out on the street. A ragpicker took me up. Sold me to

cork cutter. Was placed among other corks. Next day was trimmed, pared, till I was a very ghost of a champagne cork. Was sold to a druggist. Put into a pint bottle of eau de cologne.

ing case. Confined to a trunk. Shipped to New York. Put on a train. Jolted around by an expressman.

Bought by a lady. Placed in a dress-

Taken out of the trunk, placed on the toilet table of a Prairie avenue belle. Carefully taken out and replaced each day for months.

Began to grow spongy. Wrinkled in face. Lost my co'or. Grew smaller, narrower, shrunken. Head softened. Lower extremities withered.

A prey to microbes. A tremble. A glass stopper will take my place to-

I go-where? -- [Chicago Times.

Personal I roper'y.

Plumduff - Has that charming widow any property?

Ketchum-Yes, considerable. Plumduff-Real estate or personal? Ketchnm-Persona'. She has six children .- Tid-Bits.

Facts Worth Knowing.

Q. Is Alabastine expensive? A. No; it is the cheapest article for the

Q. How is that? Cannot I purchase kalomines at a few cents per pound?

A. Yes, kal-omines can be purchased at

A. Ites, katsomines can be purchased at almost any price.
Q. Why then is Alabastina less expensive?
A. In the first place a package of Alabastine, costing a few cents more, will cover double the surface that a package of kalsomine will What other advantage has Alabastins

that kaisomines do not nossess:

A. Alabastine is entirely different from all kaisomines. It is manufactured from a base in itself a cement, and when applied to a wall sets hard.

A wall sets hard.

Q. How do kaisomines differ from this?

A. Kaisomines are made from whiting, clays, chalks or some in m powder for a base, and are entirely dependent on animal glue to hold them on the wal!

Q. What are the results?

A. In one case the Alabastine being a cement hardens with are and the being a cement hardens.

A. In one case the Alabastine being a cement hardens with aze, and the kalsomine as soon as the glue, which constitutes its binding quality decays, rubs and scales off, as it has nothing to hold it on the wall.

Q. Does Alabastine require washing and scraping off before conting?

A. No; Alabastine when once applied to a clean surface can be recoated for any length of time without having to wash or

length of time without having to wash or scrape the walls.
Q. Does this feature count for much? A. Ask any practical housekeeper who has been driven from home to have walls washed and scraped, whether it will be desirable to have all of this overcome, and

wa is improved instead of spoiled by coat-Q. How can I get Alabastine? A. From your local paint dealer. If he does not keep it in stock, and tries to sell you something else, tell him you are determined to try Alabastine, and if he will not keep it you will get it elsewhere.

Of two women choose the one that will have



Miss Mattie A. Cobb

For the terrible weakness and prostration After the Crip, Diphtheria Typhoid Fever, Scarlet Fever, Pneu.nonia, Malaria Fever, etc., Hood's Sarssparilla has been used with

wonderful success as a building-up medicine and Cobb is a young lady

Picture of Health and a promising pupil in the High is a well-known police officer: "Messrs C. I. Hood & Co. "I write to tell how much good Hood's Sarsaparilla

has done for me. I had diphtheria and was sick for a year afterward, being Weak, Blind and Helpless I used one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made me well and strong." MATTE A COPE, South Ches ter Avenue, Providence, R. I.

"As my daughter wanted to write how well she liked Hood's Sarsaparille, I thought I would say . few words. I think it is the **Createst Blood Purifier**

before the people. Some of my friends say 'go a way with your medicine.' I said the same once, but since my daughter has taken

Hood's Sarsaparilla My opinion has changed considerably." Mrs. Gmo N. Copp. Providence, R. L.

catearties, but actually tone up and give strength. German Syrup"

Hood's Pills do not weaken the system like other

I must say a word as to the efficacy of German Syrup. I have used it in my family for Bronchitis, the result of Colds, with most excellent success. I have taken it myself for Throat Troubles, and have derived good results therefrom. I therefore recommend it to my neighbors as an excellent remedy in such cases. James T. Durette, Varlysville, Va. Beware of dealers who offer you "something just as good." Always insist on having Boschee's German Syrup.



Rheumatism. Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urne, frequent calls, irritation, inflamation, gravel, ulcoration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver. Impaired digestion, gout, billious-bea SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney diffic La Grippe, urinary trouble, bright's d

Impure Blood. Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debil

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not be cited, Druggists will refund to you the price paid. At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size "Invalide" Guide to Health Tree—Consultation for DB. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.