#### PITTYNAT AND TIPPYTOE.

All day long they come and go-Pittypat and Tippytoe; Footprints up and down the hall. Playthings scattered on the floor, Finger-marks along the wall Tell-tale streaks upon the door-By these presents you shall know Pittypat and Tippytoe.

How they riot at their play! And, a dozen times a day, Is they troop demanding bread-Only buttered bread will do, And that butter must be spread Inches thick with sugar, too! Never yet have I said: "No. Pittypal and Tippytoe!"

Sometimes there are griefs to soothe-Sometimes ruffled brows to smooth; For-I much regret to say-Tippytoe and Pittypat Sometimes interrupt their play With an internecine spat; Fie! oh, fie! to quarrel so, Pittypat and Tippytoe!

Oh, the thousand worrying things Every day recurrent brings! Hands to scrub and hair to brush. Search for playthings gone amiso, Many a murmuring to hush. Many a little bump to kiss; Life's indeed a fleeting show. Pittypat and Tippytoe!

Aud when day is at an end. There are little duds to mend; Little frocks are strangely torn Little shoes great holes reveal, Little hose, but one day worn. Rudely yawn at toe or heel! Who but you could work such woe, Pittypat and Tipptoe!

But when comes this thought to me "Some there are that childless bas" Stealing to their little beds. With a love I cannot speak, Tenderly I stroke their heads. Fondly kiss each velvet cheek, God help those who do not know

A Pittypat or Tippytoe!

On the floor, along the hall Rudely traced upon the wall, There are proofs in every kind Of the havoc they have wrought, And upon my heart you'd find Just such trade-marks, if you sought. Oh, how glad I am 'tis so,

Pittypat and Tippytoe! -[Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

### SARAH.

BY LUCY C. LILLIE.

SARAH MOLYNEUX crossed the hall of her aunt's house in Chelster and stood delicate dark brows deepened.

delicate dark brows deepened.

"If it were only over with—or needn't be at all," she reflected. But there was no way to avoid the unthere was no way to avoid the un- bright. pleasant task ahead of her, and accordingly Sarah passed down the stairs and into the square parlor overlooking the garden. In about half afternoon, an hour old Mrs. Thorpe in her room upstairs heard the front door close, and a quick step go down the garden | Sarah." pathway. Presently Sarah came back. The old lady was propped up in demanded the old lady with a sudden The lake is a veritable womb of storms. bed and turned a pair of very bright, return of severity. Sarah looked They develop quickly there, and even clear eyes upon her niece as she en-

tered the room.
"Well," Mrs. Thorpe exclaimed with impatience. "Sit right down and tell me all about it. And don't oblige me to ask too many the says it is, Aunt," she admitted.

There was an ominous silence; then Mrs. Thorpe closed her eyes again.

"Well, it was Farm's." wring anything out of you.,"

in theparlor and he fairly jumped at the business question. ' Humph, what'd he say ?"

that it was very important for him to eagerly to her niece's know when he could take possession their unbidden guest. of the house. He intends putting up the factory at once, he says. He observed that Mr. Beecham had explained how fond we were of the old house and all that, but of course we could hardly expect him to be senti-mental in a business matter."

"Did he talk like that right to your face, Sarah Molyneux?" Yes, Aunt-I can't say-well it didn't sound quite so bold ; but those were his words."

"Who does he favor in looks—the Turners, I guess." Mrs. Thorpe leaned back and closed her eyes a moment, visions of the high cheek bones and prominent noses of the Turners float- the old lady. ing before her. Sarah thought of the looks of her recent guest.
"He's not a bit like the Turners,"

she said, presently. "I don't know the Morisons much," she added. "Let sucht but looks strong and has a could trifle with easily. clean-shaven dark face. Handsome ?" Mrs. Thorpe's eyes

opened for an instant. "Oh, no—not at all—oh no, not the least bit handsome; but he has a quick, bright sort of look."

-of course the property's his since your Uncle Ezra left it to him by will -I never thought Ezra'd do it. Al- little German with me. ways took for granted he meant it should be mine outright and -after letting me live here forty years."

Let that young man know you've something to do besides fool around letting me live here forty years."
"I said something of the kind to

Mr. Morison. He's coming back this "What for; he isn't going to build to-night, is he?"

"Oh, no. He wants to see the garden very particularly."
"Well, you make it clear I want

the plants. When the objectionable guest had paid his second visit, Sarah came back to her aunt's room looking very much discouraged.

Well, what now ?" demanded the old lady with scorn.

country life, and he told me how way, and perhaps he'll help you much he had longed for a real country home-a place something like

will had nothing to say to them."

says he started out young in life to carve his own future, and he has been quite successful-only he intends to

be thoroughly so he says, if possible."
"By way of my garden. Humph!" he said a skirmish was as good as

success to him. Ob, Aunt. by the way, do I look like the Turners?"
"Well some," said the old lady, reluctantly. Sarah crossed the room, and in the faint light regarded her face attentively in the long narrow mirror. It was a thin, clear-cut face, rather shadowy as to what might or might not be its owner's strong or weak points; the face of a girl to whom events or emergencies were unknown. Life had written almost "Sarah Molyneux," said the old nothing upon it that gave it charm, lady, sitting upright, "what ails and the eyes were a very pretty hazel you? Speak English." with black lashes and delicate brows. "The Hattield Turners," pursued the old lady, as Sarah sat down again.

You do look some like them. Why?" Oh, Mr. Morison said I had a Turner look," the girl answered. "tried to make out we are cousins." "Well you are—twice removed. His mother's your cousin, I think." "I must ask him. He'll be back in

man means to force me out of this of fine scorn. She was very proud of bed, I believe. Sarah, you must speak Sarah's conquest. She knew all up and not let him impose upon you." about young Morison, and was well to the old lady from the parlor where served Sarah; "and of course—he Mr. Morison was again "interview- was only going on, he says, to try me ing" Sarah. Some one was playing on about the factory and the garden and the old piano; then a man's voice, a the piano; he says, bless your heart clear fine tenor, could be heard. The he wouldn't take a thing belonging song was one the old lady remember-ed in her youth—" Phyllis is my only "Only—my girl," said irresolutely for a moment at the head love"—and her withered cheek flushed grimly. But when Sarah bent to kiss of the old-fashioned staircase. Her with pleasure. "Sarah." she said, her there was the kind of tenderness hand moved a little nervously on the directly her niece appeared, " did in the old woman's embrace that the balustrade, and the line between her you ask that young man to sing? I girl remembered only when she was

> "Aunt," she said, eagerly, "would it look bold if I sang a duet with Mr. Morison? He's coming back this

"What'll you sing? You don't know what you're talking about, "Does he think the piano's his?

He says it is, Aunt," she admitted.

"Well, it was Ezra's," she admitted. It was with mingled feelings that oblige me to ask too many questions. It was with mingled feelings that You know how I bate to have to she listened that afternoon to the Sarah laugied. "I'll do my best, Aunt Polly," she answered, sitting down in the window and looking with gentle indulgence at the old lady. "I suppose I must begin at the begin." While resentment suppose I must begin at the begin. "I while resentment is a sarah laugied. "I'll do my best, compelled her to enjoy keenly the way in which Sarah and the audacious way in which Sarah and singing from below. Love of music against what she felt an unjust will the icy water. When I was making indepriving her and her niece of her quiries upon this point, I found, as one cherished home, made her consider everything done or said by Mr. "Said that he would not think of disturbing you while you were ill but that it was very important for him to

"He is going to be married soon, Aunt Polly," Sarah related, "Per-

"Oh, I don't know exactly," said and that the coldness of the water quick-Sarah; "he said she was the kind of girl I'd get along quickly with; it one captain how long he supposed a man seems, ever so long ago, he made up his mind never to marry any one but

"Well, and were there any of those obstacles he talks about?" sniffed "Oh, yes. But he says there's

them too, sharply in contrast with quite a touch of romance in the whole affair. He's a very-well, masterful sort of person, Aunt. I can quite understand what he means when he says he enjoys overcoming difficulties.

I guess I will when I get around. What with the garden and the piano other waters does not take place. If and the dear knows what all-I'll be grateful if he leaves us the clothes to our backs. What else'd you talk

"So he's going to put up a factory oh, a great many things. Books of dear, dear I did think but well no some. He's fond of German and, ch, I meant to tell you, he's coming to-morrow morning and going to read a

"Well, Sarah, you just see here. with him. I know; he wants to force me up. I'll see Dr. Barker, I guess, before that Tom Morison gets me out

"Oh, Aunt! It's just because he wants, he says, to familiarize himself Well he's got all the time there is

after we're gone. I want you should be very distant with him—and, Sarah. I guess you'd better not begin any German readings." During Mr. Morison's next visit Sarah appeared in her aunt's room

with a very anxious expression.

most liked him. We began about "I suppose you're bent on it any

She lay very still when she was this, he said-then he asked who took alone, sometimes with her eyes open, care of the garden, and I told him I but generally keeping them closed as was your gardener, and how much we both loved the flowers. I showed him the tree planted when I was a baby, and then the rosebush for my tenth birthday; and he said that he her heart afresh. When she had should think we'd hate to leave it all been left a widow forty years ago, -then I explained you wanted the Ezra Turner had promptly bade her plants; but he said oh, no! it was all stay on in the house which had seen part of the property."

"Turner straight through and through," declared the old lady.
"Grasping all they can get. I will have the plants, though; I guess Ezra's derly as its periods of joy, while from 'I could scarcely be civil after the time she had brought her little that," pursued Sarah, her face flushing in the dusk. "I changed the subject, and asked him how nearly he separably bound up with the old was related to the Turners; but he mansion. Ezra's will fell like a said it was very distant. He told me thunderbolt upon the old lady and where he lived as a boy. It seems her niece. Indeed, there was little his father had a paper in some counquestion but that it caused the weak try village-Saul-I think he called turn which confined her to her room; it, and he was a very visionary, un-practical, enthusiastic kind of man. scious of the voices from below, guess he didn't provide much for something like a wish never to leave the family. Anyway Mr. Morison the old home save for a final restingplace brought a hot moisture into her eyes.

It seemed a long time before Mr. Morison went away. When the door had closed upon him at last Mrs. "He says he enjoys obstacles. He likes something to conquer. I told Sarah lingering on the stairs. Preshim I had no fancy for battlefields; ently the girl appeared. Her cheeks

were scarlet.
"Well," demanded the old lady, "what now?—what new thing's he going to claim?"

Sarah's color now swept all her face. "Oh, Aunt Polly," she said, "it's all as queer as queer can be. Oh, if you'll only let me. Please-oh, Aunt Polly. it seems Mr. Morison made his mind up right away, the very first day, he says-and he never wanted anything so much before--

"Oh, he's asked me to marry him,

Aunt Polly," said Sarah; "that's it; and he says I mustn't say no-he made all that up about going to be married--or rather, he says he was bound to make me say yes."

Mrs. Thorpe remained rigid in the

same attitude for a moment without speaking. Sarah flushed and paled and flushed again. the morning, he says."
"What'd you tell him? at last de-

About eleven o'clock the next morn- aware how highly he was esteemed.

"Only-my girl," said Mrs. Thorpe,

## The Coldness of Lake Superior.

Lake Superior is a capricious monster, demanding skilled seamanship and the use of powerful and stanch boats, the majority of which are comparable with the vessels in our Atlantic coasting trade. return of severity. Sarah looked They develop quickly there, and even miserable. character. It is always cold, and the atmosphere above and far around it is kept cool all summer. I have been told, but cannot verify the statement, that the temperature of the water in the open lake never rises above 46 degrees almost always does, some who disputed what the majority agreed upon. I even found an old gentleman, a professional man of beyond seventy years of age, who said that for several years he had visited the lake each summer-time, and that he had made it a practice to bathe about the house. He's been telling me about the young lady."

in its waters nearly every day. It was chilly, he admitted, and he did not stay in very long. But many in very long. "Well, upon my soul. Seems to them some ship and steamship captains, me he's very free with his confidences. Confirmed my belief that few Lake Married? What'd he say about her?" Superior seamen have learned to swim, might battle for life, or cling to a spar in the lake. He answered, very sensibly, it seemed to me, that some men could endure the cold longer than others, and that the more flesh and fat a man possessed, the longer he could keep alive. But," he added, "the only man I ever saw fall overboard went down like a shot before we could get to him. I always supposed he took a cramp.

The bodies of the drowned are said not see he is not very tall-rather He isn't the sort of person any one to rise to the surface. They are refrigerated, and the decomposition which causes the ascent of human bodies in one interesting contribution to my notes is true, and there be depths to which fishes do not descend, it is possible that many a hapless sailor-man and voyager lies as he died, a century back perhaps, and will ever thus remain, lifelike and natural, under the darkening veil of those emerald depths -[Harper's Magazine.

### "We'll Leave it to Webster."

"I was arguing with an Englishman the other day," said a New Yorker recently. "over the pronunciation of a word, and finally I said, 'We'll leave it to Webster.' 'What if you do?' cried the Englishman, 'that's only one man's opinion. I've heard that you Americans refer everything to a dictionary.' Surprised I asked what was the custom in England, and he told me that Oxford and Cambridge were the accepted referees. Neither seat of learning takes precedence of the other. "He says we can't have the garden disturbed, Aunt Polly," said Sarah, sitting down dejectedly. "I tock him down to the arbor, and we had a very nice talk at first, I really al-

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF grain. EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adven-

Stranger than Fiction. Among the tragedies which have been prought about by the recent election in Japan, have been one or two suicides caused by that exaggerated respect for ancestral honor and sense of right in some things which in the Japanese character contrasts so strangely with an inlifference to honor on other points. This second case of suicide which has been rought a out by a sense of disgrace, is hat of the wife of a wealthy man in Nagano-ken. This gentleman, lijima Kizayemon by name, had promised to elect Horinouchi Kenro, an ex-menber of Parliament, as most of the people in his village were likewise pledged to do. A few days before the election, however, he announced his intention to vote for the opposition candidate. His wife. considering that to do such a thing would be a very serious breach of faith, begged and implored him not to disgrace his ancestors and his political integrity by breaking his promise, and so persistent was she that when he saw she w s fretlijima had not voted for Mr. Horinouchi, the go-down attached to the house, com-

A New York newspaper man has discovered in Central Park a dog that can thorax. is a red-headed fox terrier, white other wise, except for a black tipped tail, "Tatter's" master is a civil engineer, which is as far as his identification goes, He is teaching "Tatters" to talk. The dog can be seen any afternoon, the reporter says, going through his daily lessons. When he is told to speak he settles bimself on his haunches and looks appealingly at his muster's mouth to catch the movement of the lips. When he said "please" it sounded like "weese-e" uttered most coaxingly. "Thank you" was "wang-oow," brisk, lively and with a rising inflection on the last word. "I any child could do it, except that the log whimpered under the effort. He said "I am glad" in three clearly enunciated

1869. They had in 1891, 511,595 depositors, and deposits aggregating \$38,. 300 of deposits. The Italians Lave had the property. savings banks since 1875, and that the poor appreciate them is shown by the list of 2,120,000 depositors, with \$60,214,400 on deposit. Sweden has had savings banks for ten years, has 237,000 depositors and \$2,442,600 in deposits. In all cases these countries have copied largely after the system and management of

saving banks in use in the United States, Ur to the present time, says the London Court Journal, nothing on earth has been sacred to the advertiser, and now the money being paid by the receiver. his enterprise is extended to the skies. Some few years ago Punch had an excellent skotch, one of Mr. Du Maurier's, if we remember rightly, depicting a cockn y warehouseman and his wife admiring the full moon above the horizon at Margate. To the lady's sentimental rhapsody on the beauty of the orb of night the man of business replied, "Don't I wish it had Blokey's Pickles written right across it." The practical wish gratified, if not upon the moon, at least upon the clouds, an optician having devised an apparatus sufficiently powerful to project words or illustrations upon clouds of sufficient density, as the magic lantern reflects images upon a linen sheet.

THE London Telegraph mentions a curious circumstance in connection with the red kangaroo in the Zoological Gardens. This animal, it says, is exactly like the other kangaroos in the collection, except for the reddish color of its hair. This color is particularly remarked about the throat of the male, where its deep crimson dye suggests a serious disagreement with its fellow prisoner. This crimson stain is, however, not due to any wound, but is caused by a substance secreted from the skin. It is curiously analogous to the blood-red "sweat" of the hippopotamus and is not any more easily explicable. Why both these creatures, so widely separated in the scale of life, should produce, apparently perfeetly gratuitously, a similar crimson dye, is hard to understand, unless, indeed, this natural rougeing is as attractive to the opposite sex as the artificial kind is supposed to be in our species.

seful as beasts of burden, but in a large | these fishes bite eagerly at the lures suspart of northwest India thousands of pended from the counterfeit birds in the sheep carry for many miles the comma- water and are caught. surefooted than larger beasts, are pre- though it is certain that it is a counterferred as borden carriers. The load for felt intended to attract some big fishes. reach sheep is from sixteen to twenty pounds. The sheep are driven from village to village, with the wool still growing, and in each town the farmer shears as much wool as he can sell there, and loads the sheep with the grain which he receives in exchange. After his flock

SOMEWHAT STRANGE. has been sheare? >> tarns it toward home, each sheep having on its back a small bag containing the purchased

EDWARD JONES, who resides at Alexandria, Va,, was chopping some oak wood one evening when he came across a piece that was hard to split. He worktures Which Show that Truth is ed at it till it came apart, but was dumfounded when he found a snake in the centre of the tough piece, rolled up in a ball, with no means of ingress or egress. The wood had grown around the reptile to the thickness of nine inches on all sides, proving conclusively that he must have been there for many years. Some who viewed the stick and the smooth cavity where his snakeship had lain calculate that not less than a hundred years had elapsed since he took up his abode where he was found. The most curious part of the story is that the snake was not hard, dry or petrified; on the con-trary, he was as flexible as any snake would be rolled up in winter quarters. Mr. Jones had several handsome offers for either the snake or the split stick showing his abode, but all offers were promptly refused.

One of the rarest and most delicate surgical operations ever performed in San Francisco, Cal., was that to which A. Baehm, a patient at the City and County Hospital, was recently subjected. The operation was a remarkable one, in ling herself ill over it, he appeared to yield to her persuasion. After the election was used in the process. This was tion took place it was found that Mr. thrust into the thoracic cavity, and in the illumination the action of the heart and this so affected the unfortunate and lungs was plainly visible. Bachm lady's mind that she dressed herself in was really afflicted with an abscess, white that same night, and going into which had formed in the pleural cavity, and attacked the left lung, almost committed suicide by cutting her throat. pletely collapsing it. Owing to the The villagers have greatly applauded presence of pus, the location of which could not be determined, it was decided to operate for the disease, which is professionally known as hydro-pneuma-

When a man begins to tell a story about fish he is at once labeled as a well, as a story teller. This is not a fish story but a chicken story that comes all the way from Colorado. A chicken fancier was troubled exceedingly by the propensity of his brood to scratch up his garden, so he set to work to solve the problem of prevention. After elaborate experiment, he succeeded in crossing a breed of long-legged brahmas with shortlegged bantams in such a way that the chickens had one long leg and one short one. When they attempted to scratch they lost their balance and fell over, am sorry" was uttered as distinctly as to show that scratching was impossible, which, after a few trials, was sufficient and they gave it up.

Ar Charkoff, in Russia, two girls who sounds. Having gone thus far with his were friends fell in love with the same lesson Tatters darted away to chase young man. He was slow to make his sparrows. His master is fully com- selection between them. They agreed venced that he will yet set up verbal that either could win him if delivered of communication between himself and his the baneful competition of the other. dog. He told the reporter that he in. They decided upon a duel by drawing tended exhibiting "Tatters" in the Men- lots. On the day following one of the agerie for a few hours each Sunday when | young ladies was found dead in her room. he had gone a little further with his les. She had poisoned herself with phosphorus, But her friend is broken down with sor-The oldest savings banks in Europe row and remorse. It is more than likely that she will not live to enjoy the fruits of her victory.

A Boston man d ed the other day with-400,000. The Austrian savings banks, out having touched a fortune which he dating back to 1883, have 800,000 de- had long expected and had at last inherpositors and \$28,000,000 in deposits. ited. The estate, which was a large one Saveings banks have existed in France in New York, was in course of settlement, since 1882, have 1,502,452 depositors something had been realized already and and \$82,600,000 on deposit, showing a check for several thousand dollars was greater thrift among the French poor sent as first payment to the Boston man. than any other nation shows. Hungarian It found him in bed so sick that he could savings banks, established in 1886, have not even write an indersement, and he only 168,700 contributors and \$2,400, died without having handled a dollar of

> JAMES MCNABB, of Kalamazoo, Mich., has just received a letter that was written by his brother from Mobile, Ala., December, 29, 1840. There was no explanation as to where the latter has been for these fifty-one years. The writer of the latter is dead, and everyone mentioned in it, except Mr. McNabb, is dead. The letter was written before there were postage stamps and envelopes; and when it cost twenty-five cents to send a letter,

FRANK NORTHBUP, six years of age, is attracting attention in the village of Manton, Mich., by his wonderful mathematical powers, which have come to him naturally. He solves with great rapidity any sum in multiplication, no matter how large the figures.

A MAN in Hagerstown, Md., has an egg which was laid by a Plymouth Rock hen which has clearly defined upon its shell pickle manufacturer may now have his the imprint and letters of a foreign piece of money. The date 1822 and the word "constitution" can easily be deciphered.

### Funny Decoys.

Shut up in a drawer at the National Museum, where nobody has the privilege of seeing them, is a curious collection of Perhaps the funniest among decoys. them is a pup seal about a foot long and a half, quite artistically carved out of wood. Its little paws are folded across its chest, and it is intended to float on its back upon the water, just as the aninnal it represents does in real life. However, it is not meant as a decoy for mother seals, as may be imagined, but as a float for tying a fishing line to. Fishes, recognizing the innocence of pup seals in general, are not likely to suspect that one would dangle a hook and line to catch them.

This is an Alaskan decoy, of course. The natives of that region employ decoy ducks made of wood in a similar fashion -not to attract real ducks within reach of arrows or bullets, but as floats merely. To the floats, set a-swimming in the rivers, lines are attached, with hooks and bait for salmon. No ordinarily wise SHEEP are not commonly regarded as salmon would be afraid of a duck. So

dities that are purchased by the sale of Another very queer decoy in the their own wool. The mountain paths drawer is a fish, cut out of wood and among the foothills of the Himalayas painted white. No label states, unfortuare so precipitous that the sheep, more nately, precisely how it is employed, al-

PROF. PETE MAHER, whose animated personal discussion with the Hon. Bob Fitzsimmons at New Orleans not long since resulted in a great deal of money changing hands, offers a most astonishing and unheard-of reason for his defeat. He says the Hon. Bob is the best man.

Questions Often Asked.

Q. What is Alabastine? Alabastine is a DURABLE coating for

walls and ceilings.
Q. Is it the same as kalsomines?
A. It is entirely different from all other preparations on the market. Q. Wherein does it differ from these kal-omines on the market? A. It is made from a cement that goes through a process of setting on the wall, and

grows har ler with age.

Q. What are kalsomines made from?

A. From whitings, chalks, clays or other inert powders for a base, and are entirely dependent upon glue to hold them on the wall.

Q. Why do kalsomines rub and scale?
A. Because the glue, being animal matter, decays in a short time by exposure to air and moisture, and the binding qualities of Q. Does the Alabastine contain any in-

arious substance?
A. Alabastine has been most carefully tested, and is recommended by leading sani-terians throughout the country, on account of its sanitary nature.
Q. What has the same investigation

shown regarding wall paper?

A. Sanitarians condenin, in strong terms, the use of wall paper for walls of living rooms, on account of the poison used in its manufacture.

Can anything but plain work be done with Alabastine A. Any kind of work, from plain tinting to the most elaborate decorating can be

Q. How can I learn to do this work and lecorate my house? A. By writing the Alabastine Company, Grand Rapids, Mich., for book of instructions and suggestions, and illustration of stencils; also showing six sets of tinted wall designs, sent free.

"Excuse the liberty I take," as the convict remarked when he escaped from the state



Mr. Clarence O. Bigelow Prescription Druggist, 102 6th Ave., N. Y. City, says

# The People's Confidence HOOD'S

Sarsaparilla In a Manner Never Equalled. I am, on general principles, aversed to expressing my views, pro or con, in rest to any proprietary article, but in the light of Hood's Sarsaparilla being the product of a brother apothecary, will say, Hood's Sarsaparilla has secured a place in the public confidence never attained by any proprietary medicine that I have handled during an experience of more than twenty years in the drug trade. It

Must Possess True Merit as a remedial agent to retain its increase ing popularity as a household remedy. The sale of Hood's Sarsaparilla exceeds that of all similar preparations combined, of which I keep in stock some fifteen or

Praises are Proclaimed daily at my counter by those who have been benefited by it, many of whom are personal acquaintances." CLARENCE O. BIGELOW, Apothecary.

Hood's Pill's cure liver ills, constipation, The old saying that "consumption can be cured if taken in time" was poor comfort. It seemed to invite a trial, but to anticipate failure.

"consumption can be cured," is considered by many false. Both are true and not true; the first is prudentone cannot begin too early.

The other one, not so old,

The means is careful living. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is sometimes an important part of that.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING-free.

Scorr & Bowne, Chemists, 130 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggest keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. \$1.

"German Syrup

have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat. Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Pains in Chest and Lungs and Spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many kinds of Cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine-German Syrup is the best. We are subject to so many sudden changes from cold to hot, damp weather here, but in families where German Syrup is used there is little trouble from colds. John F. Jones.

