She sat where daisy blossoms tossed Their heads beneath an elm tree's

Her hands upon her knees were crossed-My bonny, laughing, gold-haired maid.

In lover's tone of fond command, I said, while sketching at her feet, "Pray take a daisy in your hand

And make yourself a Marguerite." "These foolish flowers have naught to tell,"

She answered, blushing winsomely, "Your lips have said, 'I love thee well,' And that's the oracle for me."

-Kate Field's Washington.

## A BUNCH OF VIOLETS.

BY V. ETYNGE MITCHELL.

Past golden fields of yellow buttercups and open-eyed daisies, over hills on which the lights and shadows of a summer morning were playing hide and seek, through valleys where drowsy cattle were grazing by the side of idle brooks, rushed the express train known as "The Wild Irishman," running between London and Holyhead.

Seated in one of the center carriages, which had no other occupant than herself, was a young girl whose face had the exquisite coloring of a portrait by Titian. Large brown eyes shaded by curling lashes were in | pose we try something else." strange yet pleasing contrast to the golden hair which fell in wilful little curls about her forehead.

As they neared Chester, the only station at which the train stopped on its long journey, the young lady leaned forward and watched with slight interest, the eager crowd of men and women who awaited the arrival of the cars.

"I wonder what fate has in store for me in the way of a traveling comanswer to her thought came almost immediately, as a gentleman wearing the costume of a traveler, and with a much bronzed face, entered the compartment.

Selfishly regretting the disturbance of her solitude, the young woman opened a book, which she had drawn from her taveling bag, and appeared to be entirely absorbed in its perusal.

The newcomer at once proceeded to make himself comfortable, stow- be blown apart, perhaps never to meet ing away parcels and umbrella, and again. We were very good frieudsfinally taking possession of a seat at once-but, of course that is all over. the opposite end of the car, facing and you cordially detest me. Just at his fellow-traveler, but barely glanc- this moment you are wishing me ing at her.

Only the sound of the busy wheels or the whir of a passing train dis- girl, with flashing eyes. turbed the quiet of the journey. The

wind blowing with impertinent fa- occasionally.' miliarity through the open window, but fate ordained that the window with feminine helplessness at the man who had dropped his paper and heiress. was looking full at her.

For the first time their eyes met, and a bow of coldly formal recognition passed between them.

"Miss St. John," he murmured. "I hardly expected to meet you here. Allow me ... And, closing the expressed her thanks by an inclination of the head, resumed her novel. responded the story teller.

The constraint of their position was uncomfortable to the couple, who ing any more than is absolutely had evidently met and parted on necessary. some occasion which had either left them unfriendly or almost as strangers.

From under his heavy eyebrows the young man covertly watched his fection. companion. She was holding her upon his lips as he observed this, and rattling his newspaper noisly to at- the Manyemas?' tract her attention he leaned forward silence by addressing her.

"May I inquire how your sister, head, but not looking at him replied snake in the Garden of Eden, a third with freezing discouragement of tone.

"Thank you; Mrs. Arlington is quite well.

"Ah, and your mother (with quiet | erty. persistence), I hope she is better, dressing you by the old name? You may have changed it."
"You are quite correct," she re-

turned icily. Through the window nearest to Mr.

Dennison a saucy bee, giddy with clover, bounced with a noisy jocular- story.' ity; then, regretting his imprisonment, strove to escape from it by flystantly suppressed.

"I see that you retain your an-tipathy to bees," remarked the "M young man, placidly folding his arms girl. and smiling; "some things are unchanged.'

"Among them your disagreeable case the lady shared his folly." habit of teasing," replied Miss St. "In what way?" John, and turned her attention to some russet-colored cattle that lifted their heads from the tall reed grasses to gaze in open-eyed wonder at the passing train.

"Don't you think," suggested Mr. Dennison, when the silence again be- bearing and impertinent. She very came oppressive, "that, as we are properly declined to be a slave. It is likely to be shut up together in this a Briton's privilege. compartment for two full hours, it might be more philosophical-not to bois loved her deeply and truly; that, say agreeable-if we raise a flag of realizing that he had spoken hastily truce? We can confine ourselves to and regretted it, and wrote her a let-

"Oh! confine yourself to catching of Parma violets.

bees, by all means," she cried nervously, as the insect in question reminded them of his presence by was at last deeply interested. bouncing against the ear of the young lady.

she watched Dr. Dennison chase the offender through the window. "Very well," remarked the young

man, resuming his seat and scraping his throat a little nervously, "it is a charming day." 'Very, but rather cool for the sea-

son.' "Ah, yes; perhaps we may have rain, which was slow in coming."

"Possibly-or rather it does not look probable to me.' Having delivered herself of this ion. brilliant speech, she arched her neck

ine the clouds. tinued the young man, desperately. the semi-darkness might hide her "Is it necessary," retorted Miss falling tears. St. John, "that you should turn yourself into a weather bureau and give

to the present or future." "There is no future for me," said | years. her companion, sadly. Then flippantly, as if anxious to recall his the young girl, reaching a satchel, words, he added:

"Don't you think there is a limit to the-weather for a topic? Sup-'We have talked long enough,"

returned the young woman, severely. I prefer to read." And she resolutely opened the novel.

after a pause. "Intensely." "It must be rather difficult to read upside down. Is that an acrobatic the train sounded like thunder, but

in the four years of my absence?" panion," she murmured, and the same length of time has not improved a bunch of faded flowers to the bosom your manners," said Miss St. of her dress. On her lap lay the open

Mr. Dennison accepted in silence after a moment of hesitation he left kisses. "Oh, my little queen, my his seat and ensconced himself in the sweetheart.' one directly facing her.

"In a little while," he whispered. disregarding her glance of angry toleration, "the train will reach Holyhead, and like thistle-downs we shall of the carriage lamp. away.

"I did not say so," exclaimed the

"I thought," he continued, "that stranger had followed the example of to pass away the time and enable you his vis-a-vis, and having taken out a to forget your antagonism to my newspaper, was soon lost in its con- presence you might like to hear the plot of one of my stories. Possibly By and by a mischievous south you remember that I wrote a book-

"Yes," she seemed to force the disarranged the fluffy curls peeping words from her lips-"I rememberfrom under the girl's hat. She rose that. It is very obliging in you to impatiently to shut out the offender, entertain me. What is your plot?" Mr. Dennison began to count off you.

should stick, whereupon she glanced on his fingers his dramatic personnæ. "There is Miss Maude Vivian-

"Mr. Henry Dubois-a povertystricken artist. "Mr. John Halifax-very hand-

some, very rich and nothing in particular. "Scene-Central Africa." "Your scene is preposterous and

window, he quietly returned to his your combination of characters imformer position, while she, having probable," complained Miss St. John. "Truth is not necessary in fiction," "Oblige me, then, by not romanc-

> "Miss Vivian was fair and lovable. Consequently when she met Mr. Dubois at a lawn party he fell in love

with her and she reciprocated his af-"A lawn party in Central Africa!" book upside down. A smile broke expostulated the young lady. Pray are you telling me a romance among

"The color of the skin is immaterimpulsively determined to break the | ial," replied Mr. Dennison, "but as you object to Africa I will call it Europe-England will do. All went Mrs. Arlington, is? She raised her well with the lovers until, like the person stepped in, Mr. John Halifax. Well, one cannot blame Miss Vivian if she preferred the corn and wine of Egypt to love in a cottage with pov-

There was a pause, which Miss St. Miss St. John. Am I correct in ad- John broke by exclaiming irritably "You are not entertaining at all. Your story is not worth writing. No publisher would accept it."

"Why not?" (politely). "Have you never known of a similar case?" "No, never, except in some absurd

"By and by," continued the young man, "Mr. Dubois decided to win or ing with spiteful buzzing against the lose it all.' He asks Miss Vivian to face of the young lady, who gave marry him at once and share his vent to a little scream which she in- modest income, which is, however, a sure one. He-made a fool of him-

"Most men do," murmured the

"That is true, otherwise women would not care for them; but in this

"She threw aside a loyal heart." " Probably she had good reason for so doing."

"It occurs to me that you espouse her cause very warmly.' " Possibly the young man was over-

"I grant it. But suppose that Dutruce? We can confine ourselves to and regretted it, and wrote her a let-commonplaces—the weather, catch—ter full of entreaties for pardon, 32,000 different kinds of goods.

ing bees, or other harmless topics." which he sent by mail with a bunch THE JOKER'S BUDGET. money at a bank. Tried to get good

"Well?" whispered Miss St. John; "well?" It was easy to see that she

"Mr. Dubois asked her in this letter if she still loved him to wear his "I have no objection to an occasional flowers the next evening at a dance interchange of remarks about the where they would meet. He called weather," she added more genially as her his 'little queen'-he was madly in love with her."

"And then?" the girl's voice sounded as if she were crying. "Oh, then, he went to the dance. She was there, radiant, smiling, beautiful. But she did not wear his violets. Her gown was white, but upon her bosom nestled a bunch of crim-

son roses-which had been given to her by John Halifax.' The voice of the narrator trembled, but he did not glance at his compan-

Already they were approaching a with extravagant courtesy to examtunnel which heralded the end of their journey. Miss St. John realized 'We had thunder last week," con- it and was thankful, for she hoped

'That night," continued Mr. Dennison, "he met a friend who was to me reports of what has been? I sup- sail for Africa on the following day. pose that we should confine ourselves | Impetuous as ever, Dubois decided to go with him. He was away four

"Did it occur to him," whispered out of which she drew a small jeweled box and laid it on her knee, "that Miss Vivian might not have received the letter until after the hot-headed and impetuous lover was beyond recall. Besides, she might have been too much hurt to evidence her desire for his return. With such men 'love "Is it interesting?" he persisted, flows like Solway, but ebbs like its tide.

Already they were at the mouth of the tunnel. The revolving wheels of feat you have learned to accomplish an instant before the engine plunged into darkness Dennison saw Miss St. "It goes without saying that the John pinning with trembling fingers box and a letter.

"Madeline!" cried the young man, the reproof of his companion, but seizing her hand and covering it with

> She uttered no word of protest; only her tears bedewed the violets upon her bosom, and lay there sparkling diamonds in the flickering glow

> 'All these words wasted, when I might have held you in these arms,' exclaimed Dennison, drawing the golden head down upon his shoul-

"Oh, Eric!" said she, "how could you have thought it was your poverty that influenced me. If you are poor will help you. See how strong I have grown." She looked up proudly with tender eyes.

'Have you never heard of the laurels I have won? he asked. am no longer poor, Madeline. Fortune has smiled upon me. My last story was an El Dorado.'

'Oh, how sorry I am," exclaimed the girl naively. "Now it will not be possible to prove my love for

Dennison picked up the bunch of flowers which had fallen from her lap and as the train shot like an arrow into the glad light of the May afternoon, he whispered :

"Darling, these violets are proof enough. I can never doubt your loyalty again."-[Globe-Democrat.

## Fiying Machines.

Benjamin Franklin used to compare the balloon of his day to a child who would presently come to man's estate. He thought the aerostation was in embryo, and it due time would do marvelous things. But his aspira tions, one may now say, were too sanguine.

Our aerial achievements are still literally " in the air," the flights of our best aeronauts are involuntary They are "blown about with every wind." It is true that the parachute has been brought to considerable perfection, but that is not flying, but falling. It is something to be able to fall softly from a great height, but it is not much. It hardly seems worth while to go up so far in order.

to come down again. This reflection applies to the very latest improvements in the science. The winged man of Steglitz has, we are told, "accomplished a journey of 250 yards," but this merely means that, starting from a tower he has built for the purpose with a spring board, or from a steep hill, he has flown down that distance.

As for the aerial machines of various kinds that are to "revolutionize warfare" by dropping dynamite over cities and armies, they may be marvels of mechanical science, but they have never yet "risen to the occasion," or even risen at all. Even the " Maxim" invention has, I understand, "never left the rails," which, although a great virtue in a locomotive, is very little credit to a flying machine.—[London News.

## Nickel and Silver.

Some authorities say that the prices of nickel and silver will eventually cross each other. They argue that nickel is more useful, is scarcer, and is not so readily produced, and that as silver is used more as a symbol of wealth its value in that direction will gradually depreciate. In such an event there is a long road, because silver has in it the tradition of ages, and the poorer classes of the world would be actuated in its use as the rich have been, and for a long time the downward course would be stayed by this sentiment alone .-Hardware.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY Life. MEN OF THE PRESS.

Ready to Begin -- Better Than Electricity -- Modest Willie -- Early Depravity -- Etc., etc.

READY TO BEGIN.

your debts, Harry, you can make a new start. Harry-Thank you, father; please lend me a hundred .- [Truth.

BETTER THAN ELECTRICITY.

Agent-Wouldn't you like to have a burglar alarm set up in your house? Mr. Binks-Don't need it. I've got a wife .- [New York Weekly.

MODEST WILLIE.

"No," said Willie Wibbles, "I'm not a bit afraid of a bicycle.' "You are quite brave," said the

"Oh, not necessarily;" rejoined Willie modestly. "You see,"I nevah wide one.

EARLY DEPRAVITY. "Papa," asked Tommy Goodman,

who was Cain's wife?' "Caroline," said the Rev. Dr. Goodman, after an ominous pause, addressing his wife, "will you please hand me my heaviest slipper and leave the room? There is going to be a trial for heresy right here and right now."- [Chicago Tribune.

AN IDIOTIC BIRD.

"I have a parrot at home that repeats every word I utter," said Jar-

'What an idiot of a bird," ejaculated Cynicus. - [Harper's Bazar.

A CONDITIONAL POP.

"Then you are engaged?" "Conditionally. "What do you mean?"

"Why, George put the hypothetical question to me last night and I said yes."-[Judge.

SIGNS OF THE SEASONS. The earth exhibits signs of spring And brighter grow the days; A sign that birds will shortly sing

For us their merry lays. Each season has its signs—the fall, Spring, winter, as they pass, And that of summer is for all The sign, "Keep off the grass."

- New York Press. COULD DO WITHOUT IT.

O'Jones-I don't object to a man blowing his own horn if he wants to, do vou? McSmith-Not at all; still, I have

very little ear for that kind of music. TO STRENGTHEN IT. Mrs. Wreckhard (the landlady)-Is

there anything I can help you to, Mr. Slimmer? Slimmer-Yes, ma'am. Can I have some milk put in this cream?-[Puck.

ANSWERED.

"What!" cried the orator, fiercely, 'what, I ask, causes poverty?' And from the back of the hall a hoarse voice answered "Lack of cash."

IMPROPER FRACTIONS. Mamma (as she is serving the pie

at table)-What is an improper fraction. Johnny? Johnny - Anything less than a

quarter, mamma. - [Newport News. A PRACTICAL VIEW OF IT. "They say the wolf is continually

at their door. 'Well I don't know what he is you know you are. there for-they never have anything in the house."- New York Press.

OUT OF SIGHT.

Investor-I see you have a railroad to .- [Indianapolis Journal. mapped out here, but where's your town?

Land Boomer-Well, to tell you the truth, it ain't built yet; but there's six candidates for Sheriff in distillery, three Prohibitionists and a cliff from 200 to 400 feet high all pond for baptism. - [New York Press. TOO POOR.

"Lend me ten, Fweddie." jilted by a girl worth half a million. -[Life.

A DIALOGUE FROM LIFE.

"Where are you going?" "To the chemist's.

"Is it for yourself?" "Oh, no, fortunately-it's for my wife."-[Le Soir.

ABSENT MINDED.

Benson-I have a literary friend who is so absent-minded that when he went to London recently he telegraphed himself ahead to wait for himself at a certain place. Smith-Did the telegram have the

desired result? Benson-No. He got it all right, but he had forgotten to sign his from, he paid no attention to it.— [Pearson's Weekly.

FEELING IS BELIEVING, TOO. Teacher-I don't suppose any one

of the little boys here has ever seen a Boy (at the foot of the class)-No. sir, but I've felt one .- [Brooklyn] Life.

THE GENIAL POET. "Ha, ha," laughed the poet.

'Here's a good joke."
"What is it?" asked his wife. "Why," returned the genial bard, "a fellow wrote to me for my autograph the other day and I sent it to him. Then what does he do but copy it on a check and try to get some arrests.

cash, my dear, with my name on a Ha, ha!" - [Philadelphia check.

SOCIETY ORNAMENTS.

De Snapp-I congratulate you, old fellow. Miss Purkey's face is rather plain, but she is worth \$200,000. De Muttinedd-Thanks, dear boy. You are right. It was her figure that attracted me. - [Chicago Tribune.

HER SOCIAL TRIUMPH.

The Governor-Now that I've paid Mrs. Gossip-I hear you attracted much notice on your appearance in the social world abroad.

Mrs. Numoney-I should say so. I wore on an average from \$20,000 to \$35,000 of diamonds every ball I went to.—[Chicago Record.

WAS AWARE OF IT.

"Remember, witness," sharply exclaimed the attorney for the defence,

'you are on oath.' 'There ain't no danger of my forgettin' it," replied the witness sullenly. "I'm tellin' the truth fur nothin' when I could have made \$4 by lyin' fur your side of the case, an' you know it."—[Chicago Tribune.

GROUND FOR DISBELIEF.

Mrs. Mullins (reading the newspaper)—A Philadelphia man rejoices n the name of Medycvnv Garczyń-

Mr. Mullins-I don't believe it. "You don't believe that is his right 'No; I don't believe he rejoices in it."-[Life.

DIRECT FROM THE MUSEUM.

"I see that the india rubber man and the ossified man are to have a walking match." Then I bet on the india rubber

man. "Why?" "Well he may not do much on the first half, but he is sure to show himself on the homestretch.

"That's all very true, but at the same time he'll find the ossified man a hard man to beat."-[New York

THE BETTER WAY. Chollie-I was so angry at my man this mawnin' that I kicked him. Chappie-Deah me! How could

you do such a thing? Chollie-Why, what do you do when you get angwy at youah man? Chappie-I make him kick himself."-[Harper's Bazar.

Van Arndt-Funny thing about society. Miss Whirlsfair-What is? Van Arndt-A girl is not "in" it

QUEER, VERY!

until she has "come out."- Truth. A CASE IN POINT. "Jones says the ocean is a living thing and that it has intelligence The idea of water having intelli-

gence!"-

seen the rain pouring over a book. -[New York Press. HIGHER PRICED. Mrs. Skimps-How much do you

"I don't know about that. I've

charge for weaving rag carpet? Old Mrs. Loomis (the weaver)-Fifteen cents a yard, mum. Mrs. Skimps-Oh, that's too high. I will give you twelve and a half. Old Mrs. Loomis (with dignity)-

spring poet .- [Philadelphia Life. NERVOUS.

I'm a carpet weaver, mum, not a

Spectator-Doesn't it require a good deal of courage to go up in a balloon? Aeronaut-Not a bit, ma'am. It's the coming down in it.

HER WISH SET FORTH. She-You are getting angry now; He-I am doing nothing of the sort. I can get angry if you wish me to. She-But I don't wish you to get

A Wonderful Cliff.

angry except when I don't wish you

Jeffrey's Cliff, located four miles east of Hawesville, is a natural curiosity them gallberry bushes, one moonlight and a wonder. It consists of a huge around, and looks as if Providence had set a huge boulder down on the face of the earth. There is a soil on the top of it from ten to thirty feet "Can't do it. I have just been deep, and before it was partially cleared off a heavy growth of timber adorned it. There is probably more than a hundred acres of good land on top of it. Nature left no way for a man with modern vehicle to go up it, but at an expense of hundreds of dollars a wagon-way has been cut through the solid rock and the dirt graded up to meet it. In two other places footpaths have been provided for the lone trav-

On this wonderful natural production the towns of Cloverport, Cannelton, Hawesville and probably others can be plainly seen, as well as a large scope of surrounding country. Cattle in the bottom look like mere midgets, and one's head swims with the dizziness of the height when buzzards, name, and not knowing who it was which make the cliff their roosting place, sail half way down the sides of "Salt Peter Cave," and other points of interest make up its peculiar wonders. There is an aperture in the cliff on one side, about a foot wide, that sends out the year round a cold breeze. The warmest, sultriest day that can be imagined in August. this constant flow of cold air greets the sightseer. It sits in the middle of the upper bottom, and the Ohio river curves more than half way round it at a distance of a mile and a half away. Truly this is a home wonder.-[Hancock (Ky.) Clarion.

Boston has 446,500 population and 858 police, who last year made 39,996

How Very Delightful.

"What charming weather," we all say in the opening days of the early spring; then off go the wraps and up go the windows to let the balmy air come in-with it comes in numerous things that ought to be kept out. We feel sore from stiffened limbs, and many go tottering around with lame backs. Mr. Harry Williams, Greenville, Cal., under oath writes on this subject as follows: "A lady suffered so severely with pains in the back for two days that she could not sit up. One application of St. Jacobs Oil gave the sufferer a good night's rest, and in the morning she was well." That was charming.

An underground railway up the Jungfrau Mountain is one of the late projects of the Swiss engineers.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachiau Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Deliars for any case of Peafness caused by catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

Circulars, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c. It is estimated that the rails on the various railways of the country weigh altogether 83,-

000,000 tons, \$42.50 for a Farm Wagon.

Tho best wagon in the world can be had for \$42.50; a barrel cart for \$3.50. IF YOU WILL CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT with 5c to the John A Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue, where you

can read about this wagon. The bones and muscles of the human body are capable of 1200 different movements.

The Skill and Knowledge

Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known have enable i the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy. Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by a 2 druggists.

Transatlantic telephoning would be possible if a single copper wire could be laid.

The Best Men Wanted. "Yes, sir, we want some good men, men of first-class character and ability to represent us. Among our representatives are many of the noblest and best men in America, and parties of that stamp can always find a splendid business opportunity at our establishment." That is the way Mr. B. F. Johnson, of the firm B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., stated the case in reference to their advertisement in this paper.

Rather skin a careass for pay in the public streets than be idly dependent on charity. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free, Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

There is nothing in the world which a resolute man who asserts himself cannot attain. "I savol \$1" is sweet music to the husband.
"I or lered those pills, plasters and soap, usual
price, \$2; obtained them by mail for \$1 from
E. A. Hall, Charleston, S. C." Free catalogue.

If thou desirest ease in this life, keep thy

Shiloh's Care Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incipient Consumption; it is the Best Cough Cure; 250., 50c., \$1

A single pin machine will stick 90,000 pins

TESTED BY TIME. For Bronchial affections, Coughs, etc., "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have proced their efficacy by a test of many years. Price 25 cents. Electric locomotive headlights gain favor. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per boitle

Electric irons are used in laundries.

**BEYOND DESCRIPTION** 

The Misery Before Taking

The Happiness After Taking

HOOD'S.

C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: "Dear Sirs:-I have been in poor health for 20 or 25 years, and have been taking doctors' medicines more or less all the time. I did not get much relief. My blood was in a bad shape and my system was all run down. I thought I must die, but noticing several testimonials in the papers in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla I bought three bottles and found that it did me so much good that I continued taking it. I was without appetite, slothfully sleepy, and had a headache most all the time. In fact I cannot describe my feelings. After using one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla I found it was doing me

Hood's Sarsaparina I foliable Cures

Hood's Sarsaparina Cures

much good and now I cannot praise the medicine too much for what it has done for me. I am a disabled soldier 69 years old and was afflicted with many ailments, including kidney, bronchitis and catarrh. Since using 6 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I am like another man. In fact I think Hood's Sarsaparilla saved my

OUR RING CURES RHEUMATISM. 100,000 sold in 1892. A free trial of these Rings is give Write for particulars. Waren & Co., Hadlyma, Co.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy a action. Sold by all draggists. 25 cents.

