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BY a timely use of **Ayer's Hair Vigor**. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.

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FORGIVE.

Life is too short, friend, for rankled feeling,
Too short for harsh reproach or bitter tone,
We too should speak but gentle words alone:
For if I stooped to speak, here let me kneeling
Low at your side—in penitence appealing—
Seek pardon for a fault I had not known
Save that my love for you so strong had grown,
It passed the bounds of reason's wise concealing.
Dear friend, by all our years of untold gladness
By every tender word and fond caress
Which filled our lives with such sweet happiness,
Forgot, forgive, that one brief hour of madness!
Then may you know the highest joy of living—
The God-like peace—the sweetness of forgiving!

How It Ended.

It was one of those cold, dark November afternoons when the daylight all goes soon after three. A chilly kind of white mist was hanging about, and the trees in the square were shaking off their few remaining leaves, as though they were at last convinced that the poor, black, shrivelled things were no ornaments, but rather a disfiguration. My knitting had dropped idly on my knee, and I was thinking. My pet was sitting opposite, thinking or dreaming too, her deep eyes full of the golden firelight, her oval face framed by her rich, black hair.

She was all I had, for our family had dwindled and dwindled until there were only three representatives, and between me and those two others there was a long-standing estrangement.

The old house was wonderfully quiet. Outside was the usual hum of the city traffic, distant nearly a quarter of a mile; inside, no sound but the purring of my cat and the flutter, flutter of a flame in the fire.

A loud, energetic ring at the bell startled us both.

"Why, auntie," said Mabel, "you are asleep."

"Who can it be?" I wondered. "It's not my day, for it is not likely to be a caller. If it is, we must have the gas."

Directly after the room door was opened, and a name was announced that took my breath away.

"Mr. Armitage."

Jane ushered in a figure of which at first I could only see that it was one of the stronger sex, with an erect, almost haughty carriage of the head.

For a moment I thought it was my brother himself, as I rose to my feet, all trembling; but Mabel stirred the fire to a bright blaze, and I saw a dark eyed young man, not like my brother, but so like some one else I used to know, that I forgot I was a withered old woman, and almost unconsciously breathed the word:

"Lionel,"

"Yes," he answered, taking both my hands in his strong grasp, "Lionel Armitage; and this, then, is Aunt Dorothy. What a tiny little aunt it is."

He bent down and kissed me, a proceeding that gave the queerest sensation. I could not have spoken to save my life.

"I have come as a peacemaker, aunt," he went on, using that title as though he had seen me at intervals ever since he was born, "to make up the family quarrel; though, upon my honor, now I think of it, I hadn't the ghost of an idea what it was all about. However, my father begins to feel that he is getting old, he doesn't look it, though. He's as upright and handsome as ever he was.

Well, he thinks it's time bygones were bygones, and I volunteered to come and see if you were of the same opinion."

"I should have been glad to have been reconciled any time these twenty years, my dear," I said, wiping away a few foolish tears. "But better late than never. I am very, very glad. Sit down, Lionel, and talk to me here, by my side. You are not a bit like the Armitages, Lionel."

"No; I am generally supposed to be a kind of reproduction of my mother's brother, who died quite young. I was named after him, you know."

"Yes I know."

"Twenty years, aunt; what a pity it seems. For my part, I think family quarrels are an awful mistake. Do you know I seem to have a recollection of you, though the last time I saw you I was a lit tle chap of six or seven. I had an idea you were very tall, by the way."

"Where is Julius—your father, I mean? Is he in town?"

"No, he's down at the old place. The town house is wrapped in brown holland at present. I'm putting up at Drayton's."

"My dear boy, you mustn't stay at the hotel. I have two or three spare rooms. Do make this your home while you are in town." I said, persuasively, but was almost surprised at the alacrity of his acquiescence.

"With the greatest pleasure; nothing I could like better, Aunt Dorothy," he said.

"And how does you mother look?" I asked next. "Is she as energetic as ever?"

He winced.

"She was taken from us two years ago," he said, in a low voice.

I was too shocked to speak. I never looked at the papers, or this news would have been no surprise to me. For a little while we were silent.

There was a great deal to be talked over, however, and the hours flew by more quickly than ever, though they always fly terribly fast.

"I must be going," he said at last. "That was six o'clock that struck. I say, aunt, wasn't there some one here with you when I came in?"

"That was Mabel Verdie, Lionel; the cause of the quarrel." And I peered into the gloom, never having noticed when she slipped away.

"How? What do you mean?

"Well, my dear, it was like this. When I was a little more than forty, there was a certain Mrs. Verdie, a poor seamstress, who did plain sewing for me. She had been my housemaid; she left me to marry a wretch who deserted her, and left her to support herself and her year-old baby. She fell ill, and I went to see her two or three times, and when she died, as there were no relations, I brought the forlorn baby home till something could be done with it. The whole of it was, I determined to keep it altogether. That was why your father was so angry. And that child is Mabel Verdie."

"And was that all?"

"That was all. We are an obstinate family, Lionel. The more your father objected to my bringing the child up, the more resolved I became."

"H'm! It was very good of you. The girl must have been no end of trouble. And so you have brought her up to be your maid or companion?"

"She is my adopted niece," I said rather stiffly, for his tone hurt me in some way. "I shall leave her everything I have."

Soon after he took his leave, promising to come on the following day and bring his "traps." No sooner was he gone than Mabel came back dressed for dinner.

"Aunty, do you know it is nearly seven, and you are not dressed?"

"Never mind, love," I said, gathering up my knitting. "Dinner can wait for me for once. Mabel, the long family disagreement is at an end. That was my nephew, Lionel."

"At an end?" Mabel cried. "O, Aunt Dorothy, I am glad of that! Now, perhaps, you will tell me what it was."

I shook my head and laughed, for that was a point on which, though she was very curious, I would never enlighten her.

"Isn't he handsome, Mabel? What did you think of him?"

"I scarcely saw him," she answered, indifferently.

She laughed at me many times that evening for my absence of mind, told me that I took salt to my apple-tart at dinner, and never knew it, and that I smiled at my tea, and at everything.

It may have been true, for I could think of nothing but the message of reconciliation after so many years. I wrote a long letter to Julius, that is my brother, that very night.

The next afternoon Lionel came.

"I hope you're prepared to have me on your hands for at least a fortnight, aunt," said he, as we sat together chatting. "In fact, I shall very likely want to stay for good—you look so homelike and comfortable here."

"Armitage Hall used always to be homelike and comfortable enough" I remarked, and then regretted the words, for a cloud came over his face.

"Ah, yes, in my dear mother's time," he answered, softly.

I received a kind letter from Julius very soon after, in which he told me how glad he was for his son to be with me, and plainly intimated that he would be pleased if I persuaded him to stay as long as he would, for he, Julius, had no intention of coming up to town at all this winter, and he was afraid the boy would be bored to death if compelled to remain throughout December at the Hall.

And so the fortnight lengthened into a month, and Lionel was still with us. He escorted us to theatres, concerts and the opera, and we had a gayer winter than usual.

At first I was half afraid he might fall in love with my pet; but I soon came to the conclusion that such an idea was altogether absurd. The two conversed so little—for Mabel was a quiet girl who never talked much, but merely listened to other people, with her expressive eyes saying a thousand things she would never put into words.

On the whole, I believe it must be disconcerting to any man, after delivering what he thinks rather a neat speech, to meet a pair of eyes dancing with fun as Mabel's often did. She had a gift for seeing the ludicrous side of everything, though her secret amusement never showed itself except in those black eyes or the slightly compressed lips.

Consequently, it was both a surprise and a severe shock to me when, six weeks after his arrival, Lionel said to me, in the simplest way:

"Aunt Dorothy, I am going to marry Mabel."

I could not speak for a minute or two. The room turned round.—Journal.

Horse Dealing.

Mr. Tattersall and Charles Matthews, the elder, were very intimate, and the great comedian was frequently in the habit of accompanying his friends to Newmarket races, where on one occasion, Matthews indulged in his well-known taste for mimicry, at the expense of Mr. Tattersall, during a sale of blood stock conducted by the latter.

"The first lot gentlemen," said Mr. Tattersall, "is a bay filly, by Smolensko," &c.

"The first lot, gentlemen," echoed Matthews, in precisely the same tone of voice," is a bay filly, by Smolensko."

Mr. Tattersall looked somewhat annoyed, but proceeded.—

"What shall we say to begin with?"

"What shall we say to begin with?" replied the inevitable echo.

Still endeavoring to conceal his vexation, Mr. Tattersall inquiringly called out,—

"One hundred guineas!"

"One hundred guineas!" bawled out Matthews.

"Thank you sir!" cried Mr. Tattersall, bringing down the hammer with a bang; "the filly is yours!"

Matthews, we need scarcely add, was somewhat taken aback by his sudden acquisition of "blood stock."

Value of a Queen's Proof.

When Prince Albert Victor was a small boy at school he got rather short—as small boys occasionally do—of pocket money, and thereupon wrote to his presumably indulgent grandmother for the loan of five shillings. Instead of the eagerly expected remittance, however, came a letter filled with grandmotherly reproof and advice, dashing his hopes to the ground. Despair presently gave way to joy, though, as the idea of the letter having a marketable value struck him, and he promptly realized thirty shillings on the "autograph letter of Her Majesty the Queen." The letter was sold the other day at a sale of valuable curios and autographs, and fetched £16.—London Tit-Bits.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

PERILS OF THE TRAPEZE.

Varied and Interesting Experiences in the Life of a Gymnast.

The Connecticut Yankee is a great traveller. The man you see mending his fence may not look as though he were accustomed to strange lands, and yet he may have been around the world as a salesman for a clock factory, and his neighbor on the next farm may be a retired sea Captain who has circumnavigated the globe many times. Here in Bridgeport there is the usual quota of long-distance Connecticut travellers, and when Barnum's big show, which makes its winter quarters here, gets back to town, there are added more travellers who have been in many countries. Of these, some settle down comfortably for the winter in this city, and others make the winter season with circuses in other lands. The show is now on the way here after the season of '90, and some of the performers have already arrived, among them being Prof. T. Ceballos, the gymnast, who is now at his pleasant home in State street.

Well known in this country as a gymnast, Prof. Ceballos is widely known in Mexico, where he was born, and in Central America and throughout South America, as an aeronaut as well. He has made 400 ascensions, using always hot air balloons of his own manufacture, and performing on a trapeze suspended from the balloon. He has made thirty balloons, each a cut ninety feet high and fifty feet in diameter, and made of Scotch linen, and covered with a light varnish to render them waterproof. When making ready for an ascension he built on the ground a sort of brick furnace, with a chimney about four feet in diameter and five feet high. A fire of vine prunings soaked in alcohol was the best for producing an ample supply of hot air with the least smoke and fewest sparks, and an iron cover was provided to put over the top of the chimney if the sparks became threatening. The throat of the balloon was placed over the chimney. When inflated the balloon was held down by many men until the aeronaut was ready to ascend. He let the earth holding to the bar with his hands, and with his body suspended aloft, and then performed the various evolutions in midair.

Prof. Ceballos made his first ascension in Central America in 1866, and between that year and 1871 he made many ascensions in Mexico and Central America. After making thirty-six ascension without accident he met with his first mishap on the occasion of an ascension from Oajaca, Mexico, in 1873. When at an altitude of about 4,000 feet a strong wind struck the balloon and carried it ninety miles in two hours. When it swept over a forest on a mountain, Ceballos let go the balloon and clung to the top of a big pine tree. He was scratched and bruised but not badly hurt. The balloon flew off and was not seen again. Ceballos descended the tree and found himself in an uninhabited part of the country. For two nights he slept on the ground and in day time walked about in search of human habitation. At last he found a woodchopper, who supplied him with food and directed him to the road. On his return to the city he was publicly received by the authorities.

In 1871 Prof. Ceballos went to Peru. He made 113 ascensions in Callao and Lima. While making an ascension at Callao the trapeze ropes were scraped against the cornice of a house. The ropes soon parted, and the trapeze and Ceballos fell on a roof. The roof was broken, but Ceballos escaped without serious injury. In 1872, in Lima, on the occasion of his 125th ascension, the balloon was torn in pieces by the wind and Ceballos fell about 65 feet, but escaped uninjured.

In 1873, at Montevideo, Uruguay, Mr. Ceballos ascended with his hot-air balloon, and at the same time Mr. Basseli, a French aeronaut, went up with a gas balloon. Both balloons were struck by a hurricane and carried out to sea. Basseli was never heard of a terward. Another current brought Ceballo's balloon back over the land and destroyed it. Ceballos fell on the roof of a house and was bruised, but not seriously hurt.

At Rosario, in the Argentine Republic, in 1874 Nicasio Rosas, a boy of 18, the son of Gen. Rosas, was among the spectators at an ascension by Ceballos. When the balloon went up the youth clung to one of the ropes of the net. Ceballos wondered, as the balloon ascended, why it leaned to one side. The boy was so high up on the balloon that Ceballos couldn't see him from the trapeze, but he knew somebody was there, and he spoke to him, and told him to climb down by the net. Then Ceballos tried to climb to the boy, but his added weight carried the balloon still more and increased the danger to both, and he had to go back. The boy held on bravely until he could hold no longer and then he fell, grazing Ceballos as he went down. He struck on the ground and was killed instantly.

In 1876 Ceballos went to Brazil and made many ascensions in various parts of that country. His last ascension was in Brazil in 1878. Since 1878 Prof. Ceballos has been a gymnast in circuses. He has performed in Australia, China, Japan, Siam, Hindoostan, France, Spain, and other countries.

Mr. Ceballos is a powerful and graceful gymnast. His wife Mme. Zarah Ceballos is also an accomplished gymnast, and their son, Nicholas, aged 16, is noted as a performer on the high wire. All three will give performances in Cuba during the coming winter, and in the spring they will rejoin Barnum & Bailey's show.

Wampum.

A good deal of Indian wampum, or money, is occasionally found in the southeastern parts of Wisconsin, and a curious feature of it is the fact that it exactly resembles that found in the Indian graves of New England and Canada, showing that the same kind of currency must have been in circulation among the Indians all over the continent. There are two kinds found everywhere in America—the white and the purple; the former being common and cheap, the latter scarce and costly. The purple was made from the eye of the clam shell; the white from the stem of the periwinkle shell. The aim of the wampum-makers seems to have been to have the beads uniform, smooth and highly polished, though by what means they bored a hole through so hard a substance is unknown. The labor expended on the shells must have been enormous, and fully justified the estimation in which the wampum was held.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Viscount Belgrave's Wealth.

The richest man in the world, if he lives to inherit his patrimony, will be the young Viscount Belgrave, grandson of the Duke of Westminister. By the time he attains his majority it is estimated that his income will be between $10,000 and $20,000 a day.

Ex-Senator Palmer's Memory.

"What a remarkable memory Tom Palmer has!" exclaimed a resident of St. Louis visiting New York City. "The president of the Chicago world's fair is, as you know, one of the richest men in the country. He and I were at school together in Michigan. That was nearly fifty years ago. I owned at the time two fine dogs that had been used at one time for carrying mail in the northwest, after the primit ve fashion of that day. Tom Palmer visited my home only once, I think, and yet when I saw him the other day he was able to recall the names of the two dogs after the lapse of half a century."

NEVER TO MEET.

Never to meet! O, can it be
That fondest hopes must end like this?
Never to meet! No more to see
The face that held a world of bliss!
Say it is all a fine idle dream,
That will, on waking, fade away;
Say that our hearts, in joy supreme,
Shall beat as one for now and aye!

Never to meet, my sweet!
Never, as years pass o'er?
Never again, in joy or in pain,
Never, O nevermore!

Never to meet! The words are said,
Yet surely true they cannot be!
Can all the moments pass be dead
So sweet for you, love, and for me?
Ah! no, no, not those words uneasy,
When joy shall rule in place of pain;
That idle dream fold pass away,
And let our lives be one again.

Never to meet, my sweet!
Never, as years pass o'er!
Never again, in joy or in pain,
Never, O nevermore!

The Most Accommodating Railroad.

The day I was a passenger on the railroad which runs between Montrose, in Susquehanna County, and Tunkhannock, Wyoming County, a very voluble old gentleman sat in the seat directly in front of me. He talked very much, and in talking he opened his mouth very wide. He had store teeth, and the plate had rather shrunk or the old gentleman's mouth had expanded since the teeth were fitted to him, for they kept bobbing up and down as he talked, like piano keys in action. "You better look out, old man," I said to myself, "for if you haven't got a string to those teeth the first thing you know they'll desert you." We were tipping along at a pretty good gait.

It was a warm day and the old gentleman had his window up. Pretty soon he opened up with a few remarks, in the middle of which he felt compelled to laugh. He gave one hilarious snort and slip shot that set of misfit teeth out of his mouth. It wasn't satisfied with getting rid of his mouth, but it threw itself out of the car through the open window as well. "Gosh, all fish hooks!" was what the old gentleman undoubtedly imagined he was saying, but his upper lip was caved in almost to his palate, and as he had to push it back and hold it there with his tongue before he could talk, his words came a trifle thick and full of splutter. That was all the old man said, but he shoved his head out of the window and looked back mournfully toward the spot where his teeth had left him. We had gone a mile or more, I guess, before the conductor of the train had learned of the old gentleman's bereavement. He pulled the bell rope. The train was stopped. Then they backed up to the place where the teeth had shot out of the window. The conductor, engineer, fireman and brakeman formed themselves into a searching party and went to work to look up the lost teeth. They searched the country on both sides of the track for several rods, up and down, and at the end of half an hour a brakeman shouted: "Here they be." He had found the old gentleman's teeth. They were all there safe and sound. The old gentleman shoved them in his mouth and said:

"Gosh all fish hooks! I'd ketched hell a when I got home if I hadn't a-found them teeth." Then the train started and the old man commenced his talking where he left off when his teeth had got tired and quit him. Nobody seemed to think the stopping of the train and going back after the teeth was anything out of the ordinary every-day way of managing a railroad, and wasn't going to be conspicuous by kicking. But it was accommodating, wasn't it?—Chicago Sun.

Taking Only "Cat-Nap."

Bonaicault was so anxious to get as much out of life as possible that during the last four or five years of his career he denied himself proper sleep, going to bed at 2 and rising at 6. The time passed in slumber he considered wasted. More rest than this he did not seem to require.

The other day I read of a man in London who never sleeps, as we understand the word. He is the janitor of a large building to which people resort at all hours of the twenty-four. This Cerberus volunteered for a double salary to do the watching day and night, and so he dozes sitting in a chair and opening a gate every time the bell rings. There is never a longer interval than fifteen minutes, and yet he contrives to secure sufficient sleep to serve him. His health is good and his happiness apparently complete. He looks upon himself as fortunate in having this, existing place, which most other people would not accept at any price. The amount of sleep is to a considerable degree a matter of temperament. Napoleon, according to the life of Josephine, recently published, was a prodigious sleeper, taking nine hours when he could get it. His active brain required this amount of rest. On the other hand, Emile Littre, the author of the dictionary, needed only four hours. He went to bed at 4 a. m. and got up at 8. All the rest of the time, except a few minutes at his meals, he spent at his desk. He lived to be eighty-five, and enjoyed perfect health.

Education For Women in Finland.

Even in Finland the educational authorities move along abreast of the times, says an exchange. The question whether ladies, without special permission, might be allowed to pass the "students" examination, has recently attracted much attention in Finland, and the university appointed a committee to deal with the matter. Their decision has been published to the following effect: Finish ladies may be admitted to the university as students on the same conditions and with the same privileges and obligation as those in force for students of the male sex, subject to the restriction that any examination passed by a lady cannot entitle her to other appointments than such as are in accordance with existing laws and regulations. Nor is any lady entitled to receive such free scholarships as are distinctly intended for men.

A Pirate Bird.

Ex-Governor William C. Sterett, of Dallas, Tex., says: While on a fishing and hunting expedition on the Atlantic coast in North Carolina a few days since my attention was attracted by the shrill and frantic cries of a sea gull. As I looked upward I saw a bird resembling a hawk strike the gull under its claws, when down came a fish and the pirate sped after it. The fish had not gone ten feet before the pirate bird had it in its stomach. Then he soared upward with lightning rapidity and descending equally as quick, struck the screaming gull on its back with such force that the contents of its stomach were forced out of its mouth, and the pirate caught it in the air as it fell. At this point I took aim at the pirate with my shotgun and brought him down.

"War Up to O."

The latest slang in Paris is "fin de siecle," or "end of the century," and is applied to anything new and nobby. When the American phrase "out of sight" reaches Paris and is properly worked over into French "fin de siecle" will be laid aside as "a. g."—Exchange.

Expensive Elements.

There is one point in common with all cigars, and that is they contain acetic, formic, butyric, valeric, propionic, prussic, and carbolic acids; creosote, sulphuretted hydrogen, pyridine, picoline, picolines and rubidine, and therefore one must not expect to get a good cigar for less than five cents.

Popularly called the king of medicines—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It conquers scrofula, salt rheum and all other blood diseases.

That foreigners who bring letters to capitalists in town are sure to have a "good time."

We have a speedy and positive Cure for Catarrh, Diptheria, Canker Mouth and Head-Ache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' Druggistore.

That in these days cooks are ladies and ladies are satisfied to be women.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of those distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' drug store.

That society has no use for people who cannot be of some benefit to them.

He Yelled Kemp's Balsam.

I yell "Take Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure." I always do when I hear a man cough, and I can't help it. It saved me and it will cure you. I was threatened with pneumonia last winter and it broke it up. It helps the children out when their throats are sore, cures their coughs, and tastes so good. The first dose helps you. So writes A. R. Arnold, engineer on the West Shore R'y, at Canajoharie, N. Y.

That society is in the midst of several choice "jealous quarrels."

Miles' Nerve and Liver Pills.

An important discovery. They act on the liver, stomach and bowels through the nerves. A new principle. They speedily cure biliousness, bad taste, torpid liver, piles and constipation. Splendid for men, women and children. Smallest, mildest, surest. 50 doses for 25 cents. Samples free at T. D. Thomas and W. F. Bierys Drug Store.

That the athletic girl soon loses those traits most admired in women.

Ask Your Friends About It.

Your distressing cough can be cured. We know it because Kemp's Balsam within the past few years has cured so many coughs and colds in this community. Its remarkable sale has been won entirely by its genuine merit. Ask some friend who has used it what he thinks of Kemp's Balsam. There is no medicine so pure, none so effective. Large bottles 50c and $1.00 at all druggists. Sample bottle free.

That turning over new leaves creates quite a rustling.

A Great Battle

Is constantly going on in the human system when you suffer with consumption, coughs or colds; they strive to ruin health and drag victims to the grave. Take timely warning and use Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator is a sure cure for dyspepsia, biliousness, heartburn, indigestion, and all kidney complaints. Trial bottles free at Thomas' Drug Store.

That the fashionable hotels of America have become the most expensive in the world.

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life.

It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping paper, but it saved her life. She was in the last stages of consumption, told by physicians she was incurable and could live only a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a slip of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a sample bottle. It helped her, she bought a large bottle, it helped her more, bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. Cole, Druggist, Fort Smith. Trial bottles of this wonderful discovery free at Reber's Drug Store.

That registrations from the fashionable clubs have been suggestively frequent of late.

Be Your Own Doctor.

It won't cost you one-half as much. Do not delay. Send three two-cent stamps for postage, and we will send you Dr. Kaufman's great work, fine colored plates from life, on diseases, its causes and home cure. Address, A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

That the English press does not favor the countinuance of Anglo-American weddings.

ALLOW ME to add my tribute to the efficacy of Ely's Cream Balm. I was suffering from a severe attack of influenza and catarrh and was induced to try your remedy. The result was marvelous. I could hardly articulate, and in less than twenty-four hours the catarrhal symptoms and my hoarseness disappeared, and I was able to sing a heavy role in Grand Opera with voice unimpaired. I strongly recommend it to all singers.—William S. Hamilton, Leading Basso of the C. D. Hess Grand Opera Company.

That it looks as if some of our countrymen aboard were making fools of themselves.

The weakness and debility which result from illness may be speedily overcome by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This is a safe, but powerful tonic, assists digestion, regulates the liver and kidneys, and cleanses the blood of all germs of disease.

That the exodus of "New Yorkers" of wealth and leisure to the South has commenced.

That the young man of the future will not think it disgraceful to earn his living.

"I saw it ten times better than I heard;" and the prompt use of Old Sam's Catarrh Cure heals the intention to use it, all to pieces. Only 25 cents to be cured of Catarrh. Think of it!

It takes a loud baby to wake up a sleeping car; but it takes but little of Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup to quiet that baby, and it requires only 25 cents to buy a bottle of that well-known remedy.

That some of this season's debutantes are quite convinced they came out too soon.

That the Princess of Whales has received the fashion of the chain and coin bracelets.

A Valuable Discovery.

Dr. Brown Sequard's elixir of youth may be an important discovery, but every one knows that Dr. Franklin Miles' New Heart Cure certainly is. It has given thousands afflicted with serious heart disease a New Lease of Life. Druggists who can observe its effects on many customers everywhere speak very highly of it. Mr. John Weaver, of Knightstown, Ind., says: "I have sold much of Dr. Miles' New Cure and have received many good reports. O. Mumme, of Hankirk, N. Y., reports large sales. "And the best part of it is every bottle has given satisfaction." Sold and guaranteed by T. D. Thomas and W. F. Biery.

That the alleged exclusiveness of society has no foundation whatever in fact.

That there is sometimes as much poverty in the highest as in the lowest circles.

That the standard of honor in Vanity Fair was never quite so low as at present.

That fools and idiots still keep up the so-called new fashion of hand-shaking.