Not understood. We move along asunder, Our paths grow wider as the seasons creep Along the years, we marvel and we wonder Why life is life, and then we fall aslesp, Not understood.

Not understood. We gather false impres-

And hug them closer as the years go by, Till virtues often seem to us transgressio And thus men rise and fall, and live and

Not understood.

Not understood. Poor souls with stunted

Oft measure giants by their narrow gauge;

The poisoned shafts of falsehood and derision Are oft impelled 'gainst those who mould

the age. Not understood.

Not understood. The secret springs of ac-

Which lie beneath the surface and the show,

Are disregarded; with self-satisfaction We judge our neighbors, and they often

Not understood

Not understood. How trifles often change

The thoughtless sentence and the fancied slight Destroy long years of friendship and

estrange us, And on our souls there falls a freezing blight:

Not understood. Not understood. How many hearts are

aching For a lack of sympathy! Ah! day by day; How many cheerless, lonely hearts are breaking!

How many noble spirits pass away Not understood.

O God! that men would see a little clearer, Or judge less harshiy when they cannot o'

O God! that men would draw a little nearer To one another! they'd be nearer Thee, And understood.

TAKEN UPON TRIAL.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"It is true as taxes," said Deacon

"What's as true as taxes?" asked Ezra Elton, who lived on the farm across the

"Why, that one-half the world is bound nilly-willy to bear the burdens of the other half!" sighed the deacon. Ezra shifted his tobacco from one side

of his face to the other. calculate you're right. But I don't see forty?"

how it fits your particular case." "Don't ye?" The deacon gave a significant sniff. "Here have I lived a bachelder life all my days, because I was partial to peace and quietness, and didn't want no extra care nor trouble, and jest when I want to be peaceablest there comes one o' these new-fangled telegraph dispatches from York city that my brother John and his wife are both dead, and that my three nieces would take it very kind if they could come out here a live with me."

"P'raps they've got means to live on." "No, they hain't," said the deacon. "Not a red cent."

"Wal, I swan!" ejaculated Mr. Elton. "Jest what I think myself," said the deacon, ruefully.

"Ain't goin' to consent, be yef" The deacon established himself more firmly on the old stone wall which interposed between the highway and a patch of spring woods, all gay with dogwood blossoms and fresh young leaves.

"Well, yes, I be and I aint. Sounds like parables, don't it? But I'm talkin' sober sense. I've writ to the lawyer that's windin' up brother John's affairs, and told him to send the girls on. I writ that I'd take em for a month's wisit, and at the end o' that time I'd decide which of the three to keep. The other two must scratch for themselves. Ain't no sense in my supporting three grown women in idleness. I can make one useful in keepin' house for me. But I don't see my way clear to supportin' the three of em."

"An' what be you goin' to do with Jemima Willett?" asked Elton. "She's goin' to the new factory to work. Her brother is cutter there, and he's told her of a vacancy in the ironin'

"Gals is a nuisance," observed Ezro, trimming off a fresh piece of tobacco

with his pocket knife. "I guess you're about right," said the

And while Deacon Prout, in the bland sunshine of the Ohio spring, was lamenting his evil fate, "Brother John's" three daughters down in New York were

harping on the same string. "The country!" sighed Nannie Prout. "And I always bated the country!" "An old batchelor, too," said Isabel.

"Papa alway called him an 'original. I detest originals, don't you?" Hester screwed her bonny pink and white face into a dimpled knot,

"It will be a grand joke," said she. "I can get no end of material for the said he. "I like 'em all so well I don't novel I'm going to write. I shall make know how to make a ch'ice. The house a specialty of Western dialect."

'I suppose we must go," said Isabel. And Nannie dolorously remarked that "they did not seem to have much choice

"If dear papa had only lived to see

that last investment through," said Hester, "we should have been heiresses!" Isabel shook her smooth, silks head. "Papa was always building castles in the air!" sighed she.

Deacon Prout received the three gir's with stiff civility, told them that they gested Isabel. "See, he's got three were welcome, and put each of them in charge of some one particular depart. on them, and his old silk hat for a balment of Buckeye Farm.

Isabel was to be housekeeper, Hester our fate!" dairymaid, and Nannie to take charge of

the poultry. don't know anything about poultry raaing nor cooking nor butter making." goin to draw lots at all."

"I want to know," said the deacon, what sort o' way hev ye been brung

"If you have a piano," suggested Nannie, "I have particularly studied Chopin and Schumann.'

"I can sketch quite accurately from nature," remarked Isabel. "And I," said Hester valiantly, "have had a poem occepted by the Aboriginal

Deacon Prout rolled his cold gray eyes. from one to another of the speakers. "All that ain't nothin' practical," said he. "I hain't no use here for music, nor

picters, nor poetry." And he stalked over to the barn, leaving his three nieces looking despairingly

at one another. In the kitchen old Jemima Willett maliciously chuckled as she clattered among the pots and pans, for the factory engagement didn't begin until next

"I guess I shan't be out of a situation long," said she, to herself. "There ain't nothin' solid nor substantial about these

Isabel proceeded straight to the general store in the village, and bought a cookery book. Hester and Nannie went into the nearest house, and took counsel with the tutelary genius there upon the subject of cows and Bramah Pootra

"You see," said they, to Mrs. Squire Sedley's great amusement, "we've got to vindicate ourselves."

"What's this?" said the deacon, coming in to dinner the second day, and sniffing in a savory and unusual odor. "Creamed chicken, uncle, "said Isabel, "and spaghette, smothered in tomato

"Jemima she generally fried the fowls in a pan," observed the deacon, "and cooked the macaroni without a furrin dressin'. But I don't deny that this 'ere is proper good. A mince pie-this time year! I ain't asleep or dreaming, be

Isabel laughed gleefully out. "Oh, uncle, how readily you fell into the trap!" said she. "It's made of crackers and raisins and vinegar. I got the recipe out of my new cook book.

Isn't it delicious?" Old Jemmima sat by, frowning. "I ain't one to believe in new-fangled

h," said she. And nothing would induce her to take a piece of the deceitful pie.

The deacon was lighting his pipe for an afterdinner smoke on the back piazza, when the soft sound of an old-fashioned ballad, accompanied by the piano, reached his ears.

"Well, I declare," said he, "if that ain't 'Annie Laurie!' Who's that sing-"Wal, as a gin'ral thing," said he, "I in'? And where did she git the pianny-

> Isabel came out with a half-wiped tea saucer in her hand.

"It's our Nan!" said she, triumphant-"Hasn't she got a sweet soprano roice? The piano? Why, Joe Sedley brought it over this morning. Nan is to play the organ in church and lead the choir, and of course she must have something to practice on. Mr. Sedley is quite enthusiastic about her musical the ears are long; the jaws powerful; the abilities."

much do the trustees calculate to pay?" "A hundred and fifty dollars a year," Isabel answered. "And Nan can clothe herself nicely out of that sum, seeing that we all cut and make our own ward-

"Humph!" again commented the deacon. "I wonder if she can play this 'ere tune? My father used to sing it when I was a boy." And he began to whistle, after a some-

what awkward fashion. "Oh," cried Isabel, "that's 'Brignal Bank!' Of course she can play it-and sing it, too!"

And within five minutes the deacon. leaving his forgotten pipe on the piazza rail, was listening to the old refrain of his youth, with a round tear-drop on either cheek.

"It does sound good!" said he. "I declare I can 'most see father a-settin' by the h'arth of the old log cabin a-singin' it and stampin' his foot to keep time, an' mother rockin' John's wooden cradle opposite."

The "New York girl's" reputation grew and spread. In a few days she came to the deacon.

"Uncle," said she, "Jemima don't get along at the factory. She's too old to put up with new ways. Now I've thought of a plan. Do you object to my hiring her to look after the chickens and turkey-poults, while I give music lessons nstead? I can afford to pay her, and make quite a margin of profits besides." "Well, I do say for't" said Deacon

Prout, "you seem to have a pretty fair idea o' business."

Isabel's cooking became dainter and more toothsome with every day. Hester distinguished herself in the dairy. Old Jemima toiled silently in the poultry yard, and acknowledged to herself that them "New York gals" had more ability than they had received credit for. And at the month's end Deacon Prout

tound himself in a quandary. "I dunno which o' the three to keep. wouldn't seem like itself without Nan's music; and that picter of the big north medder that Isabel painted and hung on the best room wall is more nateral than patur' itself. And the story that Hetty made up about my gran'ther's scrimmage with the Pequeechee Indians and hal printed in the paper, it does excel ev-

erything!" "Well, uncle," said Nannie, that same evening, "which of us is to stay?"

"Uncle is going to draw lots," sugslips of paper, with three names written lot-box! Pretty soon we shall know

Descon Prout rose, balanced his spec e poultry.

"But, unelc," protested Isabel, "we knocked the old silk hat off the table. "I don't care," said he. "I ain't "Are we all to go away?" said Nan-

"No!" bawled the deacon. "You're all to stay—every one of ye. There ain't a gal in the lot as I can make up my mind to spare. And look here! I'm goin' to buy a new parlor organ for Nannie, and build a paintin' room on the north end of the house for Isabel. and Hetty she can have the big south chamber for a study, or whatever she likes to call it, when she thinks up her stories."

"Uncle," cried the three, in chorus, 'you're a darling!"

So thought Joe Sedley, when he came to practice church music with Nannie; so thought the editor of the Aboriginal, when he causually stopped over at Barnet's Corner, on his way to a copyright convention at Omaha; so thought Ezra Elton's nephew, one of the out-West academicians, when he saw the studio where Uncle Prout had put up such a grand north window. And so, most of all, thought old Jemima Willets.

"We're fixed real nice now," said she. "But I dunno how long it's goin' to last, with all these fellers comin' round

And Deacon Prout himself had his doubts on the subject .- Saturday Night.

WISE WORDS.

Act first and promise afterward. Moderation in all things is success. Memory gilds the days of childhood,

Lilies and weeds are alike to the pigs. Homesickness is a disease of the mem-What is leisure to the rich, is lazines:

to the poor. Give the flowers their solitude and nature will guard them well.

The baby, the clock and the tea-kettle furnish the true home music. The sea is music, and Pan and Apollo

are the streams and the winds. Each blade of grass has a purpose; why not each man and woman?

Some men and women become acquainted through their children. The locust sings every seventeen

years; why are not some poets locusts. A man sat on a fence and whittled a stick; another plowed the field at his side; which was the laborer?

Always something lost in achievement. Always some water that drips from the drawn up bucket into the sand. Did you ever hear a voice in the dark? Is it fear in us, or in him who speaks, that makes a midnight salutation ghost-

Natural History of the Criminal.

Of late years there has sprung up a new science, which seeks to investigate the natural history of the criminal. regards the criminal as a variety of the numan species which has degenerated physically and morally. The most eminent living authority on this subject thus describes the two great criminal classes: "The murderer," he says, "has a cold, concentrated look; the nose is often aquiline or hooked, always large; cheek bones widely separated; the hair "Humph!" said the deacon. "How is crisp and abundant; the canine teeth well developed and the lips thin; often the eye appears bloodshot, and a nervous contraction on one side of the face uncovers the canine teeth, producing a sardonic effect." The thief, he asserts, has less brain capacity than the assassin; he has remarkable mobility of countenance; the eye is small and restless; the eyebrows thick; the nose flat and the forehead low and retreating. Another writer on the same topic declares that one visiting a prison can, by the aid of these outline descriptions, distinguish those condemned for murder from those convicted of theft.

The belief of this school of anthropologists is that the criminal section of mankind is distingushed by certain definite physical characteristics which are susceptible of study and classification. Generally speaking, they assert, the habitual evil-doer is undersized, his weight being disproportioned to his height, with a tendency to flat-footedness. He is heavy in his movements, lacking anatomical symmetry and beauty. Particularly, his head is not symmetrical. Indeed, want of symmetry as to the head and face is surprisingly prevalent in criminals, as it is also in the insane. It is so usual that a collection of portraits of thieves and murders has all the effect of a series of caricatures. The sugar-loaf shape of head is the predominant type, and the length and breadth of the face are both excessive. Curiously enough, the average weight of the murderer's cranium is greater than that of the noncriminal type .- Washington Star.

To Obviate Trolley Poles.

If the invention of Dr. Bates, of this city, stands the test of experiment, the entire electric railway system of overhead wires and poles will soon be superseded by a simple conduit bolted to the centre of the track. Some such invention is greatly needed. The overhead maze of wire is a constant source of delay and danger. The place for all electric wires, whether for railways, telegraphs or telephones, is underground, or, properly insulated and protected in con-

duits, as proposed by Dr. Bates.

The main difficulty to be apprehended with the new invention is with snow and ice in winter. The slot which admits the trolley arm from the car into the conduit is protected from rain and dust by a steel strip which acts with a spring. If this strip and spring can protect the slot alike from rain and dust in summer, and from snow and ice in winter, the invention may prove to be one of the most important in years. President Lowry deems the invention to possess considerable merit, and will undos ly give it a thorough trial .- Minneapolis (Minn.) Tribune.

Homing pigeons are to be used on United States men-of-war to communicate with the shore. The initial steps for such experiments have already been

A CHAPTER IN THE LIFE OF MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Mr. B. Was Sure He Was the Only Man in the Country Who Could Properly Put Down a Carpet.

"They finally brought up that bed-stead this afternoon," said Mrs. Bowser after dinner the other evening. "Did, eh? Just a week since you picked it out isn't it?"

"Only four days." "Curious how everybody takes advan-

tage of you. They wouldn't have dared fool with me that way!" "That-that carpet isn't down yet." "There's another specimen of your style of running things! The infernal falsifiers agreed to be here two months

"Oh, no, dear. They said some time

"And they'll fool around till Christmas! Mrs. Bowser, I don't want to find fault with you, but I do wish you knew more about business. You let everybody walk on you as if you were a worm of the earth.'

"But can I bring the men up here?"

she protested. "How is it that everything I order gets here on the minute! Because, Mrs. Bowser, I do business in a business way. If I should let you have full swing here, where do you suppose we'd land in six months! However, I will show those carpet men that they can't fool with I'll nail the old room up with side-Jonas J. Bowser, no matter what excuses they can palm off on his wife. I'll slip up and put that carpet down in about seven minutes.

"You-you don't mean it!" she gasped. "Certainly, I do. I don't care about

saving a dollar or two, but I propose to clock she heard him groan: assert my independence. Where's the hammer?' "I wish you wouldn't. A carpet has

got to be nicely put down." "Exactly. I have seen one or two carpets in my life! Where's the tacks?" "But, I know how it will end," she persisted. "You'll get tired out, get

mad, and then-" "And then, what?" "But, remember, it is against my wishes. If anything happens don't

blame me." "When did I ever blame you? When did anything ever happen?"

She gave it up, and he removed his coat, vest, necktie and collar and disappeared up stairs. The carpet lay in a heap on the floor, and he unrolled it. pushed up his sleeves and was about to begin work, when Mrs. Bowser opened the door and observed:

"I don't see how you are to get it down without a stretcher."

"Perhaps not. There are a great many things in this world for you and every other wife to learn, Mrs. Bowser." She retired, and two minutes later heard the sound of the tack hammer. She stood it for five or six minutes, and

then went up and looked in on him again. He had got the carpet tacked along one side, but she called out: "Why, you are tacking that carpet on the bare floor! There's the lining on the pared chop, some peas and toms window sill! You'd have made a nice

job of it, wouldn't you?" He couldn't crawl out of it, and he contented himself with rising up and pointing sternly towards the door. went out, but listened and heard the rip! rip! rip! as he pulled up his work. It was a quarter of an hour before she dared enter again, and then it was in response to a yell which made the cook drop seven plates and the dog howl mournfully.

"W-what is it?" she gasped, as she rushed in to find Mr. Bowser standing on one leg against the wall. "What is what?"

"Why, you whooped like an Indian. Your face is as red as fire, and something's happened!" "Mrs. Bowser, I am not in the habit of whooping!" he sternly replied, "and nothing has happened. When I want your valuable services I'll call to you. The exclamation you heard probably came from some one in a balloon passing

over the house." He had hammered away for about ten minutes when she looked in on him again. He had three sides of the carpet down and was tacking the fourth. Just as she reached the head of the stairs he rolled out of the bedroom door with a suppressed yell and a great crash.

Mr. Bowser?" she asked. "You here again!" he shouted in

carpet?" "But can't I help?"

"No, you can't help! I'll put the thing down alone or pull the side of the house down! No wonder the carpet men dasn't come up here to lay it! They cut it a foot too short on this side and a foot too long on the other! Lemme catch the matter now!"

"It's got to be turned around! You are trying to fit it the wrong way!"

"Mrs. Bowser," he began, as he ization of companies to insure against crossed his hands behind his back and cyclones,—Boston Transcript. gazed at her with a benign expression, "do I run this house or do you?"

"Weil, I suppose you do."
"Very well. When man was created the idea was that he should run the house. That's how he came to know so much more than woman. If I am not petent, however-if you have put down fifteen or twenty million carpets, and I never saw one in my life, why, you'd better finish this job and ask the court to appoint a guardian over me!" "Hadn't you better wait till morning

"Not by a jug full! I'll put 'er down if it kills me stone dead!"

He banged the door after her as she

went out, and when he grabbed hold of Times.

to finish it?"

HE PUT DOWN THE CARPET. | the carpet and ripped '5 up it seemed as if the house lifted up a foot or more.

"Dara ye, I'll wallop ye to rags to pay for this!" she heard him growl as she listened at the door.

He whirled the carpet around the right way, upset his saucer of tacks and bunched the lining all up in a heap; and as he moved about he suddenly uttered another whoop and hobbled about on one leg. She knew this was the last straw and she fled. On her way down stairs she heard the window go up and next moment something scraped alongside the house and fell with a "kerwhop" on the iron fence. It wasn't Mr. Bowser. He came downstairs with his eyes as big as onions and his face as red as paint, and as soon as he could get his breath he shouted:

"Your old carpet is down, Mrs. Bowser-down out of the window!" "Didn't I tell you before you begun

that_" "No! You wanted it down!" "Didn't I say you'd get mad and

"Never! Mrs. Bowser, this is the last time I ever lift my hand to do anything around this house! I've rubbed more'n a yard of hide off my knees, skinned both elbows and driven thirteen thousand tacks into my feet, besides getting a crick in my back which will lay me up the rest of my life!"

"But I told you in the very beginning that-"

"That you wanted the carpet down! It is down! I am down! That ends it! walk spikes, and if you even ask me in the future to sharpen a lead-pencil I won't be responsible for my actions! Mrs. Bowser, good night!"

And as he limped uptairs and threw himself on the bed with a jar which shook the house and stopped the kicthen

"And this comes from having a wife who doesn't know anything about managing a house!'-New York World.

The Experiment of a Broker's Clerk. I get a salary of \$2500 a year, says a broker's clerk, and usually it costs me that much to live. Until the month of May last it seemed to me that a man could not possibly exist in New York without spending at least \$5 a day for his living, counting in meals, lodging, car fare (which is a big item), and sundries, including theater tickets and drinks. I got so tired of eternally pulling out money and paying for things that I determined to live a month without spending a cent, and I succeded without a great deal of sacrifice. I cut my allowance down in April to one-half, and invested the remaining portion in provisions, a gas stove, cigars, books and the essential furnishings of a sideboard. On April 20th I went to the theater for the last time in a month, and had a real good time generally. The next morning I began my retrenchment, got my own breakfast, walked thirty blocks down town to my office, made my lunch off of a sandwich which I carried with me and abstained from going to a bar or a into a cigar store. I walked home at night and got my dinner, and a very good one it was. I had soup, a bit of fish, a prerice pudding and cheese and coffee. Most of it was canned stuff and only needed a little warming up, but I enjoyed it immensely. Then I had my cigar and

That was the programme every day, and while it was a little hard at first to accustom myself I soon got used to it, and found that I enjoyed my meals more than I had done before. I declined every invitation out or to take anything, and didn't even let a friend pay my car fare. I live in the family residence, and let all but the two rooms I occupy to another party. I didn't send anything to the laundry during the whole month and had no expenses at all. By following this programme for a month I saved at least \$150 and lived as well as I have ever done. I recommend the scheme to young men who live beyond their means. Let them go one month in each year without spending anything and it will "pull them out of the hole," for one thing, and teach them how few are their real needs. -St. Louis Globe-Denocrat.

The California "Norther."

The "norther" in California is the same as the "chinook" in the Northwest, It is a hot wind that brings certain destruction to all vegetation if it prevails for any length of time, as it dries up "What on earth are you trying to do, leaf, branch and root. Not long ago one prevailed in the valleys of California and wrought heavy losses to the ownply. "Didn't I tell you to go downstairs ers of orchards, vineyards and growing and stay there? Does it take 40,000,600 crops. Since then there has been a people to put down one confounded old lively discussion as to the best methods of obtaining protection against the recurrence of these losses. Of course there is no means of preventing the invasion of a "norther," but it has been discovered that when the barometer at Winnemucca indicates 30.05 or more, the wind is certain to make a visit. By watching the Signal Service reports closely, the em around the house and I'll!- What's fruit grower could tell when his property was threatened. Armed with this knowledge he could, it is believed, prevent much damage by spraying his trees and wines. As another means of protection "Why, of course you are! It's exactity a fit the other way! I told you not to do it. I knew you'd—" it is suggested that companies to insure against "northers" be organized. The plan is regarded as feasible as the organplan is regarded as feasible as the organ

The Bombay Parsees.

Professor Jackson, of Columbia College, is one of the two men in America -Professor Lauman, of Harvard, being the other-who are honored by occasional autograph letters from the high priests of the Parsees in Bombay. The Parsees are the descendants of the exiled. fire worshipers of ancient Persia, and they are reduced now in numbers to about 100,000, but they remain the most moral and intellectual people of Asia.

The high priests' interest in the American professors is the result of their researches into the aucient language and literature of the Possians, - Chicago

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Shirt-fronts are multiplying. Ruffles are again to the fore. Yellow is the sunshine color. Basket braid hats are popular. Photographs come on buttons. Poplin petticoats are a novelty. Dogskin gloves are having a run. Belts of perforated silver are worn. Black tea jackets are very popular. The water-lily bonnet is the newest.

The serpent ring grows in popularity. Cotton dresses are to be seen in num-

Uncle Sam has seventy-five women lawvers. Twenty women have become members

of a Chicago bicycle club. White embroidered dresses and Roman sashes is a costume affected.

A novel and pretty thing in silks is the sprigged mery-a black ground which is powdered with tiny blossoms or sprigs in colors; with one covered with little sprays of pink heather a piquant little bonnet of blacklace and heather might be worn with good effect.

Mrs. Ewing, an authority on cooking, says that cooking pays women better than many other occupations they follow. "Half-a-dozen churches in Kansas City," she adds, "each paid one for a course a sum greater than the average school-teacher can earn in a year."

The ex-Empress Carlotta, of Mexico, now resides in a large country house near Lackem, the royal suburb of Brussels, where her brother visits her two or three times every week. Her chief recreations are reading and music. There is no trace of her former insanity.

When the oldest daughter of the present Czar of Russia is married she will receive as a wedding present the superb set of opals which the Czarina of the late Emperor Alexander II. always wore, she asserted, to prove the maccuracy of the old superstition that opals were un-

Mme. Leon Bertaux, the French sculptress, is one of the most ardent champions of her race in France. All of her leisure is given up to the welfare of the female art world in Paris. The "Union of Women Painter and Sculptors," in Paris owes its existence and prosperity to her efforts.

Mrs. Mary White Martinot, mother of the actress, Sadie Martinot, has patented in seven countries a steam washing machine, a gas stove, a foot bath, an ice cream freezer and clothes dryer, and she makes her models with her own hands. She has taken a dozen first prizes and her inventions altogether have proved a Long, wide sashes of China silk, of

gown skirts in summer costumes. They are fringed out at the ends, or heavy fringe is sewed on or ruffles of lace. Roman sashes and scarfs are worn. Broad lace scarfs are used in mantilla style for head and shoulders or draped around the waist to knot and fall as New dresses of white English serge

satin and of surah fall to the foot of the

for the country, for mountains and seashore alike, are very simply made, and are kept white throughout. Their trimming is white silk braid a third of an inch wide, tubular or basket woven, put on in frogs, in disks or bombes, as the French say, or else wider white Hercules braid is used in parallel rows of graduated widths. One plan of the woman managers of the World's Fair is to form clubs in the

large dry goods stores in the cities. The girls in these clubs are to take up the study of American history, and also each week give a small fee toward a fund for membership to visit the fair. Another idea is to prepare a body of guides to be on duty at the Exposition. These are to be educated young women, and as far as possible conversant with French and German. They will be sent to Chicago in time to learn the city before the opening of the fair.

Lost

what I needed. As a drowning man grasps at a strew I decided to try this medicine, and to my peak surprise, from the first day I began to improve.

By the time I had finished my second bottle I had segathed my health and strength, and from that fay I can say I have been perfectly well. I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparfila to my friends, whom I know have been benefited by it. It is in-Hood's Sarsaparilla

not only helps, but it cures. H. C. Pincock, 49 Delevan Street, Lambertville, K. J. NY N U-33 READY RELIEF

will cure Fever and Acue and all o aided by RADWAY'S PILLS so RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

ACHES AND PAINS