WHAT'S THE USE.

What's the use to talk of sighing When the meadow shows its green. When the ripple's on the river And the lillies Ioll and lean?

What's the use to talk of sighing When the lark is in the loam, And the morning glory's climbing Up the garden gate at home?

What's the use to talk of sighing When the rose is sweet with dew-When the mocking bird is singing And the violets blue?

AN EPISODE AT EPSOM.



rather too much of his charming self and rather too little of his charming wife. This opinion contained, perhaps, an element of truth. Tom had so long been accustomed, as a bachelor, to study his own pleasures and inclinations, that when he married it did not come at all natural to him to study those of another person. He had no desire to neglect his wife or to treat her selfishly. Indeed, if it had occurred to him that he was doing so, he would instantly have desisted. But it didn't. His wife seemed to him always perfectly happy and satisfied. Tom was conscious that she adored him and believed in him implicity. She had plenty of money to buy frocks and knick-knacks. She enjoyed excellent health. Good society had opened its doors to her. She could mind. do very much what she pleased. Above all, she had lately been blessed with that object at once so dear and wife desire?

But if you had questioned pretty Mrs. Villars on this point, and had obtained an absolutely honest reply from her, you would have found that there was just one thing more which she did desire, namely-that her Tom were rather more domestic in his habits. She never complained; never even mentioned the grievance to her dearest friends, of whom--more feminarum-she had at least a score. But by little signs and token, which those artless creatures are so quick to read, they saw that the feeling existed, and, with great unanimity, they cried shame upon the recreant for thus endangering his devoted wife's ton?" peace of mind.

None of them, however, was quite so indignant with him as was Maisie Pippingstone, his wife's sister. Maisie was a somewhat exacting young lady.

man cannot always be in the nursery. That is a woman's place-isn't it?"

with a toss of her head.

"Hush, hush, Maisie, dear," said her sister, looking distressed.

"All right," said Tom, with that lazy grin of his. "I don't mind a bit; and I believe Goring's an awfully "Thanks," laughed Villars, taking "Bat good-tempered fellow, too."

That allusion to her admirer had its usual effect of silencing Miss Mai- rather wait till we get back and pay Maisie, with a toss of her head. "I sie, and she contented herself with them to-Maisie." sulking for the rest of dinner.

On the following morning Tom HERE was a wide-spread spirits. He was an admirable whip, strings and thrown back the lid. Tom opinion and the prospect of driving four-in- saw him give a sudden start; then put among the hand down to Epsom had an exhilar- his glass to his eye and examine the married la- ating influence upon him. He breakdies of his fasted with huge appetite; chaffed and acquaint- joked, in his usual boisterous way, at them, the more they seemed to puzance that with the two ladies-though Maisie zle him. At last he turned to Tom Tom Villars scarcely deigned to speak to himthought and altogether comported himself like

a schoolboy going out for a holiday. After breakfast he had a conversation with his butler, who was to accompany the party-in charge of the he had piloted that vehicle round to the door of his own house.

their advice --- what woman is not gain --ever ready with that commodity ?---Tom had picked up on the way as one and looked into the luncheon hamper

"'Morning, Mrs. Villars --- 'Morning, Miss Pippingstone," said the jovial Charles, raising his hat. "Glad to up with rugs and cushions, to serve as the summit of Mount Blanc. such an endless source of amusement see that the hamper is ready for us, a portable bassinette, and securely by Jove! These horses of Tom's are strapped inside by a wide waist belt. herown. What more could a young so fresh this morning that they're al- now just awake and somewhat solemn was full of carpet tacks. One went most out of hand. We have had more and bewildered, lay that plump and down his throat, but the doctor got it than one squeak of a collision already."

"Hoist it up quick onto the roof that was ever short-coated." here," said Tom to Singleton, the but- youngster's bottle was fastened to the ler, who, with the groom's aid, was side with string, and one of his pudgy already lifting the hamper, "I can't hands was already feeling for the hold these blessed cattle much longer."

"My dear Tom," said Miss Maisie, with a superior air ; "fancy exposing your luncheon to the rays of this pos- tube in the tiny, groping fingers. itively scorching sun. The cream will be sour, the pigeon-pie, the-"

"Oh, bother, I forgot !" cried Tom, her prophetic string of evils. "Good a chance of getting it !" thing you mentioned it, Maisie, by Jove! Where shall we have it, Single-

"There will be plenty of room for the hamper inside with me, sir," answered the butler, touching his hat. "All right, in with it, then."

"And mind how you lift it, please," in his breeches' pocket. She entertained the strictest ideas of added Maisie to the groom-for this orng fady must always have her duty. According so her, al

day of his siumberous little life," said There was nothing he enjoyed more Tom; "and I kiss that jolly pink head than helping to unpack and distribute of his every time. But, of course, a the eatables.

"Thank you, sir," said Singleton. The hamper was soon deposited upon secret, and so was Ch-Captain Goring. the grass. Goring took out his knife So there was no danger of the baby "You have made up your mind that the grass. Goring took out his knife So there was no danger of the baby it is Kittie's place," retorted Maisie, and began to cut the strings which being suffocated. But don't tell Tom bound down the lid.

"By Jove," he exclaimed. "I am

off his hat, with a jocular sweep. "But could play him such a horrid trick. spare your compliments, old man, or

Goring grinned, colored slightly un- treat you as a nursery maid." der his bronzed skin, and proceeded

made his appearance in the highest of with his task. He had soon cut all the contents of the hamper with a sort of fascinated stare. The more he looked and inquired gravely :

"I say, old man-does your cook take us for cannibals?"

"Cannibals!" ejaculated Villars. "Yes," said Goring, again fixing his invention that will make shipwrecks glass in his eye and staring down into safe. luncheon; and then he went on to the the hamper with a serious face. "I am George W. McMillion, of St. Louis, livery stables, from which he hired not particular myself, but if I have to can repeat the whole of the Bible word his coach. By 11 o'clock, punctually, lunch on this sort of thing I confess for word. I'd rather have it disguised as pork

Mrs. Villars and Maisie came out to being your son and heir, and such a blind, and yet a thief of considerable see the coach start, and to tender fine, fat little beggar into the bar-

Tom Villars was not easily taken about the bestowal of the luncheon aback. He was considered by his hamper. Miss Maisie had recovered friends to have the self-possessionher temper by this time. Possibly not to say self-assurance-of three orthe sight of Charles Goring, whom dinary men. But when he stepped up of the party, had something to do he was completely dumbfounded and with her present benignant frame of overcome. He stood there stock still,

staring at its contents as though his jovial infant-"the most nailing baby out. The

india-rubber connecting pipe. "By Jove," remarked Goring, feel-

ingly, as he bent down and placed the "The nipper's hungro after his drive. He wants his lunch as well as we. And I wish," he added, with a luguhastily, checking his sister-in-law in brious look, "that we had half as good

for this?"

Amid the general consternation which this discovery occasioned, the phia who make fun for themselves butler turned away his woe-begone face and stealthily chinked some gold by running in front of the electric

When he was gone, Maisie told the whole story to her sister.

"You see," she said at the end of her narrative, "Singleton was in the

that, mind." "It was a great shame upon Tom, peckish, and no mistake. But there said Kittie, taking side now, as unis no fear of one's not being satisfied grateful women will, with the husband against whose ill treatment she had just been vindicated. "I wonder you "Pooh! Serve him right," retorted will teach him, for the future, not to

It did.-London Truth.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

There are fireproof stockings. Gold in circulation-875 tons. Twenty deer are assessed as "live stock" at \$2 a head in Steuben, Me. Lucy Gossett, colored, of Mount Sterling, Ky., admits her 105 years. A New York paper calls for some

There recently died in the Missouri pie or sausage roll. Still, old man, Penitentiary a man who was totally expertness.

> In the Pere La Chase Cemetery, at Paris, one of the keepers was found recently to have been cultivating vegetables on the graves.

The Dake of Edinburgh, when a midshipman, used to cut the signature of Queen Victoria out of his letters and put it up at auction.

The Central Railway of Peru crosses eyes were eternally riveted upon them. the Andes at a place 15,635 feet above The hamper had been carefully fitted sea level, an elevation equal to that of

> A man at Auburn, Me., just had to sneeze the other day, while has mouth

Edison's great grandfather lived to the age of 102. His grandfather died at 103 and one of his aunts at 108, while his own father is still alive at ninety.

In 1630 no gentleman, either in England, or France or Germany. thought for a moment of going abroad without his cloak, even in the hottest days of summer.

A North Sea codman carries an outfit of lines which extends eight miles "Upon my word," gasped Tom, "I in length, and has usually fixed upon -I wonder whom we have to thank it the amazing number of 4680 hooks, every one of which must be baited.

> There is a gang of boys in Philadeland great trouble for the motormen cars and throwing themselves into the fanders.

An unusual growth is noticed in the

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE. THANK THE LOVELLS! To Them More Than to Others Is Due the

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE From the beginning of cycling in this country the makers have been its strongest bulwarks, and to them is due the credit for the proud position riders of the bicycle hold. To the members of the trade, therefore, we owe FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Angler's Guide-Her Choice Faithless-The Imperious Hired Girl-A Humorist, Etc., Etc.

Burnish up the reel and rod, Straighten out the line. Take a spade and turn the sod-Fishin's gettin' fine. Tramp along to where they say Speckled beanties swish. Sft around for half a day-

Go and buy your fish. -Butfalo Courler.

A HUMORIST. A-"I fail to see how you can laugh at such a silly remark." B-"My dear fellow, I can't help it. I owe the man a hundred dollars.'

UNDER THE BAN.

Teacher-"Speaking of imports, with what does Canada supply us?" Bright Boy-".Silver coins that won't pass in the horse-cars."-Judge.

HER CHOICE FAITHLESS. "I love, and I am loved."

"Then you must be perfectly hap-

"But it isn't the same man !"-Life.

THE IMPERIOUS HIRED GIRL.

"Are you the boss here?" Mr. Meekly-"Do I look like a man

that would allow his wife to get along without a ccok?" -- Chicago Inter-Ocean.

PRESUMPTIVE PROOF.

"When your son graduated did he leave anything behind him to enrich the traditions of the college?"

"I guess so ; his manners are gone." -Puck.

RATHER SNAPPY.

Man (to Baker Boy) - "What is your dog's name, sonny?' Baker Boy--- "Ginger.

Man--- "Does Ginger bite?" Baker Boy ... "Naw, Ginger snaps." --- Atlanta Journal.

RAIL REPARTEE.

Trolley Car Conductor --- "Settle now

Dignified Citizen-"What do you take me for, sir?"

Conductor-"Fi' cents, same as anybody else." -- Indianapolis Journal.

A COAL-OIL JOHANNA.

"Rich," exclaimed one emancipated woman to another; "why, she's the queen of the stock exchange.

"She's ver; lavish, I'm told, in her display.

"She can afford it. She's so rich that she uses hundred-dollar bills for curl papers."-Washington Star.

NOT UP TO DATE.

Jones found Smith vigorously polisling his shoes. "What are you doing that for? I

asant to always arry aroun it don't compare with the nerve City or Chicago.



Fair Play Accorded to Wheelmen.

much, as it was their pluck and their money

that have made for us our position.

COL. BENJ. S. LOVELL.

Among the men who early felt the benefits Among the men who early feit the benefits of cycling, and did not hesitate to expend money, is Colonel Ben. S. Lovell, of Boston, Treasurer of the John P. Lovell Arms Com-pany, of that city. Their firm name has been a familiar one for over fifty years, hav-ing been established in 1840, doing a sport-ing goods and gun business. Being in a kindred trade, it was but natural that they chould encome in the making and selling of kindred trade, if was but haddra that they should engage in the making and selling of bicycles. Their success has been unbounded, as they have made a name for the Loveli Diamond Cycles that is a familiar house-hold one in every hamlet in the land. It is not possible to have done that without cost, and a considerable one too, as readers of and a considerable one, too, as readers of current literature will admit, for have not all of us encountered the symbolic words "Lovell Diamonds?" To estimate the gross amount that has been expended for advertis-ing would be a difficult task, but it is said that considerable over \$100,000 was spent by considerably over \$100,000 was spent by them during 1894. All the big Eastern dailies had entire pages, which cost lots of money, and the magazines filled many pages exploit-

and the marazines filled many pages exploit-ing Lovell Diamond Cycles. Can it be wondered at, then, that cycling has become popular, when men like Colonel Lovell spend such sums to make it so? Colonel Lovell is Treasurer of the John P, Lovell Arms Company, and is a man of rare business attainments, acquired by long ex-perience and an aptitude possessed by few. In private life he has won the respect and es-teem of every one he has been brought in contact with, while his public record is equally good, on five different occasions rep-resenting his town in the Legislature, serving in both branches. He served on the staff of in both branches. He served on the staff of Governor Long for three consecutive years, and is now a member of Governor Greenhalges staff. He has been a delegate to four National conventions, and there is not an office in the gift of his townsmen which would not be at his disposal were it not for his great business responsibilities. There is no man in the bicycle business more respected than Colonel Benj. S. Lovell, and no better bicycle is made in the world than the Lovell Diamond.

Miss Jessie Gray, a young Scotch woman, has been appointed sanitary inspector of women's workshops in Islington, London.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Eldney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

Japanese workmen wear on their backs an ription describing their business

Tobacco Stinking Breath. power that tobacco keeps at work night and day to make you weak and impotent. Dull eyes, loss of interest in sweet words and looks tell the story. Brace up-quit. No-To-Bac is a sure quick cure. Guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York

or get off.

never to spen married man ought evening away from his domestic fireside unless he were out in the company of his wife. She had sometimes hinted as much to Tom. He-the wretch--had only laughed good-humoredly, and had puffed aside her stowed, Singleton?" hints in a cloud of cigar smoke. He had once even been so dastardly as to cut a joke about the future fate of one Charles Goring, an admirer of Maisie's, whose declaration she was daily expecting.

"Poor beggar," chuckled Tom, with his insufferably good-tempered grin; "I am afraid you will give him a ought to warn him. By the way, I'm som had fairly begun. just off to the club for a game of billiards. Perhaps you'll tell the wife, when she comes down from the nursery, that she needn't sit up for me."

Maisie had blushed crimson and had gasped at her brother-in-law with speechless indignation; while he had pleasant drive. gone out, whistling a tune, in the best ot tempers and spirits-a perfect monheartlessness and levity.

ness.

"My dear," he said to his wife in the course of dinner. "I shall not morrow, as I'm not going to business. The fact is," he explained, "I've arranged to drive down with a few friends to Epsom to see the Derby run. And while I think of it, dear, will you please tell the cook to prepare for us a good cold luncheon for eight? | soul, I have." We shall want to start at cleven p'clock.

"Very well, Tom," she said, with just the suspicion of a sigh, which her husband, intent upon his dinner, did not notice.

Miss Maisie, however, sat upright in her chair, and, regarding her brother-in-law indignantly, demanded :

"Are you not going to take Kitty and me with you?"

"Well, no, my dear Maisie. I had not thought of doing so," answered Tom. "We are a party of men only, you see."

"Oh !" cried Maisie, with a contemptuous sniff.

"Besides," added Tom, smiling at her benignantly. "I am sure Kitty could never bring herself to leave the son and heir for a whole day-could you, Kitty?"

"I should like you to take rather more notice of Tony than you do. 'Tom," answered his wife, in a tone of half-playful reproof.

"Oh, really, Kittie," he cried, "you shouldn't say that of the little beggar. I think he is just the most nailing baby that was ever-what d'ye call it ?-- short-coated."

"It is a pity that you do not take the trouble to see more of the-thelittle beggar, as you call him," interposed Miss Maisie, with sarcasm.

break the glasses to smithereens. "Now then, you young folk."

"Yes, sir."

"All right. Let 'em go there. Ta- infant. ta, Kitty; Ta-ta, Maisie."

Tom cracked his whip. The groom horses bounded forward, Kitty and dressed up in some of Tony's things," Maisie waving parting salutes. Ten she added, sullenly. "That is his best minutes later the rest of the party cape. I-" were picked up, by arrangement, at rough time, Maisie. I really think I the X club; and the journey to Ep- T-Tony, then?" stammered the dis-

> roads were in good order, but not dusty; the team went well together; bined to give them a thoroughly sual energy.

"Hang it," pronounced Charles Goring, who looked particularly rakish little beggar rather more closely, I This log was cut off twenty-five feet ster (it seemed to his sister-in-law) of this morning, and wore his hat unspeakably cocked. "I don't know how The very next day he gave another it is, you know; but when one's driv- trifle t-t---urned up." characteristic example of his selfish- in' down to Epsom, Clapham seems less Claphamish, you know, and Tootwant breakfast till nine o'clock to- As for this little shop-what's its nose --

name?-" "Mordon," prompted somebody.

that it excites a vein of poetry in a fellow, you know. I've felt less sentimental in Devonshire-'pon my the verge of tears.

"And I've felt less hungry on the Alps," added a more prosic gentle-"How much farther to Epsom, man. Tom?"

between me and luncheon. Egad ! I merriment no longer. shall punish the provender when I get it.'

"So shall I-and I-and I," chimed shooting, or even deer-stalking, was size and coloring as Tony --not "in it" with that occupation.

At last they reached Epsom, passed Mrs. Villars, indignantly. "I never town, N. J., is again the scene of its through the town and climbed, at a saw two babies less alike." position, the horses duly taken out, know the rest." luncheon."

he was peckish.

"Out with those hamper Singleton," said Tom to the butler.

"Ye-e-s, sir."

"I'll give you a hand, Singleton," at Tom's side. Charles was always ob- infant into the nearest chair, and mak- tate them is said to be a very amusing "Hang it! I see him nearly every served to be in great force at a picnic. ing himself immediately scarce.

Villars,

"Why which which on earth is

shouted Tom Villars, with a paternal holding his son 'and heir in his arms, is gradually strangling the growth out air, from the box, "I can't hold these and could hardly believe his eyes of the latter. beggars any longer. Hamper safely when he saw Kitty, with another baby on her knee, scrubbing, combing, and on her knee, scrubbing, combing, and otherwise persecuting that helpless the year 1100. They are alluded to

and starting violently : "whose child behind tootled on the horn. The have you got there, Tom? Why, it is

"Er-er-I-s-s-n't this one Tmayed Tom, who seemed almost bereft The day was fine and fresh; the of his senses by this new surprise. "I -I---thought-

"You never mean that you mistook Tom's friends were a party of con- that hideous little goblin for our genial souls. All these things com- Tony !" cried Mrs. Villars, with unu-

> "N-n-no," replied the unhappy father. "You see, if I'd looked at the County, Washington, the other week. should have known the difference at a from the butt of the tree. Several glance. Of course, Tony's nose is a short logs measuring eleven feet in

"Turned up?" interposed the mother. part. with something like a scream. "Oh, ing less Tootingy, you know, and Tom, how can you say such a thing, Cockneyism less Cocknified, you know. when he has the sweetest little Greek

"J .-- just so," said Tom, hurriedly. "I meant that. And then, "Well, Morden looks so jolly rural of course, Tony's eyes are blue -" "Blue? Oh, Tom --- hazel!" expostulated the outraged Kittie, moved to

"To be sure. I -- I meant hazel. I

A loud burst of laughter from behind saved poor Tom Villars from further floundering in the mire. Maisie "Six miles—on to the course." had entered quietly during the above bag, and it had been given up, proba-"Great Cresar! Six mortal miles dialogue, and could now restrain her bly in mistake. Inquiries were insti-

young lady, when she could speak, brought action to recover damages "before your respective eyes quite in several others. In fact, it ap- start from your respective heads, or peared to be the general opinion of Tom lands himself in still more hopethe party that driving to Epsom was less difficulties. The joke was mine, the hungriest morning's work a man Tom, Kitty knew nothing about it. could undertatke, and that partridge- | 1 borrowed a baby of about the same

"It's no such thing," interrupted

foot's pace-for they were now in an "From a poor woman in my disrow, hilly lane which leads on to the the interruption. "Dressed it up in Downs. The coach was drawn up in some of Tony's things, and --- Tom, you

"And now," said Tom, "I vote for Tom was a sensible as well as a

finger in every pie-"else you will "-the-the-real one?" gasped Tom garden of George D. Coit, at Norwich. Conn. A wistaria vine has entwined He had just entered the nursery, itself around an elm so tightly that it

> Stockings are first mentioned in litas a great invention and far superior "Eh?" exclaimed Kitty, looking up, to the former practice of wrapping the feet in cloth bandages.

Ontario, Cal., has a woman who is sixty-six years old and has had thirteen children, ten of whom, with her husband, are living. Her grand children aggregate the neat total of fiftysix, and there are six great grandchildren. Notwithstanding this startling array of progeny, the old lady has to work out and support herself. A single log, thirty-two feet long, six and one-half feet in diameter.

and containing 10,158 feet of lumber, was cut from a tree felled in Mason diameter were cut from the lower

Value of a Brother's Ashes.

A novel claim is being made upon one of the great French railway companies. A gentleman who came to Paris to have the body of his deceased brother cremated at the crematorium at Pere la Chaise Cemetery, took the ashes away in a handbag, and, previous to setting out on his return journey to his home in the country, deposited the bag at the "consigne," or cloak room of the railway station. When he came back to claim it, it had gone. Someone had come and claimed the tuted, but the missing bag could not "I had better explain," said this be discovered. The gentleman has for the loss he has sustained, and the judges will be called upon to decide

Remarkable Yarn About Hoptoads.

what is the money value of a brother's

"Foptoad Hollow," near Morris-

harmless but unattractive creatures. interminable line of vehicles-the nar- trict," continued Maisie, not heeding Scientific men cannot account for their singular habit of hopping about in squads of several hundred each, or why they lie on their backs on moon

light nights, and old Jackson Lully, good-natured man. He saw that the the hermit sassafras root farmer, who Every one cordially agreed. Even laugh had gone hopelessly against is the only human being the toads do the sentimental Goring admitted that himself, and that to betray anger and not show fear of, refuses positively to annoyance would only make him look tell what he knows of their breeding more foolish. At the same time, he ground on his place. One peculiarity could not trust himself to keep con. of the patriarches of the colony is that trol of his temper in the presence of they always hop backward on the day triumphant Maisie, so he showed his preceeding a steady rainstorm, and said Charles Goring, who was standing discretion by dropping the borrowed the efforts of the little toads to imi-

ashes.

sight .- New York Mail and Express,

ways thought you wore patent leather ?"

"These used to be patent leather," replied Smith, painfully bringing his spinal column into its normal position; "but the patent on them has expired."---Washington Pathfinder.

UNLIKE ALL OTHERS.

Several men were talking about how they happened to marry. "I married my wife," said one,

after the others had all had their say, "because she was different from any woman I had ever met." "How was that?" chorused the

others. "She was the only women I ever

met who would have me."-Detroit Free Press.

HOW HE GOT IT.

"Did that farmer's wife give you the cold shoulder?" asked Wobbly Wibbles of his pal, as he came running down the road.

"She didn't give it to me," replied Wiggley Waggles, with a grin, "I swipped it when her back was turned.

And, as he produced the remains of a fine piece of roast mutton from under his coat, his comrade saw the joke and joined in the laugh. -Brooklyn Eagle.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE DAUGHTER.

"Please, sir," whistled the boy with two front teeth missing, "Minnie Williams's mother says Minnie can't come to school, 'cos she's got a stitch in her side."

"Who is Minnie Williams's mother?" the new school teacher asked. "She's the dressmaker."

The teacher turned reflectively to the blackboard.

"How wonderful are the influences of heredity," muttered he. - Rockland

THE EULING PASSION.

"Gentlemen," said the college President at the meeting of the faculty, "we must take means at once to stop the game of football. It is bringing our grand old institution into disrepute.'

Just then a great noise was heard outside, and the President demanded the cause of it.

"News has been received," explained one of the younger professors, apologetically, "that nine of our eleven will surely be back in college next year, and that our chances of beating Yale next fall are of the best." "Good !" shouted the President,

flushing with pleasure. "Er-I think -er, young gentlemen, we had bet ter not be too-er-hasty in this matter."-Harlem Life.

It is stated that Assam tea is the richest in theine, that Ceylon and Indian teas will not keep, and that Day-eeling is the bast of all.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

You Think It Is Something Else. The "why" of the bad feeling is what puz-zles you. It is easy to imagine so many causes, when the real one is indigestion. You think it's something else. The cure is Ripans Tab-ules. A single tabule gives relief. Ask the druggist.

E. A. Rood, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Ca-tarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by Druggists, 7.0.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer. --Mrs. ALLIE DOUG-LASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

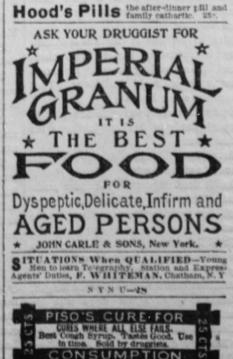
If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thomp son's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle

Always Tired

Describes a dangerous condition, because it means that the vitality is becoming exhausted by reason of impoverished blood. Give new life to the vital fluid and the nerves and muscles will grow stronger. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives strength, because it makes pure, rich blood. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. \$1; six for \$5.



Tribune.