

MR. AND MRS. SPOOPENDYKE

HOW THEY ATTEMPTED TO HANG A PICTURE.

And How the Male Member of the Matrimonial Firm Came to Grief—A "Meady" Ladder.

"Now, my dear," said Mr. Spoonpendyke, prancing into the sitting-room with every evidence of delight and contentment pictured on his face. "Now, my dear, what do you think I've brought you?"

"I'm sure I have no idea," fluttered Mrs. Spoonpendyke, gazing anxiously on the flat package Mr. Spoonpendyke carried under his arm. "It isn't a new silver salver for the water pitcher, is it?"

"You hit what it isn't the very first whack," Mrs. Spoonpendyke. "It never had any notion of being anything of the sort," remonstrated Mr. Spoonpendyke, with some severity. "If you can't guess any better than that I'll take it back to the man and get my money."

"If it was done up in a box I should think it was that shawl I told you about," hazarded Mrs. Spoonpendyke. "I don't think they would do a shawl up in a bundle like that, would they?"

"They might," replied Mr. Spoonpendyke, calmly brushing his whiskers. "You never can tell what these shopkeepers will do when they get started."

"Oh, my dear, you don't mean to say you have brought me that shawl?" and Mrs. Spoonpendyke made a spring for her husband and wound her arms around his neck.

"Let up!" gurgled Mr. Spoonpendyke, wrenching himself loose. "If I ever intended to give you the shawl you have busted the project now. Think I'm going to bring home an executioner in the shape of a measly shawl and run the risk of being choked to death for it?"

"Then it isn't the shawl," sighed Mrs. Spoonpendyke, somewhat disappointed but still overcome with curiosity. "Please tell me what it is, for I know it is something nice."

"Look," grinned Mr. Spoonpendyke, unwrapping the package and developing a cabinet photograph of himself nicely framed in gilt. "Don't that bent all the shawls in the market? How do you like it?" and Mr. Spoonpendyke held it out at arm's length and admired it hugely.

"Isn't it perfectly splendid?" gulped Mrs. Spoonpendyke, choking a little. "It is the best likeness of you I have ever seen. Did you get it for me?"

"Of course," replied Mr. Spoonpendyke, still buried in admiration of his counterfeited. "You don't imagine I got it for the rats, do you? Haven't any kind of a notion I brought it home to kill bugs with, have you? I thought you might like it, and so I went and had it taken. Now where can we hang it?"

"I don't know," murmured Mrs. Spoonpendyke, with her finger to her lips and her mind still on the shawl. "Why wouldn't that space between the two windows be a good place?"

"Why wouldn't the top shelf of the pantry be better?" growled Mr. Spoonpendyke. "If you are hunting for a place where the light won't strike it why not put it under the carpet, or stick it between the mattresses? This picture demands some reverence to show it off, and I'm going to put it where the most reverence is calculated to strike it. Now, where can we put it?"

"Isn't that a good place, right over the bed?" suggested Mrs. Spoonpendyke, who began to see that her husband was aiming for the chimney piece where the painting of her father was hung for years. "If you hang it over the bed, I can see it whenever I come into the room."

"Just so," snarled Mr. Spoonpendyke, running a cord through the eyes in the back of the frame. "And if I hung it on your back you could see it every time you turned around to see how your newly dress fitted. If I was particularly anxious for you to keep it within your vision all the time I'd put it under the bed, where it would confront you whenever you started in on a hunt for burglars. I don't know, though," he continued, as a brilliant idea occurred to him. "You like that place between the two windows best, don't you? I don't know but what that is a good place for a picture."

"Best place in the room," giggled Mrs. Spoonpendyke, satisfied that she had carried her point and saved the location sacred to her father. "If I were going to have my picture hung in this room I shouldn't hear to any other place than right there, between the two windows," and Mrs. Spoonpendyke pursed up her lips as one who declined to recede from her proposition under any circumstances.

"Then I'll tell you what we'll do," said Mr. Spoonpendyke, with a gleam of speculation in his eyes. "We'll hang your father's picture up there and I will be content to take the subordinate place over the chimney piece. That makes it pleasant all around, and no one has a right to object."

Mrs. Spoonpendyke saw she had been caught in her own trap, and made no further resistance.

"Where's the step-ladder?" asked Mr. Spoonpendyke, cheerfully. "Bring me the portable Tower of Babel, and I will fresco this wall with the finest of modern artistic efforts."

Mrs. Spoonpendyke lugged the step-ladder upstairs, and Mr. Spoonpendyke, having arranged his string, mounted to take down the old gentleman's picture with a view to the proposed removal.

"Look out you don't fall, dear," suggested Mrs. Spoonpendyke, her husband's defeat in her solicitude for her husband.

"That's all right," smiled Mr. Spoonpendyke from his perch. "You just quit roosting on that bottom round like a hen, and I will get on without any further trouble." Mrs. Spoonpendyke jumped off the ladder, but her dress caught on the step, and down came Mr. Spoonpendyke like a bundle of soiled clothes, rolling on the carpet, and trying to get clear of the ladder that had rolled after him and mixed itself up with him so that it was difficult to tell which was which.

"What did you let go for?" yelled Mr. Spoonpendyke, trying to get his elbow out of his mouth, and still struggling with the ladder. "Didn't I tell you to hold on? Think I don't know enough to get off a ladder when I get ready? Suppose I want a ladder turned bottom upward when I want to get down? Take it off!" he roared, satisfac-

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Four thousand muscles have been counted in a caterpillar.

A California farmer raised three water-melons weighing 104, ninety-eight and eighty-four pounds.

The Arctic raspberry is one of the smallest plants known. A six-ounce vial will hold the plant, branches, leaves and all.

A resident of Zagazig, in Egypt, is credited with the statement that the birds had been observed to depart before the approach of cholera, and that a town might be considered safe so long as the birds remained.

Mrs. Mary Shaughnessy, of Erie, Penn., was exceedingly anxious to live to see her hundredth year. On the hundredth anniversary of her birth she was apparently in fair health, but she died before the end of the day.

"Right-handedness" extends very far along the animal series. Parrots hold their food by preference in the right foot, and, though we cannot speak positively, wasps, beetles and spiders seem to use the right anterior foot most commonly.

At Conway, in Wales, there is a monument erected in the church to the memory of a dead worthy, Alderman Hoopes. His epitaph consists of the following sentence: "He was the father of twenty-seven children, and was the forty-first child of his father."

Shakespeare uses more different words than any other writer in the English language. There are about 15,000 different words in his plays and sonnets, while no other writer uses as many as 10,000. A few writers use 9,000 words, but the greater majority do not employ more than 8,000. In conversation, only from 3,000 to 5,000 different words are used.

Throughout Utah the cricket is one of the common objects. The Plutes' is the Jumbo of crickets, and just as black. It lives on the slopes of hills, among the sage brush, and when alarmed tries invariably to jump down a hill; but being all stomach and therefore top-heavy, so to speak, the ill-balanced insect invariably rolls head over heels, and every time it turns a somersault it squeaks dismally. The Plute dots on these crickets for food.

The following story is told of an English nobleman recently deceased: The duke was once in church when a collection was announced for some charitable object. The plate began to go round, and the duke carefully put his hand into his pocket and took out a florin, which he laid on the pew before him, ready to be transferred to the plate. Beside him sat a little snob, who, noticing this action, imitated it by ostentatiously laying a sovereign alongside the ducal florin. This was too much for his grace, who dipped his hand into his pocket again and pulled out another florin, which he laid by the side of the first. The little snob followed suit by laying another sovereign beside the first. His grace quietly added a third florin, which was capped by a third sovereign on the part of the little snob. Out came a fourth florin to swell the duke's donation, and then the little snob triumphantly laid three sovereigns at once upon the board. The duke, not to be beaten, produced three florins. Just at this moment the plate arrived. The little snob took up his handful of sovereigns, ostentatiously rattled them into the plate, and then turned defiantly toward his rival as if he would say, "I think that takes the shine out of you." Fancy his chagrin when the duke, with a grim smile, put one florin into the plate and quietly swept the remaining six back into his pocket.—*Family Herald.*

Whipple, the essayist, defines poetry as "the protest of genius against the reality of life." When a poet gets kicked out of the editor's sanctum it is the protest of the reality of life against genius.—*Toswell Courier.*

A Partially Dead Man.

The *Morning Herald*, Baltimore, Md., states: Major B. S. White, of this city, describes his miraculous cure as follows: "I have been a partially dead man for ten years. Doctors attributed my sufferings to the enlargement of certain glands. The quantity of medicine I took without relief would be sufficient to set up a first-class apothecary shop. Finally St. Jacobs Oil was recommended. I had my spinal column thoroughly rubbed with it. All those knots, kinks and stiffness have passed away, and I am myself again."

Henry Clay Thurston, of Mount Pleasant, Texas, is seven feet seven and one-half inches in stature, and weighs 280 pounds. He has got his growth, for he is fifty-three years of age.

"Threw Away Her Supporter." DR. PIERCE—A neighbor of ours was suffering from "female weakness" which the doctors told her could not be cured without a supporter. After considerable persuasion my wife induced her to try my "Favorite Prescription." After using one bottle she threw away the supporter and did a large washing, which she had not done in two years before. JAS. MILLER, 420 Jacob St., Wheeling, W. Va.

BETHLEHEM COLUMBIA contains 17,000 Chinese and receives 100 more every month.

SALTMARSH, ALA.—Dr. J. M. Mills says: "Several of my patients have used Brown's Iron Bitters for chronic indigestion with benefit."

ARTHUR's bedroom in the White House is furnished in light blue.

If your lungs are almost wasted by consumption Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" will not cure you, yet as a remedy for severe coughs, and all cases of bronchitis, throat and lung affections it is unsurpassed. After considerable persuasion my wife induced her to try my "Favorite Prescription." After using one bottle she threw away the supporter and did a large washing, which she had not done in two years before. JAS. MILLER, 420 Jacob St., Wheeling, W. Va.

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A DETECTIVE'S EXPERIENCE.

His Successful Undertaking and Escape from an Impending Fate.

One morning several years ago, just as the dull gray light was beginning to show itself in the east, a small band of men might have been seen peering about a house on the street in the city of New York. There was nothing special either in the dress or appearance of the men to indicate their intention, but it was plain that they had business of importance on hand. Suddenly a man appeared at one of the windows, took in the situation at a glance, and, swinging himself over the roof of the house, this man was Tom Fa'ard, the notorious counterfeiter, and armed to the teeth and fully realizing his situation, he defied just as the officials below him. Some of the officers, knowing the desperate character of the man, proposed to shoot him until he was killed, but one of the number (privately protesting) and de-layed that if his brother officers would assist him to ascend he would capture the man alive. Accordingly he began the climb, and, having reached the roof, he succeeded in bringing his prisoner to the ground in safety.

The man who accomplished this task was Mr. Tom Fa'ard, the present superintendent of the city police of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr. Fa'ard is a man who is known by every prominent detective and policeman in America, and he stands prominently in the front of his profession. Quiet and gentlemanly in appearance and manners, he possesses a courage, combined with marked physical powers, that make him the terror of evil-doers, the pride of law-abiding citizens. Few people can realize, however, the trials, exposures, and even privations, to which the members of every municipal police and fire department are exposed. Compelled to be on duty at uncertain hours, subjected to the most inclement weather, and often necessitated by the nature of their duties to protract unduly, they endure a nervous and physical strain that is terrible. Such was the experience of Mr. Fa'ard in former days, and it is not surprising that he found himself suffering from a mysterious physical trouble. In relating his experience to a representative of this paper he said:

"At times when I was on duty I would feel an unaccountable weariness and lack of energy. My appetite was also curtailed, and my head became dull and heavy. I did not fully understand these troubles, but supposed, as most people suppose, that I was suffering from malaria. I tried to throw off the feeling, but it would not go. I thought I might be overworked, but I was not, and I finally became a badly off man. It was almost impossible to attend to my duties. I have known any number of men in the police and fire departments of this country who have been afflicted as I was, and I don't doubt there are to-day hundreds of similarly troubled men like myself, did not know the cause, or really what ailed them."

"Your present appearance, Mr. Fa'ard, does not indicate much physical debility," said the interviewer as he looked at the 30 pounds of bone and muscle standing nearly five feet seven in his height before me. "Oh, no; that is altogether a thing of the past, and I am happy to say that for more than a year I have enjoyed almost perfect health. I thought I now realize that I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown, and that the kidneys and traveling at a very rapid pace."

"How did you come to recover so completely?" "That is just what I want to tell you, for I believe it may be of great service to many others in my profession, who may perhaps hear of it. I began the use of a popular remedy at the earnest solicitation of a number of friends in this city, and found to my great gratification that I began feeling better. This feeling continued, and I gained in strength and vigor until now I am as well as well—and wholly through the instrumental use of Warner's Safe Cure, which I believe to be the best medicine for policemen, firemen, railroad men or any other class of people exposed to danger or a change of weather, ever discovered. Since my recovery I have recommended it everywhere, and never knew a case where it failed either to cure or benefit. I would not be without it under any condition, and I am positive it is a wonderfully safe and reliable at the same time. It is harmless, really. Indeed, I see that Dr. Gunn, dean of the United States Medical College of New York, indorses it in the highest terms."

"So you experience little difficulty in the execution of your duties now, Mr. Fa'ard, do you?" "None whatever. Our department was never in better condition than at present."

"And you never have any fear of some of the desperadoes whom you have been the means of bringing to justice?" "Not in the least. Such men do not try to retaliate, partially because they have not the courage, but often because they respect an officer who does his duty."

The policeman, fireman, letter carrier and other public employes in this country have a part of any trying life. When, therefore, a simple and pure remedy that can restore and sustain the health of all such men is found, it should be cause for great congratulation, especially when recommended by such a man as Superintendent Thomas Curtin, of Buffalo.

The Prince of Wales is investing largely in fine cattle.

My mother began gaining from first dose the book of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. She is rid of those fat feelings about her heart now, and she is permanent. Other remedies only helped for a few minutes. Miss Clara Braat, Lawton, Mich., \$1 per bottle.

ATLANTA, Ga., is moving for a permanent art and industrial exhibition building.

Since last October I have suffered from acute inflammation in my nose, a bad head—often in the night having to get up and inhale salt water for relief. My eye has been, for a week at a time, so I could not see. I have used no end of remedies, also employed a doctor, who said it was idiopathic blood—but I got no help. I used Ely's Cream Balm on the recommendation of a friend. I was faithless, but in a few days was cured. My nose is now, and also my eye, is well. It is wonderful how quick it helped me. Miss GEORGINA E. JUDSON, Hartford, Conn. (Easy to use. Price 50 cts.)

WALTON LEAF HAIR RESTORER. It is entirely different from all other preparations, and as its name indicates is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the hair from all dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth where it has fallen out. Does not in any manner affect the health, which sulphur, sugar of lead and nitrate of silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. SMITH, KLINE & CO., Wholesale Agents, Philadelphia, Pa., and C. N. CHRISTENSEN, New York.

Decline of Man: Nervous Weakness, Lying, Impotence, Sexual Debility, caused by "Wall's Health Renewer," \$1.

Get It Sure! Wells' "Rough on Rats" Almanac, at druggists, or mail for 5 cts. n.p. E. S. Wells, Jersey City.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, depression of spirits and general debility in their various forms also as a preventive against fever and ague and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphor" is the best tonic and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

Worms and their Cures. Infants, the elderly, harm on cathartics; for "everlasting" restlessness, worms. 25 cents.

Your health depends on the purity of your blood. People who realize this are taking Hood's Sarsaparilla with the best results.

Chronic colic and cures will not turn yellow nor grow stiff, like other water-proof goods.

Mr. J. E. Harvey, 140 Bridge St., Brooklyn, says: "I have no more dread of the urinary rheumatism since Dr. Ely's Cream Balm-Goutalgin brought me out of the terrible condition I was in last year."

HANCOCK IS A NEW TOWN IN NEBRASKA

A LUCKY CHANCE.

Of all men no doubt the mechanic and laborer suffer more from disease than any other class—not always in the disease itself, but the circumstances surrounding them.

Who can depict a more horrid scene than that of the prosperous mechanic, who, by some dreadful disease, is reduced in flesh and strength, having no power of control, a helpless prey to some malign? Perhaps the family of the worthy man may be suffering from the necessities of life, all because "father" is unable to work.

Why then do not all men grapple with the first symptoms of disease (of whatever name or nature), and thereby prevent this sad picture?

This is just what Mr. HIRSH FRANKLIN, of Naugatuck, Conn., did when he began to feel a heavy dull pain in the small of his back, which steadily grew worse until he had to do one of two things: either give up work or kidney disease, and a lucky chance threw in his way a safe and certain means of deliverance.

The facts in Mr. F.'s case are these: His business (mason and builder) requires him to be exposed in all sorts of weather. Besides from a severe cold, he contracted a disease of the kidneys, and like many others began using everything at hand. Not finding any help, as a last resort he began taking Hunt's Remedy. The first bottle giving decided benefit, he continued its use until he had used three (3) bottles, when all trouble disappeared. Mr. F. is now attending to business, a well man, and recently remarked to an acquaintance: "One trial convinced me, as it will you." We need scarcely add that this is a purely vegetable, and contains no opium or other deleterious ingredients. It is never before furnished to those suffering from kidney and liver complaint, dropsy, etc., and the utmost reliance may be placed in it.

A CHRISTIAN policeman's association has been organized among the policemen in London.

Carbo-linee. Sorrow and gloom the soul may meet, Yet losing triumph from defeat; And from its severer cold, still be free By using Magic Carbo-linee.

Walking made easy with Lyon's Hoof Stiffener, they keep your boots and shoes straight.

Vital Questions!

Ask the most eminent physician

Of any school what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curbing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always? And they will tell you unhesitatingly "Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I. Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians: "What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organ; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women?" And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Buchu."

Ask the same physicians: "What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, etc.?" and they will tell you: "Mandrake or Dandelion!" Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable.

Ask the same physicians: "What is the most powerful and developed which is so varied in its operation, that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use."

CHAPTER II. "Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured. Women gone nearly crazy! From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, weakness and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from excruciating pains of Rheumatism. Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula! Erysipelas! Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail Nature is heir to.

Have been cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

OUR DRUMMER!

It is Ready to Start! He is a male drummer of the profession, but a most perfect specimen of a male drummer. He is a male drummer of the profession, but a most perfect specimen of a male drummer. He is a male drummer of the profession, but a most perfect specimen of a male drummer.

Butler Bros., 380 Broadway, New York, and 155 & 171 Adams St., Chicago.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, and all other painful conditions.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS.

In chronic dyspepsia and liver complaint, and in chronic constipation, and other obstinate cases, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is beyond all comparison the best remedy that can be taken.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM.

When applied by the finger into the nostrils, it will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passage from additional colds, completely heals the nose and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will positively cure. Inapplicable to use. Send for circular.

HAY-FEVER ELY BROTHERS, OWEGO, N. Y.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE.

Best in the world. Get the genuine. Every package has our trade-mark and is marked "Frazer's Solid Everlasting Grease."

ST. PATRICK'S SALVE.

It relieves all cases of Burns, Piles, Chapped Hands or Lips, Corns, Bunions, Scalds, Bruises, Swellings, and all other painful conditions. Price 50 cts. per bottle. Send for circular.

THE "Rockwood" Photographic Instantaneous Dry Plate.

For Amateurs and Students, it is widely one of the best in the market. It is uniform, sensitive, and general excellence. It is the only one of its kind that is not responsible for its quality. Send for price list. Price 50 cts. per dozen. Send for circular.

FREE PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Cures where all else fails. Hood's Sarsaparilla with the best results.

Battle of the Books.

500,000 Volumes, the choicest literature of the world. 100-Page Catalogue free. Lowest prices ever known. NOT sold by dealers. Sent for examination BEFORE payment on evidence of good faith. JOHN B. ALDEN, Publisher, 18 Vesey Street, New York, P. O. Box 1227.

Worn, Weary, and Wretched.

"As weak as a cat" is an expression frequently used by debilitated sufferers who are trying to tell how forlorn they feel. It is an incorrect expression, for a cat is one of the most agile and vigorous animals in existence. It would be more correct to say, "as weak as a limp old rag," for that gives the idea of utter inability to hold one's self up. The weary person who feels thus is generally worn, worried, wretched, and wretched.

Sometimes it is a case of overwork, and sometimes of imperfect nourishment. The blood in the system of a person who is "as weak as a rag" is a wretchedly thin condition. It needs iron, to impart richness, redness, and strength. This is to be had by taking BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, the only safe and proper preparation of iron in connection with gentle and powerful tonics. The physician and the druggist can tell the worn and weary how valuable a remedy BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has been found in actual every-day use.

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