

SOMETHING TO LAUGH AT.

HUMOROUS STORIES THAT WILL RAISE A SMILE.

All Going Together—A Slim Chance—Curative Powers of Hot Plates—Twisting a Cow's Tail.

THE MAN WHO WAS LEFT. Ten maidens there were, Each one as fair...

ALL GOING TOGETHER.

Little Nell—Oh! I have such good news. Mamma and papa and I are all going to another city to live.

Visitor—Indeed! You amaze me. What city is it?

Little Nell—It has such a funny name. It is called Harry, and it is an awful old city.

Visitor—Oh! I guess you heard the name wrong.

Little Nell—Oh! no, I didn't. It was at the breakfast-table. Papa told mamma to go to the old Harry, and mamma told papa to go there himself, and then I asked them to take me, and they didn't say anything, but I know they will.—Philadelphia Call.

A SLIM CHANCE.

"Don't you believe that marriages are made in Heaven," asked Mr. Yeast of Miss Prim the other day.

"I most certainly do," replied the lady of uncertain age, brightening up at the very suggestion of a proposal, and throwing her head on one side in her endeavor to look coquettish; "but why do you ask?"

"Well, I thought you did," was the young man's satisfied reply.

"But why did you think I did?" persisted the antiquated maiden, almost swallowing her overskirt in her attempts to appear captivating.

"Well," responded the heartless young man, lighting a cigarette, and getting at a respectable distance from his antagonist; "it doesn't look as though there was much chance of your being married before you reached there!"

CURATIVE POWER OF HOT PLATES.

Old Doctor Thompson, a noted physician of Indianapolis, gained his reputation by a "lucky hit" with a case the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher gave him.

One night a Scotchman, laboring under intense excitement, called on Mr. Beecher and exclaimed: "Come w' me quick, neow, gude parson! M' wooman's noo langer fa' this world—an'an." Mr. Beecher did not wait to hear the Scotchman out, but seized his hat and cloak and was soon at the bedside of the dying woman.

He then rushed out and brought Doctor Thompson to manage the case, and within a month the patient was a well woman.

But during her sickness a ludicrous little incident occurred that made the actors in these events laugh heartily.

All the good neighbors volunteered to sit up with the sick woman. One night of the Scotch laddies uttered a frightful wail and rolling and kicking upon the bare floor, complained bitterly and pitifully of the stomach ache.

The old Scotch father, in droll accents and thundering tones, shouted: "Aleck! Aleck! Cum an' pit a het plait an' Jamie's stoumach!" As soon as Jamie was quieted, another of the numerous laddies was afflicted similarly.

The Scotchman again called out, only louder than before: "Aleck, get anither het plait an' pit 't an Jamie's stoumach."

The complaint now seemed to become epidemic, and the old Scotchman was soon telling Aleck to "pit a het plait on Jeannette's stoumach."

This done, and Aleck himself fell a victim to this acute trouble, and after him all his "brithers" were also crying for "het plait."

The old Scotchman, who was now heating plates and applying them as fast as he could, soon exhausted his stock, and was compelled to run to the neighbors for a new supply.

The ailment was at last put under control, and the Scotchman, removing the plates from those little aching stomachs, was about to return them, when the neighbors, overflowing with generosity, told him to keep the plates for another emergency.

They "didn't need them any more after that."—Midland Monthly.

TWISTING A COW'S TAIL.

It was a cow, with mild brown eyes, auburn bangs, and a tail with a loose lock on the end, that switched the air and knocked imaginary flies into the hereafter with a snap.

She was being led down West street toward the Cortland street ferry by a ferocious-looking Jerseyman, whose complexion, owing to the cold weather and hot whisky, was red as a meteoric sunset.

Suddenly, with what was apparently unnecessary cruelty, the Jerseyman struck the cow across the flank with a club, swung his arms over his head, danced a maddening double-shuffle in the street, and sat down with strange rapidity upon a car-rail.

The cow looked over her shoulder reprovingly, and stood in her tracks. The Jerseyman arose from the impression he had made upon the ice, smoothed his coat-tails carelessly, and started toward the cow.

He rapped her once, spat on his hands, rapped her twice, put his shoulder against her side—albeit to move her out of the track of the drays—but to no avail. A crowd assembled.

The Jerseyman got lots of sympathy but no assistance. One man suggested that she had frozen fast; another that she was undecided about the policy of the board of aldermen.

The owner went a few yards ahead, grinned a ghastly grin, and shaking his club behind him in a suppressed fury pleaded in persuasive tones, "Come, Mooly—Mooly." But Mooly saw the club.

At last from the crowd stopped a lank and unshaven specimen of a longshoreman. He was gifted with a wisdom be-

yond his kind. He drew the owner of the cow aside and whispered in his ear: "Twist her tail." The Jerseyman shook his head. Then, as though bidding for the support of the multitude, the longshoreman raised his arm and making a sweeping gesture, exclaimed: "Twist it yersel," was the answer.

"Twist it yersel," was the answer. A glance of scorn upon the crowd, and the longshoreman bared his brawny arm and stepped up to the cow. He took the love-lock in his hand; ran his fingers through it and clinched them, grasped the middle of the tail with his left hand, and tried to tie a knot.

An agonizing silence, which was broken by a groan and dotted with a broad-brimmed hat, a pair of suspenders, and the arms and legs of a longshoreman doing calisthenics in the frosty air. The battered remains of the longshoreman were carried away muttering blasphemy.

The cow after she had replaced her hind hoofs on the ground was led on to the ferry by the Jerseyman, who observed as he paid his fare: "Takes more'n a Yorker to learn me lessons."—New York Tribune.

Forty Years Ago.

Prentice Mulford writes of the times forty years ago: Family cooking was better than at present. Our mothers and grandmothers "took a hand" in it.

Bread was made at home. Coffee was freshly ground every morning for breakfast. The grinding of the family coffee-mill was a familiar sound of the early morning, long ere the children were up.

Foreign help had less sway in the kitchen than now, and European hands did not make a batch of such purely American dishes as pumpkin pie, codfish cakes, pork and beans, corn bread, buckwheat cakes and succotash.

People then did not live as long, nor was the average health as good as it is to-day; they ate more meat, more grease, more hot bread, more heavy dishes, drank more at meals and afterward chewed more tobacco.

Dyspepsics and consumptives were more common; disease and premature death were devoutly laid at the Deity's door and alluded to as "dispensations of Providence."

Tombstones had longer epitaphs and more verbosity engraved upon them.

At funerals the undertakers cried with the mourners, the flow of tears being proportionate to the expense of the funeral.

Coffins were very plain, and burial caskets unknown.

Young folks in couples counted it a privilege to sit up nights with the corpse before burial, and in many cases it was a welcome recreation.

New Orleans molasses, very black and thin, was the common "sweetening" for buckwheat cakes. Refined molasses was comparatively scarce.

The bank bills were of State banks, and the farther West their locality the shakier were they. Illinois and Indiana bills would barely pass in New York city.

Much of the silver currency—sixpences, shillings and dollars—was of Mexican coinage, brought to this country by the Santa Fe traders.

The country retail trade was better than now. People then could not so easily by rail run up to the city and spend their largest cash accumulations for the more expensive stuffs.

Country drygoods stores renewed their stock from the city twice a year. The arrival of "new goods" created quite a flutter. It filled the store for two or three days—until all the women in the village had seen the new styles.

Eggs were a shilling a dozen, and butter was considered high at eighteen pence per pound.

There was "York currency," being eight shillings to the dollar, and New England currency, six shillings to the dollar.

Business letters were more voluminous and formal than now, and written in a precise, round hand.

Isolated rural settlements contained a greater proportion of lunatics, paralytics and victims of St. Vitus' dance than they do to-day.

The railroad had not strung places together and there were fewer hospitals for special diseases, hence most of these cases were kept at home.

The diet was more surcharged with grease. The winter breakfast at thousands of tables consisted of salted ham and hot cakes.

Dinner was simply a hasty lunch at noon. Little importance was attached to the necessity for good digestion or a period of rest after eating.

The same heavy diet prevailed in many families, without change, winter and summer. Hence on approach of the first warmth of spring came "spring fever" and biliousness. For this the doctors of the period gave strong cathartics, possibly a "blue-mass pill" or a dose of "calomel."

The regular profession then used mercury in a manner which would now be deemed reckless. The patient was given a regular purgation and directed to "diet" for a few days. Children were strongly dosed with castor oil and rhubarb and salts and senna on the least provocation.

It was a strong age for medicine, and an age of strong medicine. Under such treatment the strong managed to recover, the weak died, and the medium class physically lingered on and suffered.

Lightning-rods made their way into use with difficulty. The ultra devout actually opposed them on the ground that they were an insult to Deity, and that it was an interference with the works and will of Providence.

Negro minstrelsy was just cropping out in the traveling circus. There were generally but two great performers, who assumed male and female characters. The popular melody was "Jump, Jim Crow."

He Got Up. Mamma (at the foot of the stairs)—"Johnnie, it's time to get up. Breakfast is nearly ready."

Johnnie—"M-yes-m."

Big Sister (at the foot of the stairs)—"Johnnie, get up at once; breakfast is on the table."

Johnnie, get up at once; breakfast is on the table."

Johnnie—"M-ya's."

Old Gentleman (at the foot of the stairs)—"John!"

Johnnie—"Yes, sir!"—Philadelphia Call.

Swapping Fish Stories.

The Anglers' association of Eastern Pennsylvania met at their rooms on Arch street, Philadelphia, the other evening. After the consideration of routine matters was concluded the Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt suggested that the executive committee prepare a list of subjects, both of practical and scientific import, with regard to the finny tribe.

Among the list of subjects suggested were: "The Breathing of the Fish," and "What He Dies of When Taken from the Water." Upon the latter topic Mr. Cardozo remarked:

"I believe a fish dies of intoxication when taken out of the water, not alcoholism, but oxygenism, a sort of fervid exhilaration, so to speak." Other subjects named were, "How Fishes Feel Pain," and "Upon What Food Fishes Live."

"I don't wish to complain," said a genial angler, wearing gold-rimmed spectacles, approaching the reporter as he spoke; "but we would like you to mention the scientific and other subjects we now have under consideration. You know," confidently, "we don't want the public to get the idea that we assembled here merely to tell—"

"It's a story I can vouch for," exclaimed the well-known voice of Doctor Hoyt, near the speaker's chair; "knew the man; saw the fish; positively true."

"All right; let's here it if it is true," chorused several voices.

"Well," said the reverend doctor, "it was a couple of summers ago. I was in California. In San Francisco, near the water works, was a large tank, and in that tank was a fine, large California trout. It was very tame and the clerks used to catch flies and hold them over the water, and the trout would come up to the surface and take the fly from their fingers. Well, one day an idle clerk, tired of the usual thing, placed a nice, fat fly upon the hook of a bent pin. His troutship came up as usual and was caught. The clerk released him and enjoyed the joke. But would you believe it, after that day twenty hotel clerks could stand around that tank and that fish would take flies from every one of them except the man who played the loaded fly on him."—Philadelphia Times.

How Cakes are Frosted.

In the window of a "delicatessen" store on Third avenue, there appeared the head of a large porker ornamented with flowers and vines in an extraordinary manner. A wreath of red and white roses rested between his ears. There was lilies and pinks in his jaws until his teeth were buried out of sight, and a miniature sunflower covered his snout.

The proprietor of the store smiled when asked about it and picked it out of the window without saying a word. The questioner then saw that the head was simply a cake ornamented with various kinds of frosting. "There is art in frosting cake as well as in painting," said Mr. Schifferdecker, a confectioner.

"It takes an artist to imitate nature so closely as to deceive the eye. The process of ornamenting a cake is very simple. Sugars of various colors are mixed with the whites of eggs to a thick paste. The mixtures are put in cone-shaped bags six inches deep. In the apex of each bag is placed a tin cone-shaped spout the small end of which is round or serrated or flat according to the purpose for which we use it. Holding the bag in one hand and steadying it with the other we squeeze the mixtures through the tubes. The shape of the tube helps us in forming the design. Thus flat tubes serrated on one side are used for leaves. Little round mouthed tubes serve to make vines and tendrils. To build a rose we use a thicker moisture, and form the rose from it exactly as a sculptor would model one in clay. I sometimes make a rose with nothing but a little bit of wood not much larger than a toothpick. In fact, the tools used on elaborate pieces of confectionery are nothing more than what I have told you, but we have to serve long apprentices before we can do the work."—New York Hotel Mail.

The Hon. Bill Flint.

Life Senator of the Dominion Parliament, Belleville, Ontario, Canada, writes: "I tried St. Jacobs Oil for ague in my face and toothache. It acted like a charm. A few times rubbing with it took away all soreness and pain; far better than having them drawn at the age of seventy-seven."

Several kinds of hard wood lumber are gradually coming into use which a few years ago were unnoticed. Beech is one of them. Beech has a fine grain, is quite durable and is used in the manufacture of school and church furniture, chairs, etc.

Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets" are sugar-coated, and enclosed in glass bottles, their virtues being thereby preserved unimpaired for any length of time, in any climate, so that they are always fresh and reliable. No cheap wooden or pasteboard boxes. By druggists.

FOLLOWED SOOT—The sweep who fell down a chimney.

My wife used Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator with great relief, it is the only relief from Heart Disease. I cheerfully recommend it. J. B. Miller, P. M., Mulberry Grove, Ill. '91.

A CHURCH FAIR—"The daisy" in the chair. Timely Suggestions About Pneumonia.

This is the time of year when so many persons fall victims to pneumonia and other lung diseases. Hence, we call attention to the following interview with a prominent physician:

"What is pneumonia?" "Pneumonia is an acute lung disease, and commences with a severe chill and fever. It seems to be an affection of the lungs, but it is really caused by the blood being impoverished by the non-removal of natural acids from the liver and kidneys. Pneumonia is always proof of diseased kidneys and liver. Indeed, this is true of many other lung disorders also."

"Pneumonia is a very dangerous disease and the patient must be treated with hot drinks, and the chest be covered with mustard poultices, and then call the best physician."

"How would you prevent such diseases?" "By keeping the skin, liver, bowels and kidneys in healthful activity. Then the blood is free from acid poisons and pneumonia need not be feared." For this purpose we know of nothing better than Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, which is a highly reputed specific for all liver, kidney, bowel and blood disorders. It is made, we believe, at Rondout, N. Y., sells for one dollar a bottle, and is the best and surest of all household remedies.

"Pneumonia is very common and fatal, and a remedy will prevent its ravages is worthy the highest commendation."—Albany Evening Journal.

CANADIAN telegraph tolls are the cheapest in the world.

A DANGEROUS AMBUSCADE.

Discovered barely in Time—The Most Desperate and Dangerous of Modern Evils Graphically Described.

Something of a sensation was caused in this city yesterday by a rumor that one of our best known citizens was about to publish a statement concerning some unusual experiences during his residence in Syracuse. How the rumor originated it is impossible to say, but a reporter immediately sought Doctor S. G. Martin, the gentleman in question, and secured the following interview:

"What about this rumor, Doctor, that you are going to make a public statement of some important matters?"

"Just about the same as you will find in all rumors—some truth, some fiction. I had contemplated making a publication of some remarkable episodes that have occurred in my life, but have not completed it as yet."

"What is the nature of it, may I inquire?"

"Why, the fact that I am a human being, and that I have passed through some of the most wonderful ordeals that perhaps ever occurred to any man. The first intimation I had of it was several years ago, when I began to feel chilly at night and restless after retiring. Occasionally this would be relieved by spasms of the muscles of my arms and legs. I thought, as most people would think, that it was only a cold and so paid a little attention to it as possible. Shortly after this I noticed a peculiar catarrhal trouble and my throat also became inflamed. As if this were not variety enough I felt sharp pains in my chest, and a constant tendency to headache."

"Why didn't you take the matter in hand and check it right where it was?"

"Why doesn't everybody do it? Simply because they think it is only some trifling and passing disorder. These troubles did not come all at once and I thought it unmanly to heed them. I have found, though, that every physical neglect must be paid for and with large interest. Men cannot draw drafts on the constitution without honoring them sometime. These minor symptoms I have described, grew until they were giants of agony. I became more nervous; had a strange fluttering of the heart, an inability to draw a long breath and an occasional business man was terribly suggestive of purpura. How I could have been so blind as not to understand what this meant I cannot imagine."

"And did you do nothing?"

"Yes, I traveled. In the spring of 1870 I visited Kansas and Colorado, and while in Denver I was attacked with a mysterious hemorrhage of the urinary organs and lost twenty pounds of flesh in three weeks. One day after my return I was taken with a terrible chill and at once advanced to a very severe attack of pneumonia. My left lung soon entirely filled with water, and my legs and body became twice their natural size. I was obliged to sit upright in bed for several weeks in the midst of the severest agony, with my arms over my head, and in constant fear of suffocation."

"And did you still make no attempt to save yourself?"

"Yes, I made frantic efforts. I tried everything that seemed to offer the least prospect of relief. I called a council of doctors and had them make a chemical and chemical and microscopic examination of my condition. Five of the best physicians of Syracuse and several from another city said I must die!"

It seemed as though their assertion was true, for my feet became cold, my mouth parched, my eyes were a fixed glassy stare, and my body was covered with a cold, clammy death sweat, and I read my fate in the anxious expressions of my family and friends."

"But the finale?"

"Come at last. My wife, aroused to desperation, began to think of a remedy upon a desperate responsibility, and while I grew better very slowly, I gained ground surely until, in brief, I have no trace of the terrible Bright's disease from which I was dying, and am a perfectly well man. This may sound like a romance, but it is true, and my wife, Safe Cure, which I wish was known to and used by the thousands who, I believe, are suffering this minute as I was originally. Does not such an experience as this justify me in making a public statement?"

"Not a common complaint, doctor."

"Not common! On the contrary, it is one of the most common. The trouble is, few people know they have it. It has so few marked symptoms until its final stage that many persons may have it for years, each year getting more and more in its power and not suspect it. It is quite natural I should feel enthusiastic over this remedy while my wife is even more so than I am. She knows of many persons who, with surprising results, have recovered from their own peculiar ailments, over which it has singular power."

The statement drawn out by the above interview is amply confirmed by very many of our most prominent citizens, among them being Judge Heintz and Colonel H. S. Goehring. The Times, while General Dwight H. Bruce and Rev. Professor W. P. Coddington, D. D., give the remedy their heartiest endorsement. In this age of wonders, surprising things are quite common, but an experience so unusual as that of Dr. Martin's and occurring here in our midst may well cause comment and teach a lesson. It shows the necessity of guarding the slightest approach of physical disorder and by the means which has been proven the most reliable and efficient. It shows, that if the disease can sink and yet be rescued, and it proves that few people need suffer if these truths are observed.—Syracuse Journal.

The best garden gait—A walk.

A Fatal Mistake would be not to take Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" if you are bilious, suffering from impure blood, or fearing consumption, scrofulous disease of the lungs, Sold by all druggists.

HINDOOS prefer a jury of five.

Functional derangement of the female system is quickly cured by the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." It removes pain and restores health and strength. By all druggists.

SWISS capitalists invest abroad.

Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator cures all forms of Heart Disease, nervousness, sleeplessness.

MATHEMATICIANS should very figuratively understand the value of a dollar.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, indigestion, depression of spirits and general debility, the use of Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is recommended, also as a preventive against fever and ague, and other intermittent fevers, the "Ferro-Phosphated Elixir of Calissaya," made by Cassell Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by all Druggists, is the best tonic; and for patients recovering from fever or other sickness it has no equal.

"Rough on Coughs," Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Knocks a Cough out of you. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Druggists in malarial districts say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is as much the standard remedy for female weakness as quinine is for the prevailing chills and fever.

"Rough on Corns." Be Quick, complete cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

The North American Indian, especially the Seneca tribe, made such frequent use of petroleum that for many years it was only known as Seneca Oil. Now it is known as Carboline, the Wonderful Hair Restorer.

Caution to Drivers.—Ask for Wells, Richardson & Co's Improved Butter Cook, and take no other. Beware of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for every other oil is liable to become rancid and spoil the butter into which it is put. If you cannot get it write to us at Burlington, Vt., to know where and how to get it without extra expense. Thousands of tests have been made, and they always prove it the best.

Well-dressed people don't wear dingy or faded things when they are guaranteed Diamond Dye will make them look as good as new. Get at druggists and be economical. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

Dr. Sanford's Liver Invigorator purifies the blood, aids digestion, regulates the bowels. Beware of the imitative stages of Consumption. Take Fiso's Cure in time.

Our Best Families.

I have been troubled for over six years with a severe kidney complaint, also a weakness of the urinary organs with its attendant troubles. My water needed constant attention, some days as many as twenty times, with severe pains in the bladder, as well as in the back and loins. At times I passed a limited quantity of urine, highly colored with unnatural heat and sediment. Frequent evacuations would be very painful. I concluded that I must do something for it, fearing that more serious trouble would follow. I went to the druggist and was recommended to use Hunt's Remedy, as it had been used with wonderful success in several severe cases of dropsy and kidney complaint. I tried it, and before I had used one bottle found it was helping me beyond my expectations. My water became more natural, less color and sediment, the pains in back and that heavy system, and I continued to use it until I used six bottles, and it has completely cured me.

Others of my family have used Hunt's Remedy with equally as good success, and we do not hesitate to recommend it far and near, believing it a duty as well as a pleasure to recommend so good a medicine as Hunt's Remedy. You are at liberty to give my testimony to the public.

D. T. HODGREN, OSSINGTON, Me., May 19, 1888. I endorse the above statement.

A. M. ROBINSON, JR., Apothecary, Bangor, Me.

A MAN with many lumps—The chap who puts on roller-skates for the first time.

Rescued from Death. William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1870 I was taken with bleeding of lungs followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1871 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lung as big as a half dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise, I commenced to get well, and to-day I feel better than for three years."

Ely's Cream Balm is doing wonders. I and five sufferers from Catarrh to lay other remedies aside. I believe it is the only remedy that will cure this terrible disease, from which I have suffered twenty years.—Charles Garbant, Shoe Merchant, 888 Broad St., Newark, N. J. (Price 50 cents per bottle.)

Having used Ely's Cream Balm for Catarrh and Cold in the Head, I am satisfied that it is a first-rate preparation and would recommend it to anyone affected.—R. W. Cheeser, Editor Herald, Clinton, Wis. Price 50c. See ad.

Health Is Wealth. It is worth more than diamonds, for without it riches cannot be enjoyed. How many people are without health who might regain it by using Kidney-Wort. It acts upon the Liver, Bowels and Kidneys, cleansing and stimulating them to healthy action. It cures all disorders of these important organs, purifies the blood and promotes the general health. Sold by all druggists. See advt.

"Huhn-Palms." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. \$1. Druggists.

No opiates or drastic cathartics to be found in that peerless remedy, Samaritan Nerve. From Boulder, Col., Miss N. E. Wilder writes: "Samaritan Nerve cured me of epilepsy."

Camphor Milk cures aches and pains. 25c. Phoenix Pectoral cures cold and cough. 25c.

Catarrh

At this season of the year everybody has a cold, and some of the very bad ones. By frequent exposure, the sinuses of the nose become very sensitive, and catarrh or inflammation are apt to be excited, and may be obtained by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

For many years in succession, beginning so far back I cannot remember when I had the catarrh in my head, it consisted of an excessive flow from my nose.

Ringing and Bursting Noises in my head. Sometimes the hearing in my left ear was affected. Five years ago, about this season of the year, I began to use Hood's Sarsaparilla. It was helped right away, but I continued to use it until I felt much cured. Mrs. Eliza H. Canfield, Lowell, Mass.

Verme Brogan, merchant and extensive miller at Victor, Ontario county, N. Y., writes: "I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for my catarrh, and it has helped me to complete recovery. It is the best of the best remedy for blood-disease to be obtained."

100 Doses One Dollar. The remarkable results in a disease so universal, and with such a variety of characteristics as catarrh, prove the efficacy of Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the human system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, \$1. six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

They who work early and late the year round need occasionally the healthful and invigorating influence of a wholesome tonic like Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Its purity and efficiency in remedying and preventing all diseases connected with the stomach and bowels, and in relieving all the symptoms of indigestion, constipation, dyspepsia and biliousness, and in restoring the general health, are well known to all who have used it.

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

Prepared by J. C. Hostetter, Med. Ex., Philadelphia, Pa.

STOMACH BITTERS

ELLY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLIC, HEADACHE, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, SORE THROAT, RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, BURNS, SCALDS, SORE THROAT, RHEUMATISM.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

When applied by the finger into the nostrils will be absorbed,