A MOST GRAPHIC STORY.

It Is Taken Direct From Real Life.

A CHARMING NEW ENGLAND LADY TELLS HER EXPERIENCE BOTH ABROAD AND IN AMERICA.

The unwritten romances of life are more wonderful and far more interesting than the most vivid works of fiction. The one we are about to relate occurred in real life, and is both interesting and instructive.

Mrs. Jennie Ray formerly lived in Manchester, N. H. Her home was pleasant, her surroundings comfortable. In the year 1880 she visited England, and while in that country began to experience strange sensations. At first she attributed them to the change of climate, but they continued and increased, until finally, like many another woman, she became utterly discouraged.

It was while in this condition that Mrs. Ray returned to America and her home. Thousands of women who read this story can appreciate the condition in which Mrs. Ray then was, and sympathize with her suffering. Two prominent physicians were called and endeavored to do all in their power for her relief. In spite, however, of their skill Mrs. Ray grew weaker and more depressed, while the agony she endured seemed to increase. It was at this time that a noted physician who was called declared Mrs. Ray was suffering from cancer, said there was no help, and told her friends she could not live more than a week at the farthest.

And here comes the interesting part of the story, which we will endeavor to tell in Mrs. Ray's own words. She said:

"Unknown to all these physicians, I had been using a preparation of which I had heard much. I did not tell the physicians because I feared they would ridicule me, and perhaps order its discontinuance. During all the while that the physicians were attending me the preparation was steadily and faithfully doing its own work in its own way, and I had faith in its power. At last the doctor said there was no use of his coming, for he could do me no good. I had suffered so much that I was quite willing to die, but it seems I was nearer relief than I knew. One week from the day the doctor last called a false growth, as large as a coffee cup, and which looked as though it had been very large, left me. I sent for a doctor, and he declared it was a fibroid tumor, but said he had never known one to come away of itself before. I immediately began to gain health and strength and I unhesitatingly declare that my rescue from death was due to the marvelous effects of Warner's Safe Cure, which was the remedy I took unknown to the physicians, and which certainly rescued me from the grave. It is my firm belief that many ladies who are said to die of cancer of the womb are cases like mine, and if they could be induced to use Warner's Safe Cure they, like me, might be saved."

The above graphic account is perfectly true in every respect. Mrs. Jennie Ray is now living at 142 West 6th st., South Boston, Mass., and if any lady doubts the above statement she can address Mrs. Ray, who will gladly answer all questions or grant an interview of a confidential nature to any lady who may choose to call upon her. It is said that "truth is stranger than fiction," and when the thousands of suffering, helpless women who are upon the road which physicians say leads only to death, consider the story as above given there is reason for hope and joy, even although they may be now in the depths of despondency and misery. To such ladies the above truthful account is willingly given.

PERSONAL.

MISS ROSE HARTWICK THORPE, who wrote "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight," is living in California, and is busy on a history of Oregon.

MISS EMILY HEALY, of Washington, has invented a process for gilding china. Geo. Kunz, an authority in such matters, says that this particular way of applying gold to china is an entirely new art. Specimens of Miss Healy's work are shown at Tiffany's, in New York.

WILLIAM SEE, in 1589, invented the first knitting machine, called a knitting frame or stocking frame. He was refused a patent in England and went to France and established a factory at Rouen.

MISS JULIA DICKINSON, of Coldwater, died recently at the Bahama Islands, and among other generous bequests she gave $40,000 to Oberlin College, half for the endowment of the lady principalship, and half for physical culture training.

MISS BERTHA DOWNING has been for three years the successful teacher of a class in wood-carving at the New Jersey Training School and Home for the Feeble-Minded, at Vineland, and has lately added a class in carpentry. The work in wood-carving done by her class of sixteen feeble-minded boys and girls pays for all the expenses of the class.

MRS. ELLA W. PEATTIE, the writer of several successful short stories, is an Omaha newspaper woman.

DR. MITTIE HALEY, of Virginia, one of the nine women recently graduated by the Pennsylvania College of Dental Surgery, has been appointed resident dentist at the Williamson school.

MRS. ANN WALTER THOMAS, an English lady noted as a linguist, is said to be the best Welsh scholar living.

PALMER COX makes thousands of dollars each year from his popular Brownies."

MISS FLORENCE KOLLOCK has the honor of being one of seven sisters who has each a profession. Miss Kollock herself taught school for the past seventeen years in Englewood, near Chicago. She is now taking a well-earned holiday, and intends going abroad. She says that she has worked hard for her money, and now she intends to spend part of it in the way that will give her most pleasure.

THE net debt of the United States on March 2, according to the treasury statement, was $840,120,683.

AN EVIL thought is the mother of an evil deed.

"WHYTHEY TWINKLE."

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers, the poets say,
Agreed with one another,

To cheat the cunning tempter's art
And teach the race its duty,
By heeding on its wicked heart
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning—
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes outturning,
The flowers still watch from re doubling dawn
Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells,
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discovers—
The traitor's smile, the murderer's frown,
The lips of living lovers.

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And do what we do now,
We catch a few winks in the skies,
And so they wink for e er.

BARE BONES.

BY MRS. TALBOT COKE.

Reflections quite as pessimistic as those of an ancient writer—evidently of a dyspeptic turn—who says, "In later years my path seems strewn with bare bones, where once did lye faire fleshe," have little or no sympathy from me, but yet I think that few of us can reach what is poetically called the meridian of life without finding, *au contraire*, bare bones dressed up by centuries of habit and conventionalism to present a fair appearance. I hope I shall not be misunderstood if I say family affection is a good example of a bare bone! I do not mean dissension in actual home circle, that is too terrible a subject on which to touch thus lightly—but I must own that I really cannot see why we should be supposed, *ipso facto*, to be fonder of relations in the selection of whom we have had no choice whatever, than of the friend to whom we slowly but surely give our hearts, our trust, and confidence. Relationship in too many cases, means a cloak for so-called plain speaking, for unwelcome advice; it is a moral footstool on which a stunted soul may stand unreproved, and pry into the concerns and feelings of one with whom, perhaps, it has nothing in common; in short, your relations *may* be your nearest "and dearest," but it is a very bare bone to suppose they must be so.

A delightful instance of family frankness lately afforded me much amusement on the railway. Every time the train pulled up with its usual dislocating jerks, I heard some such sentence from one or other of my two fellow-travellers—acidulated-looking women of a certain age—as, "*Wasn't* that just like Maria?" or, "Of course, *you* know what Caroline always was!" and at last, just as I reached my destination, came a jubilant duet of "But we *all* know what Fred is!"

Poor Fred! as I climbed the steep stairs I pictured him, careless and happy-go-luck, *enfant perdu*, perhaps, of a self-righteous circle of relations; yet who shall say he had not more of the charity "which thinketh no evil" than those who thus sat in judgment on the family?

The giving of presents, too, often savors of "bare bones"—which after all, can be tolerably translated by the modern word, humbug—for, does a young woman of our acquaintance take a ticket in the lottery we call marriage, we rush helter-skelter to buy presents, and the larger the income of her *future* the more money, unreasonably shall we expend. But does an "old maid" friend lose her remaining parent and her quiet cosy home at one blow, and so perforce "set up for herself on a smaller income"? Few indeed are the friends who deem it an occasion for offering useful gifts. Again, with children, the only child of a rich relation will be loaded with costly toys, the price of even one of which would delight the impecunious family of another to whom fortune has been a niggard.

Mourning, again, is a very bare bone from a common sense point of view. We all know there is, to most women at any rate, a sort of sad satisfaction in it when one is really unhappy, yet does death rob you of one neither kith nor kin, yet near and dear, the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother," you would be dubbed "so queer," "so affected," and (if young and pretty) "so improper," did you even shut yourself up a while, much less put on mourning. But lose an aged relative, one you never saw—and only heard of as the terror and blight of his domestic circle—and the fear of what "they would say"—almighty they! thy sway over many minds is limitless—makes you pull down the blinds, people call to "inquire," mourning must be hurriedly bought, invitations refused, the while the bare bones merrily rattle.

"Fashionable" religion, charity, and sentiment are other chances for their display. Referring to the latter, I think even the well-known individual, gibbeted by the poet as "one who would peep and botanize upon his mother's grave," cannot compare with a "society woman," who told me, with the air, too, of one conferring a useful hint, that she "paid a well known florist so much a quarter to *always* keep fresh flowers on her "mother's grave." Sure if such tributes must be paid at all, it should be by loving hands, and with a heart aching with an ever-living sense of all one has lost of tender love, of ready sympathy, not by a careless hireling, probably cracking music hall jokes over the resting-place a *soi disant* mourners *pays* him to decorate.

A far more worthy tribute would be to dedicate the "quarterly sum" to those "in sorrow, need, sickness, or any kind of adversity."

The word adversity reminds me of another type of "bare bones" of which one hears the rattle when nine women out of ten attempt to add to their incomes by the use of such talent as they possess.

One cannot feel the smallest sympathy with the "decayed gentle-woman" of the time-worn story, who cried, "Muffins, muffins!" in almost a whisper, adding, "I *hope* nobody heard me." Whereas, had she bought the loudest bell she could, and invented a new cry which would bring everyone to their windows, one would admire her courage and energy.

But in too many a case in which one is asked to lend a helping hand, the applicant says her "relations object to her name being made public;" these presumably well-to-do relatives should really let their objections, where necessary, take the form of a small annual allowance.

The burning question of "Woman's rights" troubles me but little, not half as much as that of "Woman's wrongs," but I own I should like to see such weakness as this ultra-gentility replaced by a firm, yet quiet and feminine, sense of independence and self-reliance, and buried for ever in the grave of all such bare bones.

THE SECRET OF A LONG LIFE

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. She seems condensed sweetness and grace. You wonder how this has come about; you wonder how it is her life has been a long and happy one. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She understood the art of enjoyment.

She kept her nerves well in hand, and inflicted them on no one.

She believed in the goodness of her own daughters and in that of her neighbors.

She cultivated a good digestion.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant words.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She made whatever work came to her congenial.

She retained her illusions, and did not believe that all the world was wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable, and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She retained an even disposition, and made the best of everything.

She did whatever came to her cheerfully and well.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head, she is loved and considered.

This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.

ONLY A WOMAN'S HAIR.

I gaze upon a lock of golden hair,
But many other things I seem to see—
A Summer night, a figure tall and fair,
Two eyes of blue that speak of love to me,
Within the room the music lently peals,
Or faintly wails in sweetest, saddest tones,
The glamour of her presence o'er me steals:
Ah, that a face so fair could be so false!
I loved her, worshipped her with all my heart,
And never dreamed that she could prove untrue;
And when the day came that we had to part,
And I saw tears in her sweet eyes so blue,
I kissed them gently off, and breathed a vow
That I would day by day more worthy prove
Of one so good and noble. Ah, and now
I scorn myself that I believed her love.
One year has passed, only one little year,
To-night I saw her by another's side;
Another's tale of love she bent to hear,
Another asked her to become his bride.
And what is left to me? This lock of hair,
And bitterest, saddest memories of the past,
When life still seemed to me so bright and fair,
And I, poor fool! believed that love would last.

RECIPES.

MACARONI WITH EGGS.

Boil half a pound of macaroni in plenty of salted water for three quarters of an hour, then drain and mix with three hard boiled eggs chopped fine. Arrange in layers in a baking dish, sprinkling each layer with bits of butter, salt and pepper. Pour over all sufficient milk to thoroughly moisten it, and on top sprinkle half a cup of cracker crumbs which have been moistened in melted butter. Bake in a quick oven till brown.

MACARONI AU GRATIN.

This is made by using grated cheese instead of chopped eggs and bread crumbs. Half a cup of grated cheese will be sufficient. Parmesan cheese is always the best to use with macaroni, but if this cannot be obtained a good dish can be made from English dairy or American cheese.

BEAN SOUP.

Soak a pint of beans over night in three quarts of water. In the morning pour off this water and add three quarts of fresh water, and boil gently six hours; when done there would be about one quart. To this add a quart of good stock and rub the beans through a sieve. Cook together one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, then pour on it the hot bean liquid. Season this with a tablespoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, and a dash of cayenne. Simmer ten minutes and serve with slices of lemon and egg balls, the lemon to be put in the soup tureen with the soup.

EGG BALLS.

Boil four eggs till hard, drop them into cold water and when cold remove the yolks. Pound these in a mortar until reduced to a paste, then beat them with a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper and the white of one raw egg. Form in balls the size of a marble, roll them in flour and fry brown in butter, being careful not to burn them.

CABBAGE SALAD.

Boil the heart in salted water till tender, but not too soft. Drain well and set in a cool place or on ice, first pulling the leaves apart to see that no water remains within. Make a dressing of the raw yolk of an egg, a tablespoonful of salad oil, two tablespoonfuls of cream, two of vinegar, and a saltspoonful each of mustard, salt and pepper. Chop the cabbage and pour the mixture over it.

CAULI-FLOWER OMELET.

To the well beaten yolks of six eggs add one small cup of milk, and pepper and salt to the taste; then stir in carefully the whites which have been well beaten, and one cup of cauliflower cooked and chopped fine. Put a good spoonful of butter in the frying pan and when it is hot add the mixture; cook over a clear fire for ten minutes, after which roll one half upon the other; take carefully from the pan and serve at once.

SCALLOPED POTATOES.

Chop the desired quantity of cold boiled potatoes fine and place a layer of them in a baking dish, then a layer of bread crumbs. Season with pepper, salt, small bits of butter and dust over a little flour. Continue in this manner till the dish is full; the last layer should be of bread crumbs. Pour over it all enough sweet milk to thoroughly moisten the mixture. If liked a very little chopped onion may be added just enough to give it a flavor.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.

One cupful of butter, two cupfuls of sugar, two and a half cupfuls flour, five eggs, one cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little boiling water, and half a cake of grated chocolate. The chocolate should be put with a teaspoonful of vanilla into the mixture before the flour is stirred in. Beat thoroughly for ten minutes and bake it in four layers which should be put together with a soft icing made of one, cup of sugar, and three tablespoonfuls of water boiled together until it threads, then pour it slowly over the stiffly beaten whites of two eggs, stirring all the time. Flavor with any extract desired and spread while warm.

COFFEE CHARLOTTE RUSSE.

Sweeten and flavor a pint of sweet cream with strong coffee. Beat it stiff with an egg beater. Soak one tablespoonful of gelatine in the same amount of not water. The object of using the gelatine is to keep to whipped cream stiff. Add the gelatine and beat the cream until it is thick, keeping the bowl with the cream in a pan of ice. Cut the ends of lady fingers square across so they will stand up in the mold, leaving a little space between them. Pour the cream into the centre of the mold, trim the fingers evenly around the top so when the mould is turned out it will keep its shape. Set it away on the ice for an hour. Sponge cake can be cut in strips and used in place of the lady fingers.

BANANA FRITTERS.

Pare, split, and cut in two, six bananas; sprinkle the pieces with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the juice of an orange, and let them stand for an hour. Make a batter with the fruit juice, a small cup of flour, one egg, a little milk, and a teaspoonful of butter; dip and fry. The most delicious of dainties, have no attraction for the individual who has no appetite and suffers with dyspepsia. Ayer's Sarsaparilla improves the appetite and aids digestion.

AT Kinegan, Alaska, they receive only one mail a year.

"German Syrup"

Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP J. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

Kittie Fox
Of Fairhaven, Vt.

Salt Rheum Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

The following statement is from Mr. Wm. Fox, a painter for Williams Slate Mantel Works, Fair Haven, Vt.:

"When my daughter Kitty was about three years old a skin disease, eczema, appeared on her face. It would itch so badly the little child would

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We had seven or eight eight doctors, without the least shadow of benefit. One day a neighbor who had used Hood's Sarsaparilla suggested that we try it. When Kitty had taken half a bottle she was better, and when she had taken a bottle and a half, she was perfectly cured and there has been

No Sign of Salt Rheum

for almost four years. Her skin is now as fair and clear as any child's in the town. I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla also myself

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

and like it very much. I recommend it to my friends every chance I get."

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, do not cause pain or gripe.

EVERY MOTHER

Should Have It in The House.
Dropped on Sugar, Children Love to take.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT for Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, Cramps and Pains. Relieves all Summer Complaints. Outward Application unmade. Sold everywhere. Price 25c. by mail; 6 bottles express paid, $5. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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Rheumatism,

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Impaired digestion, gout, billious-headache, SWAMP-ROOT cures kidney difficulties, *La Grippe*, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

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"Economy!"

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"Can you saw wood?" asked the householder.

"Yes, sir," answered the tramp.

"Well, suppose you prove it."

"Certainly. Have you got half a dollar in yer clothes to pay the expenses of gittin' testimony and takin' affidavits?"

Mr. Eugene J. Haller, Editor of "Central Missouri," Boonville, Mo., writes: About a year ago I received from you five sample boxes of St. Bernard Vegetable Pills. Since then they have been used partly by myself, my family, and by my friends. They have given satisfaction in every instance, and are a mild and pleasant cathartic. The Pills are certainly what they are claimed to be.

MYSTERIOUS.

Dusty Rhodes—That Mrs. Dogood is a mighty mysterious critter. I asked her for a ham bone this morning and naturally expected to get a civil answer.

Fitz William—What did she say?

Dusty Rhodes—She told me to say nothing and saw wood.

The Pearl Typewriter.

The advertisement which appears in our columns this week is one of the best machines of its kind. It does the work of a high priced machine, and parties ordering can depend on its reliability

EVERYTHING NEEDFUL.

Old Grimes—Hullo, Bub, what ye doin' with that big dog?

Smart boy—Can't you see. I've got reins on him, an' a whip. I'm out drivin'.

Old Grimes—But ye hain't got no wagon

Smart boy—His tail is a waggin, ain't it?

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

Upon Benny's return from his first day at school his mother asked him if he had learned anything new at school.

"Yes'm," he replied confidently, "I learned the difference between a horldicular and a perpizontal line."

VERY LIKELY.

"Why do they have so many fine oil paintings in saloons nowadays?"

"Probably because water colors would be inappropriate."

TWO FEATURES OF ONE DAY.

Mrs. Newlywed—I do so enjoy a bright day. Now last Monday was a superb day.

Miss Spinn—It was—a perfect day for a walk or a drive.

Mrs. Newlywed—Yes; but I was thinking of the wash.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

HE DID.

Bride [just after the wedding]—Alfred, you promised to give me a surprise after we were married. Say, what is it?

Groom [a widower]—I've got six children, my pet.

Postmaster Foster of Lubec, Me., writes that after the Grip, Hood's Sarsaparilla brought him out of a feeble, nervous condition, into complete strength and health.

Hood's Pills have won high praise for their prompt and efficient yet easy action.

The moon is above all human follies and always looks down on lovers.

National Base Ball Schedule.

A very neat pocket schedule of the National League Ball games for 1892 has been issued by the proprietors of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment as one of their "Pleasure Series." The schedule is arranged after the plan of the New England League Schedule, published last year by the same firm, for which they own the copyright. It shows at a glance where each game for any day in the season is to be played. The price of this schedule is ten cents, and ought to be obtainable of any news dealer. If not, by courtesy of the publishers, I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, Mass., the readers of this paper can obtain a copy by enclosing five cents in stamps with their address in an envelope, directed to Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, Boston, Mass. Everybody will want one for daily reference.

A coal dealer can't be a musician. He can never learn to run the scales accurately.

If you will be truly happy keep your blood pure, your liver from growing torpid by by using Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box.

The most dangerous "charge of the light brigade" is that made by the gas office clerk.

For Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

When a man is "beside himself" he generally demonstrates that he doesn't like the company.

I. R. Branham, editor, Christian Index, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "I have used Bradycrotine with unfailing, prompt, decided relief for headache." All druggists, fifty cents.

Plenty of tall men are "short," loose men "tight," cold men "warm" and big men "small."

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

From the prescriptions of some physicians, it is evident that they have forgotten their boyhood.

Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. 831 Arch Street, Philad'a. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5, or druggist. 1000 certificates of cures. Try it.

"Will the coming man use both arms?" asks a scientist.

"Yes, if he can trust the girl to handle the reins."

The worst cases of female weakness readily yield to Dr. Swan's Pastiles. Samples free. Dr. Swan, Beaver Dam, Wis.

High water—The source of profit on milk.

HUMOROUS.

A WISE FATHER.

Mother-in-Law—"James, it's a positive cruelty to that child for you to keep it up till eleven o'clock!"

Son-in-Law—"Yes, mother, but it's positive cruelty for it to wake me up at four."

CRAGIN & CO., Philadelphia, Pa., will send postpaid, for two Dobbins' Electric Soap Wrappers and ten cents cash any volume of Surprise Series, 25 cent novels, about 200 pages each. Dobbins' Electric Soap is for sale by grocers everywhere. Send 1 cent for Catalogue. Best authors.

Mention this paper.

THE USUAL WAY.

Mudge—"You don't find me wasting my time trying to get even with my enemies."

Yabsley—"No, indeed. You are too busy trying to get ahead of your friends."

WILL IT BE PEACE OR WAR?

They are at it yet, hammer and tongs; so say the Fidelity Wall Paper Co. of 12 N. 11th St., Phila. While it lasts they will be in position to give the public a chance to buy cheap. Their embossed papers for ten cents are "world beaters." Send four two cent stamps for samples.

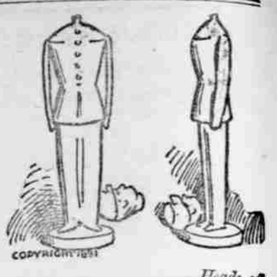
PERVERSITY.

Pater—"It's singular that whenever I want you to marry a man you object, and whenever I do not want you to marry one, you straightway insist on it."

Filia—"Yes; and whenever we are agreed the man objects."

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline's 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

The astronomer who has made a telescopic discovery is naturally proud of his good looks.



Heads of disease—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. In a way, that you can understand, too, by purifying the blood. When you're weak, dull and languid, or when blotches and eruptions appear—that's the time to take it, no matter what the season. It's easier to prevent than to have to cure.

For all diseases caused by a torpid liver or impure blood, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Scrofulous, Skin, or Scalp Diseases—even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula), in its earlier stages, the "Discovery" is the only remedy that's *guaranteed*. If it does'nt benefit or cure, you have your money back.

You pay only for the *good* you get.

The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy lose $500 if you're not cured of Catarrh. They promise to pay you that if they can't cure you. What do *you* lose by trying it?