

## "Actions of the Just Smell Sweet."

The fragrance of life is vigor and strength, neither of which can be found in a person whose blood is impure, and whose every breath speaks of internal troubles. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and makes the weak strong.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Never Disappoints

**Stole a Brick Pavement.**  
The charge of stealing a brick pavement was recently made against Patrick Devlin in a Philadelphia police court. It was charged that the pavement in front of a printing works, Taney street, above Pennsylvania avenue, was laid with new vitrified bricks. One of the members of the firm, passing the place about noon, noticed the new pavement. Two hours later he walked over the place again and there were no bricks there. He notified the police, who made a search and found Devlin laying the bricks in a yard on Swain street. When asked what he had to say Devlin replied: "Shure, your Honor, they've got the right man. I took them bricks."  
"Why did you do it?"  
"Faith, I needed the bricks for the job on Swain street. I saw them layin' there, and so just borrowed them. Was there any harm in that?"  
"I think so," replied the magistrate, and he was held for trial.—New York Sun.

## Mrs. Col. Richardson SAVED BY MRS. PINKHAM.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 73,861]  
"You have saved my life, snatched me from the brink of the grave almost, and I wish to thank you. About eighteen months ago I was a total wreck, physically. I had been troubled with leucorrhoea for some time, but had given hardly any attention to the trouble.  
"At last inflammation of the womb and ovaries resulted and then I suffered agonies, had to give up my profession (musician and piano player), was confined to my bed and life became a terrible cross. My husband summoned the best physicians, but their benefit was but temporary at best. I believe I should have contracted the morphine habit under their care, if my common sense had not intervened.  
"One day my husband noticed the advertisement of your remedies and immediately bought me a full trial. Soon the pain in my ovaries was gone. I am now well, strong and robust, walk, ride a wheel, and feel like a girl in her teens. I would not be without Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; it is like water of life to me. I am very grateful and sincerely your well-wisher, and I heartily recommend your remedies. I hope some poor creature may be helped to health by reading my story."  
—MRS. COL. E. P. RICHARDSON, RHINELANDER, WIS.

**A Rule About Pallbearers.**  
The only rule about pallbearers that I know, says Victor Smith, is that they shall in all cases be selected from among friends unconnected by blood with the family of the departed. The number is a matter of taste, and custom has made it even instead of odd. In certain communities the pallbearers actually carry the coffin, but in New York such an act would be regarded as plebeian by the aristocracy, who cling to the pall of black or purple, without, however, requiring the bearers to hold its corners and lassets.—New York Press.

**When a Clove Tree Bears.**  
A clove tree begins to bear at the age of about ten years, and continues until it reaches the age of seventy-five years. There are two crops a year, one in June and the other in December. Hot weather is favorable to the crop, although a little fog is said to improve the flavor.



**THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS**  
is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not grip or nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—  
**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

## COMMONPLACE.

Spreading on a bit of jam,  
Tying up a shoe,  
Setting straight the many things  
Baby hands undo.  
Coasting out a backward smile,  
Chasing back a tear,  
Praising childish courage,  
Stilling childish fear;  
Picking out a silver sharp,  
Putting in a stitch,  
Letting fall a drop of love  
Where life's cog-wheels hit;  
Binding on a breath of prayer,  
Smoothing out a strife—  
These acts oft repeated  
Make a mother's life.  
—By Bernie Babcock.

## THE Giant Clam.

A Story of the Philippines.

BY A. F. HOLT.

The villain in this true tale is the giant clam, also known by various other names—an enormous bivalve, often weighing twenty pounds, and living in a pair of shells that frequently measure four feet in length, and weigh four or five hundred pounds. Its succulent flesh would provide chowder for a good-sized boarding-house, and no conchological collection is considered complete without at least a pair of these gigantic valves, which are also useful as benitiers, baptismal fonts, fountain-basins, and even infants' bath-tubs.

This clam is found only in warm eastern seas; and particularly in the Philippines, where it is known as the taboabo, and eagerly sought by the native fishermen.

My second character is Sancho, a sturdy Visayan fisher youth, bright of eye and lithe of limb, who can swim or dive like a fish, and in his primitive pirogue, rudely fashioned from a log, can easily outpaddle or out sail any man in the fleet. There is no better fisherman in the Philippines, with line, net, or with the sharp-pronged trident spear.

Malay boys in general are about as fond of work as other boys, but Sancho was naturally industrious and ambitious; he knew not the taste of the stupefying buyo leaf, and cared nothing for cockfighting, the favorite Malayan amusement. Moreover, he was a prodigy of learning, for besides reading and writing a little, and mumbling paternosters, he could count to thirty without an error.

My third character is an American professor who will be found in a very disagreeable position when introduced later and more definitely.

Heavy responsibilities had rested on Sancho, since, at the age of 16, he found himself the principal support of his invalid father and his six little motherless brothers and sisters. Every day, in fair weather, he sailed alone in his pirogue with its bamboo outriggers, tripod mast, and curious mat sail, eager to take fish. Simply clad in shirt and trousers, with a huge bowl-shaped salacot or hat to shield him from the tropical sun, he toiled from dawn to dusk, visiting his weirs and traps, capturing small fry with the cumbersome casting-net, or spearing monster turtles as they basked lazily on the surface. The coral reefs yielded abundance of crabs, mollusks and edible seaweed, and he carefully searched the cliffs for the nests of the esculent swallow. Little that could be eaten or sold escaped the sharp eyes of Sancho.

One fine day, just at sunset, not long before Dewey smote Spain in Manila Bay, Sancho was returning from a most successful trip, his little boat laden with fish, and running before a strong breeze. Ordinarily this would have been an occasion for great rejoicing, but today there was sorrow in the heart of Sancho, for misfortune and disgrace had suddenly descended upon his household. His beloved father was a criminal. Not a robber—not a murderer; no, a thousand times worse, in the eyes of the Spanish authorities—he was a delinquent taxpayer!

The family had been suffering lately from a run of bad luck. First, rice-birds and weevils wrought havoc in the paddy-field, while hordes of flying-foxes feasted nightly on the fruit of the garden. Then came a terrific hurricane, unroofing the little nipa hut, stripping the banana plants, and leveling every stalk of sugar-cane. Fish was so abundant as to be almost unsalable in the market. To cap the climax a cunning thief had entered the hut at dead of night, and stolen the bamboo joint containing the hoarded silver—the tribute saved for the inexorable, the taxcollector.

Last week the cabeza, or collector—merciless because he himself was held responsible by the Spanish authorities for the taxes on some sixty families—with a squad of cuadrilleros, or bailiffs, had taken Sancho's father away to prison. On the morrow the sick man would be terribly flogged in the public square. Then his property would be confiscated and he would be deported to Zamboanga, there to work out his debt in the miserable chain-gang, or more likely to die of fever in the pestilential jungles.

From his bitter reflections Sancho was suddenly aroused by the wild cry of a human being in distress. As he listened, the sound was repeated again and again, coming faintly from the distance, but unmistakably a frantic appeal for help; and now the youth could discern, far shoreward, a dark, moving object on the surface of the sea. Toward this he promptly steered. It proved to be a man, standing erect upon a submerged reef, wildly waving his arms and bawling for help. Drawing nearer, Sancho recognized in that white-faced, wild-eyed man the American naturalist who had arrived on the last steamer from Manila. The

naturalist's headquarters were at the village tribunal, and he spent his time in wandering about the neighboring reefs in search of rare shells. Now the scientist, up to his shoulders in water, presented a sorry spectacle.

"Save me! save me!" he yelled.

"I'm caught by a big taboabo! Hurry, or you'll be too late!"

His Spanish was faulty, but Sancho caught the word taboabo. He needed no further explanation. The giant clam lies at the bottom of pools, often shallow, with its huge valves agape to admit food and air, and woe to the man who unwittingly places hand or foot within the gap. For the shell shuts instantly like a steel trap. Many a Malay fisherman, caught in that clutch, has perished wretchedly in the rising tide.

For more than two hours had the naturalist stood there, alternately shouting and praying as he watched the water steadily mounting higher and higher, but now he saw in brown-skinned Sancho a possible preserver, and despair gave way to hope.

"Courage, señor! I will save you!" the boy cheerily called, as he lowered the mast, and paddled his boat cautiously inshore until the buoyant outrigger was within the American's grasp. Overboard went the anchor—a curious combination of wood, stone and twisted rattan—and then Sancho snatched up a heavy, keen-edged knife.

"Hurry, my lad!" cried the naturalist, for the water was now quite up to his neck. "If there is no other way to save me, chop off my foot."

Sancho smiled reassuringly; he knew from experience just what to do. Then he dived and held himself at the bottom by clutching a spur of coral with one hand. With the keen blade in the other hand he vigorously slashed and sawed at the byssus, or cable, by which the giant clam cements itself to the rocks.

It was difficult work, and lack of air soon forced Sancho to the surface, but in a few seconds he was down again, hacking desperately at the tough cord. A wave broke over the naturalist's head, as he clung to the outrigger with both hands, and then the byssus yielded.

Up came Sancho with, "Now, señor, climb for your life!" and like a flash the boy dived under the canoe, bobbing up on the opposite side, and clinging to the edge of the craft to counterbalance the weight of the naturalist, who now began a desperate effort to drag himself into the boat.

The giant clam still clung obstinately to the American's rubber boot, but he had to lift only the creature's dead weight, and this in water a heavy load, however, to a man chilled and exhausted from long exposure; but inch by inch the American dragged his weary length along one of the beams connecting boat and outrigger, with an immense mollusk clinging to his left foot.

Finally, more dead than alive, he got his arms and shoulders over into the dugout.

Then Sancho, no longer fearing a capsizing, dived again, and began a vigorous assault on the hinge of the monster shell. Soon the grip of the great clam relaxed, and the American's foot was free.

"Save the clam—I want it!" he gasped, feebly; and then, after pulling his whole body aboard, he fell back in a dead faint upon a malodorous heap of fish, where he lay quite undisturbed, for Sancho was now fully occupied in saving his canoe. It was rapidly dragging anchor, and drifting dangerously close to the rock-bound coast.

Before long the dexterous youth had worked clear of the perilous reef, and was once more speeding for port, but it was not until the twinkling lights of the village showed close at hand that the naturalist recovered consciousness.

"Boy," said he, solemnly, "you have saved my life. What can I do for you?"

Sancho's answer came promptly. "O señor, save my poor father! That is all I ask," and bursting into tears he sobbed out the story of the family misfortune.

"Your father shall be free, my boy," the naturalist declared. "Fear not, tomorrow will witness his release."

And so it came to pass, for the American was quite able to pay the sum for which the Filipino was held in prison. His gratitude did not stop with the release of Sancho's father. He did not tell me the rest when he related the history of the gigantic pair of taboabo shells that form a part of his matchless collection. A man's wife, however, privileged to speak of his good deeds. Sancho, fisher-boy, was sent to school through his benefactor's generosity.

## Battle Tunes.

One of the pluckiest of war correspondents is James Creelman, who was wounded at El Caney in the last charge. He gives a curious account in the Cosmopolitan Magazine of how certain tunes haunted him in each battle. He says:

"In every battle that I go through I somehow get a melody in my head, and hum it to the end of the action. I suppose it is the result of nervous excitement. All through the battle and massacre of Port Arthur, in the Japanese war, I hummed an air from Mendelssohn's 'Springtime,' and during the shell-fire I found myself actually shrieking it.

"When I started in the charge at Fort Caney I began to hum 'Rock of Ages,' and I couldn't get rid of the tune, even when I was lying among the dying of Chaffee's brigade in the hospital camp. I remember that when General Chaffee bent over me, after I had been shot, and asked me how I was, I couldn't answer until I had finished, in my mind, one phrase of 'Rock of Ages.'"

## FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT.

### Detachable Coat Revers.

The woman who possesses a tailor made gown can now enjoy all the pleasure that comes from variety in embellishment, by means of the detachable coat facing, which is adaptable to all kinds of material. Jaunty blue serge revers are made up with as many as three sets of facings—one of white pique, one of dotted figured pique and one of brown linen. These are made to flare over the coats and to fasten by invisible buttons to the lining.

### Women's Hands Are Getting Larger.

Women's hands are growing larger. Golfing, basketball, driving, rowing and all the list of fashionable sports have done their work in spreading the hand, to say nothing of roughening and reddening it. Dealers say that they import far more gloves of a larger size for women than formerly, and that they have to get rid of their small gloves at bargain sales. The fashion of going without gloves except in winter has made a perceptible inroad upon the trade. In the country and at the seashore gloves are eschewed almost completely, and even in town one frequently sees fashionable women with ungloved hands. An artist says that not only the complexion and texture of the skin have changed with the development of athletics and outdoor life, but that women's hands are losing their shapeliness for the same reasons.—New York Press.

### Two Veils the Vogue.

In her fashion article "Gossip of a New York Girl," Edith Lawrence writes, in the Ladies' Home Journal, that "English women wear a spotted veil and an outside chiffon veil, which are fastened together at the top and are put on the hat with a rosette in front, and one at the back also where they join. The rosettes are sewed on the veils. The under veil is worn closer over the face than the outer one, which hangs quite loose behind. A small rosette fastens the under veil at the back of the head. Another charming idea in the way of veils (also from England) I am trying and am wearing the veil out on the piazza on windy days with great effect. It is simply a piece of chiffon or tulle, of any color you choose—mine is white—gathered over the face and caught on the top of the head. Here comes the pretty part. The ends of the strip of chiffon are spangled and beaded, and a bow and ends made of them, which you pin right on the top of the head, a little to one side, with a jeweled hatpin of some kind which keeps it in place and acts as an ornament."

### A Clever Woman Architect.

The Woman's Building at the State fair in Springfield was designed by a Chicago woman, Mrs. Frank R. Fuller, formerly Miss Laura Hayes. The structure cost \$9000, and its construction was in charge of a committee of three, appointed by Governor Tanner. The committee is composed of Mrs. Richard J. Oglesby of Elkhart; Mrs. Joseph W. Fifer of Bloomington, and Mrs. N. B. Wiggins of Springfield. The committee, wishing to secure plans drawn by a woman, and knowing Mrs. Fuller had had experience with exposition work which would make her ideas valuable with regard to the practical details of the interior, elected her to do the work.

Mrs. Fuller, the architect, is a young and attractive woman. She was born in Chicago and is a daughter of the late S. S. Hayes. Mrs. Fuller received her first experience as an architect a short time before the World's fair, when she was awarded the third prize in a competition for the design for the Woman's building for the Columbian exposition. She was for a time, prior to her marriage to Frank R. Fuller, private secretary to Mrs. Potter Palmer.—Chicago Times-Herald.

### A Wedding Present Worth Having.

A unique present for a bride is a chest of linen. The gift comes from the bridesmaids, and each bit of embroidery is supposed to be the work of the fair maids who accompany the bride to the altar. The chest is of fine polished oak, fitted with compartment trays. The store of linen includes four sheets and pillow cases of fine linen, hemstitched, and with the bride's initials in small letters on one side, below the hem; a very beautiful tablecloth and a dozen serviettes, also a number of fancy tray cloths and doyleys are part of the "linen shower." Each article bears the monogram of the bride, and sprigs of lavender are laid between the folds, tissue paper being used to fold up each piece, which is then tied with white ribbons. The cards of the givers are tied together with a bow of white ribbon, to which is attached a spray of orange blossoms.

A fortunate bride who received one of these chests said she did not wish to be ungrateful to those kindly persons who overwhelmed her with salt cellars, pickle forks and bon-bon spoons, but she liked her linen chest better than any other gift that she received. She said it was the only gift she received that conveyed any housewifely sentiment. It seemed to imply that she was a woman rather than a butterfly. The spindle-legged chairs, framed water colors, gorgeous lamp shades and bewildering sofa pillows seemed gaudy and showy, useless and frivolous beside this chest of useful, homely, exquisitely fine linen.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### Habits of Speech.

"Why do educated parents allow their children to contract habits of ungrammatical speech that will have to be

conquered in after life?" asked a spinster of a mother.

"Because they hate to worry the poor little things about such matters when they are young and should be care free. It seems cruel to be all the time correcting them and keeping them on their good behavior. They will have to learn the rules of our dreadful language all too soon as it is."

"Yes," said the spinster, "and in addition to learning to speak properly they will have to unlearn the tricks of speech in which they have been allowed to indulge all their little lives. I know," laughing, "that there is much ridicule of 'old maids' children,' but I believe that my theory in this case is correct. It is a positive unkindness to let your child double his negatives and say 'ain't,' when several years from now he will be harshly reproved for such lapses. The child must learn to talk anyway, and is it not as easy to teach him to say 'It is I,' as 'It's me?' And is it not as simple for the little tongue to slip 'I saw it,' as 'I seen it?' I love baby talk and should not correct a child for his mispronunciation of hard words. As he grows older he will himself see his mistakes in that line and change them. But I insist that it is a parent's duty to make the difficult path to grammatical speech as easy as possible by never allowing the little ones to stray from it in the beginning."—Harper's Bazar.

### Care of the Hair.

If a woman wants to have beautiful hair she should take care of the scalp. Unless it is kept perfectly clean and in a healthy condition the hair will not grow. In summer the head should be washed often if it is at all inclined to be oily.

The hair in a healthy scalp grows at least eight or ten inches a year. It grows faster in summer than in winter, and it will stretch in wet weather, and shrink in dry weather, which accounts for artificially curled hair coming out of curl in the rain or moist air.

When using curling irons one should supply the follicles with extra nourishment in the way of a brilliantine to make up for what the heat abstracts.

The following recipe is non-greasy and good: Lavender water, 1 oz.; glycerine, 1 oz.; clarified honey, 2 oz.; rectified spirits, 4 oz.

First mix the honey and glycerine together, then add the lavender water or eau-de-cologne and last of all the spirits.

This second recipe is intended to give a more or less glossy appearance to the hair, as well as to strengthen it: Castor oil, 2 drms.; rectified spirits, 5 oz.; attar of roses to perfume, tincture of cochineal, 2 drms.

The best way to use this is to put a few drops on the palm of the hand and rub it over the bristles of a hairbrush.

All greasy preparations tend to darken the hair. Constant brushing will also do it. The white of an egg, so often advised, will darken blonde, auburn or chestnut hair. Borax, an even teaspoon to a cup of warm water, used once a month, is the best wash for light hair. The day after the application rinse first in warm water, then in cold water, and dry in the sun, if possible. Borax will tinge the hair yellow and should never be used for gray hair. A few drops of indigo in the rinsing water gives gray hair that clean silver appearance and will not injure the hair.—New York Tribune.

### Novelties Seen in the Shops.

Quill-trimmed straw hats in a broad variety of shapes. Broad assortments of sash ribbons with or without fringed edges.

Broad-brimmed hats for small girls, showing lace, ribbon and ostrich tips. Many bar and other forms of pins for the hair set with semi-precious stones.

Fans of lace and chiffon having a narrow fringe of lace extending down each fold.

Medium-sized hats composed of tulle, ostrich, lace in abundance and richly jeweled ornaments.

Directoire hats of biscuit colored straw with small flowers arranged under the brim and tall strings.

White and yellow chip hats showing a profusion of full-blown roses and malines in white and light shades, with and without long maline strings to tie beneath the chin.—Dry Goods Economist.

### Patience and Practice.

A clever young physician here, who, like so many of his brethren everywhere, has had a weary time trying to build up a practice, nevertheless meets his hard fortune with smiling gayety, says the San Francisco News Letter. Like Warren Hastings, his motto is "Nitor in adversum."

In company with a friend he had occasion the other day to go into the Hibernia bank, where, owing to the throng of customers, he could not get his business transacted at once. After considerable delay, his companion, a nervous little man, complained irritably of the inconvenience to which they were subjected.

"Doesn't this put you out of patience, Doc?" he asked.

"My dear sir," returned the medico gayly, "to be out of patients is my chronic condition. I haven't had one for a week."

### A Mother's Tragic Discovery.

An old woman from Tasmania, sauntering through the chamber of horrors at Melbourne wax-works, recognized the figure of a banded murderer (George Chamberlain) as that of her long-lost son. Up to then, the poor old woman had been hoping that her offspring would turn up at any time with an affectionate greeting and a big bag of money for mother.—Sydney (Australia) Bulletin.

## One Way to Write Stories.

"I used to know a man," said a New Orleans bohemian, "who made a living writing stories of travel for boys. He had never been out of Missouri in his life, but he was famous for the graphic fidelity of his description of foreign lands. His reference library consisted of exactly three works, an encyclopedia, a set of United States consular reports, covering four or five years, and a copy of Wood's Natural History. If the scene of the story was to be laid, for instance, in Borneo, he would begin by reading the Borneo article in the encyclopedia; then he would turn to the consular reports and look up all the odd and interesting matter he could find touch upon that particular island, and finally he would get a description of its animals from Wood's. He wrote at an old table on which was glued a map of the world, covered with a sheet of glass. This was constantly before his eyes, so he couldn't go astray on geography, and as I said before, his descriptions were marvels of accuracy. He would draw a better and far more realistic pen picture of foreign countries than travelers themselves. People thought that he had been a great globe trotter, and crazy as it sounds, I believe he actually got to thinking so himself. The last time I saw him he talked about Afghanistan in the easy, off-hand vein of a personal observer. If I hadn't happened to know that he had been living in St. Louis all his life I would have sworn he had been there."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot Ease. A powder to shake into your shoes; rests the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Ingrowing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cts. Sample mailed FREE. Adrs. Allen S. Olmsted, Lenoir, N. Y.

Russia adds 280,000 conscripts to her army every year.

**Beauty Is Blood Deep.**  
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin today to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Lions and tigers are too weak in lung power to run more than half a mile.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Asphalt is being superseded in Paris and London by wooden pavements.

Rev. H. P. Carson, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Three thousand marriages are performed every day all over the world.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

The Monadnock block, Chicago, is said to have a daily population of 6000.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

In the rock of Gibraltar there are seventy miles of tunnels.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. E. HARRY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1891.

British India now has 140 colleges and 17,000 students.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

For more than five years there has been a scarcity of rain in Arabia.

## Does Your Head Ache?

Are your nerves weak? Can't you sleep well? Pain in your back? Lack energy? Appetite poor? Digestion bad? Boils or pimples? These are sure signs of poisoning.

From what poisons? From poisons that are always found in constipated bowels.

If the contents of the bowels are not removed from the body each day, as nature intended, these poisonous substances are sure to be absorbed into the blood, always causing suffering and frequently causing severe disease.

There is a common sense cure.

# AYER'S PILLS

They daily insure an easy and natural movement of the bowels. You will find that the use of

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

with the pills will hasten recovery. It cleanses the blood from all impurities and is a great tonic to the nerves.

Write the Doctor. Our Medical Department has one of the most eminent physicians in the United States. Tell the doctor just how you are suffering. You will receive the best medical advice without cost.—DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.