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Great Britain buys more than 20,000 boxes in the United States every year.

### "You Never Miss the Water Till the Well Runs Dry."

We never realize the value of health until it is gone. When old time strength and vigor are wanting, purify the blood by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla; soon restored appetite, perfect digestion, steady nerves and even temper will prove it is bringing back the glow of perfect health.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Andrew White and Mark Twain.

A new story of Andrew J. White, Ambassador to Berlin, and Mark Twain has just reached this side. The humorist's aversion to the German language is well known. His diatribe against it is a classic. Now Mr. White, while an excellent German scholar, speaks the language with a noticeable accent. The story hinges on these points. It was at a reception, and Mr. White partly in sport, confined his conversation with the author wholly to German.

"I am glad to see," interrupted the novelist, "that you appreciate German."

"I did until I read your abusive article upon the subject," remarked the Ambassador. "I am now thinking of returning to English."

"How grateful the Germans must be," was the reply.—Philadelphia Post.

### A Letter to Mrs. Pinkham Brought Health to Mrs. Archembo.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 43,393]

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—For two years I felt tired and so weak and dizzy that some days I could hardly get around the house. Backache and head ache all the time and my food would not digest and had such pains in the womb and troubled with leucorrhoea and kidneys were affected.

"After birth of each child I grew weaker, and hearing so much of the good you had done, I wrote to you and have taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, one box of Lozenges, one box of Liver Pills one package of Sanative Wash, and to day I am feeling as well as I ever did. When I get up in the morning I feel as fresh as I did when a girl and eat and sleep well and do all of my work. I ever I feel weak again shall know where to get my strength. I know your medicine cured me."—MRS. SALINE ARCHAMBO, CHARLEMONT, MASS.

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparalleled; for year after year she has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letters as many as a hundred thousand ailing women a year. All women who suffer are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice, which will be promptly given without charge.

### The Small Boy Philosophizes.

"It's a funny world," said the small boy.

"How so?" inquired the man next door.

"Well," said the boy, "you know our folks let on that they were going to the seashore for a week or two? Everybody else in the street had gone somewhere, so there wasn't much risk in saying they were going and then staying home. They couldn't trust me; they knew I'd be out and around the neighborhood giving the snag away, and so they sent me out in the country to Uncle Jim's. When their seaside trip was over they just opened up the front of the house and sent for me to come home. The night after I got there Mr. Bunker came around to call on sister, and they were sitting on the porch and I was in the hammock. Pretty soon Mr. Bunker looks hard at sister and says:

"What a lovely coat of seaside tan you have, Miss Ethel. Nature evidently laid it on with a charmingly even hand."

"Why, blame nature? I yelled from the hammock. 'Sister laid it on herself with a muclage brush.'

"You should have heard sister screech! I wouldn't have told on her, but the mean old thing said I couldn't take her bike when I had a busted tire."

"And what was the result?" asked the man next door.

"The result," replied the boy with another deep-drawn sigh, "the result was that I got a tanning that wouldn't wash off."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### UTILITY.

Don't be waiting till the sorrow All has passed away. Don't be waiting till tomorrow, Smile a bit today. When the clouds all dull and dreary Hang about the earth, It is when a greeting cheery Counts for what it's worth.

When the blossom tints are blending 'Neath a radiant sky; When sweet harmonies ascending Great each passer-by, When the whole world is beguiling Men to humors good, It's no credit to be smiling— Anybody could.

### CROOK-NECK SQUASH

PATTERN

AN ELOQUENT LESSON FOR HUSBANDS AND FATHERS.

BY HARRIET CARYL COX.

The last of the load had been bundled onto the wagon and little Jed stood holding the horse, which was a bit impatient.

"You won't forget, will you, father? We really ain't got nothing to our backs, and it's a disgrace. I've made over till there ain't anything left to make over, and I ain't got nothing but what I've got on, 'cept my black dress, and the girls are all worse off yet. And Susie hasn't been to Sunday school for three Sundays 'cause she don't look decent, and her teacher's been here inquiring. It's kind o' mortifying."

Mrs. Hollis' voice was full of apology as she accompanied her husband down the gravel walk. He scowled but made no reply as he took the reins from Jed and sprang into the wagon.

"You must get something for the girls, anyhow," his wife's voice insisted as he drove away.

He gave the lines a yank. It was exasperating to have to be bothered with women and their fixings. He didn't see why they didn't look well enough. Of course they weren't dressed expensive—it wasn't proper that farmers' families should be—but there wasn't any need of making such a fuss.

The Sunday school teacher had been there? He remembered her. She always smiled at him and made him wonder to himself if he were such a ball-looking chap after all.

Well, perhaps he had better get something for Susie. This last crop was an extra heavy one and he had made a good deal out of it, and so he might as well be generous and get all his wife asked for. There was nothing stingy about him. No, sir.

He smiled complacently as he drove into the village.

"You can't say but what I've done the handsome thing by you this time," Mr. Hollis remarked proudly to his wife, as he threw down a heavy bundle at her feet and watched her as she knelt down to open it.

Her eyes glowed as one knot after another gave way. It was a long time since she had undone a store bundle. She did not want to be in too much hurry after wanting it so bad. Her husband's voice was a bit aggressive. She hastily slipped off the string and pulled off the wrapper.

The children crowded around her. "Isn't that fine enough to suit you?"

Mr. Hollis chuckled exultantly as he leaned over and catching hold of an end unrolled yards and yards of stout cotton. It was a bright yellow ground with a black figure running over it.

"Latest pattern," he exclaimed with pride. "The girl called it palm-leaf, but I told her 'twas crook-necked squashes or I was no farmer. So I bought the whole piece. Thought I might just as well, and I got a good bit knocked off."

"Don't you like it, eh?" abruptly, glancing at the downcast face of his wife. "It was dreadful economical, you see, 'cause when one dress begins to wear out you can mend it with another and so keep things going pretty well. And there won't nobody else have anything like it, 'cause that is all there is."

"Great scheme, that."

He chuckled again hoarsely to himself as he stamped away. She didn't seem a bit grateful. It was provoking.

The following Sunday the entire Hollis family appeared in church.

Mr. Hollis had gone early that he might see a neighbor about having the next morning, and he stood with a group of men and boys about the church door. He was suddenly conscious that the men were losing interest in his account of a certain sharp transaction whereby he had been the gainer.

He turned. His family was entering the church. Mrs. Hollis and the four girls led the way. They all wore their new dresses. They were made exactly alike. The three boys followed.

A soft laugh floated across the vestibule as they passed into the church. "All off one piece," a woman's voice whispered. "Don't they look too much like a charitable institution?"

There was a chorus of giggles. Mr. Hollis strode into the church and glanced hastily at the boys. They were just settling themselves into the family pew. There was no crook-neck squashed pattern visible on them. He breathed a sigh of relief as he walked up the aisle.

The sermon was unusually dry that morning. Or possibly Mr. Hollis' mind was not upon it. Almost unconsciously from the corner of his eye he could see the five figures in their yellow gowns. Ella's was becoming. It just suited her dark hair and red cheeks, but poor Susie looked sick

and thin. He had never before noticed how peaked the child was. It must be she was not well. His heart hardened with indignation at his wife for not telling him. A man ought to know about his family. If she needed a doctor he guessed he could afford to have one. He wasn't a poor man. He never begrudged his family anything!

He glanced at Sarah. She was the oldest. Her eyes were downcast and her cheeks a vivid red. Mrs. Hollis was looking at the minister. Little Bessie had fallen asleep and her yellow shoulders rested in Ella's yellow lap.

His eyes wandered beyond to the other women in the congregation. There were the summer boarders in all sorts of light, fluffy things, and the farmers' daughters in white or blue or pink, or even black. He never noticed until now how nice a woman looked in black. He must buy his wife a black dress next time he went to town. She didn't need it, of course, but it was just as well sometimes to give women folk things they didn't need. It humored them. She used to be a very pretty woman, but somehow today she looked terribly old and faded.

He wouldn't forget. The next day the yellow dresses appeared again. So on for a week.

One morning Mrs. Hollis explained. "I hope you won't think I'm extravagant a-wearing our new clothes all the time," she ventured. "But really we ain't got anything else. We'd just got reduced to rags, and them I had to take for cleaning cloths just as fast as I got the dresses done."

"There was enough for two dresses apiece for the girls, so they have some a little mite more fancy for Sunday wear. It seems to be real good-wearing stuff, and I guess it won't fade much."

Her voice seemed far away. He was staring hard at his plate. It seemed to have a running pattern of crook-neck squashes.

Mr. Hollis did not attend church next Sunday. He pleaded a sick horse for excuse and retired to the barn, from whose cobwebbed window he saw the family depart, all save Sarah—she had refused to go. The laugh of the girl last Sunday echoed in his ears and he shut his teeth hard.

"It's good-wearing stuff," he muttered to himself as he vindictively kicked a keg.

The third Sunday Mr. Hollis had business out of town.

"I really can't attend to it any other time," he explained to his wife.

She, Bessie and the boys attended church. They were all at supper when he returned, and he took his place quickly at the table.

Suddenly his eyes rested on Jed. He seemed to see something familiar. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. It was a blouse covered with the palm-leaf pattern.

His knife and fork fell with a thud. "Go and take that thing off," he commanded, in thundering tones.

Jed looked scared and half arose. Then he looked helplessly at his mother.

"He hasn't got any other," she whispered in an awed voice. "He spoiled his only other one yesterday when he got caught on some nails, and I couldn't mend in nohow. I sat up late to make this out of a breadth from Sarah's dress. Her's got terribly burned somehow."

There was a short silence. Jed stood holding on to his chair uncertainly, Sarah looked at her plate, Bessie's blue eyes peered startled over the rim of her mug.

Mr. Hollis moved uneasily. He opened his mouth to speak. Then he shut it again, took up his cup and drank a long swallow of tea.

"I wish," he said, speaking in a loud voice and looking past his wife out of the window beyond—"I wish you would take all that stuff away and never let me see a mite of it again. I'm sick of it."

"They are good-wearing dresses," she began. "It seems a waste—"

Her husband brought his fist down so that the dishes rattled.

"Waste be hanged!" he shouted. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out a roll of bills. These he shoved across the table to his wife. "I'll hitch up in the morning and you can drive over and get what you want," he said, as he pushed back his chair and started for the door.

"I s'pose I can use it up in dusters," his wife ruminated to herself.

"No!" The command came swift and stern from the doorway.

"No dusters, no—no nothing. I'm sick to death of crook-neck squashes."

He slammed the door behind him and bolted through the shed. In his haste he upset a barrel. Out from it rolled the torn, cut and burned remains of Sarah's dress.

"I don't blame her one mite," he chuckled as he vindictively kicked it into a dark corner and sent an old boot flying after it.

"Elaine the pattern.—Chicago Record.

Her Accounts Balanced.

A young husband finding that his pretty but extravagant wife was considerably exceeding their income, brought her home one evening a neat little account book, finely bound, and looking very attractive. This he presented to her, together with \$100.

"Now, my dear," he said. "I want you to put down what I give you on this side, and on the other write down the way it goes, and in a fortnight I will give you another supply."

A couple of weeks later he asked for the book.

"Oh, I have kept the account all right," said his wife, producing the little leather volume. "See, here it is," and on one page was inscribed: "Received of Algy \$100," and on the one opposite, the comprehensive little summary: "Spent it all."—Pittsburg Bulletin.

### FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

#### Clover Hay for Sheep.

Well-cured clover hay is the best possible rough feed for sheep. Great care must be exercised in curing it. One ton of bright, green, clover hay is worth two or three of poorly cured and dusty.

#### Club Root of Turnips.

A good deal of difficulty is experienced in some parts of the country with club root of turnips. Investigations at the New Jersey station indicate that the most efficient method of prevention is to use unslaked lime or gas lime on the land to be sown to turnips. It was shown that the fungus of club root could remain active in the soil for at least two years, and that manure is a means of carrying infection to the soil. Cabbage grown on "chubby" land was seriously infected with the disease. It was also found that a number of plants allied to the turnip were liable to be infected with club root. Of these charlock, or wild mustard, and white mustard were the most susceptible to the fungus.

#### Germs in Butter.

That milk can readily convey the germs of disease that have gotten into it is now generally recognized as well as scientifically demonstrated. More than one instance of the spread of typhoid fever has been traced to milk from a dairy or peddler in whose family the disease existed. In some of these cases, the manner in which the germ got into the milk has been quite clearly traced. It is now evident that if the cream of such milk be made into butter, the butter may also carry the typhoid bacilli. Bolley and Field at the North Dakota station have shown that these germs may remain in active virulent condition for at least ten days. They also say, "We are inclined to think that under many conditions butter could be dangerously infected by typhoid for a much longer period, especially butter containing a large percentage of buttermilk." The possibility of danger on this score is often exaggerated, but it is well to know the fact.

#### Suggestions for Poultry Keepers.

Those who keep their poultry confined in small yards and have not much space to grow grass or other green food for them, can utilize small spots by setting out a few cabbage stumps or turnips if they have such. They will quickly sprout and throw out leaves that hens and chickens will eat greedily if they are allowed to go to them, or if the leaves are picked off and put in the yards. A bed of lettuce makes a good amount of feed for them, and there is nothing which they like much better. We suppose rape would also make a good green food easily grown.

Another suggestion we saw a few years ago, which we thought a good one, was to make gratings of laths nailed on strips of joists, and after sowing oats in the yard cover it up with those gratings. This keeps the fowl from scratching up the seed, the oats soon sprout, and as they come up above the gratings the hens will pick off the leaves, and yet they cannot graze it down enough to kill it off. The one who suggested this claimed that the oats would continue to grow for weeks in an effort to get large enough to make a head. Possibly a wire netting with mesh that the hens could not put their feet through would do equally well. The grating should be three or four inches from the ground, and the seed oats put in deep enough not to pull up when they try to pick it up. Certainly the hens and chickens need green food and they soon clear out the grass in small yards.—The Cultivator.

#### Kindness in the Dairy.

After living for nearly half a century upon dairy farms, one may perhaps be excused from the charge of being egotistical, if certain conclusions are arrived at with a good deal of confidence.

Along this line we have learned that the exercise of kindness in the management of the dairy cow should be made one of the rules without an exception. We say dairy cow in distinction from the family cow, admitting that there may be individual cases in which violence to the animal will result in submission and good behavior. But if such cases exist at all they are certainly very rare.

We speak, as intimated before, from long experience. And we would add some blush to tell how we have used stails, shovels, clubs, and, in fact, anything available, even to a pitchfork, in our determination to rule the unruly cow. This was in the long ago.

When about twenty-two years of age we went in debt for quite an amount for a dairy farm and so it became necessary for us to study every phase of the dairy business with the utmost care. About this time we had the good fortune to have two object lessons brought to our attention—one by a neighbor of the violent "rule or ruin" kind, who kept a raw-hide constantly at hand, and whose cows were so terrified by the approach of a man that some of them were quite sure to kick at any one who attempted to pass through the stable behind them; the other by an old dairyman who stabled thirty cows night and morning and who proceeded to milk them with seemingly as little thought of danger from their heels as he would have done had they been fastened to the floor.

He explained to us the secret of it all in a very few words. He never corrected his cows for any thing. He

did not even speak to them when sitting down to milk, and if a cow for any reason whatever became habitually disagreeable she was sent to the block and not allowed to disturb the peace of the entire dairy. His counsel has, I am confident, been worth hundreds of dollars to the writer. The kicker is and has been for many years an unknown quantity in our dairy of twenty-four cows.

We do not mean by this that when for any reason milking causes pain our cows stand just as quietly as if all was well. But we do mean to say that they do not know what fear is when their heads are fast in the stanchions. Loose cows do not hook them, for hours with us are out of fashion.

They are not whipped or ever scolded when they warn us that "it hurts," but we simply study the cause and its cure and are just as good friends as ever.—E. B. James in Farm, Field and Fireside.

#### Modern Way of Making Bordeaux Mixture.

For two or three seasons the experiment station of Cornell university has been trying to discover the best method of making bordeaux mixture. In Bulletin 156, this station gives directions which are simple and very efficacious: Into a barrel of water suspend a gunny sack or other porous bag, containing two pounds of copper sulphate (blue vitriol) for every gallon of water in the barrel. If this is suspended near the surface of the water at night it will be in solution by morning and ready for use. Into a water-tight box or other open receptacle place some freshly burned caustic lime, the amount to be determined somewhat by the amount of spraying to be done, but from forty to fifty pounds of lime can be slaked at one time. Add sufficient water to thoroughly slake all the lime and keep well stirred so that the water may come in contact with all particles. This thorough stirring is important.

After the lime is all slaked, cover with water and it is then ready for use and may be kept for any length of time desired if it is always kept covered with water. Ferrocyanide of potassium may be purchased from the drug store, and comes as a solid. One ounce of this dissolved in one ounce of water will be sufficient for testing many barrels of the bordeaux mixture. When it is desired to begin spraying, there should be provided two empty barrels. Into one barrel dip three gallons of the copper sulphate solution after it has been thoroughly stirred. This will provide the six pounds of copper sulphate in case two pounds were dissolved per gallon of water and will be sufficient for making one barrel or forty-five gallons bordeaux mixture. Dilute the three gallons with ten or more gallons of water.

From the lime box dip from five to ten pounds slaked lime into the empty barrel. Add water and stir thoroughly until the milk of lime is produced, after which dilute with some ten gallons more of water. Pour the milk of lime thus diluted through a sieve into the dilute copper sulphate solution. The quantity of lime to be added to the copper sulphate is to be determined by the ferrocyanide of potassium test. After adding a small amount of the milk of lime to the copper sulphate solution, add to the mixture a drop of ferrocyanide of potassium. If a brick red color is produced where the drop strikes, it indicates that more lime is needed. Continue adding the milk of lime until no reddish color will be produced when the ferrocyanide of potassium is used. A few trials will enable one to judge very accurately as to the amount of lime required. A little surplus lime will do no harm.

If paris green is to be used it should now be added. Take four ounces of paris green and place it in a dish and add water just sufficient to make a paste, stir thoroughly until a homogeneous mixture is formed. Pour this paste into the mixture of lime and copper sulphate and stir vigorously. Pour the lime and copper sulphate mixture into the spray barrel, which should have a capacity of forty-five to fifty gallons, and fill the barrel with water. If there is no agitator in connection with the pump, the mixture should be frequently stirred while being applied.

#### Agricultural Brevities.

Probably the best fall feed for sheep consists of rape and turnips.

Celery requires a great deal of water and should be irrigated frequently.

Irrigation may easily be overdone, particularly after the field has been under water for several years.

Clover can frequently be grown with some kinds of small grain without lessening the yield of the nurse crop, but this is not always the case.

The plum sphinx, when abundant, may be controlled by spraying with paris green. Hand picking will ordinarily keep these insects in check.

Fall plowing, when the land is not liable to destructive washing, is the best method of conserving the moisture which falls during the fall and winter months.

Never leave empty hives standing out in the hot sun in which you wish to have swarms. Keep them under a tree or in the cellar, so that they will be cool when wanted. Swarms will readily desert an overheated hive.

Overfed hens often have sour stomachs and a condition similar to dyspepsia. Char a little corn on the cob and give them charcoal in this agreeable form as a sweetener, or take a little old dry corn and bake it in an oven until it is somewhat blackened. Feed while warm.

#### Hard to Gain Prominence in the House

It is always difficult for a young man to obtain prominence in the House of Representatives unless he has exceptional qualifications, because, under the rules at present in use, the work of legislation is limited to a few prominent committees and these committees are composed of the more experienced men. No matter how learned or eloquent a young man may be, his voice cannot be heard upon the floor and his wisdom cannot be felt in the committee-room without the consent of the Speaker and his seniors in service. Therefore it requires force of character and personal popularity to obtain admission to the field, and when that is secured the fortunate one must have the power to maintain himself or he will quickly slip back into oblivion.—Saturday Evening Post.

#### Farm For Sale.

One of the very best hill farms in Waits field, Vermont, seven (7) miles from rail road, one-half (1/2) mile from steam saw mills, comprising 200 acres, half of which is under the highest state of cultivation. Plenty of good timber and excellent pastures. Sugar orchard of 2000 trees, equipped with twelve hundred tin tubs two year old; the balance wooden tubs newly painted and in first-class condition. Latest improved evaporator; iron arch, large sugaring-off arch, sugar-house containing 60 cords four-foot dry wood three years' supply stove-wood on hand. Barns in first-class condition, one nearly new, 175 tons stlo; abundance of small fruit; splendid orchard of grafted trees. The place kept through last winter forty (40) head of cattle, seven horses and other small stock; never-falling water at barns and dwelling. Complete set of tools of the best make. The whole place is well fenced and thoroughly well kept up. Dwelling is first-class; two stories, twelve rooms, recently painted inside and out. The whole would be sold at a great bargain, on account of death in family. For further information apply to F. A. Joslyn, Waits field, Vermont.

Muscle boxes for bicycles are now manufactured by a firm in Hamburg, Germany.

#### 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 to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for 2 cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Lady Collin Campbell is one of the best fencers in England.

#### Beware of Ointments for Cataract That Contain Mercury.

Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Cataract Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Cataract Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price, 50c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

William Dean Howells has taken to golf as a recreation.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$3 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 381 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Empress Frederick's favorite amusement is croquet.

#### Ever Have a Dog Bother You?

When riding a wheel, making you wonder for a few minutes whether or not you are to get a fall and a broken neck? Wouldn't you have given a small farm just then for some means of driving off the best? A few drops of ammonia shot from a Lipton. It would do it effectually and still not permanently injure the animal. Such pistols sent postpaid for fifty cents in stamps by New York Union Supply Co., 133 Leonard St., New York City. Every bicyclist at times wishes he had one.

A Chicago woman makes her living by washing cats.

After six years' suffering I was cured by Pi-son's Cure.—MARY THOMPSON, 209 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, 1904.

The United Kingdom has 130,000 women school teachers.

#### Educate Your Bowels with Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

The czar of Russia is the best customer of the clipping bureaus.

### SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

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 gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. CINCINNATI, O. NEW YORK, N. Y.

**AYER'S PILLS**

Look at your tongue! If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

**BUCKINGHAM'S DYE** for the Whiskers.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Then use