

The brusque and fussy impulse of these days of false impression would rate down all as worthless because one is unworthy.

As if there were no notes in sunbeams!  
Or comets among stars!  
Or cataracts in peaceful rivers!

Because one remedy professes to do what it never was adapted to do, are all remedies worthless?

Because one doctor lets his patient die, are all humbugs?

It requires a fine eye and a finer brain to discriminate—to draw the differential line. "They say" that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription have cured thousands.

"They say" for a weak system there's nothing better than the "Discovery," and that the "Favorite Prescription" is the hope of debilitated, feeble women who need a restorative tonic and bracing nerve.

And here's the proof—Try one or both. If they don't help you, tell the World's Dispensary Medical Association so, and you get your money back again.

**JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT**  
ESTABLISHED 1810

For Internal and External Use.  
Stops Pain, Cramps, Inflammation in body or throat, rheumatism, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Stomachic, Diarrhoea, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Stiff Neck, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Swellings, Itch, Eruptions, etc. At Druggists.

**ELY'S CREAM BALM**  
Applied to the throat, it soothes and cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Stomachic, Diarrhoea, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Stiff Neck, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Swellings, Itch, Eruptions, etc. At Druggists.

**CATTARRH**  
Restores Taste and Smell, quickly. It cures Catarrh of the Head and Throat, Stomachic, Diarrhoea, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Stiff Neck, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Swellings, Itch, Eruptions, etc. At Druggists.

**PROF. LOISETTE'S NEW MEMORY BOOKS.**  
Critiques on two recent Memory Systems. Ready about April 1st. Full Tables of Contents forwarded only to those who send stamped directed envelope. Also Professor FORT FIERCE of the Loisetian Art of Never Forgetting. Price \$1.00. Sent by mail.

**1000 PRIZE**  
The universal favor accorded the Loisetian Art of Never Forgetting is shown by the fact that over 1000 prizes have been awarded to those who have mastered the Loisetian Art of Never Forgetting. Price \$1.00. Sent by mail.

**BAGGY KNEES**  
Positively remedied. Gently Pat Stretchers. Applied to stiffened and swollen knees and other joints. Also for professional and business men everywhere. If not for sale in your town send \$2.00 to B. J. HAZELTINE, 715 Washington Street, Boston.

**Hard Common Sense.**  
You hear and read a great deal about the tyranny of parents who refuse to sanction marriages, but that which is called tyranny is in many cases hard, honest common sense and good judgment, based on experience and observation.

No father, who has reared his girl at great care and expense, giving her the best education his means will afford, developing her into an attractive thing of beauty and culture, with chances for the highest happiness and good in life, wants her thrown away on some business-unprincipled, fop, who hangs around saloons and smokes the vilest kind of cigars, or cigarettes, day or night, softening what little brains he originally possessed.

A girl who will go back on the wise, loving, disinterested counsels and advice of her parents and wrecks her bright prospects of life in a union with such a worthless scoundrel, who is principally attracted to her by the sheikens of his prospective daddy-in-law, deserves to be miserable all her days and break her heart as she will, surely, by such a thoughtless, inconsiderate course of conduct, those of her loving, dotting parents.

It is the natural duty of parents sternly to protect their inexperienced child against marriages with such adventurers, who have not enough mind and vim to earn a living for themselves alone, much less a wife and family, which are the inevitable outcome of marriages.

Look around you! See the social and personal wrecks of life caused by improper marriages.  
They fill the world with misery and woe.

It is the loving, sensible, considerate girl who will, without question, take the advice of her older and experienced mother and father on so important a matter as marriage. It is safer, unhesitatingly, for her to take their advice, and she will yet live to thank them on her bedded knees for their advice and action.

Girls, stand by your parents! Trust them and do just what they say!  
The Evil One to Blame.

The proprietor of a hotel at Nisch, in Servia, gives notice of the death of his wife in all the Servian papers in the following manner: "With a heart full of sadness I hereby give notice of the death of my beloved wife, Sophia, who died by her own hand, aged thirty-two, last Sunday. For nine years we lived happily together, and to me in her youth and beauty she was ever as a flower laden with the dew of early morning, an ornament to my home and the pride of my heart. Last winter the evil one sent a wicked major to my house, who persecuted my poor wife until he succeeded in seducing her innocent heart. When I found them out my beloved Sophia was so filled with shame at herself that she fired a revolver at her sin, thus redeeming her good name, but leaving me an unhappy man for the rest of my life. After this poetical communication the bereaved husband declares that whenever he succeeds in finding Sophia's major he will certainly give him up to the police.

**SHARPSHOOTER** (reading flattering inscription on tombstone)—That sounds as if somebody were trying to give him taffy. Philate—Epitaphy, you mean.

**Fir for a King**—an apocryphal fit.  
The man who is a ways thinking evil finds out ten thousand ways to speak it.

## SAVAGE SPORTS.

### QUEER GAMES IN VARIOUS FAR-AWAY CLIMES.

The Whip Dance of Waraus People—Coasting on the Surf at Honolulu—The Giant Swing Among the Fiji Islanders.

What is "sport"? Well, it depends a good deal on the sort of people who indulge in it. Among the enlightened inhabitants of this great and glorious country it generally consists of two able-bodied men trying to stun each other with the blows of their fists, or killing some sort of animal or bird with a firearm.

In the native lands, however, among the natives of Guiana—Waraus—one of the tribes which inhabit the banks of the Amazon. They are the sturdiest of these tribes, and delight in a trial of endurance—a trial such as any but a tough-skinned Indian would prefer to be excused from attempting.

Even these Indians frequently, after engaging the dance, vow that they will never more submit to the ordeal, and mutually assure each other that their skins have been made to suffer for the last time. But an irresistible longing soon seizes them to again realize the fearful joy of indulging in the "sport," and the result is that the dance continues as fashionable as ever.

The young men of the tribe then, having put on all the finery they are able to muster, arm themselves with the terrible marquetari—a peculiar whip, from which the dance derives its name.

The whip is about five feet in length and is manufactured of a strong grass fiber, native to the district, bound round spirally with a strip of this cane. In the hands of a muscular Warau it is capable of inflicting a wound very little less severe than that which would be produced by the downward blow of a knife.

When the dance is about to commence the performers range themselves opposite one another, waving their whips in the air, giving utterance to cries resembling the notes of birds.

Suddenly one of them stops, and posing himself on one leg stretches out the other, remaining perfectly motionless. The other stops, too, measures the distance carefully with his eye, springs high in air to give force to the blow, and, with a down comes the heavy whip with its pointed end upon his opponent's outstretched limb, and a red mark where the keen thong has curved round his calf or ankle.

The recipient of the blow utters never a sound, but, smiling as cheerfully as possible under the circumstances, again takes up the dance until it is the turn of the other player to stand still and receive his punishment. In this way, we may depend upon it, is usually returned with as good a will as it is given.

Going a little further south in the Western Hemisphere we come to the Araucanians. These people have a curious fashion of deciding which is best man among them, and instead of challenging each other to a turn with the gloves, a bout at fisticuffs, or, in serious cases, a bout at hair-pulling.

The vexed question by a trial at hair-pulling. Standing opposite one another, the boys each take a good grasp of the long and coarse locks of the shaggy head in front of him. Then begins a struggle for supremacy, in which the combatants pull and tug and bend and writhe without uttering a sound, each trying to bring his adversary to the ground, when he relaxes his hold, helps him to rise, and they start again, until one owns himself vanquished.

There is a sport much indulged in by the Sandwich Islanders, and known among them by the name of bolau.

The Sandwich Islanders are among the best swimmers to be found in any waters. It is no exaggeration to say that the little Sandwichers swim before they can walk, for one of the first things the mother does is to lay her little one on the surface of the water, and, supporting it with her hand, teach it to kick out its tiny legs and thrust out its tiny arms in the attitude of a swimmer.

Providing themselves with small pieces of board they swing out beyond the surf to the comparatively calm water, diving under each successive wave as it nears them and emerging in safety, perhaps half a mile from the land.

Great judgment is requisite in selecting the right moment for diving, for should they err in this they stand the best of chances of being set on their backs and breathless upon the rugged rocks which line the shore. Arrived safely in the smooth water, the player mounts his little board and, looking out for the big wave which he knows will come in regular succession, he launches himself upon it and is swept forward with terrible rapidity toward the iron-bound coast before him.

Great art is required in the guidance of his frail plank through some one of the narrow openings he sees ahead, and should he fail he must abandon his little craft and dive out to sea again, to be covered with shame and confusion by the more fortunate or skillful swimmers on reaching the land again. For it is as shameful for the players in this game to return to shore without their plank as in classic times it was for a Roman to come minus his shield from the field of battle.

One of the huge delights of the Fiji young men and boys—and, truth to tell, the Fiji young ladies likewise indulge occasionally in the sport—is the swing.

The Fiji boys look out for the stump of a nice, straight and not too thick tree, which has obligingly grown on the side of a convenient bank.

Then they fasten to it a number of lengths of native rope, which usually have loops in their free ends. The next process is for each player to place his foot in one of the loops and, by swinging off through the arched opening of fifty or sixty feet in radius.

For the Fiji is almost, if not quite, as much at home in the aqueous element as his brethren the Sandwich Islanders, and is usually able to swim like a duck at about that period in his history when he begins to toddle.

So he plunges into the game with vigor, flying through the air to the extreme length of the rope, before letting go to disappear with a splash into the water, his wiry head of hair coming presently to the surface as player after player follows his example; and while the player is alive with coal-black wings the air is rent with shouts of laughter.

These and like sports are, however, fast dying out; the advancing tide of civilization is rapidly sweeping away the picturesqueness and primitiveness of the various races of men.—[San Francisco Examiner.

**Lady of the Lamb.**  
At Killington, England, there is, or was a curious custom annually observed on the next Monday after Whit-Sun Week, wherein a fat live lamb is provided, and the maidens of the town, having their thumbs tied behind them, chase it

through the streets, and she that with her teeth catches and holds the lamb is declared the "Lady of the Lamb" until the same day of the following year, when another test is made. After the lamb has been caught by the fair one, it is dressed by the village butcher, and with the skin hanging on is carried on a long pole before the lady and her escorts to the village green, where much music and merry-making follows the event.

**CROOK'S CHARACTERISTICS.**  
The Late General More of an Indian Than the Indian.

At the date of which I am now writing, says Captain Bourke in the Century, General Crook was an ideal soldier in every sense. He stood about six feet in his stockings, was straight as an arrow, broad-shouldered, lithe, sinewy as a cat, and able to bear any amount of any kind of fatigue. It mattered not under what guise vicissitude and privation came, they never seemed to affect him.

Hunger and thirst, rain or sunshine, snow and cold, the climbing up and down of rugged, slippery mountains, of the monotonous march, day after day, along deserts bristling with spines of the cactus, Spanish bayonet, mescal, and palo verde—his placid equanimity was never disturbed in the slightest degree. He was at that period of his life fond of taking his rifle and wandering off on his trusty mule alone in the mountains. At sunset he would picket his animal to a mesquite bush near grass, make a little fire, cook some of the game he had killed, erect a small "wind-break" of brush and flat stones such as the Indians make, cut an armful of twigs for a bed, wrap himself up in his blanket, and sleep until the first peep of dawn.

"You ask me to tell you about Indians," said an old Apache chief whom I was boring about some ethnological matter—"go to the Nantan [the Chief—Crook's name abbreviated]; he'll tell you. He's more of an Indian than I am."

But Crook did not go on "Izwin," as the Apache says; he never uttered a syllable in any form unless it might be something prescribed by a physician; he never drank coffee, and rarely tasted tea. Milk was his favorite beverage when he could get it, and pure water when he could not.

His personal appearance was impressive, but without the slightest suggestion of the pompousness or overdone military style of the late general. He looked more like an honest country squire than the commander of a warlike expedition. He had blue-gray eyes, quick and penetrating in glance, a finely chiseled Roman nose, a firm and yet kindly mouth, a well-arched head, a good brow, and a general expression of admirable resolution, honest purpose, and sagacity and good intentions.

He had an aversion to wearing uniform and to the glitter and filagree of the military profession. He was essentially a man of action and spoke but little, and to the point, but was fond of listening to the conversation of others. He was at all times accessible to the humblest soldier or the poorest "prospector," without ever losing a certain dignity, which repelled familiarity but had no semblance of haughtiness. He never used profanity and indulged in no equivocal language.

Probably no officer of equal rank in our army issued fewer orders or letters of instructions. "Example is always the best general," he said to me once when we were seated side by side on a fallen log in the lower Powder Valley, Montana, in a most expatriating drizzle of rain in the summer of 1876.

It certainly was true of campaigning in Arizona, and no officer or soldier hesitated to do any hardship when he saw the commanding general at the head of the column, eating his salt rations as himself, and not carrying enough extra clothing to wear a shot gun. There is one character in American history whom Crook, saving his better education and broader experience, very strongly resembled—and that is Daniel Boone.

**The Part of the Argonauts.**  
At one time there was not in California any vehicle except a rude California cart; the wheels were without tires and were made by felling an oak tree and hewing it down till it made a solid wheel nearly a foot thick on the rim and a little larger where the axle went through. The hole for the axle would be eight or nine inches in diameter, but a few years' use would increase it to a foot. To make the hole an auger, gouge or chisel was sometimes used, but the principal tool was an ax. A small tree required but little hewing and shaping to answer for an axle. These carts were always drawn by oxen, the yoke being lashed with willow to the horns of the animal. The axles they used soap (that is one thing the Mexicans could make), carrying along for the purpose a big ball of thick soap, which was constantly put in the box or hole; but you could generally tell when a California cart was coming half a mile away by the squeaking. I have seen the families of the wealthiest people go long distances, at the rate of thirty miles or more a day, visiting in one of these clumsy two-wheeled vehicles. They had a little framework around it made of round sticks, and a bullock hide was put in for a floor or bottom. Sometimes the better class would have a little calico for curtains and cover. There was no such thing as a spiked wheel in use then.—[New Orleans Picayune.

**Curing Fur Skins.**  
To cure skins with the fur on, remove the fleshy substances and soak for an hour in warm water. For each small skin dissolve in warm water half an ounce each of borax, saltpetre and glauber salt; spread it with a brush on the flesh side and keep it in a cool place, without freezing, for twenty-four hours. Then wash clean and take one ounce salsoda, half an ounce of borax and one ounce white soap, melt them together without boiling them; apply to the flesh side and keep in a warm place for twenty-four hours. Then wash the skin again and dissolve two ounces saleratras in enough warm water to saturate the skin; then pour of salt in hot water; allow it to cool so it will not scald, and put in the skin for about twelve hours. Then wring out and hang up to dry, pulling and working it as it dries. If not sufficiently soft repeat the last soaking and working. A more simple way of curing fur skins: Stretch the skin on a smooth board and, after you have it well warmed up, take some thin, smooth iron (the back of a drawing knife will do) and rub it until the grease is well worked out of it. Next wash it in strong soap until the grease is all gone and finish by working it until it becomes dry and soft.—[St. Louis Republic.

The more money a man has the more he needs religion.

## NO CHOICE IN ROUTES.

### The Dilemma of a Drummer Quickly Solved for a Freshet.

A story is told among the traveling men, which we do not remember of seeing in print. It was on a railroad train that the boys were talking over the subject of railroad consolations, and pools. One tourist asserted positively that all railroads running east were consolidated, and whichever road one patronized, the money would find its way into the same pockets. That practically there was no competition, and it didn't make any difference what road a man took. A minister who had overheard the conversation thought it was a good time to get in a little word for his master, and he told the boys about the two roads that led to eternity, one the broad road that leads to death, and the thousands that go over that line. He spoke feelingly of the danger of taking passage on that great monopoly, and advised all to go by the opposition line that would give the passengers at the great union depot in the celestial kingdom, safe and sound. He spoke of the difference in the management of the two lines, how one, the one that terminated in hell, ran through a country blackened by broken vows, dissipation, crime, bleeding hearts and general desolation, while the one leading to heaven passed through green fields, beside still waters, over bridges of faith, through tunnels out of pure gold, arriving on schedule time in the suburbs of the beautiful city of our Lord, where angels instead of haekmen met the passengers, and conducted them to the reserved seats by the great white throne, where the angel band played and sung beautiful songs, and where you didn't have to go out between the sets to see a man, and where for all eternity it would be one continual picnic, with no bugs crawling up your trousers. And pointing his bony finger at a fat drummer for a Chicago grocery house, who was just getting his sample case ready to get off at the next station, he said, "Which route will you take, sir?"

The fat drummer got up in the aisle, buttoned up his reversible nister, took a chew of tobacco, and looking into the eye of the traveling exporter, he replied, "It wouldn't make a particle of difference which route I took. The crossed roads would consolidate before I got to the terminus," and he went out and jumped into a hack at the station, while the minister took a Bible out of the rack in the car and went to reading about good King Solomon and his wives, while he sighed at the wickedness of the Mormons in Utah.

**Made Blind by a Flash of Light.**  
A singular accident recently happened to the little 3-year old son of Leonard Mather, a well-to-do sign painter of Clinton, Mo., and one which resulted in instant and hopeless blindness. The child was playing about on the floor with his sister, a girl of seven, who was amusing herself with a bit of broken mirror. To startle or please the little fellow she turned the glass so as to flash the light directly into his eyes. He fell back with a shriek of agony and by the time the mother could reach him had become unconscious. The swoon lasted for some minutes and upon his regaining consciousness he began to scream again as if frightened, when it was gathered from his actions that his sight was affected. The doctor then examined his eyes and found that the retina had been paralyzed by the sudden flash of light the shock contingent causing total blindness.

The average out crop of the world is estimated at 2,281,485,000. E 12

**Enjoying Her First Caramels.**  
A very contrived couple got on a north-bound train Friday and took a back seat. Obediah—she called him that—gave her—his best girl, as was learned from conversation—a box of caramels upon which he had squandered part of his pence, wrestled from the earth by the perspiration of his brow.

"What be they, Obedi?" she gushed. He blushed to the roots of his flowing locks. "Carrymels," said he, smiling all over.

"What for, Obey?" "Eat 'em," said Obediah. "One by one she gulped them down. "Where do carrymels grow, Obey?" inquired the rural maiden.

"Don't grow; bought 'em?" explained he. They were all gone. Then Obediah gained courage enough to look the maid in the face.

"Where be the papers?" he asked. "What papers, Obey?" "The skins of the carrymels?" explained and questioned he. "They wasn't none," said she with a smile.

"Yes, they wuz. Guess you et 'em," said Obediah, with a lurid grin. But she only smiled and thought Obey was springing an original humorosity.—[Albany Argus.

The great essential in saving men is to convince them that you love them.

Every man on earth needs more courage more than he does more money.

**Prevents Pneumonia.**  
Dr. Hoxie's Certain Croup Cure positively prevents pneumonia, diphtheria and membranous croup. It has no rival. Sold by druggists or will be mailed on receipt of 30 cts. Address A. P. Hoxie, Buffalo, N. Y.

Necessity is not only the mother of invention, but the father of lies also.

**BRECHMANN'S PILLS** cure Sick Headache.

You can't tell how much milk a cow will give by the way her bell rings.

**DEAFNESS CAN'T BE CURED** By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hoxie's Catarrh Cure. Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

Heart work is something that cannot be paid for in money.

**PROGRESS.**  
It is very important in this age of vast material progress that a remedy be pleasing to the taste and to the eye, easily taken, acceptable to the stomach and healthy in its nature and effects. Possessing these qualities, Syrup of Figs is the one perfect laxative and most gentle diuretic known.

An "atmosphere" is a pressure of 14.7 pounds to the square inch.

Five cents saved on soap; five dollars lost on rotten clothes. Is it economical? There is not a single cent of profit in the cost of a bar of the poorest soap made and the best, which is as well known, Dr. Hale's Electric.

**In Early Spring**  
Many people are troubled with dizziness, dullness, unpleasant taste in the morning, and That Tired Feeling, while there may also appear Pimples, Boils, and other manifestations of

**Impure Blood**  
To all such sufferers we earnestly urge a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla. No preparation ever received such unanimous praise for its success as a general Spring Medicine. It cures scrofula, salt rheum and every other evidence of impure blood. It overcomes

**That Tired Feeling**  
and gives the whole system strength. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy some substitute in its place. Insist on having

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

## What is Money?

Money is merely a medium of exchange, but vigorous health is wealth itself. Without medicine, change of diet or inconvenient, ailments which make life a burden and which may develop into fatal disease, are radically cured and health and vigor restored by a remarkable but rational hygienic treatment. Costs \$1 for whole family only if your doctor is satisfied. Address Dress House, 29 Nassau St., N. Y.

The man who loves others will try to make himself lovable.

**A Chance to Make Money.**  
I feel it my duty to inform a host of my successful plating spoons, castors, jewelry, etc. The first week I cleared \$27.50, and in three weeks \$80. By addressing the Lake Electric Co., Englewood, Ill., you can get circulars. Six months ago I was poor, I now have a nice home and bank account all the product of \$1 invested in a Plater. A Reader.

They were all gone. Then Obediah gained courage enough to look the maid in the face.

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**St. Jacobs Oil**  
CURES  
BRUISES,  
FROST-BITES,  
INFLAMMATIONS  
—AND ALL—  
HURTS AND ILLS  
OF MAN AND BEAST.

## Keep Your Blood Pure.

A small quantity of prevention is worth many pounds of cure. If your blood is in good condition the liability to any disease is much reduced and the ability to resist its wasting influence is tenfold greater. Look then to your blood, by taking Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) every few months. It is harmless in its effects to the most delicate infant, yet it cleanses the blood of all poisons and builds up the general health.

"S. S. S. cured me sound and well of contagious Blood Poison. As soon as I discovered I was afflicted with the disease I commenced taking Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) and in a few weeks I was permanently cured."  
GEORGE STEWART, Shelby, Ohio.  
Treatise on Blood and Skin diseases mailed free.  
The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

**"August Flower"**  
How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfeeling, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, arising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer  
Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

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W. T. Fitzgerald, 100 Broadway, N. Y. C. 10-patent free.

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BEST IN THE WORLD  
Get the Genuine. Sold Everywhere.

**AGENTS** are Coining Money  
ONE AGENT MADE  
OVER \$100.00  
IN FIFTEEN DAYS

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
\$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN

Don't say you cannot get it till you know how we will furnish you one. Ask by postal card and we will send you FREE, a CATALOGUE, tell you our prices, explain our plan of EASY PAYMENTS, and generally post you on the PIANO QUESTION.

You may save \$50.00 by writing us a POSTAL CARD.  
**IVERS & POND PIANO CO.,** 183 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

**PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH**—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

**CATARRH**  
It is an Ointment, of which a small portion is applied to the nostrils. Price, 25c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

"Say aye 'No,' and ye'll ne'er be married"  
"Don't refuse all—"  
**OUR ADVICE**  
to use **SAPOLIO**. It is a solid cake of scouring soap, used for cleaning purposes.

I asked a maid if she would wed,  
And in my home her brightness shed;  
She faintly smiled and murmured low,  
"If I can have SAPOLIO."

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