

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERYDAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

The workings of Russian bureaucracy are well illustrated by the story of a ruble told by Vildomosti, of St. Petersburg. A litigant of the St. Petersburg Circuit Court attached an internal revenue stamp of one ruble to a document which did not require such an appendix. The judge ordered the ruble to be returned to the litigant...

D. P. LOVELAND, a Northern Vermont farmer, recently bought a farm in Shelton, Conn., and in removing from his Green Mountain home he displayed great economy, if not ingenuity, and contrived to get the worth of his money from the same road. To sell his live stock, farming utensils, and household effects in Vermont would have meant a great sacrifice...

As engine No. 21, F. M. Hopel, engineer, was going west on the Kansas City Railroad, in Arkansas, she struck a herd of three deer. One of them was thrown from the track. Another got its hind legs caught between the headlight lamps and extension brace on the front of the engine, and not being able to get away, it lay on the engine until L. J. Lohmes, the fireman, went out and killed it with a coal pick.

"WOMEN'S ways are past finding out." This was the comment of a bereaved husband on reading his wife's will, which was recently admitted to probate in Kansas City. She generously bequeathed to her beloved husband the sum of five dollars, with an emphatic request that he refrain from spending it recklessly.

BROTHER ANSELM, who has just died a monk and porter at the monastery of La Grande Chartreuse, had been M. de Breconot, once well known in the best Parisian society. M. de Breconot, coming home from shooting one day, fired into a thicket, behind which his daughter happened to be standing, and killed her. In despair he entered La Grande Chartreuse, where he ended his days.

An engineer on a Texas railroad found a big flock of sheep huddled together in a field to get out of the storm, and driving through them killed seventy-eight. Pieces of mutton were found on the rear platforms of the last car.

JAVA'S DEATH SHRINE.

Awful Experiences in the Island of Java. "I visited 'the Valley of Death' when on the island of Java three months ago," said Lieut. Leon Bancroft when talking to a Tribune reporter at the Grand Pacific Hotel.

"The place is called the Valley of Death," explained the officer, "on account of the deadly fumes there. But the natives cannot account for the poisonous odors, nor has their presence ever been explained. The deadly place is about thirty-five feet below the surrounding ground. It looks like the dry bed of a stream and is about one mile in circumference. As I approached the place I noticed a suffocating smell and was attacked with nausea and dizziness. A belt of this fetid atmosphere surrounds the valley. I passed through it, and in purer air was permitted to view the awful spectacle. It was awful. Before me I saw scattered all over the barren floor of the valley skeletons of men, wild hogs, deer, and all kinds of birds and small animals. The entire bed of the valley is one solid rock, and I could not discover a hole or crevice in any place from which the poisonous fumes came.

"The hills surrounding this desolate strip are covered with vegetation, and although the neighboring mountains are volcanic they do not emit sulphurous odors or present any indication of a recent eruption.

"There is no apparent cause for the strip of deadly fume surrounding the valley. After I passed through it I became bolder and approached the edge of the deadly place. I was anxious to reach the bottom of the valley if possible, but was afraid to make the attempt as I had been warned to give the place wide berth. I determined, however, to see what the fumes smelled like, and started to descend. My pet Irish terrier was with me, and as soon as he saw me step over the edge of the bank he rushed down ahead of me. I endeavored to call him back, but was too late. As soon as the little animal reached the rocky bed below he fell over on his side. He continued to breathe for ten minutes. I don't believe I was ever nearer death's door than I was at that time. Four or five times I was tempted to rush down to rescue him, but I subsequently learned that such a move on my part would have been certain death. For ten minutes I suffered the agony of seeing my dog die, and then turned and fled from the spot. While there I saw a bird fall a victim to the deadly fumes. It evidently intended to fly to the bottom of the valley, but before it reached the ground it fell dead. I don't believe it lived half a minute after entering the deadly atmosphere.

"No one has yet been able to explain the cause of the fetid emanations from the earth, the natives say, and so many lives have been sacrificed in attempting to explore the valley that they have determined to keep away from the spot forever."—Chicago Tribune.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

SINCE 1899 only three successful currencies of Uncle Sam's paper currency have been issued—one of them the \$1 silver certificate, which has occasioned such a disturbance of late.

THE most densely populated State in the Union is Rhode Island, which has 320 inhabitants to the square mile. If the population of Texas were equally dense, that State would contain 85,000,000 people.

THE German Government proposes to spend a million marks to exhibit at the Chicago World's Fair, when that interesting event gets ready to occur. A million marks sounds a great deal larger than \$250,000, but it isn't.

SUPERINTENDENT PORTER, of the Census Bureau, says that within a radius of fifteen miles from New York's City Hall, now live nearly as many people as there were in the entire nation a hundred years ago, when the first census was taken.

THE New Jersey farmers are to try their luck at sugar-beet raising this summer, and if they succeed, sugar making will probably become a Jersey industry. The Somerset county Agricultural Society has had four wagon loads of beet seed for distribution and offers prizes for the best specimens of field-grown beets from this seed.

A GERMAN soldier has just died who carried a bullet in his head forty years. The skull of the bullet, which encysted was four times as thick as at any other part. When wounded a piece of the skull as large as an egg had been driven inside. Nature enclosed the ball and made it apparently harmless. Some surgeons would have insisted on cutting out the ball and the soldier would have died soon after. Nature, if left alone, often provides a remedy.

WILLIAM TELL may be a myth, as the Swiss government now maintains; but the people of that republic keep on putting up statues of him. A one in the city of Lucerne has been offered to the Swiss Government by a Portuguese Hebrew now living in Paris, M. Ostris Ilija; but the citizens are uncertain whether they ought to accept it or not, as the would-be donor does not enjoy the highest reputation. The city of Nancy, in France, however, took without hesitation last year his gift of a statue of Joan of Arc.

MOST Central African explorers have entered the continent from Zanzibar, and have duly imprinted on the memory of the world with the horrors of that first 150 miles' march through terrible jungle and swamp before climbing the highlands of Usagara and Usambara to a better atmosphere. Burton wrote more graphically than any other traveler about these dreary and dangerous marches, which are not likely to be often repeated in the future. For the German East African Company has decided to spend \$1,000,000 in building a railroad across these pestilential regions to the uplands of Usambara.

THE village of Proctor, Vermont, was named after the present Secretary of War, and was built up of men employed in his marble quarries and mills, and their families. It is a thriving place a few miles north of Rutland. The Secretary and his family spend much of their time here, when not in Washington, and in the conclusion of the present year he forgot that the man of peace has temporarily allied himself with the arts of war. Secretary Proctor is now erecting a neat stone library in the village, and has entered into a co-operative arrangement with the villagers for filling the building with books.

"It is a curious thing in the study of the world's history," said a New York lawyer the other day, "to see how the commercial center has shifted, from time to time, in a general way around the globe. You can go back to a time when Antwerp was the center of the world's commerce. Next Amsterdam held the threads of commercial venture. Then the center was shifted to Liverpool. Now it is in London. Next it will be in New York. A careful study of the world's history at the present time gives serious indications that the power and prestige of England in her commercial relations are beginning to be shaken, while the commercial empire is drifting across the Atlantic to the metropolis of the New World. And, as indicating what the powerful money kings of Europe think, ex-United States Minister Noyes reports that Baron Rothschild said to him recently: 'The financial prosperity of the United States is without a parallel in the history of the world. You are drawing from all the treasuries of the Old World to fill your own.'"

JUDICING from the almost universal interest in the subject of longevity, we conclude that people generally consider life worth living. The reviewer of a recent scientific work says: "From the discussion of 'Centenarianism' we gather that European men now live longer than other men, and that Englishmen live longer than other Europeans. The statistics make the expectation of life at sixty, in England, to be about eighteen years for steady and sober field laborers, confirmed drunks having only half as much; about sixteen years and a half for the females of the aristocracy, and fourteen and a half for clerks, and eleven and three-quarters for miners; while sovereigns of all countries at sixty have an expectation of less than eleven years." Distinguished men live a shorter time than less distinguished; on account of their harder work; married live longer than unmarried persons, on account, perhaps, of the measured tranquillity of conjugal life; women longer than men, because they lead an easier life; and the clergy longer than other professional men, for the same reason."

An Italian of the criminal class has stated in open court that it was the rule among his people to carry concealed weapons of some sort. The concealed weapon, says the New York Herald, seems to be a condition and not a theory so far as our hot blooded races are concerned—a climatic condition in a sense. An officer at Police Headquarters says it is the commonest thing in the world for the Italians and Spaniards, Africans and natives of sunny climes generally to go loaded. "The chances of finding deadly weapons on the person in such cases is two to one. If we could 'go through' those fellows in New York, sir, we'd find enough revolvers, billies, slung shots and wild steel to arm two, three regiments. A curious thing, too, the man who is naturally sudden and quick in quarrel is more apt to go armed than anybody else. Talk about the law! It ought to be a penitentiary offense for anybody to carry a deadly weapon without a permit. It ought to be accepted as prima facie evidence that a man has such a weapon on his person contrary to law that he intends to commit a felony when he has a chance. The term of imprisonment would depend upon the character of the offender, but the lowest ought to be a year in the Penitentiary. With such a law you'd see how quickly

unpopular the illegal carrying of weapons would become. This is the way to reach such people."

THE DUNKARDS.

Peculiar Ceremonies of a Peculiar Sect of Christians.

The Dunkard Brethren, or German Baptists, held the first of their annual series of love feasts near West Hanover, Pa., recently. There are at least 40,000 members of this peculiar sect in Dauphin, Lebanon, Lancaster, and Berks Counties. Fully 3,000 attended the feast.

The season of holding these feasts usually extends from seed time to harvest. One love feast differs but little from another, but all are highly interesting to a stranger. The service consists of preaching, exhortations, old-fashioned psalm singing, feasting, and the celebration of the Lord's Supper, with communion (distinctly separate from the Lord's Supper), concluding with the ceremony of mutual feet washing and the salutation of the holy kiss.

The brethren and sisters, who were all dressed in the uniformly plain attire of sober gray, black or brown prescribed by the rules, came to the feast in all manner of country vehicles, and the district roads for miles around were made dusty with their driving. The use of buttons on clothing is not permitted, and hooks and eyes are used exclusively instead. The sisters wore their hair brushed smoothly across their foreheads and knotted behind, underneath severely plain bonnets of brown or gray. They wore loose and straight skirts of the same color tints, unrelieved by ruffles or trimmings of any kind. Gold ornaments or feathers are to the sisters as sinful and worldly as Paris bonnets or Worth made dresses would be to the brethren.

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During the progress of the Conference and love feast the brethren and sisters sat apart on different sides of the main aisle of the church, took their meals separately in the basements of the church edifice, where it is the custom of the denomination to provide accommodations for cooking, and at night slept in the attic above, which is furnished with cots and beds, and in the neighboring farm houses and barns. In celebrating the Lord's Supper, according to their custom they ate soup, bread and meats, pies and coffee. The ceremony known as the salutation of the holy kiss concluded this supper. Each brother imprinted a smacking kiss on his bearded lips on the bearded lips of his neighbor at table, and each sister similarly kissed her sister companion sitting nearest to her. The communion service which followed consisted in the breaking of unleavened bread and the drinking of unfermented wine, according to the formulas modeled strictly after a literal interpretation of the Gospels.

Feet washing, which is considered the most solemn and significant rite in the entire service, completed the programme. All the brethren, after donning their coats and vests, and girding themselves with white aprons, took turns in washing the feet of five or six of his nearest neighbors in a bowl and wiping them with a towel, giving each of them a kiss as the feet were washed and another kiss as they were wiped. The sisters on the other side of the aisle, after donning their caps themselves, while appropriate hymns were chanted by the remainder of the congregation. A benediction, pronounced by a reverend Bishop, finished the love feast, and the participants immediately scattered.—New York Times.

The Dotlet on the Veil.

It is not such a wretched taste, perhaps, as the long skirt, but it is ridiculous all the same, the black "beauty spot" on the veil. Why is it there? Simply to draw the earnest spectator on the street to look at me. I am placed here to draw your attention to my mistress's pretty mouth or shapely nose. I am not a bit of court-plaster, but I look like one, and answer the purpose. It is almost incredible that women whose modesty is beyond reproach can so plainly advertise their personal charms on the streets. When any article of man's attire is designedly conspicuous it confesses to the weakness of vanity or the misfortune of bad breeding; and difficult and distasteful as it would be to apply the same rule to the sex, it is impossible to find a valid reason for not doing so. The restrictions are fewer for women, of course, in the selection of street dress, and in the matter of color and ornamentation, freedom of choice is limited only by the degrees of fashion and the dictates of good taste; but when fashion leaps the boundaries of common sense and decency, as she has a scurvy trick of doing often enough, the woman of character and modesty revolts. This is exactly why the miserable dotlet on the veil should be abolished.—Philadelphia Press.

The First Umbrella.

It is generally stated that it is Jonas Hanway, the well-known philanthropist, that we are indebted for the valuable example of moral courage in first carrying a raised umbrella in the streets of London. It is difficult now to conceive the amount of persecution which this honorable gentleman, whose object was, doubtless, the protection of his own person than that of showing his countrymen how they might protect themselves from drenching showers. Long after they had come into occasional use, a gentleman, accompanied by a lady, under the shelter of the new style rain-protector, was hooted at by grown men as he passed along. A gentleman who chanced to be alone with his raised umbrella on the streets of either London or Liverpool was in constant danger of assault from the howling mob that was sure to follow at his heels.—St. Louis Republic.

An Ancient Butcher Shop.

The Museum of Antiquities at Dresden has come into possession of an interesting relic of the primitive tools which represent an ancient butcher's shop of oblong shape, and divided by a pillar into two unequal parts. In the greater stands the butcher with a high chopping block resting on three substantial legs before him, while behind him hang the steelyard and cleaver, he himself being occupied in dividing a rib of meat with another cleaver. On the wall above him, just as with us, is a row of hooks near to each other, on which hang pieces of meat already dressed—a rib and a leg of meat, a pork joint and udders—a titbit of the Romans—also lungs and liver, and last of all, the favorite beef's head. On the left, in the small division of the shop, the wife of the butcher sits in an easy chair, with an account book on her knees, engaged in assisting the business of her husband by acting as bookkeeper.—London Tit-Bits.

A Delightful Flirtation.

"My dear," said a society girl to her room friend, "I found a gray hair this morning, which I am sure must be the result of an adventure I had the other night at the Snooks party. If you will promise on your word and honor not to tell—"

"I promise."

"Well, you know young Jimmy Tradles?"

"Used to fight with him when we were little."

"He took me to supper."

"A had selection on your part, for he almost always takes too much wine."

"So I have heard. He may have been lingering for more champagne, and so left me longer than he should in the corner of the supper room, after bringing me some terrapin and salad. Anyhow, I wanted a chicken croquette, and I asked a young man whose face was familiar to me to bring me one. He did so promptly, and I engaged him in conversation. I thought he was rather bashful, and his reply to my first remark was simply, 'Yes, mees.' His accent made me sure I was safe in saying—"

"I think I met you the other night at the French Legion?"

"No, mees; I do not think so," he replied. "But we had met on other happy occasions."

"By this time I was convinced that he was an attaché of one of the foreign embassies. I have a weakness for foreigners, you know; they do flirt so charmingly. So I giggled and said: 'It is very nice of you to say that they were happy occasions.'"

"Ah, mademoiselle must know it!" he responded with an air of ecstasy.

"But you foreigners are given to compliments that one hesitates to believe anything you say."

"Ah, mees," he said sighing heavily, "ze ladies of Amerique are so very beautiful."

"Evidently he was not so bashful as I had imagined. In response to this gallant remark I ventured to inquire in what respects he considered that American women excelled as to loveliness."

"In every respect, mees," he replied. "Particularly in ze beauty of—what you call—ah, yes, their lides."

"I couldn't help giggling again at that, but I checked myself and corrected him, saying: 'You must say skins—not lides.'"

"But," he objected, with an accent of doubt, "I have been told that it is not proper to speak of young ladies' skins."

"Then I giggled some more, but, not wishing to pursue the discussion further, I changed the subject and said, as I saw the delinquent Jimmy Tradles making his way in my direction, that my day was Tuesday, and I should be very pleased to have him call. I permitted the amiable foreigner to relieve me of my plate—a courtesy which he thereupon proceeded to bestow also upon seven or eight other girls in my immediate neighborhood, extending with the utmost coolness a line of plates in order to avoid the vulgarity of piling them along one arm all the way from his finger tips to his chin. Then waving a napkin at me with the other hand, he said as he turned away: 'I will gift me much pleasure to call upon you, mees.'"

"Within the last thirty seconds the situation had suddenly dawned upon me. I had been conversing with a waiter."—Washington Star.

Classified Sinners.

"Eight sinners came forward for prayers last night," said a gentleman on conducting revival services in Cincinnati; "eight sinners, some of them of the very highest social standing, and some of no standing at all." What would John Wesley have said to such a speech as that, or what his inspired brother Charles? "Social standing discussed at the altar! A story is related that when one day the Duke of Wellington was kneeling at the altar to partake of the communion a peasant knelt by his side for the same religious purpose. An officious person standing by whispered in words the Iron Duke could not but overhear: 'Come away from there, don't you know you are kneeling by the side of the Duke of Wellington?' 'Let him remain,' interrupted the Duke, 'there is no rank at this altar.'"

Newspaper Ethics.

Great Editor—"Did you write a nice article welcoming the new paper, the Daily Breeze, to local journalism?" Assistant—"Yes, sir."

"Hope you said there was plenty of room for it, and it had only to deserve success to achieve it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Worked in something about 'the more the merrier,' eh?"

"Yes, indeed. Didn't forget that."

"All right. Tell the foreman to double lead the article and put it in a conspicuous place; then tell the business manager to quietly take advertisements at half price, and bribe all the newboys to refuse to handle the Daily Breeze on any terms."—Street & Smith's Good News.

Makes the Weak Strong.

The way in which Hood's Sarsaparilla builds up people in run down or weakened state of health conclusively proves the claim that this medicine makes the weak strong. It does not act like a stimulant, inspiring fictitious strength from which there must follow a reaction of greater weakness than before, but in the most natural way Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, purifies the blood, and, in short, gives great bodily, nerve, mental and digestive strength.

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For Internal and External Use. Stops Pain, Croup, Inflammation in body or limb, Rheumatism, Croup, Cholera, Typhoid, Catarrhs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Neuritis, Lame Back, Stiff Joints and Strains. Full particulars free. Price 25c. Sold by all druggists. S. J. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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Has been cured by Dr. J. C. Hays' HAY FEVER CURED TO STAY CURED. It is a medicine which cures Hay Fever, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh of the Throat, and all other ailments of the respiratory system. Sold by all druggists. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

Under the Earth.

The workmen in the deepest mines of Europe sweeter in almost intolerable heat, and yet they have never penetrated over on seven-thousandth part of the distance from the surface to the center of the earth. In the lower levels of some of the Comstock mines the men fought scalding water, and could labor only three or four hours at a time until the Suro tunnel pierced the mines and drew off some of the terrible heat, which had stood at 120 degrees. The deepest boring ever made, that at Spenberg, near Berlin, penetrates only 4,172 feet, about 1,000 feet deeper than the famous artesian well at St. Louis. While borings and mines reveal to us only a few secrets relating to the temperature and constitution of the earth for a few thousand feet below the surface, we are able, by means of volcanoes, to form some notion of what is going on at greater depths. There have been many theories about the causes of volcanoes, but it is now generally held that though they are produced by the intense heat of the interior of the earth they are not directly connected with the molten mass that lies many miles below the immediate sources of volcanic energy. Everybody knows that many rocks are formed on the floor of the ocean, and it has been found that a twentieth to a seventh of their weight is made up of imprisoned water. Now, these rocks are buried in time under varying strata, which serve as a blanket to keep in the enormous heat of the interior. The heat turns the water into super-heated steam, which melts the hardest rocks, and when the steam finds a fissure in the strata above, it breaks through to the surface with terrific energy, and we have a volcano. We find that these outpourings that have lain for countless ages many thousands of feet below the surface are well adapted to serve the purposes of man. Many a vine-yard flourishes on the volcanic ashes from Vesuvius, and volcanic mud has clothed the hills of New Zealand with fine forests and its plains with luxuriant verdure. The most wonderful display of the results of volcanic energy is seen in the northwestern corner of our own land, a region of lofty forests and of great fertility.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

TO DISPEL COLDS.

Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

Mexico is to have the Continent's longest tunnel.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

An mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering the mucous surfaces. Such articles should be avoided, except on prescriptions from reputable physicians. The damage they will do to your system is often incalculable. Beware of cheap cures, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Get the system in buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Rev. Richard Penrose has become associate editor of the New York Christian.

THE total cost of railroads in the United States has been nine billion dollars.

Quit Everything Else.

S. S. S. is the only permanent cure for contagious blood Taint. Old chronic cases that physicians declare incurable; are cured in every instance where S. S. S. has had a fair trial.

I honestly believe that S. S. S. saved my life. I was afflicted with the very worst type of contagious blood poison and was almost a solid sore from head to foot. The physicians declared my case hopeless. I quit everything else and commenced taking S. S. S. After taking a few bottles I was cured sound and well.

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who would take half your hard work off your shoulders and do it without a murmur? What would you give to find an assistant in your household that would keep your floors and walls clean, and your kitchen bright, and yet never grow ugly over the matter of hard work? Sapollo is just such a friend and can be bought at all grocers.

PISOR'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH

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"August Flower"

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Doubting

Thomas.

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