

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES



Dyspepsia, Intense Misery
"No pen can describe the suffering I endured ten years from Dyspepsia. I had almost Given up Hops of ever being any better when I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I am entirely cured and advise any one suffering from dyspepsia to try Hood's Sarsaparilla."

The truth of this statement I am glad to verify at any time." Mrs. JOHN FENTON, 67 Prince Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dyspepsia causes death, but permits its victim to live on misery. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures dyspepsia and all stomach disorders. It also cures headaches and dizziness. Hood's Pills are indicated. 25 cents.

PNU 44 92

A Natural Food.

Conditions of the system arise when ordinary foods cease to build flesh—there is urgent need of arresting waste—assistance must come quickly, from natural food source.



Scott's Emulsion
is a condensation of the life of all foods—it is cod-liver oil reinforced, made easy of digestion, and almost as palatable as milk.

Prepared by Scott & Bowes, N. Y. All druggists.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER
The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep your dry in the hardest storm. The new improved formula makes it more pliable, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat of the "Fish Brand" if it is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

SHILOH'S CURE.
Cures Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Croup, it has no rival; has cured thousands where all others failed; will cure you if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For Lane Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S PLASTER, 25 cents.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.
Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price 60cts. Injector free.

THE KIND THAT CURES

MRS. REV. A. J. DAY,
No. Easton, N. Y.
SCROFULOUS ECZEMA FOR 20 YEARS!

DANA'S SARSAPARILLA
A woman on her bed has been treated and discharged until almost entirely gone. Habitual Convulsions also greatly relieved.

After having used a variety of remedies with but little result, but DANA'S SARSAPARILLA has been selected, resulting my SCROFULOUS ECZEMA and SCIRRHOSIS in the blood that I must say it is a grand combination of remedies. It is a great relief to a great number of people due to its power and the blessing of a kind Providence upon us.

Splendid Alternative. Rev. A. J. Day, Pastor M. E. Church, No. Easton, N. Y.

Only one Sarsaparilla sold on the "NO BENEFIT—NO PAY" plan. Only one could stand the test; and that one is DANA'S. REMEMBER THIS. Dana Sarsaparilla Co., Belfast, Maine.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

All Gone—Putting It Up—Teddy's Sacrifice—Cruelly Used—Parliamentary—All He Desired, Etc.

The nights are cold,
The skies are gray;
The frost king now
Is on his way.

We miss the birds;
We miss the bees;
And leafy trees.

We also miss,
The joy to taste.

The spirit who sag
The old front gate.

—Washington Star.

PUTTING IT UP.

"What are you doing now?"

"Putting up a building."

"To occupy yourself?"

"No; at auction."—Detroit Free Press.

NOT A FEMININE ERROR.

May Say It—"Three-fourths of her acquaintances take her to be five years younger than she is."

Jack Askit—"Do you mean to say that only one-fourth of her acquaintances are women?"—Puck.

PARLIAMENTARY.

Facetious Creditor (opening the door)—"I am about to introduce a little bill—"

Harassed Debtor (shutting the same)—"And this body has determined to adopt closure."—Chicago Record.

TEDDY'S SACRIFICE.

Mamma—"Now, Teddy to-day we must all try and give up something while times are so hard."

Teddy—"I'm willing."

Mamma—"What will it be, dear?"

Teddy—"Soap."—Inter-Ocean.

CRUELLY USED.

Tommy's Mamma—"So Johnny grabbed your apple, did he? The naughty boy! Why didn't you grab it from him?"

Tommy (in tears)—"I did. I grabbed it from him first."—Chicago Record.

ALL HE DESIRED.

"My dear sir," said the grateful father, "how can I reward you for dragging my only daughter from a watery grave?"

"Simply do not expect me to marry her," replied the hero.—Detroit Free Press.

A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE.

Weary Watkins—"I don't want no more sleep again for a year."

Wandering Willyum—"Wot's eatin' you?"

Weary Watkins—"I sleep las' night and dreamed I was workin'."—Chicago Record.

NO TIME TO LOSE.

Plankington—"Come out to dinner with me to-night, old man. We've got a new cook."

Von Blumer—"Don't believe I can go to-night. Won't-to-morrow do?"

Plankinton—"Oh, no. She leaves to-morrow."—Life.

THE BOOK THAT HELPED HIM.

"Would you oblige me," said the reporter who gets novel interviews, "by telling me what book has helped you most in life?"

And after a thoughtful pause the great man answered:

"My bank book."—Washington Star.

SHARING HER BURDENS.

Jaggs—"It's a shame to make your wife work so hard. Why don't you help her?"

Biggs—"Why I do! I make the fire every morning."

Jaggs—"But who carries the coal upstairs?"

Biggs—"We use a gasstove."—Puck.

THE PARTY ABASHED.

Fanning—"So you went out to congratulate your old chum on being a father, did you?"

Channing—"Yes."

Fanning—"I suppose Thompson looked like a fool when you did it."

Channing—"No. He was very dignified—or—but the baby looked awfully sheepish."—Judge.

A GUILTY CONSCIENCE.

"Say," said the regular customer of the side street restaurant as he stopped at the desk to pay his check, "where did you get that beef you are serving to-day?"

"What's the matter with it?" aggressively asked the cashier, who scented another kick.

"There's nothing the matter with it; that's why I asked."—Life.

REASURING HER.

She was a little bit afraid of the big waves, but the presence of her big cousin from the country reassured her a good deal.

"Now," she said, "if I get frightened I shall make a vociferous appeal for assistance."

"No," he said, heartily, "don't do that. Just yell for help, and I'll be on hand."—Washington Star.

OFFENDED SENSIBILITIES.

"Certainly," said the farmer's wife to Meandering Mike, "I'll give you my breakfast."

"Thank you, ma'am, for ever an' ever."

"Suppose," she went on with a glance at the wood pile, "that you start in with a chop."

And he turned haughtily away with a remark to the effect that nothing was so offensive to a man of taste as an untimely and unseemly jest.

IN THE HANDS OF HIS FRIENDS.

"I assure you, gentlemen," said a convict entering the prison, "the place has sought me and not I the place. My own affairs really demand all my time and attention and I may truly say that my selection to fill this position was an entire surprise. Had I consulted my own interests I should have peremptorily declined to serve, but as I am in the hands of my friends I see no other course but to submit."

And he submitted.—New York Mercury.

A PRUDENT MAID.

"Henry," she began, in a sweetly timorous voice, "what's all this talk about gold and silver?"

Henry, who read the papers, and was about as thoroughly ignorant on the subject as everybody else, plunged in bravely, but she stepped him.

"I don't want to know that," she faltered; "but is gold getting so awful scarce?"

"Awful scarce," echoed Henry, dimly.

"And is it all being taken away?"

"It is," said Henry.

"And if they continue to take it away, there won't be any left in this country by-and-by, and we'll have to use silver?"

"Yes," sighed Henry.

"Henry," she whispered, "I told you that I would give you my decision in the winter—but I repeat. It is Y—yes, Henry. Don't—don't you think?" she continued, after a moment's silence, "that it would be well to get the ring now, before all the gold is taken away?"—Harper's Bazar.

HE CAME AT LAST.

"John," exclaimed the nervous woman. "There's a burglar in the house. I'm sure of it."

John rubbed his eyes, and protested mildly that it was imagination.

"No it isn't. I heard a man down stairs."

So John took a box of matches and went down. To his surprise his wife's suspicions were correct. Seeing that he was unarmed, the burglar covered him with a revolver and became quiet.

"Isn't it rather late to be out of bed?" he remarked.

"A-er-a-little-bit," replied John.

"You're too late, anyhow, because I've dropped everything out of the window, and my pals have carried it off."

"Oh, that's all right. I'd like to take one favor of you, though."

"What is it?"

"Stay here until my wife can come down and see you. She has been looking for you every night for the last twelve years, and I don't want her to be disappointed any longer."—Washington Star.

A Tame Chick Loon.

"Last fall, when my chum and I were in the Maine woods," says a sportsman, "we captured a chick loon. The old birds flew away as we went out with our boat, leaving the chick to take care of itself. It couldn't fly, so it tried to get away by diving, but by chasing it about here and there we tired it out and at length pulled it into the boat. The little fellow just squatted down and took life easy. We stroked its back and talked to it, and then told each other what fools we had been for capturing it, and put it back into the water. Well, sir, that followed us as if we had been its parents, and wanted to come into the boat again. If we had known what to feed it we would have kept it, but we didn't, and we left it at the further end of the lake. We heard the old birds before night, so I guess it was taken care of. From that experience I am sure you can tame loons."—New York Recorder.

WALTZING MICE.

Lately the employees at the Philadelphia Zoological Garden have been amused by the antics of some queer little animals which are not on public exhibition, says the Inquirer. The newcomers are black and white Japanese waltzing mice, seven in number. When let out of their cages they wink at each other and step gracefully forward with a movement which some of the beholders declare is a bow. Head Keeper Manley whistles "Annie Rooney," and the mice skip away in pairs with a queer whirling motion. When he strikes up "The Bowery" they revolve so fast that nothing can be seen but little gray balls. "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay" causes them to "swing corners," and dance "all hands around." Once the owner ventured to the "Dead March" while they were dancing. With a whisk of their tails the little rodents fled to their cages, like a man pursued by a night mare.

WALLPAPER CHARLEY.

"An all-round no good" is what the Arizonans say of Wallpaper Charley, and his own copper-skinned tribesmen, in compliment to his duplicity, say, "his tongue is forked." This chief of the Wallapai Apaches recently wrote a touching letter to President Cleveland telling the woes of his tribe and asking for rations. The newcomers are black and white Japanese waltzing mice, seven in number. When let out of their cages they wink at each other and step gracefully forward with a movement which some of the beholders declare is a bow. Head Keeper Manley whistles "Annie Rooney," and the mice skip away in pairs with a queer whirling motion. When he strikes up "The Bowery" they revolve so fast that nothing can be seen but little gray balls. "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay" causes them to "swing corners," and dance "all hands around." Once the owner ventured to the "Dead March" while they were dancing. With a whisk of their tails the little rodents fled to their cages, like a man pursued by a night mare.

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HARVESTING THE APPLE

HOW THE WINTER FRUIT IS GROWN AND GATHERED.

Apple Raising in Western New York Does Not Reward Its Grower as it Formerly Did.

BARRELS and barrels and barrels and barrels. Barrels piled on barrels. Barrels in big loads and barrels in little loads—not great clumsy painted barrels for the reception of oil or whisky or pork or lard, but light, graceful barrels shortly to be filled with what is, all things considered, the most delicious fruit in the world.

The passage of loads of apple barrels along the highways and byways of an apple producing region indicates that the time for picking is at hand. "One of the liveliest, drivingest times they is in the hull year," as an apple grower, who is proud of his success as such, described the apple harvest the other day. Apples grow in most parts of the United States north of a