Do You Like Boils

If you do not, you should take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it will purify your blood, cure your boils and keep your system free from the poisons which cause them. The great blood purifying power of Hood's Sarsaparilla is constantly being demonstrated by its many marvelous cures.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache. 25c.

Admiral Farragut used to relate that a pretty girl on a Mississippi steamer was anxiously sought in marriage by five of the passengers. Viewing them all with favor, the girl applied to the captain of the boat for advice in making her selection. He suggested that she leap overboard, after he had made arrangements that would make injury to her impossible. She did as he said. Four of her suitors promptly went in after her and united in bringing her safely back to the deck. "What shall I do now?" she perplexedly inquired of the captain. "I don't rightly know, miss," he answered, "but it seems to me I'd take the dry one."

The War Is Over.

And now our thoughts are all of peace and home. There are, too often, people to be found who have no home, and it is to them these few words are addressed. If you really want a home you can easily get one, but you should act at once before the relapse from the war puts prices on the advance. In Marinette County, Wisconsin, the very finest farming land is to be had now at a most modest figure. Excellent home markets are at hand to take whatever the farmer raises, and good prices are given. These lands are on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, and full information concerning them will cheerfully be furnished by C. E. Rollins, Immigration Agent, 161 La Salle Street, Chicago.

Take paint out of clothing by equal parts of ammonia and turpentine.

Scratch, scratch, scratch; unable to attend to business during the day or sleep during the night. Itching piles, horrible plague. Doan's Ointment cures. Never fails. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Remove oil stains from wall paper by powdered pipe clay moistened.

Don't delay a minute. Cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhœa come suddenly. Only safe plan is to have Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry always on hand.

Remove ink from wood with muriatic acid, after rinsing with water.

A little life may be sacrificed to a sudden attack of croup if you don't have Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil on hand for the emergency.

A patent right—To charge 18 times what the devise is worth.

Bad blood and indigestion are deadly enemies to good health. Burdock Blood Bitters destroys them.

Contentment is better than money, and just about as scarce.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets

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

The boy who is taught to do nothing will never forget it.

"A Perfect Type of the Highest Order of Excellence in Manufacture."

Walter Baker & Co's

Breakfast Cocoa

Absolutely Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

..Costs Less Than ONE CENT a Cup..

Be sure that you get the Genuine Article, made at DORCHESTER, MASS. by

WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd.

ESTABLISHED 1780.

Biliousness

"I have used your valuable CASCARETS and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them, to every one. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family." EDW. A. MARX, Albany, N. Y.

CANDY CATHARTIC **Cascarets** TRADE MARK REGISTERED REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 321

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use } **Thompson's Eye Water.**

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

PENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS. JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D.C. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3yrs.in last war,15 adjudicating claims,atty since

Trade BIG G Mark CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. Price $1.00

CURE YOURSELF! Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. **Sold by Druggists,** or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

FOR OLD SAKE'S SAKE.

It is a commonplace of speech that there is no changing the leopard's spots. The keen observer of his kind, who has not twelve axioms wherewith to work the theorems of life, but twelve hundred, accepts it as gospel. Raymond, who was not a keen observer, but a man with faith in his heart, did not accept it. In the face of advice and caution and good counsel he decided to reduce it to the absurd and marry Cicely Glanville. Success crowned him, as even those who warned him know now, but it was a desperate risk.

Far back in the days which it were heresy to doubt were as good as they were old, when Alan was just the stolid small son of Captain Raymond and Cicely was but the angel-faced little daughter of Captain Raymond's first lieutenant, Marlitt, the boy and girl had been fond of one another. They had made mud pies and hunted the first wild flowers of the plains, and had ridden burros and bronchos together. They had wintered and summered in each other's company, the mountains and prairies of the southwest, while the land was yet given over to the never-ending disturbances of the hostiles. They had learned what it was to have only one another for playmates for months at a time. And because of the hardships of long marches and the joys of a half-savage freedom shared together, they came to think themselves inseparable. And then they were separated. Cicely was to be civilized. She was sent east and abroad to school. Alan Raymond went through West Point and got his commission. Thereupon fate—which at times does what might be expected of her—sent him to the same post where the Marlitts were stationed, and he saw Cicely again. He looked into the placid depths of her long, gray eyes and remembered the past. He looked at the curving red lips and the thick brown hair and guessed the future. She had changed for the worse and for the better. She had been civilized and was less frank; she had learned to attain her ends by indirect means, yet, as women go, she was honest. But the saintly face was more beautiful and the child was grown to one of those women whom to love is to worship. And in due time Raymond loved her.

There are men who take their love as simply as they do the breath of their life. It is necessary to them, but they do not go mad with the ecstasy of its possession. When Raymond had told Cicely that he loved her, and when she had laid her head upon his shoulder and had put her slender, clinging hands in his, and, turning up the beautiful, deep eyes to his face, had said, "I love you," he was satisfied. His fault, if such it were, was that he was undemonstrative, and Cicely's—though some count it a virtue in woman—that she was jealous. Of all viles, jealousy carried with it its own swiftest punishment. It realizes its unreason, but

DO YOU LOVE ME STILL?

is powerless—like a dreamer who suffers and cannot awake, though he knows, the while, that he is dreaming. She knew in her heart that her lover's word was worth more than most men's vows; she knew that his purpose was direct and honest, and yet she doubted. The tiny stone of suspicion began to roll. A question which Cicely was too proud to ask would have checked it, but it rushed on and became an avalanche that buried and crushed their happiness under its mass. Raymond looked on dazed. He could not understand.

When it was too late it was made plain. Cicely sat before her own fire, in the dusk, and looked quietly at the blazing logs. The light shone on her fair face and on her gleaming hair. Raymond stood and looked down at her, resting his arm on the mantelpiece. He was an honest man. He had no intention of speaking of even the love of the past to another man's wife, but beside the blank reality rose up in front of him the might-have-been of his life, and he cried out from the depths:

"Cicely, why did you do it?"

She started back and looked up at him. For one long minute the deep eyes gazed into his eyes and saw there the futility of an irretrievable mistake. The curved lips grew white, and parted and closed again. She turned and hid her face in her tight-clasped hands, and bowed her head against the back of the chair. There is tragedy of the fiercest sort that enters, once, at least, into most lives—tragedy which seems to rend the veil of one's universe in twain and to open up the graves where one's hopes and sorrows have lain sleeping. Yet we jeer at melodrama when we are shown bits from the play of existence that are as nothing to the truth. We say it is overacted. It is because it has been mercifully given to us to forget. In the past, Raymond, first of all, would have scoffed; in the future, he would come to doubt the horror of the present moment. But it caught him and held him then with a mighty strength. The primitive creature comes out when it is lashed with the whip of real pain; all the bars of custom and convention cannot restrain it. He forgot the honor of his sane moments. He snatched away the hands and dragged her to him, and turned her face up again to his.

"Why did you do it, Cicely?" he repeated.

She clinched her teeth and steadied her voice, and then she told him.

"But you were utterly wrong," he said. He was dazed to have been so misunderstood, and he offered no explanation. But she did not need one now. She had seen the full measure of her folly.

"I know," she answered, "I was wrong, and—I am punished." She threw her arms about his neck and sobbed, and he held her close. It was only for a little time. Then she drew away and her arms fell at her sides. "It cannot be helped," she said, and she turned and went away.

There was no change in Raymond, either then or as the years went on. He was a good officer and a good man and unembittered. But Cicely Glanville changed. The world loves nothing better than to find an explanation for what has mystified it. It does not trouble to verify its belief. "It is plain," it said now, "why Cicely Marlitt married Glanville. Raymond was not the man to have allowed her to indulge her propensities."

The propensities were toward flirtations that scandalized that conservative and respectable institution, the army. Even the men of the regiment resented that it should be given fame through Mrs. Glanville. And the women feared and hated her, but they also admired. Popular superstition to the contrary notwithstanding, most women see the charms of a rival. Envy is as keen-sighted as love is blind. And the clever ones admit them.

Being isolated from the small circle of feminine wit, Mrs. Glanville added to her attractions much masculine clear-sightedness and wide range of interests. She was as good to talk to as to look upon. She spoke with the tongue of a wisdom that was more—not less—than womanly, and she sang with the voice of a siren, and men fell down before her and worshiped her, and, throwing the cloak of their infatuation over the clay feet of their idol, came finally to forget them and believe it all spotless alabaster. They held her up to wives and daughters and sisters whom they would have disowned for following in her path. And they ruined the peace of their lives and of their homes for her—all, too, without the hope of even a capricious fancy for reward. She brought them low and laughed at them, but they still had faith, as had her husband, though the heavens should fall. She was known to the borders of the service, and beyond, as a creature of no heart who had caused disaster and even death and had shown neither remorse nor pity.

Yet when she was free once more, Raymond went to her. His old faith was unmoved. It was a better sort of faith than any other she had inspired. Years had gone since she had seen him. She sat once again before the fire—this time in her father's home. And Raymond stood looking down at her. The face, above the black dress of her mourning, was as saintlike as of old, and seemed as young and unscarred. The long, gray eyes were as placid, but more deep. He did not ask now why she had done these things. Perhaps he knew. But he said to her as though the time had never been:

"Cicely, do you love me still?"

And the sweet lips parted to say the words that they had never framed save for him: "I love you still."

He reached out his hand and took hers. She tried to draw it away.

"But you do not want me—now?" she said.

He held her fast and answered: "I want you now." There was no doubt in his firm voice.

"You do not know," she tried to tell him.

"Yes, I know," he said; "and yet—and yet I want the Cicely who was my honest little playmate years ago; who was my trusted love in the past; who will be my faithful wife in the time to come. For old sake's sake, I want her, dear."

She laid her tired head upon his shoulder and closed her tear-filled eyes. "And for old sake's sake," she said, "you shall have her."—Gwendolen Overton, in the Argonaut.

His Explanation.

The explanations authors are compelled to make to readers of literal or immature mind—when they are obliging enough to make them at all—are often as good literature as the passage which called them forth. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says, in her "Eighty Years or More," that she once wrote Doctor Holmes, at the request of a young nephew of hers, to ask an important question. Did the doctor really have a servant who almost laughed himself to death, as described in "The Height of the Ridiculous?" Doctor Holmes replied: "I wish you would explain to your little nephew that the story of the poor fellow who almost died laughing was a kind of dream of mine, and not a real thing that happened, any more than that an old woman lived in a shoe, and had so many children she didn't know what to do, or that Jack climbed the beanstalk and found the giant who lived at the top of it. You can explain to him what is meant by imagination, and thus turn my youthful rhymes into a text for a discourse worthy of the Concord school of philosophy. I have not my poems by me, but I remember that 'The Height of the Ridiculous' ended with this verse:

'Ten days and night with sleepless eyes
I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.'

"But tell your nephew he mustn't cry about it, any more than because geese go barefoot, and bald eagles have no nightcaps."

A Modern Fable.

Once upon a time a tramp was sorely in need of something to eat, and approaching a farmhouse he spake unto the farmer, saying: "If you will give me the wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of the inner man, I will kill all the rats about the place." "Agreed," said the tiller of the soil, and he ordered his good wife to give the tramp a square meal. After the tramp had devoured everything in sight he went to the woodpile and selected a stout club, then, seating himself on the porch, he said to the farmer, "Now bring on your rats."—Chicago News.

Duty.

Never to tire, never to grow cold, to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always, like God; to love always—that is duty.—Amiel.

Dawson City Filled With an Army of Gold Seekers.

Out of the host which started for Dawson last spring, from 30,000 to 35,000 have arrived and, like those who gave up the battle en route, they are beginning to wonder why they came. They have roughed it over the toughest of trails; they have been sailors, boat builders, dog drivers, cooks, only to be called "cheechawkos." Though it were used as a compliment, the very sound of this word is enough to make a man sad, if not tired. It comes with a leering smile and a sneer, saying: "Oh, what a lot you have to learn!" The old timers borrowed the word from the Indians, and literally it means "a newcomer." Not until you have spent one winter in the country and you have seen the ice in the river break are you an old timer. To be a Yukoner you must have been in the country before the great strike was made in the Klondike district. The Yukoners have formed an aristocratic society, something like the Sons of the Revolution at home, and on great occasions they wear broad blue scarfs. Going over the ice to Dawson, as I did, writes Frederick Palmer, I passed the thirty thousand on the trail, and I saw the old Dawson before it was transformed. If Dawson, in its superiority of ancient culture, tried to phaze and succeeded in phazing the pilgrims, the pilgrims had the satisfaction of literally swamping Dawson. For Dawson is only a few log cabins sitting on a mud flat along the river front. Last winter the resident population was not more than a thousand, the remainder of the people in the country, four thousand in all, being at work upon the creeks.

When thirty thousand people fell upon this little mining camp it was lost like a piece of cheese under a cloud of flies. If the "cheechawkos"—we never called them by any other name—expected much from Dawson, Dawson expected a good deal from the "cheechawkos." The saloon keepers wanted whisky; capitalists wanted to see the price of labor go down, and everybody wanted fresh eggs, fresh beef, cigars to smoke, and a new pair of boots. These things the "cheechawkos" gave us. That is, those of the "cheechawkos" who were clever enough to take in goods and edibles to sell, thus allowing somebody to dig the gold for them instead of digging for themselves. These were sure of a fair, and perhaps a fabulous, profit, which is a safer proposition than taking one chance out of a thousand on finding a $200,000 claim. The first man to arrive had built his boat at the foot of Le Barge. He was from Seattle, and he told us so as soon as he was in hailing distance. In Dawson it is hard to escape the impression that Seattle is a district representing an area of about one-half of the United States. This Seattle man had eggs and lemons to sell, and he got $18 a dozen for both. The first boots to come down sold for $15 a pair; the first potatoes, $2 a pound; first oranges, $18 a dozen; first bananas, $1 apiece; first broad brimmed hats, $25 apiece; first fresh meat, $2 a pound; first sugar, $1.25 a pound; first butter, $2.50 a pound; first condensed milk, $1.50 a can; first syrup, $5 a gallon, and first canned peaches, $2 a can. But the market for such prices is more or less limited, and with the increase of supply which followed the opening of the whole chain of lakes three weeks later than the opening of the river below Le Barge, prices went down considerably, except in the case of fresh beef, which was held at $1.50 a pound.

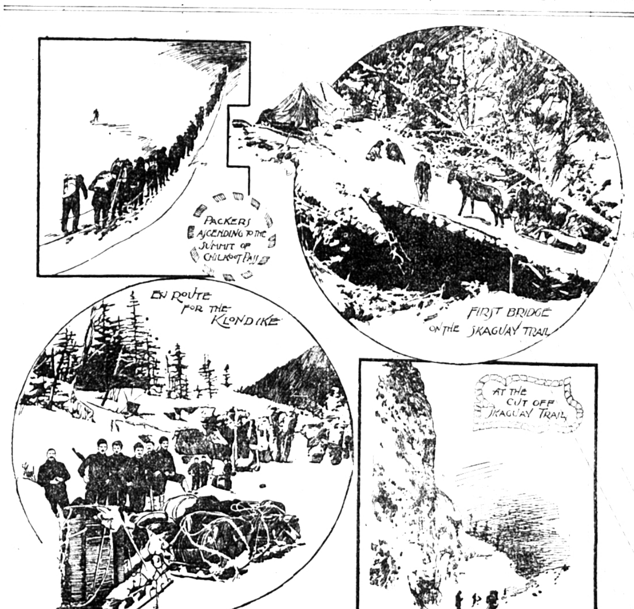
Ten thousand dollars was cleared up by one man, who brought a stock of millinery and of fine clothing to the port of Le Barge with four oxen. The oxen he put on a raft along with the goods, and brought them to Dawson, where he sold them on the hoof to a butcher for $3,000. It was most important of all that those with goods to sell should put them on the market at once. They made a store out of a tent, rented a booth in front of a saloon, or made a counter of the bow of a boat, or of a piece of canvass laid on the ground by the water front. Booths and cloth buildings sprang up in such profusion that the only thing to disabuse your mind of the fact that you were not at a country fair was that pink lemonade was 50 and not 5 cents a glass. The miners, with their "clean-ups" as the wages for their winter's work in their gold-dust bags, drank pink lemonade, sampled everything in the edible and drinkable line displayed in the booths, and then had to go to the doctor to settle. These 30,000 pilgrims now in Dawson are like an army of 30,000 generals seeking to conquer a country. They walk up and down the streets, loiter in the saloons and gambling places and ask one another if they know where there is any ground worth staking. They are slowly finding out that they haven't reached the place where the gold awaits their mining, but a place where they may prospect for gold. There are 8,500 claims staked in the Klondike mining district. Of these only 500 are of any proven value more than a nominal speculative sum. And the nominal speculative sum is fast going down because the boom is out of Dawson. The thicker the "cheechawkos" become the smaller the boom. Claims which were prospected still sell, but unprospected ones on unprospected creeks do not.

Everybody is waiting to see whether or not the Canadian government is going to rescind the royalty, whether or not Ottawa is going to send an honest set of officials, whether or not any new ground will be discovered by the pilgrims, what is to be the rate of wages—in fine, which way the cat is going to jump. And the pilgrim being the cat, or largely the cat, eating fat bacon when the thermometer is at 100, is waiting on his own part for the cat to jump. In his heart the jump he wants to make himself is over the mountains and the glaciers to the land where there are strawberries—and cream to go with them. It was a fairly well-distributed fact a year ago—though the pilgrim could think only of the story of $500 a pan on Eldorado—that all the five creeks now demonstrated to be rich—Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion and Sulphur—were staked by men who were in the Klondike or started for the Klondike before the world received the news which was responsible for the first great rush. No fortunes, no considerable sum, except by speculation, has yet been made by other than the old-timers who have been in the country from two to ten years. All the new creeks—which means every creek in the neighborhood of Dawson—were staked on faith and not on prospects. These claims must have the legal three months' work done on them this winter or be lost to their owners. I have faith that some of them will turn out well, but even then it will be another year or two years before the owners can realize from them, except by sale. Unless there is more work done than promised there will not be employment, even at reduced wages, for one-fifth of the 30,000. There are numerous opportunities to prospect unprospected claims for half of what is in them, but if they turn out blanks then the layman will have nothing when summer comes, having eaten his stores during the winter. The average pilgrim has food for not more than six months. This means that he must buy more before the year is out. As a rule he is "broke," and in many instances he has sold some of his outfit to get a little spending money.

If he does not go to work for another he must go prospecting in new territory. That means taking his food many miles up a tributary, selecting a little creek and "burning" a hole to bedrock. If the first one fails he must try another, and so on. He cannot prospect until the surface ground freezes, else the water will run in on his "fires." Meanwhile he must sit in his tent and wait. Very few of the pilgrims have yet gone to work for wages. The demands of new enterprises have, perhaps, employed an additional thousand men, who are getting from 75 cents to $1 a day, a fall of about 20 per cent over winter wages. Most of the pilgrims feel that it isn't worth while to work for less in such a country—at least, they feel so now. For most of them came in to make a fortune in short order and, if they can't make it, they say they might just as well return to a more habitable country. Men with trades, who came for the purpose of working for wages, went to work at once. The mass, the fortune seekers, those whose ambitions are bound up in a "lucky strike," watch the few build cabins and prepare for winter.

If the number who had already built cabins or caches for their food were any criterion of the number who will stay in the country, then not more than 3,000 will remain. A thousand had sold their outfits and started out of the country by July 1. But for pride two-thirds of the lot would already have followed suit. It is hard to return to your own with less than you had when you started—particularly hard to explain to your friends why Alaska is a failure when its golden harvest seems bound to increase with every year. "Doggone it!" said a young Missourian, "I'm going back to the old farm with a thousand dollars—I had that when I left—if I have to stay in here ten years. Doggone it! wasn't I green, though, when I reached Seattle I'd never seen any gold mined. I thought you could get it easy enough once you were here—and, doggone it! why your troubles have just begun."

Of those pilgrims who remain in the country some will go to work for wages, some will hang around Dawson and wait for somebody to make a strike, and the valiant few will go out up the unprospected creeks, thawing holes through thirty feet of ground, seeking for strikes of their own. But two-thirds of the 30,000 will spend Christmas at home in the states. Alaska is richer in gold than the experts who went into the country expected to find it. But getting the gold is like extracting an elephant's tooth with a pair of tweezers—as the newcomer sees it. The terror wears off with experience. And the Klondike has never been so habitable as it will be this winter.



SCENES EN ROUTE TO KLONDIKE.

The Boy of 1,600 Years Ago.

The numerous papyri unearthed some time ago by Messrs. Grenfel and Hunt from the ancient city of Oxyrhyncus, Egypt, are being gradually deciphered. One of them, a letter from a boy, evidently a petted darling, to his father, sounds strangely modern, though it is at least 1,600 years old: "Theon to His Father Theon, Greeting: It was a fine thing of you not to take me with you to the city! If you won't take me with you to Alexandria I won't write you a letter or speak to you, or say good-by to you; and if you go to Alexandria I won't take your hand, nor ever greet you again. That is what will happen if you won't take me. Mother said to Archelaus, 'It quite upsets him to be left behind (?)' It was good of you to send me presents * * * on the 12th, the day you sailed. Send me a lyre, I implore you. If you don't, I won't eat, I won't drink; there now!"

Wealth on Its Travels.

Miss Gilabrod—"There's a clever sculptress down this way. You ought to see what she can make out of butter." Miss Ritchley-Greest—"She's a good one if she can make as much out of it as my pa makes out of oleomargarine."—Chicago Tribune

A WOMAN'S HEROISM.

From the Register-Gazette, Rockford, Ill.

During the civil war nearly as much heroism was shown by the women of our nation as by the brave soldiers. Many a woman, weeping for her dead son, bound up the wounds of his suffering comrades, rejoicing in their renewed strength, even while sorrowing for the one who was gone. At that time was laid the foundation for the world-famed organization known as the Woman's Relief Corps, whose aid to the soldier of today, fighting against the world for a living, is no less notable than the heroism of the early '60's.

On the Battlefield.

One of the most earnest members of the corps at Byron, Ill., is Mrs. James Houseweart, but illness once put a stop to her active work. A year or so ago, when she was nearing fifty years of age, the time when women must be most careful of their strength, Mrs. Houseweart was taken seriously ill. The family physician told her that she had reched a critical period of her life, and must be very careful. His prescriptions and treatment did not benefit her, and other treatment proved unavailing.

At last Dr. William's Pink Pills for Pale People were brought to her notice, with indisputable evidence that they were helpful in cases such as hers, and with renewed hope she tried the remedy. Last March she took the first box of the pills, which gave much relief. She was determined to be cured, and kept on with the medicine, untile now eight boxes have been consumed, and she feels like a new woman.

Mrs. Houseweart said: "I have taken only eight boxes, but I have been improving since I took the first dose. I do not believe I could have lived without the pills. They certaily have done me more good than any physician or any medicine I have ever tried."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

A Fact of Life.

Religion as a fundamental fact of life, as elemental in humanity, is in evidence today as never before. This is a magnificent demonstration at the close of the nineteenth century. There is an immensely augmented vigor, variety and fruitfulness of spiritual life, most impressive where there is most enlightenment.—Hopkins.

Beauty is Blood Deep.

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

The Louisville Courier-Journal asks Kentucky democrats to stand by their guns. This seems to be unnecessary advice to Kentuckians.

Keeping right with God is the surest way ever yet discovered of keeping bread in the house.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

It never makes the day any brighter to growl at the cloudy weather.

No subtler habit of evil is there in the world than that of self-pity.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. $1. All druggists

Hope warps judgement in council, but quickens energy in action.

Some persons do first, think afterward and then repent forever.

Dr. Carter's K. & B. Tea

does what other medicines do not do. It regulates the four important organs of the body—the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels. 25c package

You can always be happy if you are willing to rejoice with others.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

A drop of dew tries to do God's will as hard as a thunderstorm.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house.—D. C. Albright, Mifflinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, 1895.

We cannot always oblige, but we can always speak obligingly.

Husband, let's tell the proprietor that Brown's Teething Cordial saved baby's life!

The desire of appearing clever often prevents our becoming so.

How Old She Looks

Poor clothes cannot make you look old. Even pale cheeks won't do it.

Your household cares may be heavy and disappointments may be deep, but they cannot make you look old.

One thing does it and never fails.

It is impossible to look young with the color of seventy years in your hair.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

permanently postpones the tell-tale signs of age. Used according to directions it gradually brings back the color of youth. At fifty your hair may look as it did at fifteen. It thickens the hair also; stops it from falling out; and cleanses the scalp from dandruff. Shall we send you our book on the Hair and its Diseases?

The Best Advice Free.

If you do not obtain all the benefits you expected from the use of the Vigor, write the doctor about it. Probably there is some difficulty with your general system which may be easily removed. Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.