No old-time doctor discards the medicine which can show an unbroken record of

*Fifty Years of Cures.*

To those doctors, who went up and down the country in every kind of wind and weather, faithful, patient, and true, Ayer's Sarsaparilla owes its first success. Today any doctor of repute who prescribes any Sarsaparilla prescribes *Ayer's*. We have thousands of testimonials from doctors all over this land that it is the one safe Sarsaparilla, and the doctors know what it is, because we have been giving the formula of it to them for over half a century.

This is why

# AYER'S

is "the leader of them all," not because of much advertising nor because of what we put around the bottle, but because of what is in the bottle.

*It is the one safe spring medicine for you.*


# WHAT "S. F." MEANT.

(By Lilian Quiller Couch.)

On a summer evening not so very long ago the brightest, prettiest, daintiest (some said "wickedest," but that was a libel), most bewitching, coquettish, mischievous, good-hearted girl in Hovemouth stood before the mirror in her bedroom at the hotel, gathering the billowy folds of her pink muslin frock about her waist by means of a satin sash, and looking back at her reflection as she did so. On her head was a pink triumph—in other words, a shady hat—in her eyes lay a twinkle of mischief, and her chiffon sunshade lay on the bed.

A few minutes later, fully equipped, Miss Mary Girlington passed through the vestibule. There was a travel-worn trunk in one corner with two initials on it on which her eyes flickered with a gleam of satisfaction, then she stepped into the garden, and on down the cliff path leading to the beach. When this was reached she slackened pace, sauntering, as if to breathe ozone were her only object in life.

The tide was out; the beach was deserted save for a shrimper far out by the rock pools; the sand was smooth and yellow, as tempting to the ferrule of a sunshade as a sheet of fair paper to a scribbler. At any rate, the temptation seemed too great for the ferrule of Miss Girlington's sunshade; with a nonchalant air she prodded and scooped little tunnels in it; then, with elaborate carelessness she trailed the pretty sunshade up and down in something a trifle more shapely. When this was done she gave a surreptitious glance of her merry eyes toward the cliff path, then sauntered on across the beach, trailing her sunshade as she went.

Soon after the dainty pink figure had disappeared round a group of rocks a second figure came down the cliff path to the beach. A man this time, of moderate height, honest features, and tanned complexion. He strolled along aimlessly, smoking a cigar and looking alternately out to sea, and at the surrounding scenery. The solitary shrimper seemed no intruder on the deserted beach, and the newcomer spread his arms slowly, and gave a huge stretch of contentment.

"It's good to be in England for a time," he thought, "and free—and idle—in a little place where no one knows, or cares, whether you're a power in the land or a trupper from town. But I wonder what fate led me here, of all places in the world?"

Then, like the pink lady, he sauntered on, but now his eyes were on the ground, and he prodded with his stick as he went. When, however, he reached the spot where the smoothness had been already ruffled, his thoughts received a jerk; there were two great letters written in the sand, and half-consciously he stopped to read them. Then suddenly he stepped back, and gazed again.

"That's odd," he muttered at length, and his face flushed and his eyes were interested. "It's nothing of course. But S. F.! It's a queer coincidence." Then he noted the small footprints and the trail of the sunshade, and unhesitatingly he followed them.

At the end of the trail he found the pink lady—the daintiest little person he had ever seen—and he stood abashed before her as she looked up with wide, innocent eyes, as if half-startled at the intrusion. But he did not turn away.

"—I beg your pardon," he stammered, "but I feel almost as if I—couldn't help speaking to you."

She smiled tolerantly. "So may say that," she sighed.

His face fell. "O—h! You are one of—of that sort."

"No," she replied calmly, "but they say I am."

He paused. "I am no gallant," he declared, simply, "but plain, unpolished——"

"Ah! I am not that," she admitted. "But I hope you don't think it disrespectful or extraordinary of me to speak to you like this—without introduction?"

"I have been led to believe it is very natural," she said demurely.

His grave eyes twinkled. He felt eager as a boy.

"I must tell you that I had been ordered home for a rest from India—not ill, you know, but fagged; that I did not want to come much, and did not know where to go; that while traveling along today I saw the sea here, and left the train and came to it. Thought I would be led by Fate for awhile. I wondered if Fate were playing cup and ball with me."

"Fate is no respecter of persons," she said, deprecatingly, but with a brilliant smile.

"This evening," he continued, "I took my first stroll on the beach, and there, on a spot I have never set eyes on before, I saw my own initials written on the sand." Miss Girlington looked up with innocent interest from under her shady brim. "Stretching far away from those letters was a faint trail across the sand, and at the end of that trail—you."

"Well!" said Miss Girlington, in wonderment. "How very strange! Were there really letters?"

"Really letters—S. F. My name is Stephen Fortescue," he volunteered.

"Stephen Fortescue! The—the great——"

"Yes," he said, hurriedly, "I suppose they say so."

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed, in soft excitement.

"That is my excuse and my apology for addressing you. It seemed as if fate——"

"Had taken to sand copy books?" she queried.

"Or sat at the end of the final flourish," he suggested, boldly.

"Oh," said Miss Girlington. She did not dislike the boldness, but it was unexpected. "S. F." she said, musingly.

"You wrote my initials, and I came," he said, gently.

"I think—I think I only meant 'Set Fair,'" she objected. "I noticed the barometer as I came through the vestibule.

"Well," he said, thoughtfully, "Pon my word, I don't think it matters—Stephen Fortescue or Set Fair. The point is that you wrote it, and I came. May I sit down, please?"

The tide was still out. The shrimper was very far away. The beach was deserted, but the man was so honest and winning, and after all it was fate's doing, so she crumpled her pink billows and gave permission as graciously as if the rock had been her private opera box.

* * * *

"My Dear Nancy: Fancy my never having written to you since that day when I saw you off, and we both saw a certain great man's baggage at the station. Well, my dear, he did come to the hotel, and I did put on that pink frock, and I did—well—all that I vowed I would do to prove that not all the pretty girls go to India. And—oh, well, of course, we got on all right, and I fully meant to tell him—when we'd become great friends—that I had known about his coming and really tried to captivate him just for a joke. But, somehow, I don't think I will, after all. There wasn't much fun in it, really; these things sound very stale when they're described. When are you coming to spend another day? Ever yours, MOLLY.

"P. S.—I've done such a ridiculous thing. I'm almost ashamed to tell you. I've fallen really in love with him! And we're to be married in October! The pretty girls do seem to go to India, don't they? It's too annoying.—M. G."—Lloyd's News.

HE NOTED THE SMALL FOOTPRINTS

## SHE INSISTED ON FRESH AIR.

**And the Cold-Blooded Man Had to Stand the Draught.**

Traveling brings out the idiosyncrasies of people as no other experience can effect. Certainly the man and woman who occupied opposite compartments in a car that recently rolled westward from New York could not be said to be as conveniently adjusted as Jack Sprat and his wife. It was a very cold morning outside the frame-work of the Pullman, but within the heat seemed the mercury upward until it reached the boiling point. Porter snapped the man, viciously. "I want those ventilators closed. You'll give us all pneumonia in a couple of seconds," and the porter meekly closed the transoms. "Porter," immediately called the woman, "I want the ventilators on my side of the car open on both sides—and open wide." The official hesitated only an instant, for the woman's quick "Do it at once, porter," brooked no delay. He pulled them down with a grin at the opposite passenger. But the man didn't smile thimself. He uttered audible maledictions on author of his discomfort, and vicariously abrogated his shivering form in an overcoat, pulling the collar well up over his throat and ears. And the woman, in a linen shirtwaist, read her book serenely, whimsically unmindful of the glares of her neighbor.

**A Missing Word.**

A North Carolina preacher in one of our western counties, whose memory sometimes fails him at the critical point, says the Louisville Review, was recently preaching a sermon before a Sunday school convention. His subject was "The Resurrection." The thought toward which he was driving with all physical earnestness was that the doctrine of the resurrection was the very essence of the gospel. The word "essence" he had carefully calculated to use in tremendous epitomes of his whole thought. Rising on tiptoe, he shouted: "In a nutshell, my brethren, the doctrine of the resurrection is the very—is the very——" Alas! His chosen word, "essence," was gone. He paused a second, and then strode forward and shouted in thunder tones: "The doctrine of the resurrection is the very—is the very——" The recalcitrant was again nowhere in sight. Pausing once more, and mustering his physical weapons for a final desperate endeavor, he lowered his voice, but with intense earnestness, as if angry with poor absent "essence," he again let drive, "Brethren, the thought I have tried to impress upon you is that the doctrine of the resurrection is the very—is the very—is the very soup of the gospel!"

**Arab Music.**

Arab music has been described as the singing of a prima donna who has ruptured her voice in trying to sing a duet with herself. Each note starts from somewhere between a sharp and a flat, but does not stop even there, and splits up into four or more portions, of which no person can be expected to catch more than one at a time.

**Q. Child's Guide to Literature.**

Q.—What is a Christmas book for children? A.—A book to make fathers laugh. Q.—And what is a Christmas book for grown-ups? A.—One of Jane's Austen's novels with so many pictures. Q.—What is a Christmas number? A.—A collection of advertisements which appears in October.—London Literary World.

**A Vitiated Taste.**

"I suppose," she said, "you are a close student of literature?" "No," answered the young man with black-rimmed glasses, "I'm a student of literature. I like dialect stories."—Washington Star.

## IN THE GREAT STORM.

The great storm of February 13th last, had many tragic incidents, but few more thrilling than one that befell two boys and a man of East Marion, Long Island. These were Edwin Tuthill and Daniel Brown, sons of residents of East Marion, and Herman Kuehne, gardener at the place of a Brooklyn gentleman near East Marion. They went out on the 13th to shoot ducks, which gather in great numbers along the shore of Long Island Sound, and having killed some, they put off after them in two small boats, of the kind locally known as "sharpies."

While they were out the ice closed around them, and prevented them from getting back to the shore. Night came on. It was cold, but the three were warmly clothed, and kept hard at work, trying to row the boats to shore. Toward midnight they saw that this would be impossible. They were floating down the bay, and great ice floes were about them. They heard shouts from the shore, but in the storm they could not make their own voices heard.

By and by they saw that they could no longer maintain themselves in the boats, and therefore they crawled out on one of the largest of the ice-floes, and dragged the boats out after them. They cleared the snow from the center of the ice cake, and piled it so as to make a cradle for one of the boats. The other they turned bottom up and placed on top of the first. Snow was piled on the windward side of the shelter thus provided. The three crawled in between the two boats and huddled together to keep warm, or as warm as they could.

Soon the wind changed, and they were aware that their ice raft was being blown along rapidly, and they correctly surmised that they were moving out to sea.

Long hours they passed thus in the darkness, with the wind blowing a gale and the snow driving fiercely through the crevices of their rude shelter. The rising sea heaved their raft high on the water, and every moment they expected that it would go to pieces and leave them in the icy water to perish. They were hungry, and as they had some of the ducks they had shot, they ate portions of them raw.

Daylight of the 14th showed that they were off Montauk Point and drifting seaward. There was open water about them, and they resolved to leave the raft. They launched the boats and tried to row to the nearest shore, but the thick masses of drifting ice prevented them from doing so. Giving up hope in this direction, they turned northward and rowed toward Fisher's Island, and arrived there in mid-afternoon of the 14th. They tried for miles to effect a landing, but could not.

Meantime two steamers had gone out in search of them. They had been seen to take refuge on the ice-floe, and their parents and friends knew that they were thus adrift. The fathers of the two boys steamed along the shore as far as Montauk Point, but missed them. An ocean-going tug from New London coasted along Fisher's Island, but also missed them. When darkness fell the steamers went back to Greenport, feeling sure that the boys had drifted out to sea and were lost.

About nightfall of the 14th the boys succeeded in rowing to Gardiner's Island, which is occupied only by a few United States soldiers and employes who are engaged in constructing defenses. The castaways were almost dead with cold and exhaustion, but the soldiers at once gave them shelter, food and warmth. At noon on the 15th, after they had been forty-eight hours absent from home, the tug from New London came to Gardiner's Island to make inquiries, and found them. They were restored soon afterward to their parents. Brown, Tuthill and Kuehne were little the worse for the experience, but young Brown's face was badly frost-bitten.

**Little Girl's Ruse to Meet Schley.**

Admiral Schley still continues to invoke a great amount of hero worship wherever he goes. Even little daughter of a prominent society woman adopted a ruse recently to have a talk with him. This young girl is not in society and was told to stay upstairs and learn her French the other day when her mamma had an afternoon tea. While wistfully looking out of the second story front window the pretty maiden espied the admiral enter her mother's house. She immediately put on some of her mother's finery and went into the dining room, where the admiral was taking some refreshment. She made her way to him and was in the midst of an interesting conversation when a member of the family entered and discovered her, notwithstanding the veil and heavy wrappings.—Exchange.

**A Cathedral Observatory.**

The city councilors of Ulm, Germany, have decided to utilize the spire of their magnificent cathedral as a meteorological observatory. The spire is one of the highest buildings in the world. The instruments will be supplied by the royal observatory at Stuttgart, and the registrations will be made by the watchmen of the cathedral under the direction of Dr. Schimpf, a meteorologist. Next to the Eiffel tower in Paris the cathedral spire of Ulm will be the highest artificial post of meteorological observations in the world.

**Missed.**

The discarded lover tore the letter from its envelope and read: "My Dear Mr. Bings: After you had left me, I missed you, but still I did not wish you to return. But now that I have missed the turquoise-handled umbrella from the hat rack in the hall, I feel quite otherwise. Please return at once. Yours, Della."

**A Mere Compliment.**

"What's an empty title, pa?" "An empty title is your mother's way of calling me the head of the house."


## Any Girl Can Tell

A physician who makes the test and is honest about it can tell you that, in many cases, the number of red corpuscles in the blood is doubled after a course of treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

That this means good blood may not be entirely clear from the doctor's statement, but any girl who has tried the pills can tell you that it means red lips, bright eyes, good appetite, absence of headache, and that it transforms the pale and sallow girl into a maiden who glows with the beauty which perfect health alone can give.

Mothers whose daughters grow debilitated as they pass from girlhood into womanhood should not neglect the pill best adapted for this particular ill.

Frank B. Trout, of 109 Griswold Ave., Detroit, Mich., says: "At the age of fourteen we had to take our daughter from school on account of ill health. She weighed only 90 pounds, was pale and sallow and the doctor said she had anæmia. Finally we gave her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. When she had taken two boxes she was strong enough to leave her bed, and in less than six months was something like herself. To-day she is entirely cured, and is a big, strong, healthy girl, weighing 130 pounds, and has never had a sick day since."—*Detroit Evening News.*

The genuine Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold only in packages, the wrapper always bearing the full name. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y. 50 per box.


No woman can lace herself as tight as a man can drink himself.

Charcoal for turkeys is highly recommended as a fattening food.

Diphtheria, sore throat, croup. Instant relief, permanent cure. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. At any drug store.

Poultry are early risers and need their morning meal early.

Generally good grades make the best mutton sheep.

"Now good digestion waits on appetite, and health on both." If it doesn't, try Burdock Blood Bitters.

The devil can catch a grumbler with a bare hook.

Pity—A fellow feeling that is too often substituted for charity.

Liberty—The police court judge's equivalent for $10 or ten days.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

Fox, the orator, found his greatest pleasure in gambling.

Charles II spent much time in his chemical laboratory.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only cough medicine used in my house. D. C. Albright, Millinburg, Pa., Dec. 11, '95.

Queen Victoria, during her youth, was fond of archery.

"Summer Complaint" was a terror to children until Brown's Teething Cordial was found to cure it.

Socrates was said to be the ugliest man of his time.


# I AM A PHYSICIAN

5 DROPS [Trade Mark.]

And "5 DROPS" Has Cured HUNDREDS OF MY PATIENTS.

The above statement has just been received from Dr. C. A. Jackson the well-known Physician and Surgeon of Kearney, Neb. His letter, with others, is printed below:

Kearney, Neb., March 20, 1899.

Dear Sir:—I am a Physician and graduate of the University of Nebraska, and have been in active practice for more than 20 years, but I must confess that no remedy has so astonished me in the cures as your "5 DROPS." I have recommended it to hundreds of my patients who have been afflicted with Rheumatism and they inform me that they are cured. Kindly send me a bottle C. O. D. at once.

Very truly yours, C. A. JACKSON, M. D.

Oxford, Chenango Co., N. Y., March 20, 1899.

Dear Sir:—I thought I would write a statement of my case and how I was when I commenced using your wonderful "5 DROPS." I had Rheumatism so bad I had to give up. My little girl had to comb my hair as I could not move my arms. I could not turn over in bed without help. I got the La Grippe and gave up hope of ever getting well. All the doctors I had did not do me any good. Since I began taking your "5 DROPS" I have been getting better every day and think I will be entirely cured soon. I am now do my chores and tend to my stock without any help. "5 DROPS" is the best medicine I ever used or heard of, and I am thankful for what it has done for me. Yours truly,

CHAS. D. LAWTON.

Mr. S. H. Preston, of Cuba, Ill., writes on March 16th, 1899.

Gentlemen: This is to certify that I have worked at blacksmithing for forty years. Am now sixty-four years of age. Though I was past work, being all broken down with **Kidney Trouble, Sciatica, Hay Fever and Asthma.** Suffered intensely with pain almost constantly throughout my whole body. Took **La Grippe** which laid me up badly. I tried a lot—all kinds of remedies, but grew worse until I tried "5 DROPS." Used your inhaler also. **In three weeks' time I must say after using "5 DROPS" I feel like a new man.** Pain all gone, appetite improved wonderfully. I can sleep all night and am gaining strength right along. Am now working every day in my shop. Success to your great pain remedy, "5 DROPS."

If you have not sufficient confidence after reading these letters to send for a large bottle, send 10 cents for a sample bottle, which contains sufficient medicine to convince you of its merits. This wonderful curative gives almost instant relief and is a permanent cure for **Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Neuralgic Headaches, Heart Weakness, Toothache, Earache, Croup, "La Grippe," Malaria, Creeping Numbness, Bronchitis** and kindred diseases.

"FIVE DROPS" is the name and dose. Large bottle (300 doses), $1.00. Six bottles $5.00. 25 cent sample bottle, prepaid by mail, 10 cents. Sold only by us and our agents. Agents appointed in new territory.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167 DEARBORN ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE FACE OF NATURE

GETS A CLEAN SHAVE when the Deering Ideal Mower goes over it. The Deering Ideal cuts—it doesn't pull. The cutting mechanism of the Deering Ideal Mower is perfect. The cutting bar is made from high-quality tempered steel; the knife sections from the finest cutlery steel, and with the serrated ledger plates, a perfect shear cut is insured. The Deering Ideal pitman will please you. The question of broken knife-heads and pitmans is done away with. An adjustable thread, for lengthening or shortening the pitman, keeps the knife always in perfect register. Deering Ideal Mowers are built to satisfy the most critical farmer.

DEERING HARVESTER COMPANY, Chicago.

Columbia Hartford and Vedette Bicycles for 1899

COLUMBIA DEVEL-GEAR CHAINLESS. It is always ready to ride because the running gear takes care of itself. Nothing to entangle or soil the clothing *because it has no chain.* The best hill-climber because bevel-gearing never cramps or twists under strains. Price $75.

COLUMBIA CHAIN MODELS have improved frame connections, specially cut sprockets which prevent sliding of the chain, 5/16-inch chamfered chain, black and gold trims and other new and distinctive features. Price $60.

HARTFORDS contain many improvements, including frames of the latest design, flush joints, internal expanders, and crank-shaft construction which does away with the keyed-on crank. $30.

VEDETTES are built of excellent material and are in every way adapted to those who desire the first wear of a new Bicycle at a moderate cost. Men's, $25; Ladies', $26.

Art Catalogue of any Columbia dealer or by mail for one 2-cent stamp.

POPE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY

SAPOLIO

'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

In breeding sheep there is a great incentive now to use only the best blood.

**Dewey Let Us Have the Fibre.**

When Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish Navy in Manila Harbor there were lying in the harbor six big ships laden with Manila fiber for the Deering Harvester Co. of Chicago. By a special order from the Navy Department Dewey was permitted to release these ships. Their cargoes reached the Deering Twine Works in Chicago in due course, and that twine will be used to bind the sheaves of this season's harvest all over the world.

In buying for breeding you must buy for the future as well as the present.

**Coughing Leads to Consumption.**

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist today and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Idealism is the contemplation of marriage; realism is what you get.

"I had a running, itching sore on my leg. Suffered tortures. Doan's Ointment took away the burning and itching instantly, and quickly effected a permanent cure." C. W. Lenhart, Bowling Green, O.

Shropshires are not only capital horses but they are very prolific.

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. The genuine has L. B. Q. on each tablet.

All the world's a stage, and the performance thereon is continuous.

HEALTH and beauty are the glories of perfect womanhood.

Women who suffer constantly with weakness peculiar to their sex cannot retain their beauty. Preservation of pretty features and rounded form is a duty women owe to themselves. The mark of excessive monthly suffering is a familiar one in the faces of young American women.

**THE MARKS OF SUFFERING**

Don't wait, young women, until your good looks are gone past recall. Consult Mrs. Pinkham at the outstart. Write to her at Lynn, Mass.

MISS EDNA ELLIS, Higginsport, Ohio, writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I am a school teacher and had suffered untold agony during my menstrual periods for ten years. My nervous system was almost a wreck. I suffered with pain in my side and had almost every ill human flesh is heir to. I had taken treatment from a number of physicians who gave me no relief. In fact one eminent specialist said no medicine could help me, I must submit to an operation. At my mother's request, I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham stating my case in every particular and received a prompt reply; I followed the advice given me and now I suffer no more during menses. If anyone cares to know more about my case, I will cheerfully answer all letters."

MISS KATE COCK, 16 Addison St., Mt. Jackson, Ind., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I am by occupation a school teacher, and for a long while suffered with painful menstruation and nervousness. I have received more benefit from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound than from all remedies that I have ever tried."

Failure—An automatic thread-cutter on the human sewing machine.

Conceit—Something that makes a man admire his own mistakes.

Intoxicology—The science that treats of very slow but sure poisons.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

SEAL

A. W. GLEASON,
NOTARY PUBLIC.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Promise—A small outlay from which large returns are expected.

Bicycle—A vehicle the rider of which acts as horse and driver.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Egotist—A man who imagines the world can't get along without him.

**Carter's Ext. Smart Weed**
Will cure a cold in one night; will cure sore throat in a few hours. Acts quick. Sure cure for Catarrh in every 25c bottle

Pessimism—The philosophy with which we regard our neighbors.

**Health and Beauty.**
No beauty with pimply skin, dull eyes, bad breath. Clean your system and keep it clean with fragrant Cascarets Candy Cathartic! All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Optimism—The philosophy with which we regard ourselves.

Danton was the most noted card player of his day.