

Humors

They take possession of the body, and the...

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Which radically and permanently drives them out and builds up the whole system.

To Continue The Disputes.

"I wonder how they came to marry each other?"

Prove It.

We want you to prove our statement that Monopole Spices are the purest and strongest in the world.

In the Meats.

Attorney—Did you see the plaintiff strike the defendant? Witness—Of did, sir.

A Story of the Prairie.

The Century magazine is about to print a serial which will have an especial interest to people who are at home on the prairie.

The time of Miss Gates' story is about 25 years ago; it is put in the form of a personal narrative of the life of a little girl, and there is hardly a phase or event of prairie life which is not touched upon in these pages.

It is not a novel, but the same characters appear and reappear in the story with a reality which impresses the reader with confidence in the truth of the narrative.

"The Biography of a Prairie Girl" will begin in the August number of the Century and it will be illustrated.

He Never Worked and Never Will.

There is a New York farmer who has lived 70 years and is sound as a dollar, and yet he has never done a stroke of work since he reached the years of discretion.

What a shocking example for the hired man! It does seem, however, as if he ought to be willing to let them put a ragged coat and a bad hat on him, and then seat him on a high seat in the middle of the cornfield.

We are not to blame because you have rheumatism; but you are—if you do not try Hamlin's Wizard Oil.

Walls Found in St. Patrick's.

In St. Patrick's cathedral there is said to be found by the pew cleaners an average of 25 babies every twelve-month. These babies have been left by Catholic parents, who know that they will be raised, if they live, in Catholic homes.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Room in the Procession.

Clara—Dear Isabel, you are at last a successful artist! Isabel—O, Clara, I don't feel myself a success.

Ladies Can Wear Shoes

One size smaller after using Allen's Foot-Powder. Cures swollen feet, blisters and callous spots.

Candid.

A—You see that lady over there? She is Mrs. A. I fell in love with her at first sight. What do you think of that? B—I think it would have been better had you taken a second look.—Ex.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Hard Work.

Freddy—Did you hear that Reggy is working? Ohlly—Baw Jove; it can't be! Freddy—Yes; he's rolling his own cigarettes.—Chicago News.

Hair Splits

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for thirty years. It is elegant for a hair dressing and for keeping the hair from splitting at the ends."

Hair-splitting splits friendships. If the hair-splitting is done on your own head, it loses friends for you, for every hair of your head is a friend.

Ayer's Hair Vigor in advance will prevent the splitting. If the splitting has begun, it will stop it.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office.

VERVOUS PROSTRATION

CURED BY PE-RU-NA.

They Are Said to Have a Bad Effect on the Nostriis.

According to a local perfumery dealer, cheap perfumes are gradually deadening the nostrils of those who come in contact with them.

The orange gives four different perfumes, obtained from different parts of the flower and plant.

A novelty from Paris this year is intended to take the place of the old sachet bag. It goes by the name of "amulet."

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PREMONITIONS OF DEATH

Almost Universally Used.

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"Premonitions of death are often recounted," said a well-known Washington newspaper man, "but there are occasionally authentic instances arising which raise doubts as to whether there may not be, after all, some sort of indecipherable spiritual phenomena in the incidents."

"It may be recalled that a well-known chief of division in one of the departments, in apparent perfect health on the last day he appeared at the office, died recently of apoplexy on that night.

The above incident is a curious fact, as is also the following, and while not of startling ghostly interest, is also local to Washington, the parties being members of my own family.

"Some time ago my wife's mother started on a journey to California. Several days after her departure an elderly colored woman, who had been a slave in her family, having been raised with my wife's mother, called at the house.

"At about 10 o'clock on the morning of the day when the former slave had communicated the intelligence of my wife's mother's death we received a telegram, dated from a far Western State, announcing her sudden death at about the hour when the colored companion of her early childhood had heard the pulls at the bell.

"From the calculated results of a series of observations made in Strathclyde on the fall of volcanic ash," it would seem that, at a low estimate, about thirteen ounces fell per square foot between the hours of 5 p. m. on Wednesday and 5 a. m. on Thursday.

"Leaving for the while minor units, such as acres, we find that 10,240 tons of volcanic ash were rained onto every square mile of this island during the last twelve hours of darkness.

"Depew's Explanation Failed. About a month ago a constituent of Senator Depew came to him to seek his influence in getting an office.

"You write a letter telling what you want and I will forward it with my endorsement," said the Senator when he had heard the man's story.

"You remember telling me to write you a letter," he said.

"O, yes," was Mr. Depew's reply, as he cordially grasped his visitor by the hand. "Let me see. You sent me the letter, didn't you, and if I remember rightly, I indorsed it strongly."

"No," said the man, "I never wrote the letter. I've been sick."—Washington Post.

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"What are you giving me?" asked Senator Sweetner.

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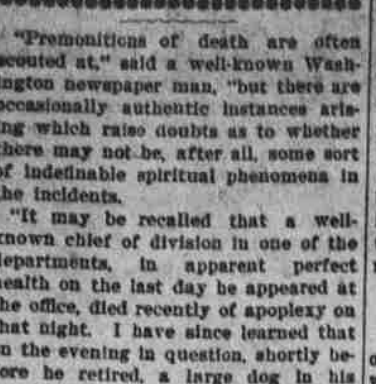
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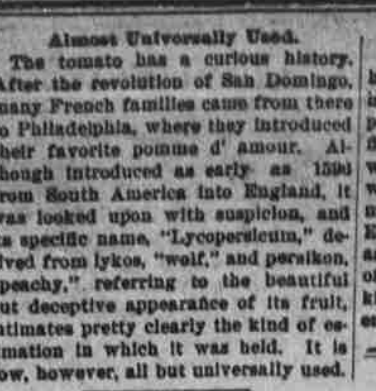
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