I'm Growing Old Fast

And you know why, too. It's those gray hairs! Don't you know that Ayer's Hair Vigor restores color to gray hair? Well, it does. And it never fails, either. It stops falling hair also, and keeps the scalp clean and healthy. Do not grow old too fast!

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for many years and I should indeed be sorry to be obliged to do without it. It keeps my hair from turning gray, and also keeps my scalp clean and healthy."—E. S. PENFIELD, Canyon City, Oregon.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

No Time Left.

"Winter wheat looking well?" he asked of a street car passenger who looked like a farmer.

"Dunno," was the brief reply.

"Good deal of snow out in the country?"

"Mebbe."

"Price of hay gone up any?"

"Can't say."

"But aren't you a farmer, my friend?"

"Yes, I'm a farmer; but this winter I've been courtin' a widder woman wuth $8,000 and I haven't had any time to fool around with snow or hay or anything else."—Chicago News.

Cannot Reduce a Rate.

It is stated in Washington, that under the Townsend rate bill, if a rate is fixed by the commission it cannot be lowered by a railroad. Should an emergency arise calling for a decreased rate, the railroads or shippers would have to appeal again to the commission, there being no latitude allowed, whatever the circumstances. Hitherto a maximum rate has been the rule, but no such concession is made under the proposed legislation.

Wasted Energy.

Sometimes head and heels work well together, but it was not so in a case reported in the Yonkers Statesman. Cam, a colored man, was an hour late, and his employer asked him to explain.

"Yes, sah, I'll explain, sah," Sam replied.

"Well, what excuse have you?"

"I was kicked by a mule on my way here, sah."

"That ought not to have detained you an hour, Sam, if you were able to come at all."

"Well, it wouldn't have if he'd only kicked me in dis direction. You see, boss, he kicked me de other way."

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Each Day's Supreme Event.

Every day's work should be a supreme event in every life. We should come to it as carefully prepared as the prima donna who is trying to hold the world's supremacy in song comes before her audience. Then our work would breathe out the vigor and vitality and freshness which we put into it. Then life would be glorified, and the work of the world illuminated, transformed.—O. S. Marden in "Success Magazine."

His Health Was Wrecked Pe-ru-na Gave New Life

HON. JOHN TIGHE

Assemblyman Tighe's letter should be read by every brain worker leading a strenuous life.

Hon. John Tighe, No. 98 Remsen St., Cohoes, N. Y., Member of Assembly from the Fourth district, Albany county, N. Y., writes as follows:

"Peruna has my hearty indorsement as a restorative tonic of superior merit. At times when I have been completely broken down from excess of work, so that my faculties seemed actually at a standstill, Peruna has acted as a healing restorer, starting the machinery of mind and body afresh with new life and energy.

"I recommend it to a man tired in mind and body as a tonic superior to anything I know of and well worthy serious consideration."—J. Tighe.

Excess of work so common in our country causes impaired nerves, leading to catarrh and catarrhal nervousness—a disease that is responsible for half of all nervous troubles.

Peruna cures this trouble because it cures catarrh wherever located.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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

Popular Science.

The picture telegraph of Dr. Korn of the University of Munich has been so perfected that in ten to twenty minutes a photograph 4x7 inches in size can be sent through a resistance corresponding to one thousand miles. The portrait or design to be transmitted is on a transparent film, which is wound around a glass cylinder, and upon which a lens focuses a point of light that passes through the film to a selenium cell in the cylinder. The bright and dark portions of the picture cause the ray of light to vary the resistance of the selenium cell to an electric current passing through it, and this variation produces a corresponding instantaneous brightening or darkening of the glow in a Tesla vacuum tube at the receiving end of the wire. Except a pin point aperture, this vacuum tube is covered with wax or rubber. The light ray from the aperture falls upon a sensitive film wound upon a cylinder, and as this cylinder and that of the transmitter are moved in unison, the light and shade of the original picture are reproduced in proper place on the second film, giving a new photograph accurate in minute detail.

The dimensions of the immense diamond found in the new "Premier mine" in the Transvaal last January are given by Nature as follows: Measured size, 4½ by 2¾ inches; weight, 3,032 carats, equals 676½ grams, or nearly 1½ pounds avoirdupois. The largest diamond previously discovered is the "Excelsior," found in the Jagersfontein mine, Orange River Colony, in 1893, which weighed 971¾ carats, was as large as a hen's egg, and was valued at $5,000,000. It was cut into nine large brilliants. The famous Kohinoor and Great Mogul diamonds sink into insignificance when compared with the latest find, which is said to be of excellent quality, and will probably be cut up to make a considerable number of smaller gems.

Jacques Faure, the French aeronaut, has demonstrated that, given favorable winds and other favoring circumstances, it is possible to ride through the air across the English Channel, and over the intervening land on each side, from the British capital to the metropolis of France. On Feb. 11 he left London with one companion in his balloon, and six hours later landed safely at St. Denis in the suburbs of Paris. Upon reaching the shore of the Channel, near Hastings, they descended until the guide-rope touched the water. Rising again on approaching the French shore, they passed over Dieppe at an elevation of 6,500 feet.

Great things are expected from the submarine telephone by officers of the United States navy. The principles underlying it are very different from those of wireless telgeraphy. In the latter the telegraphic impulses are transmitted through the air or ether by electricity. In the submarine telephone sound waves travel through water unaided by any electrical force. Water, being denser than air, acts as a better sound conductor. It transmits sound four and a half times as fast as air, 1,100 feet a second being the rate in the atmosphere, while in the water it is 4,712 feet, or almost a mile a second.

An outbreak of twelve cases of smallpox at Newcastle, England, last year has mystified the doctors. No ordinary source of infection could be discovered, but it has been found that on the days when eleven of the patients probably contracted the disease the wind was blowing from one or the other of two smallpox hospitals—one about a mile away, the other about two miles. It is pointed out that flies, a pest of hospitals, may be carried long distances by the wind.

The moon is usually supposed to have solidified from the center to the periphery, but lunar photographs have convinced two leading French astronomers that the surface hardened first. This view modifies various theories.

Naturalists have discovered a wasp that uses a pebble to pound down the earth over her nest. It is believed that this is the only one of the lower animals that makes use of a mechanical instrument.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

An Appeal for Improvement of Surroundings at Mt. Vernon.

Upon the recent visit to the home of our country's father, the visitor was impressed with the seeming indifference of the nation as regards the enshrinement of the remains of such an illustrious and beloved hero.

It is a disgrace to a nation such as ours to have allowed this structure to be built in the first place, and secondly to let the tomb remain as it is. Our country is rich in traditions and sentiment and financially it is able to, and of right it should, own and protect the grounds so frequently visited by children of our much loved country. The society which has Mount Vernon in keeping must needs charge an admission from visitors to the estate. This is necessary for the maintenance of the buildings and grounds. It is not that objection is made to the small admission fee of 25 cents for each person who enters the gateway, but it does seem fitting that our nation should own and care for one of its most sacred spots, historically.

A more beautiful location can scarcely be imagined than that of the home of Washington. Situated upon an eminence overlooking the wide, calm waters of the Potomac stands the quaint, old-fashioned house and the beautiful trees which for so many years have guarded the memories long buried with the dust of the owners.

George and Martha Washington are laid at last side by side in a horrible cellar of a vault. No one curve or graceful turn has been put into the structure which incloses these remains. Instead, just the plainest sort of brick has been used in the erection, and the visitor is not only grieved, but disgusted, at the sight in allowing so common a tomb for the father of our nation. There cannot be given as an excuse that the structure is as it was originally, for it has been rebuilt and removed from the former site, some rods distant.

True, we have the Washington Monument in his commemoration, and we can be unpoetical enough to say that there is no virtue in erecting grand shrines for men's bones, but those who have some sentiment feel keenly the inappropriateness of the crude tomb at Mount Vernon. Grant's tomb at Morningside, New York, stands a happy contrast to show what can be done to honor the memory of our great men, even in their death.

Speed the day when our government realizes and claims its right to own and to care for, as becomes our generation, the resting place of our nation's first President.—Council Bluffs Nonpareil.

TYPHOID IN HOME CAMPS.

Tardy Publication of Report on Disease in Spanish-American War.

Owing to the refusal or neglect of Congress to make the necessary appropriation the report of the board intrusted with the task of inquiring into the prevalence of typhoid fever in 1898 among our soldiers in home camps has only now been publish, says American Medicine. Two of the three men who made it are now dead and the attention which it would have received while the Spanish war was fresh in the public mind will not be given to it.

The report, however, is destined to take a high place among the classics of epidemiology, and the personnel of the board, which included Dr. Victor C. Vaughan and the late Drs. Walter Reed and E. O. Shakespeare, is a sufficient guaranty that the two big volumes are trustworthy alike in observation and conclusion. It seems that of the soldiers who entered the detention camps 20,738, or a fifth of the whole number, contracted typhoid. There were 1,580 deaths—a record terrible enough when it is remembered that the disease is not only preventable but preventable without much difficulty when, as in an army, almost any degree of control can be exercised.

The percentage of deaths to cases, however, was only 7.61, corresponding closely to the general hospital mortality of the disease in civil practice, and indicating, apparently, that when the army doctors once got the men into their hands they were entirely competent to treat them. The trouble was with the military, or rather militia, officers, who were jealous of delegating authority to the surgeons and did not appreciate the need of the somewhat troublesome precautions that the surgeons would have enforced.

The report states that so widely is typhoid distributed through the country it is likely to break out in any regiment within eight weeks after its assemblage, and the board emphasizes the need for instructing line officers in hygiene that they may assist the medical staff, instead of failing to cooperate with them, or even refusing their demands, as was so often the case in 1898.

All this has a direct bearing upon the situation in Panama, where it is evident that something is seriously wrong, and not a little evidence that the medical and sanitary staffs are not working harmoniously and efficiently with the military and engineering authorities. Where the blame lies is yet uncertain, but what was done in Cuba can be done on the isthmus, and has not been done.

FALCONRY IN VOGUE AGAIN.

Revival of the Ancient Sport Taking Place in European Countries.

"Most people have fallen into the common error of thinking of falconry only in connection with musty old stories of gallant knights and gay ladies of years ago," said a sportsman recently. "Well, now, falconry isn't so dead as it might be. To be sure, we don't hear much of it over here in America, but it is regaining its old-time prestige in European countries. You would be surprised at the extent it is now being followed by the nobility of England.

"Until a short time ago goshawking was the nearest approach to the old-time sport, but now the real falcons are crowding out the goshawk.

"Never saw a hunt with falcons! Well, sir, you have missed half your life. You get out in the morning with a good live bird, a full-blooded falcon, and if you don't have all the sport you want for one day, then you are no sportsman. Easy, you say! Well, perhaps it is, but not until you have had years of experience at it. You have your hound start a big bird, say a pheasant, and in the excitement that follows try to urge your horse on with one hand, pull your bird's hoodstring with your teeth and driving hand, and toss your bird aloft. Oh, it looks easy, but try it, and if you don't go into a snarl then I lose my guess. And I want to say right here that a full-blooded falcon is a bad thing to fool with. They don't take to rough handling. They have bad tempers and get one thoroughly aroused and the bird is no good for hunting, the rest of that day, at least.

"I believe the time is coming when falconry will be a recognized sport in this country. Yes, I know it seems cruel, but is it any more cruel than any other form of hunting—is it, now?"—New York Tribune.

Plea for the Silk Hat.

A plea for the silk hat is made by the London Tailor and Cutter. Why is it that the silk hat, it asks, is not worn more generally. It is surely not because it is an expensive luxury, for a silk hat will easily outwear two felts, especially as the shapes in silks vary only slightly season by season, and, if properly cared for and regularly ironed, will always have that glossy appearance that places the hall mark on a well dressed man.

A silk hat gives a tone and character that is not in evidence in any other headgear.

In the West End.

A small boy was reciting in a geography class. The teacher was trying to teach him the points of the compass. She explained:

"On your right is the south, your left the north, and in front of you is the east. Now, what is behind you?"

The boy studied for a moment, then puckered up his face, and bawled:

"I knew it; I told ma you'd see that patch."

FLASHES OF FUN

Such a Mistake!—Physician—Your ailment lies in the larynx, thorax and epiglottis. Hooligan—Indade! An' me afther thinkin' th' trouble was in me throat.

Long Distance Appreciation.—Mrs. Jordan—Did you ever hear my daughter sing, Mr. Johnson? Mr. Johnson—Oh, yes; I only live five blocks from your house, you know.

Baby, the Biggest.—Mr. Bigger, Mrs. Bigger, and Baby Bigger, which of this interesting family is the biggest, and why the biggest? Answer—Baby Bigger, because he is a little Bigger.

Excused.—I say, if you are so awfully smart at problems, tell me how far off thunder is when you hear the first roll. Calculator—I can't do that, sir. Crawfoot—You can't? Calculator—No; I'm the lightning calculator.

A Pun?—A man driving in the country lost a nut off his wagon wheel. Meeting an Italian, he asked if he had a monkey wrench. The indignant Italian wrathfully replied, "Me no keep a monkey ranch; me keep a sheep ranch."

Convincing.—"Certainly, I am sure it's a counterfeit note," said the receiving teller. "It has one very noticeable flaw; it's in the paper." "But, my dear man," protested the depositor, "in these days you can't believe everything you see in the paper."

A Hint.—Mr. Highlive (looking up from the paper)—Well, well! Wonders will never cease! They've got so now that they can photograph in colors. Mrs. Highlive (glancing at his nose)—I think, my dear, you'd better get your picture taken before the old process is abandoned.

Exemplary Punishment.—A mother brought her little son for his first time to school, and said to the teacher: "This boy o' mine is very delicate, as he is afther a fit of harmonia on the loongs; but if he does anything bould, an' I know he will, bate the wan next to him, an' 'twill frighten him."

He Won Easily.—Mr. Subbubs—You know you're only talking nonsense. What do you want a couple of new gowns for? Mrs. Subbubs—Why, Mrs. Playne has got a dozen gowns, all of them much handsomer than the two or three that I've got. Mr. Subbubs—Yes, I know. But a homely woman like that needs rich attire in order to attract attention.

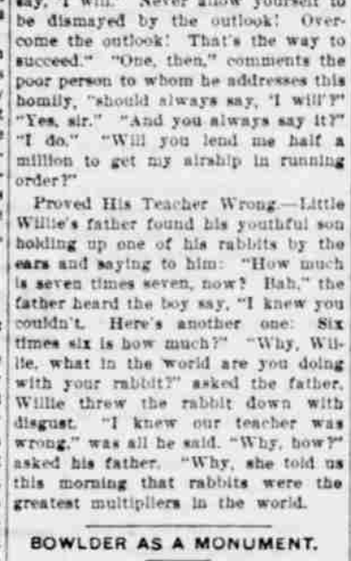
Seizing the Opportunity.—"Always," advises the pompous person who has accumulated several millions, "always say, 'I will.' Never allow yourself to be dismayed by the outlook! Overcome the outlook! That's the way to succeed." "One, then," comments the poor person to whom he addresses this homily, "should always say, 'I will'?" "Yes, sir." "And you always say it?" "I do." "Will you lend me half a million to get my airship in running order?"

Proved His Teacher Wrong.—Little Willie's father found his youthful son holding up one of his rabbits by the ears and saying to him: "How much is seven times seven, now? Bah," the father heard the boy say, "I knew you couldn't. Here's another one: Six times six is how much?" "Why, Willie, what in the world are you doing with your rabbit?" asked the father. Willie threw the rabbit down with disgust. "I knew our teacher was wrong," was all he said. "Why, how?" asked his father. "Why, she told us this morning that rabbits were the greatest multipliers in the world.

BOWLDER AS A MONUMENT.

Chicago Memorial to Dr. Guthrie, the Discoverer of Chloroform.

After an exhaustive inquiry involving much research work, including the examination of the original records procured from Yale University, the Chicago Medical Society decided that the honor of being the discoverer of chloroform must be accorded to Dr. Samuel Guthrie, of Sacket Harbor, a pretty hamlet on the shores of Lake Erie, near Watertown, N. Y. Prior to the conclusion of the society's investi-



GRANITE BOWLDER MONUMENT.

gation Dr. John B. Murphy announced that he would donate $500 for a Chicago monument to Dr. Guthrie if the investigating committee of medical men should find that to the American chemist, rather than to either Professor Liebig or Professor Soubeiran, belonged the honor of being the discoverer of the greatest of all anaesthetics. The picture shows the proposed monument, a huge bowlder of granite found near Worth, Ill., and which geologists say was brought to the Desplaines valley from the Washara regions of Wisconsin in the great deluge of the ice age. Beside the bowlder to the left is shown Ossian Guthrie and to the right Wardell uGthrie, distinguished citizens of Chicago and grandsons of the discoverer of the drug which revolutionized medical science.

Everything else in the house is more quiet when there is illness, but did you ever notice the impudence of the clock, which ticks all the louder?

No wonder people have so little respect for advice; there is so much that is worthless.

RUSSELL SAGE'S MILLIONS.

He Is Said to Have Made Them Chiefly by Lending Money.

"How much is Russell Sage worth?" Many bankers and stockholders in Wall street have been asking one another this question, says the New York World, for, naturally, the accumulation of money most deeply interests them.

The question was provoked by the report that Mr. Sage's lawyers are winding up his affairs and that the dean of the street, who is 89 years old and whose health is not the best, will retire from business absolutely as soon as he can.

The answers to the question varied greatly. The few who have some acquaintance with the veteran's financial affairs fixed his fortune as $25,000,000; most estimated it at twice that amount; many "guessed" that he had piled up $100,000,000. All agreed that Russell Sage can, at shorter notice, lay his hand on more ready cash than any man in this country, barring John D. Rockefeller.

"No man in America has been more secretive nor more reliant in business than Russell Sage. He has never had a partner in the street, he has worked there single-handed and with both hands, save for the aid of clerks and other subordinates. He has never practiced the modern 'high finance'; it is doubtful if he knows much about it. He has made money breed money and he alone has been shepherd of his flock with the golden fleeces.

"His fortune is the fruit of the profoundest prudence, the extremest thrift. He has been fortunate in his investments because he has always made sure of their value before investing. He has never taken a risk when he lent money and he has done little except lend money for the last ten years. Always, especially in panicky times, he has received high rates of interest.

"Yet I am as certain as any man can be that when Mr. Sage's estate is settled up and his securities are realized on there will be not more than $25,000,000."

So said a banker yesterday who knows as much as any man of Mr. Sage's affairs.

"Mr. Sage has been arranging to retire from business for two years or more," he continued. "He yielded then to the importunities of Mrs. Sage and of Dr. Munn, his physician, to pass the winter of his life away from Wall street. When Mr. Sage came here from Troy, after serving two terms in Congress from Rensselaer county, he had enough money to start a brokerage business. He made a specialty of 'puts' and 'calls' and so successful was he that I know of one year in which he did a business of $25,000,000 and came out $10,000,000 ahead.

"But that does not mean that he made a fabulous fortune. A man who took the chances he did in 'puts' and 'calls' stood to lose almost as much as he made. It was not until about ten years ago that Mr. Sage gave himself up to money lending entirely. He took nothing but gilt-edge securities and though he rarely lost his fortune did not grow with leaps and bounds.

"I have heard him say lately he is worth scarcely $25,000,000. He has been exacting in money matters, but Mrs. Sage has given away great sums of money—of course, with his approval."

WOUNDED LION KILLED HIM.

Ended Life of Noted Hunter with One Blow of His Paw.

The Indian mail to hand brings us vivid and pathetic details of the death of Maj. Carnegy during the lion-shooting exploit in the Gir forest district. The major, of course, was the political officer of the viceroy, says the London Pall Mall Gazette, and the expedition had been arranged by Lord Lamington on the site of the lion hunt prepared for Lord Curzon five years ago, but never fulfilled. It is believed there are sixty or seventy lions in the Gir, and the major, having spent the last couple of years in the vicinity, knew the Junagadh better than any one.

On March 9 a tracker arrived who had been attacked by a lion while riding into camp, and while he dropped his weapons and escaped it was only by abandoning his pony and seeing the animal carried off.

The "shoot" was divided into three parties with the major in the second, and it entered the jungle to a depth of about ten miles. The major and his two friends, Mr. du Boulay and Capt. Foljambe, selected a tree, each ranging along a nullah, and the two latter fired at a fine lion, wounding him high in the right shoulder. The major also hit a lioness. The natives also fired their old-fashioned guns, and it was thought safe to descend from the trees for a consultation and search for the wounded quarry.

The lioness appeared and ran for a shikari, but the major fired and dropped her dead. Then there was a pause for drinks, and the party commenced to follow the lion's trail down the nullah for a mile or so. Now and then the men ascended trees to keep a lookout, and at last the party came into a clearing, with waist-high grass instead of trees.

Suddenly there was a roar and the lion dashed out, making straight for the major, who fired one shot, just grazing the beast. Simultaneously there was a struggling cloud of dust, in which the natives say they saw the lion seat the major down with a blow of his paw. Capt. Foljambe fired, Mr. du Boulay ran up and fired point-blank at the lion's heart, a native fired into its hind quarters, while others clubbed it with a rifle-butt and swords. The major was found to be dead. He must have died instantaneously. The body was carried on a charpoy by torchlight and conveyed back to Rajkote by special train, and the shock caused by the news throughout the Junagadh district was intensely felt.

It is added that the lion measured 11 feet from tip to tail. The others shot were two lions rather less, and a lioness (the major's) of 9 feet.

Certain of It.

"Well, I sent away a poem to-day that I am very sure will not be returned to me."

"So good?"

"No. I gave the editor a false address."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

OLD PEOPLE

Their Pains and Ailments

Any taint of the blood quickly shows itself with old people, and troubles, which a younger, more vigorous constitution holds in check, take possession of those of advanced years. A mole, wart or pimple often begins to inflame and fester, terminating in a sore that refuses to heal. Wandering pains of a rheumatic character are almost constant, the joints get stiff and the muscles sore, while sleeplessness and nervousness make life a burden. The natural activity of the body is not so great in old age and all the organs get dull and sluggish, failing to carry out the waste matters and poisons accumulating in the system and they are taken up and absorbed by the blood, rendering it weak and unable to properly nourish the system. There is no reason why old age should not be as healthy as youth if the blood is kept pure and strong. S. S. S. is purely vegetable and is the safest and best blood purifier and tonic for old people, because it is gentle, but at the same time thorough in its action, purifying the blood of all poisons and foreign matter, strengthening it and toning up the entire system by its fine tonic effect. Almost from the first dose the appetite increases, the general health begins to improve and the pains and ailments pass away.

I had a severe attack of La Grippe, which left me almost a physical wreck. To add to my wretched condition, Rheumatism developed. In a short time after beginning S. S. S. I was relieved of the pains and have gained in flesh and strength and my general health is better than for years. I heartily recommend S. S. S. for all blood diseases.
Union, S. C. B. F. GREGORY.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

His Preference.

Wife—Which of these photographs of mamma do you like best, dear?

Husband—Let me see. Why—er—I think I prefer this small one.

Wife—Do you think it is a better likeness?

Husband—Oh, no; but it shows her dressed in a traveling costume.

Method in His Madness.

Candles—I was reading in the paper this morning of a man who sleeps in the stable with his horse every night.

Mrs. Candles—What's the matter with him—is he crazy?

Candles—No, I guess not. A horse can't talk, you know.

Probably the youngest general in the world is a nephew of the late Shah of Persia, a boy not yet 14 years old. He holds the rank of full general in the Persian army.

Swapping Compliments.

"I have just invented a new sausage," said the butcher, handing some to the poet for him to try.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, "it is a poem! By the way, have you read my latest poem?"

"Indeed, yes," replied the butcher with a light of appreciation in his eyes, "it is a sausage."—Houston Herald.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought has borne the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher, and has been made under his personal supervision for over 30 years. Allow no one to deceive you in this. Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments, and endanger the health of Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

The Polite Editor.

Caller—I have a little poem which——

Editor (busily)—That gentleman over there, sir.

Caller (genially)—Is he the literary critic?

Editor (politely)—No; he's the bouncer.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Criticism.

Joe—What do you think of Miss Gobleton? Fine intellect, eh?

Fred—Yes, but her intellect isn't in it with her conversational abilities.

Piso's Cure is a remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Try it. Price 25 cents, at druggists.

Those Loving Girls

Miss Elderleigh—You may not believe it, but I refused offers from three different men last month.

Miss Youngbod—Oh, I don't doubt it. But what were they selling?

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

Same Old Plaint.

The Lady—It seems to me these berries are rather small.

The Peddler—I'm sure they have got their full growth, ma'am.

The Lady—Possibly; but I'm quite sure your quart boxes haven't got theirs.

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This wonderful Chinese doctor is called great because he cures people without operation that are given up to die. He cures with those wonderful Chinese herbs, roots, buds, barks and vegetables that are entirely unknown to medical science in this country. Through the use of these harmless remedies this famous doctor knows the action of over 500 different remedies which he successfully uses in different diseases. He guarantees to cure catarrh, asthma, lung, throat, rheumatism, nervousness, stomach, liver, kidneys, etc. Has hundreds of testimonials. Charges moderate. Call and see him. Patients out of the city write for blanks and circulars. Send stamp. CONSULTATION FREE.
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Mention paper

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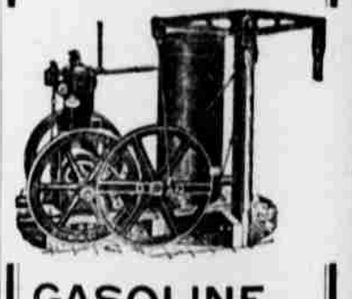

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P. N. U. No. 24—1905

WHEN writing to advertisers please mention this paper.

PRUSSIAN LICE KILLER kills LICE on Poultry. Easily applied—Paint perches, nest boxes, etc., and the fumes kill the lice. Never fails. Sold by dealers, 50c and $1.00 per can.

CLEANED OUT ALL THE LICE AND MITES.
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JUST THE THING FOR LICE ON HOGS.
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