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is the **BEST SARSAPARILLA.**

"Best" is an easy boast. But there's no best without a test. You expect something extra of best; something extra in bread from best flour; something extra in wear from best cloth; something extra in cures from best medicines. It's that something extra in Ayer's Sarsaparilla that makes Ayer's the best. That something extra is quality. Remember it's quality that cures, not quantity. Geo. Smith of the People's Drug Store, Seymour, Conn., says: "I have sold your goods for twenty-five years and when a customer asks me for

The Best Preparation for the Blood

I say: "If you will take my opinion, use Ayer's Sarsaparilla; I will guarantee that you will receive more benefit by using one or two bottles of Ayer's than you would by using half a dozen bottles of some other kind." When they take it, I never hear any complaint."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla cures all diseases that have their origin in impure blood: sores, ulcers, boils, eruptions, pimples, eczema, tetter, scrofula, etc. It cures cheaply, it cures quickly, and it cures to stay. That's why it's best.

"After twenty years' experience as a druggist, I consider Ayer's Sarsaparilla superior to any similar preparation on the market, and I give it the preference over all others."
A. C. WOODWARD, Worcester, Mass.

"In our estimation, as regards Sarsaparilla, Ayer's is the standard. We have never heard it spoken of in other than the very highest terms."
W. E. TERRILL & CO., Pharmacists, 9 State Street, Montpelier, Vt.

"I consider Ayer's Sarsaparilla the best blood purifier on the market."
Dr. GRISE & CO., West Gardner, Mass.

"During fifteen years of experience with Ayer's Sarsaparilla, I have yet to learn of a single case wherein it failed to cure if used according to directions."
F. O. COLLINS, Druggist, Paris, Mo.

"I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla contains more medicinal value than any other similar compound."
JAMES DOANE, Dispensing Chemist, Kingsville, Ont.

TURNED THE TABLES.

A STORY OF ARTEMUS WARD AND HENRY J. BYRON.

The Famous Wit Started In to Have Some Fun With the Dramatist, but Found in the End That He Had Met His Match at Chaffing.

What follows relates to the first meeting of the late Henry J. Byron and Artemus Ward. It was at the Savage club after one of the Saturday dinners, and Tom Robertson suggested to Artemus to have a tilt with Byron and, if possible, draw him out. The genial showman had only been in England a few days, but he knew Byron's "metier" and went for him in this fashion: "I fancy I have seen a face like yours before. Did you ever have a brother Alonso?" Robertson was behind Artemus and winked at Byron.

"Alas, I had!" replied the dramatist, instantly catching the situation.

"He was a mariner, engaged on the deep?"

"That's so."

"You haven't heard of him for five years?"

Byron affected to be lost in reflection and deliberately replied: "It's five years ago this very day. How curious you should mention it, sir!"

"Well, sir," replied Artemus, taking out his handkerchief and pretending to wipe away a tear, "I sailed the salt sea with your brother. We were wrecked together in the gulf of Mexico, and before help came I killed and ate him! The moment I saw you I recognized the likeness. He was a good fellow, full of tender feeling."

"I am glad you found him tender," interrupted Byron, also pulling out his handkerchief.

"But, sir, I am awfully sorry I ate him," said Artemus in the most imperious fashion. "Had I known I should ever meet his brother I am sure I'd have gone without food some weeks longer. But I was driven to it, and you will forgive me, won't you? I liked Alonso," and he offered his hand to Byron, which the latter shook with cordiality.

"Excuse my emotion, won't you?" gasped Byron in his handkerchief. "He never wrote and told me what had become of him. I hope he agreed with you."

"A slight indigestion afterward. He was a little tough," replied Artemus, "but we'll not speak of that. We both suffered. He suffered most. But remember, sir, the law can't touch me now. It was stern necessity, and necessity, as you may have heard, knows no law. But I am willing to pay you damages for the loss. About what would you think a fair compensation?"

"Don't mention it," said Byron, who now thought it time to turn the tables. "I think your name is Ward?" said he.

"Yes."

"Artemus Ward?"

"Quite so."

"You had a father?"

"I had."

"He was a Yankee peddler in his own country, was he not? Sold bug pizen and fine tooth combs?"

"You've hit the comb—I mean the nail—on the head."

"He died in the black country of England, did he not?"

"He did."

"Well, I killed him. I knew you were his son the moment I laid eyes on you. He was a nice old gentleman, and I made his acquaintance in Staffordshire. He wished to go down a deep coal mine; so did I, and we went down together, had a good time, explored, lunched with the miners, drank more than was good for us and proceeded to return to Mother Earth's surface. After you have been down a mine you are fond of your mother, I assure you. The prodigal felt nothing to what I experienced. We entered the huge basket and were being slowly drawn toward the mouth of the pit when I saw the old rope was about to snap under the strain. It was a perilous, a horrible, a critical moment. The weight of two men was too great, and your father was a broad, bulky man. Self preservation is the first law of nature. An instant more and we were both lost. We seemed to be about 50 feet from the top.

I hastily called your father's attention to something—implored him, in fact, to look down the mine. He did so, and as I gently tipped him over he went whirling and crashing to the bottom. It was rough on him, but I saved myself. I clattered it out on the instant like this: He is an old man, nearly bald, deaf in one ear, two teeth gone in front, with only a few years to live. I am half his age, strong and healthy, the father of a young family, with a career before me, a comedy to finish for the Haymarket and a burlesque accepted at the Strand. Now, I ask you, under the circumstances, did I not behave nobly?"

"You did, you did!" sobbed Artemus. "I would have acted that way myself."

"I am glad to find you so intelligent. You ate my brother and found him tough, and I am the assassin of your dear old father," continued Byron, keeping up the face of pretended emotion. "We are both avenged. Let us draw a veil over the past and never allude to these heartrending incidents again."

"Agreed. We cry quits. Shake!" roared Artemus, extending both hands and dramatically dashing a flood of imaginary tears from his eyes. Then he summoned a waiter, glasses round were speedily ordered, and everybody was full of congratulations upon the ready manner in which the two wits had conducted their impromptu chaff.—Exchange.

A Reason.

The Sweet Young Thing—But why should not women enter politics?

The Savage Bachelor—Too many bosses there now.—Indianapolis Journal.

Mrs. McKinley ordered that a box of choice exotics from the conservatories of the White House should be sent to Miss Harriet Gault, who was years ago Mrs. McKinley's teacher at school, but who a few years ago entered upon her term as postmaster at Media, Pa. A personal note of felicitation accompanied the flowers.

Two young English women are going to establish a Hindoo convent at Calcutta for the spiritual regeneration of Hindoos. One of these women is a graduate of Cambridge and while in London was identified with the woman's suffrage movement.

Parisian women are wearing shoes and stockings to match their gowns. In mastic and cream tones this will do, but when it comes to bright greens, reds and blues the woman of really refined taste shudders at the mere thought of such a fad.

The empress of Austria left a will bequeathing her jewels, valued at \$2,500,000, to charities. Achilleon, in the island of Corfu, she left to Princess Clisela. The bulk of her fortune is divided among her grandchildren.

Danson is one of the autumn shades. It has a great deal of rich, deep crimson in it and is seen in rich autumn materials in silk and wool.

SICK HEADACHES.
The curse of overworked womankind are quickly and surely cured by Karl's Clover Root Tea, the great blood purifier and tissue builder. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Price 25 cts., and 50 cts. C. G. Huntley, the Druggist.

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Has no equal in diseases of the Kidneys and Urinary Organs. Have you neglected your Kidneys? Have you overworked your nervous system and caused trouble with your Kidneys and Bladder? Have you pains in the loins, side, back, groins and bladder? Have you a flabby appearance of the face, especially under the eyes? Too frequent desire pass urine? William's Kidney Pills will impart new life to the diseased organs, tone up the system and make a new man of you. By mail 50 cents per box. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS, Proprietors, Cleveland, O.
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A well painted house is like a neatly dressed person—always attractive and pleasant to look upon.
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Portland, Oregon.

Inspectors For Match Factories.
A deputation of women headed by the aged Baroness Burdett-Coutts pleaded with the home secretary the other day for the victims of the match factories. The baroness, though urged by the home secretary to speak sitting, insisted upon standing in order to be better heard. The Countess of Portsmouth also spoke in behalf of the women employees. The desire to have women inspectors appointed and medical experts to look into the sanitary conditions of the factories was expressed. Sir Matthew White Ridley said that he had appointed two women as inspectors and would make further appointments for the same department.
Samuel Colgate's Widow.
Society is all a-flutter at the report that Mrs. Samuel Colgate is to marry the Earl of Strafford. Mrs. Colgate is the widow of Samuel Colgate, who is said to have left her a fortune of \$10,000,000, all made from soap. She is a tall, handsome woman, very accomplished and clever, and as Miss Cora Smith was a great belle in New York society. The fact that she will soon sail for England strengthens the rumor that she has captured a coronet.—New York Letter
Changed His Views.
Rev. Dr. Augustus H. Strong, president of the Rochester Theological seminary, who has hitherto been opposed to coeducation in the University of Rochester, announces that he has changed his views and will co-operate with those who are trying to raise \$100,000 for the purpose of making coeducation a fact in the university.
The queen of Siam has received a gift from her royal husband of a thimble made of gold in the form of a lotus bud, the lotus being the royal flower, and the thimble is thickly studded with diamonds so arranged as to form her name and the date of her marriage, and now the ladies of Siam are using thimbles.
Miss Lulu Mackey, court stenographer of Trumbull county, O., was admitted to the practice of law in the state of Ohio. Miss Mackey is self educated. She is a member of the Political Equality club of Warren, O.

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