X-Rays

Of test and trial prove Hood's Sarsaparilla to be unequalled for purifying the blood because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists; $1

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

THE ELECTRIC SUCKER.

A German's Account of a Wonderful Fish Found In the Nile.

In an article in Ueber Land und Meer on "Electrical Phenomena In the Animal World," Dr. Frolich tells about a sucker first found in the Nile and its tributaries by modern scientific men in 1881, but well known to the ancient Egyptians as the "sucker thunderer god," being worshiped as such in a sucker god temple in the city of the thunder sucker, or Oryrrhynchos. The reason they called it the thunder sucker, instead of the "thunder fish," was because they knew of another fish, known to the English speaking people as the electric cat (fish), to the Germans as the zitterwels, or the shad that makes one tremble. It grows to a length of about a foot, of which the head and nose take up a quarter, and at the deepest part measures more than a quarter of its length.

Just why the modern scientific men did not know of this fish before is a question a layman finds it hard to answer except that the sucker is a bottomy fish. The old Egyptians probably learned of the animal after a Nile flood, when some philosopher was meditating over a mud puddle left by the receding water. He saw a funny fish struggling in the water, and, out of a desire for knowledge, reached for the fish and touched it. If there were any disciples of the philosopher hard by, they probably saw the philosopher act surprisingly—as the stoic Indian did when he got hold of a galvanic battery. Thereafter the fish was worshiped, having a name which associated it with the "thunder god of the skies," although the ancients knew nothing of electricity according to the learned of today.

A peculiar thing about the various electrical fish is that should one swim, even at a considerable distance from a human bather, the bather would know of its proximity by an "electrical sensation," while many of them have batteries actually fit to kill a horse on contact. These fish are far ahead of the human beings in the matter of weapons, "for they stun their prey at a great distance in the water."

THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

Not Often Really Frightened, but Now and Then Perhaps a Little Startled.

"I don't suppose a man in my business is apt to get frightened very much," said the retired burglar. "He's all the time expecting things to happen, and he's always on the lookout for them. Still, I suppose that any man, unless he has an absolutely cast iron nerve, and such men are very few, is likely at times to be startled. I know that I am. For instance:

"I went into a house one night, and after groping around down stairs for a while in the blackest kind of darkness I went up stairs. There I found an open door. I had located from the outside of the house the windows of the room that this door opened into, and when I struck the door I knew where the bed ought to be. It was there, and I went along the side of it until I came to the head. I found a chair there with a man's clothes piled up on it. I picked up the trousers, and as I began to feel in the pocket—br-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r! went an alarm clock on the bureau, not a foot from my head, and out of bed jumped a man, bumping square against me, of course not knowing I was there, but knocking me endways and tumbling over on the floor himself.

"I certainly was startled by that alarm clock, make no mistake about that, and I have no doubt in my own mind that the man that jumped out of bed was startled when he fell over me, but I didn't stay to ask him about that."—New York Sun.

The Dear Old Lady's Mistake.

Old Mr. and Mrs. Shuman from Bryan went to town, and in going to the hotel for dinner saw a crowd around the justice court. The old couple, with pardonable curiosity, inquired the cause of the gathering. They were informed that a man was on trial for beating his wife. Edging their way through the bystanders to get a look at the prisoner, the old lady whispered to her husband:

"What a murderous looking creature the prisoner is! I'd be afraid to get near him."

"Hush!" warned her husband. "That isn't the prisoner; he hasn't been brought in yet."

"It isn't? Who is it, then?"

"It's the judge!"—Atlanta Constitution.

This world is like a mint. We are no sooner cast into the fire, taken out again, hammered, stamped and made current but presently we are changed.—Decker and Webster.

RESPONSIVE BOTH TO HARSH AND SWEET SOUNDS,

The nerves are often painfully acute. When this is the case, the best thing to be done is to seek the tonic and tranquilizing assistance of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a superb nervine. No less beneficial is it for dyspeptic, bilious, malarial, rheumatic, bowel and kidney complaints. Use with persistent regularity. A wineglassful before retiring confers sleep.

"The giraffe has a tongue eighteen inches long," said Mrs. Garrill. "And knows how to hold it, too," snapped Mr. Garrill, who had had a long curtain lecture the night before.

Fits Cured

From U.S. Journal of Medicine

Prof. W. H. Pecke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferers who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. PECKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York

SURE CURE FOR PILES

Itching and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to Dr. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops Itch. Allays Pain. A guarantee. One Box is a Cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Philadelphia, Pa.

FAIR PLAY.

He Didn't Like Beans, but He Ate Them All the Same.

Mark Twain lived some forty years ago, in the limits of a very wild, half crazy frontier mining camp. This was divided into two parties, the so-called "Boston crowd," which contained the better element, though few Boston men, and the "Missouri crowd," which was a pretty bad lot, though not composed exclusively of natives of Missouri. Fights to the death were of daily and nightly occurrence, gambling outfits were in constant demand, quarreling, bullying drunkards were omnipresent, and few used water except to wash now and then in the little mountain stream flowing through the diggings. Despite it all there was a strict camp etiquette, which was recognized and considered law by all, and it was of this etiquette that Mark Twain told me an example.

A "Boston man" was eating breakfast early one morning at a table near the open door and the half-bar, half-restaurant of the place. He was just finishing his plate of pork and beans when two "Missouri" men passed along and saw the "Boston" man and his breakfast. They stopped within a foot or two.

"Look at that!" said the bigger of "Missouri" men contemptuously, "do you see what that blank-blankety-blank Boston thing is eating? Why, down in Missouri, where I came from, we feed them things to our horses. Only the brutes eat that grub down there."

Presently the bully stepped inside and sat down opposite the "Boston" man, at the same table. When the plate of beans had been eaten, the "Boston" man called out to the bartender:

"Pete, give me another plateful. Pile it up. I like 'em."

When the heaped-up plate came the "Boston" man, quick as a flash, had pulled out his revolver, had the "Missouri" man covered with it, and then, pushing the full plateful of beans across the table, told the "Missouri" man to "eat it and like it, or he'd shoot him like the dog that he was." The bully had his choice between beans or death, and he knew it. When he had eaten every bean he was made to say that he liked beans, and then, and not till then, did the "Boston" man put up his pistol, paid for both orders of beans and left the saloon.

"Now," said Mark, "the reason the 'Missouri' man didn't whip out his gun and shoot as soon as the bean-eater's back was turned was because of camp etiquette. Each man had his fun with the other, and they were even. If the 'Boston' man had been shot the 'Missouri' man, as quick as news could fly, would have had his body filled with lead from the revolver of every man in camp, regardless of party. You see we were quite sticklers for fair play in those days."—New York Journal.

Why Hawley Sold His Cows.

Secretary Morton recently visited Biltmore, N. C., to make a personal investigation of some experiments in arboriculture that have greatly interested him, and while there he made examination of George Vanderbilt's 30,000-acre farm. Mr. Vanderbilt has recently purchased and shipped to this farm the famous herd of recorded Jersey cattle belonging to Frank W. Hawley, of Pittsford farm, near Rochester, N. Y. The cattle number 125, and the herd is the third in value and reputation in the United States.

Mr. Hawley sold his cows because of the recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals confirming the right of the State Board of Health to confiscate and slaughter animals suspected of tuberculosis, regardless of their value and upon careless and casual examination. He claims that the decision of the Court and the regulations of the Board of Health are too severe and unjust and that their tests are imperfect and unreliable. The Court also denied the doctrine of aristocracy in cattle. It held that a cow is only a cow; that one cow is no better than another cow, and that the law does not authorize the payment of a larger sum for a high-bred Jersey that is condemned and killed than for a stump-tail, burr-covered vagrant that is picked up along the highways. The regular price of a condemned cow in New York is $35, and Mr. Hawley recently received that sum per head as compensation for a herd of prize-winners that cost him $30,600 when they were heifers. Among his cattle thus slaughtered by the Board of Health was the famous Catherine of Pittsford, which won the butter test at the World's Fair, and was considered the most valuable Jersey cow in the country, if not in the world. Mr. Hawley paid $2,500 for her when she was a calf and received $35 indemnity when she was slaughtered. He claims that the inspectors were mistaken in their diagnosis. After this experience Mr. Hawley became discouraged in his attempts to cultivate the Jersey and offered his herd to Mr. Vanderbilt by telephone. The latter accepted the terms, the trade was concluded in three minutes, and the next day the stock were en route to North Carolina. It is said that the purchase price was over $200,000.

Allowance for Daughters.

There can be no doubt that the custom of making an allowance for daughters is an excellent one. When a girl reaches a certain age, say 17 or 18, she should be made an allowance, paid monthly or quarterly, out of which she should be expected to provide herself with gowns, hats, and all the staple requirements of her toilet. As to luxuries, like furs, jewels, ball-gowns, and such things, they may be left to the individual generosity of her parents, who need not stint themselves in that because they give her an allowance. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the fact that every girl should have an allowance, and thus be trained to the expenditure of money. Many a young girl when she marries and goes to her husband, excites alternately his irritation and alarm, owing to her utter ignorance of money. If such a girl had been trained from girlhood to the receipt of a stated sum out of which she had to meet her needs she would make a better wife.—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Headsman with a History.

On the little island of Ustica, forty miles from Palermo, Italy, there died recently a man who for years was the terror of the people of Naples and the kingdom of the two Sicilies. He was Gaetano Impellizzeri, once the headsman under Ferdinand II. of Naples. The useless executions attributed to Impellizzeri are countless, and, with the cruelty by which he showed, led to his denunciation by Mr. Gladstone forty years ago in the philippics which that statesman directed against Ferdinand. The executions were only in part public; it was the executions in secret—usually at night—which gave the man his power. It was he who executed in San Francisco place, Naples, the Calabrian Agesilas Milanoque, who on Dec. 9, 1856, had made a bayonet thrust at King Ferdinand II., and patriots innumerable became his victims.

When Garibaldi entered Naples in September, 1860, the excited populace went in search of the hated headsman; but he cared much for his own life, although he thought little of that of others, and escaped with his wife. Later he was imprisoned on the Island of Ustica, where he became an officer of the fort built in those days to protect the island against pirates. He was in receipt of a pension of $5 a month—much more than he deserved. He was 81 years old at the time of his death.—New York Tribune.

California's Edible Lizard.

There is living in the mountainous parts of the Mojave desert a very strange lizard, which often reaches a length of over a foot, and which is nearly as wide as one's hand and of a uniform dark slate color, or even black, while the tail is spotted with white and often nearly uniformly white. At a distance this species, which scientists call Sauromalur ater, looks like a Gila monster, and many people, unacquainted with the latter, have supposed them to be the same, and I think it is due to this mistake that many people believe the Gila monster an inhabitant of California. But there is no really authentic account of the monster being found in our State. Prof. Baird states that in his Pacific railroad reports, on the authority of Kennerly and Mollhausen, that it has been found along the Mojave River, but this must be a mistake.

The chuck walla, as the black lizard above described is called by the Indians, is almost entirely vegetarian in its habits, and consequently edible. Several specimens which were examined contained in their stomachs specimens of a little lotus, an ephedra and a few bits of the gray desert tree, delea fremontii. The Indians eat a great many of them, and I, for one, can testify that, although very repusive to look at, if one has not had fresh meat for three or four months, a nice, fat chuck walla is quite palatable if properly cooked. The meat is very white and tastes much like frogs' legs, which are sold at such a good price in our markets.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Sight of Birds.

Birds are commonly credited with an extraordinary range of vision. Circumstances lend aid to the development of the mental factors in their case. The usual distance at which terrestrial species use their eyes is limited by the ground horizon. But in the case of the soaring birds, such as vultures and eagles, the horizon, the natural limit of sight, is enormously extended.

Macgillivray early noted that though birds of prey have orbits of great size—the eyeball of the common buzzard being an inch and a third in diameter—they do not, as a rule, soar when seeking their prey. The eagle, when hunting, flies low, as do the sparrowhawk and the henharrier. Yet the vultures and condors, birds which do soar when seeking food, have been proved to find carrion by sight. A carcass was covered with canvas and some offal placed upon it. The vultures saw this, descended and ate it, and then sat on the covered portion within a few inches of a putrid carcass. When a hole was made in the covering they saw and attacked the food below. But the rapid congregation of vultures from a distance to a carcass is probably due to their watching their neighbors, each of which is surveying a limited area.

Charles Darwin pointed out that in a level country the height of sky commonly noticed by a mountain man is not more than fifteen degrees above the horizon, and a vulture on the wing at the height of between three thousand and four thousand feet, would probably be two miles distant and invisible. Those which descend rapidly and appear to have come from beyond the range of human sight, were perhaps hovering vertically over the hunter when he killed his game.

Points About Matches.

A commission appointed by the French government has been investigating the manufacture of matches, with the object of ascertaining if there was not some substance whose substitution for phosphorus would render that industry one in which men and women could engage without becoming the victims of horrible and fatal forms of poisoning. The commission has just made its report, and the conclusions reached by it are of great interest. There is, the commissioners say, nothing that can replace phosphorus as a quick and convenient means to start combustion. Other chemicals would, indeed, be safer for the employes, but none of them is even approximately as safe or useful from the standpoint of the public. It is evident, therefore, that the use of phosphorus must continue; but, though that is the case, it by no means follows that the manufacture of matches must be at the cost of hundreds of lives every year. By using proper precautions, the commissioners declare, in the ventilation of factories, in the structure of machines and in the personal habits of the work people, practically all danger can be removed. In the best-regulated establishments measures have already been taken that put an end to the diseases that a careless and unscientific use of phosphorus produces in those that handle it. A startling feature of the report is its assertion that the match factories owned and conducted by the French government itself are precisely those in which the conditions are the worst.

Too Much Reform.

Friend—What is the matter, old boy?

Judge—Well, the fact is my wife and I never get along very well and of late the relationship has become so unbearable that we both want a divorce.

Friend—I see. Why don't you get one?

Judge (sadly)—I have sent all the bogus divorce lawyers to the penitentiary.—New York Weekly.

The women can always depend upon this: that a man at his meals will ask for something that is not on the table.

THE HAT TRICK.

How the Merchants' Exchange Jokers Worked It Upon a Visitor.

A large, good-looking and evidently good-natured man walked into the exchange room in the Board of Trade building the other day and was soon an interested, not to say anxious, spectator of what is known on 'Change as "the hat trick."

The large man wore a glossy new derby hat.

A member of the exchange walked up to him, neatly lifted the hat off his head, and in a moment the newcomer saw what he supposed was his hat flying across the room.

It had been propelled by a kick. Several others made a rush at it, and it was sent hither and thither like a football.

The man looked on in amazement. Presently the hat came his way and he seized it. He gave the now dilapidated headgear a brush or two with his elbow, looked it over dubiously, then put it on and started hurriedly for the exit.

Before he could make his escape the hat was again seized and again became the center of a rush.

Once more the man got the hat, clapped it on his head, and was rushing away when he was intercepted by the man who had originally taken it from the visitor's head.

With great politeness the joker handed over the visitor's own hat, as glossy and perfect as if it had just come from the hatter's block, and took the old hat in return.

The visitor's surprise increased. He scrutinized the new hat. It was certainly his. Then he joined in the general laugh. He had simply been initiated into the mysteries of the Board of Trade hat trick, the first point in which is a bit of sleight-of-hand work by which hats are changed and the stock hat, kept for the purpose, is kicked into the ring of jokers.—Buffalo Commercial.

Vanished from Human Ken.

What strikes us most markedly in reading the book of the rocks is not so much the strange forms which are portrayed in its pages, as the fact that so many of them are extinct. Indeed, except in the very newest of formations, it is extremely rare to come upon any forms which can even approximately be considered identical with any now living on the face of the earth.

All are vanished species. What is more, when we once get clear of any formation it is the rarest possible occurrence ever again to see any of the species of fossils characteristic of it. Each period of the world's history had its own fauna and flora—that is, its own assemblage of animals and plants—and once they disappear they are gone forever. Yet, within the historic period, we know of the extermination of only a few animals, and of no species of plants at all. Even then the extinct animals have, in every instance, met their fate at the hand of man.

The dodo, a curious bird of Mauritius, and the solitaries of the Islands of Reunion and Rodriguez were exterminated by ruthless seamen within the last two centuries. The moa of New Zealand lived long after the Maoris reached these islands. The great auk and the Labrador duck have ceased to exist, from an identical cause, within the memory of man. The Philip Island parrot is a still more recent loss, while the only mammal which can be said for certain to have been utterly destroyed from off the face of the earth is the gigantic sea cow (rhytina) of Behring Strait, though, when it was first discovered, and took the taste of the seamen who liked oily beef, its numbers were small, and seemed on the wane.

These, and a few other species of less interest, form the total extinctions of which history preserves any record. But in the rocks composing the earth's crust there are the remains of thousands, which disappeared ages and ages before man came upon the earth.—Our Earth and Its Story.

A Veteran Woman's Death.

With the "frontier" fast disappearing, even in the further West, it seems a far cry back to the days of the frontier in the further East, but there are yet in Maine white people who are living links with those days. Mrs. Sibyl Dow, who died in East Dover, Me., a few days ago, at the age of 91 years, was such a link. She was the fifth white child born in the region which is now Piscataquis County, Maine. Two years before she was born her father, Eli Towne, moved from New Hampshire, crossed the Piscataquis River, made a clearing in the primeval forest, and built there a log cabin, in which Mrs. Dow was born. He was one of the first band of white people who settled in the wilderness, and Dover now stands on the site of his cabin. Mrs. Dow was the first white child born in the present town limits of Dover.

Forests of Spain.

Spain is waking up to the necessity of reafforesting her mountains. The little king recently went to a village a few miles east of Madrid and planted a pine sapling, after which 2,000 children selected from the Madrid schools each planted a tree. Medals were distributed among them, with the inscription "First arbor day instituted in the reign of Alfonso XIII., 1896." Similar festivals are to be held yearly in different places and the children are to be taken out to see how their trees grow, in the hope that they will foster tree planting in their districts.

Low Down.

"Enpec played a mean trick on his wife while she was away."

"What?"

"Taught the parrot to scream, 'You talk too much!'"—Exchange.

She Knew.

Bilkins—How do you make a hot Scotch, Miss Vassar?

Miss Vassar—Call him an Irishman; if that dosen't make him hot I don't know anything that will.—Exchange.

Advertising in London.

It is estimated that £4,000,000 is spent in advertisements and that something like 1,500,000,000 copies of newspapers are sold in London every year.

An Interpreter.

Mrs. Nupop—Oh, you must come and hear baby talk.

Uncle Bob—I shall be delighted—but you must act as interpreter.—Truth.

The less a girl tries to be nice, the nicer she is.

JUDGE OF THE SUPREME COURT.

Congressman Powers Enthusiastic Over Paine's Celery Compound, the Greatest Spring Remedy.

Judge Powers, who today represents Vermont in congress, entered the national house with a magnificent record as lawyer and judge of the supreme court of Vermont.

He is a fine type of the careful, learned, New England lawyer.

Though but 56 years of age, he was a member of the Vermont legislature a third of a century ago, and again in 1874, when he was speaker of the house. He has been state censor, a member of the costitutional convention and of the state senate. In 1874 he became judge of the supreme court of Vermont, and reamined on the bench until 1890, when he took his seat in congress. Judge Powers presided at many of the most notable trials in the history of the state, and is the author of many of the most important opinions to be found in Vermont reports.

No judge on the supreme bench in any of our states has a reputation for more clearly and unimstakably expressing his opinions. His unqualified indorsement of Paine's celery compound in the following letter is as straightforward and concise as any one of his thoughtful charges to a jury:

House of Representatives, U. S.
Washington, D. C., Feb. 19, 1896.

I have for several years been acquainted with the medicinal qualities of Paine's celery compound, and can enthusiastically indorse as a specific in many cases for which its use is recommended by its proprietors. H. HENRY POWERS,
1st Dist. Vt.

By far the best use that any tired or ailing person can make of these precious spring days is to purify the blood and regulate their nerves with Paine's celery compound. It is plain to any observant person that the best remedy for neuralgia, persistent headaches and such like indications of low nervous vigor, is the one that most rapidly and completely nourishes the worn out parts. It is not in the power of any other remedy to do the vigorous work of Paine's celery compound in strengthening the jaded system, and in bringing it back to an energetic, healthy condition.

The real danger that stares sick people in the face is the putting off attending to sickness and diseas, and letting slip these health-inviting spring days, when everything so strongly favors getting well. This greatest of all spring remedies is doing an astonishing amount of good these days among sick people and those semi-invalids who are "run down" by the long, trying winter, or worn out and afflicted by disease.

The soul and life of sound health is a well-nourished nervous system. Paine's celery compound repairs the worn, nervous system as nothing else can do. It is the one certain and permanent cure for sleeplessness, hysteria, nervous debility and exhaustion, rheumatism, neuralgia and the various manifestations of an unhealthy bodily condition, such as languor, nervousness, heart palpitation, loss of flesh and mental depression.

With Paines' celery compound, returning strength and cheerfulness soon show that one is undoubtedly on the right road to health.

Paine's celery compound is the one real spring remedy known today that never fails to benefit. Get Paine's celery compound, and only Paines' celery compound if you wish to be well.

HOITT SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

BURLINGAME, Cal.

"This excellent institution closes its fifth year accredited at both of our universities. Ex-State Superintendent Hoitt is well known in educational matters. The mention of his name as master of the school is a guarantee to all who know him, that none but first-class teachers are employed and that the school under his management ranks among the first of its kind. Nowhere are boys better cared for."—San Francisco Call.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a family medicine with us since 1865.—J. R. Madison, 2409 42d Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Dr. Peters, the African explorer, is about to undertake a new exploration of Somaliland under the auspices of a number of wealthy Americans.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's family pills are the best.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

By a special permit, and in mailing packages approved by the postoffice department, bacteria or disease tissues may now be sent through the mails to United States or municipal laboratories.

One Cup One Cent

Less than a cent in fact — and all Cocoa — pure Cocoa — no chemicals. — That describes Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, - Dorchester, Mass.

WOMAN FOR YOU

The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given it the name of Woman's Friend. It is uniformly successful in relieving the backaches, headaches and weakness which burden and shorten a woman's life. Thousands of women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists. BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, Agents.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

FOR PEOPLE THAT ARE SICK or "Just Don't Feel Well," DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED **LIVER PILLS** are the One Thing to use. Only One for a Dose. Sold by druggists at 25c. a box. Samples Free. Address the Dr. Bosanko Med. Co., Phila. Pa.

Is this what ails you?

Have you a feeling of weight in the Stomach—Bloating after eating—Belching of Wind—Vomiting of Food—Waterbrash—Heartburn—Bad Taste in the Mouth in the Morning—Palpitation of the Heart, due to Distension of Stomach—Cankered Mouth—Gas in the Bowels—Loss of Flesh—Fickle Appetite—Depressed, Irritable Condition of the Mind—Dizziness—Headache—Constipation or Diarrhœa?

Then you have

DYSPEPSIA

in one of its many forms. The one positive cure for this distressing complaint is

Acker's Dyspepsia Tablets,

by mail, prepaid, on receipt of 25 cents

CHARLES RAMSEY, Hotel Imperial, New York, says: "I suffered horribly from dyspepsia, but Acker's Tablets, taken after meals, have cured me."

ACKER MEDICINE CO., 16 & 18 Chambers St., N.Y.

This is the very best Smoking Tobacco made.

Blackwell's Genuine BULL DURHAM

You will find one coupon inside each 2 ounce bag and two coupons inside each 4 ounce bag. Buy a bag, read the coupon and see how to get your share of $250,000 in presents.

AGENTS WANTED, Ladies or Gentlemen, in every town, for one of the best selling articles made. Used by every man, woman and child. Fredericks Sanitary Tooth Brush with Tongue Cleaning Attachment. Endorsed by all the leading physicians and dentists. Send 15c. for sample. Retails for 25c and 50c. WILL & FINK CO., 818-820 Market Street, San Francisco, Cal.

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