



### "WHAT AN ASS AM I!"

The ass thought himself as fine looking as his neighbor, the horse, until one day, saw himself in the looking-glass, when he said "What an ass am I!"

Are there not scores of people who cannot see themselves as others see them? They have had blood, pimples, blotches, eruptions, and other kindred disfigurements. All these annoying things could be entirely eradicated, and the skin restored to "lily whiteness," if that world-famed remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, were given a fair trial.

It cures all humors, from the ordinary blotch, pimple or eruption to the worst scrofula, or the most inveterate blood-taints, no matter what their nature, or whether they be inherited or acquired. The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only blood-purifier guaranteed to do just what it is recommended to, or money refunded.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, PROPRIETORS, No. 653 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

### PROTECT YOUR HEALTH.

Cold and moisture combined have a torpor effect upon the bodily organs, and the digestive and secretory processes are apt to be more tardily performed in winter than in the fall. The same is true also of the excretory functions. The bowels are often clogged, and the pores of the skin throw off but little waste matter at this season. The system, therefore, requires opening up a little, and also purifying, and the best way to do this is by the use of a cathartic, and the safest, surest and most thorough tonic and alterative that can be used for these purposes is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Who wishes to escape the rheumatic twinges, the dyspeptic agonies, the painful disturbances of the bowels, the clogged passages, the nervous irritations, so common at this time of the year, will do well to reinforce their systems with this renowned vegetable stomachic and laxative. It improves the appetite, strengthens the stomach, cheers the spirits, and renovates the whole physique.

To be your own opportunity must come when the world is looking on.

### REMEMBER.

ALLCOCK'S are the only genuine POROUS PLASTERS. They act quickly and with certainty, and can be worn for weeks without causing pain or inconvenience. They are invaluable in cases of Spinal Weakness, Kidney and Pulmonary Difficulties, Malaria, Ague Cakes, Strains, Rheumatism and all Local Pains.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

Nothing that shuts the light can be trusted in the dark.

If Dobbin's Electric Soap is what so many insist that it is, you cannot afford to go without it. Your grocer has it, or can get it, and you can decide for yourself very soon. Don't let another Monday pass without trying it.

There is one thing that may be said of a splint—there are no fies on it.

### RUPTURE AND FILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all renal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay, and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet, Drs. Fordwick & Lacey, 300 Market Street, San Francisco.

If you want to sink money, get into the swim. The Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, is now universally pronounced by the public the model hotel of the Pacific Coast. Every comfort and convenience to the minutest detail, and guests are made to feel entirely at home. J. A. Hooper, Manager.

### WHY!

The virtues of mercuric iodine as a remedy for pain do not consist in its being as good for relief as other remedies, but in the fact that it is better, in being more prompt and sure, and therefore the best for the specific purpose. It is not an idle catchline that strikes the eye thus:

### ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN, IS THE BEST.

It is the best cure for all aches and pains, and it holds.

### THE TRUE PROOF.

To this specific fact Archbishops, Bishops, Clergymen, Lawyers, Doctors, Governors, Generals, Senators, Members of Congress and Legislatures, U. S. Consuls, Army and Navy Officers, and many other officials, testify and unite in saying: "We suffered pain;

### OTHER REMEDIES FAILED,

and St. Jacobs Oil cured promptly and permanently." For the same reason

### THE POOR MAN

finds what he needs and needs, is not deceived and will have it at any price.

### "August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfeeling, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

### Some Curious Misnomers.

Arabic figures were invented by the Indians, not by the Arabs.

Dutch clocks are not of Dutch, but German (deutsch) manufacture.

Irish stew is a dish unknown in Ireland.

Baffin's bay is no bay at all.

Catgut is the gut of sheep, not of cats.

Down is used instead of a-down and utterly perverts its meaning. The Saxon dun is a hill, and a-down is its opposite, a descent. Going down stairs really means going up stairs. We ought properly to say "going a-down."—Detroit Free Press.

### A Pertinent Question.

Young Gordin—Mr. Roks, I wish—er—that I, I desire—er—the hand of your daughter.

Roks—What the matter with the rest of her?

### Other Identification Needed.

"What name, please?"

"Smith."

"Dear me! How indefinite!"—Lowell Citizen.

### Misunderstood.

Impressor—Do you sing chest-notes?

Singer—Harrisotti—No, sir! Everything in my suppository is dead now.—Judge.

### Delicately Put.

He—I am sure you would like my brother.

She—I have no doubt I should. I am told you two are so different.—Epoch.

### TOASTMASTER HARKER.

HE HAS HEARD MORE AFTER DINNER SPEECHES THAN ANY OTHER MAN.

His Reminiscences of Distinguished Diners Charles Dickens was a Ready Speaker Brought out the Prince of Wales—Dining 3,000 Diners.

"Are you still the city toastmaster?"

"No, I gave up my post some time ago, but I am the queen's ballist at the central criminal court, and am one of the oldest servants of the corporation."

"How many dinners have you put through in your official capacity?"

"Four thousand and ninety."

"Most of the great speakers you have heard take something to keep their voice in trim?"

"Well, Dismal, for instance, always had his butter behind him with a bottle of egg and sherry, which he had ready mixed. Mr. Gladstone, I have noticed, takes sherry, but no egg. The Prince of Wales, he likes hock and champagne. The Duke of Edinburgh, his servant all ways brings his special brand with him—a Russian champagne."

### ALL THE CROWNED HEADS.

"Well, Mr. Harker, you have certainly heard more after dinner speeches than any man living. Will you offer some criticism?"

"Well, I suppose Charles Dickens was as ready a speaker as I ever heard. The words flowed out like a stream, but he was not what I call a good after dinner speaker, because he was so interesting that you wished he would go on forever. Now, that don't do for me, you know, for I have to stand by with the watch."

"The stop watch, eh?"

"Yes, I've stopped Mr. Gladstone before today." This in a confidential whisper.

"You don't say so?"

"A fact, when he is too long I have spoken into his ear, 'T-i-e, s-i-r, t-i-m-e, and then he slacks up. With ordinary men I say it to the 'chair,' not to let the room hear me, you know. I never stop a man at a charity dinner. It doesn't do."

### "Is the Prince of Wales a good speaker?"

"A glorious fellow. If I had only a sovereign in the world and he wanted it, he should have it. Why, I brought him out in '83, and stood behind him many a time and off. Does he speak from notes? Not in speaking of himself, never. He has a slip of paper to show the order of the toasts, that's all. What's his favorite dish? Well, he likes dainties en cuisine, en papillot, laris, lobsters, oysters. He is very fond of those."

"Well, now, who are the most famous people you have attended?"

Mr. Harker looked hurt and his fingers fumbled irritably with his white tie as he proceeded.

"Why, nearly all the crowned heads in Europe. The queen, to begin with. Then I brought out the Prince of Wales in 1863, and all his brothers and his sons, the emperor of Austria, the late czar and the present czar, the late Emperor Frederick, the Emperor Napoleon—why, I remember swearing in the late emperor of the French as a special jurymen at the Old Bailey when he was nobody. Did he serve? Just like anybody else. He had to serve by the law of the land."

### COACHING THE PRINCESS.

"Then I claim to be the person who first induced the Princess of Wales to make a speech in public. I was standing behind her, a good many years ago. It was at a charity dinner or luncheon, and her speech was going to be read by her secretary. I ventured to say: 'If your royal highness would only say a word yourself it would make all the difference,' and she did. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, too, I induced to speak when she opened Columbia market."

"Well, you heard about your successor who couldn't pronounce Massachusetts? What is the most difficult name you ever had to tackle?"

"The Madagascari envoy's. They were cautious. 'Riandriandriany,' as near as I can remember it, said Mr. Harker. 'Rain and rain and dry again,' as Punch called it. The biggest number I think I ever did was 5,000 foreign doctors who dined at the Guildhall, and they said I didn't make one mistake."

"What preparation had you for your onerous duties?"

"In 1844 I shipped with Sir John Ross for the Antarctic expedition. We wintered twice in 76 degrees south; then we went to China, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, getting remounts for the regiments engaged in the Indian mutiny. I had joined the commissariat then. I came home in the fifties, and served through the Crimean war."

"A bullet in my leg, a gun carriage crushed my ribs, and a slice of my chin cut off with a saber. Pretty tough, eh? I have twenty-six medals and orders, and my collection of autographs is not to be beaten. I think, for I have 600 cabinet portraits of all the famous men and women for thirty years past, with autographs attached."

"By the way, what are your fees?"

"Two guineas for a city dinner and ten guineas if I travel."

"And your uniform?"

"Well, evening dress as often as not now. In the good old days I wore a beautiful velvet dress, with knee breeches and silver decorations, which cost £200. But the city can't spend money like they used to do. They are watched by the newspapers."—Pall Mall Gazette.

### ARTIFICIAL FERTILIZERS.

Great Improvements in Them During the Past Thirty Years.

Among the other titles to distinction which the Nineteenth century is hereafter to enjoy, one will be found in the fact that in that age agriculture first began to be pursued in a systematic manner with the aid of scientific research. Manuring with the products of the barnyard is a very ancient art, but the resort to the mine for fertilizers substantially an invention of our own times. Chemists first told the farmer the cause of the frequent speedy exhaustion in the grain producing powers of the soil; it has fallen to the geologist to show where may be obtained the phosphatic element which is the most quickly exhausted of all the elements of plant food in process of cropping.

Although artificial fertilizers are practically the invention of the last thirty years, the industries connected with their manufacture now demand a capital of about \$100,000,000, with an annual product of about that amount, and the volume of the industries is increasing more rapidly, perhaps, than any other art which pertains to mining. The use of artificial fertilizers grew out of the trade in guano. These heaps of bird dung were first made use of by the Peruvians. The account of Garcilaso de la Vega, published in 1604, relates that the Peruvians in the Twelfth century used guano beds as a source of fertilizers. Of such importance did they esteem the material of these beds that the penalty of death was imposed by the early Incas upon any one found killing the birds which made these precious deposits.

For many years the guano beds of the western coast of South America and other similar deposits within the tropical region supplied the demands of our gardens. As the supply of these guanos approached exhaustion and the price increased, the skill of chemists and geologists showed the manufacturers where to find and how to treat deposits of mineral phosphates in such a manner that they might substantially serve to replace the manures of animal origin. In bulletin No. 46, of the United States geological survey, Dr. R. A. F. Penrose, Jr., now assistant state geologist of Texas, has given an important treatise on phosphate deposits, and although his report mainly concerns the phosphates of North America, it gives a synoptic account of the known beds of this nature in all parts of the world. The report makes it plain that only a small part of the deposits of this nature are yet known to us.

The process of discovery of these valuable resources is now, and for a long time will be, slow, and this for the reason that the material occurs in forms which are unfamiliar to the public or even to the ordinarily trained prospector who seeks for mineral resources. In most cases the material appears either in the form of greenish crystals or in the shape of nodular masses looking much like claystones. In neither of these shapes is it likely to attract general attention. In fact the great deposits at Charleston, S. C., had been in view for a century or more. Concretions of cerise phosphate were dug up in the ditches of the rice fields and condemned as worthless until after the war, when a native chemist, once a man of fortune, but brought to need by the havoc wrought upon that country during the rebellion, groping about to find some means of mending his resources, analyzed the rejected stones. As the result of his inquiry they became the very foundation of the commercial prosperity in his state.—N. S. Sizer in Boston Herald.

### Curiosities of Natural Gas.

One writer asks whether it is safe to bore the earth too much. He assumes the earth to be a hollow sphere filled with a gaseous substance called by us natural gas, and he thinks that tapping these reservoirs will cause disastrous explosions, resulting from the lighted gas coming in contact with that which is escaping. Earthquakes, he says, are probably caused by vacuums created by the outflowing gas. He compares the earth to a balloon floated and kept distended by the gas in the interior, which, if exhausted, will cause the crust to collapse, affect the motion of the earth in its orbit, cause it to lose its place among the heavenly bodies, and falls in pieces.

Another writer thinks that boring should be prohibited by stringent laws. He, too, thinks there is a possibility of an explosion, though from another cause. Should such a disaster occur, "the country along the gas belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana and Kentucky will be ripped up to the depth of twelve or fifteen hundred feet, and flopped over like a pancake, leaving a chasm through which the waters of Lake Erie will come howling down, filling the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, and blotting them out forever."

Still another theorist has investigated the gas wells with telephones and delicate thermometers and he announces startling discoveries. He distinguished sounds like the boiling of rocks, and estimated that a mile and a half or so beneath Findlay the temperature of the earth is 3,500 degrees. This scientist says an immense cavity exists under Findlay, and that here the gas is stored; that a mile below the bottom of the cavity is a mass of roaring, seething flame, which is gradually eating into the rocky floor of the cavern and thinning it. Eventually the flames will reach the gas, a terrific explosion will ensue, and Findlay and its neighborhood will be blown skyward in an instant. Such are some of the theories gravely propounded in respect to this new fuel.—Professor Joseph F. James in Popular Science Monthly.

### Forethought.

She—Oh, borrow!

He—What is it, darling?

She—I forgot all about poor pussy, left in the house alone, and we off for a week. She'll starve.

He—O, I remembered her. I left a can of condensed milk on the kitchen table with a sardine opener beside it.—Life.

### Divided Duties.

Daughter—Ma, the new girl has got mad and gone, and she'll have to get another right off.

Mrs. De Style—Well, telegraph to your pa to send a boy to some employment office for me. I need some support to match this silk, too; but I suppose I will have to go for that myself.—New York Weekly.

### Took the Hint and Got Even.

Miss B. (sitting for Mr. C. to leave)—I should think you would take cold out here.

Mr. C.—Yes, if you were the weather I might, good night.—West Shore.

### Delicately Put.

He—I am sure you would like my brother.

She—I have no doubt I should. I am told you two are so different.—Epoch.

### Compensatory.

Miss Crabtree—See what nice shoes I purchased for \$3.

Miss Giltman—Why, these I'm wearing cost \$10.

Miss C.—Well, I suppose they charge according to size.—Ohio State Journal.

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### THE TURKISH BATH.

AN INSTITUTION THAT IS POPULAR WITH THE LADIES.

Women Who Bathe to Increase Their Weight, and Others Who Do the Same to Make Themselves Thinner—Ladies' Day at a St. Louis Bath House.

While St. Louis cannot boast of any Turkish bath houses marked by Parisian or even Levantine luxury and elegance as to fittings and conveniences, she can claim to have a large contingent of fresh looking, handsome women who give full credit to the beautifying influence of regular Turkish baths. All the public Turkish baths have "Ladies' Days," and the register of the leading establishments yields on inspection a long list of names of ladies prominent in society, in the schools, in the churches—in all the sets and circles of the body social of our city. On "Ladies' Days" this bath house can hardly accommodate the crowds of maids, matrons, children and school girls that are its regular customers.

### HAVE THEIR REGULAR DAYS.

The visitor as well as the attendants at the bath house soon learn to look for certain classes on the same days of each successive week. Those who come by order of their physicians, or for some special physical ailment, are generally promptly on hand Tuesday; society women who come to recuperate their expended strength and for beauty baths, favor Thursday as the off day of their week, when the gayeties pause for breath and one is less likely to "miss something" on that day. Saturday is the teachers' day, when they may stop to shed the dead skin of their spent forces and relax the taut muscles of discipline on the slab where the spray soothingly falls on the just and the unjust alike, for most often, too, some of their recalcitrant pupils come in gay, noisy little shoals and make the corridors ring with their laughter and little screams of merriment.

The faith of many women in the virtues of the Turkish bath is limitless. Those who are too thin believe that they will attain the plumpness of their standard of perfection by continuing the bath. Those who groan with flesh that the bathing and the rubbing will make the burden roll away; those whose complexion are too pale or too sallow seek there color and clearness. The pimpled face expects to grow smooth, the flushed face pale—in sooth, they think the Turkish bath the real fountain of eternal youth and beauty. Women as ugly and old as the Witch of Endor have so belabored themselves until the sap of life has left their skins like parchment, and they have finally dried up and blown away on the way from their tri-weekly trips to the Turkish baths, where they hoped to grow fat, fair and 40 at least, when scragginess and the seventies had seized them ten years before.

One entire fat family of social as well as personal magnitude in this city never fails to send its ample supply of daughters to the Turkish bath, and a pounding every Thursday; but pounding only seems to make them more plump. Then there are three thin sisters who go to gain symmetry; and three other sisters who gain the natural rotundity and rosinness of stocky girls only one generation removed from the farm life of their mother's parental precincts, go for—well, for what? Perhaps to get elongated; perhaps to acquire a little etherization—heaven knows for what—perhaps only for the fun of it. Then there comes a tall girl, neither too thick nor too thin, too rosy nor too pale, and, as is natural, she inclines to the stout, short girls, and they compare notes on the advantages of Turkish baths.

### BOUNDING THE MAN ALARM.

The mother of nine children, whose friends tell her she "doesn't look a day older" (than when or where), comes regularly, and says, "it's the Turkish bath does it." The phrase may be a little promiscuous, but it seems to be understood by her friends and fellow bathers. After her will come a beautiful matron of ten years' standing, who never had any children, and her acquaintances will tell her she never looked so beautiful and strong, and congratulate her on the good times and having no children to keep her at home, and wind up by saying she looks younger than ever, and she says, it is all the Turkish bath.

Then a widely known teacher, wise and learned, will be heard telling a pale little Dante woman that nothing so helps to clear the brain and put spring into the vertebrae and make keen the nerves, which, unclogged, aid all the faculties to digest the learned dissertations of the doctors now expounding doctrines of the flesh and the devil as given forth by Goethe at the guild rooms of St. George's, as a thorough massage of the physical woman.

A suffragist, tossing wildly on a hard couch near by, from which she can see the clock, whose warring hour hand stands at half-past 12, notes the fact that "we must all be getting out of here pretty soon if we're to get any sleep." "I hope you won't vote to let the men in during the women's hours," exclaimed the horrified woman of calculus and belles lettres. "No! wait till I get my corsets on," cries a beauty from her dressing room who has only heard "men" mentioned, and she immediately applies the rabbit's foot to her cheeks, ties down her lace veil and goes out with a last injunction to her father to "take care of my terry blanket and things"—and with her face toward the door to get the first glimpse of any of those "horrid men" who may be coming, she looks over the register as she signs her name and reads therein a list of the best known names in the city.—St. Louis Republic.

### There has been begun in Paris a campaign against trained nurses, and a resort to the old system of nursing by Sisters of Charity has been strongly advocated. It is alleged that the mortality in hospitals is 4 per cent. higher since the introduction of trained nurses.

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### THE DISCOVERY OF WHAT IS TRUE.

And the Practice of That Which is Good are the Two Most Important Objects of Life.

SACRAMENTO, CAL., April 11, 1901.  
Dr. Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—MY DEAR FRIEND: I must tell you about Mrs. Bow, the lady with the terrible kidney trouble. She was here about two months ago, and had been free from excruciating pain for months. She took one bottle of X, and has been free from pain ever since; and she writes that when one little bottle of medicine will do so much good she thinks the whole prescription will cure her.

We no longer fear colds in any form in our family. Mr. Purvis had a gripe a year ago, and he is awfully afraid of it. I asked him a few days ago if, in case he had a gripe attacked him again, he would be so badly frightened that he would send for a doctor. He answered: "No. What the Jordan medicine won't cure nothing on earth will."

I found your medicine in Sacramento this winter, and introduced them into one family where the children had the whooping cough; and the medicines acted like a charm. The whole family—all of whom were sick with colds in some form—took the medicine, and were delighted with them. Very respectfully,  
Mrs. J. L. Purvis.

### Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yeeler, Third and James.

Consultation and prescriptions absolutely FREE.  
Send for free book explaining the Histogenetic system.  
CAUTION: The Histogenetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan's Histogenetic Medicine. Every other device is a fraud."

### VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE BLIND.

Dr. La Grange wishes to make known his New Treatment for the cure of all diseases of the Eye—without Operation or Pain. The remedy can be applied by the patient, and is simple, safe and sure in its effects, strengthening the muscles and nerves of the eye, removing pain almost instantaneously. It is a marvelous discovery and a blessing to the sufferer.  
For further particulars address with stamped envelope R. J. LA GRANGE, M. D., 255 Powell St., fourth door from Geary, San Francisco, Cal. Office hours—11 till 1.

### CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

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