

THE BEST SPRING TONIC.

As winter passes away it leaves many people feeling weak, depressed and easily tired. This means that the blood needs attention and sensible people always take a tonic at this time of year. Purgatives are not the right medicine—they weaken instead of strengthening.

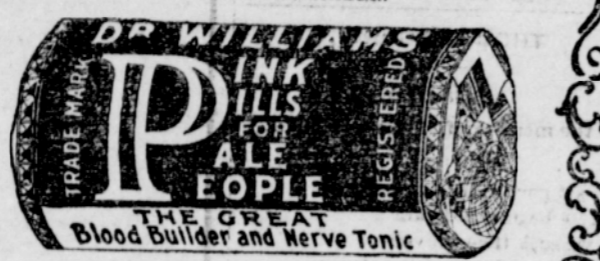
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are the best tonic medicine in the world and do not act on the bowels. They stimulate the appetite, enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves and make people feel bright, active and strong.

Do not accept a substitute. Look for the full name on the package.

Many women are languid, peevish, sallow, no appetite, full of aches and pains, and generally out of sorts. The condition prevails because the blood has become impure. No one is better able to speak of this fact than Miss Hazel Snider, a charming young woman of Arlington, Ind. To-day she has rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes and a plump form, which prove that she is in good health. A year ago Miss Snider did not look so. She was very thin, her cheeks were pale, her eyes sunken and dull. She was troubled with nervousness and general debility. "I had been sick some during my life," she said, "but not any more than the average girl, and was considered strong and healthy. I had prepared to teach school, but became so run down that I did not feel like teaching, and gave it up. I disliked to do this, but my mother and physician urged it. I began to grow pale, weak, lost several pounds of flesh, was stupid, and had no ambition. My appetite failed, my blood was in a bad condition, having become thin and watery. After several months' treatment from the family physician we saw he could do me no good. I was discouraged and did not know what to do.

"One day I read an item in a paper of the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Shortly afterwards I procured a box and told me about her experience, and how they cured her. I finally tried the medicine, and when nearly through with the second box noticed a change for the better. After I had taken eight boxes I was cured, and have had no occasion to take any kind of medicine since. I feel that I owe much to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, probably my life, and I advise any one suffering with troubles similar to mine, to take these pills."

Sold by all druggists or sent, postpaid, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N.Y., on receipt of price, 50 cts. per box; 6 boxes, \$2.50.



I have used Ripans Tablets with so much satisfaction that I can cheerfully recommend them. I have been troubled for about three years with what I called bilious attacks coming on regularly about a week. I was told by different physicians that it was caused by indigestion, but the attacks continued. I had the bowels treated, but the attacks returned. I had seen in the papers that Ripans Tablets in all the papers but had no faith in them, but about six weeks since a friend induced me to try them. Having taken but two of the small 50-cent boxes of the Tablets and having had no recurrence of the attacks, have never given a testimonial for anything before. I have given a testimonial for nothing before. I have given a testimonial for nothing before. I have given a testimonial for nothing before.

I have been a great sufferer from constipation for over five years. Nothing gave me any relief. My feet and legs and abdomen were bloated so I could not wear shoes on my feet and only a loose dress. I saw Ripans Tablets advertised in our paper. I have taken them about six weeks and the result is such a change! I am not constipated any more and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-seven years old, have no occupation, only my household duties and nursing my sick husband. He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans Tablets for him. He feels some better but it will take some time, he has been sick so long. You may use my letter and name as you like.

I want to inform you of the highest praise of the benefit I have derived from Ripans Tablets. I am a professional nurse and in this profession a clear head is always needed. Ripans Tablets does it. After one of my cases I found myself completely run down. Acting on the advice of Dr. Geo. B. Wood, of Ft. O., St. Newark, N.J., Jersey City, I procured a box of Ripans Tablets with great relief. I have used Ripans Tablets regularly, the keeps a few cartons Ripans Tablets in the house and says she will not be without them. The nervousness and sleeplessness have disappeared with the Ripans Tablets, which was a heavy meal. My mother is fifty years of age. She is enjoying the best of health and spirits; also eats hearty meals, an impossibility before she took Ripans Tablets.

She Married Him Anyhow. A convict as a French penal settlement who was undergoing a life sentence desired to marry a female convict, such marriages being of common occurrence. The governor of the colony offered no objection, but the priest proceeded to cross examine the prisoner. "Did you not marry in France?" he said. "Yes." "And your wife is dead?" "She is." "Have you any documents to show that she is dead?" "No." "Then I must decline to marry you. You must produce some proof that your wife is dead." There was a pause, and the bride prospective looked anxiously at the would-be groom. Finally he said, "I can prove that my former wife is dead." "How?" "I was sent here for killing her." And the bride accepted him notwithstanding.—Denver Times.

Superstitious Bonapartes. The Bonapartes always were superstitious, especially the mother of Napoleon. She always had a presentiment that the rise and fall of her family would occur in the same century, that the glory which was prophesied for them would be followed by disaster. And the prediction was verified. She died in her eighty-seventh year, having lived long enough to see the downfall of all her children.

Not Worried About That. Her Father—Well, if you are determined to marry my daughter, I shall offer no objections, but before you take this irrevocable step I think it is only right to let you know that I have decided to leave all my money to educational and charitable institutions. Glib Sinner—Oh, that's all right. I've got proof that you let on a bicycle race once. It'll be easy enough to show that you're of unsound mind.—Chicago News.

An Indication. "He," said the fount but firm father, "is, I fear, a young man of extravagant tastes." "Yes," the daughter admitted, "he wants me for a wife."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Young men and middle aged men who are suffering from the effects of a cold, influenza or a fever, should use Dr. J. C. Jordan's Great Museum of Anatomy. It is a complete and reliable work, and is the only one of its kind in the world. It is the only one of its kind in the world. It is the only one of its kind in the world.

Animals That Count. Instances That Prove Their Possession of the Conscious Faculty. Several years ago there lived in Cincinnati a male which was employed by a street railway company in hauling cars up a steep incline. This animal was hatched in front of the regular team and hitched to the car as soon as the car arrived at the top of the hill. It made a certain number of trips in the forenoon (I have forgotten the number, but will say so for the sake of convenience) and a like number in the afternoon, resting for an hour at noon. As soon as the male completed its fifthth trip it marched away to its stable without orders from its driver.

Not a Kipling, Poor Fellow! She—I haven't been able to get a copy of your book. He—Perhaps you didn't try the right places. She—Perhaps not; I went to the book stores.—Town Topics.

His Personal Experience. Hilda—Do you believe in luck? Wick—Lucky? No; I have never had anything but ill luck all my life.—Savannah Daily.

A Blow to Sentiment. "Dearest, do you sit up late at night reading over and over my love letters to you?" "I would, Henry, but the truth is they put me to sleep."—Detroit Free Press.

Does Your Husband Say Grace at the Table? "No. He returns thanks for preservation from the last meal."—Chicago Record.

GETTING RID OF BORES.

A Good Recipe For People Who Are Tormented by Them.

Even a bored woman will turn—when it has the neutral. I turned on Cudd not long ago, and he has never bored me since. This Cudd is an idle dog who reads the leading articles, and then walks abroad in fanlike attire, seeking whom he may find with his reservoir of secondhand politics, working himself up into a great state of excitement when he does secure a listener. One day he insisted on talking to me for an hour and a half when my head was simply splitting. Then I turned.

THE SENTRY DRANK.

But General Meade Did Not Happen to See Him Do It.

At a little village on the Susquehanna river I met an old soldier who related this incident of his experience with General Meade in the civil war. I have forgotten his name and the place where it occurred. It was a raw night in October, the wind was rather strong and Meade had fixed a stove in his tent. The soldier was the sentry for the general. A puff of wind knocked down the improvised stovepipe, and soon the tent filled with smoke. The general came out and asked the sentry to help him to rearrange it. The soldier replied that he was under orders and could not leave his post.

THE LUCK OF A HOUSE.

A SUPERSTITION WHICH SEEMS TO BE BUILT ON FACT.

Few persons who erect costly mansions for their own use ever live to occupy them. An ill fate seems to bar the doors of these abodes upon which has been lavished so much thought and money and hope. Sometimes it is death and sometimes it is ruin that overtakes the owner.

A DEADLY CANE.

An Innocent Looking Instrument Which Would Destroy Life.

"Anarchists of the physical force school find it now and again irresistible to brag of the powerful things they have used or are going to use," says a writer in The Lodge. "We will suppose that some aristocratic person has been chosen as a victim. The exact pattern of his favorite walking stick would be noted as occasion arose and a fac simile of it prepared—that is to say, so far as mere outward appearances were concerned.

THE DACHS—SAY, FRITZ, WAS I NEARLY THROUGH ALREADY YET?

—New York Journal.

IN BOSTON.

"A Boston coachman who died recently left \$38,000 to charity." "I suppose he got rich because of the way Boston's streets are laid out." "What could that have to do with it?" "People who are not well acquainted there always have to take detours in order to get back to their starting points."—Chicago News.

A Lover's Eyes.

Fond Lover—What do you mean, sir, by snapping your camera every time that young lady passes? Cheeky Amateur—I'm not taking her picture. "Oh, you're not, eh? Then what are you doing?" "I'm closing the shutters, so her looks won't break the lens."—New York Weekly.

Croquet a Puppé.

Young Moonball—Do you know, Miss Woot, that—aw—that I've been wicketing a great deal lately, and I've hawf a mind—I've—aw—hawf a mind—Miss Woot—Never mind repeating it, Mr. Moonball. It's far above the popular estimate, but I'll concede you that much.—Richmond Dispatch.

Enmities of Paris.

"I've struck some encouragement at last." "What is it?" "This prudent man used to be a faruhand at \$10 a month." "What is encouraging about that?" "I used to be a faruhand at \$10 a month myself."—Chicago Record.

A Light Diet.

Cannibal Chief—Did you get any captives? Warrior—Only a couple of dudes, your majesty. Chief—I wish you'd try to get something more substantial. I'm getting tired of breakfast food.—New York Journal.

Not a Kipling, Poor Fellow!

She—I haven't been able to get a copy of your book. He—Perhaps you didn't try the right places. She—Perhaps not; I went to the book stores.—Town Topics.

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Is often a warning that the liver is torpid or inactive. Here serious troubles may follow. For a prompt, reliable cure of Headache and all liver troubles, take

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While they rouse the liver, restore full, regular action of the bowels, they do not grip or pain, do not irritate or inflame the internal organs, but have a positive tonic effect. Sold at all druggists or by mail of C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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