BANGS.

Why Half the Bangs are False—A Fashion that has Robbed the Ladies of their Front Hair.

There were fat women and thin women, ugly women and pretty women, dowdy women and stylish women, old and young, all sorts and conditions, shapes and sizes, without regard to race, color, or previous condition of servitude, that passed in two unending streams in and out the open doorway of a hair-cutting establishment on Chestnut street recently. Each component of the incoming mass of femininity secured a large white card that looked like a freight tag and passed up stair with it. Each of the outgoers stopped at the foot of the stairs. Each one "prinked" in front of it gave most of her attention to the lank or curly locks on her marble or otherwise brow. Then each advanced to the counter and didn't have any change. Change was made for each and each departed.

THIS IS THE SHINGLED BANG.

"Whence this tidal wave?" said a *Times* reporter to Mr. Hopkins, the manager.

"'Tidal waves' are out of fashion. This is the 'shingled bang.' From the 27th day of May to the 26th of June this year we cut 3,050 'shingled bangs,'" continued the manager. 'The movement struck us in May and we worked in full force every day through that month till the 27th on the old system of 'next.' So we introduced checks. Each lady, as she enters, gets a numbered check, which she takes up-stairs with her and waits till her number is called. Some of 'em wait for hours. Frequently we find a dozen standing in front of the shop when we open at 8 o'clock. We have turned away fifty and sixty in a day. Since June 26th the number has risen from an average of 100 a day to at least 150. On many days we cut 200, and 180 is a very usual number. We have nine dressers working all the time."

"What is the shingled bang?" asked the reporter.

SIMPLY A MAN'S HAIR.

"The shingled bang is simply a man's hair cut. We begin at the forehead, and raising the hair on our fingers cut right straight back to the part between the front and back hair, which is just at the ears. We graduate the length as we cut back, leaving it longest at the forehead. The hair thus removed is from six to twenty-four inches in length."

"What makes it so fashionable?" was asked.

"Well, it's cooler a good deal, for one thing, and it saves an immense amount of trouble; just half the work of hair-dressing. Ladies only have to 'do' their back hair now, and so they don't swaller but half the number of hairpins they used to, and so have twice the number of boot and glove button hooks. There are only half the number of breakfasts and dinners kept waiting and only half as much masculine profanity as there used to be. The shingled bang has an evangelizing influence."

"Then married women effect the shingled bang?"

"Of course they do, in great numbers. Although the larger part of our customers are 'misses,' we shingle many a gray head. One woman who was here yesterday must have been 55 years old, and frequently we cut hair whose roots are over 40."

GRAY HAIR VERY VALUABLE.

"Isn't that gray hair very valuable?" was asked.

"Yes, by far the most so. So valuable that its owners invariable keep it after it's cut. We give it to them as they leave."

"Are there any other fashionable bangs?"

"There is a very curious bang that is very difficult to cut, and, like the Grecian bend and other queer fashions, probably originated accidentally. It is called the 'steps' bang and simply consists in cutting the hair in ridges like a terrace across the head. It is just the kind of coiffure that is arrived at by a woman who tries to cut her own hair straight and doesn't succeed, because she doesn't know the trick of raising the hair as she proceeds. Somebody did it, I suppose, one day, and some one else who saw her before she had time to go to a hairdresser's and get herself fixed up thought it was a new fashion, and so it started. We have many instances of ladies who try to cut their own bangs and then have to come to us. Queer cuts they are. Some have cut their hair off the right side, and can't get any further: others have let the scissors slip, and slashed out a front like a Virginia rail fence."

CUTTING BANGS UNTIL TEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT.

"I was cutting bangs till 10 o'clock last night." said Mrs. Buch, as she stood behind the counter of her establishment on Ninth street, surrounded by what seemed to be an array of scalps. "The last customers I had were two young ladies, one of whom had curly hair. "Why didn't you make my bangs like hers?" said the other. "Why don't you have curly hair?" said I. Curly hair is much prettier in a bang. All these which you see are false bangs. There are just as many false bangs worn as real ones," said Mrs. Buch confidentially. "We can not begin to supply the demand."

"Mercy!" gasped the reporter, "are the women getting bald?"

ARE ALL THE WOMEN GETTING BALD?

"No," was the answer, "but they don't want to cut their hair. They can't be out of the fashion, but they know that the fashion will change. Besides their husbands object to their spoiling their hair, as they call it. One lady whose hair I did cut last night said that her husband had threatened to pull the rest of her hair out if she had any cut off. That is a Langtry bang," said Mrs. Buch, pointing to a row of glossy clusters, whose silky auburn was like enough to Julia's tresses to have proven an unequal match for nine-tenths of the hair-dresser's customers. "That and the 'shingled' bang, the straight hair here, are the most fashionable. We import all the hair. You can't get hair in this country in any quantity. People keep it themselves. The best quality is called French hair, no matter where it comes from. It is the trade name. The yellow hair is mostly imported from Denmark. In making a bang of any kind of false hair each single spear has to be tied by hand in bits of netting. The best of this netting is made in Paris from white human hair. It costs 50 cents an inch and, as you see, looks through the hair exactly like the human scalp. The inferior quality is made of silk and costs $6 a yard. The trouble is, it turns yellow. Here's a beauty," continued the enthusiastic artist, taking an iron-silk front out of a book. "See, that hair is like silk and all that curl is natural. That's going to Atlantic City, but all the sea-fog in New Jersey won't uncurl it. That's a $10 one. They run from $3.50 up.—[Philadelphia Times.

DRESS REFORM.

"I want to call your attention to our system of dress reform," commenced an ancient dame with a very wide mouth, as she entered the managing editor's sanctum and threw her hat on the table.

"Looks very pretty," murmured the managing editor, surveying the Bloomer costume with a critical eye.

"See how free and easy every thing is," continued the woman, brandishing her arms and skipping around. "Did you ever see anything to equal that?"

"Don't think I ever did," replied the managing editor calmly. "I'm prepared to say that I never saw anything anywhere that bore any resemblance to it."

"Comfortable, pretty, accommodating all the limbs and giving free play to all the muscles. Notice that?"

"Don't really see anything else," clamored the admiring editor. "That element seems to be the mainstay of the whole business."

"Now I want this paper to pick shis scheme up and make it popular among the ladies of the nation. Are you prepared to go into that branch of philanthropy?"

"It's a little out of the line of my duties," responded the managing editor. "I'll call in the religious editor. He knows about such things."

"I see, I see," muttered the religious editor as he took the show in at a glance. "You keep those pantaloons up with suspenders. I reckon."

"That's just it," replied the delighted reformer. "That is where this costume approaches that of a man, and therefore is perfectly comfortable."

"Suppose you bust a suspender, what do you propose to do about that?" asked the religious editor delicately.

"Sew it up," replied the woman promptly.

"But suppose you're on a picnic and there is no needle handy?"

"I don't know, murmured the woman meditatively.

"Tell me frankly," demanded the religious editor sternly, "do you know how to fasten a suspender with a stick?"

"No I don't," retorted the woman.

"Have you ever seen a woman who does?"

"I don't believe I ever have," returned the reformer.

"I supposed so," commented the religious editior. "I thought so. Now, another thing. Do you know how to tie a button on with a string?"

"I have never tried to," stammered the woman.

"I wouldn't have believed you if you had," continued the religious editor. "You begin to see where your dress reform will come out in case of accident. But there is something else. You have suspenders for your pants and another pair for your socks. Now suppose you were dressing in a hurry and those suspenders got mixed, and you put the pair for the socks on the pants and the pants pair on the socks. And suppose you hoisted the socks up to the collar bone and you found your pants were beginning to slip—"

"You're a brute!" howled the woman, as she made a break for the door.

"That was rather tough, wasn't it?" asked the managing editor, regarding the disappearing figure with an emotion of relief.

"I don't know," replied the religious editor, looking longingly at the bottom drawer of the manging editor's desk. "Underneath all her dress reform she was strapped up like a mule in a blacksmith's shop, and I knew it. If she hadn't scattered on that last question, she would on the next, so it was only a matter of time. "How do you like that apple-jack I saw you tasting an hour or so ago?"—[Brooklyn Eagle.

NEED MORE HUMBLE MEN.

While old John was acting as special justice of the peace, a young negro charged with bigamy, was arraigned before him.

"It do seem ter me," said John, surveying the prisoner, "dat de young men ob ter-day ain't got no sense nohow. De worl' is a slidin' back all de time an' de 'sperience ob one man ain't wuf a cent ter a nudder man."

"Jedge, I'se sorry dat I'se violated de law," the young negro said, looking up with that air of supplication which the repentant colored gentleman can so artfully assume.

"I ain't er talkin' 'bout de law," the judge replied. "I was talkin' 'bout de little sense a man shows in marryin' twicet. It's bad nuff ter marry once, but from two times may de Lawd save me. I'se a married man, as much ob a married man as de common rub ob men, an' its jes' as much as I ken do ter git along, but ef I was married ter two sich women as my wife is, dar wouldn't be human power nuff in dis town to keep me outen de riber. Go on home, sah, an' lib wid yer wives; suffer though de season an' by de time de frost comes an' de leaves turns yaller, yer'll be de right sort ob man ter go out an' preach de gospel ob humility. We need more humble men in dis community."

"How delightful the country air is this morning," remarked Miss Fitzjoy as she stepped to the threshold and looked toward the rising sun. "I should like to live here always. "Well I guess Josh wouldn't object," said Farmer Robinson, with a sly wink. And then Josh scud around the corner of the house and began yelling at the cows, and Miss Fitzjoy started to take down her crimps so as to look as pretty as possible by breakfast time.—[Hartford Post.

A great deal of fun has been made of the Milwaukee maiden's mouth, but the Polish girl who stole $25 in trade dollars and hid them under her tongue, is entitled to the entire bakery. If the trade dollar must go, by all means give it to the fair Pole and let her chew it.

Owing to a peculiar combination of circumstances, together with advanced years, an elderly spinister discovered that the man she loved wouldn't have her, she wrung her parrot's neck, poisoned her poodle, and then bought a lot in the cemetery.

While a woman was shaving a cusmer into a Glousester, Mass., barber shop the lightning knocked the razor out of hand, so that it cut off a piece of his ear. These female barbers are too magnetic.

SPOOPENDYKE.

A Short Cruise.--How Spoopendyke and Wife Set their Gib and Pushed Off.--A Delightful Sail.

"My dear!" exclaimed Mr. Spoopendyke, bouncing into his wife's room and interrupting that lady in the purely feminine enjoyment of unpacking for the summer. "My dear, there's no use trying to get along in the country without a sail-boat, and I have bought a nice one. come along and I'll show you how it works!"

"Ain't that nice!" giggled Mrs Spoopendyke, who stood in mortal terror of the water and was afraid of anything shaped like a boat. "Are you going to sail it on the pond?"

"At first I thought I'd sail it down cellar," growled Mr. Spoopenbyke, "but the landlord was afraid it might upset the milk; then I thought I'd try the garret, but there's too much wind up there; so I believe I'll stick to the river. Hurry up now, and I'll show you the biggest boat in thirteen counties!"

"If it is as big as that it must have cost a good deal," murmured Mrs. Spoopendyke, somewhat reassured by the size of the boat. "I am very glad you got a large boat, though, of course, the expense——"

"What d'ye think I've been buying?" demanded Mr. Spoopendyke, with a flushed face; "got some kind of a notion that I've invested my wealth in a salt marsh, with telegraph poles for masts, haven't ye? Think I've been laying out money in a town sight, don't ye? Well, I haven't and I haven't been buying a rural district with a rudder to it. It's a boat, I tell ye—a sail-boat—and it won't come up here to make a formal call; so if you're going to see it, you want to go where it is. Coming?" and Mr. Spoopendyke pegged off with his hat pulled down over his ears and the expression of a veteran tar on his visage.

"Yes, dear," replied Mrs. Spoopendyke, fluttering after him. "Say, dear, I'll stand on the shore and you sail the thing."

"You won't do anything of the kind," retorted Mr. Spoopendyke. I bought that boat for your pleasure as much as mine and you're going to sail in it. When I want you to stand on the shore and watch anything, I'll hire a man to drown himself. Now look at that boat. Isn't she a daisy? See how she sets on the water."

"What are all these clothes lines hanging down from that stick for?" asked Mrs. Spoopendyke, surveying the yacht critically.

"To play Copenhagen with," roared Mr. Spoopendyke, who was not at all anxious to be examined on the technical points of his new acquisition. "You take hold of those ropes, and I slap your hands, and then we kiss. See into it now? Does the art of navigation begin to appeal to your understanding? Now, you get in and I'll make sail,,' and Mr. Spoopendyke handed his wife into the cock-pit and began to tug away at the halliards.

"Why didn't you have a sail made when the boat was built?" inquired Mrs. Spoopendyke, by way of encouraging her husband's labors with pleasant conversation.

"Because the man was sick," snarled Mr. Spoopendyke, glancing at the head of the mast to see what was wrong. "Come up here, will ye?" he grunted, as he grabbed the halliards again. "There, dod gast ye! I knew I'd fetch ye!" and he walked aft to examine the trim of his mainsail. "How does that set?"

"It seems to be a little full in the back breadth,commented Mrs. Spoopendyke, holding on to the coaming with both hands. "If you cut a gore near that top stick it would be straighter."

"I suppose so," muttered Mr Spoopendyke, giving another haul at his peak halliards. "If I put a bustle on it, I imagine it would take the wrinkles out. Now, I'll get up that jib, and mind don't you touch anything."

Mr. Spoopendyke set his jib and pushed off. As his sail filled the boat heeled over, to the manifest consternation of Mrs. Spoopendyke.

"What makes the thing tip so?" she asked, scrambling up to windward, and grasping Mr. Spoopendyke by the collar.

"Let down the center board!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, suddenly remembering the instructions he had received when he bought the boat. "Let go that center-board quick!"

"I haven't got it?" squealed Mrs. Spoopendyke. "I haven't seen it! We must have left it ashore! Oh, my!" The last exclamation was addressed to a half hundred weight of water slopping over the lee coaming.

"Haul on the jib sheet!" roared Mr. Spoopendyke, who found he was going ashore on the other bank of the river. "Pull her in quick as ye can! Let go of that!" he continued, as he saw his wife clutching convulsively at the peak halliard cleat. "Let go the measly thing, will ye, and haul the jib sheet!"

"Is this it?" gasped Mrs. Spoopendyke, casting the throat halliard loose, "or this?" and she let go the peak halliard, dropping the boom on Mr. Spoopendyke's head and burying him under the mainsail. "Perhaps this is what he means," she soliloquized, as she hit on the jib halliard, and let it go by the run. "Now we are sailing better, dear. If it hadn't been for me we would have tipped over!"

"That's it!" yelled Mr. Spoopendyke, struggling cut from under the canvas. "That's navigation! You struck it from the shoulder first clip! All you want now is a quid of tobacco and a hitch to your breeches to be a Cunard steamer! Got through? Anything else you want to do to this measly boat! If you had a compass in your ear and a deck load of idiots, you'd only need a Custom House Inspector and a Hell Gate pilot to be a floating lunatic asylum!" and Mr. Spoopendyke hailed a passing row-boat and was towed ashore ignominiously.

"I don't care," muttered Mrs. Spoopendyke, as she scrambled up the dock and followed her lord to the hotel. "I don't care. I may not know as much about a boat as he does, but if it hadn't been for me, he would have been drowned, like the dogs in August. Another time we go sailing we'll bring the boat to our room, and wrap the jib sheet around us, unless it is too hot, and in that case, we'll sell the boat and buy fans."

And Mrs. Spoopendyke toiled up the steps of the porch to tell the ladies what a delightful sail she had enjoyed, and how much Mr. Spoopendyke knew about managing his new ship.—[Drake's Traveler's Magazine.

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

Every member of the club seemed to feel that something unusual was about to occur. The president and Giveadam Jones were observed consulting a dream-book in the most careful manner. Waydown Beebe opened a new bottle of red ink with much formality; Samuel Shin walked around with his hands in his pockets and his left eye drawn down; Prof. Slugger Catosh wiped his brow with one hand and patted Shindig Watkins on the back with the other; and all in all, even Corduroy Taylor and Elder Toots couldn't help but realize that the usual routine of events was to be interrupted. At length the president nodded to the janitor to sound the triangle, and when the meeting had been declared opened, he arose and read the following communication:

BOSTON, MASS., 1883.

BROTHER GARDINER:—Harvard College has refused to give Gov. Ben Butler a title. Can't your club do something for him in this direction? Any honors that you may bestow will be heartily appreciated by him and his MANY FRIENDS.

"Gem'len," added the old man as he laid the discount aside, "we will consider de queshun as befo' de house, an' I should like a gineral spreshun of opinyun."

Sir Isaac Walpole had heard a good deal about Ben Butler. Three or four years ago he considered him a tough case, but of late there were strong reasons to hope for reformation, and he was in favor of encouraging him with a title.

Hon. John Mulcher didn't know much about the man, but if a title would improve the looks of his woodcuts in the illustrated papers, he should vote for a title.

Elders Smith, Wilson, Davis and Watson were each in favor of a title.

Judges Cadaver, Cahools, Crampton and Jones wanted to know if Ben Butler had ever founded a colored orphan asylum or gone bail for a colored man charged with stealing a mule?

Almost every member had inquiries to make, or suggestions to offer, but when the matter was put to vote it was decided to grant a title.

"Den de queshun aroses what title to gin him?" said the president "LL. D. may mean a Doctor of Divinity, or a doctor who doan' know a case of measles from small-pox; besides, it's cheap. N. B., or O. K., or P S., or N. G., am common titles dat any man kin haul in wid a fish line from almost any wharf. If Gub'ner Butler has turned to dis club in an airnest manner, as I believe he has, we must not disappint him.

We mus' gin him a title an' a legend combined. I shall now purceed to crown him wid D. S. O. A. L. W. Y. G. T. S. I. O.' which stands fur: 'Doan' Sot On A Limb When You Go To Saw It Off!" I not only believe the title will be heartily accepted an' highly appreciated, but I shall draw on de Gub'ner fur $3 to pay fur de bar'l o' lemonade which now stands in de ante room to honor dis occashun. We will now take a recess of seben minits to pay our respects to de aforesaid beverage, an' as dar' am ouly one dipper I'll start fust."—[Detroit Free Press.

FOR THE LADIES.

The Syracuse ladies are taking chlorine baths. It not only bleaches the hair, but the skin at the same time.

Mrs. Langtry is really writing a book on America, and it is to be especially critical as regards our morals.

Gen. Sheridan's mother, 83 years of age, still lives in the same house in Perry, Somerset County, O. in which she was born.

Ruskin says no couple should marry until they have courted seven years. This would lead one to think that Ruskin runs a soda fountain.

Did you ever notice how suddenly a timid woman who is humming an operatic air will switch off on to a religious hymn when a storm comes up and she hears the first clap of thunder?

The Duke of Edinburg changed his uniform five times on the way from England to Moscow. The Duke thinks he has shown the foreigners what England might do in the event of war.

Holding two bundles, also a fan and a parasol, while hunting for a nickel, in a pocket book that must be in the bottom of a bag, will keep a woman busy for some minutes in a street car.

A Brooklyn Heights girl, disguised as a maid-servant, washed the sidewalk of her father's residence with the hose for the sake of getting a chance to turn the water on a dude who insisted on making love to her.

A "sasiety" gusher, in telling where she was going for the Summer, said: "I'm going to New Port, and I'm going to take my maid, my nurse, my two dogs, my children, and—and, oh yes, my husband."

Boston girls in two dollar jerseys, scarlet skirts, and rough-and ready straw hats—60 cents, untrimmed—are already playing tennis on the Isle of Shools beach, and having an "abundance of wholesome recreation," a la Emerson.

"Woman's rights!" exclaimed a Philadelphia man when the subject was broached, "what more rights do they want? My wife bosses me. my daughter bosses us both, and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some rights."—[Phila. News.

Old maid: Oh, yes; there is plenty of hope for you yet. Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, did not marry until she was 580 years old. Like a sensible girl, she waited until she had arrived at the age of discretion.

The temperature in San Francisco on June 5th was the highest recorded by the local signal office since its establishment, and was only exceeded once since the American occupation of California, viz., Sept. 11, 1852, when the mercury reached 98 degrees.

"How much did you pay for your new dress?" asked Mrs. Smith. "Eight cents an hour; they asked 10 cents." "Why," said Mrs Smith, "it's just like mine, isn't it?" But I did better than you. They asked me 18 cents, and I got it for 12 cents. I got off more than you."

A French lion tamer quarreled with his wife, a powerful virago, and was chased by her all round his tent. On being sorely pressed, he took refuge in the cage among the lions. "Oh, you contemptible coward!" she shouted, "come out if you dare!"

"What was the trouble between you and another party, Mike, on the avenue last evening?" inquired an Austin citizen of his Hibernian porter.

"Well, yer see, sur, it was a bit of a hesitation on his part."

"A bit of a hesitation?"

"Yis, sur. Yer see I gave him the choice av me two fists, an' he seemed to hesitate loike, an' when I seen that he couldn't make up his moind, I jist gave him the two av 'em fur luck."—[Texas Siftings.

THE DANGER OF OVER-EXERTION.

A Stalwart Man Becomes Weaker than a Child and then Recovers his Former Strength.

[Waterloo, N. Y. Observer.]

In these days of rowing giants and athletic heroes fine physical development is more observed than ever before since the time of the Athenian games. A man who shows the elements of physical power is looked up to far more than in the days of our ancestors, possibly because there are fewer specimens of well-developed manhood than then. An emissary of this paper met a magnificant specimen of physical power a few days since in the person of Dr. A. W. McNames, of Waterloo. His muscles, which showed unusual development, were as hard as wood. At his request the writer sought to pinch him in the arms or legs, but found it wholly impossible. A realization of what is meant by an iron man was fully made manifest.

"Have you always been so stalwart as this?" asked the news gatherer.

"Not by any means," was the reply. "When a young man I was always strong and active and felt that I could accomplish anything. This feeling so took possession of me on one occasion that I attempted to lift a box which four men found it impossible to move. I succeeded in placing it on the wagon, but in two minutes from that time I was unconscious and remained so for hours, and when I recovered consciousness I vomited a large quantity of blood. From that day I began to grow weak and sickly. I believed that I had suffered some internal injury and experienced a general debility, which seemed similar to the effects produced by malaria. My back was very weak. I had no appetite, and at times loathed food. My lips were parched and cracked. My head felt as though it were entirely open at the top and it pained me on the side intensely. In six weeks time I had fallen away from 208 pounds to less than 170. I was in a most wretched condition. I was completely discouraged."

"What did the doctors say about you?"

"Almost everything. I consulted no less than six different physicians. They all treated me and none did me any good. At that time I was suffering intensely. I could not sit upright, but was obliged to rest in a cramped, uneasy position. I was compelled to urinate every five minutes, and I passed over three quarts every day. I was not living, I was existing.

"One night (how well I remember it) my wife had put the children all in bed when the feeling came over me that I should live but a very short time. My wife and I talked matters all over and I gave the minutest directions as to what she should do after I was gone. I was not in a flighty condition by any means, for the doctor, on leaving town the day following, bade me good bye, saying he never expected to see me again, for I was suffering with Bright's disease of the kidneys in its last stages. Within the next few days more than twenty friends came to bid me good bye. Among the number was Dr. John L. Clark. He asked me what I had used in the way of medicines. I told him. He then recommended a remedy of which I had heard much, but about which I was very sceptical. If faith were an element of power it certainly was lacking in my case."

"And so you did not try it?"

"On the contrary, I did try it and to my surprise it seemed to go to just the spot. Indeed, it was the most palatable thing I had taken into my mouth for months. I relished it."

"And did it cure you?"

"Do I look as if it did?"

"Yes, indeed. What was it?"

"Warner's Safe Cure."

"A proprietary medicine?"

"Of course. What of that? I suppose I once had as great a prejudice against advertised medicines as any one could have. When I was studying medicine at Ann Arbor, Michigan, I used to vow with the rest of the class that we would fight all such remedies at all times. When a man comes down to the last hour, however, and bids his wife and friends good bye, such bigoted prejudices as these all vanish, I can assure you, and any remedy that can cure is gladly welcomed."

"And how have you been since then?"

"As well—or better, than before."

"Do you still exert your strength?"

"Certainly. But I do not *over*-exert, as formerly. My strength is increasing every day, and my health is number one. I know that my life was saved by Warner's Safe Cure, and I believe it is the best medicine that was ever compounded by any chemist or physician. I am willing the doctors should sneer at me for such a statement, if they choose, but I have proven its truth, and am prepared to stand by it."

The above experience should be of great value to all who are suffering. It shows the deceptive nature of this terrible malady: that all symptoms are common to it and that there is but one way by which it can be absolutely avoided.

Kind words and bald heads never dye.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

The *Daily Anzeiger* says: "Chief Superintendent of Police, J. W. Schmitt, of this city, who has been in the service a quarter of a century, endorses St. Jacobs Oil as a pain-banisher. It cured him of rheumatism."

A thunder storm is a high-toned affair.

For weak lungs, spitting of blood, weak stomach, night-sweats, and the early stages of consumption, "Golden Medical Discovery" is specific. By druggists.

The bandoline girl is apt to appear stuck up.

☞ Dresses, cloaks, coats, stockings and all garments can be colored successfully with the Diamond Dyes. Fashionable colors. Only 10c.

FLIES, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats, mice, crows, chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c.

Mr. Sam'l H. Pouder, Sheriff of WASHINGTON COUNTY, TENN., says: Brown's Iron Bitters entirely cured me of dyspepsia of three years standing."

A stare-way—The theater corridor after a matinee.

Mr. Oliver Myers, of Ironton, O., says: "*Samaritan Nervine* cured me of general debility."

The danger of a boom is that it may become a boomerang.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" perfectly and permanently cures those diseases peculiar to females. It is tonic and nervine, effectually allaying and curing those sickening sensations that effect the stomach and heart through reflex action. The back-ache and "dragging-down" sensations all disappear under the strengthening effects of this great restorative. By druggists.

The donkey never suffers from softening of the baayin'.

*Druggists say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best remedy for female complaints they ever heard of.

If Gebhardt had shame the lilly would have no Freddy.

"It quiets the patient, and ultimately cures him." A late ecomium on *Samaritan Nervine.*

There is nothing better for Poison Oak Cuts, Burns and Sores than MOTHER CARY'S SALVE. Price 25 cts. Try it.

The telephone has a great many connections, but no blood relations.

OUR GRANDMOTHERS

Taught their daughters that "a stitch in time saves nine." A pill in time saves not only nine, but oftentimes an incalculable amount of suffering as well. An occasional dose of Dr. Pierce's Pellets, (Little Sugar-coated Pills), to cleanse the stomach and bowels, not only prevents diseases but often breaks up sudden attacks, when taken in time. By druggists.

Fred Smith, who was serving a term in Sonoma County Jail, has been pardoned.

⁂ "In choosing allies, look to their power as well as to their will to aid you." In choosing a remedy for bowel, liver and kidney diseases, try Kidney-Wort, and you will never regret it. If you are subject to ague you must be sure to keep your liver, bowels and kidneys in good free condition. When so, you will be safe from all attacks.

Dr. A. T. Henak, GARFIELD, IOWA, says: "Once using Brown's Iron Bitters proves its superiority over all other tonic preparations."

Miss Wreckless to old Scruple, who is looking at a plaque of her painting—"Now, that's mamma; such a bother as she was; we have no oven, and had to have her fired out of the house." And Scruple, who is not well versed in the technicalities of China painting, goes off in doubt whether it is worse to be unfilial or to talk slang.—[Life.

Human foresight, often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.

The green apple, though coming in slow, is gradually making itself felt.

The complicated diseases brought on by intense study, thought, care, anxiety, etc., are often of the most serious nature. Heed such symptoms as loss of memory, universal lassitude, heart disease, kidney complaints, liver troubles, and a general breaking down of health and strength. When thus afflicted, when the least exertion causes great fatigue, when life seems a burden, use the reliable strengthening tonic, Brown's Iron Bitters. It will afford you sure relief.

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And they will tell you unhesitatingly

"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically Buchu."

Ask the same physicians:

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, billiousness, malarial fever, ague, etc.," and they will tell you:

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And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a

(Concluded next week.)

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