

FRIENDSHIP'S BROKEN TIES.

Many of us have lost all trace of an old friend for years. Perhaps the estrangement had its origin in some trifling misunderstanding, so utterly time dimmed now, that memory refuses to call it back clearly.

It is not a small matter to allow a gulf of estrangement to open between two hearts that have long beaten with friendship for each other.

Dead! Slumber is set to flight effectually by the train of thought that word conjures up.

A golden chord is severed, and our hopes in ruin lie.

A thousand vain regrets clamor. Why did we never write? One line, the simple word "Forgive," might have cemented those broken ties.

The years have flown most rapidly since we drifted apart. We are so much older. The lost friend's face rises before us as it has not done in years.

Appreciate friendship while ye may. For friendship's ties once severed, life's brevity, time's never pausing flight, and the harshness of circumstances, are all antagonistic to a reunion.

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Many women would give their testimony to this were they asked, I am sure, for instances are not lacking.

"Your honor, I was not drunk, I was drugged," said a husky-voiced, big, bearded man, in a faltering way, as he rose in the dock of the Police Court, at the clerk's call of "John Doe."

"Change the charge from simple to common drunk," said his honor. "We'll make it six months this time."

Miss Winthrop—"How do you like our beautiful city?" New Yorker—"There are some things I like."

"Bunker Hill monument?" "I don't care much for that."

Handkerchiefs, stamped free of charge, at Mrs. A. H. Parra's.

NICE, BUT THEY COME HIGH.

Jones took advantage of one of our glorious days last summer, and invited his best girl out on the lake in a row-boat.

"The sweet thing in calico" became interested in the shipping, and it would have required an old clerk at "Lloyd's" to answer her queries in regard to the rig of the various craft to be seen in the offing.

Strange to say, Jones soon tired of the great strain on his imagination required to eke out a slight amount of maritime information, and sat very close to the dear seeker for knowledge, in order to get in the shade of her parasol.

"What kind of a ship is that?" Jones at once "embraced the opportunity" as he replied:

"That is only a fishing smack, my love."

"Oh! I think they are nicer than the big ones, don't you?" They are married now.

ALL WOOL AND A YARD WIDE.

A woman weighing 369 pounds, wearing her hair cut short, entered the office of the president of the San Antonio Street Railroad Company, and in a voice that was a cross between a bass violin and a boiler-whistle, said:

"I came here to complain of the driver of one of your cars."

"What's he been doing?" asked the official.

"In crossing the car-track I had the misfortune to slip and fall, and I could not get up right away, for, as you see, I am not Sarah Bernhart. I'm fat all over."

"Well, what next?" "The driver of the street car stopped his mule and insulted me."

"What did he say?" "He said if I would get up and let him drive on that I could sit down again on the car track as soon as the car had passed."

"I shall have him reprimanded," said the official.

"Thank you, sir, thank you. I'll patronize your street car line hereafter, that is, if the door is wide enough. (Good morning, sir.)"

As she passed out, the official remarked to a clerk:

"She may not be 'all wool,' but she certainly is a yard wide."—(Texas Siftings.)

WHERE GENIUS IS ADMIRER.

A stranger who had just arrived at a country hotel in Arkansas became involved in a discussion with the clerk.

Finally the stranger, striking the rough pine counter with his fist, exclaimed:

"You are the biggest liar in Arkansas!" The clerk, instead of becoming offended, said: Let me see you a minute, please."

He drew the stranger aside, and remarked: "Who told you?" "Who told me what?" "That I'm the biggest liar in the state."

"No one." "Then how did you find it out?" "I knew it at a glance."

"My friend," said the clerk, affectionately placing one hand on the stranger's shoulder, "you are the sharpest man I ever saw. It took me some time to find it out, but I am the biggest liar in the state. If you were as good a judge of a hoax as you are of a man you could soon get rich in this country. Stay at our house as long as you please, and your board shall not cost you a cent. You will not find a place in this country where genius is admired as much as it is at this hotel."—(Arkansas Traveller.)

NOTHING MORE TO SAY.

A few days ago Col. B. F. Swartz of Maryland called at the White House to recommend the appointment of a friend to office, and reports the conversation he had with the President with a gloomy and discouraged tone.

"I told him the candidate was a good man, and a consistent, sound, and life-long Democrat. He is one of the best Democrats I ever knew," exclaimed the Colonel, warming with his subject.

"What has that to do with the case?" asked the President.

This staggered Swartz, but as soon as he could pull himself together he replied: "Well, Mr. President, if you cannot see what it has to do with the case, I, at least, have no more to say."

THE BAY RUM SOAKED IN.

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WHAT SHE ADMIRER.

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SMILE PROVOCATIONS.

Lots of people think they are Barthold's statue, and they take the liberty of attempting to enlighten the world.—(New Orleans Picayune.)

Buffalo Bill is to take his wild-west show abroad. The Indians evince much delight at the prospect of getting back to Ireland once more.—(Lije.)

Lady (to applicant for cook's place)—"Did I understand you to say that your name was Brown?" Applicant—"Yes, mum; Brown wid the 'e."—Bazar.

Jakey—"Fader, dere's a fly in der soup." Mr. Cohn—"Well, eat all but der fly before you show it to der waiter; den you can get some more."—Rambler.

A Madrid newspaper was seized five times within a week for slurs on the infant king. This is a free country, and who's afraid? The king of Spain is a sucker.—(Puck.)

Chicago Teacher (to grammar class)—"Correct the sentence, 'Chicago lays at the side of Lake Michigan.'" Grammar Class—"Lake Michigan lays at the side of Chicago."—(Lije.)

Miss Sharpington—"Excuse me sir, but you are on my trail." Hawkshaw—"You are mistaken, madame. I am a detective." Miss Sharpington—"Ah! then I was mistaken."—(Rambler.)

A young woman in Arkansas, who hesitated between two lovers, suggested that the rivals settle it by a wrestling-match, and she wed the victor.—Exchange. She was like Prince Waldemar—she declined the thrown.—(Rambler.)

"I've been on this road ten years," said the conductor on a Southern railroad to a passenger who complained of the slow time, "and I know what I'm talking about."

"Ten years, eh?" said the passenger! "What station did you get on at?"—Bazar.

He—"Your tennis net is still out, I see, Miss Crash." She—"Yes. It's awfully late in the season, too; but papa has had such a good time falling over it all summer, when he comes home late, that I can't bear to deprive him of the pleasure."—(Tid-Bits.)

"I see you fry your beefsteak," remarked the tramp, with his mouth full. "Yes," said the woman, shortly, "how would you have it cooked?"—roasted? "No, certainly not; broiled, madame, broiled. I may be a tramp," he added, plaintively, "but I'm no ostrich."—(Lije.)

Brown—"You are looking well, Robinson." Robinson—"Yes, and feeling well, but nevertheless I lost a hundred and twenty pounds of flesh last month."

Brown—"That's not possible!" Robinson—"Yes it is. My wife ran off with a Sunday-school superintendent."—(Lije.)

Fashionable Mother (to fashionable daughter)—"Are you going out, dear?" Fashionable Daughter—"Yes, mamma." Fashionable Mother—"And if the hairdresser should come while you are out?" Fashionable Daughter—"Oh, I have left full instructions with Jane."—(New York Sun.)

"The car is full of alumni," whispered Miss Beaconsrest to her friend from the west, as they both journeyed Cambridgeward in the horse-car. "Yes," said the Chicago girl; "and how it chokes one up, don't it. I wonder they do not open the ventilators."—(Boston Commercial Bulletin.)

Successful Suitor (joyfully)—"Well, I have won Miss King. She sent me a beautiful plaster cast of her hand, labeled, 'Twas mine, 'tis yours.' Disconsolate Rival (sneeringly)—"Well, why didn't she finish the quotation, 'And has been slave to thousands.'" [Exeunt fighting.]—(Rambler.)

Tramp—"Please, mum, don't shut the door; I'm utterly destitute." Lady of the House (kindly)—"What do you want?" Tramp—"Anything you please to give, mum; I leave it to your generosity." Lady (sweetly)—"Come in, and I'll tell the stable boy to give you a bath."—(Philadelphia Call.)

"Have ye any raw oysters?" asked a newly wedded countryman of the waiter. "Yes, sir; how many will you have?" "How many had I better get, Miranda?" he said, turning to the bride. "Well, I dunno, John," she replied, blushing becomingly; "but I feel's though I could eat a bull can."—(Puck.)

WHY SHE COULDN'T THANK HIM.

A Boston girl the other day said to a Southern friend, who was visiting her, as two men rose in a car to give them seats:

"Oh, I wish they would not do it." "Why not? I think it is very nice of them," said her friend, settling herself comfortably.

"Yes, but one can't thank them, you know, and it is so awkward."

"Can't thank them? Why not?" "Why, you would not speak to a strange man, would you?" said the Boston maiden, to the astonishment of her Southern friend.

OPPOSED TO FIGHTING.

John L. Sullivan happened to be standing on the corner of Kearny and Geary streets in San Francisco, the other evening, and two politicians came to blows, and a big crowd assembled.

John at once hurried away to his hotel, and was in very bad humor for the rest of the evening, and this is what he is said to have said to Pat Sheedy: "Now, this is a nice bloody row, ain't it? This thing will be telegraphed to the East, and every body there will think I've been mixed up in it. D—n it Sheedy, why don't you keep away from this fighting crowd?"—From the New York Sun.

NO AMEN TO HER PRAYER.

"Mary, what is that piece you've been playing on the piano every night for the last three weeks?" inquired the old gentleman, just as Mary was tuning up.

"That is called the 'Maiden's Prayer, papa.'"

"Maiden's Prayer," he repeated. "Well, look here, Mary."

"What is it, pa?" "According to my experience in prayer business, every well regulated prayer ought to have an 'amen' to it, and—"

But Mary had shut the piano and was telling her mother about how cross pa was to-day.—(Merchant Traveller.)

MRS. FRANCES M. PATTON.

On Wednesday, December 7th, 1886, at 2 o'clock p. m., at Salem, Oregon, after a lingering illness, Mrs. Frances M. Patton passed from earth to heaven.

In her death this community loses one who has been known and respected among us for a period of more than thirty years.

Mrs. Patton was born on the 3rd day of August, 1857, in Erie county, Ohio, and the greater portion of her childhood was spent in that state.

Her father, the late Hon. E. N. Cooke, removed to this state, reaching Salem on the 10th day of October, 1851, where he resided until the year of his death, which occurred in 1879.

Among the company who came with Mr. Cooke was Hon. T. McF. Patton, then a young man, who joined them in their camp at Council Bluffs, where for the first time he met her, who, within a few years thereafter, became his wife.

Mrs. Patton upon her arrival in Salem began attending school at the Willamette University, of which Rev. Dr. F. S. Hoyt, now of Cincinnati, was president, and where for about three years she was a pupil of Mrs. Gen. W. H. Odell.

On the 3d day of August, 1854, her 17th birthday, she was married to Mr. Patton, Rev. Dr. Hoyt officiating. The first year of her married life was spent in Jacksonville, but at the earnest desire of her parents she and her husband then returned to Salem, where, with the exception of two years spent in Hiogo, Japan, at which place Mr. Patton was U. S. consul, she resided continuously until the day of her death.

Soon after her arrival in Salem Mrs. Patton united with the Congregational church, of which Rev. O. Dickinson was at that time pastor, and her relation as a member of that church continued throughout her life.

She was also connected with other religious and benevolent associations having for their object the alleviation of distress and the dispensing of charity. She was among the first to connect herself with Oregon Orphan's Aid society, of which she was a life member, and in which as a member and officer she rendered many years of active and efficient service.

More than a year ago, during her residence in Japan, she was informed, for the first time, that she would at most live but a few short months.

With the resignation of a true Christian she accepted her fate without repining, but with an earnest longing that the final summons might be delayed until she could return to her home in Salem, where she might die amid the sweet companionships of her girlhood days.

Leaving Hiogo—coming home to die—she reached San Francisco on January 22, 1886, and a few days thereafter found herself again at home. Here, for a short time, she seemed to gain a new hold upon life. Here were spent the years of her young womanhood—here were the companions of her school days—here were home, mother, children, and all of the most hallowed associations of her life.

Every relief that human skill could afford, and every ministrations of human sympathy and love, was hers. Thus for months her feet pressed upon the shores of the dark river, her tired spirit faltering not, but patiently awaiting the final summons, and looking forward with the eyes of faith to the sure reward of a well-ordered life.

Death for her had no terrors. It was simply a release from suffering, a happy transition to the life beyond, an entrance upon happiness eternal. A few days ago she was permitted to visit again the old family homestead, and to feast her eyes once more upon this and other familiar scenes, returning thence to her home, never to go forth again until she was taken to her narrow home, to rest beside the ashes of her sainted father until the day of the great resurrection.

Scarcely of middle age, her life had yet ripened into full fruition. While yet flushed with the glow of the morning, the evening grew around her, and night came and gathered her within its folds. To-day, her friends, standing about her coffin, and before her open grave, felt the sweet influences of her gentle nature, and gathered new inspirations from memories coming up from the past like the fragrant perfume of beautiful flowers.

The remembrances of thirty years spent within our common home awakened in many hearts a keen sense of personal loss beyond the power of human expression and little understood by those who, knowing her simply as a gentle, refined and cultivated woman, felt in her death no pang of personal bereavement.

The plainest truth is at once her highest eulogy, and the sincerest tribute that can be offered to her memory. Her character was one of sweetness and simplicity—without self-assertion, but with a refinement that well displayed her fine and sensitive nature—full of zeal and devotion, tempered with modesty and humility, she took up the burdens of life, and with rare fidelity—in every relation, as daughter, as wife, as mother, at home, in the church, and in society at large, she displayed the highest qualities of a Christian womanhood.

Having borne with cheerfulness and with a true Christian spirit all of the trials, and discharged with fidelity every duty of life, she calmly awaited the approach of death, sustained by an unflinching trust, and upheld by a sublime faith in the promises of that religion of which she had been for so many years so devout and consistent a disciple.

HE MUST EAT.

The manager of an unfortunate local theatrical venture was negotiating for a certain dramatic attraction to fill the following week of dates. He received a telegram from the agent of the company, agreeing to come for eighty per cent of the gross receipts.

Although staggered at first by such unheard-of terms, the Lowell manager recovered sufficiently to wire a reply in these words: "Cannot give you more than sixty-five per cent. Willing to go ragged. Must eat."—(Lowell Citizen.)

ANOTHER LIFE SAVED.

Mrs. Harriet Cummings, of Cincinnati, Ohio, writes: "Early last winter my daughter was attacked with a severe cold, which settled on her lungs. We tried several medicines, none of which seemed to do her any good, but she continued to get worse, and finally raised large amounts of blood from her lungs. We called in a family physician, but he failed to do her any good. At this time a friend had been cured by Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, and advised me to give it a trial. We got a bottle, and she began to improve, and by the use of three bottles was entirely cured."

A GOOD STOVE.

At Dairyville these pleasant days the evenings get cool quite suddenly. Saturday afternoon Judge Charles Lind was kept quite busy selling sets of harness and taking men's measure for special sets they wanted made to order.

He was kept so much on the jump that he did not notice how cool it was getting in his store, and had not yet started up his evening fire. Presently an old gentleman and his wife entered and wanted to get some harness.

While the proprietor was busy showing the husband the goods the wife drew her chair up to the big iron safe and putting her feet up on its side. When the husband had bought what he wanted he said, "Well, wife, let's go."

And the wife answered: "Willingly, Richard, willingly; and I want you to drive fast so we can get home to our own stove, where there is some heat; these air-tight stoves in stores are no good for any use."—(Heppner Gazette.)

TIRED OUT.

When natural gas was first made use of in Pittsburg for fuel, the agent of a company wanted an old Dutchman to become a customer.

"I tell you all about dot," replied the old man as he felt of the back of his head. "It was all right if nature makes dot gas for nothings, but I has discovered dot when somebody yorks for nothings he gets tired out bye-and-bye and goes on a strike that makes your head swim."

Some of the natural gas wells are now on a strike which will probably have no end.—(Wall Street News.)

DISCOURAGED AT THE OUTSET.

A stranger who was quietly looking over a water power in a western village was sought out by the mayor, who said: "I hear you think of starting a factory?"

"Yes." "It's a good place, and you'll find our people all right. We don't put on any great style, nor don't aim to. Here's a pair of suspenders I have worn for over forty years, though I'm worth fifty thousand dollars."

"Ah! Um!" muttered the stranger, "but it was a suspender factory I was thinking to locate here."—(Wall Street News.)

EASILY SELECTED.

Gentleman (in furnishing store) Collars, please, 15¢ each.

Clerk (a dashing young man)—Collars, sir, yes, sir. Now, there are two popular styles, sir. The "Apollo" and the "Belvedere." I wear the "Apollo" myself, sir.

Gentleman (very much impressed)—Is that so? Clerk—Oh, yes, sir.

Gentleman—Well, give me half a dozen of the "Belvedere."—(From Puck.)

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of the Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething.

It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children's Teething is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

CURE FOR PILES.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times symptoms of indigestion are present, flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, etc.

A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a common attendant. Blind, bleeding and itching piles yield at once to the application, of Dr. Bosanquet's Pile Remedy, which acts directly on the prostatic gland, absorbing the tumors, allaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address, the Dr. Bosanquet Medicine Co., Piqua, O. Sold by Geo. E. Good.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

Scovill's Sarsaparilla and Stillinger or Blood and Liver Syrup will restore perfect health to the physical organization. It is, indeed, a strengthening syrup, pleasant to take, and has often proved itself to be the best blood purifier ever discovered, effectually curing scurf, syphilitic disorders, weakness of the kidneys, erysipelas, malaria, all nervous disorders and debility, bilious complaints, and all diseases indicating an impure condition of the blood, viz: rheumatism, stomach, etc. It corrects indigestion, especially when the complaint is of an exhaustive nature, having a tendency to lessen the vigor of the brain and nervous system.

IS YOUR BLOOD PURE?

For impure blood the best medicine known, SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA, or BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, may be implicitly relied on when everything else fails. Take it in the spring time, especially for the impure secretions of the blood incident to that season of the year; and take it at all times for Cancer, Scrofula, Liver Complaints, Weakness, Bells, Tumors, Swellings, skin diseases, Malaria, and the thousand ills that come from impure blood. To ensure a cheerful disposition take this kidney medicine, which will remove the prime cause, and restore the mind to its natural equilibrium.

NERVOUS DEBILITATED MEN.

You are allowed a free trial of thirty days of the use of Dr. Dye's Celebrated Voltaic Belt with electric suspensory appliance, for the speedy relief and permanent cure of Nervous Debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also, for many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred. Illustrated pamphlet, with full information, terms, etc., mailed free by addressing Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Michigan.

REGARDED BY A PHYSICIAN.

"No other remedy within my knowledge can fill its place. I have been practicing medicine for twenty years and have never been able to put out a reliable compound that would cure the Simmons Liver Regulator, promptly and effectively move the liver to action and at the same time all (instead of weakening) the digestive powers of the system.—L. M. HINSON, M. D., Washington, Ark."

LADIES

will find relief from their costiveness, swimming in the head, colic, sour stomach, headache, kidney troubles, etc., by taking a dose of Simmons Liver Regulator after dinner or supper, so as to move the bowels once a day. Mothers will have better health and the babies will be more robust by using the Regulator. If an infant shows signs of colic nothing like a few drops in water for relief.

DR. LIEBIG

Private Dispensary. Conducted by qualified physicians and surgeons—regular graduates. THE GREATEST SPECIALTY: The United States, whose LIFE-LONG experience, perfect method and pure medicine, insure speedy and permanent cures of all the most distressing and Nervous Diseases, Affections of the Blood, Skin, Ears, Noses, Throats, Eruptions, Ulcers, Old Sores, Swellings of the GLANDS, Sore Mouth, Throat and Bone Pain, permanently cured and eradicated from the system FOR LIFE.

NERVOUS

Debility, mental and physical weakness, falling memory, weak eyes, agree to visit the city for treatment, medicine and testimonials to marriage, etc., from excesses of youthful follies, or any cause, speedily, safely and permanently cured.

Young, Middle-aged and Old Men and all who need MEDICAL SKILL and experience should consult the OLD European Physician at once. His opinion costs nothing and may save future misery and shame.

When inconvenient to visit the city for treatment, medicine can be sent anywhere by express FREE FROM OBSERVATION. His self-evident that a physician who gives his whole attention to a class of diseases attains greater skill, and physicians throughout the country, knowing this, frequently recommend difficult cases to the oldest specialist, by whom every known good remedy used. The Doctor's Age and Experience make his opinion of supreme importance.

Cases which call for no one but the Doctor—Consultations free, and secretly conducted. Cases which have failed in obtaining relief elsewhere especially solicited. Female diseases successfully treated. The Doctor will agree to forfeit \$1000 for a case which is not cured. Call or write. Hours: Daily, from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m., 6 to 8 evenings; Sundays, 10 to 12 only. Send for the SANSALIST GUIDE to HEALTH, BEST FREE. Address as above.

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Permanently prevents all Unnatural Losses from the system, tones the nerves, strengthens the muscles, checks the waste, invigorates the whole system, and restores the afflicted to Health and Happiness.

The reason so many cannot get cured of Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood, etc., is owing to a complication called PROSTATO-RHEA with HYPERAESTHESIA, which requires peculiar treatment. Dr. Liebig's Invigorator is the only positive cure for PROSTATO-RHEA, with peculiar Special Treatment, used at the LIEBIG DISPENSARY.

VARICOCELE.

Or wormy veins of the scrotum. Often the unsuspected cause of lost manhood, debility, etc. Price of Invigorator, \$2. Case of six bottles \$10. Sent to any address, covered securely from observation.

Most powerful electric belts free to patients. TO PROVE THE WONDERFUL POWER OF THE INVIGORATOR. A 25 Bottle Given or Sent Free.

Consultation free and private. Call on or address: LIEBIG DISPENSARY, 40 Geary St., San Francisco.

Private Entrance, 405 Mason street, four blocks up Geary street from Kearny. Main entrance through Dispensary Drug Store.

30 DAYS TRIAL DR. DYE'S VOLTAIC BELT BEFORE - AND - AFTER! Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial. TO MEN ONLY, YOUNG OR OLD. WHO are suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOSS OF VITALITY, LACK OF NERVOUS FORCE AND VIGOR, WASTING WEAKNESS, etc., send for a TRIAL of a PERSONAL NATURE resulting from ACIDITY and OTHER CAUSES. Speedily and completely restores the system to HEALTH, VIGOR AND MANHOOD GUARANTEED. The grandest discovery of the Nineteenth Century. Send once for illustrated pamphlet, free. Address: VOLTAIC BELT CO., MARSHALL, MICH.

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GRAEFENBERG'S CATHOLICON. Cures Female Complaints. A Great Kidney Remedy. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

CATARRH - ELY'S Cream Balm. Gives relief at once and cures COLD IN HEAD, CATARRH, HAY FEVER. ELY'S C