

WIT AND HUMOR.

An Irishman, writing to a debtor, said: "I confidently expected long before this to receive from you a very agreeable surprise."

A New York school teacher explained to her pupils that the meaning of the word "vicissitude" was change, and she called upon a boy to give a sentence in which the word was used.

Two Bohemians are seated in a cabaret. "Gargon, some water," cries one of them. "Some water!" exclaims the other. "Why, what will you do with it?"

A local divine relates with much gusto the unusual honors paid him at a late funeral service which he attended. On his arrival, the widower, chief mourner, arose and addressed the assembly as follows: "My friends, I have the pleasure of introducing to you the Rev. Dr. —. We'd better sing something. Suppose we try the doxology!"

A landlord, noted for his bulk of person, was lying seriously ill, and one of his tenants who came to inquire after "the master," was informed that he was being kept up by the occasional administration of a teaspoon full of brandy.

Nellie, whose grandfather began life as a cabin boy and finished as a millionaire, was paid by her mother a cent a dozen for pins picked up from the carpet, to keep the baby from getting them.

A good anecdote is related of Dr. Rice which enforces its own lesson. When he was at the head of the Theological Seminary in Prince Edward, one of the out-parishes of Virginia sent him for a minister.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

Child—Grandpa, how old are you? Grandpa—I am 87 years old, my little dear. Child—Then you were born 80 years before I was. Grandpa—Yes, my little girl. Child—What a long, long time you had alone waiting for me.

A lady told this story the other day in Sorosis, the incident having occurred in her own family: "A small boy was requested to look up the word 'anonymus,' and use it in a sentence. He found the meaning to be 'without a name,' and thereupon handed the following to his happy parent: 'Mamma has given us a new baby; it is anonymous.'"

Teacher (to a small girl who had "skipped school")—Where have you been, and what have you been doing all the morning? Small girl (working the heel of her shoe into a crack in the floor)—Part of the time riding down hill. Teacher (with an encouraging smile as a recognition of veracity)—And what were you doing the rest of the time? Small girl (naively)—Walking up!

A little friend of mine was recently taken to the place where his grandfather had been buried a few weeks previous—a lonely spot on the edge of a gloomy wood down in Le Sueur county. "Is this heaven, mamma?" whispered the little fellow, fearfully. "No, dear; this is a grave-yard." "Well," returned the little fellow, thoughtfully, "I'm glad it isn't. You told me grandpa had gone to heaven, and I thought that this was the place."

A little Boston girl of six summers whose high-bred King Charles spaniel was entered for the dog show, was overheard giving very earnest advice to her darling upon the proper manner of conducting himself in this strange show to which he was going; and she laid special stress upon the company he was to keep there: "Don't associate with common dogs," she instructed him impressively. "You may speak to the president's dog, Queen Victoria's dog, and—God's dog."

BUISNESS IS BUISNESS.

Old Lady (to street urchin)—Wouldn't you like to be a good little boy and go to Sunday school and be taught not to swear or say wicked things? Little boy—No'm. Me fadder's goin' to git me a job on de canal to drive the nules soon's navigashun opens, an' I mustn't do anythin' to interfere wid de buisness—N. Y. Sun.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Little Boy (studying his Sunday school lesson)—Pa, how do you spell Pharaoh? Pa (thoughts elsewhere)—F-a-r-o.—[N. Y. Sun.]

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

Ukiah stage robbed near Hopland, Cal. Farnell and Biggar will sue the London Times for libel. Queen Rapiolani of the Hawaiian islands, has arrived at San Francisco.

German Catholic priests disapprove of McGlynn's position on the land question. Earnings of twenty one roads for the second week of April were \$166,392 less than for the preceding week, said to be caused by the interstate law.

Three persons seriously injured in an accident on the Atlantic and Pacific near Albuquerque, N. M. An engine truck wheel broke and caused the accident.

Captain Wirt Bush, of the 28th N. Y. volunteers, who was the first volunteer to enlist in the civil war, died in Lockport, N. Y., in a hut, surrounded by filth, and in abject poverty.

Lord Salisbury addressed the Primrose league at Albert palace on the 6th anniversary of the death of Lord Beaconsfield, and in the speech he indulged in a bitter denunciation of Gladstone and Farnell.

Managers of roads between Chicago and St. Paul and Minneapolis recently met at Chicago, and failed to agree on the proposition to ask the interstate commission to suspend the long haul clause.

Wheat and flour shipments are blocked at San Francisco. Nova Scotia wants to withdraw from the Canadian confederation.

The Canadian Pacific is bidding for the Pacific coast salmon shipment. Chas. Johnson, a Russian Finn, was knocked overboard from a fishing smack at Astoria and drowned.

Price of coffee raised 50 points, and caused much excitement among dealers. Labor unions will demand 10 per cent. reduction in tenement rents on May 1st at New York.

There was a terrible collision of work trains near Cleelum, W. T. Five men were killed outright. Out of \$100,000 worth of diamonds and jewelry buried in the Del Monte ruins, about \$20,000 worth has been recovered.

The lord mayor of Dublin has called a meeting for the purpose of taking steps toward the erection of a national memorial to Gladstone. Eastern cities protest against the suspension of the long haul clause in the interstate commerce law, while western commercial centers, and industries are clamoring for it.

Whitelaw Reid, editor of the Tribune, is still solid for Blaine. There is still much talk in England over the alleged Farnell letters.

The Northern Pacific will build some big grain warehouses at Tacoma. It is now stated that President Cleveland has positively declared that he will not be a candidate for re-election.

There is a grand opera craze in San Francisco, caused by the appearance of the great National opera company. Henry George writes an article saying that he saw Farnell informed of the Phoenix park murder, and that Farnell was shocked and pained to hear of the tragic news.

They had a row yesterday in the New York state senate. The prolonged political struggle between the democratic governor and the republican state senate over the appointment of a railroad commissioner was the cause. No harm done. Only lots of newspaper ammunition furnished.

The German authorities arrested a French commissary named Schaevels on German territory, and the Paris papers are kicking up an awful row over the matter. There will probably be no war between these unfriendly powers over the matter, but the event goes to show the feeling that exists.

The Mexican constitutional amendment has passed the house of deputies. It provides that a president may be elected for a second term. This is a move toward the re-election of President Diaz, who has over the encouragement of American enterprise and the development of our sister republic.

ASSAILING HUGO'S MEMORY. Next week, I hear we are to have another post humous volume of letters and pen-landscapes by the author of "Les Miserables." The moment is ill-chosen, for the reaction against the dead poet is setting in strongly. The young generation is against Hugo and in favor of Lamartine, who will be set upon a definitive pedestal, while Hugo will be dragged in the mire and covered with opprobrium, both as a man and as a poet, until his turn shall come some twenty years hence for a final apotheosis. An amiable biographer is already preparing a narrative of the unedifying details of Hugo's private life of the consolatory liaison of Mme. Hugo with Sainte-Beuve; of the counter liaison of the poet with Mme. Druet, the actress, and of the sadness of the later of the poet's life, as seen from behind the scenes and not through the glare of the perpetual and often grotesque glorification of which his memory is now the victim. Considering the natural pessimism of the age, it would perhaps be preferable that this book should never be published.—[Paris Letter to London World.]

LITERARY BOOM IN ST. LOUIS.

Lady (in St. Louis bookstore)—I will look at some books, please. Proprietor—Yes ma'am. What color and size? Lady—Blue and gold, I think, and something about nine inches long and five inches wide.—N. Y. Sun.

FOR REVENUE.

"My dear, how can you go on in this way? You are too hysterical. It seems to me the sense of protection which I bring to you."

"Sir, I didn't marry you for protection."

"For what, then, pray?"

"For revenue. Now, are you going to get me that Easter bonnet, or aren't you?"

JUST WHAT THEY ALL SAY.

Hon. D. D. Haynie of Salem, Illinois, says he uses Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup in his family with the most satisfactory results. In all cases of coughs, colds and croup, and recommends it in particular for the little ones. Sample bottle 5 cents at Geo. E. Good's.

FOR OFFICE SEEKERS.

I heard a story repeated the other day as an "Abe Lincoln story," but which is older and must have slumbered somewhere for a good while. Certainly it is not one that the politicians would be likely to repeat on the stump, because it reflects on their craft. In a little group at the Parker House a rather noisy young politician from the city hall was echoing the sentiments of Henry Watters and defending the principle that the spoils belong to the victor. "I see no reason," said he, "why any republican should be kept in a federal office here in Boston while I, a democrat, who have worked hard for the party, am left out in the cold."

"That reminds me," said an elderly man, whom all the town would recognize if I were to describe him, "of an incident that I heard of early in Lincoln's administration. There was a local politician who went on to Washington to get an office that he felt sure only awaited his application to be given to him. In a couple of weeks he came back. 'Well, did you get your office?' his friends asked him. 'No,' said he. 'Did you see the president?' 'Yes, of course.' 'What did he say?' 'Well, we went in and stated our errand. He heard us patiently, and then said: 'Gentlemen, I am sorry that I have no office for Mr. —, but if I can't give you that, I can tell you a story.' We thought best to hear the story and let him go on. 'Once there was a certain king,' he said, 'who kept an astrologer to forewarn him of coming events, and especially to tell him whether it were going to rain when he wanted to go on hunting expeditions. One day he started off for the forest with his train of ladies and lords for a grand hunt, when the train met a farmer riding a donkey on the road. 'Good morning, farmer,' said the king. 'Good morning, kink,' said the farmer, 'where are you folks going?' 'Hunting,' said the king. 'Lord, you'll all get wet!' said the farmer. The king trusted his astrologer, of course, and went to the forest, but by mid-day there came on a terrific storm, that drenched and buffeted the whole party. When the king returned to his palace he had the astrologer decapitated, and sent for the farmer to take his place. 'Law's sake,' says the farmer, when he arrived, 'it ain't me that knows when it's goin' to rain, it's my donkey. When it's goin' to be fair weather that donkey always carries his ears forward, so. When it's goin' to rain he puts 'em backward, so.' 'Make the donkey the court astrologer!' shouted the king. It was done. But the king always declared that that appointment was the greatest mistake he ever made in his life.' Lincoln stopped there. 'Why did he say it was a mistake?' we asked him. 'Didn't the donkey do his duty?' 'Yes,' said the president, 'but after that time every donkey in the country wanted an office!' The shout of laughter that echoed from the hotel corridor at the telling of this narrative would have made the fortune of two or three entirely new stories.—[Boston Post.]

A CHARMING LADY DENTIST. Clara Neymann's bright daughter, Olga, has opened a dentist's office in New York, and is, I think, about the only woman in that profession in the city. Dentistry and medicine are in some ways closely allied, but there are hundreds of women in the former to one who is attracted to the latter. Miss Neymann was graduated from the Philadelphia College of Dentistry a year ago or thereabouts, and is making a satisfactory beginning in the business she has chosen. She reports, when one questions her of her success, a cordial greeting from her brothers in the profession, though it is permissible to wonder if her piquant face and trim figure have not something to do with the welcome she receives. Miss Neymann's surroundings abate a good deal of the terror that waits on the footsteps of the dentist, chilling the blood of his prospective victims, for all is sunny, homelike and feminine to a degree.—[New York Letter.]

A POETIC FAITH.

An old and well known spiritualist showed me on his parlor wall the other day a shadowy crayon sketch, full length, of a little girl, who in one hand held up her apron full of flowers and with the other held to her nose a rose which she had picked out of the heap in his lap. "I gladly gave \$50 for that," said the old gentleman, as he surveyed the sketch. "It is a picture of a spirit artist of my little granddaughter, who died at four months, and is now eleven years old." Evidently the old gentleman believed, if the picture was, as he said it was, a good likeness, that the child had not only grown up in the spirit land, but had found some body to dress her in a conventional frock and then set her to the occupation of gathering flowers on the other side of Jordan.

OBDDLY JOINED.

The following named couples were "proclaimed in marriage" in Chicago last year if County Clerk Wulff's record has been faithfully kept:

- Thomas Black and Mary White, Peter Day and Ellen Knight, Solomon Bank and Katherine Vale, James Hill and Susan Dale, Isaac Slater and Jane Thatcher, John Barber and Mary Butcher, Stephen Head and Nancy Heart, William Stately and Jessie Smart, Joseph Reed and Julia Hay, Thomas Spring and Mary May, Joseph Brown and Kitty Green, John Robins and Jenny Wrens, William Castle and Nancy Hall, Peter Chatter and Fannie Child, Joseph Mann and Eliza Child, John Merry and Lucy Wild, Thomas Bruin and Mary Bare, James Fox and Catherine Hare, Andrew Clay and Lucy Stone, Michael Blood and Lizzie Bone, John Cloak and Julia Wood, Edward Coal and Nancy Wood, James Brown and Ellen Birch, Charles Chapel and Susan Church.

THE REVEREND FIDDLER.

"People used to think it wicked to fiddle," remarked the clergyman, laying down the violin. "So I have heard," replied an auditor. "Years ago, if my congregation had heard me play the fiddle they would have considered me beyond redemption, but they don't seem to mind it in the least now."

"I suppose," replied the other speaker, "they have become used to it." And then the minister looked interrogatory points, but said nothing.—[Pittsburg Dispatch.]

GAVE AWAY HIS GAME.

Patient—Well, doctor, how's my pulse? Doctor (counting)—One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, jack, queen, king.

Patient—Why, doctor, what'er you doin'? Doctor—Beg pardon. Sixteen, seventeen, eighteen—a very bad case, sir.

Patient—Yes, I should think so. Er—how long have you been affected this way?—[Judge.]

IN THE RESTAURANT.

Brown—Aw, John, was Mr. Smith in here yesterday? John—Yesir.

Brown—Did he ask awfter me? John—Yesir.

Brown—What did you tell him? John—Told him you had gone for the day.

Brown—Well, what did he say to that? John—"Good enough" was 'is werry words, sir.—[Life.]

NO CARDS.

Angry stranger (to assistant editor)—Is the man who is responsible for that article in?

Assistant Editor—No, Sir. Angry Stranger—Where does he sit? Assistant Editor—The corner desk, sir; the one that has the 44-caliber revolver for a paper weight. Will you leave your card, sir?

Angry Stranger (mildly)—N-no.—N. Y. [Sun.]

THE CZAR AT BREAKFAST.

Czarina (coming in to breakfast)—Good morning, my dearvich!

Czar—Good morningcoff!

Czarina—Allow me to congratulate you upon your escaping assassination during the night.

Czar—Thank! Will you please taste the coffee to see if it is poisoned?—[Puck.]

BEATING THE RECORD.

First Landlubber—I see that the Dauntless has beaten the record. Second Landlubber—In what way? First Landlubber—Her fresh water gave out before the beer and champagne.—[N. Y. Sun.]

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. Its value is incalculable. 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. Bathe, cleanliness of the stomach, and female nurses and physicians in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price 25 cents a bottle.

FILES CAN BE CURED.

For thirty-two years I have suffered from piles, both internal and external, with all their attendant agonies, and like many another sufferer I had to cramp myself to pay doctors and druggists for stuff that was doing me little or no good. Finally I was urged by one who had had the same complaint, but had been cured by Brandreth's Pills to try his cure. I did so, and began to improve, and for the past two years I have had no inconvenience from that terrible ailment.

RICHARD BENNETT.

GERVAIS NOTES.

Sunshine once more. Jollett Bros. are building a fine wagon shop. H. Kaminsky, of Cherry, W. T., is in the city. St. Louis has a fine singing school, with Prof. Clark as teacher.

Whoop up your fourth of July celebration. Gervais will spend \$500 in planking her streets, during the next thirty days.

N. Goodman and son shipped thirty car loads of wheat to San Francisco this week. Mrs. Edmund Duffey has succeeded Miss Rose Mitchell in the millinery business.

Hops are looking well in this vicinity. A number of new yards will be set out this season.

Several Odd Fellows and their friends, of this place, will attend the anniversary celebration at Butteville on the 26th.

Quite a number of our church-going people will go to Aurora next Sunday, to assist Rev. Ingle in organizing a church at that place.

Baseball was inaugurated here last Sunday, the first game of the season. Gervais will have a good junior nine this season.

THE CUNNING QUAIL.

The celerity and perfection with which a quail can secrete itself when it alights, after it has been flushed, has often been a source of surprise to the sportsman; but if all of these game birds act as did one observed by Henry Ray of Gilmer, Tex., their success in hiding is no longer surprising. He was walking in a field with his dog when a covey of birds was flushed and one alighted near him, and the moment it did so seized a dead oak leaf, crouched to the ground and threw the leaf over its back, so that it was completely hidden from view. Mr. Ray had actually to go and turn over the leaf before he could believe the evidence of his own eyes.—[Eastern Exchange.]

MAN WANTS A TONIC.

When there is a lack of elastic energy in the system, shown by a sensation of languor and unrest in the morning, frequent yawning during the day and disturbed sleep at night, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters infuses unwonted energy into the enfeebled and nervous, endowing them with muscular energy, an ability to repose healthfully, and digest without inconvenience. Nervelessness, headache, biliousness, impaired appetite and a feeble, troublesome stomach, are all speedily set right by this matchless and vigorous and restorative. The mineral poisons, among them strychnia, and nux vomica, are never safe tonics, even in infinitesimal doses. The Bitters answers the purpose more effectually, and can be relied upon as perfectly safe by the most prudent. Fever and ague, kidney troubles and rheumatism yield to it.

HOW TO SECURE HEALTH.

Scovill's Sarsaparilla and Stillingia 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 proven itself to be the best blood purifier ever discovered, effectually curing scrofula, 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, liver, kidneys, 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.

Scovill's Sarsaparilla or Blood and Liver Syrup for the cure of Scrofulous taint, Rheumatism, White Swelling, Gout, Colic, Consumption, Bronchitis, Nervous debility, Malaria, and all other diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood. Certificates can be presented from many leading physicians, ministers, and heads of families throughout the land, endorsing Scovill's Blood and Liver Syrup. We are constantly receiving certificates of cures from the most reliable sources, and we recommend it as the best known remedy for the cure of the above named diseases.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS. Hon. Edward A. Moore, Member of Assembly from Richmond county, New York, writes: "Some two years ago I was taken with inflammation of the kidneys. The pain was intense, I applied as soon as possible an Alcock's Porous Plaster over each kidney. Wonderful to say the pain and inflammation began to abate in three hours. In two days I was entirely cured. I always take great pleasure in recommending Alcock's Plasters; they are certainly the best external remedy known. I used them as chest protectors, and found them most efficient."

CALIFORNIA CAT—"R" CURE.

Guaranteed a positive cure for Catarrh, Colds in the Head, Hay Fever, Rose Cold, Catarrh of the Throat and Lungs, Restores the sense of Taste and smell, removes Bad Tastes and Unpleasant Breath, resulting from Catarrh. Easy and pleasant to use. Follow directions and a Cure is warranted by all druggists.

500 REWARD.

For a better or more pleasant remedy for the cure of Consumption, Cough, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchial troubles than Green's Lung Restorer, Santa Abbie, the Abietine and Mountain Balm Cough Cure. Every bottle warranted by all druggists.

TRIED IN THE CRUCIBLE.

ABOUT TWENTY YEARS AGO I discovered a little sore on my chest, and the doctors pronounced it cancer. I have tried a number of physicians, but without receiving any permanent benefit. Among the number were one or two specialists. The medicine they applied was like fire to the sore, causing intense pain. I saw a statement in the papers telling what S. S. S. had done for others similarly afflicted. I procured some at once. Before I had used the second bottle the neighbors could notice that my cancer was healing up. My general health had been bad for two or three years—I had a hacking cough and spit blood continually. I had a severe pain in my breast. After taking six bottles of S. S. S. my cough left me and I grew stouter than I had been for several years. My cancer has healed over all but a little spot about the size of a half dime, and it is rapidly disappearing. I would advise every one with cancer to give S. S. S. a fair trial.

Mrs. MARY J. MCCONAGHEY, Ash Grove, Tippecanoe Co., Ind. Feb. 16, 1886.

SWIFT'S Specific is entirely vegetable, and seems to cure cancers by forcing out the impurities from the blood. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., DRAWER 3, ATLANTA, GA.

ORIGIN OF A FAMOUS SONG.

Once over the bar at its entrance from the gulf, the Swane river holds its way with a deep current, in places of forty feet, far up through the forests of the best hard pine in the state. It is the Penobscot of Florida. It has some good land upon it where plantations have heretofore been made, but after awhile generally abandoned. The mosquitoes and malaria guard the main entrance against other than lumbermen, anglers, and intrusive tourists. This dark river has, too, its romance, as being the place which gave rise to a melody which, like "Home, Sweet Home," the affection of the heart will never let go. For it was here that a French family in the time of Louis XIV came over and settled on the Swane and made a plantation. After awhile the father and mother and all died save one daughter, who, disheartened and desolate, returned to France, and there wrote, adopting in part that negro dialect which she had been familiar with on the plantation in her girlhood, a feeling tribute to "the old folks at home" in their graves in the far-off country.—[Augusta, Ga., Chronicle.]

THE CUNNING QUAIL. The celerity and perfection with which a quail can secrete itself when it alights, after it has been flushed, has often been a source of surprise to the sportsman; but if all of these game birds act as did one observed by Henry Ray of Gilmer, Tex., their success in hiding is no longer surprising. He was walking in a field with his dog when a covey of birds was flushed and one alighted near him, and the moment it did so seized a dead oak leaf, crouched to the ground and threw the leaf over its back, so that it was completely hidden from view. Mr. Ray had actually to go and turn over the leaf before he could believe the evidence of his own eyes.—[Eastern Exchange.]

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SKIN AND SCALP

Cleaned, Purified and Beautified by the Cuticura Remedies. For cleansing the skin and scalp of Disgusting Humors, for allaying Itching, Burning and Inflammation, for curing the first symptoms of Eczema, Psoriasis, and other Skin Diseases, Scrofula, and other inherited skin and Blood Diseases, CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, and CUTICURA LAXATIVE, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are infallible.

A COMPLETE CURE. I have suffered all my life with skin diseases of different kinds, and have never found permanent relief, until, by the advice of a lady friend I used your valuable CUTICURA REMEDIES. I gave them a thorough trial, using six bottles of the CUTICURA RESOLVENT, two boxes of CUTICURA and several boxes of CUTICURA SOAP, and the result was just what I had been told it would be—a complete cure. BELLE WADE, Richmond, Va. Reference, G. W. Lattimer, Druggist, Richmond.

SALT RHEUM CURED.

I was troubled with Salt Rheum for a number of years, so that the skin entirely came off one of my hands from the angry eruptions. I tried remedies and doctors' prescriptions to no purpose until I commenced taking CUTICURA REMEDIES and now I am entirely cured. E. T. PARKER, 37 Northampton St., Boston.

DRUGGISTS ENDORSE THEM.

Have sold a quantity of your Cuticura Remedies. One of my customers, Henry Kins, who had letter on her hands to such an extent as to cause the skin to peel off, and for eight years she suffered greatly, was completely cured by the use of your medicine. C. N. NYE, Drugist, Canton, Ohio.

ITCHING, SCALY, PIMPLE.

For the last year I have had a species of itching scaly and pimply humors on my face which I have applied a great many methods of treatment without success, and which was speedily and entirely cured by CUTICURA. Mrs. ISAAC PHELPS, Ravenna, O.

NO MEDICINE LIKE THEM.

We have sold your CUTICURA REMEDIES for the last six years, and no medicines on our shelves give better satisfaction. C. F. ATREKTON, Druggist, Albany, N. Y.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50 cents. RESOLVENT, \$1.00; SOAP, 25 cents. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass. "Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases."

GRUBS, Pimples, Skin Blemishes, and CUTICURA SOAP.

CATARRH TO CONSUMPTION.

Catarrh in its destructive force stands next to and undoubtedly leads on to consumption. It is therefore singular that those afflicted with this fearful disease should not make it the object of their lives to rid themselves of it. Deceptive remedies concocted by ignorant pretenders to medical knowledge have weakened the confidence of the great majority of sufferers in all advertised remedies. They become resigned to a life of misery rather than torture themselves with doubtful palliatives.

But this will never do. Catarrh must be met at every stage and combated with all our might. In many cases the disease has assumed dangerous symptoms. The bones and cartilage