

FREE SILVER.

The coinage of silver might have been too free, but the free use of it in a small sum may be a very big investment with very sure and large profits. What it costs to buy a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil for the cure of rheumatism is within the reach of the poorest. It is the best investment in this line—best cure, and the profits are sure, because it will surely cure. This is so well known it is almost a maxim, and so much good is wrought out of the free use of so little that a strong, active workman can be made out of a man who before may have been a helpless invalid or a hobbling cripple.

Power of Thought.

Miss Alice Berry, a boarding house keeper on State street, Bridgeport, Conn., called a doctor one morning, stating that she was in terrible agony, having swallowed her false teeth, plate and all. She could feel the choking object in her throat and was in constant danger of strangling to death. On consultation it was decided to resort to tracheotomy, as the patient was liable to die. Dr. C. E. Sanford and Dr. C. N. Payne got their instruments ready and were about to administer ether to the woman when one of them stepped on some object under the edge of the bed. Picking it up, he found it to be the missing plate and teeth. It was shown to the woman, who was about to go into another convulsion, and as soon as she recognized it the pain left her and she at once recovered.

A Good Showing.

What a Reporter Learned About a Certain Medicine.

From the Journal, Minneapolis, Minn.

There is one proprietary medicine in use in this city, the name of which has become a household word and that is the preparation known as "Pink Pills for Pale People." Shakespeare said, "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet." That may be so, but pills put up by any other name would not have the same attraction nor popular sales that Pink Pills have in Spokane, Wash.

A representative of the Minneapolis Journal started out the other day to investigate the merits of this popular and widely-sold household medicine. The evidence was on every hand. Hamilton B. Merrill, a young money lender of Spokane, was seen by the newspaper man. Mr. Merrill made no secret of his remarkable cure by these little pellets.

"Do I know the efficacy of Pink Pills?" he reiterated. "I should rather think I do, they have been a blessing to me. I am not in the habit of praising proprietary medicine, but I must say that Pink Pills as far as my case goes have no equal in the world. A little over a year ago I began ailing and commenced to lose flesh rapidly. The doctor told me to stop smoking; this I did, but the result was even worse. My heart beats decreased to less than forty a minute. I was prescribed for by my doctor, but without receiving any benefit whatever. I continued daily to grow worse and my parents became alarmed over my condition. Some one suggested Pink Pills; I thought I would try them anyway. And I tell you I cannot endorse them too highly; they worked like a charm in my case. My heart soon became normal again, my flesh increased and I felt like a new man. To tell you the truth I am still taking them. I have a sort of fondness for them yet and I am loath to give them up."

"I know of a young lady living in this city, whose condition was even worse than mine, she took Pink Pills and is one of society's gayest young ladies now. I wish I were at liberty to give her name, as I am sure she would only be too delighted to give them a hearty send off. I believe Pink Pills cannot be too highly recommended. They are gems, indeed."

Mr. Merrill is a young man of 22 or 23 years of age and today is the pink of health. He has a splendid complexion and would be the last person to be taken for one who has been so seriously ill only a few months ago. He is a splendid athlete besides and moves in the best circles of society here.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$3.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

No Choice.

Young Man—Ah! How do, Dick? Is your sister at home?

Little Dick—Which sister? The homely one what's going to have all pa's money, because she's likely to be an old maid, or the pretty one what ain't going to have anything?

Young Man—Um—er—both of them.—Woonsocket Reporter.

No one would drink poor tea if he or she knew the difference in tea.

Good tea is not costly.

Your grocer will sell you *Schilling's Best*, and return your money in full if you don't like it.

A Schilling & Company
San Francisco



There was a young maiden named Grace
Once the prettiest girl in the place;
But she's changed a great deal
Since she took to the wheel,
For she now has a bicycle face.
—Up-to-Date.

Mother—Johnny, why did you not tell me that you were naughty at school?
Johnny—Tisn't best to tell women everything.—Boston Transcript.

The young man who is anxious to lay the world at the feet of the girl he adores, three months after he marries her isn't willing even to lay the carpet.—Yonkers Statesman.

"I have been informed that your first attempt at a long-distance ride on your wheel turned out to be a highly dramatic affair." "Very. I had to walk back."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Bixby has given up learning to play chess." "Too much for his mental caliber?" "No, he hurt his jaw trying to pronounce the names of the leading players."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"It is shameful that the States have to legislate about women's theater hats." "Why?" "Well, it shows how little influence individual men have with their wives."—Chicago Record.

Artist—I flatter myself this last picture of mine is an excellent one. Another Artist—My dear fellow, you don't flatter yourself half as much as you flatter the picture.—Roxbury Gazette.

"This," said he, as he inhaled the balmy October air, "is Indian summer." "I always maintained," she replied, "that the Indians were capable of good work if given the chance."—Chicago News.

Smith—I see that a bullet from one of those new rifles will kill six men, standing one behind another. Thompson—You don't say? In that case, a man might just as well go to the front.—Puck.

Bobby—Ma, you said that I wasn't to eat that piece of cake in the pantry—because it would make me sick. Mother—Yes, Bobby. Bobby (convincingly)—But, ma, it hasn't made me sick.—Answers.

"Here I am," remarked the India rubber man. But no one seemed to pay any attention to him until he called himself up into a four-in-hand and triumphantly shouted: "Here I am knot."—New York Journal.

Little Ethel—I wonder why men like to talk about their old school days? Little Johnny—I s'pose after they got growed up they is always tryin' to find out where the teacher lives, so they can tick him.—Comic Cuts.

"Mrs. Digby has a husband that really thinks something of her." "What has he done?" "Why, instead of betting to win a hat for himself on the election, he bet a new bonnet for his wife."—Chicago Record.

A forced convert—"Say, Weary, wot are you walkin' round in yer bare foots fer?" "I'm trying dis yere new Kespapp cure." "Wot fer, Weary?" "Cause some dingbasted snoozer stole me shoes!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

"This honey doesn't look to be pure," said the cautious grocer. "But, man," earnestly replied the apologist, "it has to be pure. You wouldn't expect a man in the bee line to be crooked; now, could you?"—Indianapolis Journal.

"Can you support my daughter in the style to which she is accustomed?" asked her father. "Pretty nearly," replied the suitor. "Of course I can't keep up the engagement luxuries I have given her forever."—Harper's Bazar.

"I've noticed an Indian hanging around the entrance for several days," said the theatrical manager. "Do you know who he is?" "I strongly suspect that he's a scalper," replied the ticket agent.—Philadelphia North American.

First Student—What makes you look so melancholy? Second Student—I have been fooled. I asked my father to send me sixty marks to pay my tailor, and a few days later I received the—re-accepted tailor's bill!—Fliegende Blätter.

Father—Wait a year, my son, and you may feel very different. Son (contentedly)—I've tested my love for Miss Higgins thoroughly, and I know it cannot change. I've played golf with her, and I still want her for my wife.—Household Words.

"Well," remarked the wife of the man who had changed his mind about coming to Congress, "you have a clear conscience, anyhow." "I know that," was the comfortless reply; "but a clear conscience isn't what I was running for."—Washington Star.

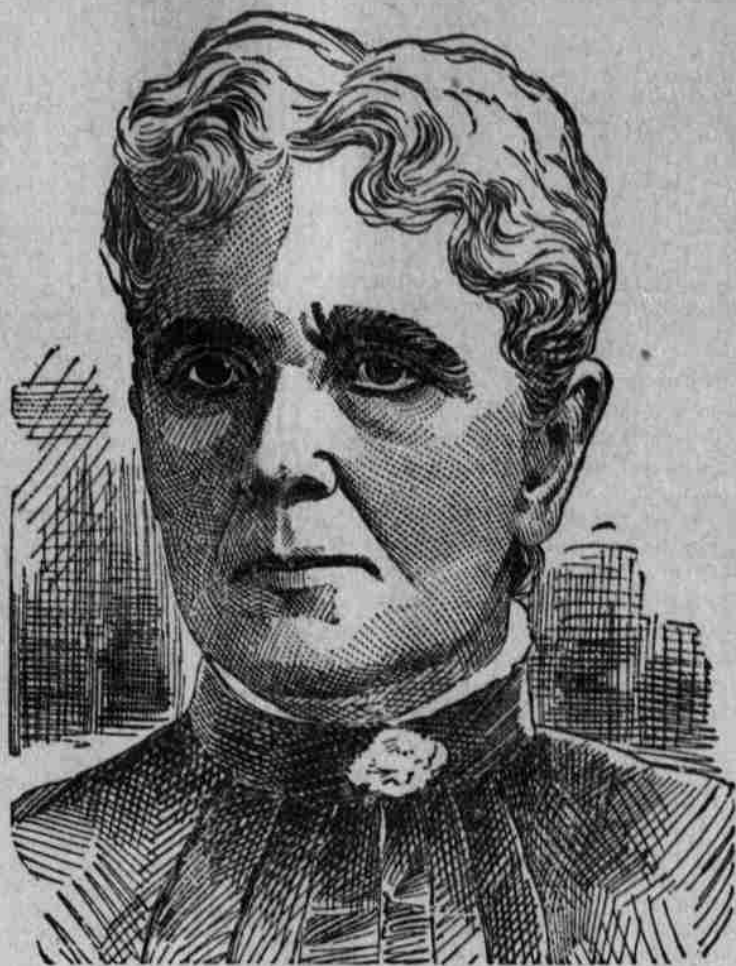
"I'm all in the dark about how these bills are to be paid," said Mr. Hardup to his wife. "Well, Henry," said she, as she pulled out a yellow one and laid it on top of the pile, "you will be if you don't pay that one, for that's the gas bill."—Washington Capital.

Mrs. Brown—Did you have a good time at the party last evening? Mrs. Black—Not at all. It was awfully dull. We sat there like mummies and nobody had hardly a word to say. We couldn't get anybody to play on the piano, you know.—Boston Transcript.

"The evidence shows that you have been scorching," spoke the magistrate, with great sternness. "You appear to be a persistent, habitual scorcher. What have you to say for yourself?" "Do I look like I was scorchin' now?" asked the blue-nosed youth who stood shivering with dread before him.—Chicago Tribune.

OUT WITH OLD NOSTRUMS.

Try Paine's Celery Compound, the Most Advanced Remedy That Science Can Give.



MRS. R. R. PRATT.

There are very intelligent men and women who still prefer open fires to steam pipes and furnaces.

But only a very shallow-minded person would deliberately choose an old-fashioned remedy in case of sickness.

Sufferers from neuralgia, rheumatism or kidney trouble want the surest and most advanced remedy science can give them. Getting well is not a matter of sentiment, but the most seriously practical matter. That is why the most thoughtful and conservative people now use Paine's celery compound, and recommend it to friends and relatives who are threatened or afflicted with nervous exhaustion, sleeplessness, disordered liver or blood diseases.

That wonderfully acute and patient investigator, Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M. D., LL. D., of Dartmouth college, embodied in Paine's celery compound the most progressive, yet thoroughly es-

tablished, views on the cure of diseases of nervous origin.

All of the imitations of Paine's celery compound—every one knows how many there are—have proved to be entirely wide of the mark. Their promises of astonishing curative abilities are easily made on paper; but they are not kept.

It is easy to verify every claim made by Paine's celery compound. There is no village so small but it contains families in which this wonderful remedy has made some member well. Men who weigh their words and are careful what they write above their signatures have publicly given this great invigorator its deserved credit for health-making powers such as no other remedy ever received.

That Paine's celery compound certainly cures such diseases as neuralgia, sleeplessness and dyspepsia does not admit of a doubt. It builds up the entire



MRS. W. E. JOHNSON.

nervous system, plumps out the tissues, starts the blood into healthy circulation and regulates the action of the nerves. It makes people well, strong and energetic. Mrs. R. R. Pratt of Center Brook, Conn., whose portrait is given here, says plainly:

"I find Paine's celery compound a perfect medicine. I took several bottles for general debility, and it did for me all I could ask. It made me well. I have recommended it to my friends, and they all speak in its praise."

Paine's celery compound is the most assured and direct means of getting back a full store of vitality. It is a true nerve regulator. It exterminates all vicious humors that linger in the blood. It cures rheumatism, and is used by physicians as a specific for this disease. Says Mrs. W. E. Johnson of Cape Rozier, Me.:

"I was attacked with rheumatic

fever in its worst form. I employed the best physicians, but received no permanent relief. When I commenced to take Paine's celery compound my feet and hands were swollen so badly that they were useless. I could not walk a step, and was suffering very much. When I had taken four bottles of Paine's celery compound I could walk well, and I continued until I took six bottles. It made me perfectly well, and I have been so ever since. I wish the whole world might know of its great value."

Paine's celery compound makes people well!

Winter searches out the weak parts in the body; colds settle in the de-ranged organs and develop disease. Make every part of the body sound; build up the strength and be ready for the shock of cold weather by taking Paine's celery compound.

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New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Portland, Or.



MME. A. RUSSERT says: "I appreciate the fact that there are thousands and thousands of the ladies of the United States that would like to try my World Renowned FACE BLEACH; but have been kept from doing so on account of the price, which is \$2 per bottle, or 3 bottles taken together \$5. In order that all of these ladies may have an opportunity, I will mail free a sample bottle, safely packed, plain wrapper, on receipt of 25 cents. BLACK LIPS, pimples, moth, sallowness, black heads, acne, eruptions, dizziness or roughness, or any discoloration or disease of the skin, and wrinkles (not caused by facial expression); FACE BLEACH removes absolutely. It does not cover up, as cosmetics do, but it is a cure. Send for my book 'How to be Beautiful,' free on application. Address all communications or call on

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