

Peculiar To Itself

In what it is and what it does—containing the best blood-purifying, alterative and tonic substances and effecting the most radical and permanent cures of all humors and all eruptions, relieving weak, tired, languid feelings, and building up the whole system—is true only of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

No other medicine acts like it; no other medicine has done so much real, substantial good, no other medicine has restored health and strength at so little cost.

"I was troubled with eczema, and came near losing my sight. For four months I could not see to do anything. After taking two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I could see as well as ever."—S. A. HARRIS, Williams, N. C.

Wood's Sarsaparilla promises to cure and keeps the promise.

Odd Things About the 'Fossam'

The American opossum is one of the most curious animals living in the United States. It is the only one that carries its young in a pouch, like the kangaroo. It is the only animal that can feign death perfectly. It is remarkable for hanging by its tail like a monkey. It has hands resembling those of a human being. Its snout is like a hog's, while its mouth is liberally furnished with teeth. Its eyes are like a cat's and it lisses like a snake.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed, the sound waves cannot pass through it, and the ear is deaf. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures this inflammation, and restores the ear to its normal condition, hearing will be restored forever. No case of deafness has ever been cured by any other medicine.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for each case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free.

J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, etc.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Refused to Be Seized

A Frenchman went to a brother member of his lodge and said to him: "What does a polar bear do?" The brother answered: "What does a polar bear do? Why, he sits on the ice."

"Sits on ice?"

"Yes," said the brother, "there is nothing else to sit on."

"Well, what he do, too?"

"What does he also do? Why, he eats fish."

"Eat fish—sits on ice and eats fish. Then I do not accept."

"You don't accept? What do you mean?"

"Oh, non, non. I does not accept. I was appointed to act as polar bear to see funeral."

The Shortest Way

out of an attack of

Rheumatism or Neuralgia

is to use

St. Jacobs Oil

Which affords not only sure relief, but a prompt cure. It soothes, soothes, and ends the suffering.

Price, 25c. and 50c.

TRADE MARK.

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White Buffalo

Old buffalo hunters used to tell of having seen and pursued white buffalo. There were white buffalo albinos, such as are found at rare intervals in all the families of the animal kingdom; but the number of those which existed in fact and of those which existed purely in the imagination, says the Kansas City Journal, were in wonderful disproportion.

In 1873 old Ben Canfield, who roamed the plains with his tall, gaunt wife for a companion, followed a herd of buffalo from the northern edge of what is now Oklahoma to the sand hills of Nebraska, thinking to kill a big white bull which he had seen in the herd. After three weeks of patient stalking Canfield did kill the bull, only to find that the whiteness of its appearance was due to a coat of white-wash.

An explanation of this phenomenon would not be needed by people familiar with the natural line beds of western Kansas. The habit of the white buffalo to roll or wallow in every pool of water or mud hole to which he comes. Canfield's buffalo had simply been rolling in a bed of native lime, which, when dried in the sun, coated his hide with a kind of plaster.

No doubt these lime holes account for many of the "white buffalo" so often reported by hunters.

The Century's Summer Campaign

It is announced that each of the summer and autumn numbers of The Century will carry out a special plan. The June issue, for instance, will be a Western number, its long and full list of contents representing, by subject or by contributor, every trans-Alleghany State or Territory. It will be, in a certain sense, a Western exhibit for the St. Louis Fair. There will be eight articles of special significance to the West and of much general interest, including a word for forestry from President Cleveland, four striking color plates, eleven stories besides further chapters of Jack London's "The Sea-Wolf," and various other features that promise much pleasure and profit.

The July issue will be a special fiction number, but will have also a paper on "The New West Point," with impressive drawings from the architects' plans, and two or three articles touching interests in the Far East. Andre Castaigne's pictures of the world's fair, for which the studies were made on the grounds, are making and are promised for an early number.

What Gorman is Really Like

As statesmen go, Gorman is not an old man. Born in 1839, he has seen sixty-five years, but they rest upon him lightly. His form is still as erect as ever, and his shoulders as broad. Personally Gorman is a man of few petty vices. He is a baseball crank—or was when the national game flourished—and wastes money raising chickens and vegetables on his farm at Laurel, Md., a few miles from Washington. Unlike some statesmen he is not given to the amusement known at the Capitol as "opening wine," and neither does he smoke tobacco incessantly, like some of his distinguished colleagues, nor chew it, like certain eminent jurists. His family life has been ideal.

Gorman is not approachable, in the ordinary sense. He does not wear an air of very marked geniality, and as a rule, he keeps his own counsel and makes confidants of few. But his manner, at all times, is suave and polite, and he has a fashion of calming enemies that has stood him in good stead.—Leslie's Monthly.

From Examination Papers

A friend handed me these excerpts from examination papers which he had collected during the past year. They are the result of asking the youngsters to write sentences showing the meaning of the words they had to spell: Mathematics are all the studies put together.

It would take quite long to travel the radius of the world.

Stenography means to be a typewriter.

Equilateral means pearly half.

The wild lion was very radius.

He was very radius at me.

Radius, a different kind of people.

The radius of the hole was 15 feet deep.—Boston Record.

SERMONS OF THE WEEK

Death—What we call death is not really death. It is a mere separation of soul and body, and the soul the essential thing of us lives on.—Rev. Lyman Abbott, Congregationalist, at Berkeley, Cal.

Salvation—The world has never outgrown Christ's conception of salvation. And can never outgrow it, for the law of it is written in the very page of the universe itself.—Rev. R. M. Waters, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Literature—The Bible is a literature, not a book; it is the literature of a great people, and as such it gives us an insight into the beginning of the religion of a great people.—Rev. W. S. Rainford, Episcopalian, New York City.

Pessimism—On the whole, life is not so bad as we were taught to expect it; the fears of pessimism are not realized by healthy men; our young fears were larger than the experienced facts.—Rev. Robert Mackenzie, Presbyterian, New York City.

The Bread of Life—There is in the city not only literal physical famine, but a famine of the bread of life. And on the boulevards in splendid palaces no less than in the poorest slums, men are perishing for lack of it.—Rev. P. S. Henson, Baptist, Boston, Mass.

Self-Defense—The fight with the slums is not a mere philanthropy; it is a measure of self-defense. The age-long struggle of the church to uplift and to save is as much a service to the saints as to the sinners.—Rev. J. G. Adams, Episcopalian, Hartford, Conn.

Honesty—Men find it easier to take the path of least resistance. But the honest man will follow the beckoning hand of truth at any and all cost. He will be true to the promptings of his conscience, no matter what the world will say.—Rabbi J. L. Levy, Hebrew, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Danger—It is one of the dangers of our modern preoccupation with novels and the dramatic successes of the stage that our emotional life is called into activities that are not always harmonious with the rest of our life.—Rev. T. C. Hall, Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. Y.

False Ideals—A sermon molded and shaped to human fashion oftentimes looks well, but Christ is obscured and the conscience of the hearer is unaroused. Sin's putrefaction must be cut out by the surgical knife of eternal truth.—Rev. R. S. Boye, Methodist, Kennebec, Me.

The Man Outside—There is only one man in the world who is outside the pale of religion, and he is the conceited man, the self-centered and self-satisfied man. Between him and the kingdom of God there is a great gulf fixed.—Rev. J. H. Mellish, Episcopalian, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Freedom—What man wants is less of government; the relaxation of oppressive laws; larger freedom for the individual, stronger fraternity, more perfect equality. Out of this larger freedom will come prosperity, peace and happiness for all.—Rev. George E. Reed, Methodist, Carlisle, Pa.

Sorrow—All Christian sorrow, as well as all Christian experiences are but different methods of God's own through which He gives higher and fuller revelations of His love and blessing, and develops His people to better fitness for service.—Rev. J. B. Mackay, Presbyterian, Glens Falls, N. Y.

Love for All—God loves all His children, and does not love one less because He has another, or because He has many millions of children. He loves them all and has love enough for them all, and He wants His children to love each other.—Rev. L. M. Zimmerman, Lutheran, Baltimore, Md.

Affection—No man has a moral right to swear before the altar of God that he will be true to one woman, unless he believes that he is absolute master of his affection. If he disbelieves, and takes one woman to wife, he is a liar and a hypocrite.—Rev. Frank Crane, Congregationalist, Worcester, Mass.

The Ruin of Nations—Prosperity has been the ruin of nations—Egypt, Syria, Greece and Rome. There is in a bacillus that tends to overstep prudence—a blunting of fine sensibilities, a lessening of ideals, a treading underfoot of eternal principles of right and justice.—Rev. G. B. Burns, Methodist, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dangers—There are two dangers which threaten the churches in their relation with the pastors; the people's over estimation of the minister and their underestimation of themselves. The church may have an able minister, brilliant and eloquent, but if because of this the people sit down in admiration and congratulation the chariot wheels of truth are choked rather than helped along.—Rev. Richard Turner, Methodist, Philadelphia, Pa.

Nothing New—The world has been busy eighteen hundred years since John laid down his pen; very busy. The thoughts of men have gone every where searching for truth. I want some man to write one sentence of moral or religious truth that is not in the Bible at least in what Jesus said and in what, by inspiration, the apostle wrote. They cannot give you on those lines the dot of an "i" or the cross of a "+".

And the world is coming to recognize that unique and amazing fact.—Rev. C. D. Foss, Methodist, New York City.

Garlic in Salads

A way to favor a salad with garlic in the most delicate manner is to let a clove of garlic remain for twenty-four hours in a quart bottle of salad oil before the latter is used. This gives just the indefinable tang that much improves the salad without overdoing the garlic flavor.

Mrs. Mladt—Charles, do you think I am gowned well enough for the reception? Mr. Mladt—Yes; how am I coated and painted?—Chicago Record-Herald.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

You can hardly find a home without its Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Parents know what it does for children: breaks

Cherry Pectoral

up a cold in a single night, wards off bronchitis, prevents pneumonia. Physicians advise parents to keep it on hand.

"The best cough medicine money can buy is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For the coughs of children nothing could be better."—JACOB BULL, Saratoga, Ind.

For

Throat, Lungs

Ayer's Pills greatly aid the Cherry Pectoral in breaking up a cold.

A Fool and His Wisdom

A story, which is credited to Major Pond by the New York Tribune, tells of a weak-minded lad who went to the miller to have some grain ground. The miller said to him:

"So you are a fool, eh?"

"I guess I am," replied the youth.

"A fool, eh? A natural?" mused the miller.

"We haven't many natural fools hereabouts. Do you mind if I ask you a few questions?"

"Oh, no, sir, of course not," the lad answered, politely.

"Well, my boy, since you are a fool," began the miller, "I want you first to tell me what you know, and afterward what you don't know. Now, to begin, what do you know?"

"I know," said the boy, "that the miller's dogs are fat."

"Good! Very good!" said the miller.

"That is what you know. Now tell us what you don't know."

"I don't know whose grain fattens 'em," replied the youth.

A Farmer Found It

Mount Pleasant, Utah, May 23.—To find a medicine that will cure every ailment due to diseased or disordered kidneys has been the aim of many physicians and chemists.

Mr. C. E. Peterson, a farmer of this place says he has found such a remedy and that he has tried it with success in his own case. Mr. Peterson says the remedy is Dodd's Kidney Pills, a medicine introduced here about seven months ago.

"I am glad to be allowed to testify to what good things Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for me. I used this remedy for kidney trouble and it cured me completely."

"I can heartily recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to all who suffer with any kind of kidney trouble."

Mr. Peterson's case is only one of many just as convincing that have been reported recently. This new remedy seems to have conquered Rheumatism completely, not a single case having been reported where Dodd's Kidney Pills have failed to cure perfectly and permanently.

Love's Labor Lost

Anxious Mamma—Clara, dear, what did Mr. Coldcash say last night when he was trying to button your glove in the hall?

Clara—Oh, he merely said that any man who made gloves that were as hard to button as mine ought to quit the business.

Anxious Mamma—Well, dear, take my advice and don't waste any more time in that direction.

Keely's Liquid-Morphine-Tobacco

Keely's Liquid-Morphine-Tobacco Cures Habits Permanently Cured. For full particulars, send for circular to Keely Institute, Portland, Ore.

Young girls in Greece and Italy worshiped Diana until they were of age, when they dedicated their girdles to her by hanging them up in her temple or grove, and turned to Aphrodite.

Miss Hapgood tells how she escaped an awful operation by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I suffered for four years with what the doctors called Salpingitis (inflammation of the fallopian tubes and ovaries), which is a most distressing and painful ailment, affecting all the surrounding parts, undermining the constitution, and sapping the life force. If you had seen me a year ago, before I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and had noticed the sunken eyes, sallow complexion, and general emaciated condition, and compared that person with me as I am today, robust, hearty and well, you would not wonder that I feel thankful to you and your wonderful medicine, which restored me to new life and health in five months, and saved me from an awful operation."—Miss IRENE HARWOOD, 1023 Sandwich St. Windsor, Ont.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Ovaritis or inflammation of the ovaries may result from sudden stopping of the monthly flow, from inflammation of the womb, and many other causes. The slightest indication of trouble with the ovaries, indicated by dull throbbing pain in the side, accompanied by back and shooting pains, should claim your instant attention. It will not cure itself, and a hospital operation, with all its terrors, may easily result from neglect.

PISO'S CURE FOR

CONSUMPTION

Write for full particulars to PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, 100 N. 3rd St., St. Paul, Minn.

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SHEEP NONSENSE

Englishwoman—Have you been to Westminster Abbey yet? Fair American—No; but I hear it highly spoken of.—EX.

Visitor—Has your little baby sister got any teeth? Tommy—Oh, yes! I guess she's got 'em, but she ain't hatched 'em out yet.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"What do you think of my death scene?" asked the actor. "Well, it seemed to me it came a little too late in the piece," was the reply.—Chicago Evening Post.

Daily Guide to Flattery.—If you meet a woman who strongly suspects that she is a beauty, ask her earnestly if all her family are beautiful.—Baltimore American.

Dorothy—So Jack kissed you, eh? Did you give him any encouragement? Julia—Encouragement! Say, I guess you don't know Jack, do you?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Anything To Blame It On.—Mother—Johnny Jones, did you get that awful cold on skating? Son—Mother, I think I caught it washing my face yesterday morning.—Judge.

The Empress of China—What is that strange noise I hear? The Minister of the Interior—It is the bottom dropping out of the New York stock market, your majesty.—Life.

Stimulation.—Biggs—I understand that young Briefly has taken up the law since he married. Diggs—Very likely. I understand that his wife lays it down to him.—Chicago News.

Willie—Pa, you don't get chestnuts until after there's a frost, do you? Pa—Except in the case of a farce-comedy, my son. Then the chestnuts come first and the frost afterward.—Philadelphia Press.

A Physician's Blunder.—Dr. Jinks—I suppose you must have lost some of your patients by being away so long a time? Dr. Kent—Yes, confessed it! Ten or a dozen of them got well.—Boston Transcript.

Small Consolation.—The Landlady—I'm afraid Mr. Sloppy has forgotten what a large bill he owes me. The Star Boarder—No, he hasn't. He said only yesterday that he wished he had money enough to move.—Judge.

Miss Peppery—I suppose that was your valet I saw with you yesterday. Cholly—My dear Miss Peppery, don't say "valet." That word, you know, is not used now as—Miss Peppery—Well, then, your "keeper."—EX.

Miss Howljamies (at the opera)—Hans't she a marvelous technique? Mr. Chakolia—Yes, but she doesn't seem to know how to manage it gracefully. She gives it a sort of kick when she turns around.—Chicago Tribune.

"My gracious! What a crush!" gasped the shopper; "I'm nearly dead." "Permit me, madam," said the floorwalker, politely, "to call your attention to our underground department in the basement."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mr. B.—My dear Mrs. Croesus, may I not put your name down for tickets to Professor Pundit's course of lectures on Buddhism? Mrs. C.—Oh, by all means! You know how passionately fond I am of flowers.—Pick-Me-Up.

Mrs. Jilison—Foreign newspapers contain many advertisements of titles for sale by members of noble families. Old Jilison—They should advertise for sealed proposals from American heiresses; this is leap year.—Detroit Free Press.

Laying Down the Law.—Lady (entertaining friend's little girl)—Do you take sugar, darling? The Darling—Yes, please, Lady—How many lumps? The Darling—Oh, about seven, and when I'm out to tea I start with cake.—Punch.

Mr. Millyuns—Now, Tommy, you must go to school and work hard. Why, look at me! I started without a cent, and now I'm a millionaire. Tommy—Yes, I know; but you can't do it any more. They all have cash registers now.—EX.

"Living at Swamphurst, eh? That's up the river, isn't it?" "Yes." "Are your grounds near the water?" "Well, sometimes they're as much as six inches from the surface, and on rare occasions there's no water on them at all."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Shrewd Wife.—Mrs. Greene—I hope you trust your husband implicitly? Mrs. Brown—Oh, yes, indeed; but I wouldn't have him know it for the world. If he were aware of my perfect trust in him he might be tempted to take advantage of it, you know."—Boston Transcript.

Exercise for Both.—Does your wife go in for athletics? "Um—yes, in a way. She went out yesterday to take exercise; said she was going to walk up a long hill." "And she did?" "No; she got into the dry-goods district and ran up a long bill instead. You can