

FROM actual analysis made by me, I pronounce the Royal Baking Powder to be the Strongest and Purest Baking Powder before the public.

W. D. Keyser

Prof. Chemistry, College of Pharmacy Dept., University of California.

Smugglers' Tricks.

Some amusing anecdotes are related in connection with the recent discoveries of smugglers' tricks. A few years ago an individual in an ecclesiastical costume used to cross the frontier from Switzerland into France every morning with a large breviary in his hand. He was a man of dignified aspect and received every mark of deference from the customs officers, who sometimes accompanied him on the way of his daily stroll. At last a letter put the authorities on the alert, and the presumed priest was found to be a professional smuggler, who had contrived to introduce into France at least 1,000 watches in his breviary, which on examination proved to be a tin box.

Very curious also was the experience of a former inspector general of customs here. During a visit to Geneva he bought a clock and instructed the vendor to forward it only when he had informed him of his return to Paris, advising that he must be careful to pay the duty. One of the first things that he noticed on his arrival at his home was this identical timepiece in his drawing room, and in reply to his questions his coachman explained that the tradesman had himself stowed the clock away in his carriage. It is calculated that only one out of ten professional smugglers is ever caught.—London Telegraph.

A Competent Motorman.

The complete power which a thoroughly practical and long experienced motorman has over his trolley car was clearly demonstrated by one of the employees of the Hestonville line in Philadelphia the other day. It was dinner time, and several of the cars were at one end of the route. Included in the lunch of one of the motormen was a hard boiled egg. In a joking way he said to his neighbor, "I will bet \$4 that I can crack the shell of this egg without breaking the egg with the front dasher of my car." A pool was made and the motorman reversed the current and backed his car a distance of several yards. One of his companions stood on the rear platform of the car in front and held the egg between his fingers, with one end against the rear dasher of the car. The maker of the bet started his car forward at a good rate of speed and then applied the brake, bringing the car to a dead standstill only when it had come so close to the car ahead as to hold the egg supported by both cars. Then he again reversed the current, and the shell was found to be neatly cracked, but the meat of the egg unbroken.—Exchange.

Where They All Gargle.

A visitor to the French springs at Chateaux, where sulphur waters are highly recommended for throat difficulties, writes thus:

"I strolled into the Therme and was immediately seized with astonishment at the gargling rooms. The solemn way in which people took their glasses of water and went to gargle was a source of wonder to one who was not accustomed to it. I will draw a veil over the gargling. It is not a beautiful sight, and the best looking woman can hardly look pretty when engaged in it.

"Proficiency in gargling is much admired, and I overheard a group discussing a man who, they said, 'gargled a merrillie.' At the table d'hôte later I was amused to hear a man ask a good looking girl if she gargled. 'Oh, yes, monsieur,' was the reply. 'Shall we gargle together tomorrow?' he asked, and she seemed quite pleased."—Pearson's Weekly.

THE SECRET OF GOOD CROPS.

The modern farmer is not content to use the antiquated tools and methods of his fathers. In this age of keen competition, the farmer who wishes to prosper, needs and gets the most improved farming implements, and by reading the best agricultural literature, he keeps in touch with the spirit of progress that pervades our farming community. It is particularly also, in regard to the kind of seed he plants and the manner of planting it. The seeds must be of highest fertility and germination, and the most profitable variety of stock. The great secret and requirement of highest yields and most profitable crops is, "Ferry's Seed Annual" for 1906. This book is of the greatest value to farmers and gardeners through the dealers all over the country. The reliability and fertility of their seeds are proverbial and the largest seed business in the world has been created by their sale. In evidence of this fact, the highest award and prize was given to "Ferry's Seed Annual" for 1906. This book is of the greatest value to farmers and gardeners—a veritable encyclopedia of planting and farming knowledge. It contains more useful and practical information than many text books that are sold for a dollar or more, yet it will be mailed free to any one sending his name and address on a postal card to the firm.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT

FERRY'S VEGETABLE PAIN-KILLER

It is a very remarkable remedy, both for INFLUENZA and EXHAUSTION. It is especially useful in its quick action to relieve distress.

Pain-Killer is a sure cure for Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Cholera, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cramps, Chills, and all Bowel Complaints.

Pain-Killer is the BEST remedy known for Sea Sickness, Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

Pain-Killer is unquestionably the BEST LINIMENT MADE. It brings speedy and permanent relief in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, etc.

Pain-Killer is the well tried and most trusted friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Plumber, Sailor, and in fact all classes wanting a medicine always at hand, and safe to use internally or externally with certainty of relief.

IS RECOMMENDED by Physicians, by Ministers, by Mechanics, by Nurses in Hospitals, BY EVERYBODY.

Pain-Killer is a Medicine Chest in a bottle. It is a safe and reliable remedy without the usual attendant of any medicine. It is a valuable remedy in the house. Its price brings it within the reach of all. It is especially useful in many cases of colds and influenza. Beware of imitations. Take none but the genuine "FERRY'S."

A BABY I KNOW.

God's angel was bidden to make her hair, So he wove the sunshine into her hair. He took of the midnoon's cloudless skies And fashion'd it there into two blue eyes. He washed her white with the sinless snows And painted her cheeks with the dawn's faint rose.

He dimpled her tiny hands and feet, He made her sunny and soft and sweet, He molded her round white limbs with art, He got her from heaven a pure child heart. Then he kissed her lips and her brow and eyes And brought her, sleeping, from paradise. Each virtue lies in those kisses three That, how so weary as they are we, The look and the smile on our baby's face Bring rest and comfort and endless grace.

—Bessie Gray in Ladies' Home Journal.

IMPURE FOODS.

Some of the Many Things We Eat That Are Adulterated.

A recent report of the dairy food commissioner of Pennsylvania names so many food products which are adulterated as to raise a query as to what is not adulterated. Among the many impure things sold are allspice, which is mostly composed of ground and roasted coconut shells; baking powder; beef, wine and iron prepared as a tonic; butter, buckwheat flour, candy, catchup, cider, cheese, cinnamon, cloves—the latter made almost entirely from ground coconut shells, the odor and taste of cloves being scarcely perceptible; coffee—consisting chiefly of coffee screenings or damaged coffee, but sold at a high price as a pure article; fresh "Java" made from wheat and barley hulls, roasted with sugar and containing no coffee; codfish not dried, but merely cheap dried fish; cream of tartar adulterated with flour; flaxseed adulterated with starch; fruit "butters," such as apple butter, peach butter, etc., very seldom pure, being adulterated with starch waste and salicylic acid; the same is true of grated pineapples; ginger adulterated with ash, rice hulls, rice flour and cayenne pepper; lard; maple sirup, made from commercial glucose thinned with about 20 per cent of water; mixed spices; orange juice, lemon oil, lemon phosphate, molasses, mustard, olive oil, pepper, vinegar, vanilla extract, all kinds of preserves, extract of strawberries and tea.

To add to the deception a few apple seeds are scattered through the so called fruit jams, or timothy or other seeds are added to the mixture to represent raspberry, strawberry, etc. The production of artificial colors is particularly common in confections. Indigo, tumeric, annatto, logwood and cochineal are used in great quantities, and are probably not harmful; arsenic, copper and lead are very deleterious, but are not now used as much as in former times, before sanitary officials made such persistent attacks on them. Milk and milk products are often colored. Annatto is very commonly used by dairymen to give a rich yellow color. In itself annatto is probably harmless, but it produces deceptive results.—New York Post.

ODD BILLIARD FACTS.

Making a Table in a Day—The Balls Seasoned in Incubators.

A billiard table can be built in 24 hours if carte blanche is given to the manufacturer, but he prefers to have time to get the right effects from one month to six. The wood needs to be seasoned for a period of nearly seven years. Rich, deep Spanish mahogany is used, polished oak, ebony and satin wood.

Tables are not always covered in green. Blue is sometimes used and a pure olive green. The late Prince Leopold was the first to make use of the latter color, and olive green is known today in the billiard world as Prince Leopold's color.

The balls must be well seasoned before they are used for play. Manufacturers have incubators in which to store them that they may undergo the drying process. Some incubators will hold fully 3,000 balls. When they are first made, they are "green." Solid ivory is the only satisfactory material of which to make them; "artificial balls" (those made of composition) are much heavier and do not wear well. English makers, to give the red balls a perfect color, steep them in a decoction that is sometimes described as the "guardsman's bath." This is extracted from the old coats of Tommy Atkins, and for billiard balls it is the finest scarlet dye known.—New York World.

A Brave Chinese Officer.

Huang Tzu-Lien, who was a returned American student, was killed before the surrender of Wei-Hai-Wei. He was first lieutenant of the Peiyang cruiser Tai-Yu, having succeeded the late Shen Shun Ch'ang, another returned American student, who was killed while commanding the Tsi-Yuen in the first naval action of the late war at the mouth of the Yashan river, Korea, July 25, 1894, owing to the cowardice of his subsequently decapitated captain, Fong Peh-Kien. During the fighting at Wei-Hai-Wei Lieutenant Huang Tzu-Lien was badly wounded and was therefore advised to leave his ship and go to Chefoo for treatment. This he resolutely refused to do, declaring that "his duty to the emperor demanded his remaining at his post." After having had his wounds hastily dressed, the late lieutenant went on with his duties on board, although he had to be supported by an attendant in doing so. Shortly afterward a shot struck his thigh, but he still refused to retire, remaining with his guns. A few minutes afterward a shell from the enemy's batteries almost annihilated the gallant officer.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Mr. Gratebar on Fishing.

"I think," said Mr. Gratebar, "that the talent for fishing, like many other talents, is a gift. No doubt the true fisherman, like the poet, is born, not made. Fishing is a faculty that can be cultivated, like many others; one can learn by rote about tackle and baits and tides and so on, but when it comes to actual contact with the fish there comes in the art of the fisherman. The fact is that some men can catch fish and some can't. I am one of those who cannot; time and again I have sat in a boat alongside of men catching lots of fish and caught none or next to none. But I love to go fishing, all the same."—New York Sun.

Oddities of Sight.

The two eyes really see two objects. If the two forefingers be held, one at the distance of one foot, the other two feet in front of the eyes, and the former be looked at, two phantoms of the latter will be observed, one on each side. If the latter be regarded, two phantoms of the nearer finger will be observed mounting guard, one on each side.

When it Reached "Gold Bugs," that particular eye flared up like a fuse. "Now, would you say if Gold Bugs went up again to 5 1/2, eh?" "Rot!" "Right you are, dear boy. 'Rot,' is it? Well, well, you think I misled you about that little deal, eh?" "Well, if you want plain speaking, Mr. Scherer, I think you did."

"And you and I friends, George! This is what comes of trying to do a man a good turn! Now, what do you say if I offer to take those shares off your hands again, since you're so cut up over 'em?"

"At a shilling apiece, I suppose. Ha, ha!"

"A shilling apiece? No, sir; not at 'a shilling apiece.' I'll give you what you gave for 'em and 'a shilling apiece' over to soothe your injured feelings. What d'ye think of that?"

Mr. Scherer found his magnanimity so exhilarating that he drew himself up, threw open his coat and slipped George's Evening Intelligence into his own pocket.

"You doubt my honesty and my good faith, eh, my dear sir," he said, pulling out his checkbook and a roll of notes. Last week you paid me £200. If you will be so good as to hand me back the scrip, I shall have much pleasure in handing you my check for £200, or perhaps," he added, with cutting sarcasm, "since you doubt my honesty you would prefer Bank of England notes?"

George, who had risen, half dazed, had just enough presence of mind to gasp in his astonishment.

"If it's all the same to you, I should."

"Certainly, my dear sir."

"I'm only delighted to hand it back to you," said George fervently as he passed over the scrip and received the crisp notes and gleaming gold in exchange.

"And yet, strange to say," laughed Scherer, "I am assured you, I'm no less delighted to take it back. Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!" for some moments the exclamation prevented speech. When Scherer found breath, he remarked to his bewildered friend: "My dear George, let me give you a word of advice—in fact, two words. Don't doubt your friend's honesty again, and when you hold active shares keep a sharp eye on the papers. Ha, ha, ha!"

"The papers?" echoed Littlecash. "Why, no, I haven't seen tonight's paper yet, and he struck a bell."

"Yes, sir?" said the office boy.

"Where's tonight's evening paper, Tipple?"

"Ain't come in yet, sir."

"Oh, yes, it has," corrected Mr. Scherer, choking with laughter as he produced The Evening Intelligence. "I just—just mechanically picked it up for a moment myself."

But the office boy triumphed.

"That's a hold one, sir. Tonight's ain't come in not yet, sir."

"Not come in!" shrieked Scherer, turning to the date. "Why, good Lord! The d—d paper's a month old!"

Mr. Scherer's exclamations as he sank into George's chair were so shockingly profane that even the office boy turned pale and expected a flash of lightning.

George got his friend out of the office at last, but made a point of handing him back the old £10— "to soothe his feelings." The wedding took place, and Uncle Piper will never know the particulars of George's first—and last—little adventure on the stock exchange.—St. James Budget.

The Melon Didn't Count.

The memoirs of General Marbot upon the first French empire relate that, on the occasion of a very formal distribution of rewards made by Napoleon before Ratisbon, an old grenadier came forward and demanded somewhat sharply, to the astonishment of all, a cross of the Legion of Honor.

"But what have you done?" said Napoleon.

"Why, sire," said the soldier, "it was I who, in the desert of Yafa, when it was terribly hot and you were parched with thirst, brought you a watermelon."

"Thank you," said Napoleon, "but a watermelon for a general is not worth a cross of the Legion of Honor."

The grenadier flew into a violent rage. "Well, then," he shouted, "I suppose that the seven wounds that I got at Arcola and at Lodi and at Ansterlitz and at Friedland go for nothing, eh? My 11 campaigns in Italy, in Egypt, in Austria, in Prussia, and in Poland you don't count I suppose?"

"Tut, tut, tut!" exclaimed the emperor. "How do you get excited when you come to the essential point of the whole matter! I make you now a chevalier of the Legion of Honor for your wounds and your campaigns, but don't tell me any more about your watermelon!"

A LITTLE DEAL.

On presents, clothes, honeycomb. How can earth can one leave out either?" asked George Littlecash of himself, earnestly drilling his penholder into a much furrowed forehead. "There never was a wedding without presents. As for no honeycomb—why, Hetty would be justified in crying off before the very altar."

What had placed our friend in this unpleasant quandary was, to begin with, Uncle Piper's check for £500. It was a check to marry Hetty and set up house with, and qua cash was satisfactory enough, but accompanied with the wise avuncular injunction, "George, marry on a cash basis—cash, mind—or never look me in the face again." Such excellent advice, plus a £500 check, it is impossible for a nephew to spurn, especially a nephew in love.

And then, when he had this gold mine of untold wealth in his pocket and a full ocean of happiness to look forward to, George fell into the toils of a plausible fellow, Tom Scherer of the well known city firm of Mouton, Scherer & Walker. Scherer had such a taking way of remembering and cherishing affectionately one Christian name.

"Ah! Congratulations, my dear George. Coming off next month, eh? Happy man! Some of you fellows have the devil's own luck. And just in time, too, for me to put you on to one of the nicest little chances of making a comfortable nest egg for the happy home, or the prettiest chances you ever had. But come into Pipp's and have a coffee."

Pipp's, that long, low, smoky "dive" in Throgmorton street, was crowded with easy mannered gentlemen in silk hats, or in no hats at all, who conversed in pairs and groups with electrical energy. They could not hear themselves for their own talking. "Sell at five three eight," "Book you thousand," "Buy six quarters," "Sell," "Buy," "Panjandrums," "Rhodes," "Barnes's stock," "I struck Bible bobbie reef," "Last crushing ten ounces"—such were some of the scraps of jargon that emerged above the din in flashes of comparative silence, while ever and anon a gentleman would draw from his vest pocket a little notebook and pencil some entry or other. Almost deafened at first by the hubbub, George Littlecash was soon in the whirlpool himself, an eager listener to Mr. Scherer's glowing tales indicative of the penny-a-day advantage certain to result from a small punt in the South African boom.

"Eighty thou' a deal, my dear George—what d'ye think of that? Eh? Springvent went up on Gold Bug Exchanges—put on every penny he could scrape together till he had a cent to swear by and came out 80,000 golden sovereigns to the good. And yet you say it isn't worth trying. My dear George, faint heart never maintained a fair lady, if it won her."

The upshot was that George figured up his liabilities against his check and handed over to the trusty Scherer £250 to be converted in two days or so into such reasonable time into £2,500.

"Done!" cried Scherer as he penciled the little transaction in his notebook.

"And 'done' George was, for next day when he looked at "Mines" in the money column he found Gold Bugs had crawled down stairs three-eighths."

"What do you advise, Scherer?" asked George when they met in the city.

"Never advise, my dear George. Don't do it—on principle. 'Cut your losses, let your profits run,' is our old wheeze. But it's no good being too hasty. This fall is simply due to somebody being in too big a hurry to pocket a profit. But you judge for yourself, dear boy; that's what I advise."

Next day Gold Bugs had crawled down stairs two or three steps more.

"It's nothing, George," said the optimistic Scherer. "Weak holders couldn't last out. That's my explanation. Still don't be guided by me."

Next day after that Gold Bugs had fallen so heavily that you couldn't find anybody to pick them up again at any price. And just then of course to make amends George Littlecash was reminded by his tailor of that little account "which had been overlooked so many quarters. It was in this doleful hour as he sat savagely biting his lips, knitting his brows and inwardly cursing Scherer and all his works that he glanced vaguely at a copy of The Evening Intelligence.

"Renewed Activity in Rand Shares"

was the line in large type that caught the disconsolate investor's eye as the paper lay on his desk.

"Confound Rand shares!" he ejaculated fervently, wheeling around as though from a toe affectionate snake.

Just then, as luck had it, in popped the beaming and expansive Scherer.

"Why, George, my dear boy, you're looking as ghastly as James Ganham Rand when he was 'taken from life,' as the waxworks bill says. Nothing serious, I hope? Gal chucked you?"

"Look here, Scherer, I don't want you blarneying again. I've had quite enough of Rand shares, thanks—in fact, a long time too much."

"Rand shares? Why, my dear fellow," Scherer returned, with a look of pained virtue, "you really don't mean to tell me that's what put you down in the dumps—that little matter of two-fifty, when you stood in with as many 'hundreds! Bless my soul!" Scherer's eye had just caught the line in The Evening Intelligence. "Have you seen the paper tonight?"

"No," replied George, whose back was turned, "nor want to. I'm sick of the whole thing. You know, for I told you, I couldn't risk anything under the circumstances unless it was absolutely certain."

"And that's what you call 'risk'?"

"Oh, hang! I know it's my own fault—only don't bother me with any more of these fine tales."

"Now, I call this very unkind of you, George," said Scherer, injured. "I do indeed." And so saying Mr. Scherer cast an eye down the money column.

He Will Not Drown Himself

From the Troy, N. Y., Times.

R. W. Edwards, of Lansburgh, was prostrated by sunstroke during the war and it has entailed on him peculiar and serious consequences. At present writing Mr. E. is a prominent officer of Post Loyn, G. A. R., Cohoes and a past aid de camp on the staff of the commander-in-chief of Albany Co. In the interview with a reporter, he said: "I was wounded and sent to the hospital at Winchester. They sent me together with others to Washington—a ride of about 100 miles. Having no room in the box cars we were placed face up on the bottom of flat cars. The sun beat down upon our unprotected heads. When I reached Washington I was insensible and was unconscious for ten days while in the hospital. An abscess gathered in my ear and broke; it has been gathering and breaking ever since. The result of this 100 mile ride and sunstroke, was heart disease, nervous prostration, insomnia and rheumatism; a completely shattered system which gave me no rest night or day. As a last resort I took some Pink Pills and they helped me to a wonderful degree. My rheumatism is gone, my heart failure, dyspepsia, and constipation are about gone and the abscess in my ear has stopped discharging and my head feels as clear as a bell when I myself felt as though it would burst and my once shattered nervous system is now nearly sound. Look at those fingers," Mr. Edwards said, "do they look as if there was any rheumatism there?" He moved about the room like a young boy. "A year ago these fingers were gnarled at the joints and so stiff that I could not hold a pen. My knees would swell up and I could not straighten my leg out. My joints would squeak when I moved them. That is the living truth."

"When I came to think that I was going to be crippled with rheumatism, together with the rest of my ailments, I tell you life seemed not worth living. I suffered from despondency. I cannot begin to tell you," said Mr. Edwards, as he drew a long breath, "what my feeling is at present. I think if you lifted ten years right off my life and left me prime and vigorous at 47 I could feel no better. I was an old man and could only drag myself painfully about the house. Now I can walk off without any trouble. That in itself," continued Mr. Edwards, "would be sufficient to give me cause for rejoicing, but when you come to consider that I am no longer what you might call nervous and that my heart is apparently nearly healthy and that I can sleep nights you may realize why I may appear to speak in extravagant praise of Pink Pills. These pills quiet my nerves, take that awful pressure from my head and at the same time enrich my blood. There, seemed to be no circulation in my lower limbs a year ago, my legs being cold and clammy at times. Now the circulation there is as full and as brisk as at any other part of my body. I used to be so light-headed and dizzy from my nervous disorder that I frequently fell while crossing the floor of my house. Spring is coming and never felt better in my life, and I am looking forward to a busy season of work."

John's Densha.

Mr. L., a good natured German, was the prosperous proprietor of a considerable clothing business in a country town. He had in his employ one John S., whom he had advanced from cashboy to head clerk and who had for many years been an attaché of the store. Since his promotion John had several times asked for a raise in his salary, and each time his request had been granted. One morning John again appeared at the old merchant's desk with another request for an increase of \$10 per month.

"Vy, Shon," said Mr. L., "I think I bays you pooty well alretty. Vat for I bays you any more?" "Well," replied John confidently, "I am your principal help here. I know every detail of the business, and indeed I think you could not get along without me." "Is dot so?" exclaimed the German. "Mein Gott, Shon, vot wood I do suppose you vas to die?" "Well," hesitated John, "I suppose you would have to get along without me then." The old man took several whiffs from his big pipe and said nothing. At last he gravely remarked, "Vell, Shon, I guess you petter consider yourself dead."—Business Journal.

A Disappointing Man.

"Some folks say," said a fisherman, "that if a fish once gets into a pound net it never gets out until it is taken out, but as a matter of fact fish often get out of pound nets. It is common for sheephead, bluefish, Spanish mackerel and shad to get out of them. I've been to a pound net on a Sunday and counted 385 bluefish, and when the net was hauled on Monday found only four or five. The fish get in, and if they find the opening and get started right they can get out. They follow one another like a flock of sheep."—New York Sun.

What He Wondered.

"You seem thoughtful, Henry," said Mr. Meekton's better half.

"Yes, an idea just struck me."

"What was it?"

"I was wondering whether, by next season, the new woman will be gentlemanly enough to take her hat off in the theater."—Washington Star.

STOP, THIEF!

Stop a small malsdy, which is stealing your strength, before it outruns your power to arrest it, and recover what it took from you. The safest and promptest recuperator of wasting vitality, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which restores activity to those functions which interruption interferes with general health. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatic and kidney complaints and biliousness.

"Johnny," screamed his mother, "why are you sitting on your mother's nest? You'll kill him." "I know it," retorted the archer. "But if I let him up he'll go swimmin' and be drowned."

WHY NOT.

It is said that if we take care of little things, the big things will take care of themselves. But why can't we be always prepared for many of our little troubles. What's the use of suffering days and weeks, when in ten minutes we can get rid of the pain. A sudden attack of headache, toothache, or neuralgic headache, finds the most of us without anything at hand, while St. Jacobs Oil would cure and put an end to the trouble promptly.

Shy—
And then the good ship faltered, hardly daring to hug the shore.
The coast was bold—was it retreating,
Possibly she'd hug it more.

\$100 REWARD \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.

Address,
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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Stop a small malsdy, which is stealing your strength, before it outruns your power to arrest it, and recover what it took from you. The safest and promptest recuperator of wasting vitality, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which restores activity to those functions which interruption interferes with general health. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, indigestion, rheumatic and kidney complaints and biliousness.

"Johnny," screamed his mother, "why are you sitting on your mother's nest? You'll kill him." "I know it," retorted the archer. "But if I let him up he'll go swimmin' and be drowned."

WHY NOT.

It is said that if we take care of little things, the big things will take care of themselves. But why can't we be always prepared for many of our little troubles. What's the use of suffering days and weeks, when in ten minutes we can get rid of the pain. A sudden attack of headache, toothache, or neuralgic headache, finds the most of us without anything at hand, while St. Jacobs Oil would cure and put an end to the trouble promptly.

Shy—
And then the good ship faltered, hardly daring to hug the shore.
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