Why Refer to Doctors

Because we make medicines for them. We give them the formula for Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and they prescribe it for coughs, colds, bronchitis, consumption. They trust it. Then you can afford to trust it. Sold for over 60 years.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a remedy that should be in every home. I have used a great deal of it for hard coughs and colds, and I know what a splendid medicine it is. I cannot recommend it too highly."—MARK E. COMBS, Hyde Park, Mass.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA, PILLS, HAIR VIGOR.

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

The Difference.

There is a good story told of Sir Chieh-Chen Lo Feng-luh, who was formerly Chinese minister to England. Years ago he was secretary to Li Hung Chang. He is a very able man, and among other accomplishments speaks and writes English perfectly. The story is given in "The Navy as I Have Known It."

Li Hung Chang is reported to have said to him, "I don't know how it is we send our men to Europe and America, and have foreign instructors in our colleges, as do the Japanese, but we do not seem to derive the advantage from their instruction which the Japanese do."

To this Chieh-Chen Lo Feng-luh replied:

"That is quite true. I was a classmate of the Marquis Ito in England. He is now prime minister, and I am your excellency's secretary."

Turkish women do not come into control of their private fortunes until after marriage. Then they can dispose of one-third of it without the husband's consent.

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Lincoln County—81-Acre Dairy Ranch, stock and furniture, $3,500; 410-Acre Dairy Ranch and Fruit Farm, $6,000; 80-Acre Fruit Farm, $1,500. Yamhill County—72-Acre Farm, good buildings and fruit, $4,000; 45-Acre Farm, $3,000; 10-Acre Farm, $1,000. Hotel and Livery Barn in small town, $1,200. General Merchandise store at St. Johns, invoice. Full information at office, 127½ Seventh St., Room 5, Portland, Oregon. We have agents everywhere.

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On White Salmon River

Two hundred acres (40 leased school land) with 1150 young fruit trees, mostly Spitzenberg and Newton apples. On stage and R. F. D. route; ¾ mile from school. Irrigating ditch covering gardens and small fruits. Stock and tools with place. Price $4,000; $2,500 down. For further particulars address

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"I have used your FISH BRAND Slicker for five years and can truthfully say that I never have had anything give me so much comfort and satisfaction. Enclosed find my order for another one."
(NAME AND ADDRESS ON APPLICATION)

You can defy the hardest storm with Tower's Waterproof Oiled Clothing and Hats.
Highest Award World's Fair, 1904.

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PILLSBURY'S VITOS
MEAT OF THE WHEAT

comes to you as nature's food, direct from the best wheat fields of the world. Actually the Meat of the Wheat—nothing added nothing taken away.

Two Honest Pounds In Every Package.
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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

His Heart's Desire

By SIR WALTER BESANT

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

"Very well," said David. "But you can't touch the money without the papers, can you? Without talking of those coupons for the present, what should you say supposing I was to show you now—this minute—one of the other papers that were in the box?"

"Do you mean it, David? do you mean it?"

"I mean business, uncle. I mean selling, not giving."

"I suppose," said Daniel, trying to preserve a calm exterior, but trembling down to the tips of his fingers—"I suppose, David, that the man who has the box has communicated with you because he thinks you are my enemy?"

"You may suppose so, uncle, if you like."

"Papers stolen from me—papers the unlawful possession of which would insure him a long imprisonment?"

"Just as you like, uncle. Only—don't you see?—at the first mention of the word 'imprisonment' all these papers would be dropped into the fire."

"Show me—prove to me—that you know something about the box."

"I am going to prove it to you." David left the door and came back to the table, standing over his luncle. "What will you give me, I ask you gain, for only one paper out of the box, just to prove that the other papers exist?"

"What paper is it?"

"You shall see; one of the papers that are worth nothing. I have actually got it in this packet, and you shall have it if you give me ten pounds for it; not a penny less—ten pounds. If you refuse, and I have to take it back, ten pounds worth of the coupons shall be torn up and burned. To-morrow I shall come back and make the same proposal, and the next day the same, and every day that you refuse you shall have ten pounds' worth of those coupons burned. When they are all gone you will be sorry."

"Oh! I don't know what this man means!" the old man cried in distress. "Nephew, I am getting tired of this. Show me the paper if you have it with you, and I will tell you what I will do. Put it into my hands."

"Well, I don't mind doing that. If you tear it up I shall want the ten pounds just the same. It doesn't matter to me if you tear up all the papers. Now"—he unfolded the brown paper packet—"what do you think of this?—'The last will and testament of Daniel Leighan.'"

He placed it in his uncle's hands.

"This is a precious document, truly," said Daniel, "a valuable document. Why, man, I've made another will since."

"I don't care how many wills you have made. I don't care whether it is valuable to you or not. To me it is ten pounds. Tear it up or burn it, just as you like. But ten pounds."

"You are a demon, David. You were only a fool when you went away. You have come back a demon."

"Who made me, then? You. Come, don't let us talk any more. There is your paper. Give me my ten pounds and I will go. To-morrow or next day, just as I please, I shall come back."

Daniel Leighan's hands trembled and he hesitated. But he did not doubt his nephew's words. He knew that the box had been somehow recovered, and that the papers were within David's reach, if not in his power.

He opened his desk and took out of it one of those little round boxes which are made for bottles of marking ink. A sovereign just fits into those boxes. He kept one in his desk filled with sovereigns. Mary went over to Moreton once a month to get the money for him. He held this box tightly in his left hand, and began very slowly to count out ten pounds.

"Here, David," he said, with a heavy sigh; "here is the money. If you had read this will you would have found yourself put down for something good. Well, so far I forgive you. But don't tempt me too much, or you may find my real last will and testament a very different thing. You are my nephew, David—my only nephew—and I've got a good deal to leave."

"As for my inheritance, uncle, I am going to take it out of you bit by bit—a little to-day and a little to-morrow. I shall enjoy it better that way. I think that's all. Oh, no! You may be thinking to charge me with unlawful possession of your property. If you do, the whole of the papers will go into the fire. Remember that! And now, uncle, I think I've done a good morning's work. Take care not to talk about this little matter to any one, or it will be the worse for you—mind, not to Mary or to George or to anybody. If you breathe a word, all the papers go into the fire."

CHAPTER XVII.

When Mary came in about one o'clock to clear the table and lay the cloth for dinner she found her uncle in a very surprising condition. He was in tears. Daniel's papers lay untouched upon the table, and he had turned his head unto his pillows, as Ahab turned his unto the wall.

"Why, uncle," cried Mary, "whatever is the matter?"

"I wish I was dead, Mary! I wish I was dead and buried, and that it was all over! I would rather be ill. I could bear any pain, I think, better than this."

"Then what is it? You are trembling. Will you take a cup of tea?"

"No, I can't afford it. I can't afford any luxury now, Mary. You will have to watch over every penny for the future."

"What has happened, then?"

"I am a miserable man. I have been miserable for six years, thinking over my papers; but I always hoped to find them. Now they are found—that is all. They are found, and I never really lost them till they were found."

"Where were they, after all?"

"I cannot tell you, Mary. I only heard to-day—by post—by a letter—not by word of mouth—that they are found. And they are in the hands of a—of a villain; a villain, Mary, who will rob me of I know not what, before I get them back. Don't ask me any more, don't tell any one what I have said. I must have told some one, or I should have died. Don't speak to me about it; I must think—I must think. Oh! never in all my life before did I have to think so hard."

He could eat no dinner; this morning's business had taken away all desire for food. He made pathetic allusions to the workhouse.

"Come, uncle," said Mary, "you will make yourself ill if you fret. You have said for six years that you had lost this money, and now you find that you really have lost it, and you cry over it as if it was a new thing. Nonsense about the workhouse; you are as rich as you were yesterday."

"Mary," he said, "David has been here again. He says it is all a judgment."

"All what, uncle?"

"All the trouble that has fallen upon me—the fall from the pony, the loss of the papers, the very paralysis; he says it is a judgment for my taking his land. Do you think that it is a judgment, Mary? Perhaps I was hard upon the boy; but one couldn't stand by and see a beautiful piece of property going to rack and ruin without stepping in to secure it. If I hadn't lent him the money on mortgage, another would; if I hadn't sold him up, another would—and it is all in the family; that's what David ought to think, and not to come here swearing and threatening. If it is a judgment, Mary——" He paused for a word of comfort.

"Well, uncle," she said, "we are taught that we bring our sufferings upon ourselves; and be sure, if everybody was good, there would be a great deal less suffering in the world. Nobody can deny that."

"But not such a lot of judgment, Mary. All this fuss because David had to sell his farm, and I bought it! I can't believe that. Why don't other people get judgments, then?"

"Patience, uncle. Think—whatever happens now about that money, that it was lost six years ago."

"Ah! you keep on saying that. You don't understand what it is to have the thing you had despaired of recovering dangling before your eyes and then taken away again. What does a woman understand about property? David laughed. There's something come over David. He is just as slow as ever in his speech, and in his ways, but he's grown clever. No one could have guessed that David could go on as he went on here this morning."

"What has David to do with it, uncle?"

"With the property? Nothing, Mary, nothing," he replied, hastily. "Don't think that he has anything to do with it." He groaned heavily, remembering how much, how very much, David had to do with it.

"Can I do anything? Can George do anything?"

"George would like to see me wronged. It is an envious world. There is one thing he could do. It seems a big thing, but it is really a little thing. If George would do it, I would—I would—I would—no; because I should only lose the money another way."

"You mean you would give your consent, uncle?"

"No—no; I can't do that. I couldn't yesterday; much less to-day, Mary."

"Well, what is this thing that George could do for you?"

"A villain has got my property, Mary. George might go and take it from him. If I had the use of my limbs, I'd dog and watch the villain. I would find out where he had put the property. I would tear it out of his hands if I could get it no other way. Old as I am, I would tear it from his clutches."

"George can hardly do that for you, uncle. Especially when you refuse your consent to our marriage, and are going to drive him out of Sidcote, as you drove David out of Berry."

"It's business, girl; it's business. How can I help it?"

"Well, then, uncle, if you are in real trouble, send for George, and let him advise you."

"George, advise—me! Mary, my dear, when I begin to want advice of any man, send for the doctor and order my coffin. I might use George's arms and legs; but my own head is enough for me, thank you. There is another way," he said. "But I doubt whether you have sufficient affection for your uncle to try that way."

"Is it something that I could do? Of course I will do it, if I can."

"Will you? It's this, girl. Hush! don't tell anybody. It's this: David has got a secret that I want to find out. Now," his voice sunk to a whisper, "David was always very fond of you, Mary; and he is that sort of a man as a woman can do what she pleases with him. Pretend to let him make love to you—pretend that you are in love with him. Wheedle the secret out of him, and then tell me what it is."

"And what would George say while I was playing this part? Uncle, if you have such thoughts as that, you may expect another judgment."

He groaned, a good deal shaken and agitated. Then he dropped asleep. But his slumber was uneasy, probably by reason of his agitation in the morning; his head rolled about, he moaned in his sleep, and his fingers fidgeted restlessly. At four o'clock he woke up with a start and a scream, glaring about him with terror-stricken eyes, just as he had done once before.

"Help!" he cried. "Help! He will murder me! Oh! villain, I know you now! I will remember—I will remember—I will remember!" Here the terror went suddenly out of his eyes, and he looked about him in bewilderment.

"Mary! I remembered once more. Oh! I saw so clear—so clear!—and now I have forgotten again. This is the second time that I have seen in my dream the man who took my papers and my gold—the second time! Mary, if it comes again, I shall go mad. Oh! to be so near, and to have the villain in my grasp—and to let him go again! Mary, Mary—the loss of the money, and the dream, and your cousin David—all together—will drive me mad!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

This was truly an auspicious evening for me to present myself with my newly recovered bag. However, ignorant of the morning storm, I walked along, thinking how I would give the old man an agreeable surprise. His room, when I called, about eight o'clock, was gloomy and dark. Mr. Leighan was sitting still and rigid, brooding, I suppose, over David's terrible threats.

"What do you want?" he cried, sharply. "What do you come here for? I am in no mood for idle prating."

"I am come on your business, Mr. Leighan, if you call that idle prating."

"Tell it, then, and leave me. Young man," he said, pitifully, "I am old now, and I am in grievous trouble, and I cannot see my way out of it. Don't mind if I am a little impatient."

"I won't mind, Mr. Leighan. Meantime, I have come to please you."

"You can't. Nothing can please me now, unless you can make me young and strong, and able to throttle a villain—that would please me."

Then I began, with the solemnity with which one leads up to a dramatic situation.

"Six years ago, Mr. Leighan, you said that you had been robbed of a bag with twenty pounds in it."

"A bundle of papers and a bag with twenty sovereigns. I did. Good heavens! one man comes in the morning about the papers, and another in the evening about the money. Go on, go on—I can bear it all."

"There is nothing to bear, I assure you, Mr. Leighan," I said, a little nettled. "Was that bag of yours a brown canvas bag with your initials D. L. on it?"

"I thought so," he replied, strangely. "So you, too, are in the plot, are you? And you are come to tell me that I shall have the bag back without the money, are you? George, I suppose, will appear next with another piece of his conspiracy. You are all in a tale."

"I think I had better finish what I have to say as quickly as possible. You are in a strange mood to-night, Mr. Leighan, with your plots and conspiracies—a very strange mood! Is this your bag?"

I produced it and gave it to him.

"Yes, it is the bag I lost. I never lost but one bag, so that this must be the one. As I said—the bag without the money. Well, I don't care. I have had greater misfortunes—much greater. You have come to tell me that the bag was put into your hands."

"Not at all. I found the bag; I found it on the top of Hamil Down, hidden beside the Gray Wether Stone."

"Very likely." He tossed the bag aside. "Why not there as well as any other place, when the money was once out of it?"

"Mr. Leighan, the money was not taken out of the bag. It was hidden away at the foot of the Gray Wether Stone, where I found it by accident, and here, Mr. Leighan, are your twenty sovereigns."

I took them from my pocket and laid them on the table in a little pile. His long lean fingers closed over them, and he transferred them swiftly to his pocket without taking his eyes off my face, as if he feared that I might pounce upon the money.

"And what, young man, do you ask for your honesty in bringing me back my money?"

"Nothing."

"You might have kept it. I should have been none the wiser. You are rich, I suppose, or you would have kept it. Many young men would have kept it. Can I offer you a pound—yes, a pound!—for your honesty?"

"No, thank you, Mr. Leighan; I do not want a reward for common honesty. Besides, you must thank George Sidcote, not me. It was George who discovered that it was your money."

"As you please—as you please. In London you are so rich, I suppose, with your writing, that you can afford to throw away a pound well earned."

(To be continued.)

RUSE OF BRIDE AND GROOM.

Lost Railroad Tickets and Quarreled Over Them to Fool Passengers.

"I have traveled as a Pullman conductor for twenty-five years and have seen hundreds of newly married couples," said a man with a blue suit and bright brass buttons as a Santa Fe train came into the Union depot the other day, "but not until this trip did I ever see a bride and groom who could keep the public from knowing they were on a honeymoon trip. But this couple about which I speak certainly did fool me to perfection.

"A handsome young man and a blushing, beautiful girl got in my car at Chicago as we started west. I noticed that the man sat down very selfishly and immediately began reading a newspaper, as if he didn't know a winsome little woman was sitting beside him. He had a cool and haughty air about him and I rather disliked him for his lack of courtesy. Pretty soon I went around to collect tickets and asked him for them. Without taking his eyes from his paper he said, 'Mary, give the man the tickets,' and went on reading.

"'You know I haven't the tickets,' quickly replied the woman. 'Then you've lost them,' retorted the angry husband, 'for I gave them to you before we got on the train.'

"'You didn't, either,' his wife replied.

"'I did.'

"'You didn't.'

"'I know I did.'

"'And I know you didn't. Do you mean to say I tell what isn't true?'

"'No, but I'm sure you've lost the tickets,' replied the husband with a look of extreme disgust in his countenance.

"I saw trouble was brewing and told them I would return later to get the tickets," continued the Pullman conductor as he told his story to a crowd around him. "When I went back the man was reading and the woman was pouting. The tickets were in a seat across from them, and I checked them up. Not a word was spoken as I returned the tickets to the woman and left.

"A fellow in the car asked me if that was a newly married couple, and I informed him it certainly wasn't, for both man and woman fussed too much for that. I offered to bet him they had been married ten years.

"Well, we finally reached El Paso, Texas, where the man and woman were to get off the train. As the train slowed up the man called me to him and said:

"'Look here, old man, you've been rather nice to us and we want to let you into a little secret. We were married just before getting on this train. That fuss about the tickets was all arranged before we started and I bought the newspaper just to make the bluff good. Don't you think we behave well for bride and groom?'"—Kansas City Journal.

Right in His Line.

"Yes, I called on the daughter of the great collar manufacturer last evening. The old gentleman must have been thinking about his business, for he gave me a turndown."

"You are lucky. When I called he took me over to the front door and gave me a turnover."

Only One.

The Bachelor—Say what you please, but I don't believe there was ever a man that could size a woman up.

The Benedict—My brother can.

The Bachelor—Ha! How do you know?

The Benedict—Because he is a ladies' tailor.

"Did Maud and Clara kiss and make up?" "They kissed and spoiled their make-up."—Ex.

"Has the circulation of your new magazine gone up?" "No. But the magazine has."—Life.

Doctor—Do you talk in your sleep? Patient—No, I talk in other people's. I'm a clergyman.—Brooklyn Life.

"Bob Smith is sick abed." "Has he got anything dangerous?" "Well, he's got young Dr. Jones."—Town Topics.

Knicker—Is he a successful business man? Bocker—I suppose so, he boasts that he is going to be investigated.—Puck.

Husband—Well, I must say that all fools are not dead yet! Wife (affectionately)—I'm glad of it, dear. I never look well in black.—Illustrated Bits.

"Tommy, why is it that you are always fighting with little Willie Buskirk?" "'Cause he can't run as fast as me 'n' I can lick him."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"That man says a dishonest dollar never passed through his hands." "Not if he could help it," answered Senator Sorghum; "he always held on to it."—Washington Star.

"Genius," he said, "should never be hampered with the cares of a family." "Mistake," said the married man, "in this extravagant age it takes a genius to keep a family."

Citizen—What possible excuse did you fellows have for acquitting that murderer? Juryman—Insanity. Citizen—Gee! The whole twelve of you?—Cleveland Leader.

Citizen—Why don't you nominate a good, honest, incorruptible man for this office? Politician—What's the use? We'll have a good majority without it.—Cleveland Leader.

"Poor fellow, I pity him! The engagement is at an end." "Gracious! Do you mean to say the girl has gone back on him?" "Worse than that! She has been married to him."

"Pa," asked Tommy, "what's the difference between 'assurance' and 'insurance'?" "Well, my son, one is what the agent has and the other is what he persists in trying to sell you."

Teacher—If a man gets four dollars for working eight hours a day, what would he get if he worked ten hours a day? Johnny—Ten hours a day? Gee! He'd get a call-down from de union.

"Now," said the teacher, who had ben giving an elementary talk upon architecture, "can any little boy tell me what a 'buttress' is?" "I know," shouted Tommy Smart. "A nanny goat."

Sympathetic Lady—Very sad that your husband should have lost his leg! How did it happen? Mrs. Muggles—Why, he got run over by one o' these 'ere substraction engines, miss!—Punch.

Mrs. Backmedders—What's them numbers on the autermobile fer, Hiram? Mr. Backmedders—Why, that's the feller's score. It shows how many folks he's run over.—Chicago Daily News.

"Mike," said Plodding Pete," don't you wish dot you was one o' dese here trust magnates?" "Naw," was the answer; "it 'ud be too much like tradin' off a good appetite fur a case o' dyspepsy."—Washington Star.

"Stop!" she cried; "if you dare to put your arms around me I shall——" "What?" he asked when she hesitated. "Humph!" she replied, "if you had any spunk you'd go ahead and find out."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Dat dog o' mine," said Mr. Erastus Pinkly, "keeps on a-tryin' to whup ev'y four-footed critter dat comes down de road." "He must be a fighter." "No, suh. He ain't no fighter. But he don' seem able to reco'nize de fack."

"We had quite a prominent actor as a guest at our house the other evening." "Gracious! didn't you find it hard to entertain him?" "Oh, no, we just handed him a bunch of photographs and his own was among them. He amused himself for hours."—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Oldgold—Before I give you my answer, Count, tell me one thing. When my freshness of youth is gone, and the hand of time has diminished whatever beauty I possessed; when advancing years cause my cheeks to fade and my charms to vanish—tell me, Count, will you love me then? The Count—I do.

First Cabman—What did you charge that stranger for driving him around the corner to the hotel? Second Cabman—Four dollars and ninety-seven cents. First Cabman—Why didn't you make it an even five dollars? Second Cabman—Because four dollars and ninety-seven cents was all he had.—Lippincott's.

"How do you get so many subscribers?" asked the visitor to the office of the great magazine. "Just between you and me I'll tell you the secret. All the manuscript sent in I keep. I answer the contributors and tell them the stuff will be used as soon as available. That makes them subscribers for life."—Indianapolis Star.

Serpent Immune from Its Venom.

One of the most important things about serpent venom is that each species seems to be immune to its own poison. If a snake is inoculated with its own venom it remains unaffected. M. C. Phisalix, who has done so much on this subject, finds experimental evidence that this immunity is to be attributed to the presence in the blood of a free antitoxin. This neutralizes the poison as it is introduced.

New Job for Him.

"Have you 'Lost — Twenty-four hours'?" asked the old lady of the new clerk in the book store.

"No, lady," he replied, "I ain't had time. I only came here to-day."—Philadelphia Press.

OLD SORES OFFENSIVE-DANGEROUS

Nothing is more offensive than an old sore that refuses to heal. Patiently, day after day, it is treated and nursed, every salve, powder, etc., that is heard of is tried, but does no good, until the very sight of it grows offensive to the sufferer and he becomes disgusted and morbid. They are not only offensive, but dangerous, because the same germ that produces cancerous ulcers is back of every old sore. The cause is in the blood and as long as it remains the sore will be there and continue to grow worse and more destructive. The fact that thousands of old sores have been cut out and even the bones scraped, and yet they returned, is indisputable evidence that the blood is diseased and responsible for the sore or ulcer.

Some years ago my blood became poisoned, and the doctor told me I would have running sores for life, and that if they were closed up the result would be fatal. Under this discouraging report I left off their treatment and resorted to the use of S. S. S. Its effects were prompt and gratifying. It took only a short while for the medicine to entirely cure up the sores, and I am not dead as the doctors intimated I would be, neither have the sores ever broken out again. JOHN W. FUNDIS.
Wheeling, W. Va., May 28, 1903.

Valuable time is lost in experimenting with external treatments, such as salves, powders, washes, etc., because the germs and poisons in the blood must be removed before a cure can be effected. S. S. S. cleanses and purifies the circulation so that it carries rich, new blood to the parts and the sore or ulcer heals permanently. S. S. S. not only removes the germs and poisons, but strengthens the blood and builds up the entire system by stimulating the organs, increasing the appetite and giving energy to the weak, wasted constitution. It is an exhilarating tonic, aids the digestion and puts every part of the body in good healthy condition. Book on the blood, with any medical advice wished, without charge.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The Greatest Invention.

"What do you consider the greatest invention of modern times?"

"The phonograph," answered the political boss, who was having trouble with some of his loquacious subordinates. "It never says a thing that hasn't been told to it by somebody that knows what he is talking about."—Washington Star.

He Never Smiled Again.

Miss Stringem—Yes, Mr. Muggsby, I think you would make a lovely comedian.

Muggsby—You flatter me. But do you really think I have talent?

Miss Stringem—Oh, not necessarily; but you have such a funny face.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Much in Little.

"Multum in Parvo," read the man across the street. "Say, that's a queer motto for a shoemaker."

"Guess it's all right, though," rejoined the obese policeman on the corner. "You see, his specialty is ladies' shoes."

Information Wanted.

Uppson — Yes, me dear boy, I am very proud of me family tree, doncher know.

Downing—Do you ever whitewash it?

Uppson—Whitewash it! What for?

Downing—To keep the insects off, doncher know?

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

Not So Remarkable.

Parker—Hear about the fire this morning? Seven people barely escaped with their lives. Remarkable, wasn't it?

Kerwin—I fail to see anything very remarkable about it.

Parker—Why, isn't it remarkable that the seven people escaped with their lives?

Kerwin—No. Had they escaped without their lives it would have been truly remarkable.

Persian Dinners.

Persian dinners are very much like ours, only turned the wrong way round. The feast is preceded by pipes while tea and sweets are handed about. Then the servants of the house appear, bringing in a long leather sheet, which they spread in the middle of the floor. The guests squat around this, tailor-fashion. When all are seated, a flat loaf of bread is placed before every one, and the band then commences to play. The various dishes are brought in on trays, and arranged around the leather sheet at intervals. The covers are then removed, the host says "Bismillah" (in the name of God), and without another word they all fall to.

An Optimistic View.

Muggins—So you finally mustered up courage to propose to Miss Springer, eh? What was the result?

Huggins—She dismissed me without ceremony.

Muggins—Oh, well, don't you care. The absence of ceremony saved you the minister's fee.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it. 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Grounds for Action.

Scribbles—Have you seen my new book?

Criticus—No; what's the title of it?

Scribbles—The "Unmasking of a Humbug."

Criticus—What! Do you mean to tell me that you have written your autobiography?

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886.
A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
(SEAL)

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Unspoken Words.

Charitable Lady—My good man, what would you say to a steady job of work with three square meals a day?

Meandering Mike—I'd stay all right to de t'ree square meals, ma'am, but wot I'd say ter de steady job uv work couldn't be said in de presence uv a lady, See?

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

After Alfonse.

Ralph Peters, the new president and general manager of the Long Island Railroad, has a new joke which he declares was cabled to him from Paris. It has to do with the recent attempt to assassinate King Alfonso of Spain when he was riding through Paris in a carriage with President Loubet of France.

"Whom are they after?" Mr. Peters declares the king asked the president.

"After you, my dear Alfonse," replied the French chief executive, without a smile.

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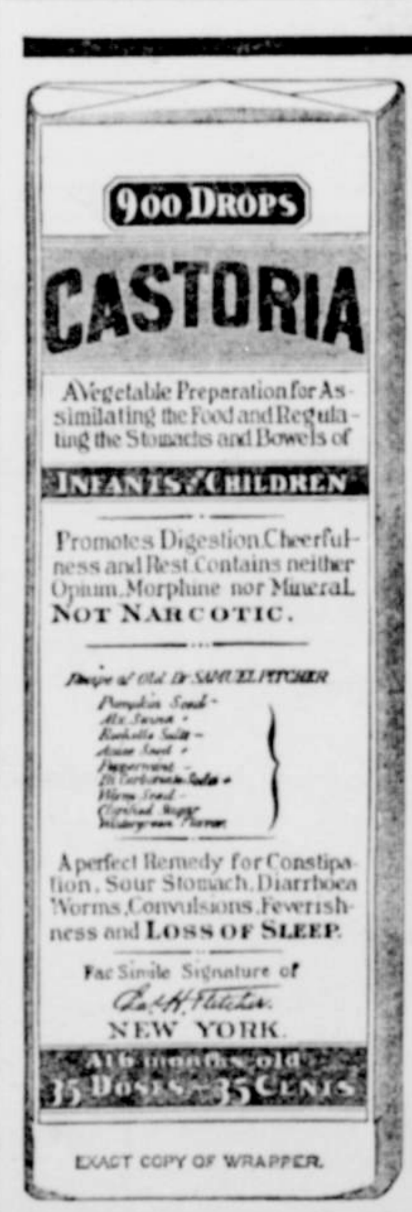

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