

THE SISTERS.

[Detroit readers will readily understand the implication of this poem. To those outside it is proper to say that the sequel refers to the case of Madeline Crockett, ten years of age, who had her entire scalp torn from her head by her hair being caught by a revolving shaft. Her sister Emma, two years older, voluntarily submitted to have a piece of skin, eight by five and one-half inches, cut from her side, to graft upon her sister's head, to keep the skin alive until it should adhere. It was left attached by a narrow strip to Emma's body, and the two were bound together, remaining thus for four days.]

In Pagan Rome (I read the legend right), In early days of Mesopotamian light, Two sisters dwelt. Twin-born, they grew, So like to life, that next to him to know, One from the other. In air, in form, in voice, In color, stature, eye, no hair, was choice— So do these sisters, matched in every grace, No less than stature, color, form and face, And equal matched in love—each seemed to share.

With each, each thrill of joy, each heart-throb, cloud or care. This spell their lives, till one, the story heard, That told of life eternal—the Christian creed, That since myriad millions has been given, Another of hope and faith, the hope of Heaven. Who was condescended, but the full dove Consented her to the beast, the beast to her sister. Entwining arm in arm they came To the arena. But which? Which came? "The name!"

The herald vainly asked: "This me? This one, 'tis I." "No, no," "tis me," "tis me," the other said—"My sister, here, would suffer in my stead." Who shall be umpire in the strange dispute, Where love claims sacrifice, and self is made?

Peering far upward in the azure sky, A floating speck is thrown upon the eye; Nearer it comes, and soon appears a dove, Messenger of hope, emblem of faith and love. Its forward course is stayed, and circling round, It seeks a resting-place, but the full dove Comes near, and hovers o'er the sister's plight, Holding debate on which one to alight. The choice is made—the painting bird finds rest, 'Tis on the hand for which it was in quest.

A horse shout rends the air: "This she! 'tis she!" Let none dispute the fateful agony— The dove, mate witness, and the truth declare The gods are umpire 'twixt the accusing pair. Let her fair form be freed, and let the dove And fish from limb, and limb from limb, be torn.

Yet pause: What message doth the voyager bring? What fate's concealed beneath her faithful wing? The herald shall the silent seraph unfold, And read the omen of the fateful scroll. "The legends in the old time said proclaimed A new religion—'other Caesar's' named. Henceforth the new faith may abide in peace, And bloody persecution henceforth cease."

Dispersed in rage the disappointed throng, While converts joined in joyful praise and song; The sisters breathed their holy love anew, And twining arm in arm with grateful hearts withdrew.

Change we the scene upon another stage, And find the heroine in our modern age. Here is no dread of persecution grim— No boasts forcible rend the quivering limb; Yet tyrant commerce claims her edge of greed—

In mine and shalt her countless victims bleed— Her engines rend the flesh and gird the head, And wrench from tender youth kind nature's creed.

If Roman maiden would her sister save By suffering for her, no less grandly brave Is she who yields her tender flesh, to mend A sister's hurt—her blood with hers to blend. If the patrician may her quondam claim, The humble heroine holds an equal claim.

Few dramas have a pathos more intense Than this we write—the day and night suspense Where lie the sisters, bound side by side, Awaiting issue of a thing ungodly named. Not twins by birth, yet new-born twins are we—

Their mingling blood marks later natal day;— Their cords that bind them are their matric mold— A love thus nurtured never can grow cold. —S. B. McCracken, in Detroit Free Press.

THE SCAPEGRACE.

One Who Lives by an Ingenious System of His Own.

We who earn our living by hard work naturally regard with a good deal of interest those who manage to dodge this seeming necessity.

What are these mysterious moralists, we say, who toll not, neither do they steal, who have no property, nor any apparent source of income, yet they wear clothes, eat meals and sleep under a good roof like the rest of us?

We have a habit of speaking with contempt of these people, as though they were beneath us in the social scale. Are we not really in secret a little envious of their originality and courage?

If one should, for example, try the simple rule of "put yourself in his place"—

You, now, who make a living by some occupation, commonplace but reliable, suppose you were to wake to-morrow in a strange place, without money or friends, and with all work prohibited—what would you do? How would you arrange about breakfast, and, moreover, a bed, and then numerous meals and beds thereafter? Would you not be frightened? Would you not be at a loss what to do? Well, that is where you would show your inferiority to those of whom we speak.

It must be admitted that they could, if they wished, earn a plain, honest living as we do, or a plain, honest one, by the exercise of all our own talents, or by after their fashion? *En effet*, there you have the whole matter.

Before I undertook a study of these singular beings, I had always thought of them as a class by themselves, pursuing, for the most part, similar methods. To live without work constituted in my mind a profession—like law or the ministry. It struck them, I did not appreciate their peculiar originality! There is no profession that is common to them all, but each has his own complete in itself, unique and delicate as the miniature carved-work of the Japanese.

To tell of them is to tell of individuals, not of the class.

There was one who recently came to live at the very respectable boarding-place of the present writer. He was, as the naturalists would say, an excellent specimen—rather young, good looking, well dressed and correctly mannered.

There are some of this class who have a low habit of making a pretense of earning a living. They will maintain an office with "Real Estate," or "Commission," or something of that kind, on the door. To no such stupid vulgarities did Mr. Richard Kerth descend. Not even a suggestion of work came aglow upon his title of "gentleman."

I had known something of the previous career of Mr. Kerth, and when he took possession of two of the best rooms in the house I hastened to make his acquaintance. He treated me with easy confidence, and soon offered to borrow money of me.

I did not loan Mr. Kerth any money.

It was indeed for a long time a source of quiet reflection to me that while a number of others, in plain view on all sides, were being taxed for the support of this American peer, I was exempt. But one day, when I was being measured for an overcoat, my tailor asked me what I knew about Mr. Richard Kerth, and told me that he owed fifty dollars on a suit of clothes. I answered Shearsby that I thought he had better charge it up to profit and loss. He immediately proceeded to do so. The overcoat which I ordered was more expensive by five dollars than I had expected, and possibly about nine other of Shearsby's customers suffered a similar amount of indirect taxation.

As time passed, I gained more and more of Mr. Kerth's confidence. I knew just enough about his past performances to make him think that my silence was a useful commodity, and he sought to purchase it in the plainest way possible, however, both to betray his secret all at once, but prepared me beforehand by various significant hints to appreciate better its mysterious nature.

One evening, when he was smoking one of his cigars before my fire, he said: "I am getting very hard up; I must raise some money."

I said: "How will you do it?" "I have a method of my own," he answered, "which I apply whenever I am in need of ready cash."

"What is it like?" "He smiled with the smile of a sphinx, as he replied: "I call it a system of absence."

On several occasions he made use of this system similar to the above. For instance, when he had to go to a certain place at certain times. Further, he would not explain.

About this time his creditors, of whom the crowd seemed to be perennial, began to press him close, and it was evident that unless the ready cash should presently come to his rescue, he was lost—that is, lost in the same way that he had been lost many times before.

In the nick of time the money came, however, and he proceeded, with the skill of a practical debtor, to make a small stream of cash irrigate a vast area of credit. This being accomplished, he was at ease again; and one night, over a bottle of wine and cigars, he told me how he had raised the money.

"It wasn't much," he said, carelessly—"five or six hundred. I manage to raise a few hundred here and there. If you understand how to make it go—two as twice that, you know. Now, I'll tell you. I have, back East, a number of relatives—rich, respected and all that. Money comes from them. Easy enough, you think? Well, I wonder. I am the black sheep of the outfit—scapegrace, you know. And do you imagine they would ever give up a bean for me."

"If did not come at 'em with something more than a grin? Why, sir, the whole bloody layout is so made that they hate me so, that I give you my word, if I was roasting in the lowest depths of Sheol, there isn't one of 'em would loan you a fork to go and see if I was done. No sir! That's the kind of citizens they are. But I notice they come up pretty regular just the same."

He flicked the ashes from his high-priced cigar into the fire-place with an impressive gesture. Then from his desk he produced several letters and a large book labeled "journal."

"Here it is," he exclaimed, throwing the book down on the table in front of me; "Richard Kerth's Ready Letter Writers, or the Art of Holding Up Our Relations." And here are sample returns," he added, dropping the letters on the table. "But you had better begin at the end of the transaction. Read the book first—the last batch of letters copied there. I always copy 'em so as to keep track of what I'm doing."

I opened the volume at the place where he indicated, and began to read aloud: "Hiram Griffin, Cleveland, O.—My Dear Uncle—

"My mother's only brother," interpolated the scapegrace—"Presbytery here—hardware merchant—moral citizen."

I read on: "I suppose you will be devilish glad to learn that I have at last decided to turn my face homeward. I'm tired of wandering, and I'm mighty sick of picking out here. I expect to start in a couple of weeks, unless I hear from you in the meantime. A lot of California stock will be entered at the fall meeting at Cleveland, and I think I can do for both as to get let on the ground floor, so that we can make a good thing out of it. How are Bill and Jimmy?"

"William and James," said the black sheep, rolling up his eyes; "his sons, who is bringing up in the way they should go—pious youths of sixteen or thereabouts."

"I expect they would enjoy the races and some of the life that I could show them. I plan to spend a month in Cleveland, and perhaps may go to New York, and then I shall take a party to go to China. If I had a couple of hundred more I would go with them, but I have only just enough to take me home. Your affectionate nephew, RICHARD."

"Old chills ran down his back when he read that letter," said Mr. Kerth. "Here is his reply. He prays for the salvation of my soul, and incloses a check for two hundred. See? Read the next one."

It was addressed to "S. Van Doosan Kerth, The Beachamp, New York City."

"Father's brother," the scapegrace explained; "old bachelor—great speculator. He never saw me, and has an idea that I am very wild and woolly, like every thing west of the Croton aqueduct."

I read as follows: "DEAR UNCLE—Respected brother of my parents; I take my pen in hand to let you know that I have just returned from the train for your city, and shall visit you at the Beachamp house, where you are staying. If you should happen to be out of town, I will wait until you get home, for I mean to live in your city hereafter; I hope to get a job there. I know you will help me, as your brother's son, to get a job. Perhaps Mr. Beachamp would like a man to carry trunks. I know you will be glad to see me. If I could get into the grocery business here I would stay, and a man I know will take me in for two hundred dollars. Please look me up at the depot in the emigrant cars. Your nephew, RICHARD."

"Imagine Uncle Van Doosan reading that epistle at his club," said the scapegrace; "I wonder it didn't give him a stroke of apoplexy. However, it was not the first of its kind. He always comes up. I don't have to whistle twice to him."

The next was addressed to "Mrs. Elizabeth Pennington, Germantown, Philadelphia."

"Van Doosan's sister," said the scapegrace; "they have quarreled and won't compare notes. She is a widow, with a fine income and an elegant place. Two lovely marriageable daughters."

The letter set forth the intended visit of Mr. Kerth to the East, and his plan to spend some time at Germantown at his aunt's residence, if he wished it so; if not, with some friends of his there by the name of Boggs. There were various gallant references to Mr. Kerth's cousin, and a delicate insinuation that he would prob-

ably fall in love with one of them during his visit. There was also a casual reference to the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars.

"I send them to their houses," said the writer of the letter, aloud; "only sent a hundred. Strike her deeper next time."

There were two more letters in the batch—both to cousins living in Chicago. They were full of mysterious hints about good times to be enjoyed when he should visit that city shortly. Each demanded a plain loan of fifty dollars.

"I send them to their houses," said he, with a villainous grin; "their wives read 'em first. Good for fifty any time."

I noticed that the book was written nearly full, and that Mr. Kerth's "visiting list"—if so it might be called—contained some ten or fifteen names. Each letter was dated, and underneath was entered the result achieved. The latter was generally favorable.

"Whenever the machinery gets rusty," said the scapegrace, "which happens every four or five years, I take a trip East and lubricate things. After that," he added, with a wink, "it runs better."

I do not know whether I have done wisely in making these facts public. For there are many people who might easily sell their absence at a good figure—if they only understood the art.—Fred Bayham, in San Francisco Argonaut.

AN ENDLESS DEBATE.

Whether Katy Did or Whether She Didn't Will Never Be Decided. There is one crop of early autumn that grows on trees which loses very much, and that is the katydids. Climatic influences are favorable to the growth of this fruit. It is a singular thing that on the same trees where forty years ago, as little elves, these chanting insects lived, they now stay. They are never known to change from one tree to another. There may be several kinds of equal size on one street, but two trees will most likely hold all the katydids, and from the first chosen greenery they never bud.

The same way one yard will have its number, or one tree in a yard; the next person's grounds, although just as cool and shaded, will have none. Those in the same trees or yards have good manners, never interrupting each other, but listening intently for their turn to express their feelings as to whether Katy did or didn't. The outside world, if listening for years to the debate, is divided as to opinion. Just the same as our more important subjects, it judges in accordance with the sentiments of its own consciousness.

These little green chanters never change their opinion. For year after year they belong to the dids or didn'ts, and by mistake alter their saying. One may tramp around the trees where they live, may sit beneath them, talk, laugh or indulge in any noise, and Katy chants on in undisturbed monologue. But lay a hand, ever so lightly, against the bark of a tree, one says who has tried it, and their notes are instantly hushed, remaining quiet until the hand is removed. In darkness, when one goes up to a elm tree where, also in the branches, is taking place the eloquent dialogue, and gently rest the palms of the hands against the bark, the silence is painfully sudden.

There was once a man visiting Rhode Island whose ambition was to possess some elm trees, and in them katydids. He had the elms for the katydids, but no katydids for the elms. So he came from his distant home and got possession of one, which he carried back and put well up in the greenery of the elm. Then he waited. The katy was as dumb as a sealed fruit jar, and wouldn't say a word. He wrote back to inquire why the thing wouldn't open its mouth and sing. He was informed, first, that the thing didn't speak the sentence with any mouth, but with its legs; second, that although the divorce laws of Rhode Island were often brittle enough to sever knots tied by ministers, still he need not expect any garrulous hilarity from one katydid separated from its mate and alone in a strange land. Then another was sent and put in the tree, and in true marital style one said Katy did, and got contradicted in a second. They've kept it up ever since.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

BRUIN AT HOME.

A Land Where Bears of All Kinds Are Proliferous. To the bear hunter the wilds of Alaska offer a paradise that can be found in no other country on the globe, as is attested by the yearly shipment of hides. The most chosen are those of the black bear, which roam the woods by hundreds, and prime skins bring from twenty-five dollars up to as high as one hundred dollars in the market. During the excursion seasons tourists from all parts of the globe make a thriving trade for Alaska merchants in the bear-skin line. There are five distinct species of the bear in Alaska—the black, brown or cinnamon and a cross which inhabit all portions of Southeastern Alaska and the upper portion of the Yukon country. Further north, in the St. Elias Alps, is the home of a grizzly bear of ferocity and color much resembles the grizzlies of the Sierra Nevada, and still further north, along the lower reaches of the Yukon and the ice fields of the Arctic ocean, is the white polar bear. A brave and skillful in hunting bear, the Alaska Indian, he seldom hunts the St. Elias grizzly, both because there is little profit in the hides and the grizzly's size and ferocity of the beast make hunting them a most hazardous undertaking. Their mode of killing them is by shooting into them from a heavily-charged smooth-bore musket; a heavy slug of lead, copper or iron, then awaiting their charge, which never fails to follow the shot, with a long heavy and strongly-made spear, resting the butt of the weapon on the ground and planting one foot firmly against it. The point of the spear rests at an angle to pierce the bear in the breast, and the bear's own weight when it strikes the spear in its mad charge, is calculated to drive the weapon through him or pierce him deep enough to cause death. As will be readily seen, if at this critical moment the hunter's courage should fail him or by a miscalculation the spear failed to impale the animal, the best the hunter would be to kill himself senseless and felled by the bear's claws. This mode of killing the Alaska Indian has the courage to try the experiment.—Denver News.

A Wonderful Story. Summary: That man Thompson is a awful liar. He says that in Kansas he has planted potatoes one day and had them for dinner the next day. Larkin—Well, it doesn't hurt potatoes at all to lie in the ground over night.—West Shore.

WELL-KNOWN AUTHORS.

GENERAL LEW WALLACE is writing with elaborate care a story of the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks in 1454. He intends it to be as good in its way as "Ben Hur."

EDNA LALL, the novelist, is hardly thirty. She is a demure and unassuming little woman, who talks slowly and with hesitation. Much of her literary work is done on a type-writer.

ANDREW LANG, in a signed article in a Melbourne journal, reviewing the last two decades in the domain of fiction, unhesitatingly awards the palm to Robert Louis Stevenson.

The announcement is made in a German periodical that Thomas A. Edison and George Parsons Lathrop are at work together on a scientific novel, in which electricity is to play an important part.

RICHARD H. STODDARD, the poet, is a man of medium height, with short gray hair and beard. Despite his venerable age and the rheumatic twinges that afflict him he is usually in excellent humor and keenly enjoys a joke.

GEORGE KENNAN declares that he is constantly tracked by Russian spies, who attend all of his lectures. In consequence of this surveillance he has been extremely guarded in all of his public and private utterances.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY is a busy literary craftsman. Some one recently asked the poet to do a piece of work, and he replied: "I can't! In the writing line I was never so involved before. Even the hope of walking to find myself famous is denied me, since I haven't time in which to fall asleep."

FLUTE-PLAYING for women is recommended as a means of health and bodily development. "Filling" a flute necessitates lung expansion. The continued daily practice begets deeper and deeper inspirations. Stopping shoulders become thrown back and the chest contracted by the habit of tight lacing becomes expanded and broadened.

Well—Take Warning. Yes, take your time for it is better late than never, and if you will not at once try the proper remedy to restore your health you are doing your own eyes a mischief and then try it. Doctors make a mistake quite often and doctor symptoms instead of diseases. A patient complains of mysterious aches and pains, depression, gloomy forebodings, nervous disquietude, etc. He is given a liniment for his aches, a narcotic for his depression, a cathartic for his forebodings, and nuxvomica or other poison to quiet his nerves. Verily, the last condition of a man is worse than the first. How can he be cured? You need not despair. There is a remedy that will assist nature in regaining her equilibrium. You need a remedy that will assist and strengthen the natural functions of the body. There is a remedy that will assist the digestion and assimilation of food you eat, a remedy that is easy and kind to the stomach, and that will give you a remedy is Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla. Try it and you will see that it is a safe and effective and correct treatment.

LITTLE BOY—"Papa, the papers say the mine owners are going to coal. What is the color of the mine?" "Papa—" "It means 'less coal, my son.'"—Grip.

THREE, Miss, Oct. 6, 1894. MESSRS. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & CO. Rochester, Pa. Gent.—The bottle of Shal lenberger's Pills sent me in February last I gave to W. G. Anderson of this place. It is a standing case of chills and fever. He had tried everything known without any permanent good. In less than ten days he was well and his liver. Such a remedy is Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla. Try it and you will see that it is a safe and effective and correct treatment.

Yours truly, V. A. ANDERSON.

The color line, as applied to the sugar problem, is a matter of refinement.—Hutchinson News.

PHYSICIANS informed me that I was threatened with paralysis or apoplexy. I had a severe attack of rheumatism on the right side of my head, especially when I would read or write, and on rising to my feet would become perfectly blind and had to hold to something to prevent my falling. I am happy to say that Bull's Sarsaparilla has entirely relieved me. My appetite is good and I am able to enjoy my meals.—Mr. B. C. Rivers, Louisville, Ky.

When a woman goes to invest in scalping she soon realizes that fifty dollars will not go far.—Boston Herald.

To the Pacific Coast. Go to California via the through lines of the Burlington Route, from Chicago or St. Louis to Denver and thence over the new broad gauge, through car lines of the Denver & Rio Grande or Colorado Midland Railroads, via the Denver and Grand Springs and Salt Lake—through interesting cities and unsurpassed scenery. Dining Cars all the way.

LITERARY men do not, as a rule, have a head for business, and so, paradoxical as it may seem, they do not get ahead.—Somerset Journal.

WOMEN medicine! The very name puts a bad taste in a child's mouth, unless her mother has been kind and given her Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyer. These little castles taste good.

THERE are lots of people in this world who wear silk and wear on top, who are a carefully covered garnish of sackcloth and ashes underneath.—Acheson Globe.

AN EXTENDED POPULARITY. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES have for many years been the most popular article in use for relieving Coughs and Throat troubles.

A GOOD boarder—an expert carpenter. A RAIL fellow—The car driver. Not a heart disease—Flirting. Cow catchers—Farmers' boys. COME once a year—Birthdays. FORTUNAL must—Sing Sing. REDUCES the waist—Tight lacing. ALWAYS "leading men"—Women. DON'T go it alone—Traveling bags. A SWEET dance—The phantom ball. CAN'T blow their own horns—Cows. THE worst of time—Inside a watch. AN old absorber—The blotting pad. MAKES a good impression—The seal. THE earliest record of spring—The frog's. "Bounce down the house"—A Western cyclone. AN upright announcement—"Standing room only."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

A POSTAGE stamp differs a good deal from the ordinary small boy. It can never be hated but once.—Ram's Horn.

REVEREND: "Have you seen Stagers in full regalia?" Reverend: "No, yes, and I've seen 'em full without his regalia."—West Shore.

"ZOR are beneath my notice," as the landowner remarked when he found the tramp asleep under the sign: "No trespassing."—Boston Transcript.

MISS HENRY—"I noticed there was a rent in your trousers this morning. Mr. Ringo says you have it in your pocket, and that when you become a—Dolliver."

"Wanted you back at the moon!" asked the toll cat. "Poor thing," answered the witch, who, as he begged his chain, "haven't you ever heard that the moon casts an influence on the tide?"

CALENDAR FOR 1894.

Calendar for 1894 showing months and days.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any of Catarrh of the Bladder cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CLEMENT & CO., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Clement for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations entered by him.

West's Treatise, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

We suppose a woman may be said to be fortunate in her way when she tries to pass off pluck for sensibility.

Dishonest Drafts. When the stomach digests the drafts made upon it by the rest of the system, it is necessarily because its fund of strength is very low. Toned with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters it soon begins to pay out vigor in the shape of pure, rich blood, containing the elements of muscle, bone and brain. As a sequence of the new vigor afforded the stomach, the bowels perform their functions regularly and the liver works like clockwork. Malaria has no effect upon a system thus reinforced.

The man who doesn't think his baby is the prize baby hasn't got any baby.—Binghamton Leader.

Map of the United States. A large, handsome Map of the United States, mounted in a neat cover for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington route. Copies will be given free when it can be had without expense for transmission; or they will be mailed to any address on receipt of six cents in postage by P. R. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, U. S. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

LADY writes at the end of a letter to a friend: "Now, I must conclude, for my feet are so cold that I can hardly hold my pen."—Pick Me Up.

If you are tired taking the large old-fashioned griping pills, try Carter's Little Liver Pills and take some comfort. A man can't stand everything that one pill does. Try them.

"WELL—hello! You are the last person I expected to meet." "Well, I am the last person you have met." Health, Gray & C's Monthly.

Explosives of Coughing are stopped by Hale's Eucalypti and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

If you wish to have your portrait taken on ivory, send an engraved slip.—Texas Sittings.

Your Worst Enemy

Is that scrofulous humor in your blood which manifests itself in sores, eruptions, boils, and other eruptions, causes salt rheum, or breaks out in scrofulous or contagious running sores? Get rid of it with Hood's Sarsaparilla, when your system is weak it will become your worst enemy. It cures all scrofulous humors, and kindred ailments. It is a safe and effective and correct treatment.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. It is for sale. Prepared only by G. I. HOOD & CO., Apocathecists, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS

One of the most important organs of the human body is the LIVER. When it fails to properly perform its functions the entire system becomes deranged. THE BRAIN, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS, all refuse to perform their work. DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, SLEEPY HEADACHE, etc., are the result, unless something is done to assist them in carrying off the impurities caused by the weakness of a TORPID LIVER. This assistance is necessary will be found in

Prickly Ash Bitters!

It acts directly on the LIVER, STOMACH and KIDNEYS, and by its mild and cathartic effect and general tonic qualities restores these organs to a sound, healthy condition, and cures all diseases arising from these causes. IT PURIFIES THE BLOOD, tones up the system, and restores perfect health. If your druggist does not keep it ask him to order it for you. Send 25 cents for copy of "THE HORSE TRAINER," published by us.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO.

Sole Proprietors, ST. LOUIS, MO.

MOTHERS' FRIEND

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY. It is the most valuable preparation for the mother and child. It is sold by all druggists.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

For Bilious and Nervous Disorders. "Wash a Glass of Beer" but call for 25 Cents, BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SALVATION OIL

It is the most valuable preparation for the mother and child. It is sold by all druggists.

ATLAS CHICKEN ENGINES

It is the most valuable preparation for the mother and child. It is sold by all druggists.

Those of you who are weary and heavy-laden with sin and care, weighed down with the infirmities that beset the human system, can find the one thing necessary for relief in Dr. Pierce's Great Peppermint Cure. It invigorates and strengthens the debilitated organs, and dispels the clouds arising from a diseased liver.

In a courtship match is not declared off in a second in a life.—R. O. Finnyman.

Playing Cards. You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to F. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, U. S. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

"You devote a great deal of your time to pedestrianism." "Yes, it is my sole diversion."—Washington Post.

BILIOUSNESS, dizziness, nausea, headache, are relieved by small doses of Carter's Little Liver Pills.

If children have pits they are less liable to become pitted.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

The best cough medicine is Fico's Cure for Consumption. Sold everywhere. 25c.

FIRST CLASS securities—Handouts and stock—Boston Transcript.



YOUR MONEY, OR YOUR LIFE! This question is a "per" one, but we mean it. Will you sacrifice a few paltry dollars, and save your life or will you allow your blood to become tainted, and your system run-down, until finally you are laid away in the grave? Better be in time, and "hold up" your hands for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a guaranteed remedy for all scrofulous and other blood-taints, from whatever cause arising. It cures all Skin and Scalp Diseases, Ulcers, Sores, Swellings and kindred ailments. It is a powerful blood-purifier as well as alternative, or blood-cleansing in its effects, hence it strengthens the system and restores vitality, thereby dispelling all those languid, "tired feelings" experienced by the debilitated. Eradicating has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Gout, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Makers, No. 653 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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