You want the Best

Royal Baking Powder never disappoints; never makes sour, soggy or husky food; never spoils good materials; never leaves lumps of alkali in the biscuit or cake; while all these things do happen with the best of cooks who cling to the old-fashioned methods, or who use other baking powders.

If you want the best food, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Firemen Fought While the Village Burned

At 3 o'clock in the morning word came from Pierceton, Ind., a village of 1,200 inhabitants, that one of the principal business blocks was on fire. Two fire companies were sent from Warsaw but could do nothing with the burning building, and it was soon destroyed. Edward Mosey, clerk in a store in the burning block, jumped from the second story window and broke a leg.

When the fire was at its worst a couple of the members of the two companies became involved in a controversy. Each company took the side of its member, and for awhile the fire was forgotten and the companies turned their nozzles on each other. In the meantime the building was consumed.—Cor. Washington Post

Jack—Cheer up, old man. Don't look so blue!

Harry—Can't help it.

Jack—Oh, come! Think of your best girl.

Harry—No good. I married her three months ago.—New York Herald.

A New England Miracle.

A RAILROAD ENGINEER RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE.

The Wonderful Story Told by Fred C. Vose and His Mother-in-Law to a Reporter of the Boston Herald. Both are Restored After Years of Agony.

[*From the Boston Herald.*]

The vast health-giving results already attributed by the newspapers throughout this country and Canada to Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills for Pale People" have been recently supplemented by the cases of two confirmed invalids in one household in a New England town. The names of these people are Fred C. Vose, his wife and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Oliver C. Holt, of Peterboro, members of the same household.

To the *Herald* reporter who was sent to investigate his remarkable cure Mr. Vose said: "I am 37 years old, and have been railroading for the Fitchburg for 15 years. Since boyhood I have been troubled with a weak stomach. For the past 7 years I have suffered terribly and constantly. My stomach would not retain food; my head ached constantly and was so dizzy I could scarcely stand; my eyes were blurred; I had a bad heartburn, and my breath was offensive. I had physicians, but they failed to help me. My appetite gave out, and four years ago I developed palpitation of the heart, which seriously affected my breathing. Had terrible pains in my back and had to make water many times a day. I finally developed rheumatic signs and couldn't sleep nights. If I lay down my heart would go pit-a-pat at a great rate, and many nights I did not close my eyes at all. I was broken down in body and discouraged in spirit, when some time in February last I got a couple of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had finished the first box I noticed that the palpitation of my heart, which had bothered me so that I couldn't breath at times, began to improve. I saw that in going to my home on the hill from the depot, which was previously an awful task, my heart did not beat so violently, and I had more breath when I reached the house. After the second and third boxes I grew better in every other respect. My stomach became stronger, the gas belching was not so bad, my appetite and digestion improved, and my sleep became nearly natural and undisturbed. I have continued taking the pills three times a day ever since last March, and to-day I am feeling better than at any time during the last eight years. I can confidently and conscientiously say that they have done me more good and their good effects are more permanent, than any medicine I have ever taken. My rheumatic pains in legs and hands are all gone. The pains in the small of my back, which were so bad at times that I couldn't stand up straight, have nearly all vanished, and I find my kidneys are well regulated by them. This is an effect not claimed for the pills in the circular, but in my case they brought it about. I am feeling 100 per cent. better in every shape and manner.

The reporter next saw Mrs. Holt, who said: "I am 57 years old, and for 14 years past I have had an intermittent heart trouble. Three years ago I had nervous prostration, by which my heart trouble was increased so badly that I had to lie down most of the time. My stomach also gave out, and I had continual and intense pain from the back of my neck to the end of my backbone. In 14 weeks I spent $300 for doctor bills and medicines, but my health continued so miserable that I gave up doctering in despair. I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last winter, and the first box made me feel ever so much better. I have taken the pills since February, with the result of stopping entirely the pain in the spine and in the region of the liver. My stomach is again normal, and the palpitation of the heart has troubled me but three times since I commenced the pills."

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and riciness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville, Ont.

A Quotation Party.

One of the popular home amusements promises to be the "quotation party." That it will prove a welcome relief to the run of card parties and dances and at the same time be highly instructive to every one engaged in it will be easily gathered from these few hints.

Let the hostess provide five tables and invite twenty guests. Furnish each table with four sheets of paper. On each of these have written four well known quotations from popular authors. With each quotation sheet supply a long card with spaces numbered from one to eighty, and at the top of the card write "Name of of author." On the first or head table place a bell.

The guests arrived, have them draw lots to see at which table they will first sit. This done and the guests seated, the work of study begins. As soon as the guest recognizes an author's quotation he marks on his author's card the name of the author. Thus if a person sits at the second table and finds in front of him a quotation slip numbered 23, 24, 25 and 26, he writes on the blank spaces of the other slip corresponding with these numbers the names of the authors of quotations 23, 24, 25 and 26.

Five or six minutes is the time allowed for study, and at the end of that period the hostess rings her bell for a recess. She then examines the author slip of each contestant and crosses out the name of each author that is wrongly given. After this she rings the bell again and each contestant takes the quotation slip to the right of him, retaining his own authorship.

When the time limit has again expired, the slips are once more examined as before, and another change of quotation slips is made. When all four slips at the table have been examined, the students change tables, those at No. 5 going to No. 4, those at 4 to 3, 3 to 2, 2 to 1 and 1 to 5. The study then proceeds as before and is not ended until all the quotation slips have been examined.

The evening's study finished, the hostess takes all the slips and announces the names of the winners of the first, second and booby prizes. These prizes ought to be books.—New York Recorder.

Katherine Parr's Counterpane.

While Katherine Parr was yet a young child her fortune was told, and it was predicted that she was born to sit in the highest seat of imperial majesty. This prophecy made so powerful an impression upon her youthful mind that, on one occasion, when her mother called her to her sewing, she replied, "My hands are ordained to touch crowns and scepters and not spindles and needles."

But Lady Parr was too wise a mother to encourage her little daughter in idle dreams that would unfit her for the duties of life; so, notwithstanding her early repugnance to touching a needle, she became very skillful in its use, and two magnificent trophies of her industry are still proudly exhibited at Sizergh castle, Westmoreland county, England. They are a counterpane and toilet cover, worked entirely by her own hands during a visit made to her relatives there. The material is the richest white satin.

In the center of the counterpane is a metal lion, surrounded by a wreath of natural flowers wrought in twisted silks and bullion; a spread eagle is in the middle, gorged with a crown. At each corner is a dragonlike monster, embroidered in purple, crimson and gold. The remainder of the counterpane is worked in large flowers, in gorgeous colors, highly embossed and enriched with threads of gold. The toilet cover is exactly like it, only it is worked in a smaller pattern.

The author of "The Lives of the Queens of England," herself related to Katherine Parr, says, "The lapse of three centuries has scarcely diminished the brilliancy of the colors or tarnished the bullion; nor is the purity of the satin sullied, though both these queenly relics have been used on state occasions by the family in whose possession they have remained as precious heirlooms and memorials of their ancestral connection with Queen Katherine Parr."—Exchange

The Audience Laughed.

John Barker, who fills the role of the old Connecticut farmer in "A Nutmeg Match," tells of an actor who once took the leading juvenile part in a play in which Mr. Barker was the chief comedian. The leading juvenile was vain of his mustache, whose ends he had curled daily in a barber's shop. One evening he had just been shaved, and the barber was putting on the finishing touches, when a fire broke out in the building in which the shop was located. The leading juvenile was one of the first to flee.

It was almost time for the performance to begin, and he went at once to the theater. His role required him to wear ordinary street clothes and to use no makeup. He had hardly reached the theater when the moment came for his entrance on the stage. He went on, assuming his most killing air.

A shout of laughter from the audience staggered him. He turned to a mirror that was used in the scene and saw with horror that in the excitement due to the fire the barber had neglected to remove the curl papers from the ends of his mustache.—New York Herald.

A Good Catch.

The boy was sitting by a very disreputable looking stream, over which passed a small bridge, and he was evidently fishing. A suburban policeman passed by.

"What are you doing there?" he asked.

"Fishin," said the boy, intently watching the water.

"There's no fish there," ventured the officer.

"I know it."

"What are you fishing for?"

"Suckers that ask questions," replied the boy, "and I've ketched a even dozen in the last hour.

The dozenth one hadn't anything more to say and thoughtfully moved on.—Detroit Free Press.

In the northeastern part of Yellowstone park is what is called "Death Gulch." It contains evidences of former hot springs in geyser like deposits, while copious gaseous emanations arise from a creek flowing through it. The odor of sulphur is strong. Bears and other wild animals of the region are often killed by the gases.

WHERE'S BILL?

Where's Bill? Yes, o' course I'm glad to
  See th' old town once again;
When I turned th' bend I had to
  Jes git up an yell, an when
I seen that old steeple risin
  Like a guidepost on th' hill,
Leapin up from th' horizon,
  I jes had to— Say, where's Bill?

Know that meetin house? I guess so
  Ain't that where we uset to go,
Us boys? Settin stiff an jes so,
  Like we was put up to show.
There's th' graveyard back behind it,
  With th' old stone on th' hill:
I believe that I could find it
  If I tried to now. Where's Bill?

When we two was boys, Bill showed it
  To me one day, an the year
Cut in it was— There, I knowed it
  Wasn't fur away frum here
See, it's old an stained an breakin,
  Grass growed, too, an cracked, until
It seems like some poor, forsaken,
  Homeless thing that Say, where's Bill!

Bill an me we often wondered
  Whose that stone was; for we guessed
It'd laid down there a hundred
  Years or more at very best.
An he uset to say: "Now, I don't
  Want no better tomb. I will
Lay there when I die." Say, why don't
  Some o' you uns say where's Bill?

Yes, old pard, this is th' stone, an
  It's th' one you uset to claim.
Pshaw! You talk about yer own, an
  Sich fool things. Why—what's—this
    name
Here, cut underneath the creepers
  An th' moss? Why are you still?
His name! Here among th' sleepers—
  An I— Well, I've found you, Bill.

—Carl Smith in Harper's Weekly.

JERRY.

Jerry drove out of Mrs. Haring's yard, his fine, honest face, which had been rather hot when he stopped at Mrs. Haring's kitchen door and sounded his gong, still brightly and becomingly flushed. Jerry drove a first class butcher's wagon for the first class German butcher in Westwood, three miles away.

When Susy Marsh, who was Mrs. Haring's neat, capable kitchen treasure, had come to the door, she was rosy also. She did not change color when the Westwood baker came along, though he was young, and much admired her. But at sight of Jerry she was apt to flush up.

And it had been rather worse since last Saturday night, when Jerry, going home, had overtaken her tramping along toward her own home, two miles toward Westwood, to see her mother till morning, and had taken her in and driven her to her very door. And he had found that she went home nearly every Saturday night, and—well!

Jerry touched up his horse, whistling. What had she said? Only that she would take a tenderloin roast, about six pounds. But he had her blue eyes and her pretty, ladylike ways to think about; and think of them he did, almost grinning in his contentment. And when Cooley, the young Westwood baker, came up alongside of him and began to talk, he wished him in Texas.

Cooley eyed him. Truth was that when, delivering his rolls at Mrs. Haring's, he had offered Susy a broad compliment along with them, she had frowned and disappeared sharply.

"Hello, Jerry!" he said. "Been to see your girl, Jerry? Well, she's mighty pretty. I guess you ain't the only one thinks so. Reckon not. Gibbs thinks so, for one. You know Gibbs?"

Jerry didn't.

"Clerks in the shoe store down to Westwood," said Cooley, and Jerry identified him. He was a rather large mouthed young fellow, who wore a red necktie and spotted collar and cuffs.

"Yes, sir," said Cooley. "He's right up to snuff, and any fellow that's after his girl better look out. Looks as though he was bound to get little Susy."

"You speak of her the way you ought to!" said Jerry, sternly, though his heart felt like lead.

"Oh, all right," said Cooley. (Jerry was a six footer). "Miss Susy, then. He's bound to have Miss Susy, and don't you forget it. What do you say to a drive in a brand new buggy behind a fast trotter? That's what he give her—leastwise see; yep, Saturday night two weeks ago, 'twas. He was driving her toward home lickety-split—she goes home Saturday nights, you know."

"Lickety-split; I saw 'em," said Cooley. "Having a first rate time they was, too. Guess you better step down, Jerry, my boy. Guess you got a pretty slim chance; that's my opinion," said Cooley, almost hugging himself.

He would have continued, but Jerry, rather ashy hued and wild eyed, turned his horse up another road, with a dash. It would take him two miles out of his way, but it was his only course; he knew that if Cooley said another word he should knock him off his seat.

Poor Jerry! He stared at fences and hay stacks without seeing them, and nearly went into the ditch.

Poor Jerry! Already he had, almost without his own knowledge, made timid little plans for the dim future—plans over which his heart had thrilled, and now thrilled with misery as he wretchedly relinquished them all.

Pretty? Yes, she was, and the dearest girl under the sun; and was it likely that nobody had observed it but himself? He, an awkward, six foot booby, who was too bashful to meet her pretty eyes! And Mr. Gibbs, who drove the fine equipage and had smooth and easy ways, if he did talk loud—she liked him, of course, and of course she would marry him.

And he wouldn't trouble her again; she dreaded him now, probably. Never again. But, oh! had any fellow ever got his heart quite so near broken?

"Mein cratious!" the German butcher ejaculated at sight of him. "Cherry, vat for you look so queer and know nodings?"

Jerry gave a husky laugh.

"I'm all right now, Mr. Schultz," he said. "Fifteen dollars and twelve cents I've taken in, sir."

* * * * * *

"Got your rubbers and waterproof and umbrella, Susy?" said Mrs. Haring, looking into the kitchen as Susy was starting, Saturday night. "I'm afraid it's going to rain again."

"It had rained for two days, but there was a little break in the clouds to-night, and Susy was started home blithely. Mrs. Haring looked at her shrewdly.

"It's muddy, Susy," she said. "If somebody should come along in a market wagon and give you a lift— Well, remember, Susy, what I've always said—that if you get married to suit me, I'll give you a good parlor set that very day."

The mud was bad, and puddles frequent, and there was a new cloud visible. But Susy tripped along cheerfully.

Now and then she looked back. It must be nearly time for him. She would be glad when he did come, because of the mud—only because of the mud, of course. And the bridge, further on, she had heard that the water had crossed it, and what should she do if he didn't come along? And altogether she looked bright and happily expectant as she went.

That cloud would break in a minute, she was sure. It must be almost time for him. Was that a rattle now? Yes, and it was Jerry; it was his red lettered wagon and his sleek horse, and he was coming fast.

Susy walked on—she could not well stop and wait—with risen color and fluttering heart.

Alas and alas! the butcher's wagon came on, and Jerry with it, and Susy raised her beaming face, with her frankest smile, and Jerry took off his hat and lowered his head; but that was all.

He drove on—on past her—on down the muddy road, and left her standing there; for, in her hurt astonishment, she stood stock still, with a candid stare.

Then she walked on briskly. Mrs. Haring's efficient young manager was not the girl to be wholly subdued even by a calamity such as this.

Pshaw! it was plain enough. She wasn't the only girl he sold meat to, and he had seen somebody he liked better. That was all, and he was thinking that it was time she knew it. Tum—tum—tetum.

She held her head up and hummed a tune. It was beginning to sprinkle and she was glad of it. It would give her something to think about. She raised her umbrella and jogged along with emphatic step.

It was more than sprinkling—it was raining hard. Big drops cracked on her umbrella and dripped from it.

But her chief interest lay in the butcher's wagon. It had rattled into a yard and hadn't come out, and she was anxious to get ahead of it. Then she would march on stiffly when he repassed her, and not even look at him again.

It was pouring now. Her umbrella was of small use; she was getting wet from head to foot, and the mud grew deeper with every step.

And, oh, dear! there was the bridge, and it was under—two good inches under. She wished she had waited under the tree, dropped into a house—anything—because now Jerry would see her splashing over the submerged planks, as splash she would, for she wouldn't ride now if he should beg her on his knees!

What a time! Her mother wasn't expecting her, either. She knew in her wounded heart that she had come principally because of certain expectations, and she despised herself.

Was she going to cry? Not if she knew it! Here was the bridge, and behind came that dreadful rattle of wheels, and she grasped her skirts, and, almost shutting her eyes in her shivering distaste, stepped on the water covered bridge.

A plank in the middle was still visible, and she made for it, splashing along fast. What was cracking? Mercy! was the bridge giving way? Yes, or one board of it? Her groping foot went suddenly through, and she fell forward.

She was so faint with fright that nothing was clear to her for a good three minutes, and then she found herself perched high, though not dry, on the seat of Jerry's wagon, safe on the other side of the bridge, with Jerry's handkerchief mopping her white face, Jerry's coat around her wet form, and Jerry's arm tight around the coat; and Jerry was talking to her.

"Don't look so! You ain't going to die! I hain't killed you! Oh, Susy, I'm sorry—I'm awful sorry! I don't care who you like, or who likes you. I hadn't ought to got mad enough to let you tramp along alone in the rain. Oh, I want a pounding! I'm going to get some fellow to give me one. Oh, Susy, don't! You didn't get hurt, did you? Oh, Susy, how sweet you look! Lord, what wouldn't I give to be him!"

Mrs. Haring's capable manager sat up straight—against Jerry's arm.

"Be who?" she demanded, sharply.

"Why, Gibbs," said Jerry. "It's Gibbs you like, ain't it?"

"It's Gibbs I like, is it?" said Susy, indignantly; and now she broke down in earnest, and fell to crying in Jerry's handkerchief. "Gibbs! Why, I just hate him! He's going to marry Sally Porter, up our way, and I'm sorry for her, that I am! He overtook me the other night, going home, Mr. Gibbs did, and I had to let him take me in; but, my goodness! I thought, what with his perfumery and his loud tongue, he'd kill me. I never"——

"That'll do," said Jerry, but he whispered: "That's a plenty, Susy. I'm going to thrash Cooley, though, 'cause he knew better. If you don't like Gibbs, Susy, who do you like? Do you like me? Say you do, even if you don't, Susy, 'cause I couldn't stand it!"

And Susy, with her damp head pressed well against Jerry's pounding heart, did say yes. And got a sound kiss for it, too.

Cooley was forced to apologize. And when Schultz took Jerry into partnership, a year later, he and Susy got the parlor set.—Emma A. Opper in Saturday Night.

Amassers of Books.

One has a kind of contempt for the collector who has no specialty and buys without discrimination and even without inspection. Mr. Heber, the brother of the bishop, was a purchaser of this class. "A book is a book," he said, and he bought all that came in his way by cartloads and shiploads and in whole libraries, on which, in some cases, he never cast his eyes. The most zealous lovers of books have smiled at his duplicates, quadruplicates and multiplied specimens of a single edition.

Rawlinson, another English collector, had the same insensate craving, and if he had 20 copies of a book would always buy another. "His covetousness increased as the mass of his library was multiplied, and as he lived," said Oldys, "so he died' among dust and cobwebs, in his bundles, piles and bulwarks of paper."

Of a similar disposition was the far more famous Antonio Magliabecchi, who is said to have lived on titles and indexes, and whose very pillow was a folio. "The old bibliomaniac lived in a kind of cave made of piles and masses of books, with hardly any room for his cooking or for the wooden cradle lined with pamphlets which he slung between his shelves for a bed. He died in 1714, in his eighty-second year, dirty, ragged and as happy as a king." Another Florentine of that century—Giovanni Lami—showed the same devotion to books, and died with a manuscript in his arms. "'Tis hard to part when friends are dear," says Mrs. Barbauld, and death for the bibliophile has an additional pang.—London Spectator.

Writing with the Left Hand.

The number of men who can write legibly with the left hand is very small in this country, where the faculty of being ambidexterous is not appreciated at its full worth. Sir Edwin Arnold remarked while in St. Louis that in Japan every child is taught to write with either and both hands, and he hinted that this was not the only evidence of sound common sense he met with while in the kingdom of the mikado. I learned to write with my left hand some years ago, in consequence of the impression created in my mind by reading the arguments of Charles Reade on the subject, and now I change my pen from hand to hand on the first impression of weariness.

There have been many remedies suggested for what is known as writers' cramp, and many writers alternate between the pen and the typewriter, but the simplest plan of all is to acquire the art of writing with either hand and change from one to the other on the first suspicion of fatigue.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Dealing with a Woman.

"I've got no time to fool with women," says my tailor-scourer-and-repairer. "One woman is more trouble than four men. I had a lady come here with a coat to have the collar altered. 'Just half an inch lower,' said she, and I took off an inch, for I could see it was too high. She came back and said I didn't take off half an inch, so I had to do it over again, and me crowded with gents' trousers and suits that I can't 'tend to. I told her, 'Why don't you go where you bought it?' and she says, 'Oh, they can't do it as well as a tailor.' 'Madam,' says I, 'I ain't no lady's tailor and I don't want nothing to do with women.' But she made me fix that collar and all for a dollar—and me—I could have made five dollars and no fuss attending to trousers."—New York Herald.

Water of Engines.

According to Lord Rayleigh, if the heat engines of the future are at all analogous to our present steam engines, either the water, as the substance first heated, will be replaced by a fluid of less inherent volatility, or else the volatility of the water will be restrained by the addition to it of some body held in solution.—New York Times.

Looking into the glass to paint one's face is not wholly a feminine trick. A man looks into a glass to color his nose.

MUSCLE AND VIGOR—A DIFFERENCE.

Many muscular men succumb to fatigues borne with ease by persons far their inferiors in physical strength. Muscle does not imply vigor. In fact, it is not difficult of proof that athletes do not live as long nor enjoy as good health as the average individual who is vigorous—that is to say, whose digestion and sleep are unimpared, whose nerves are tranquil, and who has no organic tendency to disease. These requisites of vigor are conferred upon those inherently weak, no less than upon those debilitated through wasting disease, by a thorough, persistent course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the leading national tonic, indorsed and recommended by physicians of eminence. It will not endow you with a muscle of a Corbett, but it will infuse energy into your system, and renew the active and healthful performance of its functions. It averts and cures malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, and overcomes dyspepsia, constipation, liver trouble and nervousness.

A too-rapid gait will never bring a young man to the gate of heaven.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS.

Hosts of letters have been written, some to the proprietors of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, some to friends, telling of their inestimable value. Here is one from the Hon. Edmund L. Pitts, the late President of the New York State Senate:

"STATE OF NEW YORK, SENATE CHAMBER, ALBANY, March 11, 1886.

I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family for the past five years, and can truthfully say they are a valuable remedy and effect great cures. I would not be without them. I have in several instances given some to friends suffering with weak and lame backs, and they have invariably afforded certain and speedy relief. They cannot be too highly commended."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS will purify the blood.

The easiest thing for a fool to do is to tell how little he knows.

$100 REWARD. $100.

The reader 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 known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on 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. CHENNEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The rich man has his mug at the barber shop. The poor man takes his there.

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs, and Throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes.*

Cholly—The aw—I say, Doctaw, do you think the cigawette habit is weally injuwious? The Doctor—To individuals, perhaps, but not to the community at large.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst cases of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell

Try Germea for Breakfast.

"August Flower"

"One of my neighbors, Mr. John Gilbert, has been sick for a long time. All thought him past recovery. He was horribly emaciated from the inaction of his liver and kidneys. It is difficult to describe his appearance and the miserable state of his health at that time. Help from any source seemed impossible. He tried your August Flower and the effect upon him was magical. It restored him to perfect health to the great astonishment of his family and friends." John Quibell, Holt, Ont.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

25cts., 50cts., and $1.00 per Bottle. One cent a dose.

THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE YOU if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER.25c.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50cts. Injector free.

Pimples —AND— *Blotches*

ARE EVIDENCE That the blood is wrong, and that nature is endeavoring to throw off the impurities. Nothing is so beneficial in assisting nature as Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) It is a simple vegetable compound. Is harmless to the most delicate child, yet it forces the poison to the surface and eliminates it from the blood.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

I contracted a severe case of blood poison that unfitted me for business for four years. A few bottles of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) cured me. J. C. JONES, City Marshal, Fulton, Arkansas.

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