AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

SAVED HIS LIFE

So says Mr. T. M. Reed, a highly-respected Merchant of Middletown, Ill., of a Young Man who was supposed to be in Consumption.

"One of my customers, some years ago, had a son who had all the symptoms of consumption. The usual medicines afforded him no relief, and he steadily failed until he was unable to leave his bed. His mother applied to me for some remedy and I recommended Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. The young man took it according to directions, and soon began to improve until he became well and strong."—T. M. REED, Middletown, Ill.

"Some time ago, I caught a severe cold, my throat and lungs were badly inflamed, and I had a terrible cough. It was supposed that I was a victim of consumption, and my friends had little hope of recovery. But I bought a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, took it, and was entirely cured. No doubt, it saved my life."—I. JONES, Emerts Cove, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Received Highest Awards AT THE WORLD'S FAIR

HARD ON THE POULTRYMAN.

The Purchaser Was Carrying Out His Wife's Directions in Buying a Turkey.

He had been gazing long and earnestly at the rows of turkeys hanging from the hooks of a stand in Washington market, and the poultryman began to eye him suspiciously. Yet he did not look like a thief, the mild look in his eye denoting anything but the gleam of acquisition. Still, his actions were not calculated to inspire confidence.

Every now and then he would walk up to the rack and feel a gobbler's breast bone, then stand off and take a side look at the fowl, moving around presently and gazing at it from the other side. In this way he would admire it from all points of view and seemed to derive immense satisfaction from the observation.

The poultryman was fast becoming nervous over these strange proceedings, and to put an end to his anxiety as to the man's intentions he approached him and asked:

"Well, sir, what can I do for you?"

The man started, and for a moment appeared to be disconcerted, but recovering himself somewhat he blushingly stammered:

"Why, you see, I don't quite know yet."

"Well it's about time you did," gruffly replied the poultryman.

"Ye—yes—I suppose so, but I don't. I want to get a turkey, but I want to be quite sure of my ground before I proceed."

The poultryman looked at him still more suspiciously.

"I dare say you will think me a little peculiar," continued the stranger, "but the fact is my wife is not very well, and she has sent me to buy a turkey for our dinner. Now, I never bought a turkey in my life, and I don't want to make any mistake in it. I have full instructions from my wife, but still it requires great care to carry them out."

"Oh, if that's all," said the poultryman, reassured, "I will help you out."

"You will?" asked the man, eagerly.

"With pleasure. What's the matter with this one?" and he took down a turkey and held it up to view.

"Does the breast move in or out under pressure?" asked the purchaser doubtfully.

"Try it for yourself."

"It seems flexible," said the man gingerly, pressing his fingers upon the part mentioned. "You know my wife is a great judge of these things and she told me all about it. Now, about the color of the legs. They should be purpley blue, with just a tinge of gray."

"Well, there they are; you couldn't get anything nearer the description unless we painted them for you."

"No, no; I don't want 'em painted. She said the color should be natural. Now, about the flesh; I want to pinch that and see that it is elastic."

"Well, pinch," said the dealer.

The purchaser pinched and pinched until there was not an inch of the bird not fairly covered; then he gave a sigh of satisfaction.

"That seems all right. But there's one thing more—the wings. You don't mind my twisting them according to my wife's instructions? She calls that the crowning test of tenderness," and he delicately turned them around as he would the knob of a door. This done, he opened the beak and looked into the mouth devoting considerable time to a minute examination of the tip of the tongue. Finally he announced his satisfaction, paid for the turkey and started off with it.

He reached the door, then suddenly turned.

"Great Heavens! I forgot to examine flexibility of the spur, and without being backed by that all other tests are useless."

But the poultry man had vanished into a nearby saloon and at that moment was engaged in toning up his nerves for the next customer.—N. Y. Herald.

Bad Sign.

"How's your boy Jeems gettin' along down to Boston?" inquired a Centerville resident of Mrs. Peter Rickets, familiarly known as "the Widow Peter."

"Well, Jeems *says* he's gettin' on fust-rate," answered Mrs. Peter, "an' he's alius been a truthful boy. But there's one thing worrits me, an' I declare I might jest as well out with it, seein' you're sech an old friend.

"He come on from Boston with a colored shirt on, an' a white collar. He brought a white shirt in his bag, so's to appear matched up whilst he was here; but it come over me jest like a flash when I stood off to take a good look at him, that my boy Jeems, that had a father that wouldn't owe a cent any more'n he'd steal one—my boy Jeems has fell behind with his washerwoman!"—Youth's Companion.

Better Late Than Never.

Twickenham—We're going to have some amateur theatricals at my house next week and a big supper afterwards. Can you be there?

Dashaway—I'll come, old man, but I may be late.—N. Y. World.

RISE OF THE FLUFFY GIRL.

The Tailor Maid Has a Dangerous Rival in the Latest Innovation.

It is thought that the great French dress-makers originated the fluffy girl for purely commercial purposes. She is the tailor maid's most dangerous rival; in fact, feminine types of the end of this nineteenth century have narrowed down to just these two. There are few people so old-fashioned nowadays as to describe a young woman as tall or short, plump or thin; there are simply two kinds, the fluffies and the tailor maids.

The French modistes are responsible for the tailor-maid girl also. They put her upon the earth trim, trig, and swagger, but she proved far too popular. Every woman wanted to wear a tailor gown, and she wore it everywhere. It was suitable for shopping, for a luncheon, and when of fine cloth and silk-lined it did duty as a theater frock, or with a bunch of violets it could be worn to a church wedding. The demand for trimmings and furbelows had died a short and complete death. Women no longer ordered spangled bands and embroidered laces at many dollars a yard. They demanded plain welted seams and a perfect cut. In vain did the Paris modistes bring out their most exquisite creations. The tailor-made epidemic was raging and trimmings were bad form.

The great dressmakers were in despair. They racked their brains for some plan by which they might reintroduce the old frivolous style that used to bring so many dollars to their coffers, but it seemed an impossible task. The women who set the fashions refused to be dictated to, and the orders for tailor-made dresses came in faster than they could be filled.

It was about this time that the fluffy girl appeared upon the scene. There was no reason for her coming; she was unheralded and unwanted. She was dressed in a manner in direct contradiction to the prevailing mode. She was "artistic," and the antipodes of the stiff, correct, tailor-frocked girl. She was not at all aggressive. She simply staid. By and by people began to ask who that very pretty feminine-looking young woman was, and then a few daring ones imitated her. She had come to remain.

The fluffy girl did not brush and band her hair in the sleek English fashion that the tailor maid affected. She waved it and fluffed it out over her ears and let a stray curl escape upon her temples. Perhaps she tied it with a velvet knot at the back of her neck, but, at all events, she obtained the effect she was striving for. Her dresses did not cling to her form with the ungiving exactness of the close-cut cloth frock, but draped her body in graceful lines. She wore a dainty little baby waist and frills and frivols of all sorts. Sometimes she tied her waist about with a sash or wore a ridiculous little white apron with impossible pockets. She did not go in for politics or athletics, but waxed enthusiastic over babies and violets and new novels. Her feet one might notice without much trouble were clad in silk stockings and high heeled slippers, and there was quite a quantity of white lace frilling displayed when she took her mandolin across her knee or stepped into a cab, for the fluffy girl dislikes walking.

In a short while she became the rage and had hosts of imitators. But you can always tell the original fluffy girl from the converted tailor maid. Of course, she is a desperate flirt. At parties you may detect her spooning on the stairs with the most desirable man there, or lingering in the conservatory with the football hero of the hour. She likes to talk about affinities and things, and while her tailor-maid sister in the next room is astounding everyone by her knowledge of the game she carries the champion off a captive by her sublime ignorance of creation's entire scheme.

The fluffy girl has been a great success. The object of the Paris modistes has been attained. The trim tailor maid is giving way to the Gibson girl, with her shoulder frills and her big sleeves. The bottle has been almost unnoticed, but the defeat has been sweeping. Over the past world of fashion the fluffy girl at present reigns supreme by the divine right of her womanly charm and her old-fashioned horror of a mouse. Her love for bonbons is almost criminal, but she can give the woman politician, the suffragist, and the female athlete cards and spades and beat them in the contest for success and popularity. N. Y. Sun.

Language Statistics.

Almost one-third of all humanity, or about 400,000,000 people, speak the Chinese language. The Hindoo language and its various dialects are spoken by, perhaps, 125,000,000, the third place being accorded the English language, which is now used by not less than 112,000,000 people. The Russian language comes fourth, 89,000,000 persons daily using it to the exclusion of all others. The German language is the audible expression of 57,000,000 human beings, and the Spanish of about 48,000,000. Among European languages French now takes fifth place and when the languages of the world are considered it is the seventh in the category.—St. Louis Republic.

A Home-Made Soap-Case.

Here is a suggestion for a home-made Christmas present which may be slipped away down in the toe of the stocking. It is a soap-case, to be used in traveling, and any young girl can easily make it. The case consists merely of a straight piece of rubber covered with pungee and bound with ribbon. On one end a button-hole is made and on the other a button is sewed. The word "soap" may be embroidered on the outside in silk floss, matching in color the ribbon. This little case will be found most convenient during a long journey.—N. Y. World.

The Retort Courteous.

Americus—An Englishman's cigars are like his humor: dry and withered.

Britannicus—An American's cigars are like his rumor: mostly cabbaged.—Truth.

He's Not a Cannibal.

In Jersey City there lives a contractor of Hibernian extraction. He is a gentle and amiable person, but deceive his new employes into believing him cannibalistic by his method of expressing himself.

In engaging his employes he arranges to either board them or pay them greater wages and let them furnish their own food. This is the innocently sinister way in which he states the proposition:

"I pay ye $3 a week and ate ye, or $8 a week and ye ate yerslif."—N. Y Herald.

Vain Regret.

"It is sad to think," sighed the New York bank cashier, as he walked into the night with his valise in his hand and gazed upon the massive marble bank building, "sad to think that I must leave this noble structure behind me. But I must do so; I cannot take it with me."

And, dropping a tear, he grabbed his valise with a tighter grip and hurried to the Grand Central depot.—Texas Siftings.

Poetry and Prose.

Strange thrills and qualms my spirit move,
I ask myself the question,
Is it the pang of nascent love,
Or is it indigestion?

Answered by Asking Another!

WHAT HAVE WE TO SELL?

DON'T YOU KNOW?

This is a silly question and a silly answer. It is a matter of business, though, to attempt to answer it.

WE HAVE, as everyone knows, everything known in merchandising. If at first glance you don't see what you want, please ask for it. Everything cannot always be kept out in full view of the customer. The clerks in our employ take especial pride in waiting on you--in showing goods, etc.

At any time, and at all times during business hours, patrons of our stores will be treated well, and receive as much for their money as can be procured elsewhere, all things considered. Our line of

Dress Goods, Notions and Trimmings,

are not to be duplicated in town, nor can larger sales be shown by any other house the past year in this immediate section of country. This may sound rather extravagant, but for all that, there's no denying the fact. For

HEAD AND FOOTWEAR

Where can you find a larger assortment from which to make a selection than is in our power and pleasure to show you? We fit and please every customer, which is saying much more than can be said of every one. You're mistaken if you think we haven't what you want in this line, or in fact, in any line.

A COMPLETE GROCERY STORE! LARGE AND AIRY!

Is that at which our patrons secure, at the lowest market prices, that which goes toward satisfying the cravings of the "inner man."

FIRST-CLASS GROCERIES

of all kinds. Every brand of Canned Goods possible to get, can be obtained from our stock. New purchases are being made every day--some stock being added to in order that the demand will not exceed the supply. The small margin of profit upon which we sell, is bound to keep things moving. It may rain or it may snow, but there's no preparation on our part to be made to make our customers comfortable. This custom was in vogue years ago, and the same accommodating spirit prevails. Call to see

WHAT WE HAVE, AND WHAT TO GET YOU WANT.

The latch string is out at all times

Yours to command,

St. Bernard Coal Co.

EARLINGTON, KY. (INCORPORATED)

A CICADA CITY.

Curious Huts Built by the Seventeen-Year Locusts.

The reappearance of the seventeen-year locusts, or cicadas, during the past summer, was accompanied in some localities by a very singular phenomenon. It is well known that these wonderful insects, after lying for seventeen years in the earth, issue at the end of that period, in the form of pupæ, from long burrows in the ground. Ordinarily these burrows end at the surface of the ground, and the pupæ, after crawling out of them, undergo their transformation into winged insects. But occasionally the cicada, before issuing from its burrow, constructs an extension of it above the surface of the ground, like a little hut, and when its period of transformation is at hand the insect breaks open the top, or roof, of its mud hut, and emerges into the sunshine.

Heretofore but few specimens of these huts have been described by naturalists, but last spring great numbers of them appeared in some places, and the question has arisen, Why were they constructed? Mr. Benjamin Lander discovered an immense city of such huts on South Mountain, near Nyack-on-the-Hudson, and he thinks he knows why the insects built them.

These huts were from one to four inches in height, and some of the more symmetrical of them, being composed of clay stained with red oxide of iron, were beautiful objects. They were scattered by thousands over an area of about sixty acres, and in some spots were crowded close together, ten or even twenty appearing on a single square foot of ground. The population of this strange city was, of course, enormous.

As to the explanation of the building of the cicada city, according to Mr. Lander it was due to the uncommon heat which prevailed in the month of April. The heat penetrated the earth and stirred the pupæ, which lay there awaiting their final change, to premature activity. They then ascended to the surface of the ground, and while yet awaiting transformation, added the huts as extensions to their burrows for protection from the heat.

Other persons have thought that the huts might be intended to protect the burrows from the inflow of water, but the city just described was situated on high, dry ground. In favor of the explanation of Mr. Lander are the facts that the soil where the huts existed was thin, and much of the ground had been covered with woods and undergrowth recently burned off. This stripping of the soil of its covering enabled the heat of the sun to penetrate it the more readily, and thus to reach the pupæ hidden in their burrows.—Youth's Companion.

A WORD TO PARENTS.

Regarding Treatment of Children During Courtship.

If the parent has been the companion and friend, the comrade and confidante of the child all the way along from infancy to maturity, there will exist between the two a mode of communication which without words will keep up a perfect mutual understanding, so that both will feel just what is proper in every delicate exigency. But unfortunately this ideal equilibrium of sympathy is very rare and the cold, hard facts of life must be anticipated by the parent long precedent to the days of courtship, and set before the child without shrinking or prejudice. And here is where the most difficult part of duty lies.

The nearer we can come to regarding our children with the absolute vision of love the nearer we shall approach the ideal of understanding with regard to their natures, dispositions, tempers, needs. Here is the secret. What one young person would accept as proper and final would but arouse anger and obstinacy in another. In the sacred affair that we call courtship, and too often treat with light indifference or sentimental evasion, there should always be present the profoundest regard for character, and to this every appeal should be made. Lovers and sweethearts are, by what love implies, mature men and women; for marriage is not now-a-days contemplated as possible between stripplings and school girls; and as men and women our sons and daughters must be regarded during courtship. We can not say yes and no to them with a czar's or empress' air of supremacy: our influence must reach them through the fine, pure medium of that love which has, since infancy, been growing between us and them.

If we see with the practiced and practical vision of experience and act upon the unselfish principle of parental affection our children will be very apt to meet us half way in our efforts to direct them, even in their wrestlings with the blind god. Half the battle is fought, nay the victory is already won, if from their birth onward our children have been shown that we never take advantage of them because we are their parents.—Lucy Barnard Cope, in Chautauquan.

The Hand of Time.

Mother—Why, my dear, what's the matter?

Daughter (tearfully)—I—I am losing my beauty.

"Nonsense!"

"Oh, it's true. I went to Bargain & Co.'s to price goods and the clerk who waited on me began to look tired before I'd been there an hour—hoo, hoo, hoo!"—N. Y. Weekly.

Literally So.

Figg—Came over from England with Stillman. Always had a prejudice against that man, but got well acquainted with him on board the steamer, and found him a first-rate fellow.

Fogg—Yes, nothing like a sea voyage to find what's in a man.—Boston Transcript.

Sowing Seed.

Assistant—We haven't much to put in the "Hints to Farmers" column this week.

Editor—Put in "Now is the Time to Subscribe."—Puck.

A Slight Correction.

"My friend," said the head waiter at the hotel, as he tapped significantly on the shoulder of a man who was making his exit from the dining room, "I have dropped on to your little game. This is the ninth time you have eaten dinner here without paying."

"Sir!" exclaimed the man, drawing himself up with offended dignity and looking the presumptuous official sternly in the eyes, "you are mistaken; it's the fifteenth."—N. Y. Mercury.

A Compliment's Finale.

Little Boy—Why do you call that baby your baby? It's your mother's, isn't it?

Mrs. Spankers—No, she's my own.

Little Boy—Is it? I thought you was its sister.

Mrs. Spankers (delighted)—Did you, really?

Little Boy—Yes'm. I didn't know you was married; I thought you was a old maid.—Good News.

What Grandma Reads.

Grandma—Always on the go! I don't see why you can't sit down and read the paper once in awhile, the way I do.

Small Grandson—What's the use! The boys and girls I know hardly ever dies, and they is too young to get married.—Good News.

But Yet His Wife.

Young Husband (home from the office)—Why, what's the trouble, pet?

Young Wife (in tears)—Oh, George—my husband—I have made a terrible mistake—but—promise that you'll forgive me?

Young Husband (shutting his teeth)—Is it as bad as that?

Young Wife—Even worse (sobs)—I bought this pair of shoes at Tenth street for five dollars (sobs) and now I find that (sobs) I could have got them at One-hundred-and-thirtieth street for only four dollars and ninety-eight cents.—Judge.

Uncle Sam's Salaries.

"Did you say that her father had been appointed to a prominent place under the government?"

"Yes."

"And to think I was about to propose to her!"

"Has the appointment changed your mind?"

"Decidedly. I could support her very nicely, but I don't know whether I feel like taking chances on being expected to chip in and support the entire family."—Truth.

Natural History.

I told her that I had been dabbling in stocks.
"What were you?" she queried.
"A bull or a bear?"
That I had been neither a grizzly nor ox,
But an ass, pure and simple, I had to declare.
—Puck.

AN ALL-SUFFICIENT REASON.

Fond Parent—Bobby, why will you always persist in pushing in the eyes of your little sister's dolls?

Bobby (conclusively)—Because I can't pick 'em out.—Truth.

Victimized.

"If I live long enough," he said moodily, "I hope I'll get over being a natural mark for every bunko steerer that happens to be loose."

"What's the matter?"

"I concluded I'd have to economize, so I sent fifty cents to a man who said that was all he'd charge to tell me how to make a little money go a long way."

"And what did he tell you?"

"He simply wrote: 'Send five cents by express to San Francisco.'"—Washington Star.

He'd Been Looking On.

Mrs. Hayseed (in the stock exchange)—Good lands! I never heard such a racket. How do folks think in all this noise?

Mr. Hayseed—Think! They don't try to think. They just buy and sell like mad fer a few hours, and then go home and figure up to see whether they are rich or ruined.—N. Y. Weekly.

Drew the Line.

Mrs. Hicks—Here I am, keeping two girls and have to work like a slave myself.

Hicks—Why don't you get another girl?

Mrs. Hicks—Not much; come what may I simply won't work nights.—N. Y. World.

Not a Fair Test.

Little Girl—Our baby is smarter than yours.

Little Boy—Tisn't.

"Yes 'tis. Your baby can't say the first word yet. Our baby is beginning to talk."

"Y-e-s, but your baby is a girl."—Good News.

A Certain Remedy.

"I wish," said Mrs. Corntossel, "thet they wus some way ter keep people from talkin' about ye behind yer back."

"They is," replied her husband.

"What?"

"Run fer office. Then they'll talk about ye ter yer face."—Washington Star.

At Home and Abroad.

He could tell without a stagger
When out upon the stump,
How to settle monetary national strife,
But at home he lost his swagger,
And, no matter how he'd hump,
He couldn't settle finance with his wife.
—Boston Traveller.

An Unnecessary Direction.

Goeling—Barber, my skin is tender. I wish you'd shave me down, not up.

Irish Barber—Down, is it? Sure, sor, there's nothing else but down to shave!—Harper's Bazar.

Very High.

"Does your wife wear a high hat when she goes to the play?"

"I should say she does," replied the man who always looks weary. "It cost me $27."—Washington Star.

Better for Him.

"I always like to see pa and ma dressed up in their best clothes," said Jacky. "They let me do as I please then, 'cause they can't spank me 'thout mussin' theirselves up."—Harper's Bazar.

Proof of Her Attractions.

Mr. Inglesby—Is Miss Gayburd really such a charming girl?

Mrs. Maynewright—She must be. All her girl friends hate her furiously.—Chicago Record.

Her Only Chance.

Blanche—Clara is deeply interested in hypnotism.

Lucy—Yes. She's twenty-nine and she isn't engaged yet.—Brooklyn Life.

Only Way to Get His Money.

"How can she marry old Croesus!"

"Because there's no other way to be his widow."—Life.

A Hard Question.

Teamster—You're a agent fer the S. P. C. A., ain't you?

Deacon De Good—Yes.

"And you're a church member, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you had a balky horse, what would you do—beat the horse, or just sit down and cuss?"—N. Y. Weekly.

Doctor and Patient.

Patient—But, doctor, didn't you strictly order me to avoid all excitement?

Doctor—Certainly! In your state the least excitement is most injurious, and may lead to the worst consequences.

Patient—Then why on earth did you send in that long bill of yours yesterday?—Once a Week.

An Heroic Effort.

Cumso—Poor Tillinghast's wife died, and left him four little children.

Fanglo—She was a very fine woman. It will be hard, too, for him to fill her shoes.

Cumso—He seems to realize that, for he has his eye on a Chicago girl.—Truth.

In Poor Health

means so much more than you imagine—serious and fatal diseases result from trifling ailments neglected. Don't play with Nature's greatest gift—health.

Brown's Iron Bitters

If you are feeling out of sorts, weak and generally exhausted, nervous, have no appetite and can't work, begin at once taking the most reliable strengthening medicine, which is Brown's Iron Bitters. A few bottles cure—benefit comes from the very first dose—*it won't stain your teeth*, and it's pleasant to take.

It Cures

Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Troubles, Neuralgia, Constipation, Bad Blood, Malaria, Nervous ailments, Women's complaints.

Get only the genuine—it has crossed red lines on the wrapper. All others are substitutes. On receipt of two 2c. stamps we will send set of Ten Beautiful World's Fair Views and book—free.

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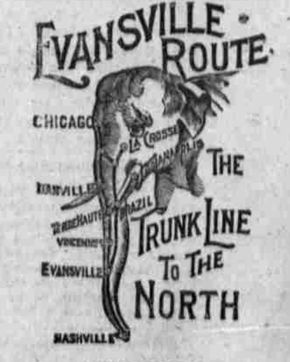

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