

Crofula

The blood of humanity. It appears in varied forms, but is forced by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and vitalizes the blood and cures all such diseases. Read this:

In September, 1894, I made a mistake and injured my ankle. Very soon afterwards, two inches across formed and in walking I found it I sprained my ankle. The sore became worse; I could not put my foot on and I thought I should have to give up at every step. I could not get any relief and had to stop work. I read of a cure of a similar case by Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it. Before I had taken all of two bottles the sore had healed and the swelling had gone down. My

A Sore

Foot

is now well and I have been greatly benefited otherwise. I have increased in weight and am in better health. I cannot say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mrs. H. BLAIR, South Berwick, Maine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. Prepared only by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Hood's Pills the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c.

This is the **CUPID** hair pin. It has a double set of spiral curves and will not slip out of the hair. It is made by **Richardson & DeLong Bros.**, manufacturers of the famous **DeLONG HOOK AND EYE.**



DRESSMAKERS FIND THE ONLY ORIGINAL DESIGNS PUBLISHED in This Country

L'Art de La Mode. And all the most reliable information on the question of dress. Order of your New Dealer or send 25 Cents for the last Number.

THE MORSE-BROUGHTON CO., 8 West 19th Street, New York.

CERTAIN CURE IN THE WORLD

For sale in Druggists or Sent Free on receipt of price by **CERTAIN CURE CO.,** Evansville, Ind.

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT.

HERE IS JUST AS GOOD.

DO YOU SMOKE BENEFIT OF THE DEALER? OWN COMFORT AND PLEASURE? YOU ARE ENTITLED TO THE VERY BEST YOUR MONEY WILL BUY. JUST AS GOOD AS



STRANGE ACCIDENTS TO BIRDS.

A poor little chaffin was found dead near Esplanade with its lower mandible so firmly imbedded in the shell of a beechnut that it had been unable to extricate it and had died of starvation. A hen pheasant was observed by a sportsman to be flying around and around in a wild manner. On being shot it was discovered to have a large oak leaf imbedded upon its back in such a way as to totally obscure its vision. Herons sometimes choke themselves by attempting to swallow large trout. An eider-duck has been killed by attempting to swallow a toad. A kingfisher was once found which could not fly on account of having a young pike stuck in its throat. Some hunters removed the fish and the bird flew away unharmed.

An Irish naturalist once observed a dunnit setting in a very curious manner on the seashore. The bird would alight, then fly a short distance and then alight again, violently shaking its head. A round lump appeared fastened to its beak. It turned out that the bird had innocently attempted to investigate a cockle which it had found open. The shell had closed on its bill.

Birds that employ hair in the building of their nests come to grief in strange ways. A gentleman who possessed several colts one day noticed a small bird entangled in the tail of one of his colts. It had evidently been on a search for hair and had become entangled. Cases of birds getting their feet entangled in wool or string are well known, and death usually ensues if human help is not forthcoming.

A Viennese scientist has succeeded in photographing through the body the calcareous deposits in various internal organs of the human being.

ABOUT EYES.

Dreaming of an adversary signifies that you are to overcome obstacles which are in your way.

Many specimens of worms and the larvae of insects are not provided with eyes. Their habitation being in the earth, eyes to them would be useless.

It seldom happens that both eyes are exactly alike. An examination with a magnifying glass usually discovers many differences between the two.

When the under arch of the upper eyelid is a perfect semicircle it is indicative of goodness, but also of timidity, sometimes approaching cowardice.

Scientists who have made a study of the eye say that a flash of light lasting 40-1,000,000,000ths of a second is quite sufficient for distinct vision.

The eye which when open presents a long acute angle to the nose invariably indicates comprehensive understanding and great intelligence in its possessor.

M. Jules Cambon, at present governor-general of Algeria, has accepted the position of editor in chief of the Journal des Debats, which has now become an evening paper.

Stop, Thief! Stop a small malady, which is stealing your strength, before it outruns your power to arrest it, and recover what it took from you. The safest and promptest recuperator of waning vitality is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which renews vigor, flesh and nerve quickens because it restores activity to those functions whose interruption interferes with general health. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, malaria, rheumatic and kidney complaints and biliousness.

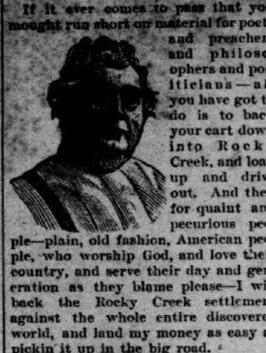
"You are the only doctor who advises me to stay at home. All the others say I ought to go to a winter resort." "I suppose they have all the patients they want."—Flegende Blaetter.

Do you—dare you to taunt me with my born deformity?—Byron.

QUAINT AND "PECURIOUS."

Homey Character Sketches from the Rocky Creek Settlement.

Uncle Silas Crosses the Last Ditch.—Mart Mayo, the "Boss Abner," Liar—The Best in His Shop—Two Dollars for a Fly.



Uncle Silas

It is ever comes to pass that you brought this short on material for poets and preachers and philosophers and politicians—all you have got to do is to back your cart down into Rocky Creek, and load up and drive out. And then for quaint and peccurios people—plain, old fashion, American people, who worship God, and love their country, and serve their day and generation as they blame please—I will back the Rocky Creek settlement against the whole entire discovered world, and land my money as easy as pickin' it up in the big road.

Over the Last Ditch.—Uncle Silas, as most every body was wont to call him—is dead and gone now, but he was a man that had some quaint and peccurios ways of his own. In a general way he was a mighty good man, a good neighbor and a good citizen. He had come down from a long line of God-fearin', debt-payin', dram-drinkin', democratic people. He had lived and moved and had his washin done in the same settlement somethin' better than 80 years, and no man, livin or dead, ever had anything serious to say touchin' Uncle Silas, exceptin' that he was rather peccurios and dead sot on his ways.

But there was one particular pint in that good old man's life which I put in to tell you about. Every year this Lord sent for more than 60 years Uncle Silas had dug a ditch and cleared up a new ground. That was always the first thing with him right after Christmas. They tell me that when he was young and in his prime he use to sometimes pitch in and clear up whole acres of land, and maybe dig a ditch half a mile long on one spell. But in his old days he got so he would whittle his work down considerable. Sometimes he would take in just a little skirt of new ground and dig a little ditch somewhere about the place. He would have had more open land than he needed on the farm, you understand. But that was what Uncle Silas had. He had went on clearin' a little and ditchin' a little every year for sixty odd years, and consequentially he was dead sot in that way. And after Christmas he use to say he never could feel plum natural and right till he tended his reglar business.

Two or three weeks ago it so came to pass that I went by the Gillum place, and I took notice that Uncle Silas was still doin' business at the old stand. Down in the woods paster he had cleared up a little new ground not much bigger than a garden spot, and out in the orchard he had dug a little ditch to dreene the water into the big road.

It wouldn't be no ways strange to me if that good old man had made his last clearin and dug his last ditch, says I to myself as I rid on towards home. And then about the next news we got from Uncle Silas a funeral was going on over to his house. He had crossed over the last ditch and went to the other land of light and sunshine and flowers.

"What in creation are they ringin all them bells for?" says the preacher to the general crowd.

"I reckon they must be havin a big funeral for Simoa Peter's wife's mother," put in Andy Lucas, as serious and innocent as you please. "I heard three times yesterday that she was sick abed with a high fever, and by this time no doubt the poor old lady must be dead."

Two Dollars for a Fly.—Everybody don't know why it is that Andy Lucas never did wide in very deep regards to the church and religion. But me and him have always been as thick as thieves at a circus, and he has told me a heap of things "jest between us gals," as he is wont to put it.

"Way back there in my young and gallin days, you understand, Rufe, I come dur'n nigh gittin' forever weaned off from tendin church," says Andy to me, in tellin of the story "It was in the heat and burden of summer time and the weather was scoundous hot. A big distracted meetin was going on over at Bark Log, and on Sunday I climbed into my storebought clothes and went to church with Miss Pinky Ann Newton. Well, Miss Pinky she was dressed clean out of sight that day, and I was puttin on a whole passel of dog myself. After the sermon the preacher he called for money.

"All them that will give five dollars for the good work raise up your hands," says he, and he pulled three or four of the amen corner brethren to that extent.

"Now, all of them that are willin to put two dollars out at interest on the Lord's side, please raise your hands," says he.

"Now, mind you, Rufe, me and Miss Pinky Ann had waded in tolerable close to the amen corner in orderment to see and be seen. And about that time a blamed old fly lit on my nose and tickled so I couldn't stand it. Somethin jest naturally had to be did, and when I raised my hand to bresh off the fly the preacher thanked the Lord and slapped me down for two dollars.

"And do you know, Rufe, he sized my pile to a nat's heel? I had two dollars, smooth and even, in halves and quarters, and I had put it down there in my flanks where it would rattle as I walked, and by gittin and cleaned me up. You know good 'n' put out at interest, but there I was, weedin of a wide row with Miss Pinky Ann, and everybody lookin at us, and I couldn't see no way to snake out. So I went down into my pocket, rich and reckless like, and nettled up like a man, which at the same time it was like payin taxes or sheddin eye teeth. Henceforwards after that I have all ways took a back seat in church, where I can bresh the flies off without buyin 'em at the rate of two dollars a head."

May the God of the hopeless and the helpless bless these quaint and peccurios people. The world needs them in its time of need. BURY SANDERS.

Sciatic Rheumatism and Its Cure.

From the Gazette, Burlington, Iowa.

The story of Mr. Tabor's nearly fatal attack of sciatic rheumatism is familiar to his large circle of acquaintances, but for the benefit of others and those similarly afflicted The Gazette has investigated the matter for publication. Mr. Tabor is Secretary and Treasurer of the Commercial Printing Company, with offices in the Dodge Block and a Gazette man sought an interview with Mr. Tabor at his place of business to-day, and, although he was busily engaged with imperative duties, he talked freely and feelingly on the subject of his recent severe sickness and subsequent wonderful cure.

"Yes," said Mr. Tabor, "I can safely say that I am a well man, that is, my old trouble with rheumatism has entirely disappeared, but I am still taking Pink Pills and will keep on taking them as long as I continue to grow stronger and healthier, as I have been every day since I began to use them. You will not wonder at my profound faith in the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People after you have heard what I have to tell you. About one year ago I was stricken suddenly with sciatic rheumatism and was confined to my bed. It grew worse and rapidly assumed the form of indomitable rheumatism. I suffered constant and acute pains and all the tortures which that horrible disease is capable of inflicting. As length of time passed I became more and more feeble and weak, and threatened to make me a permanent cripple. I tried various remedies for rheumatism, but without any benefit, and my family and friends grew alarmed at my condition.

"About eight weeks ago my mother induced me to try the Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and you know the result. Before I had used one box I felt greatly relieved, and much healthier, as I have been every day since I began to use them. I have now taken eight boxes and feel like a new man and completely cured, all of which is due to the merit of the pills. They are invigorating and thoroughly wholesome, and have helped me in every way."

In reply to inquiries Mr. Henry, the druggist, stated that the Williams' Pink Pills were having a large sale, that it was particularly gratifying to him to know that the customers themselves were highly pleased with the benefit they had derived from their use; that many of them stated that the pills were the only medium that had done anything quick relief but permanent benefit. That the pills do sell and that the pills do cure is a certainty.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a sure remedy for all cases of female weakness, such as depression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure of all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes only at 10 cents a box or six boxes for 50 cents and mail had of all druggists, or direct, by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

The Poor Old Lady Was Dead.—Andy Lucas there is my side partner, and Andy Lucas—he is likewise also one of them quaint and peccurios kind of men. He is a right tolerable good judge of horses and corn whisky "white ink," as he calls it, but outside that I raley don't think Andy knows anything for certain.

Oneat upon a time me and Blev Scroggins and Andy Lucas went up to the state convention, and we tarried round about there till the next Sunday. To the general wonderment of me and Blev Andy went to church three times in three different places that day—morning, evening and night. And from the way he tells it, it would seem like he heard the same preacher preach the same sermon every time, which he took his text from along there in the good book where you read about Simon Peter's wife's mother bein sick abed with a fever.

On our return back home the next day we took a boat and come down to the river. It also come to pass that the same big preacher which Andy Lucas had heard preach the same sermon at three different places the day before, was leavin town on the same boat. About the time the vote was fixin to pull out there was a tremendous ringin of bells going on around town.

"What in creation are they ringin all them bells for?" says the preacher to the general crowd.

"I reckon they must be havin a big funeral for Simoa Peter's wife's mother," put in Andy Lucas, as serious and innocent as you please. "I heard three times yesterday that she was sick abed with a high fever, and by this time no doubt the poor old lady must be dead."

Everybody don't know why it is that Andy Lucas never did wide in very deep regards to the church and religion. But me and him have always been as thick as thieves at a circus, and he has told me a heap of things "jest between us gals," as he is wont to put it.

"Way back there in my young and gallin days, you understand, Rufe, I come dur'n nigh gittin' forever weaned off from tendin church," says Andy to me, in tellin of the story "It was in the heat and burden of summer time and the weather was scoundous hot. A big distracted meetin was going on over at Bark Log, and on Sunday I climbed into my storebought clothes and went to church with Miss Pinky Ann Newton. Well, Miss Pinky she was dressed clean out of sight that day, and I was puttin on a whole passel of dog myself. After the sermon the preacher he called for money.

"All them that will give five dollars for the good work raise up your hands," says he, and he pulled three or four of the amen corner brethren to that extent.

"Now, all of them that are willin to put two dollars out at interest on the Lord's side, please raise your hands," says he.

"Now, mind you, Rufe, me and Miss Pinky Ann had waded in tolerable close to the amen corner in orderment to see and be seen. And about that time a blamed old fly lit on my nose and tickled so I couldn't stand it. Somethin jest naturally had to be did, and when I raised my hand to bresh off the fly the preacher thanked the Lord and slapped me down for two dollars.

"And do you know, Rufe, he sized my pile to a nat's heel? I had two dollars, smooth and even, in halves and quarters, and I had put it down there in my flanks where it would rattle as I walked, and by gittin and cleaned me up. You know good 'n' put out at interest, but there I was, weedin of a wide row with Miss Pinky Ann, and everybody lookin at us, and I couldn't see no way to snake out. So I went down into my pocket, rich and reckless like, and nettled up like a man, which at the same time it was like payin taxes or sheddin eye teeth. Henceforwards after that I have all ways took a back seat in church, where I can bresh the flies off without buyin 'em at the rate of two dollars a head."

May the God of the hopeless and the helpless bless these quaint and peccurios people. The world needs them in its time of need. BURY SANDERS.

Sciatic Rheumatism and Its Cure.

From the Gazette, Burlington, Iowa.

The story of Mr. Tabor's nearly fatal attack of sciatic rheumatism is familiar to his large circle of acquaintances, but for the benefit of others and those similarly afflicted The Gazette has investigated the matter for publication. Mr. Tabor is Secretary and Treasurer of the Commercial Printing Company, with offices in the Dodge Block and a Gazette man sought an interview with Mr. Tabor at his place of business to-day, and, although he was busily engaged with imperative duties, he talked freely and feelingly on the subject of his recent severe sickness and subsequent wonderful cure.

"Yes," said Mr. Tabor, "I can safely say that I am a well man, that is, my old trouble with rheumatism has entirely disappeared, but I am still taking Pink Pills and will keep on taking them as long as I continue to grow stronger and healthier, as I have been every day since I began to use them. You will not wonder at my profound faith in the merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People after you have heard what I have to tell you. About one year ago I was stricken suddenly with sciatic rheumatism and was confined to my bed. It grew worse and rapidly assumed the form of indomitable rheumatism. I suffered constant and acute pains and all the tortures which that horrible disease is capable of inflicting. As length of time passed I became more and more feeble and weak, and threatened to make me a permanent cripple. I tried various remedies for rheumatism, but without any benefit, and my family and friends grew alarmed at my condition.

"About eight weeks ago my mother induced me to try the Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and you know the result. Before I had used one box I felt greatly relieved, and much healthier, as I have been every day since I began to use them. I have now taken eight boxes and feel like a new man and completely cured, all of which is due to the merit of the pills. They are invigorating and thoroughly wholesome, and have helped me in every way."

In reply to inquiries Mr. Henry, the druggist, stated that the Williams' Pink Pills were having a large sale, that it was particularly gratifying to him to know that the customers themselves were highly pleased with the benefit they had derived from their use; that many of them stated that the pills were the only medium that had done anything quick relief but permanent benefit. That the pills do sell and that the pills do cure is a certainty.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a sure remedy for all cases of female weakness, such as depression, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure of all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes only at 10 cents a box or six boxes for 50 cents and mail had of all druggists, or direct, by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

The Poor Old Lady Was Dead.—Andy Lucas there is my side partner, and Andy Lucas—he is likewise also one of them quaint and peccurios kind of men. He is a right tolerable good judge of horses and corn whisky "white ink," as he calls it, but outside that I raley don't think Andy knows anything for certain.

Oneat upon a time me and Blev Scroggins and Andy Lucas went up to the state convention, and we tarried round about there till the next Sunday. To the general wonderment of me and Blev Andy went to church three times in three different places that day—morning, evening and night. And from the way he tells it, it would seem like he heard the same preacher preach the same sermon every time, which he took his text from along there in the good book where you read about Simon Peter's wife's mother bein sick abed with a fever.

On our return back home the next day we took a boat and come down to the river. It also come to pass that the same big preacher which Andy Lucas had heard preach the same sermon at three different places the day before, was leavin town on the same boat. About the time the vote was fixin to pull out there was a tremendous ringin of bells going on around town.

"What in creation are they ringin all them bells for?" says the preacher to the general crowd.

"I reckon they must be havin a big funeral for Simoa Peter's wife's mother," put in Andy Lucas, as serious and innocent as you please. "I heard three times yesterday that she was sick abed with a high fever, and by this time no doubt the poor old lady must be dead."

Everybody don't know why it is that Andy Lucas never did wide in very deep regards to the church and religion. But me and him have always been as thick as thieves at a circus, and he has told me a heap of things "jest between us gals," as he is wont to put it.

"Way back there in my young and gallin days, you understand, Rufe, I come dur'n nigh gittin' forever weaned off from tendin church," says Andy to me, in tellin of the story "It was in the heat and burden of summer time and the weather was scoundous hot. A big distracted meetin was going on over at Bark Log, and on Sunday I climbed into my storebought clothes and went to church with Miss Pinky Ann Newton. Well, Miss Pinky she was dressed clean out of sight that day, and I was puttin on a whole passel of dog myself. After the sermon the preacher he called for money.

"All them that will give five dollars for the good work raise up your hands," says he, and he pulled three or four of the amen corner brethren to that extent.

"Now, all of them that are willin to put two dollars out at interest on the Lord's side, please raise your hands," says he.

"Now, mind you, Rufe, me and Miss Pinky Ann had waded in tolerable close to the amen corner in orderment to see and be seen. And about that time a blamed old fly lit on my nose and tickled so I couldn't stand it. Somethin jest naturally had to be did, and when I raised my hand to bresh off the fly the preacher thanked the Lord and slapped me down for two dollars.

"And do you know, Rufe, he sized my pile to a nat's heel? I had two dollars, smooth and even, in halves and quarters, and I had put it down there in my flanks where it would rattle as I walked, and by gittin and cleaned me up. You know good 'n' put out at interest, but there I was, weedin of a wide row with Miss Pinky Ann, and everybody lookin at us, and I couldn't see no way to snake out. So I went down into my pocket, rich and reckless like, and nettled up like a man, which at the same time it was like payin taxes or sheddin eye teeth. Henceforwards after that I have all ways took a back seat in church, where I can bresh the flies off without buyin 'em at the rate of two dollars a head."

May the God of the hopeless and the helpless bless these quaint and peccurios people. The world needs them in its time of need. BURY SANDERS.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Wm. W. Phelps, Secretary of the Board of Health, New York City, writes: "I have used your Syrup of Figs for many years and it is the best I have ever used for constipation and all the ailments which it cures."

Corn is a vigorous feeder and responds well to liberal fertilization. On corn lands the yield increases and the soil improves if properly treated with fertilizers containing not under 7% actual

Potash. A trial of this plan costs but little and is sure to lead to profitable culture.

Our pamphlets are not advertising circulars bearing special fertilizers, but are practical works, containing latest researches on the subject of fertilization, and are really helpful to farmers. They are sent free for the asking.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 30 Nassau St., New York.

TROPICAL...CUBA, JAMAICA... TOURS. The magnificent United States Mail Steamships of the PLANT STEAMSHIP LINE leave Port Tampa semi-weekly for Key West and Havana. For Jamaica, Jan. 15th, Feb. 15th and 25th, March 15th and 25th, landing at Managua Bay, Matanzas, connecting with Jamaica Railway for Kingston and interior points. Write W. W. WELLS, Passenger Traffic Manager, 115 N. 1st St., for RATES and INFORMATION.

BOILERS Tanks, Breechings, Smoke Stacks, Steam Pipes, Etc. Light and heavy plate iron work of every description.

ESTIMATES ON APPLICATION

Dan Shea & Co. No. 85 Jefferson St., MEMPHIS, TENN.

HATS CLEANED AND DYED. EQUAL TO NEW. ALFRED MEANS, 300 1/2 2nd St., Memphis, Tenn.

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 Days. No pain, no vomiting, no nausea. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

OPIMUM and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE. H. A. WOODLEY, ATLANTA, GA.

PINK'S CURE FOR COUGHS Where all else fails. Best Cough Syrup, Throat Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

STARK TREES GROWN IN THE SOUTH. Sold by all druggists.

OUR CANDIES We are prepared to establish Licenses all Over the South for the Sale of OUR CANDIES. PUT UP IN 10c and 25c BOXES. Sent 30 Cents for a Sample Box Express Prepaid. 225 Main St., Memphis, Tenn.

STARK TREES GROWN IN THE SOUTH. Sold by all druggists.

OUR CANDIES We are prepared to establish Licenses all Over the South for the Sale of OUR CANDIES. PUT UP IN 10c