

Bank

President Isaac Lewis of Sabina, Ohio, is highly respected all through that section. He has lived in Clinton Co. 75 years, and has been president of the Sabina Bank 20 years. He is gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and what he says is worthy attention. All brain workers find Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiarly adapted to their needs. It makes pure, rich, red blood, and from this comes nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength.

"I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a very good medicine, especially as a blood purifier. It has done me good many times. For several years I suffered greatly with pains of

Neuralgia

In one eye and about my temples, especially at night when I had been having a hard day of physical and mental labor. I took many remedies, but found help only in Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me of rheumatism, neuralgia and headache. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself a true friend. I also take Hood's Pills to keep my bowels regular, and like the pills very much." ISAAC LEWIS, Sabina, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the True Blood Purifier. All druggists. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents.

Webster's International Dictionary

The One Great Standard Authority. 700,000 Words. 10,000 Illustrations. Send a Postal for Specimen Pages, etc.



THE BEST FOR EVERYBODY BECAUSE it is easy to find the word wanted. It is easy to ascertain the pronunciation. It is easy to trace the growth of a word. It is easy to learn what a word means.

The Chicago Times-Herald says: "Webster's International Dictionary is the most complete authority on everything pertaining to our language in the way of orthography, etymology, and definition. From it there is no appeal. It is the perfect of human effort and scholarship."—Chicago Times-Herald, Dec. 11, 1900.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

DROPSY

Treated free. Fresh, Pure, Delicious. 1 lb. to 5 lb. Boxes. FRESH PURE DELICIOUS. 1 lb. to 5 lb. Boxes. FRESH PURE DELICIOUS. 1 lb. to 5 lb. Boxes.

The Kind of Ministry Did Not Matter. Through more Dublin stories are "well found" than strictly true, still the following harmless tale is believed to have at least some foundation in fact. A well-known lady, en route to the last drawing room, found herself hopelessly blocked in a line of carriages containing those unimportant people who had not the entrée to which she herself was entitled. Much annoyed that the policeman on duty would not allow her to take the law into her own hands and break through the crowd of vehicles around her, she leaned out of the carriage window and said to him in somewhat imperious tones: "Perhaps you don't know that I am the wife of a cabinet minister?" "If you were the wife of a Presbyterian minister," was the answer, "I couldn't let you pass!"—London World.

No Advantage of Her. A gentleman whom the circumstances of travel caused to sit in the same seat with a young lady who was unusually friendly said, as he was leaving: "I thank you for a very pleasant chat, but I am afraid you would not have been so kind to me had you known I am a married man." "You haven't any advantage of me," promptly responded the young lady: "I am an escaped lunatic." And she was.—Chicago Tribune.

Wanted to Know the Cost. New Salesman (in jewelry store)—There is a young lady in the front part of the store who wants to see a ring exactly like the one she has on. She says she thinks of having two just alike, just for fun. Jeweler—Don't waste time on her. That ring she has on is an engagement ring, and she wants to find out what it cost her lover.—Texas Sittings.

Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Warso—"This physiologist says that aggressive, impulsive people generally have black eyes." Knows—"If not at first, they get them later."—Truth.

The Sheriff—"You say that fellow who broke jail left a message behind?" The Keeper—"Yes, sir; here it is in this paper:—'Excuse the liberty I take!'"—Truth.

For Whooping Cough, Fiso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DIERKER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, '94.

CONSOLATION indirectly pressed upon us when we are suffering under affliction only serves to increase our pain, and to render our grief more poignant.—Rousseau.

C. C. C. CERTAIN CHILL CURE. PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE. BEST IN THE WORLD. For sale at drug stores. Write for receipt of price. CERTAIN CURE CO., Evansville, Ind.

FLOYD'S CANDIES. FRESH, PURE, DELICIOUS. 1 lb. to 5 lb. Boxes. FRESH PURE DELICIOUS. 1 lb. to 5 lb. Boxes. FRESH PURE DELICIOUS. 1 lb. to 5 lb. Boxes.

A Question Answered. Lecturer (who intends to trace the origin of certain dishes and give their historical significance)—Now, ladies and gentlemen, many of you will doubtless be surprised at the question I am about to ask: "Why do we eat mince pie?" Voice (from a dyspeptic-looking auditor)—Because we are fools.—N. Y. Weekly.

Foist in Etiquette. Yabsley—Say, when a fellow calls on a girl, should he leave his hat and cane in the hall or take them into the parlor? Madge—Well, if the girl is living in a boarding-house, and the hat and cane are worth anything, I think he had better hang onto them.—Indianapolis Journal.

The Fleekness of Fame. The world has very many lambs whose owner's names are hid. And yet they may have done as much as Mary ever did.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

BOUND TO SUCCEED. "No, indeed, I do not!" savagely answered the complainant. "How do I know but it may give me hydrophobia?" Buffalo Express.

Lightning Rapidity. "Wonderful eye that boy of mine's got," said the proud father. "That so?" mechanically replied the man who was trying to get away. "You never saw such a sense of proportion," cried the proud father. "I ass that boy the cake dish, and he'll stop the biggest piece on it every time."—N. Y. Recorder.

Not Altogether Inappropriate. "How is trade?" inquired the acquaintance who had dropped in. "Dull," gloomily replied the undertaker. "I wish I could think of some business to run in connection with this." "How would fire insurance do?" asked the visitor, after some reflection.—Chicago Tribune.

A Disappointment. "I was robbed last night," said Penning, "by a highwayman while on my way home from the shop." "The fellow," ejaculated Deskly, sympathetically, "that was too bad." "Precisely what the footpad said when he went through my pockets and found only 10 cents and a postage stamp."—Texas Sittings.

Nearly as Bad. "There's a letter in my pocket that I wouldn't let my wife see for anything." "You don't mean to say that some other woman is writing to you?" "Oh, no; it's just one of her letters which I've been forgetting to post!"—Chicago Record.

At the Tournament. "Say, you won the bicycle race, didn't you?" "Yes." "Your name is Walker, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, I won the pedestrian match, and my name is Ryder." "Great Scott! Let's go and take something!"—Chicago Tribune.

No Moral Responsibility. Judge—Murphy, you are drunk again. M.—Yeah, your honor. J.—Didn't you solemnly promise me, when I let you off last time, that you would never get drunk again? M.—Yeah, your honor, but I was drunk at the time, your honor. I wasn't responsible for what I said.—Bay City Chat.

A Contingency. "See here," said the judge, in a disgusted tone, "don't you think it is silly to charge this man with assault when all he did was to hit you with a scussage?" "No, indeed, I do not!" savagely answered the complainant. "How do I know but it may give me hydrophobia?" Buffalo Express.

Lightning Rapidity. "Wonderful eye that boy of mine's got," said the proud father. "That so?" mechanically replied the man who was trying to get away. "You never saw such a sense of proportion," cried the proud father. "I ass that boy the cake dish, and he'll stop the biggest piece on it every time."—N. Y. Recorder.

Not Altogether Inappropriate. "How is trade?" inquired the acquaintance who had dropped in. "Dull," gloomily replied the undertaker. "I wish I could think of some business to run in connection with this." "How would fire insurance do?" asked the visitor, after some reflection.—Chicago Tribune.

A Disappointment. "I was robbed last night," said Penning, "by a highwayman while on my way home from the shop." "The fellow," ejaculated Deskly, sympathetically, "that was too bad." "Precisely what the footpad said when he went through my pockets and found only 10 cents and a postage stamp."—Texas Sittings.

Nearly as Bad. "There's a letter in my pocket that I wouldn't let my wife see for anything." "You don't mean to say that some other woman is writing to you?" "Oh, no; it's just one of her letters which I've been forgetting to post!"—Chicago Record.

At the Tournament. "Say, you won the bicycle race, didn't you?" "Yes." "Your name is Walker, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, I won the pedestrian match, and my name is Ryder." "Great Scott! Let's go and take something!"—Chicago Tribune.

No Moral Responsibility. Judge—Murphy, you are drunk again. M.—Yeah, your honor. J.—Didn't you solemnly promise me, when I let you off last time, that you would never get drunk again? M.—Yeah, your honor, but I was drunk at the time, your honor. I wasn't responsible for what I said.—Bay City Chat.

A Contingency. "See here," said the judge, in a disgusted tone, "don't you think it is silly to charge this man with assault when all he did was to hit you with a scussage?" "No, indeed, I do not!" savagely answered the complainant. "How do I know but it may give me hydrophobia?" Buffalo Express.

Lightning Rapidity. "Wonderful eye that boy of mine's got," said the proud father. "That so?" mechanically replied the man who was trying to get away. "You never saw such a sense of proportion," cried the proud father. "I ass that boy the cake dish, and he'll stop the biggest piece on it every time."—N. Y. Recorder.

Not Altogether Inappropriate. "How is trade?" inquired the acquaintance who had dropped in. "Dull," gloomily replied the undertaker. "I wish I could think of some business to run in connection with this." "How would fire insurance do?" asked the visitor, after some reflection.—Chicago Tribune.

A Disappointment. "I was robbed last night," said Penning, "by a highwayman while on my way home from the shop." "The fellow," ejaculated Deskly, sympathetically, "that was too bad." "Precisely what the footpad said when he went through my pockets and found only 10 cents and a postage stamp."—Texas Sittings.

Nearly as Bad. "There's a letter in my pocket that I wouldn't let my wife see for anything." "You don't mean to say that some other woman is writing to you?" "Oh, no; it's just one of her letters which I've been forgetting to post!"—Chicago Record.

At the Tournament. "Say, you won the bicycle race, didn't you?" "Yes." "Your name is Walker, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, I won the pedestrian match, and my name is Ryder." "Great Scott! Let's go and take something!"—Chicago Tribune.

No Moral Responsibility. Judge—Murphy, you are drunk again. M.—Yeah, your honor. J.—Didn't you solemnly promise me, when I let you off last time, that you would never get drunk again? M.—Yeah, your honor, but I was drunk at the time, your honor. I wasn't responsible for what I said.—Bay City Chat.

A Contingency. "See here," said the judge, in a disgusted tone, "don't you think it is silly to charge this man with assault when all he did was to hit you with a scussage?" "No, indeed, I do not!" savagely answered the complainant. "How do I know but it may give me hydrophobia?" Buffalo Express.

Lightning Rapidity. "Wonderful eye that boy of mine's got," said the proud father. "That so?" mechanically replied the man who was trying to get away. "You never saw such a sense of proportion," cried the proud father. "I ass that boy the cake dish, and he'll stop the biggest piece on it every time."—N. Y. Recorder.

Not Altogether Inappropriate. "How is trade?" inquired the acquaintance who had dropped in. "Dull," gloomily replied the undertaker. "I wish I could think of some business to run in connection with this." "How would fire insurance do?" asked the visitor, after some reflection.—Chicago Tribune.

A Disappointment. "I was robbed last night," said Penning, "by a highwayman while on my way home from the shop." "The fellow," ejaculated Deskly, sympathetically, "that was too bad." "Precisely what the footpad said when he went through my pockets and found only 10 cents and a postage stamp."—Texas Sittings.

Nearly as Bad. "There's a letter in my pocket that I wouldn't let my wife see for anything." "You don't mean to say that some other woman is writing to you?" "Oh, no; it's just one of her letters which I've been forgetting to post!"—Chicago Record.

At the Tournament. "Say, you won the bicycle race, didn't you?" "Yes." "Your name is Walker, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, I won the pedestrian match, and my name is Ryder." "Great Scott! Let's go and take something!"—Chicago Tribune.

No Moral Responsibility. Judge—Murphy, you are drunk again. M.—Yeah, your honor. J.—Didn't you solemnly promise me, when I let you off last time, that you would never get drunk again? M.—Yeah, your honor, but I was drunk at the time, your honor. I wasn't responsible for what I said.—Bay City Chat.

A Contingency. "See here," said the judge, in a disgusted tone, "don't you think it is silly to charge this man with assault when all he did was to hit you with a scussage?" "No, indeed, I do not!" savagely answered the complainant. "How do I know but it may give me hydrophobia?" Buffalo Express.

Lightning Rapidity. "Wonderful eye that boy of mine's got," said the proud father. "That so?" mechanically replied the man who was trying to get away. "You never saw such a sense of proportion," cried the proud father. "I ass that boy the cake dish, and he'll stop the biggest piece on it every time."—N. Y. Recorder.

Not Altogether Inappropriate. "How is trade?" inquired the acquaintance who had dropped in. "Dull," gloomily replied the undertaker. "I wish I could think of some business to run in connection with this." "How would fire insurance do?" asked the visitor, after some reflection.—Chicago Tribune.

A Disappointment. "I was robbed last night," said Penning, "by a highwayman while on my way home from the shop." "The fellow," ejaculated Deskly, sympathetically, "that was too bad." "Precisely what the footpad said when he went through my pockets and found only 10 cents and a postage stamp."—Texas Sittings.

Nearly as Bad. "There's a letter in my pocket that I wouldn't let my wife see for anything." "You don't mean to say that some other woman is writing to you?" "Oh, no; it's just one of her letters which I've been forgetting to post!"—Chicago Record.

At the Tournament. "Say, you won the bicycle race, didn't you?" "Yes." "Your name is Walker, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, I won the pedestrian match, and my name is Ryder." "Great Scott! Let's go and take something!"—Chicago Tribune.

No Moral Responsibility. Judge—Murphy, you are drunk again. M.—Yeah, your honor. J.—Didn't you solemnly promise me, when I let you off last time, that you would never get drunk again? M.—Yeah, your honor, but I was drunk at the time, your honor. I wasn't responsible for what I said.—Bay City Chat.

A Contingency. "See here," said the judge, in a disgusted tone, "don't you think it is silly to charge this man with assault when all he did was to hit you with a scussage?" "No, indeed, I do not!" savagely answered the complainant. "How do I know but it may give me hydrophobia?" Buffalo Express.

Lightning Rapidity. "Wonderful eye that boy of mine's got," said the proud father. "That so?" mechanically replied the man who was trying to get away. "You never saw such a sense of proportion," cried the proud father. "I ass that boy the cake dish, and he'll stop the biggest piece on it every time."—N. Y. Recorder.

Not Altogether Inappropriate. "How is trade?" inquired the acquaintance who had dropped in. "Dull," gloomily replied the undertaker. "I wish I could think of some business to run in connection with this." "How would fire insurance do?" asked the visitor, after some reflection.—Chicago Tribune.

A Disappointment. "I was robbed last night," said Penning, "by a highwayman while on my way home from the shop." "The fellow," ejaculated Deskly, sympathetically, "that was too bad." "Precisely what the footpad said when he went through my pockets and found only 10 cents and a postage stamp."—Texas Sittings.

Nearly as Bad. "There's a letter in my pocket that I wouldn't let my wife see for anything." "You don't mean to say that some other woman is writing to you?" "Oh, no; it's just one of her letters which I've been forgetting to post!"—Chicago Record.

At the Tournament. "Say, you won the bicycle race, didn't you?" "Yes." "Your name is Walker, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, I won the pedestrian match, and my name is Ryder." "Great Scott! Let's go and take something!"—Chicago Tribune.

No Moral Responsibility. Judge—Murphy, you are drunk again. M.—Yeah, your honor. J.—Didn't you solemnly promise me, when I let you off last time, that you would never get drunk again? M.—Yeah, your honor, but I was drunk at the time, your honor. I wasn't responsible for what I said.—Bay City Chat.

A Contingency. "See here," said the judge, in a disgusted tone, "don't you think it is silly to charge this man with assault when all he did was to hit you with a scussage?" "No, indeed, I do not!" savagely answered the complainant. "How do I know but it may give me hydrophobia?" Buffalo Express.

Lightning Rapidity. "Wonderful eye that boy of mine's got," said the proud father. "That so?" mechanically replied the man who was trying to get away. "You never saw such a sense of proportion," cried the proud father. "I ass that boy the cake dish, and he'll stop the biggest piece on it every time."—N. Y. Recorder.

Not Altogether Inappropriate. "How is trade?" inquired the acquaintance who had dropped in. "Dull," gloomily replied the undertaker. "I wish I could think of some business to run in connection with this." "How would fire insurance do?" asked the visitor, after some reflection.—Chicago Tribune.

A Disappointment. "I was robbed last night," said Penning, "by a highwayman while on my way home from the shop." "The fellow," ejaculated Deskly, sympathetically, "that was too bad." "Precisely what the footpad said when he went through my pockets and found only 10 cents and a postage stamp."—Texas Sittings.

Nearly as Bad. "There's a letter in my pocket that I wouldn't let my wife see for anything." "You don't mean to say that some other woman is writing to you?" "Oh, no; it's just one of her letters which I've been forgetting to post!"—Chicago Record.

At the Tournament. "Say, you won the bicycle race, didn't you?" "Yes." "Your name is Walker, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, I won the pedestrian match, and my name is Ryder." "Great Scott! Let's go and take something!"—Chicago Tribune.

No Moral Responsibility. Judge—Murphy, you are drunk again. M.—Yeah, your honor. J.—Didn't you solemnly promise me, when I let you off last time, that you would never get drunk again? M.—Yeah, your honor, but I was drunk at the time, your honor. I wasn't responsible for what I said.—Bay City Chat.

A Contingency. "See here," said the judge, in a disgusted tone, "don't you think it is silly to charge this man with assault when all he did was to hit you with a scussage?" "No, indeed, I do not!" savagely answered the complainant. "How do I know but it may give me hydrophobia?" Buffalo Express.

Lightning Rapidity. "Wonderful eye that boy of mine's got," said the proud father. "That so?" mechanically replied the man who was trying to get away. "You never saw such a sense of proportion," cried the proud father. "I ass that boy the cake dish, and he'll stop the biggest piece on it every time."—N. Y. Recorder.

Not Altogether Inappropriate. "How is trade?" inquired the acquaintance who had dropped in. "Dull," gloomily replied the undertaker. "I wish I could think of some business to run in connection with this." "How would fire insurance do?" asked the visitor, after some reflection.—Chicago Tribune.

A Disappointment. "I was robbed last night," said Penning, "by a highwayman while on my way home from the shop." "The fellow," ejaculated Deskly, sympathetically, "that was too bad." "Precisely what the footpad said when he went through my pockets and found only 10 cents and a postage stamp."—Texas Sittings.

Nearly as Bad. "There's a letter in my pocket that I wouldn't let my wife see for anything." "You don't mean to say that some other woman is writing to you?" "Oh, no; it's just one of her letters which I've been forgetting to post!"—Chicago Record.

At the Tournament. "Say, you won the bicycle race, didn't you?" "Yes." "Your name is Walker, isn't it?" "Yes." "Well, I won the pedestrian match, and my name is Ryder." "Great Scott! Let's go and take something!"—Chicago Tribune.

INSOMNIA. What It Means to Lose the Power to Sleep. A Young Baltimore Woman Whose Nerves Proved Her from Resting—A Tortured Mind and a Wounded Body. From the Herald, Baltimore, Md. Mrs. Jessie Shea is a young married woman whose tiny home is at 835 West Lexington Street, Baltimore. For many months Mrs. Shea has been suffering from a nervous affection which resulted in general debility and insomnias. A Herald reporter called at her residence recently and was shown into the neatly furnished parlor and told Mrs. Shea would be down in a few minutes. Soon a light step was heard tripping down the stairway and Mrs. Shea, radiant with health and the vigor of youth, opened the door. When asked if she had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with a smile which betokened the utmost satisfaction the young lady replied: "Yes, I have used them, and had I not heard of them I doubt if I would have been able to answer your call." "Can you tell me how long you have used them?" "I had an attack of what the doctors termed nervous prostration. My appetite left me entirely and what little sleep I got it was very restless. I assure you, was not by any means refreshing. On the contrary, when I awoke from a nap I had such a tired and exhausted mind that I was loath to try to get to sleep again. I continued to lose flesh day after day until I was almost a shadow compared with my former self." "As soon as I began to take the Pink Pills I commenced to improve. I am no longer troubled with nervousness. I have a good appetite, experience none of the feelings incident to nervousness, and I feel as good as a healthy child. The pills are certainly all they are represented to be, and I believe I owe my life to the fact of having used them. I shall always cheerfully recommend them to my friends and other persons whom I find to be suffering from the malady of which I have cured me!" "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 specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from nervous worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. I shall always send in boxes at 25 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

INSOMNIA. What It Means to Lose the Power to Sleep. A Young Baltimore Woman Whose Nerves Proved Her from Resting—A Tortured Mind and a Wounded Body. From the Herald, Baltimore, Md. Mrs. Jessie Shea is a young married woman whose tiny home is at 835 West Lexington Street, Baltimore. For many months Mrs. Shea has been suffering from a nervous affection which resulted in general debility and insomnias. A Herald reporter called at her residence recently and was shown into the neatly furnished parlor and told Mrs. Shea would be down in a few minutes. Soon a light step was heard tripping down the stairway and Mrs. Shea, radiant with health and the vigor of youth, opened the door. When asked if she had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with a smile which betokened the utmost satisfaction the young lady replied: "Yes, I have used them, and had I not heard of them I doubt if I would have been able to answer your call." "Can you tell me how long you have used them?" "I had an attack of what the doctors termed nervous prostration. My appetite left me entirely and what little sleep I got it was very restless. I assure you, was not by any means refreshing. On the contrary, when I awoke from a nap I had such a tired and exhausted mind that I was loath to try to get to sleep again. I continued to lose flesh day after day until I was almost a shadow compared with my former self." "As soon as I began to take the Pink Pills I commenced to improve. I am no longer troubled with nervousness. I have a good appetite, experience none of the feelings incident to nervousness, and I feel as good as a healthy child. The pills are certainly all they are represented to be, and I believe I owe my life to the fact of having used them. I shall always cheerfully recommend them to my friends and other persons whom I find to be suffering from the malady of which I have cured me!" "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 specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from nervous worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. I shall always send in boxes at 25 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

INSOMNIA. What It Means to Lose the Power to Sleep. A Young Baltimore Woman Whose Nerves Proved Her from Resting—A Tortured Mind and a Wounded Body. From the Herald, Baltimore, Md. Mrs. Jessie Shea is a young married woman whose tiny home is at 835 West Lexington Street, Baltimore. For many months Mrs. Shea has been suffering from a nervous affection which resulted in general debility and insomnias. A Herald reporter called at her residence recently and was shown into the neatly furnished parlor and told Mrs. Shea would be down in a few minutes. Soon a light step was heard tripping down the stairway and Mrs. Shea, radiant with health and the vigor of youth, opened the door. When asked if she had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with a smile which betokened the utmost satisfaction the young lady replied: "Yes, I have used them, and had I not heard of them I doubt if I would have been able to answer your call." "Can you tell me how long you have used them?" "I had an attack of what the doctors termed nervous prostration. My appetite left me entirely and what little sleep I got it was very restless. I assure you, was not by any means refreshing. On the contrary, when I awoke from a nap I had such a tired and exhausted mind that I was loath to try to get to sleep again. I continued to lose flesh day after day until I was almost a shadow compared with my former self." "As soon as I began to take the Pink Pills I commenced to improve. I am no longer troubled with nervousness. I have a good appetite, experience none of the feelings incident to nervousness, and I feel as good as a healthy child. The pills are certainly all they are represented to be, and I believe I owe my life to the fact of having used them. I shall always cheerfully recommend them to my friends and other persons whom I find to be suffering from the malady of which I have cured me!" "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 specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from nervous worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. I shall always send in boxes at 25 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

INSOMNIA. What It Means to Lose the Power to Sleep. A Young Baltimore Woman Whose Nerves Proved Her from Resting—A Tortured Mind and a Wounded Body. From the Herald, Baltimore, Md. Mrs. Jessie Shea is a young married woman whose tiny home is at 835 West Lexington Street, Baltimore. For many months Mrs. Shea has been suffering from a nervous affection which resulted in general debility and insomnias. A Herald reporter called at her residence recently and was shown into the neatly furnished parlor and told Mrs. Shea would be down in a few minutes. Soon a light step was heard tripping down the stairway and Mrs. Shea, radiant with health and the vigor of youth, opened the door. When asked if she had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with a smile which betokened the utmost satisfaction the young lady replied: "Yes, I have used them, and had I not heard of them I doubt if I would have been able to answer your call." "Can you tell me how long you have used them?" "I had an attack of what the doctors termed nervous prostration. My appetite left me entirely and what little sleep I got it was very restless. I assure you, was not by any means refreshing. On the contrary, when I awoke from a nap I had such a tired and exhausted mind that I was loath to try to get to sleep again. I continued to lose flesh day after day until I was almost a shadow compared with my former self." "As soon as I began to take the Pink Pills I commenced to improve. I am no longer troubled with nervousness. I have a good appetite, experience none of the feelings incident to nervousness, and I feel as good as a healthy child. The pills are certainly all they are represented to be, and I believe I owe my life to the fact of having used them. I shall always cheerfully recommend them to my friends and other persons whom I find to be suffering from the malady of which I have cured me!" "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 specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from nervous worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. I shall always send in boxes at 25 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

INSOMNIA. What It Means to Lose the Power to Sleep. A Young Baltimore Woman Whose Nerves Proved Her from Resting—A Tortured Mind and a Wounded Body. From the Herald, Baltimore, Md. Mrs. Jessie Shea is a young married woman whose tiny home is at 835 West Lexington Street, Baltimore. For many months Mrs. Shea has been suffering from a nervous affection which resulted in general debility and insomnias. A Herald reporter called at her residence recently and was shown into the neatly furnished parlor and told Mrs. Shea would be down in a few minutes. Soon a light step was heard tripping down the stairway and Mrs. Shea, radiant with health and the vigor of youth, opened the door. When asked if she had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with a smile which betokened the utmost satisfaction the young lady replied: "Yes, I have used them, and had I not heard of them I doubt if I would have been able to answer your call." "Can you tell me how long you have used them?" "I had an attack of what the doctors termed nervous prostration. My appetite left me entirely and what little sleep I got it was very restless. I assure you, was not by any means refreshing. On the contrary, when I awoke from a nap I had such a tired and exhausted mind that I was loath to try to get to sleep again. I continued to lose flesh day after day until I was almost a shadow compared with my former self." "As soon as I began to take the Pink Pills I commenced to improve. I am no longer troubled with nervousness. I have a good appetite, experience none of the feelings incident to nervousness, and I feel as good as a healthy child. The pills are certainly all they are represented to be, and I believe I owe my life to the fact of having used them. I shall always cheerfully recommend them to my friends and other persons whom I find to be suffering from the malady of which I have cured me!" "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 specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from nervous worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. I shall always send in boxes at 25 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

INSOMNIA. What It Means to Lose the Power to Sleep. A Young Baltimore Woman Whose Nerves Proved Her from Resting—A Tortured Mind and a Wounded Body. From the Herald, Baltimore, Md. Mrs. Jessie Shea is a young married woman whose tiny home is at 835 West Lexington Street, Baltimore. For many months Mrs. Shea has been suffering from a nervous affection which resulted in general debility and insomnias. A Herald reporter called at her residence recently and was shown into the neatly furnished parlor and told Mrs. Shea would be down in a few minutes. Soon a light step was heard tripping down the stairway and Mrs. Shea, radiant with health and the vigor of youth, opened the door. When asked if she had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with a smile which betokened the utmost satisfaction the young lady replied: "Yes, I have used them, and had I not heard of them I doubt if I would have been able to answer your call." "Can you tell me how long you have used them?" "I had an attack of what the doctors termed nervous prostration. My appetite left me entirely and what little sleep I got it was very restless. I assure you, was not by any means refreshing. On the contrary, when I awoke from a nap I had such a tired and exhausted mind that I was loath to try to get to sleep again. I continued to lose flesh day after day until I was almost a shadow compared with my former self." "As soon as I began to take the Pink Pills I commenced to improve. I am no longer troubled with nervousness. I have a good appetite, experience none of the feelings incident to nervousness, and I feel as good as a healthy child. The pills are certainly all they are represented to be, and I believe I owe my life to the fact of having used them. I shall always cheerfully recommend them to my friends and other persons whom I find to be suffering from the malady of which I have cured me!" "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 specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from nervous worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. I shall always send in boxes at 25 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

INSOMNIA. What It Means to Lose the Power to Sleep. A Young Baltimore Woman Whose Nerves Proved Her from Resting—A Tortured Mind and a Wounded Body. From the Herald, Baltimore, Md. Mrs. Jessie Shea is a young married woman whose tiny home is at 835 West Lexington Street, Baltimore. For many months Mrs. Shea has been suffering from a nervous affection which resulted in general debility and insomnias. A Herald reporter called at her residence recently and was shown into the neatly furnished parlor and told Mrs. Shea would be down in a few minutes. Soon a light step was heard tripping down the stairway and Mrs. Shea, radiant with health and the vigor of youth, opened the door. When asked if she had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, with a smile which betokened the utmost satisfaction the young lady replied: "Yes, I have used them, and had I not heard of them I doubt if I would have been able to answer your call." "Can you tell me how long you have used them?" "I had an attack of what the doctors termed nervous prostration. My appetite left me entirely and what little sleep I got it was very restless. I assure you, was not by any means refreshing. On the contrary, when I awoke from a nap I had such a tired and exhausted mind that I was loath to try to get to sleep again. I continued to lose flesh day after day until I was almost a shadow compared with my former self." "As soon as I began to take the Pink Pills I commenced to improve. I am no longer troubled with nervousness. I have a good appetite, experience none of the feelings incident to nervousness, and I feel as good as a healthy child. The pills are certainly all they are represented to be, and I believe I owe my life to the fact of having used them. I shall always cheerfully recommend them to my friends and