Scrofulous Taints

Lurk in the blood of almost every one. In many cases they are inherited. Scrofula appears in running sores, bunches, pimples and cancerous growths. Scrofula can be cured by purifying the blood with

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Sarsaparilla. This great remedy has had wonderful success in curing this disease. It thoroughly eradicates the humor from the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the sores and eruptions by removing their cause — impurities in the blood.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

35 Cent Patterns for 10 Cents.

These patterns retail in fashion bazaars and stores for twenty-five to forty cents each, but in order to increase the demand among strangers we offer them to the lady readers of this paper for the remarkably low price of only **10 Cents Each**. Postage one cent extra.

The patterns are all of the very latest New York styles and are unequaled for style accuracy of fit, simplicity and economy. For twenty-four years these patterns have been used the country over. Full descriptions and directions —as the number of yards of material required, the number and names of the different pieces in the pattern, how to cut and fit and put the garment together—are sent with each pattern, with a picture of the garment to go by. These patterns are complete in every particular, there being a seperate pattern for every single piece of the dress. Your order will be filled the same day it is received.

Order patterns by number and give size in inches.

Every pattern guaranteed to be perfect.

THEY ARE GLOVE FITTING.

To get BUST and BREAST measure, put the tape measure ALL of the way around the body, over the dress close under the arms.

Price of each pattern, 10 cents, when ordered on coupon printed below.

Postage one cent extra on EACH pattern.

LADIES' HOUSE GOWN. Pattern No. 6108 is cut in five sizes, viz: 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

Lavender wool challie having a clover leaf design in olive green is here stylishly trimmed with olive satin.

The revers, sleeves, collar and sash are of satin lined with the challie while the sleeve caps are of the challie lined with the satin.

The sash is finished with a loop silk knotted fringe in a combination of the two colors. The gown is in "Princess" shape, fitting the figure smoothly and falling in ripple-like folds around the skirt.

Made in walking length this model is a favorite for a street dress with ladies who like the weight of their gowns to depend from the shoulders. The style is also desirable for dresses of silk or woolen fabrics.

Gimp, braid, insertion, etc, can be used for trimming.

The retail price of pattern is 35 cents.

LADIES' PUFFED WAIST. Pattern No. 6189 is cut in five sizes, viz: 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure.

Lavender organdie over silk lining of the same shade, made this dainty waist, which is one of the latest importations.

The upper fronts and back are shirred in upright puffs to square yoke depth each row of shirring being covered with pearl braid. The fullness in front and back is prettily gathered into small space at the waist line, where it is held in by the belt. Ample puffs are gracefully disposed over fitted sleeve linings, the lower portions being arranged around the arm in puffs to match the simulated yoke. The standing collar of silk is covered with a puff of the organdie, bordered on each edge with the pearl braid. The closing is invisible in center front. A belt of corded lavender silk is worn at the waist, fastened with a pearl buckle. All styles of silk in fashionable weaves, crepon, challie, veiling, lansdown and novelty silk and wool mixtures, lace, net, grenadine, Swiss mousseline de soie and various other seasonable fabrics are all used to develop themode. The decorations can be selected from the great variety now fashionable, to suit individual taste.

The retail price of this pattern is 25 cents.

COUPON

In ordering, give No..... of patterns wanted Bust..... and Waist..... measure. Either of these patterns will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps when this coupon is enclosed with order and one cent for postage, with your address.

Address **COUPON PATTERN CO.,** Lock Box 747, New York.

WE WILL TAKE YOU

TO CALIFORNIA

Cheaply, Quickly and Comfortably on the Phillips-Rock Island Tourist Excursions. **CHEAP,** because the rate in Sleeping Car is but $6.00. **QUICK,** because you travel on the fastest trains that run. **COMFORT,** because you have a through Sleeper.

Fourteen years' record. Over 100,000 already carried, and all like the service. Car leaves Chicago every Tuesday, via the beautiful Indian Territory and the **Sunny South Line,** and every Thursday through Colorado over the famous **Scenic Route.** A special manager goes each trip to care for the many wants of patrons en route. We can't tell you half the benefits in this ad., but for your California trip you should post yourself.

Address JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., C., R. I. & P. R'y, Chicago.

THE LITTLE HEROINE.

The flam[illegible] in cyclones rolled on high
And swe[illegible] along a tidal wave.
With blindfo[illegible] a noise dark rent the sky
And every wife [illegible] was heard the cry
"Oh, God, is th[illegible] there no power to save?"

Deep horror seized [illegible] the multitude
And on they rushed [illegible] they knew not where
The flames advancin[illegible] thro' the wood
And curlin like a serpe[illegible] in heated air.
Hissed death thro all th[illegible]

The strongest fell—ah, human [illegible] power
However great, at times how [illegible] vain
As frosts lay low the fra[illegible] flow[illegible]
So did those fires in one short hour
Leave awful ruin in their trains

The strongest fell—but there was one
A little girl of twelve sweet years,
Who with her baby brother won
A place of safety, while the sun
All vainly struggled with its fears

Saved! saved! ah, yes, but who can tell
Just how that little girl was saved?
Who guided her footsteps so well?
Who gently raised her when she fell?
Who shielded from the flames that raved?

Are more who rave in direst woe
To her the superhuman power
To carry down Baby Joe.
The little brother she loved so,
And from death's sickle save that flower!

Ah, love you say love, baby love
Sweet love that first cannot fall
'Twas love that moved the powers above
To once again in terror prove
That nought can thwart their sovereign will

And yet we read in God's good book,
(What sweetness in that golden page!)
Even when by parents fond forsook,
And when in vain for help we look,
'Tis then the Lord will take us up

Oh Freda Johnson, darling child,
Oh, Freda and sweet Baby Joe!
Down through the fiery tempest wild
Go, saw your children's hearts and smiled
And saved you for he loved you so

—G. W. Crofts, in the Chicago Inter Ocean

Lady Latimer's Escape.

BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

CHAPTER VIII—CONTINUED.

In spite of myself my lips quivered as I uttered his name, but my mother did not notice it. I did not distress her by crying out the truth—that I had been willing to barter the happiness of my whole life for one month's bliss; it would have broken her heart. I told her no untruth, I did not even deceive her, for I had never dreamed of any return for my great love. I never misunderstood his kindness or his gay, chivalrous fashion. It would soon be over now; no need to break my mother's heart as well as my own.

The beautiful month was drawing to an end, but before any of us had begun to realize what the parting would be like, Lord Latimer introduced a new feature. One day, just before dinner, Captain Fleming had gone into the library to speak to him. Colonel North followed. Business of some kind took Lady Latimer and myself there; we had a lively conversation; the old lord seemed pleased and cheered.

"I consider," he said, "that this shooting party has been a great success. Lionel, you must come back at Christmas—come for some weeks, and help Lady Latimer with her charades and plays. Come with him, Colonel North.

I saw the colonel look first at Lady Latimer. Her beautiful eyes smiled upon him.

"I shall be only too delighted," he replied; and that was how it happened that parting lost its pain.

Little matter if they left when September was over if they returned for Christmas. When the end came, and the day dawned on which they left Lorton's Cray, it was with smiles, not tears we saw them ride away. A few weeks, only a few, and they returned for even a longer stay.

It was a strange calm after they had gone. We were not unhappy or dull; a new order of things set in. We were always thinking of and preparing for Christmas and the New Year.

"We will have such a Christmas as has never been celebrated in England beforef," said Lady Latimer to me. "We will have the old banqueting-hall made into a theater; we will have charades, masquerades and theatricals; we will dance and sing. When it is frosty, we will skate. When the snow falls and the wind wails, we will tell ghost tales. Oh, Audrey, how happy we shall be!"

And she whose beautiful face had once expressed all the weariness that life could hold, caught me in her arms and waltzed around the room with me.

It was both pitiful and touching. She thought of nothing, talked of nothing but Christmas; everything referred to Christmas; there was no looking beyond it. If a beautiful costume was sent from London or Paris, it was reserved for Christmas.

"I think the end of the world will come at Christmas, Lady Latimer," I said. "We are making such preparations for it."

She laughed gaily. She was always laughing now, and a sweet, glad content rested on her fair face.

"I never knew before," she cried, "what a happy time Christmas was, Audrey;" and then her face flushed crimson. "We used to hang up what we called 'a kissing bunch' at home."

"So did we," I answered, and my face grew even redder than hers.

"I—I suppose," she said, after a time, "that we could not do such a thing here at Lorton's Cray. It seems to me, Audrey, the grander a house is, the more miserable it is. Think of the merriment at your house at Christmas. But we shall be happy. What do you think of a kissing bunch?"

"If we have one at all," I answered, discreetly, "it must be called a mistletoe bough?"

"Well, what do you think of a mistletoe bough?" she asked.

I thought it delightful, and told her so.

Then she drew nearer to me. She took my arms, and laid them round her neck.

"Audrey," she whispered, "if we have a mistletoe bough, will any one kiss us, do you think—you and me?"

"Lord Latimer may," I answered, dryly.

"Any one else?" she asked. But I would not smile. "I know some people so lovable," she said, "that to stand under the mistletoe for two minutes with them would atone for years of unhappiness."

"I am sorry that I do not know any one of that description," I answered. I was always careful—always discreet.

But, for all that, when the orders were given for the Christmas evergreens, there was a large one for mistletoe.

CHAPTER IX.

Every day Christmas came nearer and nearer—every day the face of beautiful Lady Latimer grew fairer and younger, more bright and more radiant—every day she woke up with fresh plans and fresh designs—every day she found some new beauty, some new happiness in the coming Christmas-tide. And all this because she had learned to love Colonel North without knowing it. At last Christmas came; and brought them both with it.

The snow and the biting frost had come, the ice was inches thick on the deep meres and pools round Lorton's Cray, and Lorton's Cray itself was a scene of merriment and festivity. A large Christmas party was gathering under its roof.

Lady Latimer was one of the most charming of hostesses. Lord Latimer took very little part in it; he dined, as usual, with his guests, and then retired. He never came to the drawing-room, but once or twice had made his way to the billiard-room.

I may have been prejudiced, but to me he seemed more morose and more stern than ever. It may be that it angered him to see youth and merriment all round him, yet not be able to share in it.

There was nothing to mar the happiness. If Lord Latimer heard the sounds of music, dancing and song, he made no comments, and the old walls rocked again with Christmas fun and merriment. Our boys shared it. Lady Latimer never left them out, when it was practicable to have them there.

They were at most of the skating-parties, and caused unlimited fun. I noticed one thing, and admired their good sense; they had entirely ceased to advise me over marrying, and were content to take things as they were.

The dear boys! I can see them now on the ice, with great red worsted comforters, and hands perfectly blue with cold, yet happy as kings. They saw nothing of the shadow that hung over Lorton's Cray, but I did, and I was powerless to prevent it.

I can not tell exactly how I saw it deepen, but the time came when I could think of nothing else. I placed my own love story aside to devote myself to her. I can not tell either when I first grew alarmed, and began to watch other people, to see if they were watching her. But no, the world went on its way rejoicing, and no one saw that a soul was in danger but myself—unconsciously so; that I shall always maintain—nevertheless, in peril so great that the very angels in heaven looked on in pity.

The first time that I was alarmed was one lovely frosty morning when the sun shone on the snow, and the hoar-frost had silvered the trees and hedges, and the icicles hung like huge diamonds. A walk through Lorton woods had been proposed, and when we were all ready to start, Colonel North was absent. I shall never forget Lady Latimer's face — all the brightness died from it, all the animation vanished. It was plain enough to be seen that the walk had lost all its interest for her.

"It is bitterly cold," she said to me, with a shudder. "I am not at all sure whether we are wise in going."

Quite suddenly he came upon us; he had been to the stable to give some direction about his horses. No need to speak. I turned aside with a groan. If all heaven had been suddenly opened to her, she could not have looked more delighted; her very soul seemed to shine in her eyes as they rested on him.

"I thought we had lost you," she said.

He took her arm in his, and with laughing gallantry, said:

"You may lose your memory, Lady Latimer, but you will never lose me." And though he laughed, I knew the words were true.

They went off together, forgetting all the world. Ah me! And I, who loved her better than I loved my life, stood by, powerless to help her. But the truth was apparent; she had learned to love Colonel North—unconsciously I know—and he loved her. I was as young as herself, but it seemed to me that the entire responsibility of her rested on my shoulders.

What should I do? I could not go to the old lord and say, "Rouse yourself; the beautiful young child whom you have made your wife is in deadly peril. She married you without love and she has learned unconsciously what love is since then. Save her, for she is in mortal peril." Heaven only knows what would happen; he was not that kind of man. Some men would have been noble, tolerant, generous—would have helped her out of the danger; not Lord Latimer; there was very little nobility of soul about him. If I had gone to her and said: "My dear, you are in deadly danger; you are married to a man older than your father, whom you do not love, and you have found one whom you do love," I might, by suddenly opening her eyes, do far more harm than good, and she might do something desperate in her despair. The only thing that seemed left for me to do was to watch over her with devoted care and love.

More than once it occurred to me to speak to the colonel, but it was a delicate and dangerous thing to do. I am quite sure that at first he had no thought of harm. Her beauty attracted him, and her genuine delight in his society urged him on, until the spell of passion lay upon both—and the passion of love is a terrible one. The shadow grew deeper and darker to my eyes, although no one else saw it. They were seldom apart now. When breakfast was over he was her companion in all walks and drives; they spent the afternoon together, either at the piano or with books; when twilight fell and it was too dark to read, too light for lamps, they would be found in the conservatory talking, always talking with the same earnest look on each beautiful face. Many a time I have gone in search of her and found her standing in the dim light by his side, her face all shining, and I have come away praying "Dear heaven help her, or she is lost!" At night she was queen of the revels, and he was king; they danced together, they sung together, and when those two exquisite voices went floating through the room in one grand unison, I knew how their souls went together also. A Christmas revel, a New Year's festivity, but for them it something which I began to fear would have no ending. The worst symptom, to my mind, was that she never spoke of him to me. If his name was mentioned in his absence, the color would rise and seem to burn her face. I tried my best; but what was an inexperienced girl of 18 against two people passionately in love?

There were times when I longed to tell Captain Fleming of the deadly peril so close at hand, and beg him to induce his friend to go away; but my courage failed me when I would have made the effort—I could not utter the words.

One night—It was the winter gloaming, if there be such a time; the lamps were not lighted, and the rooms were all brilliant with the red glow of the firelight and odorous with flowers, so warm, so luxurious; the visitors were dispersed over the house, some in the billiard room and some in the music room. I went to her boudoir in search of Lady Latimer. I had always been accustomed to enter the room without rapping at the door. I did so now.

I turned the handle gently and went in. They were standing together before the fire, the lamps were not lighted, and the ruddy glow of the fire filled the room. Their faces were turned to the fire; they neither saw nor heard me; his hand rested lightly on her shoulder and they were talking earnestly. I went back as quietly as I came, but with a sword in my heart, for her sake. I waited one minute, then announced my arrival by calling, "Lady Latimer, are you here?"

"I am here, dear Audrey, come in," was the answer.

But when I went in they stood together no longer; he was at the window, and she sat at the table. My heart sunk when I saw the happiness on her face.

The charade-parties were a great success; so were the plays. It seemed wonderful to me that no one else remarked how Lady Latimer and Colonel North always took the part of lovers; stranger still, that no one saw how naturally they assumed it, how, in playing a love scene, it was so natural for him to throw his arm around the beautiful figure that seemed to sway at his least touch, how he kissed with passion the white hand that he clasped.

Could I alone, out of the whole world see, or was everyone else blind?

So the shadow deepened and darkened. I was unutterably miserable; I began to live in constant fear. It seemed to me there was a volcano beneath my feet.

No shadow of fear lay on Lady Latimer's face. I shall never know now whether she realized the danger and ignored it, or whether she was ignorant of it until the end came suddenly.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Shamed the Duchess.

An English woman of rank—a duchess—was very apt to forget to pay her bills. A milliner, whose large bill had been repeatedly ignored by the duchess, at last determined to send her little girl, a pretty child of ten years, to beg for the money which was so much needed. "Be sure to say 'your grace' to the duchess," said the anxious mother, and the child gravely promised to remember. When, after long waiting, she was ushered into the duchess' presence, the little girl dropped a low courtesy, and then, folding her hands and closing her eyes, she said, softly: "For what I am about to receive may the Lord make me truly thankful." As she opened her eyes and turned her wistful gaze on the duchess, that light-hearted person flushed very red, and, without delay made out a check for the amount due to the milliner.—Argonaut.

He Was Tired.

Mr. Kickers, at 7 p. m.—Maria, can't you go down stairs and bring up the fire-shovel? I'm too tired and worn out even to talk.

Mr. Kickers, one hour later at the ward political club, dancing on a chair—Hurrah! Wow! Three cheers for Willyum Swipers! Who-o-op-wow! hi-yi-yi—wow!—Chicago Record.

Can This Be True?

Mrs. Hayseed—These city boarders is awful big fools.

Mr. Hayseed—What has they bin doin' now?

Mrs. Hayseed—That New York lady wants fresh milk for the baby from one cow, and lots of fresh eggs all from one hen.—Texas Siftings.

Where He Missed It.

Drowning Editor—Help! I can't swim a lick!

Man on Shore—Neither can I!

Drowning Editor—Oh, if you had only read my paper you would have learned how.—Atlanta Constitution.

THE NORTH POLE LOCATED

In the Center of the United States, to Judge by the Streak of Weather We've Had.

When the mercury takes a tumble of 25 to 40 degrees in six hours in what is termed in school geographies the "temperate zone" it leads one to suspect that old Mother Earth has slipped a cog, and when the inhabitants of the sunny south feel frosty zero weather nipping their extremities they think "things is gettin' interestin'." Its hard to tell just where the thing started, but judging from the atmosphere the whole Arctic ice fields must have broken from their moorings and come sliding down across the Canadian desert carrying the north pole along, and not stopping until the whole of Uncle Sam's population had had a surfeit of ear-freezing, chilblain weather. At any rate we know that a blizzard of the most razzed kind swept across the United States causing the thermometer to register below zero in almost every state. In many places the drop was 35 degress in five hours and in West Virginia the mercury went down 15 degrees in 15 minutes.

In Michigan.

Grand Rapids had a taste of 8 below zero winds, and had it not been for a heavy fall of snow wheat and fruit would have suffered severely. Benton Harbor had 15 below zero. Coldwater's experience was 14 below; Dowagiac 18; and so on over the southern part of the state. In the upper peninsula snow fell to a depth of three feet and mercury ran down almost out of sight. Of course its an ill wind that blows nobody good, and the oxen who are laughing now are the coal men and the lumbermen—particularly the latter, for their prospects for getting the logs they had cut to mill were very slim before the blizzard, and now it will be like rolling them down hill.

Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, West Virginia, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York and other eastern states felt the gentle zephyrs as well as the western states.

Brooklyn People Have to Tramp.

Nearly 6,000 men, including motormen, conductors, electrians and others, employed on the various trolley railroads in Brooklyn, N. Y., have quit work, causing a most thorough and complete tie up. The men say that they are compelled to work 11 to 12 hours per day with only 10 minutes for lunch, and often that is cut off. The state law provides that a day's work for street-railway employes shall consist of 10 hours within 12 consecutive hours. The men want the law enforced or pay for overtime.

William Benz was instantly killed and his wife and child fatally injured by being struck by a Big Four train near Bloomsdale, O.

THE MARKETS.

Toledo.			
Wheat, No 2 red	$ 55	@	55¼
Corn, No 2 mixed	44	@	43
Oats, No 2 white	32	@	32½
Buffalo.			
Cattle, mixed shipments	4 00	@	4 85
Sheep	2 25	@	3 50
Lambs	3 25	@	4 25
Hogs, choice weights	4 60	@	4 65
Common and rough	4 45	@	4 65
Cleveland.			
Cattle, best grades	4 30	@	4 85
Lower grades	2 25	@	4 00
Hogs	4 14	@	4 55
Wheat, No 2 red	56	@	56¼
Corn, No 2	47	@	47½
Oats, No 2 white	35½	@	36
Pittsburg.			
Cattle	3 75	@	5 25
Hogs	4 50	@	4 75
Sheep and lambs	2 00	@	3 90
Wheat, No 2 red	55¾	@	56
Corn, No 2	47	@	47¼
Oats, No 2 white	35¾	@	35½
Cincinnati.			
Cattle, good to prime	4 15	@	4 75
Lower grades	2 25	@	3 85
Hogs	4 15	@	4 50
Sheep and lambs	1 50	@	3 75
Wheat, No 2 red	55	@	55½
Corn, No 2 mixed	42	@	42¼
Oats, No 2 mixed	32	@	32½
New York.			
Cattle, poor to prime	4 30	@	5 25
Hogs	4 40	@	4 75
Sheep, good to choice	2 75	@	3 25
Lambs	2 50	@	4 50
Wheat, No. 2 red	61	@	61¾
Corn, No. 2	52	@	52¼
Oats, No. 2 white	37	@	37½
Chicago.			
Cattle, best steers	4 00	@	4 50
Common	2 25	@	3 50
Sheep	2 00	@	3 60
Lambs	2 50	@	4 35
Hogs	4 25	@	4 60
Wheat, No. 2 red	54	@	54¾
Corn, No. 2	45	@	45½
Oats, No 2 white	31¾	@	32
Mess Pork, per bbl	11 50	@	11 60
Lard, per cwt	6 80	@	6 85
Detroit.			
Cattle, good to choice	3 75	@	4 25
Lower grades	2 00	@	3 50
Hogs	4 18	@	4 40
Sheep	1 50	@	2 50
Lambs	2 50	@	3 50
Wheat, No 2 red	56	@	56¼
No 1 white	56¾	@	57
Corn, No. 2	43	@	43¼
Oats, No. 2 white	33½	@	33¾
Hay, No. 1 Timothy	9 50	@	9 75
Potatoes, per bu	45	@	50
Butter, dairy	15	@	17
Creamery	24	@	25
Eggs	17	@	20
Live Poultry, Chickens	6½	@	7
Ducks	8½	@	9
Turkeys	7	@	8

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

NEW YORK.—Dun's weekly trade review says: Neither the beginning of the new year nor the failure of the currency bill has brought any material change to business. The idea that business would suddenly take a new start after the holidays had rather less foundation even than usual, but the hope of strong revival a little later is still cherished by many. There has not been much time for change in the industries, but differences observed since the new year began are not in the direction of higher prices or larger demand. There are more indications of late that stocks of different kinds of goods have been accumulating in consequence of past increase in production. The iron industry is doing vastly better than a year ago, but indications of excess of production over demand are found in further weakness of prices. Bessemer pig sells above the lowest on record. Low prices have checked business and are attributed by some to the idea of purchasers that the recent reductions in wages and cost of materials must be followed by still lower prices. But the main fact is that consumption is below expectations. The cotton manufacture reports decreased demand. Many quotations of cotton goods are the lowest on record, the week's trade being quite unsatisfactory. Trade in woolens hesitates because of the large distribution from warehouse under new duties, but little change appears in prices. Speculation in products has been more active. Failures the past week were 420 in the United States, against 474 last year, and 54 in Canada, against 57 last year.

NEW YORK—Bradstreet's trade review says: The new year brings few reports of an increasing volume of orders for seasonable goods. Chicago, St. Louis, Boston, New York and Philadelphia report relatively greatest improvement. At some centers it is too early to judge of the outlook for trade. Travelers in many instances have not all gone out. Confidence of wholesale dealers in staple lines is that the near future in business promises increased activity, with an upward tendency in quotations pronounced in some cities. The best available data with respect to the size of domestic wheat crops in 1893 and 1894, together with supplies in sight at various dates, quantities planted and exported—and consumed by farm stock in 1894—together with Bradstreet's reports of stocks out of farmers' hands, make it plain that the total wheat supplies in the United States on January 1, 1895, were 18,000,000 smaller than one year before, and stocks of available supplies were fully 34,000,000 smaller.

LEAVES ITS MARK

—every one of the painful irregularities and weaknesses that prey upon women. They fade the face, waste the figure, ruin the temper, wither you up, make you old before your time.

Get well: That's the way to look well. Cure the disorders and ailments that beset you, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It regulates and promotes all the proper functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength. It's a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, imparting vigor and strength to the entire system.

MRS. PERICH.

MRS. ABBA PERICH, of Elm Creek, Buffalo Co., Neb., writes: "I enjoy good health thanks to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I was under doctors' care for two years who would pronounce my disease, and gradually wasting in strength all the time. I was so weak that I could sit up in bed only a few moments, for two years. I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and his 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and by the time I had taken one-half dozen bottles I was up and going wherever I pleased, and have had good health and been very strong ever since—that was two years and a half ago."

A book of 168 pages on "Woman and Her Diseases" mailed *sealed*, on receipt of 10 cents in stamps for postage. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

SPEAKING OF COUGHS & COLDS

HAVE YOU TRIED

ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM

IT CURES.

If we improve our circumstances they will improve us.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS taken after eating will relieve any feeling of weight or over fulness of the stomach. Sold everywhere.

We can readily see how easy it is for other people to do right.

Remarked by R. C. Joiner, of Allen P. O., Hillsdale Co., Mich.: "Nothing gave my rheumatism such quick relief as Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—believe it infallible for rheumatics."

Queer Ground for Divorce.

Raymond A. Knight, a farmer of Columbiana county, Ohio, sued for a divorce on the ground that his wife refused to cook his meals.

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.

DR. KILMER'S

SWAMP-ROOT

TRADE MARK

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Dissolves Gravel

Gall stone, brick dust in urine, pain in urethra, straining after urination, pain in the back and hips, sudden stoppage of water with pressure.

Bright's Disease

Tube casts in urine, scanty urine. Swamp-Root cures urinary troubles and kidney difficulties.

Liver Complaint

Torpid or enlarged liver, foul breath, biliousness, bilious headache, poor digestion, gout.

Catarrh of the Bladder

Inflammation, irritation, ulceration, scalding, frequent calls, pass blood, mucus or pus.

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