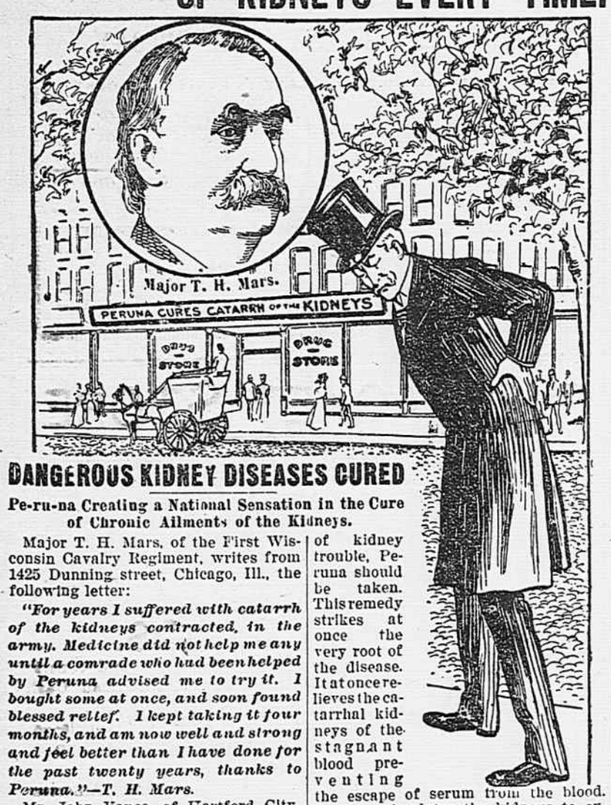
PE-RU-NA CURES CATARRH OF KIDNEYS EVERY TIME.



DANGEROUS KIDNEY DISEASES CURED

Pe-ru-na Creating a National Sensation in the Cure of Chronic Ailments of the Kidneys.

Major T. H. Mars, of the First Wisconsin Cavalry Regiment, writes from 1425 Dunning street, Chicago, Ill., the following letter:

"For years I suffered with catarrh of the kidneys contracted, in the army. Medicine did not help me any until a comrade who had been helped by Peruna advised me to try it. I bought some at once, and soon found blessed relief. I kept taking it four months, and am now well and strong and feel better than I have done for the past twenty years, thanks to Peruna."—T. H. Mars.

Mr. John Vance, of Hartford City, Ind., says: "My kidney trouble is much better. I have improved so much that everybody wants to know what medicine I am using. I recommend Peruna to everybody, and some have commenced to use it. The folks all say that if Dr. Hartman's medicine cures me it must be great."—John Vance.

Mr. J. Brake, of Petrolea, Ontario, Canada, writes: "Four years ago I had a severe attack of Bright's disease, which brought me so low the doctor said nothing more could be done for me. I began to take Peruna and Manalin, and in three months I was a well man, and have continued so ever since."—J. Brake.

At the appearance of the first symptom of kidney trouble, Peruna should be taken. This remedy strikes at once the very root of the disease. It at once relieves the catarrhal kidneys of the stagnant blood preventing the escape of serum from the blood. Peruna stimulates the kidneys to excrete from the blood the accumulating poison, and thus prevents the convulsions which are sure to follow if the poisons are allowed to remain. It gives great vigor to the heart's action and digestive system, both of which are apt to fail rapidly in this disease.

Peruna cures catarrh of the kidneys simply because it cures catarrh wherever located.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

FATAL POSSESSIONS.

Weird Romance of a Finger Ring That Killed a Bride.

Some of the most weird and curious romances are associated with possessions which appear to have no other purpose than to bring misfortune and trouble on those who own them. A tragic instance of this is related in connection with the Lindsey family. According to the legend, Colin Lindsey, a former Earl of Balcarres, was quietly eating his breakfast when he should have been awaiting his bride at the altar. When reminded of the fact he hurried off to church, and, forgetting the indispensable ring, borrowed one from a friend, which he duly placed on the bride's finger.

At the conclusion of the ceremony the newly-made countess took a glance at the ring and, on seeing that it bore a grinning death's head, suddenly fainted away. The incident affected her to such an extent that, on recovering consciousness, she expressed her conviction that she was destined to die within twelve months. And sure enough, in less than that period her life came to an end. Napoleon III was the possessor of two rings, which he constantly wore, and which had belonged to his predecessor, Napoleon I, who was a fatalist in the fullest meaning of the term. When Napoleon III died it was proposed that these rings should be removed from his finger; but the prince imperial refused to have them.

They were accordingly buried with his father at Chislehurst, and, so far from regarding them from the same point of view as the prince, the emperor's servants firmly believed that he would come to an untimely end for discarding the rings. And when, in 1879, the unfortunate young man met his death at the hands of the Zulus, against whom he was fighting for this country, they saw in this deplorable event the realization of their fears. One of the best-known public men in New Zealand, a wealthy resident of Hokiangi, North Island, recently traveled all the way to St. Louis, U. S. A., in a fruitless endeavor to have an idol cremated which had cast an evil spell over him. The heathen idol had come to him as part of a legacy from his grandfather, to whom it had been presented by a Maori chief. Said its owner, "I have traveled 10,000 miles with the image, and it has brought disaster after disaster upon me. I have often endeavored to destroy it, but without avail.

"I once threw it under a train, and, in running to get out of the way, fell and broke one of my fingers. Then I was arrested for endangering the lives of passengers. When in London three months ago I threw it into the Thames, and a drunken sailor who fished it out brought it back to my rooms, and in his rage at not receiving a reward, almost beat me to death. While in San Francisco I tried to chop it to pieces with an ax, when the ax rebounding, struck me on the forehead with almost fatal effect. The wood is so hard that an ordinary fire will not destroy it, and I am afraid to get rid of it otherwise because of the evil results." The image was a crude figure in rosewood and ebony, and about two feet long. Failing to get it cremated in St. Louis its owner started for New York, where he was determined to have it destroyed at whatever cost.

Buried in the shadow of Diamond Head Volcano, at Honolulu, is a violin known as the "Violin of Death." In the space of a few months two persons who had owned it took their own lives and a third mysteriously disappeared. The last victim of this weird instrument was George H. Scott, a sergeant of the United States army, 66th Coast Artillery. This victim killed himself at the barracks at Camp McKinley, but a few days before doing so he realized the evil influence of the violin and buried it as above stated.—Tit-Bits.

POOR HUMAN NATURE.

"Women dress very ridiculously," he said, as he watched his wife finishing her toilet.

"It is the fashion, John," she said, pleasantly.

"Fashion be hanged!" said he. "I would be superior to fashion if I were a woman, and wear nothing not useful."

Five minutes later he asked her to sew a button on the back of his coat.

The Largest Cave in Europe.

In the Muota-thal, near Schwyn, Switzerland, there is what is probably the largest cave in Europe. The existence of the cave had long been known, but as it could only be entered by crawling no one had troubled to investigate the interior. This summer, however, three separate parties have explored it. The distance traversed amounts, altogether, to no less than 8,000 yards, and the end of the cavern has not yet been reached, says a contemporary. Evidently the grotto is greater than those of either Han or the Adelsberg, and is to be counted among the most striking of the curiosities of the Alps. The entrance is close to the village in which Suvaroff had his headquarters in the campaign of 1779; but that great general was kept much too busy to notice it.—St. James' Gazette.

It May Happen.

With undauted courage the interpid polar explorer pushes on and on, with only occasional stops to partake of the luscious canned provender provided for his sustenance.

"The goal is in sight," he announces to his men. "The pole is but two miles away."

Seizing his field glasses, he carefully scrutinizes the spot.

"Send ten men ahead to see who those strangers are," he orders, for he has observed moving objects near the pole.

In a short time the ten men go and return. They report:

"Sir, it is our rescuing party. They say they have been waiting for us for two weeks."—New York Times.

ALL OVER.

Lady Belle—I should think that he would propose soon?

Miss Grahame—Oh, no; it's all over! He never really meant anything.

Lady Belle—Why, have you quarreled?

Miss Grahame—No; but yesterday he gave me a box—such a lot—of stationery.

Lady Belle—But presents are always promising.

Miss Grahame—But my initials are on it; such a lot! Oh, no; It's all over between us!

THE LAST WORD.

"A woman is never happy unless she gets the last word,' said the man who runs to platitudes.

"That's a mistake," answered Mr. Meekton. "A woman always insists on a man's having the last word. But it must come in the form of an apology."—Washington Star.

SUPPLY AT HAND.

Employment Agent—I have a cook that will just suit you. She is a young widow and is very fond of children.

Mrs. Richleigh—But we have no children.

Employment Agent—Oh, that'll be all right, Ma'am. She has six of her own.—Chicago News.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY, make oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886. A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

SEAL.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

An eagle can live twenty days without food, and a condor forty days.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Carp are said to live hundreds of years, and pike are also hardy old fellows.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Some men with liberal views allow their liberality to end there.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES produce the brightest and fastest colors.

A rolling stone gathers no moss, but neither does a rolling mill.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Avenue, N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900

American potatoes are sold in Ireland.

CLIMATE DOESN'T CHANGE.

THE "OLDEST INHABITANT" CONTRADICTED BY RECORDS.

It Is a Psychological Phenomenon Which Close Observers Are Aware of For Persons to Have Delusions About the Weather.

"There is nothing so untrustworthy as unaided human recollection," once remarked the late John G. Nicolay, who helped to write the Lincoln memoirs; he referred particularly to historic controversies, and intended to discredit those observations which had not been put in black and white at the time of the occurrence of the event, but instead had been allowed to grow. A forcible illustration of this truth is found in popular estimates of the weather. It was only last year that we had a summer so hot as to break the records of the Weather Bureau, and yet this summer the countrymen hereabout are saying that "the climate is changing," and specifically charging that "the summers are not what they used to be."

This is a psychological phenomenon similar to that one which acounts for that peculiar brand of pie that "mother used to make." Whatever the pies, the climate remains the same, as will be proved by the truthful records of scentific appliances. There are periods during which it varies; times when cold or rain or heat prevails to a larger extent than the normal. But when the whole is summed up, covering a reasonably long period of time, it is found that the frost-line is just where it used to be, and the cold or hot or the rainy periods are no more or less frequent than when grandfather was a boy.

Thomas Jefferson was a victim to the popular delusion, and writing in 1771, said; "A change of climate is taking place very sensibly. Both heats and colds are becoming more moderate within the memory of even the middle-aged. Snows are less frequent and less deep. They do not often lie below the mountains more than one, two or three days, and very rarely a week. The snows are remembered to have been formerly frequent, deep, and of long continuance. The elderly inform me that the earth used to be covered about three months in every year."

But in those days there was no Weather Bureau, and the "elderly" were free to give their recollection without the danger of an official observation being quoted. In Europe accurate records have been kept of dates of the opening of navigation of streams at certain points for several centuries, and it is shown that, covering a long period of years, there has been no appreciable change. The first twenty years of record, compared with the totals of the last twenty years, gives the same result.

Observations made by geologists convince them, and Professor Moore of the Weather Bureau, that in our lake regions no changes of climate have taken place for several thousand years. Ossian Guthrie, the noted civil engineer, says that "the same variety of trees now growing in the lake regions were growing soon after the glacial epoch."

The records of the Weather Bureau show that the maximum of heat recorded in the United States was in Colorado, at Mammoth Tank, a station in the desert, where in 1887, the thermometer recorded, in the shade, 128 degrees Fahrenheit. Again in 1884, 124 degrees was reached in the same place. Taking it all together, the hottest place in the United tSates is California's "Death Valley." The name is supposed to come from a tragedy which occurred there in the '50's, when a party of immigrants entered the valley, and every one died of thirst. The valley is the bed of a former salt lake, and it is below the level of the sea. Streams flow into it, but the burning sands and alkali lick them up. Large borax deposits are found there. The valley is seventy-five miles long and in places only six miles wide at the bottom. In 1891 the Weather Bureau sent an observer to remain there and take observations all summer. When he returned, he said he would take 'perdition straight" next time. He was there 153 days. On the hottest day the maximum was 120 and the minimum 99 degrees, making an average for the day of 108.6, which is rather trying weather.

Professor Moore advises people not to stand in doorways or at open windows during severe electric storms. The neighborhood of trees and fireplaces are to be avoided. On the other hand, he says it will do little or no good to wrap up in a feather bed. Alarm, in case of lightning, is quite superfluous. Remember that one who lives to see the lightning flash need not concern himself about the possibility of harm from that flash. Also recollect that heaven has more thunders to alarm than thunderbolts to punish. It serves also to calm the spirits to think that even though struck by lightning, the consequences are not always fatal; even if stunned, and apparently dead, the victim may be resuscitated. Professor Moore says not to cease efforts at artificial respiration and stimulation for an hour. Lightning stuns, but does not often kill.—New York Post.

The Last of the Soufriere Bird.

An untoward result of the recent volcanic eruption in St. Vincent will (a correspondent of the Birmingham Post hears from an ornithological friend in the island) probably be the extinction of the Soufriere bird, a very rare species known as Guilding's Amazon parrot. This bird was formerly found only on the Soufriere itself. The great eruption of 1718 drove many of them to the other mountains of St. Vincent, but their numbers were greatly reduced by the violent hurricane of 1898, and it is now feared that the few survivors have been completely destroyed by the last eruption in May. At any rate no specimens have since been seen, notwithstanding a very careful search. —St. James' Gazette.

Paris and London.

There are 15,000 cabs in Paris and 11,000 in London. The drivers in the latter city are the most insolent and extortionate of their fraternity. Fares are reckoned by distance or time, the charge for two miles being 25 cents, with 12 cents for each additional mile or fraction. By time the charge is 50 cents for the first hour and 12 to 16 cents for each additional quarter hour. A "course" drive in Paris costs 30 cents, whether from one extreme of the city to the other, or the length of a street. But there is the inevitable "pourboire" of 5 cents for a short drive and 10 for a long one. American visitors, infamously treated by cabmen in both cities, are a rich harvest.

REVERIE OF A FALLING MAN.

What Anderson Was Thinking of During His 100-Foot Drop.

John Anderson, the former naval Jackie, who while painting ironwork beneath the high bridge a month ago, was severely injured by a fall, is rapidly recovering at the city hospital. Both his thigh bones were broken His left leg was fractured near the ankle, a portion of bone was torn from his right hip, and he was wounded about the crown of his head. But he will not be permanently maimed or disfigured.

On the afternoon of May 20 he was swinging happily like a bird on a twig, within a sling six feet below the roadway of the high bridge and about 100 feet above the Mississippi River. The seat of a swing is a short piece of plank. It is attached at each end to ropes, which, passing through a block, return to the sling as a single rope. By lengthening or shortening this rope the man in the sling can lower or elevate himself.

"I was hanging close to one of the steel rods," said he yesterday, "a rod that I was painting. My rope was good and fast. I had no warning of any danger, when the sky and the clouds, and the bottom of the big bridge in the middle of it all dashed past my eyes and the air whistled in my ears like a typhoon in the China seas. I knew I was going down head first. No, I wasn't frightened. I said to myself, 'Now I'll strike the river before long, and if I keep going like this I'll strike the water head first, which will be just as good as diving; and being a good swimmer I can easy get ashore.' I wondered, too, if I'd beat my paint brush down. Funny what little things a fellow will think about at these times instead of worrying about his own neck.

"But about sixty feet down—I didn't measure the distance then—I struck one of the cross rods a slanting blow with my head. But my legs, sort 'o huddled up as I fell probably, came full force against the rod. I could hear the bones crack. They made quite a loud noise like a percussion cap. Still it was the blow on the head that hurt me most. Then, though not before, I thought to myself. 'Well, its your last cruise for sure,' and things got black before me. I guess I fainted.

"But the cold water brought me to. I bobbed up as natural as a harbor buoy. I soon opened my eyes and I suppose I smiled. I thought, just as if I was somebody else. 'Say, mate, you didn't die this watch, did you?' I know I felt awful good about it. But soon as I made my first kick, or rather tried to make it, I found that both my legs were hanging as heavy and dead as shot in a canvas bag. They didn't pain me, though. And when I found I couldn't swim I felt my gun was spiked for sure. But just then I heard the crew up aloft on the bridge hollering 'Good boy, Sailor! You're all right! Keep it up! Boat's coming! Keep a paddling, Jackie.' It did sound fine and hearty, let me tell you. And so I kept a paddlin' until a man reached me in a boat fifteen minutes after I dropped down.

"I was pretty nearly done up. I knew how my legs would hurt me if he tried to pull me over the gunwale of the boat, and I tried to make him tow me alongside. But he couldn't manage that and he did haul me in, though it was a mighty tough experience. I didn't faint again, and after I was once in the hospital began to feel quite comfortable. I've had very little pain; they take such fine care of patients here."—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

A NAVAL COOK BOOK.

Every Ship in Our Fleet to be Equipped With a Modern Manual.

Several thousand copies of an official cook-book are expected to arrive at League Island navy-yard shortly. The book has just been issued by the Navy Department at Washington, with orders to place one on every war vessel and ship belonging to the United States, and the sailors look forward to better mess in the future. One of the officers at the yard stated recently that the book was one that has long been needed and that with its use there should be no more complaints from the men that their food is not properly cooked.

The book is bound in canvas and bears the title 'General Mess Manual and Cook Book, United States Navy." The volume was prepared by the Paymaster-General of the navy and published by the authority of the Secretary of the Navy. It is divided into three parts, general mess, commissary stores, and the preparation of food with recipes for every article served on a table, including dessert.

One of the officers on board the receiving-ship Minneapolis stated that until fifteen months ago the landsmen, ordinary seamen and able seamen ate by themselves in messes. Each had their own steward whom they would pay, and he would buy the supplies of food. The steward also cooked, and the ones giving the most money received the best food. This caused a general complaint among the men, and the Secretary of the Navy was notified of their grievances. The case was put before Congress, and they decided that all enlisted men, with the exception of the chief petty officers, should fare alike.

The new cook-book has a number of rules that have to be kept by the men, under severe punishment in case they are broken. The book states that the cook shall receive no extra pay and that tips are strictly prohibited. The book also says that the cook cannot under any circumstances strike or or resign, under penalty of being sent to prison. This means that he will have to put up with the kicks and complaints of the men who are served with muddy coffee, burnt steak, and overdone eggs. On the larger vessels of the navy there are to be three cooks, one for meats, another for vegetables, and a third to make tea and coffee alone. There are also to be two bakers, one a senior, whose sole duty is to look after the quality of the bread.

In commenting on the book one of the officers at the yard stated that one-half of the volume is devoted to recipes alone. The first was submitted by an old resident of Boston, where baked beans were made famous. It tells of the cooking of beans a la Boston. The second is from a well-known New York chef, who dwells on the cooking of omelets, steaks, and other things in the food line. The book tells how to bake pies and the making of ice cream. Receipts for the preparation of every vegetable grown are also given.—Chicago Chronicle.

CURES BLOOD POISON. CANCER.

Aching Bones, Shifting Pains, Itching Skin, Pimples, Eating Sores, Etc.

If you have Pimples or Offensive Eruptions, Splotches, or Copper-Colored Eruptions, or rash on the skin, Festering Swellings, Glands Swollen, Ulcers on any part of the body, old Sores, Boils, Carbuncles, Pains and Aches in Bones or Joints, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, persistent Sore Mouth, Gums, or Throat, then you have Blood Poison. Take Botanic Blood Balm. (B.B.B.) Soon all Sores, Pimples and Eruptions will heal perfectly. Aches and Pains cease, Swellings subside, and a perfect, never to return cure made. B.B.B. cures cancers of All Kinds, Suppurating Swellings, Eating Sores, Ugly Ulcers, after all else fails, healing the sores perfectly. If you have a persistent pimple, wart, swollen glands, shooting, stinging pains, take Blood Balm, and they will disappear before they develop into Cancer. (Write for special circular on Cancer.) Druggists $1 per large bottle, including complete directions for home cure. Sample free by writing BLOOD BALM CO., 16 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble, and free medical advice sent in sealed letter.

Some people only tell the truth when it is disagreeable.

MEN WHO DELIVER MAIL.

Heart Tragedies That Line the Route of Letter Carriers.

"Tell you a story? Why, yes, I might tell a good many stories if that was in my line." The gray carrier blew a pearly wreath of smoke upward and flecked the dead ash from his cigar," says the Denver News. "Let me see. There's an old lady on my route down in Alabama who sits knitting the livelong day by the front room window. Every morning and afternoon when I whistle at the door of her next door neighbor she lays down her knitting and peers with a tired, eager face out of that window until I go by. She's got a boy somewhere out west. He doesn't write to her twice a year. Yet twice each day the whole year through she sits there with that anxious look, waiting, waiting, waiting. I feel a twitch at my own heart every time I pass by and see the look of expectancy fade into disappointment. Sometimes I'd give $50 to be able to stop and give her five lines from that good-for-nothing boy of hers for whom she's eating out her heart."

"That reminds me," said a younger man who heard the gray carrier's story, "of a pretty baby on my route in a Louisiana city. She's a dainty tot about 4 or maybe 5 years old. She has blue-gray eyes like a wood violet that look a fellow straight to the heart. Some little girls can do that after they are older. This tot's mamma died six months ago, and for a month afterward she used to come tripping down the walk to meet me with a little white note in her hand, and looking me to the heart out of those big, trusting eyes, she would say: "Mr. Postman, won't you please take this letter to my mamma in heaven?" I used to take the dainty missive from the wee pink hand. I couldn't tell her how far away her mamma was. One day she came without a letter and there was pain in the great, sweet eyes. 'Mr. Postman, baby wants a letter from mamma. Please, Mr. Postman, tell my mamma me wants some letters, too,' and, boys, every day for a week I had to pass that baby with the pain in the gray-blue eyes and I wondered the angels did not find some way somehow to make her baby heart understand."

Dark Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years, and although I am past eighty years of age, yet I have not a gray hair in my head."
Geo. Yellott, Towson, Md.

We mean all that rich, dark color your hair used to have. If it's gray now, no matter; for Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. Sometimes it makes the hair grow very heavy and long; and it stops falling of the hair, too.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

THE CLUMSY MAN.

You Can Never Be Sure of What His Next Break Will Be.

The great virtue about the really clumsy man is that he never exhausts his capabilities. When you think that the bedrock is reached, there is still a lower depth. If a detrimental relative should exist, the clumsy man asks after his health with great particularity and will not be satisfied until he receives a full and detailed reply. Should there be any incident in your past which everybody has generously agreed to forget it is the clumsy man who seizes the one, the inevitable opportunity, when the club is at its fullest, and says loudly: 'Somebody was talking the other day about that unfortunate little affair of yours in '95. Now tell me!"

When on meeting him you say casually and with no desire for information, "How are you?" he insists upon giving you a complete data, and he is as full of small complaints as a refractory pauper. It is only fair to add that he will ask affectionately after the colds of yesteryear, and his favorite locale for this is at the corner of a drafty street. He might be subsidized by influenza or he might get a commission on sore throats from his eagerness to pin you into the most dangerous position that can be discovered, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

One desires an adequate amount of sympathy in distress, but our man always goes a little beyond this point. You are growing thin, and he says that you are wasting away to a shadow. You are growing stout, and he tells an unamusing anecdote about apoplexy. He can be more critical than a hairdresser if occasion gives the least excuse.

THE CHILDREN ENJOY

Life out of doors and out of the games which they play and the enjoyment which they receive and the efforts which they make, comes the greater part of that healthful development which is so essential to their happiness when grown. When a laxative is needed the remedy which is given to them to cleanse and sweeten and strengthen the internal organs on which it acts, should be such as physicians would sanction, because its component parts are known to be wholesome and the remedy itself free from every objectionable quality. The one remedy which physicians and parents, well-informed, approve and recommend and which the little ones enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects, is—Syrup of Figs—and for the same reason it is the only laxative which should be used by fathers and mothers.

Syrup of Figs is the only remedy which acts gently, pleasantly and naturally without griping, irritating, or nauseating and which cleanses the system effectually, without producing that constipated habit which results from the use of the old-time cathartics and modern imitations, and against which the children should be so carefully guarded. If you would have them grow to manhood and womanhood, strong, healthy and happy, do not give them medicines, when medicines are not needed, and when nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative, give them only the simple, pleasant and gentle—Syrup of Figs.

Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic syrups and juices, but also to our original method of manufacture and as you value the health of the little ones, do not accept any of the substitutes which unscrupulous dealers sometimes offer to increase their profits. The genuine article may be bought anywhere of all reliable druggists at fifty cents per bottle. Please to remember, the full name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.—is printed on the front of every package. In order to get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine only.

THERE ARE FOOLS AND FOOLS.

Those Who Risk Death at Niagara and Those Who Ask Questions.

"There are two distinct sets of fools in this country," said the proprietor of a hotel at Niagara Falls, as one of his guests took a seat in the lobby with him, for the air outside was cold.

"I thought the classification of fools was on a good deal broader lines than that," said the guest. "I always thought there were as many kinds of fools as there were persons."

"So there are," was the answer; "but I mean two species which have come under my special observation. For example, there is the fool who is forever trying to kill himself without wanting to make a complete success of it, and, then, the fool who is always asking how the first fool succeeded.

"Every summer a half dozen persons are advertised to shoot the rapids, or walk over the whirlpool on a tightrope, or barrel themselves up and tumble over the falls. Some say they are going to do it, but, like a cheap sideshow, put all their employes to work blowing horns outside the tent, but when it comes to the real performance they point to only a chromo and a pair of mirrors, to exhibit their 'three headed cannibal.' And then some are less foolish and go ahead and kill themselves outright.

"Every mail brings me letters from the other class of fools, who, for example, will ask such a question as:

"'Will you please tell me how many persons have gone over the Falls alive?'

"I never answer those letters, of course. It would help the United States, I know, but I'd rather give the money to the Treasury Department direct. If any one stopped me on the street and asked me that question, I used to say:

"'Not one! Every last fool of 'em is dead!' But I can't say that now. I wish I could; for it's so much shorter. But now I have to hem and haw and think hard and say:

"'Why, yes, there was a woman who went over, a—Mrs.—Taylor. She went in a barrel over the Horseshoe Falls, and lived through it.'"

Here the hotel proprietor paused a moment, and then added: "But do you know what she got for it? Nothing. She started out to lecture to crowded houses, and to tell how she had met death face to face in a barrel, but the people wouldn't turn out."

"I suppose they didn't want to be lectured to by the barrel," remarked the guest, meditatively.—New York Tribune.

THE RETORT CRUSHING.

Lord Tuffnutt—You have nothing to grumble at whatever; you were a rich American girl, I an impoverished English nobleman, with a proud title. You bought me with your wealth. I was what you would simply call in shopping, a bargain!

Lady Tuffnutt—Pardon me! Not a bargain—a remnant.

READY INFERENCE.

"Yes, John married one of the best girls I ever saw. She'll make him an excellent wife."

"It's a pity she's so homely, isn't it?"

"Oh, I didn't know you knew her?"

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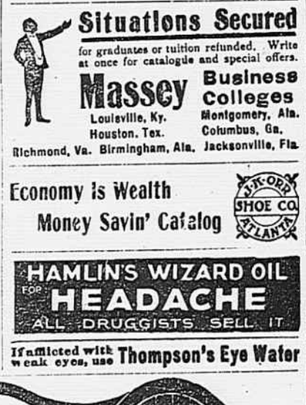

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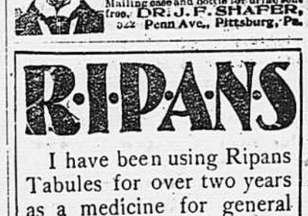

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