A Good Appetite

Is essential to good health, and when the natural desire for food is gone strength will soon fail. For loss of appetite, indigestion, sick headache, and other troubles of a dyspeptic nature, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy which most certainly cures. It quickly tones the stomach and makes one "real hungry."

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable. 25c.

The Farmer's Bank.

His best bank is a fine meadow, a big potato patch, a forty in World's Fair winter wheat, and twenty acres in monster rye. The best meadow is made by sowing Salzer's extra grass mixtures this fall: it yields from 4 to 5 tons magnificent hay per acre. The Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., who are the largest farm and vegetable seed growers in the World—will send you a package of new wheat and rye, and catalogue, upon receipt of 4 cents postage. C

It Is of No Use

to say that there is "Something Just as Good as Ripans Tabules for disorders of the stomach and liver." It is not so. This standard remedy will relieve and cure you. One tabule gives relief.

Grasshoppers Preserved on a Glacier

Thirteen miles from Cooke, on the Rosebud, is a grand and imposing glacier at least 150 feet high. Upon its glistening surface the bright sun looks down, as it has for ages, and in no way affects this icy mirror below. Here and there are immense cracks or fissures, where the awe-stricken adventurer can look down into unknown depths.

The strangest part of the glacier is that all over its surface in vast multitudes, and particularly near its base, lie great grasshoppers in a perfect state of preservation; at the base they age heaped up in windrows, and present a curious spectacle. There is field for much speculation and room for wonder and admiration as to stand and view this vast glacier and its burden of grasshoppers.

THE only way to win a victory is to go to war and run the risk of being whipped.

I Wonder Why

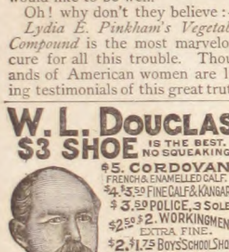
So many women will continue to suffer when help is so near.

It *is* queer. They avoid society and are reluctant to make the least effort.

Further investigation discloses irregularity of periods, dizziness, faintness, accompanied by a crushing sense of bearing down and perhaps leucorrhœa. Yet they would like to be well.

Oh! why don't they believe:—*Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* is the most marvelous cure for all this trouble. Thousands of American women are living testimonials of this great truth.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.



$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4.$3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO
$3.$2.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50$2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE.
$2.$1.75 BOYS SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES
$3.$2.50 $2. $1.75
BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

Clean Your Wall Paper

and save expense of papering your house.

PERFECTION WALL CLEANER

will make your paper look like new. Cleans Window Shades, Kalsomining and Fresco Painting equally as well. One package will clean 800 square feet. Price 50 Cents.

ANYONE CAN USE IT.

Made only by VILAS BROS., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by GROCERS, DRUGGISTS, PAINT AND WALL PAPER STORES.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES
CATARRH
PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

NEW RHEUMATIC CURE. Sealed circulars free. Write to SPRAGUE BROS., No. 3436 Third ave., New York. Please cut this out and give to rheumatic neighbor. This advertisement appears a few times only.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for Children teething; softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

ASTROLOGY. Your future revealed, with advice on love, marriage and business. Inclose date of birth with 10c. Address "ASTRO," Box 1, Superior, Iowa.

S. N. U. No. 35—94

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

IMPRESSIVE DISCOURSE SENT THROUGH THE PRESS.

Struggles and Heartaches for Rest on Earth—Instability of Power, of Riches and of Fame—No Peace Here, but a Glorious Existence in Eternity.

The Eternal Rest.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now in Australia on his globe girdling tour, has selected as the subject of his sermon for this week through the press the words, "Everlasting Life," the text being from Micah II, 10, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest."

This was the drumbeat of a prophet who wanted to arouse his people from their oppressed and sinful condition, but it may just as properly be uttered now as then. Bells, by long exposure and much ringing, lose their clearness of tone, but this rousing bell of the gospel strikes as clear a tone as when it first rang on the air.

As far as I can see, your great want and mine is rest. From the time we enter life a great many vexations and annoyances take after us. We may have our holidays and our seasons of recreation and quiet, but where is the man come to midlife who has found entire rest? The fact is that God did not make this world to rest in. A ship might as well go down off Cape Hatteras to find smooth water as a man in this world to find quiet. From the way that God has strewn the thorns, and hung the clouds, and sharpened the tusks, from the colds that distress us and the heats that smite us, and the pleurisies that stab us, and the fevers that consume us, I know that He did not make this world as a place to loiter in. God does everything successfully, and this world would be a very different world if it were intended for us to lounge in. It does right well for a few hours. Indeed, it is magnificent! Nothing but infinite wisdom and goodness could have mixed the beverage of water, or hung up those brackets of stars, or trained these voices of rill and bird and ocean, so that God has but to lift His hand, and the whole world breaks forth into orchestra. But, after all, it is only the splendors of a King's highway, over which we are to march on to eternal conquests.

Yet There Is No Rest.

You and I have seen men who tried to rest here. They builded themselves great stores. They gathered around them the patronage of merchant princes. The voice of their bid shook the money market. They had stock in the most successful railroads, and in "safety deposits" great rolls of Government securities.

They had emblazoned carriages, high mettled steeds, footmen, plate that confounded lords and senators who sat at their table, tapestry on which floated the richest designs of foreign looms, splendor of canvas on the wall, exquisiteness of music rising among pedestals of bronze and dropping soft as light, on snow of sculpture. Here let them rest. Put back the embroidered curtain, and shake up the pillow of down. Turn out the lights! It is 11 o'clock at night. Let slumber drop upon the eyelids, and the air float through the half opened lattice drowsy with midsummer perfume. Stand back, all care, anxiety, and trouble! But no, they will not stand back. They rattle the lattice. They look under the canopy. With rough touch they startle his puises. They cry out at 12 o'clock at night: "Awake, man! How can you sleep when your affairs are so uncertain? What about those stocks? Hark to the tap of that fire bell, it is your district! How if you should die soon? Awake man! Think of it! Who will get your property when you are gone? What will they do with it? Wake up! Riches sometimes take wings. How if you should get poor? Wake up!" Rising on one elbow, the man of fortune looks out into the darkness of the room and wipes the dampness from his forehead and says: "Alas! For all this scene of wealth and magnificence—no rest!"

I passed down a street of a city with a merchant. He knew all the nest houses on the street. He said: "There is something the matter in all these houses. In that one it is conjugal infelicity. In that one, a dissipated son. In that, a dissolute father. In that, an idiot child. In that, the prospect of bankruptcy." This world's wealth can give no permanent satisfaction. This is not your rest.

Sought, But Not Found.

You and I have seen men try in another direction. A man says, "If I could only rise to such and such a place of renown; if I could gain that office; if I could only get the stand and have my sentiments met with one good round of hand clapping applause; if I could only write a book that would live, or make a speech that would thrill, or do an action that would resound!" The tide turns in his favor. His name is on 10,000 lips. He is bowed to and sought after and advanced. Men drink his health at great dinners. At his fiery words the multitudes huzzah! From galleries of beauty they throw garlands. From housetops, as he passes in long procession, they shake out the national standards. Here let him rest. It is 11 o'clock at night. On pillow stuffed with a nation's praise let him lie down. Hush, all disturbant voices! In his dream let there be hoisted a throne, and across it march a procession. Hush, hush! "Wake up!" says a rough voice. "Political sentiment is changing. How if you should lose this place of honor? Wake up! The morning papers are to be full of denunciation. Hearken to the execrations of those who once caressed you. By tomorrow night there will be multitudes shouting at the words which last night you expected would be universally admired. How can you sleep when everything depends upon the next turn of the great tragedy? Up, man! Off of this pillow!" The man, with head yet hot from last oration, starts up suddenly, looks out upon the night, but sees nothing except the flowers that lie on his stand, or the scroll from which he read his speech, or the books from which he quoted his authorities, and goes to his desk to finish his neglected correspondence, or to pen an epigrant line to some reporter, or sketch the plan for a public defense against the assaults of the people. Happy when he got his first lawyer's brief; exultant when he triumphed over his first political rival, yet, sitting on the very top of all that this world offers of praise, he exclaims, "No rest, no rest!"

Dead Sea Fruit.

The very world that now applauds will soon hiss. That world said of the great Webster, "What a statesman! What wonderful exposition of the constitution! A man fit for any position!" That same world said, after awhile, "Down with him! He is an office seeker! He is a sot! He is a libertine! Away with him!" And there is no peace for the man until he lays down his broken heart in the grave at Marshfield. Jeffrey thought that if he would only be Judge that would be the making of him; got to be Judge and cursed the day in which he was born. Alexander wanted to submerge the world with his greatness; submerged it, and then drank himself to death because he could not stand the trouble. Burns thought he would give everything if he could win the favor of courts and princes. Won it, and amid the shouts of a great entertainment, when poets and orators and duchesses were adoring his genius, wished that he could creep back into the obscurity in which he dwelt when he wrote of the

Daisy, wee, modest, crimson tipped flower.

Napoleon wanted to make all Europe tremble at his power; made it tremble; then died, his entire military achievements dwindling down to a pair of military boots which he insisted on having on his feet when dying. At Versailles I saw a picture of Napoleon in his triumphs. I went into another room and saw a bust of Napoleon as he appeared at St. Helena: but, oh, what grief and anguish in the face of the latter! The first was Napoleon in triumph; the last was Napoleon with his heart broken. How they laughed and cried when silver tongued Sheridan in the midday of prosperity harangued the people of Britain, and how they howled at and execrated him when, outside of the room where his corpse lay, his creditors tried to get his miserable bones and sell them!

This world for rest? "Aha," cry the waters, "no rest here! We plunge to the sea." "Aha," cry the mountains, "no rest here! We follow Babylon and Thebes and Nineveh into the dust." No rest for the flowers. They fade. To rest for the stars. They die. No rest for man. He must work, toil, suffer and slave.

The Common Experience.

Now, for what have I said all this? Just to prepare you for the text, "Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest." I am going to make you a grand offer. Some of you remember that when gold was discovered in California large companies were made up and started off to get their fortunes. To-day I want to make up a party for the land of gold. I hold in my hand a deed from the proprietor of the estate, in which he offers to all who will join the company 10,000 shares of infinite value in a city whose streets are gold, whose harps are gold, whose crowns are gold. You have read of the crusaders—how that many thousands of them went off to conquer the holy sepulcher. I ask you to join a grander crusade, not for the purpose of conquering the sepulcher of a dead Christ, but for the purpose of reaching the throne of a living Jesus. When an army is made up, the recruiting officer examines the volunteers. He tests their eyesight. He sounds their lungs. He measures their stature. They must be just right, or they are rejected. But there shall be no partiality in making up this army of Christ. Whatever your physical defect or stature, whatever your disipations, whatever your crimes, whatever your weaknesses, I have a commission from the Lord Almighty to make up this regiment of redeemed souls, and I cry, "Arise ye and depart for this is not your rest!"

Many of you have lately joined this company, and my desire is that you may all join it. Why not? You know in your own heart's experience that what I have said about this world is true—that it is no place to rest in. There are hundreds here weary—oh, how weary!—weary with sin; weary with trouble; weary with bereavement! Some of you have been pierced through and through. You carry the scars of a thousand conflicts in which you have bled at every pore, and you sigh, "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away and be at rest!" You have taken the cup of this world's pleasures and drunk it to the dregs, and all that thirst craves in your tongue and the fever strikes to your brain. You have chased pleasure through every valley, by every stream, amid every brightness, and under every shadow, but just at the moment when you were all ready to put your hand upon the rosy, laughing sylph of the wood, she turned upon you with the glare of a fiend and the eye of a satyr, her locks adders, and her breath the chill damp of a grave. Out of Jesus Christ no rest. No voice to silence the storm. No light to kindle the darkness. No drydock to repair the split bulwark.

Something Better.

Thank God, I can tell you something better. If there is no rest on earth, there is rest in Heaven. Oh, ye who are worn out with work, your hands calloused, your backs bent, your eyes half put out, your fingers worn with the needle that in this world you may never lay down; ye discouraged ones, who have been waging a hand to hand fight for bread; ye to whom the past brings little rest and the morning more drudgery—oh, ye of the weary hand, and of the weary side, and the weary foot, hear me talk about rest!

Look at that company of enthroned ones. Look at their hands. Look at their feet. Look at their eyes. It cannot be that those bright ones ever toiled? Yes, yes! These packed the Chinese teaboxes, and through missionary instruction escaped into glory. These sweltered on southern plantations, and one night after the cotton picking, went up as white as if they had never been black. These died of overtoil in the Lowell carpet factories, and these in Manchester mills: those helped build the pyramids, and these broke away from work on the day Christ was hounded out of Jerusalem. No more towers to build. Heaven is done. No more garments to weave. The robes are finished. No more harvests to raise. The gardens are full. Oh, sons and daughters of toil, arise ye and depart, for that is your rest!

Scovill McCallum, a boy of my Sunday school, while dying said to his mother, "Don't cry, but sing—sing

"There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary."

Rest in Heaven.

Then, putting his wasted hands over his heart, said, "There is rest for me." Oh, ye whose locks are wet with the dews of the night of grief; ye whose hearts are heavy, because those well-known footsteps sound no more at the doorway, yonder is rest! There is David triumphant, but once he bemoaned Absalom. There is Abraham enthroned, but once he wept for Sarah. There is Paul exultant, but he once sat with his feet in the stocks. There is Lyson radiant with immortal health, but on earth he was always sick. No toil, no tears, no partings, no strife, no agonizing cough to-night. No storm to ruffle the crystal sea. No alarm to strike from the cathedral towers. No dirge throbbing from seraphic harps. No tremor in the everlasting song, but rest, perfect rest, unending rest.

Into that rest how many of our loved ones have gone! The little children have been gathered up into the bosom of Christ. One of them went out of the arms of a widowed mother, following its father, who died a few weeks before. In its last moment it seemed to see the departed father, for it said, looking upward with brightened countenance, "Papa, take me up!"

Others put down the work of midlife, feeling they could hardly be spared from the office or store or shop for a day, but are to be spared from it forever. Your mother went. Having lived a life of Christian consistency here, ever busy with kindness for her children, her heart full of that meek and quiet spirit that is in the sight of God of great price, suddenly her countenance was transfigured, and the gate was opened, and she took her place amid that great cloud of witnesses that hover about the throne!

Glorious consolation! They are not dead. You cannot make me believe they are dead. They have only moved on. With more love than that with which they greeted us on earth, they watch us from their high place, and their voices cheer us in our struggle for the sky. Hail, spirits blessed, now that ye have passed the flood and won the crown! With weary feet we press up the shining way, until in everlasting reunion we shall meet again. Oh, won't it be grand when, our conflicts done and all partings over, we shall clasp hands and cry out, "This is Heaven?"

Weird Mountain Scenery.

While all travelers are aware of the fact that there are mountains of stupendous magnitude in the West, their grandest conception, even though they may have spent season after season in the summer resorts, will not approach the reality as it is found in the bypaths away from the haunts of man. There are ranges so mysterious and weird in conformation and general contour as to be a perpetual taboo against Indians, and where a white man could peacefully live out all his days even were he surrounded by the most warlike of the tribes.

Take the Mogolones range, away southwest in Arizona. It is a drear and dread territory, so far away from ordinary lines of travel that its name is rarely heard even in that country. That range of mountains is the home of tribes of men who have never to this day set eyes on a white man. It is possessed of a mysteriousness that charms the white man who wanders that far away, yet it seems bewitched, and the lone traveler through its valleys sees strange sights and hears strange sounds, as if he were in the presence of disembodied spirits of those who had the temerity to explore this region before him.

The Mount of the Holy Cross has been immortalized by Moran, and thousands of humid eyes have gazed upon that Christian symbol, erected in the clouds by God's own hand. There are other and grander mounts of the holy cross, even more perfect than that so frequently pictured. They lie deep in the heart of the rocky range, with other wondrous possibilities that await the future explorer of that vast unknown region of Northern Idaho and Wyoming. There are to be found strange rock formations similar to those across the water in Fingall's Cave and the Giant's Causeway, which are both duplicated a thousandfold in the majestic basaltic formations of Idaho.

The Practical Joker Got a Shock.

The sportive young man who enjoys playing tricks had a shock the other day. He had just come down the elevated stairs at Park Place and had started in the direction of City Hall Park, when his face lighted up with a pleasant smile. It was evident that he saw some one he knew, and that he saw some fun ahead. He began to walk rapidly, and as he hurried along it could be seen that the person he knew was a young woman, for he kept his eye on her, watching her carefully as she slipped in and out of the crowd, and all the while his smile grew broader and his eyes twinkled more merrily.

Finally, when he was only a few feet behind her, he began to walk on tiptoe. Then he stole quietly up to her and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"Boob!" he said in her ear, and the next instant he wished that he hadn't, for a young woman looked at him with eyes that were at first startled, but which then flashed indignation.

"How dare you?" she gasped; but before she could say another word he broke in with an apology.

"I beg your pardon," he said, stammering, "I made a mistake—I thought I knew you—I thought you were somebody else."

His confusion was so great and he looked so much the fool that no one could doubt that he was telling the truth, but the young lady accepted his apology with a pale smile, as if she thought he were a lunatic, so that he bowed his head and dived into a crowd, the most crestfallen joker in New York.—New York Tribune.

THERE are those who reject immorality and yet believe in fame.

COME to think of it most kings are but crowned beggars.

GETTING up only to look for sunset makes a long day.

THE loudest mourners are soonest comforted.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Curious Surgery.

At the Bicetre Hospital in Paris, the well-known surgeon, M. Landry, has performed a curious operation on a workman of Belgian nationality. The Belgian got drunk a short time ago and was taken to the police station at Gentilly when in a state of utter helplessness. While he was in the cell another drunkard, a mechanical engineer named Machant, was brought in in a state bordering on delirium tremens. Machant was in a terribly excited state, and he attacked his fellow prisoner with extraordinary ferocity, striking him and, horrible to relate, biting off both his ears.

When he came to himself Machant became very penitent and asked to be taken to the bedside of his victim, who was now in the Bicetre Hospital, in order to ask his forgiveness. Doctor Landry, who was there, said:

"Should you like to give him back his ears?"

Certainly," said the man.

"Then," said the doctor, "let me cut a couple of small slips of flesh from your arm, and it can be done."

The man consented, and the doctor did as he had suggested. The pieces of flesh so shaped as well as he could to the likeness of a pair of ears, and joined them to the wounded places. According to the latest account, the operation has been a complete success.

Avoiding Pain and Peril.

Defensive measures against the foe are ever adopted by a wise commander. You can be commander of the situation and strike a decisive blow at the start at that dangerous and relentless enemy, rheumatism, if attacked by it, by resorting in time to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which checks permanently the progress of a malady, among the most obstinate, painful and possibly dangerous, against which medical skill and the resources of materia medica are arrayed. No evidence is more concurrent and convincing than that which proves that the Bitters neutralizes the rheumatic poison and checks its further development in the system. For malarial and kidney trouble, dyspepsia, want of vitality, nervousness, liver complaint and constipation, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the leading remedy.

IT is a genuine surprise to most people to know that the Chinese and Japanese fight with sure enough guns and cannons. Our ideas of China and Japan are so vague, and are gathered principally from Japanese fans, screens and paper umbrellas, that most of us imagined them assaulting each other with tea pots, Japanese lanterns and tea trays.

"Mud More Valuable than Gold"

Is the truthful, startling title of a beautiful souvenir book just received describing the wonderful Magnetic Mineral Mud Baths in Warren County, near Attica, Ind. The Indiana Springs Company has spent $150,000 in developing and beautifying this noted resort, and it is to-day the only place in the United States where it is possible to get a Magnetic Mineral Mud and Lithia Water Bath and drink the Puritan Lithia Water. The Puritan Lithia Water is undoubtedly the strongest yet discovered.

The cure of rheumatism, kidney, skin and stomach troubles is quickly brought about by this combination of Nature's remedies, some of the cures wrought being marvelous. We certainly think it is to the interest of every sufferer to write and get a copy of this handsomely printed and beautifully illustrated souvenir, which will be mailed for the asking.

Address H. I. Kramer, General Manager, Magnetic Mineral Mud Baths, Warren County, Ind., or 10 Spruce street, New York, or 45 Randolph street, Chicago.

Not Necessary Now.

The practice of ocean traveling for the sake of health was known to the ancient Greek physicians, but it later fell into disrepute.

The Modern Beauty

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health, and her face blooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs.

Not Worth It.

It has been figured out that the cost of the United States Senate, an expense borne by the people of the United States, is $8,400 a day.

Harvest Excursions.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 20.—Harvest excursions at greatly reduced rates for the round trip to Minnesota, Dakota, and Montana points are announced by the Great Northern Railway for Sept. 11 and 25 and Oct 9.

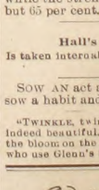
THE strength of the lion's fore limbs is only 69 per cent. that of the tiger, while the strength of its hind limbs is but 65 per cent.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

SOW AN act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character.

"TWINKLE, twinkle, little star," you are indeed beautiful, but not half so lovely as the bloom on the cheeks of all young ladies who use Glenn's Sulphur Soap.



BURNING, itching, scaly, crusty Skin Diseases, such as defy the ordinary blood medicines, are cured completely by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For Scrofula in all its various forms, the worst Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, great eating Ulcers, and every blood-taint and disorder, this is a direct remedy.

It thoroughly purifies and enriches your blood.

Alexander, N. C.

DR. R. V. PIERCE: *Dear Sir*—Your "Golden Medical Discovery" has proved a blessing to me. It was recommended to me by Rev. P. A. Duykendall. I have been a sufferer with old sores on my legs for four years. I used three bottles of it, and my legs are sound and well and my health is better than it has been for some time. I had the best doctors of this country treat my case and they failed to effect a cure.

Yours respectfully,

J. N. Kuykendall

A New Arrangement.

ST. PAUL, Minn., Aug. 26.—The new traffic arrangement between the Great Northern and Oregon Railway and Navigation Co. is one of the most important of the year. It gives the Great Northern the most direct entrance of any road into Portland and to Willamette Valley points. It also becomes the short line into the Palouse and Walla Walla districts of Washington, the Coeur d'Alene, Moscow, and Snake River districts of Idaho.

DR. KILMER'S
SWAMP-ROOT
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

Biliousness

Headache, foul breath, sour stomach, heartburn, pain in chest, dyspepsia, constipation.

Poor Digestion

Distress after eating, pain and bloating in the stomach, shortness of breath, pain in the heart.

Loss of Appetite

A splendid feeling to-day and a depressed one to-morrow, nothing seems to taste good, tired, sleepless and all unstrung, weakness, debility. **Swamp-Root** builds up quickly a run down constitution and makes the weak strong.

At Druggists 50 cents and $1.00 size.

"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free. DR. KILMER & Co., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

A Ripans Tabule.

Do I know what it is?
Why, the children
Mamma uses them for dyspepsia.
Papa swallows one when he thinks
he has eaten a little too much.

Mamma says that
My brother Jack
Always wants one
When he comes home very late
at night.

Grandpapa
Takes them for something
That he calls constipation.
He always takes two, and
He says that
They are very good indeed.
They don't taste good, though,
But they can be
swallowed without tasting.

Mamma gives the baby
A quarter of one
—for wind on its stomach.

Aunt Jane,
She is an old maid, you know,
Takes them for headache.
She dissolves hers in water
And drinks it.
You just ought to see the
Face she makes up:
—but it cures her headache.

I put one under my tongue;
Then I fill my mouth just full of water,
And take one big swallow,
And it is gone
—always.

What do I take them for?
Do you see how red
My cheeks are?
Well! That is what
I take them for,
Ripans says.

FREE! Madame Rupert's FACE BLEACH

Appreciating the fact that thousands of ladies cannot afford to pay $5 for the Face Bleach, on account of price, which is $3 per bottle, and in order that all may give it a fair trial, I will send, securely packed, FREE, charges prepaid, on receipt of 10c. FACE BLEACH, which positively cures absolutely all kinds of freckles, pimples, moth, blackheads, sallowness, acne, eczema, wrinkles, or roughness of the skin, leaving a beautiful clear complexion. Address

Mme. A. RUPPERT, Dept. E 6 E. 14th St., N. Y. City.

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