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A Budget of Breezy Gossip Relating Exclusively to the Fair Sex.

Accompanied by Some Notes on the Ever Changing Styles in Feminine Attire.

Instruction to women how to dress their hair is plenty enough in print, but by no means all of it is of practical value. She who slavishly follows a fashion in that direction is about as apt to make herself worse instead of better in appearance, for the reason that a style which adorns one head may damage the effect of another. The wise woman, aiming to make the most of herself, will only consider new modes of hairdressing with reference to their suitability to her own use. Therefore, in giving pictures of three of the latest methods of arranging the hair, the reader should bear in mind that slavish imitation is not here advised, but that judicious adaptation is the best thing to attempt. The girl shown nearly in profile has divided her hair at the ears and the front center, and coiled it atop of her head, where it is held in an ornamental pile by tortoise-shell pins. The coiffure of the young woman facing us is in some respects similar, the hair being divided at the sides and parted at the middle. A portion of the hair on the crown is braided and pinned down to serve as a prop for the rest. Both halves of the front hair are brought back first and twisted around this center; then the back hair is drawn up over it and arranged in intertwined coils, through which small tortoise-shell combs are thrust. The short locks on the third head and neck are waved. The third example is that of a young girl's back hair, and there certainly is a charm of simplicity about it suitable to youthfulness, but not to be attempted by anybody of age.

IDEAS IN HAIR-DRESSING.

Boldly and safely juvenile is the style affected by the girl in the second picture, not only as to the hair hanging in seemingly artless but really artful confusion, but in the fashion of what may be called an elaborately simple house dress. If the young feminine reader desires to reproduce the pretty gown, let her preferably do it with light woolen material, and produce the ornamentation of the bodice and sleeves by means of braiding and velvet. If she desires to sympathetically impress a casual caller, she may keep a pot of flowers handy, and then get to fooling with it immediately on hearing the outer door-bell ring. They do say that girls are nowadays taking very much to acting in private life. Ingenious false pretenses of æsthetic occupations and tastes are declared to be common among unmarried belles who are seeking rich husbands. In extreme cases of positive wicked deceit, girls are known to procure from professional artists half-finished paintings, which they display as their own work, and which they dabble at occasionally in order to keep up appearances. The writer knows of a fair pretender to poetic talent, who got a newspaper man to write for her a poem of about twenty verses. Then she copied the first two or three on a sheet of paper and left it lying on a table in her boudoir. When a female chum came in for an unceremonious call, and the rhymes were seen, the hostess would seem confused, and finally confess that she was trying her hand a little at composition. This device was repeated for half a dozen of her friends. Then the succeeding verses were copied, one after another, day by day, until the poem was, in the course of a week, completed. The observers imagined that they witnessed its evolution, and they spread the report that their friend was indeed a poetess.

One of the kissing pair wears a good specimen of the negligee house robe in its latest form of development. It is not a garment of perfect utility, as might be supposed, for it is a trailing drapery hanging from the shoulders and picturesquely dragging on the floor. This appendage is a nuisance, of course to the lady herself and everybody around her, for she and they are liable to trip over it, and altogether it is as much of a terror in the household as a court-train is in the ball room. The peculiarity of this dress is its combination of dressing gown and stately draperies. For cold weather it is made of soft wool, and that material, besides making it comfortable, conduces to good artistic effect. The caller is fashionably clad in a dress of fine cloth. Broad kiltings are used for the underskirt, over which the drapery falls transversely from the right hip into a point on the left side, and is drawn from thence to meet the long folds of the back drapery, which are slightly looped at the top. There are some prettily braided pleats of small dimensions introduced in the skirt. The bodice, which is of a pointed form, is arranged with a braided vest matching the pleats on the skirts. The kiss that is being exchanged may not be as ordinary as it looks. Has the reader discovered a curious electrical element in the recent very cold atmosphere? The air has seemed to be surcharged with electricity. The fact has already been noted in the newspapers, and people generally have seen that threads, thin paper, and other light objects had a tendency to cling to the fingers remarkably. But the strangest phenomenon was that the touch of the fingers to metal or to the skin of another person often produced an audible crackle and a perceptible shock. The lips conveyed this slight current of electricity as well as the finger, and so there has been a spell of electrical kissing. The picture shows that sort of osculation in its mildest form perhaps, and presumably a higher development was reached when the experimenters were respectively male and female. But that is going into conjectural matters, and hardly appertains to the subject of dress.

To our subject let us return for a masculine paragraph, suggested by the cold snap. The very latest thing in ear-tabs is the dude. This is official from the metropolis, and may prove a comfortable bit of information to youths of fashion in the cities of the Northwest and elsewhere, at points where winter has a habit of lingering in the lap of spring, and paying close attention to business while he is there. The dude, however, did not take refuge in ear-tabs until the arrival of the recent severe cold snap, and he has not yet summoned up courage to parade this new addition to his apparel during the afternoon promenade. But after nightfall, if the wind be biting, he will draw from a sacred inner pocket a cunning little pair of ear-tabs in black silk or velvet and tuck snugly away therein that cranial appendage of which his four-legged prototype is so proud. A bold stroke of doubtful success, however, was made last Sunday morning about church time by one uncompromising exquisite, who out-heroded Herod by appearing thus attired as to ears. An indignation meeting of his fellows will probably result.

And in conclusion, as the preachers say, let us regard a truly swell girl at the theater. Her bonnet is in very pale saffron-yellow satin, with a light gold aigrette and a gold pleated trimming spangled with tiny gold sequins. The paletot jacket is lovely, being made in mastic cloth, tight-fitting, with a bronze-velvet collar, epaulettes, and cuffs. The boa is of gray chinchilla, and the dress of striped faille to match. But her greatest distinction arises from her quizzing glasses, which are taking the place of ordinary opera glasses among the extreme swell belles.—*Chicago Ledger.*

CAREFUL ATTLESNESS.

ELECTRICAL KISSES.

Notes on the Fashions.

The ivory and pearl-handled finger-nail files that sell at $1 and $2 are engraved with blue or black ink and put in little cases for presents.

The English walking-hats of sealskin are of ampler shape than those made of felt, and are trimmed with a bird's head and neck and long, curling ostrich plumes.

Entire dresses of sealskin, made for sleighing in midwinter, have a basque fitted as smoothly as a jersey, and a round skirt that has all its fullness held in plaits at the back.

Handkerchief-cases are to be had bound in thin sheets of ivory, which forms a delicate background for painted flowers and tendrils. The same transparent sheets are worked up in bonbon bags, tablets, booklets and calendars.

Chamois skin is used for pen-wipers, sachets, work-bags, photograph-holders and engraving-cases, appropriately decorated. The photo-covers are scorched and pinked, and bands of brown ribbon tie across the edges to keep the copies of people or places in.

At a recent wedding the maids of honor wore a single white puritan rose in the center of their corsages between the neck and waist. Their arms and throats were tied with bands of narrow white ribbon, and pendent from the neck band was a small star of gold paved with pearls. Contrary to custom the favors were gifts of the groom, who purchased them in France some months ago.

Old Chocolate's Target Practice.

De man dat stan's still loses groun',
Dar's mo' fun in seein' dan in bein'
an acrobat.
Nebbah take a man's charactah f'om
'is nex' do' nabah.
A great man's faults am allus looked
at wid magnifyin' glasses.
Ev'ry lap-dog I see makes me t'ink
dar shud be a division ob de chillen.
Some men are ez blin' toe causes ez
de dog dat worries an' bites de club dat
hit 'im.
W'en yo' hiah a man toe lie fo' yo'
doan' fawgit dat de oddah pahty in-
trested may offah 'im mo' money.
'Sample am bettah en advice. De
man dat says "Look befo' yo' leap," an'
hiss'f fal's intoe de fus ditch in 'is
road, nebbah gits a laage awjince toe
preach toe.
De fac' dat yo' heah to-day dat Julius
Casah am in de lock-up fo' stealin'
chickens doan' haam de repytashun ob
de 'rig'nal Julius. Hit on'y calls 'ten-
shun toe de foolishness ob de parents
ob de chicken t'ef in supposin' folks 'd
fawgit dat the 'rig'nal Casah war dead.
—*J. A. Waldron, in Judge.*

L'Annie Scandaleuse' is the pleasant title given to the year 1887 in France. Scandals of all kinds, and among all classes and professions, simply abounded last year, crowned at the close by the presidential scandal.

RED-LETTER RECOLLECTIONS.

BY BURT ARNOLD.

"Wot yeou b'n a-hatchin' aout naow? More mischief, I'll be baound ter say, an' I guess I wuddent be far aout mer reck'nin!" ejaculated Aunt Becky when Steve Barker came down stairs with me from the attic, where we had been talking in whispers. "I never seen yeou tew boyees git yeour heads tergether yit but whut somebuddy eruther hedter suffer on ercaount ov et. Doant yeou play nao more pranks on me er I'll pin yeour ears back an' butter yeour hair!" And she flourished a rolling-pin and looked at us with a very stern air as though she meant every word she said.

This was on the morning before St. Valentine's day, and her judgment was not far out when she calculated we were hatching mischief. We had been making valentines. "Shop truck" wasn't quite up to our ideas of what valentines should be. A box of cheap water-colors and fly-leaves, filched from hymn-books, constituted the materials with which we prepared our works of art. They were all marked with the names of the parties to whom they were to be sent. The village schoolmaster's was that of a green-faced old man with a chrome-yellow body and navy blue hands, and his head topped with a shock of Chinese vermilion. O we were artists! I really believe I derived more true pleasure in drawing crude caricatures of the prominent people in that village than in any practical jokes I ever perpetrated. For many a year afterward some of those valentines could be seen in various houses where they were probably kept as samples of my juvenile depravity. I hardly know whether the greatest amount of fun consisted in the drawing and painting or the sending of them.

Nowadays, I presume, a valentine is sent by mail. In my youthful days half the pleasure of sending it seemed to be lost unless it was tucked beneath the door by the donor. When a valentine is forwarded by mail a boy is robbed of the chance to pound four tacks in the corners of the missive with a muffled hammer before ringing the door-bell.

As soon as supper was eaten I went to bed on that night; that is, I went up stairs and out the window, where Steve held a ladder for me until I reached the ground. We soon made our way to the village-center, where we began our evening's sport.

The houses of Silas Smith and Judge Robinson stood directly opposite each other on different sides of the street. They were village magnates, and lived in sumptuous style, far more luxurious than many of the more unpretentious gentlemen farmers who were better able to afford it.

On these two worthy gentlemen my mischievous satellite and I played a prank that resulted in their not speaking as they passed by for several years.

Near the center of one of the double front-doors of each house, quite near the door-jamb, where it was well out of sight, we affixed a screw-eye. To each screw-eye we attached a stout cord, the other end of which was fastened to the door-bell of the opposite house. By this means we so connected the two houses that it was impossible for an occupant of either to open his own door without ringing the bell of his neighbor.

I may say right here, that the trick was more than a decided success.

When the arrangements had been perfected and nice large valentines whitewashed on the door-steps, Steve went to the middle of the road, and yanked the string attached to Deacon Smith's bell. There was no gas in the village at this time. The Deacon shuffled to the door in his slippers that were run over at the heel. I can imagine the sound of them at the present minute—the "ker-flip, ker-flap, ker-flip, ker-flop," as he made his way across his uncarpeted hallway. As quick as he opened the door I blew out his kerosene hand-lamp with a blast from Aunt Becky's fire-bellows, which I had borrowed for the evening.

"Gosh-danged ef thet ain't er puthy high wind fer er mild night!" he exclaimed as he went back for another light.

"Si, why will yeou use sich turrible expressions? I dew b'lieve yeou'll git sao yeou'll make er mistake an' say er real swear one of these days ef yeou ain't keerful," I heard his wife say when he returned.

When the Deacon opened his door the bell of Judge Robinson's house jangled violently. On his appearance at the door, Steve immediately blew out his light with a bellows he had gotten from his grandfather's. In opening his door the Judge rang the Deacon's bell in a manner that seemed to indicate that the visitor was impatient.

The Deacon again came to the door. He held the light above his head, and shaded it with his hand.

"I can't see a derned thing," he muttered, as he stooped for the valentine that was painted on the step. "Gosh all hemlock! I've stuck er splinter undter mer nail. There! there goes ther lamp ergin," he continued, as I blew a second blast with the bellows. "Sumthin' strange erbaout this light business! Marthy, bring erlong er light with er chimly on't."

I sneaked quietly out the front gate while I had time. Just then his bell rang again.

"Ah, some o' them boyees er sendin' voleentines. I'll fix em." And he sat his lamp on the step and went round to the back side of the house, where I heard him filling a water-pail from the well. At this minute I caught a hurried whisper from Steve, who passed me on the run.

"Skip, quick! Ther Jedge is er follerin' ther line."

Sure enough, the Judge was following the string straight into the Deacon's front yard.

The Deacon was ready for him.

The very second the Judge reached the door-steps he received the contents of a water-pail full in the chest. He tripped on the step and fell over. As he attempted to rise the deacon made a vigorous application of his boot on the Judge, whom he failed to recognize.

"Come raound hyer ergin, eh (boot)? Ring mer door-bell fer fun, will ye (boot)? Blaow aout mer lights, hah (boot)! I'll larn yeou ter cum raound hyer, consarn ye (boot)! Take thet (boot), an' thet (boot), an' naow jest tarn yer face raound till I make aout who yeou b'n. Sweet corn an' ginger! Et's ther Jedge!"

And the Judge and the Deacon played "Betsy and I air aout" for several years before a proper explanation was made.

Aunt Becky was right when she said we had been hatching more mischief on that morning.

HUMOR.

Man proposes; but the girl disposes.

Time is really in the hands of the clock.

We are all fortune-tellers. That is, we can tell a fortune when we see it.

Women are the best detectors of counterfeits when the counterfeits are not men.

At the club—"What a bloated face Van Swiller has!" "Yes; a regular gin phiz."

The pugilist who struck a preacher claims to be an expounder of the gospel.—*Arkola Record.*

"Right hand to your partner," as the printing-office devil remarked in handing the scissors to the editor.—*Carl Pretzel.*

It is no use for a piano to be square or upright. Mr. Talmage is authority for saying that there will be none of them in heaven.

Bess—What a bathing costume! Why, you are half naked, Jess.—I don't care a fig! Bess—Well, care a fig leaf, at least!

Waiter (to Colonel Clueby, who has absent-mindedly given him his keyring for a tip)—"Excuse me, boss, but dis yere quarter's punched."

"What's the matter, Pat? Got hurt?" "Sure an' I turned me ankle last Saturday, and it's meself that's traveled on three legs ever since."

There is a man in New York who has been angry for thirty years on a stretch. It is the worst case of standing choler that we ever knew.—*Siftings.*

"An Ohio genius will shortly patent an incubator which will shortly turn out broiled chickens." Can the unknown be ex-President Hayes?—*Texas Siftings.*

"Is there any difference in the meaning of the words 'nautical' and 'marine'?" asked Mrs. McCorkle of Mrs. Tangle. "No," was the reply; "one is a cinnamon of the other."

Physicians now claim that there is great virtue in onions. Onions are strong enough to be virtuous; especially the old-time red variety, which are surely able to withstand all temptations.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Doctor—Did you say to your husband, Mrs. Hendricks, that, if agreeable to him, I would send bill for service rendered during his recent severe illness? Mrs. Hendricks—Yes, doctor; and he thought you had better wait until he gets a little stronger.—*Life.*

A Connecticut woman has embroidered the words and music of "Home, Sweet Home," on a linen sheet which is on the spare-room bed. Her guests have not decided whether the hostess means to indicate that they must feel at home, or had better go home.—*Boston Traveller.*

A woman with her first baby banged on her female neighbor's door the other morning, about the time old topers crawl out to hunt their morning cheer, and shrieked out, excitedly: "Come over as soon as you get your breakfast; if the baby hasn't got a tooth I'm a liar!"—*Texas Siftings.*

We are informed by an exchange that the Kentucky State-House is still heated by wood fires in open fireplaces. Previously we had entertained the notion that the building was heated by individual firearms; but Kentucky always has been willing to waste considerable heat on legislation.—*New Haven News.*

MICKEY FREE'S EXPLANATION.

The rayson 'tis hard, says my friend Mickey Free,
To predict min from sellin' the crayth y,
Makes me think of a lie of a story, says he,
That's just in accord wid min's naythur.
I once had a friend, his f'ont name was Pat,
A gem of the Emeral isle,
For st'ealin' a pig, went through the Co'rt's
hit
In the regular Irish style.
Though not very long, the case was strong,
For his taken that four legged mate:
But Pat he looked sly, and held his head high
When the jury returned to their sate.
The judge looked at thim, the jury at him;
"That's the verdick?" thin cam his respect.
Up rose Jimmy Rourke, as foreman he spoke,
"I em' taller than I of the rest:
"Your honor well knows the evidence shows
That trouble th re is wid our Pat,
But not bein' there we don't know what's fair,
So the jury release him f'om that."
Whin I next saw the bye, wid a wink in mo eye,
"How d'ye bate your way out of county?"
Thin he said wid a grin, and a quare look of
him,
"Whist! the jury had part of the Pork."
—*Whitehall Times.*

Ad to Himself.

The church-fair editor rolled his orange until it was quite soft, and then, taking his knife, cut out a circular plug from the end, taking out the core and leaving a hole that extended nearly to the other end. "There are a good many advantages in treating an orange in this way," he said. "You get all the juice, and are not troubled by taking the pulp into your mouth and——" "Yes," interrupted the young man who was adding up the children's Christian dinner fund; "one big advantage occurs to me; you are not expected to ask anybody to have a piece when you eat it that way."—*Nashville American.*

Prince Albert Victor, of Wales, now twenty four years old, says he does not want an establishment of his own until he gets married, an event which he has not yet even begun seriously to contemplate.

Does Your Wife Act So.

At 8 o'clock yesterday evening, as I was hurrying from my fashionable boarding-house to the theater, I was startled to hear a groan, which issued apparently from a neighboring lamp-post, and was followed by the words: "Oh, Lord! I won't have dinner before 9 o'clock." In the gathering gloom I distinguished my young friend Smithers, who was happily married some months ago, and has a delightful home and first-rate dinners.

"Why, Smithers," I said, "are you ill? Perhaps I had better go home to dinner with you." I had already dined, but could have dined again—with Smithers.

"Not to-night," he replied, wearily. "We won't have any dinner to-night. You see, my boy, Mrs. Smithers is in there," and he pointed to the windows of the residence in front of which we were standing. "They are having a 5 o'clock tea. They have been having it now for three hours. By George, just smell that coffee!" And Smithers groaned heavily.

"Well, why aren't you in there too?" I asked. "There are other men in the house. I can see them pass the windows."

"It's because I am married," said the disconsolate Smithers. "At this particular sort of a social event no married men are allowed only married women, unmarried women, and bachelors."

"Well, what are you loafing around in the cold for, then?"

"Oh, I am waiting for Mrs. Smithers. I told her I would be here at 5 o'clock, and she could tap on the window to let me know when she was ready to go."

"Has she tapped?"

"She hasn't tapped."—*Kansas City Journal.*

Queer Mexican Customs.

After being comfortably housed and cared for, I found myself again in circumstances that permitted me to enjoy all my surroundings. I saw some entirely new customs. Among others was Beggars' day, which I believe comes once a week, when all the blind, the lame, and crippled of every description, each wearing a large tin badge about the size of a teacup, assembled together and with one at their head, whom I took to be the king of them all, as he rode a burro, went in procession all over the city, stopping from place to place to gather whatever was given them—either victuals, rags, or the smallest of small coins. Again, the marketing was interesting. At the dawn of day the populace in most places is astir to get its supplies—and such a scene! Vegetables are cut and sliced into the smallest of small pieces, and to get variety one has only to ask for it, when with half an onion, a thin slice of squash, three or four of the smallest of potatoes, a few radishes a saucer of green beans, and all other vegetables in the same proportion, and a strip of meat from six inches to three feet in length (for it is never cut in steak or cuts for roast), you have your day's fare; while the poorer classes are content to get the entrails according to their means to purchase. Among the lower orders it will never answer to give presents, unless you never expect to see them again; as, for instance, you think one has done you a favor, and to show your appreciation you give him a dollar; the next day should he do anything for you, he naturally demands a dollar, thinking that as you gave him one before, he is now entitled to it anyway.

Said the governor of Dakota to the governor of Minnesota: It's a short time between blizzards.

She scolds and frets,
She's full of pets,
She's rarely bright and tender;
The thorn of life
Is a fretful wife—
I wonder what will mend her?

Try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Ten to one, your wife is cross and fretful because she is sick and suffering, and cannot control her nervousness when things go wrong. Make a healthy woman of her and the chances are you will make a cheerful and pleasant one. "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy for woman's peculiar ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on bottle wrapper. Large bottles, $1. Six for $5.

'Patients Healed by Divine Aid' is the sign of a faith doctor in Boston.

Humbug.

Barnum said "The American People like to humbugged." This may be true in the line of entertainment, but not where life is at stake. A man with consumption, or any lingering disease, looking Death in the face and seeking to evade his awful grasp, does not like to be trifled with. So with confidence we place before our readers Nature's great remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a sure relief for that long train of diseases resulting from impure blood, such as Consumption, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disorder, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Scrofula and General Debility. Time-tried and thoroughly tested, it stands without an equal! Any druggist.

Jefferson's will is on file in the old district building at Washington.

"Not Bulk, but Business!"

is the way a Western man put it in expressing to a friend his complete satisfaction in the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. So small and yet so effectual, they bid fair to supplant entirely the old style pill. An ever-ready remedy for Sick and Bilious Headache, Biliousness, Constipation and all blood disorders. Mild in action, wonderful in effect! Put up in vials, convenient to carry. Their use attended with no discomfort! These sterling merits account for their great popularity.

Snow shoveling bees are an ingenious recreation in Nebraska.

WEAK AND NERVOUS WOMEN.

How Strength of Nerves and Health of Body May Easily be Obtained.

Women are great sufferers from nervousness, weakness, nervous prostration, and exhaustion. They droop and languish under household cares and work which never ends. They retire tired and wake tired and unrefreshed; they are worn out and exhausted in nerve and vital power, and have no strength or energy.

Fortunately—and it would almost seem a dispensation of divine Providence to overworked humanity—there are medicines which restore lost nerve forces, rebuild the weakened system and re-establish health, strength and energy. These medicines, which are purely vegetable, have been combined into a wonderful remedy known as Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, which is kept by all druggists at $1 per bottle. This truly wonderful remedy is without doubt the greatest discovery of the century, and is the best strengthening and invigorating remedy ever known.

For nervous and physical exhaustion, weak, tired, and languid feelings with no power or ambition for exertion, it is a sovereign remedy and absolutely certain cure. In cases of sleeplessness and nervous irritability its use will be followed by calm repose and natural, refreshing sleep. For nervousness, nervous debility, unbalanced vitality, despondency, and depression of the mind it is a perfect specific. For malaria, neuralgia, rheumatism, paralysis, numbness, trembling and insanity it is the only positive and recognized remedy. It never fails to cure nervous and sick headache, weakness and pain in the back or side, palpitation of the heart, apoplexy, epileptic fits, hysteria, St. Vitus's dance, dyspepsia, indigestion, loss of appetite, constipation, biliousness, kidney and liver diseases.

Other medicines may be offered by druggists, but do not be persuaded to try uncertainties, when by the use of this wonderful remedy you can certainly be cured. Should your druggist not have Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, he will get it for you if you insist upon having it. Dr. Greene, its discoverer, is the great specialist in the cure of nervous and chronic diseases, and he may be consulted by those using this remedy, or by any sufferer from disease, free of charge, at his office, 35 West 14th st., New York, personally or by letter.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

"Countless thousands mourn" because they have not sent for a free pamphlet on Taylor's Hospital Cure for Catarrh, 251 B'way, New York.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle.

No Opium in Piso's Cure for Consumption Cures where other remedies fail. 25c.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipissewa, Juniper Berries and other well known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, unknown to any other medicine, and giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where others fail.

Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, tones the digestive organs, overcomes nervousness and gives strength and health to the entire system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. The same success is extending all over the country, as the peculiar curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla become known.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is peculiar in being the only medicine of which can truly be said, "One Dollar," which is an unanswerable argument as to its strength and economy. When given a fair trial it becomes a favorite remedy. If you make up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not allow polite persuasion or argument to induce you to take anything else. Insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla, which is peculiar to itself.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is peculiar in the wonderful cures it has accomplished, wholly unprecedented in the history of medicine, and giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla a clear right to the title of "The greatest blood purifier ever discovered." A book, containing statements of cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, will be sent to all who desire it.

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Ely's Cream Balm

Gives relief at once for

COLD in HEAD, CATARRH

Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply Balm into each Nostril. ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich Street, N. Y.

CURE FOR THE DEAF

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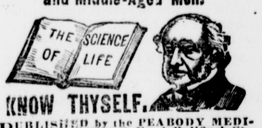

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