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Matters Grave and Gay in Which Our Fair Readers Take an Especial Interest.

A Couple of Columns Prepared Solely for Their Instruction and Edification.

In the spring a young girl's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of new clothes, and the garments which first satisfy her fresh, seasonable longings are mostly for home and street wear. The time of balls and parties is over for a while, and the costuming for summer has not yet been planned. She therefore sets about adorning herself for less elaborate and yet equally careful appearances in the house and on the promenade. Morning gowns for indoors have of late become more and more artistic. The old-fashioned wrapper of stereotyped shape and usual slovenliness no longer garbs the persons of women who keep up with the modes of the times. Neatness and shapeliness have taken the place of slouchy, formless wraps, that always suggested slippers down at the heels and hair still tousled from the bed. A morning dress of smart design is illustrated in my first picture. This may be copied in a great variety of materials from the soft thin woolen fabrics that drape and cling with much aesthetic grace to much cheaper and still pretty cotton goods. The characteristics of these natty wrappers are high close collars encircling the neck to the very chin; sleeves short enough to show the bare arms nearly to the elbows; a simulation of a vest giving good frontal outlines to the bodice and made either of the same material as the rest of the waist or otherwise, according to the fancy; and a snugness of encirclement at the belt line producing in some cases it is to be feared more sightliness than comfort. In the first instance a clasp emphasizes this point while in the other a construction of beads does the same thing.

A MORNING TOILET.

On this subject of feminine girth some fussy-minded male has taken the trouble to compile statistics of the sizes of New York ladies' corsets, with the result that he has discovered the average dimensions of stays round the waist to be twenty-three inches, or just four inches smaller than the natural waist of the average woman is supposed to be. Upon this fact he comments with great seriousness, and even goes to the length of attributing to this compression no less than a thousand deaths per annum. I so far agree with this zealous statistician that I believe a great many feminine diseases are attributable to over-tight lacing, but I am not at all prepared to admit the accuracy of his death rate from this cause, nor do I think that twenty-three inches is a size of waist at which, under any circumstances, any but fussy old bachelors and bulky matrons would cavil.

A morning toilet representative of a new and elegant style of home gown is worn by the girl at the piano. Simplicity is here idealized to a point far beyond simple raiment. It is true that the basis of this dress is dotted calico of the sort which economical mothers use to clothe their infants, but it is embellished by the finest lace in the bosom, in a goodly section of the sleeves, and in a broad wrapping of the waist. Two hours of piano practice remains fashionable for New York damsels, much to the pain of unwilling listeners, and not greatly to the multiplication of good players, for not one in a thousand pupils ever becomes able to be pleasurable at the keys. The other evening a loving mother ordered her daughter, who had taken a prize at school for piano playing, to give an exhibition of her talents before a well-known musician.

"Isn't it angelic?" she exclaimed, as the girl's fingers vigorously rattled the keys.

"Ev-angelic, you mean, madam?" was the critical listener's remark.

"How so?" asked mamma; and it took her some minutes to fully realize the reply.

"Because your daughter pays strict heed to the Scriptural injunction not to let her right hand know what her left hand doeth."

It is fortunate for fashionable women that bulls do not run loose in the streets of New York, because a dominant color in spring promenade costumes would be sure to cause trouble. The men have too long enjoyed an exclusive privilege in "painting the town red," and now the women propose to take a hand at it. But not in the same way—Heaven forbid! They will carry the paint outside instead of inside. In other words, the announcement comes from Paris that fashion and femininity have brought scarlet to the front as the color of the season, and the boulevards have already assumed a lurid aspect which exceeds anything since the days of the Commune. There are three or four shades of it, but all is scarlet in these degenerate days when only a mental contortionist can follow the girations of color and tones developed in female apparel. The dressmakers and the milliners here are getting their importations through the Custom House with all possible speed, and their hands will soon be stained in bloody goods. There will be red "gowns" (there are no dresses nowadays), red "frocks," red bonnets and hats, red gloves, red feathers, and red what-not besides. The girl with red hair, if she insists upon being in the swim, will then be a sight indeed. The temper of the ill-mannered bull on the farm will be sorely tried next summer, and the white horse will become a drivling idiot in his effort to distinguish this from that. Indeed, if the New York man is permitted to retain his hold even upon the red nose he will have cause to be grateful. There will be a literal "blaze" of glory among the women about Easter.

INTRICATE SIMPLICITY.

I mentioned lately that boas were fashionable, not only for ordinary wear but for all manner of occasions, and I see the fancy has already made progress. The other evening I sat opposite to a lady at dinner, whose neck was encircled by a thick fur boa, worn ostensibly on account of a severe cold, but which I took to be the outcome of the latest fashionable fad. The effect is pleasing, I must say, especially as our eyes have grown so accustomed this season to fur on evening gowns, but I scarcely think the craze a healthy one. One cannot always wear a boa, and surely this means an epidemic of sore throats. Pongee scarf-neckties of great length are a development of the boa notion, and bid fair to be very popular as summer neck adornments. They can be worn in all colors, according to the fancy or the dress of the wearer, and look very well when tied in a loose bow beneath the chin, with the ends tucked into the bodice.

Two more current costumes are sketched in my final picture, not alone for the illustration of fashion, but partly because the wearers, when I saw them, were jocularly engaged in touching an old chap's nose. They were in the wax works show, where numerous images are placed so illusively that visitors mistake them sometimes for human beings. In this instance the fair jokers chose to reverse the mistake and to pretend a belief that the old gentleman who sat very still on a bench was a work in wax. So they dented his nose with a forefinger and hunted for his name in the catalogue.—*Chicago Ledger.*

IS HE WAX?

Fashion Fripperies.

THE most fashionable coiffures still demand that the hair fall rather low on the forehead.

DOTTED stripes are seen among new designs in cotton silk and woolen fabrics for spring wear.

THE finest artistic judgment and taste is demanded and displayed in the color combinations of indoor toilets.

SURPLICE waists lapping over on one side and forming a V opening at the neck are in favor for house-dresses of all kinds.

THE latest fad in ball tissues is the dauphine tulle in all delicate shades, with designs of flowers and birds wrought in colored silks and Japanese tinsel threads.

A HANG-LAMP on a black antique wrought-iron stand, in pink glass, with a large shade of silk or satin rose petals, makes a lovely point of light in a gold and white furnished room.

THE importers' counters are already filled with cases of exquisitely dyed Scotch zephyrs, French ginghams, and chamberys in dots, checks, block effects and stripes, both wide and narrow.

IN pretty gowns for afternoon wear the most dressy corsage-fronts have gimps of soft silk or China crape at the top, with velvet revers below it across the chest, forming a narrow vest.

NEW ginghams, sateens, percales, and printed cotton goods are being made up for the next season in very pretty, simple styles, with full pleated overskirts over under jupes, the draping being effected from the waist line, and given easy sweep by a slash in the overskirt on each side, showing a panel of the underskirt.

Loss of Sight in Russia.

From notes of 824 cases of blindness in his locality—501 being females—Dr. Sergieff, of the Viatski Province of Russia, finds the cause to be granular lids in 245 cases, disease of the cornea in 129, cataract in 110, small-pox in 112. Less than 5 per cent. of the cases resulted from injury. Among 1,146 persons sightless in one eye, 222 gave the cause as injury, accidents with straw during harvest being common.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THE bones of animals were used as skates and sledge-runner in prehistoric Europe, and it seems they are still so employed in northern Germany. The sledges consist of a board resting on the bones of a horse, and the skates have for runners the lower jaw-bones of cattle.—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

THAT which lays a man open to an enemy, and that which strips him of a friend, equally attacks him in all those interests that are capable of being weakened by the one and supported by the other.—*South.*

BEFORE the middle of the seventeenth century, tea was not used in England, and was entirely unknown to the Greeks and Romans.

IN THE ORIENT.

An Interesting Letter Describing a Cruise in the Bay of Bengal.

A Trip Down the Sacred River Hooghly, Noted for Its Bad Smells.

IT is not my intention to say anything of the city of palaces, Calcutta, although that was my starting-place for a trip through the tropics. Calcutta, being the chief city of the Indian Empire, and the seat of the Anglo-Indian government, is so much visited and written about that I will pass it by for the time being.

I took my passage one fine morning in October on an enormous steamer bound for Sydney, Australia. She was not, however, going direct to Sydney, for she had cargo to pick up at Madras and in Ceylon; so that I was promised a long voyage in tropical seas; but, however, this gave me an opportunity to view additional points of interest.

The boat I was on—the Linlithgow—was not built with a principal view to the accommodation of passengers, and the cabin accommodation was exceedingly limited. Not more than twenty first-class passengers were aboard, yet I had to share my cabin with a by no means attractive Hebrew gentleman. He was unattractive only so far as his personal appearance and habits were concerned, for he had traveled extensively, and could give most interesting accounts of his travels. He appeared to know New York and London as well as he did Calcutta, Constantinople, and Melbourne; while he talked so many languages, and each quite fluently, that I could never quite locate his native country. I did not like to ask him and finally came to the conclusion that he was a German-Jew, born in London. But this theory of mine suffered considerably when I learned that he was quite familiar with several Irish cities and an enthusiastic admirer of Parnell, and even of O'Donovan Rossa! I should have remembered this cosmopolitan Hebrew for a long time had he not shared my state-room, for we had not steamed far down the Hooghly River—when leaving Calcutta—before our friend, in some unaccountable manner, fell overboard, his rescue causing quite a commotion.

The Hooghly River, which forms the port of Calcutta, is one of the many outlets of the sacred River Ganges. Alas for the holy river! The Hooghly is one of the dirtiest, muddiest and most ill-smelling streams in the world, exceeding only in its size the renowned Chicago River. Near the city of Calcutta the river is filled with all kinds of nondescript craft (navigated by a motley throng of boatmen), from the rude boats of the natives, covered with awnings of bamboo and matting, to the palatial steamers of the British Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company. Below the city and its suburb of Garden Reach the river is full of dangerous shoals, reaches and bends, and navigation in the night time at low water is an impossibility. Consequently we had to anchor near the mouth of the river over night—a night I shall not forget in a hurry. The country about the Ganges Delta is one mass of jungle from which issue great armies of Indian mosquitoes. My friend, the much abused American mosquito, is a civilized, Christian institution after the heathen monsters who board vessels unfortunate enough to be caught on the Hooghly River at low water!

However, early in the morning we got out into deep salt water, and very pleasant was the light, fresh breeze filled with oceanic ozone, after the thick, clammy atmosphere of Calcutta. By the way, Calcutta is simply unbearable to Europeans during one half the year, and the vice-regal court, with all the paraphernalia of government, is removed, during the heated term, to Simla—nearly a thousand miles away in the Himalaya Mountains.

On the second day from Calcutta we were off Pooree, where is located the notorious temple of Juggernaut. There is still kept the terrible sixteen-wheeled car, which once a year drags Mr. Juggernaut through the streets of the town. Formerly hundreds of fanatics would throw themselves under the wheels of the heavy car and be crushed to death, but this is now prevented by the English Government. Our steamer did not go into Pooree, and a day later we passed the city of Vizagapatam, from whence we get the finest kind of tortoise-shell. Right back of this place are the famous diamond mines of Golconda, where have been found the greatest gems in the world. A little over four days from the time we left the Hooghly, we cast anchor off Madras, an important city containing a population of four hundred thousand people. Those of us who wished to go ashore had to trust ourselves to the mercies of a peculiar kind of boat, the planks of which are *sewed* together by a stout cocoanut fiber.

Outside Madras there is always a heavy, choppy surf, and through this we (the Hebrew and myself) had to be pulled by a crew of a dozen totally naked natives. Not only so, but, although there is a long pier at which freight is landed by the lighters, we were beached on the sand. However, "all's well that end's well," and we landed with dry clothes.

Madras is spread over considerable ground, being about as extensive as Philadelphia. It was one of the first towns founded by the East India Company (1639) but comparatively few Europeans reside there—not five thousand. The fact is, they cannot stand the climate, and, while doing business in Madras, the wealthy merchants mostly reside at Bangalore, up in the hill country.

Mohammedanism has a strong hold in Madras, but the bulk of the natives are bigoted Buddhists. Madras is the chief city of the Presidency of that name, but I did not go into the country at all; and the two days we stayed in the city was all I cared about it. There are some fine government buildings and also large residences and warehouses, but the worst towns in the Southern States are cool and healthy compared with Madras.

From Madras our steamer headed for Point de Galle, Ceylon, which we made in about two days and nights. After the flatness of Calcutta and Madras, Ceylon was a most pleasing change, and there was so much to interest one that I think I must take another letter to tell of its beauties and curiosities.

CALMING WAVES WITH OIL.

Vessels Are Now Fitted Up with Apparatus for This Purpose.

(From the New York Times.)

hydrographic students [illegible] suggested to skippers who had sailed the seas for years that pouring oil on the troubled waters might save both vessel and cargo the proposition was laughed to scorn. The wise old heads knew better. Some of the younger skippers thought the scheme might be worth trying, and so put the theory to the test. They found it to work exceedingly well; so well, indeed, that in port here they told their brother-masters of their success. Stories of vessels having been saved by the method were told at infrequent intervals in the South street resorts, and were received with much of the doubting Thomas spirit. Finally what were looked upon as yarns took on a color of verity with a vengeance, and even the oldest of the skippers began to believe in the oil story.

The result of this has been that there is not a week passes, in fact, hardly a day, but the master of some vessel drops into the United States hydrographic bureau and informs Lieut. Cottman or some of his staff of the benefits he had derived during the stormy weather which now prevails from the use of oil. So efficacious has it proved in a number of instances that the attention of shipowners has been called to it, that they have fitted up their craft with special fixtures for the purpose of fighting huge waves with oil. The British steamship Kate Fawcett is one of these. Tanks are fitted up on deck for the special purpose of carrying oil, and from them pipes lead through the ship's side just above the water line. In case the waves become particularly threatening Capt. Young has the stop-cocks in the pipes opened and lets out a bit of oil. He has found the plan to work extremely well, and when running finds it necessary to send out but one gallon in four hours. He uses linseed or varnish oil. The British steamship Earnwell is similarly fitted, and its officers have found that the loosening of even a small quantity of oil has kept the water from breaking over the decks of the steamer.

In cases where vessels are not specially fitted for fighting mountains of water with oil skippers sling over the bows bags filled with coarse, heavy oils, which ooze through the coarse material of which the bags are made and have a wonderfully calming effect on old Neptune. The only trouble in these cases, say the skippers, is that the oil is apt to clog up the canvas of the bags and so prevent perfect percolation. This Capt. Lord of the American steamship Advance found out when he was caught in a severe storm between St. Thomas and the Barbadoes. So he rigged up a big water filter over the weather-board and treated the waves which threatened to ingulf his vessel to a copious bath of oil, and so kept the cross seas from washing over the deck of his steamer. Most any kind of oil seems to do the work required, but Capt. Peters of the British steamship Lyon has probably used the strongest mixture yet reported, one of cod-liver oil and linseed oil, of both of which he happened to have a big consignment in his cargo. A couple of gallons of fish oil, says Capt. Schulz, saved the schooner W. H. Jones from losing a single stick of logwood from his dock cargo while he was trying to weather a severe gale off Hatteras.

Sending Messages by an Insect.

A common cockroach was trained to act as a letter carrier between William Rodifer and "Starlight Jack" Ivan, convicts in the Southern Indiana Penitentiary. It is probably the first instance on record, too, where there was any use found for this little creature. Rodifer occupied a cell in the tier just above the one where Jack was confined, and for a long time they had no means of communicating with each other. Rodifer was a daring fellow, but he had not sufficient imagination to get up a plan of escape, and he relied on the bright mind of his friend "Starlight Jack" to suggest an idea. One evening Rodifer noticed an innocent-looking cockroach running about on the floor. After watching its gambolings for a time he concluded he could use it. So writing a short note to his friend he tied it to the cockroach's wing, and, kneeling down on the floor, he put it out on the wall under the iron balcony in front of his cell. He calculated that it would run into the cell underneath. And it did. Jack noticed the paper, caught the insect and read the note. Then he answered it, and, poking the little creature out on the wall from the ceiling over the door, he released it. The roach went into Rodifer's cell and was caught. Then they fed and cared for it, and used it in this manner for some months. In fact, it grew to understand its business. It must have been a female cockroach, however, for one day it stopped to chat with a friend, and was noticed by the Warden. The note, which was written in some sort of cipher, was taken off, and the hospital steward, Dr. Sid C. McClure, read it. Then the bug was put on the balcony floor and it ran into Rodifer's cell. Thus the officials kept posted as to the plans of the two famous jail-breakers. After a time Jack began to suspect that something was wrong and he added a postscript to his letter something like this: "If everthing is all right you will find a hair from my head in this note." The Warden read it as he did the others, but dropped the hair and lost it. "Never mind it," said Captain Craig, whose hair was red, "put one of mine in it." The answer came back: "That last whipping must have been an awful one, Jack, for it has changed the color of your hair."

The scheming of these two worthies came to naught, however, and they served their terms.—*Louisville Times.*

SOUTH AFRICA is comparatively poor in butterflies, a recent list by Mr. Robert Tetimen enumerating only about 350 species.

MINOR MENTION.

Woodman, chop that tree!
I'll burn it every bough.
In youth it sheltered me,
But coal's eight dollars now.
—Chicago 'Mail.

Everybody has some vein of poetry in him but in nine cases out of ten it would be money in his pocket if that vein were filled with blood.—'Puck.'

During the past ten years no less than six species of North American birds have become extinct, and is claimed that the English sparrow has been the main cause of their disappearance.

During the great blizzard in the West 225 sheep were buried in the snow at Harding's ranch, near Atkinson, Neb., and were given up as dead. When they were dug out a few days ago 13 were found to be still alive. They had eaten the wool from each other's backs.

Ardent lover (on his knees)—Can you, then, doubt my affection, darling? It is eternal as the hills—everlasting as the valleys. All I ask, sweetest, is your dear hand. Languid beauty—Ask mee paw, Georgie. Ardent lover (rising from his knees)—Ah—er—then your paw, darling.—Binghampton 'Republican.'

'Newark, New Jersey, must be a great temperance town,' remarked Mr. McCorkle. 'Why?' asked Briggs. 'Because fifteen million corkscrews are turned out there every year.' 'How does that prove it is a temperance town?' 'Because it would keep the corkscrews, instead of turning them out, if it were not.'—'Puck.'

Hoar, of Michigan, has been counting the dogs, and finds that there are 11,000,000 of them in this country. A New York Senator says that two-thirds of the sheep industry of the country has been destroyed by them, and a Brooklyn man backs up the statement by quotations from State secretaries, showing that the killing of sheep by dogs ranges from 28,000 to 40,000 each year in the different States. The wool industry is in need of a protection which is not to be had from customs duties.

The Folly of women—"I think that the modern woman has mightly little sense. She will sacrifice health and comfort and everything else in order to be fashionable." "There is some truth in that." "Now I fairly adore my wife, but I am not blind to her weakness. Some of her freaks in dress are fairly barbarous." It is the same with all women. By the way, that's a thundering old tile you have on. Why are you wearing such a thing?" "Oh, I know it's a terror, but it's all the style in New York now. I have just come from there, you know."—Lincoln 'Journal.'

Some of the best authorities say that the moderate use of pure tobacco may be beneficial to such as need a nerve soother. This cannot be demanded until the nervous system has become more or less irritable from action, exercise or disease. The legitimate habit, if such it may be called, cannot be formed until after the person has been actively engaged in the duties of life, unless the disposition to it has been inherited. We may conclude, therefore, that those who learn to smoke and chew because others do it have burdened themselves with an unnecessary habit. These persons can easily break off the habit, and ought to do so. In many instances they do after reaching middle age.

Phil Armour surveys his varied affairs by the aid of an account book, six feet wide when closed. Opened, it stretches from one end of his little private office to the other. It is a novelty in the line of stationary. Mr. Armour doesn't carry it around with him, nor does he have it on his desk. But when he comes to look at a summary of all his different interests, he can at a glance on a single page of this very broad book see the balances taken from a score of different ledgers. The book was devised by the skilled accountant who a few years ago had charge of the Armour office. Its purpose is to save the millionaire the labor of going from one ledger to another to find out how he stands at his bank at his packing houses, in his speculations and his investments.

Judge Gray was hearing a case that called for a jury trial, and after the usual wrangling that always tries his patience the jury was selected and sworn. The Judge settled back in his chair, thinking that the case was fairly started when up jumped a little German who was sitting in one end of the jury box. "Shudge" he exclaimed. "Well, what is it?" asked the judge, shortly. "Shudge, I think I like to go home." "You can't go; sit down!" "Shudge I, doan' think I make a good shuror." "You're the best in the panel. Sit down!" "Well, Shudge," and the little fellow was getting desperate, "I doan' speak good English." "You'll not have to speak any at all." "And, Shudge, I can't make nodings outt of vot does fellers (indicating the attorneys) are talking aboudt." "Thats no excuse." Neither can any one else. Sit down!"—"Chicago Tribune."

Heroism of Bridge-Builders.

In a lecture given at Dundee, Scotland, Mr. Baker, one of the Forth bridge engineers, tells a fine story of modern heroism: "Six men were one day working at the bridge, standing on a plank 140 feet above the sea level. One of the hooks supporting the plank gave way. With great presence of mind three of the men sprang at the steel work of the bridge and held on; a fourth dived, was rescued, and, it may be added incidentally, almost immediately resumed work. Of the three hanging to the steel work by the arms, two were in particular danger; yet when the rescue party reached the first of them all he said was: 'I can hold on; go to the other man; he is dazed.' In all, thirty-five men have lost their lives during the five years the bridge has been building, and 2,500 is the average number of workmen employed at a time. Mr. Baker says that though many superior workmen were needed there was no lack of them. As for the magnitude of the undertaking, 'as a grenadier guardsman is to a new-born infant so is the Forth bridge to the largest bridge yet built in Great Britain.'"—*St. James' Gazette.*

Don't Hawk, Spit, Cough,

suffer dizziness, indigestion, inflammation of the eyes, headache, lassitude, inability to perform mental work and indisposition for bodily labor and annoy and disgust your friends and acquaintances with your nasal twang and offensive breath and constant efforts to clean your nose and throat, when Dr. Sage's "Catarrh Remedy" will promptly relieve you of discomfort and suffering, and your friends of the disgusting and needless infliction of your loathsome disease?

No lady who wears a bustle can belong to the salvation army in New York.

A Square Statement by a Carpenter.

"For years I have had a *chest* trouble amounting to nothing short of consumption. I saw how others in like condition had been cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and resolved to test its merits in my own case. The results are so *plain* as hardly to require a *bilstock* or any *anger*-ment in favor of this *grate* remedy. It does *act* it claims! It *builds* up the system, *supports* and strengthens where others fail." He *adz*: "My recovery, which is now on a sure *foundation*, *hinges* entirely on the *compuse* of this wonderful Restorative, having tried other *wedges* without a *bit* of relief."

As the cable road loses its grip, Death tightens his on the passengers.

The Experience of Mrs. Peters.

Mrs. Peters had fits,
Mrs. Peters had chills,
Mrs. Peters was sure she was going to die;
She dosed her with pills,
With powders and squills,
With remedies wet, and with remedies dry.
Many medicines cured her,
But none of them cured her,
Their names and their number nobody could tell;
And she soon might have died,
But some "Pellets" were tried,
That acted like magic, and then she got well.
The magic "Pellets" were Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, the original Little Liver Pills. They cured Mrs. Peters, and now she wouldn't be without them.

Long Island farmers' wives get three cents a pair for making boys' pants.

"Consumption Can be Cured."

Dr. J. S. COMBS, Owensville, Ohio, says: "I have given SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites to four patients with better results than seemed possible with any remedy. All were hereditary cases of lung disease, and advanced to that stage when Coughs, pain in the chest, frequent breathing, frequent pulse, fever and Emaciation. All these cases have increased in weight from 16 to 28 lbs., and are not now needing any medicine."

A Madison (Wis.) man has given 3,000 children of that city a free sleigh ride.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editors—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.

SPRING DEBILITY.

The Best Spring Medicine Ever Discovered.

Every one needs a spring tonic—a remedy which will strengthen and invigorate the system and tone up the action of all the organs. The Spring is the time above all others for the sick to get well; it is the time for the comparatively well to keep in good health by the use of a judiciously selected spring medicine.

With the advent of Spring comes malaria, nervousness and debility. A weak and tired feeling, if neglected, always results in nervous and physical exhaustion. Cure these diseases, or guard against them by the use of Dr. Greene's Nervura Nerve Tonic, which is the greatest and best of all Spring medicines. This wonderful remedy is recommended by physicians, druggists and the people everywhere as being the most marvellous in its effects of any known medicine. If you are nervous, irritable, depressed and cannot sleep nights, use this remedy by all means, and your nerves will become strong and steady, and your sleep calm, natural and refreshing. If you wake tired mornings, with dull head, bad taste in the mouth, no appetite for breakfast, and feel weak, languid and exhausted, this remarkable remedy will clear your head, give you an appetite and restore your strength, vigor and energies. If you have dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaint, pain and weakness in the back, this remedy will give you sure relief and cure. It is a perfect specific for nervous debility, neuralgia, nervous or sick headache, heart disease, palpitation, paralysis, numbness, trembling and all nervous diseases.

Use this remedy and you will never regret it. It is purely vegetable, and its wonderful effects afford a safe, sure and positive cure. Do not be persuaded to take anything else, for this remedy has no equal. It is the greatest medical discovery of the age. All druggists keep it. Price $1 per bottle. If your druggist does not have it, he will get it for you. Its discoverer, Dr. Greene, 35 West 14th street, New York, the great specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, can be consulted free, personally or by letter.

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

Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, my child. See that they do not give you anything else. You remember it is the medicine which did mamma so much good years ago—so reliable, beneficial, pleasant to take—my favorite spring medicine.

Spring Medicine

Nearly everybody needs a spring medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla to expel the impurities which have accumulated in the blood during the winter, to keep up strength as the warm weather comes on, create an appetite and promote healthy digestion. Try Hood's Sarsaparilla this spring and you will be convinced that it does possess superior and peculiar merit.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most popular and successful Spring Medicine.

A Good Appetite

"When I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was dizzy in the morning, had a headache and no appetite; but now I can hardly get enough cooked to eat."—EMMA SHEPARD, 1 Coral Street, Worcester, Mass.

"Last spring my whole family took Hood's Sarsaparilla. The result is that all have been cured of scrofula, my little boy being entirely free from sores, and all four of my children look bright and healthy as possibly can be. I have found Hood's Sarsaparilla good for catarrh."—WM. B. ATHERTON, Passaic City, N. J.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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.

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