



Mr. J. H. Murphy.

## Beyond Expectation

Grand Results from Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla

Broken Down System Thoroughly Built Up.

C. L. Hood & Co., Boston, Mass.  
Gentlemen—I take great pleasure in advising you of my cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla and gladly recommend it to all suffering as I have been. My system became thoroughly deranged and life seemed like one else but a burden. I was very weak and my mind was not in the least of order. I had no appetite, and seldom ate any breakfast. I had taken tonics, but with little or no good effect, and had become quite disheartened, fearing my time was past.

By Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Through a friend's advice, as a last resort I invested in two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and was so well pleased at my improvement I

soon afterward secured four additional bottles and am now feeling as well as ever I did." J. H. Murphy, Hingham, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

Tulle in Paris.

Tulle is becoming extremely fashionable in Paris, and, therefore, all over the world. It is threatening to oust the long popular chintz, and at the leading Parisian dressmakers this season many evening dresses have been made for the Parisian debutantes in a variety of tulle over silk slips of self, or contrasting colors. A pretty model is a changeable glace tulle in pale pink and azure, covered entirely with azure silk tulle. The skirt has a loose fold about the feet, caught at intervals with roses of pink and azure, more with roses. The corsage is draped with tulle and the "suffragette" sleeves are finished off with ribbon bows and a delicate tulle ruffle finishes the decolletage.

At Saratoga—Paresis—Do you know what I've been thinking? Sillipate—What? Paresis—I've been thinking that if the horses were one-half as fast as some of the society girls the world would all be smashed inside of a week here.

No Woman Can Be Happy and light-hearted when painful female complaints crush out her life.

If she is melancholy, excited, nervous, dizzy, or troubled with sleeplessness or fainting spells, they are symptoms of serious female weakness.

A leaf out of the experience of Mrs. Anna Miller, who lives at Duh-

ring, Pa., shows that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will cure that terrible weakness and bearing-down pain in the abdomen, the dizziness in the head, the feeling of irritability, and loss of appetite.

I can highly recommend your Vegetable Compound," she writes, "for all female complaints. It cures where doctors fail."

**DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT**  
The GREAT KIDNEY LIVER & BLADDER Dissolves Gravel

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

**Bright's Disease**

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

**Liver Complaint**

Tropid or enlarged liver, foul breath, biliousness, bilious headaches, poor digestion, gout.

**Catarrah of the Bladder**

Intense irritation, ulcerous condition, burning, frequent calls, pass, mucus or pus.

At Druggists 50 cents and \$1.00 size.

"Invaluable" Guide to Health Pre-Consultation free.

Dr. Kilmer's Co., DUNHAMONT, N. Y.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

**W. BAKER & CO'S Breakfast Cocoa**

which is more delicious and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Cinnamon, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is more nutritious, costing less than one cent a cup.

It is delicious, nutritious, and easily digested.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

**W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.**

**ELY'S CREAM BALM**

Cleanses the Nasal Passages.

Alleviates Pain and Inflammation.

Heals the Sores.

Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

**TRY THE CURE, HAY-FEVER**

A poultice is applied to each nostril and is applied to the forehead.

**F. W. BROTHERS** 28 Warren St., New York

On Cherokee Bay, Southern Maryland and Virginia, \$300 upward. Midway climate from the tropics to the Arctic.

For the cure of Hay-Fever, see our descriptive article.

**F. B. LAIRD**, 21 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Our Illustrated Catalogue

containing full information regarding the CURE OF ACUTE, CHRONIC AND NERVOUS DISEASES, SWINN TESTIMONIALS AND PORTRAITS OF PEOPLE WHO HAVE BEEN CURED, LIST OF DOCTORS, ETC., IN ENGLISH, SWEDISH, GERMAN AND NORWEGIAN. WILL BE MAILED TO ANY ADDRESS UPON RECEIPT OF SIX CENTS POSTAGE.

**KIDDER'S PASTILLES** 100 Main Street, Worcester, Mass.

**PISON'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION**

CHICHESTER, WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Best Cough and Lung Remedy. Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION.

# He KICKED HIMSELF HARD

A hardy miner with careworn face, And pants all shattered about the base, And coat so dreadfully rent and torn, "Would frighten crows from a field of corn."

Stock grazing with eager, hungry stare, Through a restaurant's big show window, Where the richest of viands were placed in sight As bait for the wandering appetite.

As stood the gazing at good things there, His thin lips moved—alas, not in prayer, But in a muttered curse upon the fate Which had kicked him downward to such a state.

Noting his attitude, I drew near, With curiosity led, to hear, What kept his soul so deeply stirred, And this the reproachful speech I heard:

"Look at 'em, darn you, look at 'em straight An' hunger fur 'em, you probate.

It saves you right To be in this plight—

Starvin', an' can't git a cussed bite An' that's it. Jest stacks of it, too,

The best the market affords an' you."

Pay'd be doubled in every mine— Holy Gosh, but you spun it fine! Started the boys on a wild stampede— You, you! of buck, talkin' the lead— Over the fence got the gang to jump; Look at you now, you chump!

"Did you ketch a whiff, You durned off stiff, O' the good things a-cookin' back in' that?

Wen that feller swung the door ajar? Did you smell the cabbage an' luscious beef?

That could burn soon make you let out the rest.

You tuk in your breeches wen you found Yourself so thin, they'd go twice around!

Did you smell it, I say.

You free-trade boy?

Well, smell it an' in. I wish to the Lord You was chained right here to an iron rod With your nose so close to the door you'd git!

A snif every time they opened it; Stay here till your stomach was shrank until

I'd strait it to chamber a liver pill.

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