

Mark of a Gentleman.
In one of Lovell's letters to Briggs, the former mentions Thackeray's visit to Boston, and says that during the meeting of Thackeray with Ticknor, the latter said, "one mark of a gentleman is to be well-cultured—for good blood shows itself in good features." "A pretty speech," replied Thackeray, "for one broken-nosed man to make to another," and in the letter Lovell added: "All Boston has been secretly tickled about it."

The Dickerson Tree Blown Down.
During the storm recently a large red elm tree in Adairville, Ky., was blown down. This elm was perhaps the most historic tree in the country, and was known as the "Dickerson tree." It was situated on the grounds whereon the famous Jackson-Dickerson duel was fought, years ago, and under its spreading branches Dickerson reclined, awaiting medical attention, being mortally wounded by Gen. Jackson.

Forty Years a Teacher.
Professor B. L. Gildersleeve, of the John Hopkins University, who recently celebrated the fortieth year of his service as a teacher of Greek Literature, lately returned from a long visit to Greece, and he will contribute to the Atlantic Monthly during the coming season his impressions and reflections, written in his exceedingly graceful way and with his unflagging enthusiasm.

Air.
Locke, the philosopher said: "If a well could be dug to the depth of 46 miles, the density at the air at the bottom would be as great as that of quicksilver. By the same law a cubic inch of air taken 4,000 feet above the earth's surface would expand sufficiently to fill a space not less than 2,000,000,000 miles in diameter."

Deafness Cannot Be Cured.
By local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a running ear, or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Absent Ones Remembered.
A well known young lawyer is credited with making a harmless bull at a banquet given by a local organization not long ago. Toasts were called for, and to the young man fell the honor of suitably remembering the absent ones. This is the way he announced it: "Our absent friends—how soon we would show them the depth of our regret at their absence if they were only here with us tonight."

Why Don't They Hang Him?
It is more than two years since two young women were found to have been foully murdered in a church in San Francisco, and a young man named Durrant, who was an officer in the Sunday school, was convicted of the murders more than a year ago. And yet he has not paid the penalty of his crime, and the execution of the sentence has been repeatedly postponed on technical grounds. There was a time when a vigilance committee would have attended to the case before this.—Boston Herald.

Hegeman's Camphor Ice with Glycerine.
The original and only genuine. Cures Chapped Hands and Face, Cold Sores, etc. C. G. Clark & Co., N. Haven, Ct.

To Preserve Eggs.
Take one pound of fresh unslacked lime, one pound of coarse rock salt and three gallons of hot water. Fill the vessel in which the eggs are to be stored and stir the liquid daily for a fortnight. If this is not done, the heat caused by the slacking of the lime will harden the yolks of the eggs. When properly prepared, there should be a thin crust on the top of the lime. Put the eggs into the jars as newly laid, as possible. Tie the jars over with bladder and the eggs will keep perfectly.

No coughs so bad that Dr. Kay's Lung Balm will not cure it. See advt.

Gentle Saduceism in Boston.
This reminds us of the existence in Boston of gentle Saduceism. Go to any club where the talk ever drifts from horses, cards or women, where there is at least a brave show of interchange of thought, and seven out of ten pretend to disbelieve or really disbelieve in the immortality of the soul. They are apparently content to "walk pleasantly and well-situated toward annihilation."—Boston Journal.

OUT OF EVERY 3 PERSONS YOU MEET EVERY DAY, WILL DIE OF BRIGHT'S DISEASE OR SOME TROUBLE OF THE KIDNEYS, URINARY OR FEMALE ORGANS.

WHAT CAN BE DONE?

In such a serious condition you must secure the best remedy you can find in the market AT ONCE.

There is only one absolutely sure cure for these troubles, and that is

Sarsaparilla

"It has stood the test of time."

FROM THE DEAD.

Characters: Mrs. Danvers; Miss Eleanor East.

Scene: An invalid's boudoir, with sacred pictures and large texts for its sole adornment save for a framed cabinet portrait of a young man, which stands, tied with crepe, on a small table near Mrs. Danver's couch.

Servant (ushering in a young lady, rosy from the effects of a brisk winter walk)—Miss East, ma'am.

Mrs. Danvers (half rising)—How good of you to come, dear Eleanor.

Eleanor—How more than good for you to send for me! (Reaching the couch she bends to shake hands, but, changing her mind, impulsively kisses her friend.) I was only too glad to get your message.

Mrs. Danvers (retaining her)—The same old Nellie! (Sighs.) Sit down, dear, there, in that low chair near me.

Eleanor (seating herself)—My favorite old chair, as creaky as ever.

Mrs. Danvers—Like its mistress. (Sadly.) And like her, too, it outlasts more valuable things.

Eleanor (impulsively)—O, don't. (After a pause.) How natural it seems to be here again—everything about you is exactly the same—(falters, with furtive glance at the photograph)—the same, I mean, as it always was when you were alone.

Mrs. Danvers—My dear, you surely did not expect any change in me and my surroundings in six months?

Eleanor—No, I suppose not. Only, you see, I have had so many changes at that time. It seems an eternity to me. But you were always like the brook: "Men may come and men may go."

Mrs. Danvers—Rather a dreary quotation for me. One man went—and the light of my life went with him; (with an effort) but it is of the man who has come that I want to speak.

Eleanor (starting)—Yes?

Mrs. Danvers—I want, of course, to congratulate you. I felt I must see you before you were married to tell you, dear, that I wish you every blessing earth, and still more, heaven, can bestow.

Eleanor (calmly)—Thanks, dear Mrs. Danvers. I hope, I think, I ought to be happy.

Mrs. Danvers—I hear everything good of Maj. Wrenford.

Eleanor—I suspect that for once Dame Rumor can get hold of nothing but good to say.

Mrs. Danvers—I am glad. (After a slight pause.) It was hard, but I am now reconciled to the bitterest trial of my life.

Eleanor—Mrs. Danvers! I have felt bitter; I have been very rebellious against heaven for taking my dear boy, but now I see it has been for the best.

Eleanor—I do not understand you. I have never understood your refusing to see me, rejecting my love, my sympathy, in your sorrow.

Mrs. Danvers—I have sent for you to tell you all about it. But, O, Nelly, you might have suspected how hard it was to feel that Frank's devotion was thrown away.

Eleanor (in a low tone)—Frank's devotion thrown away?

Mrs. Danvers—You must have seen how he loved you, poor boy; and the news of your engagement must have struck him cruelly.

Eleanor—How could it? For I was not engaged until long after.

Mrs. Danvers—I heard you were, shortly after Frank went abroad. It was the first time Maj. Wrenford came



I OUGHT TO BE HAPPY down. Surely it was then.

Eleanor—I refused him then, Mrs. Danvers (in some trepidation)—O, Nelly, is that so? And why?

Eleanor—I did not care for him.

Mrs. Danvers (starting up)—I believed it. I told Frank, and he was ill when my letter reached him. (Sinks back.) Yet I did it for the best. I made it a matter of prayer, I remember.

Eleanor—He was ill? And you wrote him that?

Mrs. Danvers—I wanted him to give up useless hope. But I suppose—O, I dare not suppose—

Eleanor (with an effort)—No, don't suppose anything that will give you pain. (Rises.) I am sure this agitation is bad for you. I must go.

Mrs. Danvers—No, not yet. I have more to say. The room is so warm, dear; throw aside your cloak, and look faint.

Eleanor—It is such a sudden change—from outside.

Mrs. Danvers—Into an invalid's atmosphere. I understand. Well, Nelly, I am thankful you are marrying this good man, as I said. At first I felt angry, and I could not see you. But now I am glad. And so I was mistaken about it before.

Eleanor—Quite mistaken.

Mrs. Danvers (nervously)—Yet I was only anticipating, after all. I couldn't have been permitted to make a worse error, could I? I, who loved him so.

Eleanor (bitterly)—Does love keep me from making mistakes?

Eleanor—Do you know that all you tell me is a surprise? Frank never spoke—and we were like brother and sister. How was it to believe it?

Mrs. Danvers—No, I begged him to wait. I knew your father would not consider him, a vicar's son, a suitable match for Miss East of the Towers. I did it for the best.

Eleanor—No doubt. And so you have sent for me to say that you forgive me for being ignorant of Frank's love, which he kept unspoken at your request, and for being reported as engaged when I was not?

Mrs. Danvers—Dear Nelly, your tone hurts me—do not be so sarcastic. (Her eyes fill with tears, and Miss East, after a moment's hesitation, kneels down beside her.)

Eleanor—I am sorry I hurt you. Had you anything more—to tell me?

Mrs. Danvers—Not to tell you, but something to give you. It came four months ago, with my boy's last letter. Forgive me that I could not give it before. (Feels under her pillow and produces a case.)

Eleanor (in tears)—Shall I open it?

Mrs. Danvers—Yes, love. Thank you for those tears—you always had a kind heart. There, isn't it a pretty bracelet? He meant you to have it on your birthday, but now it must be his wedding gift to you. And he is dead! Heaven's will be done!

Eleanor (to herself)—Heaven's will—that's what we call our blunders. (Aloud.) And I am to be married to-morrow!—London Black and White.

OCEANS OF SOUP.

Enormous Yearly Output of the Canning Factories.

There is enough canned soup sold each year to float half a hundred warships. At least, that is what a man in the business of preparing the stuff says, according to the New York Mail and Express. He has been fifteen years canning goods of all kinds and he says that no branch of the trade has made such strides as the soup industry. Last year was the most successful in his experience, he adds, and the chefs and workmen in his factory worked on an average of eight hours a day only.

This season promises to be a record-breaker, and for the last five months the full force has been engaged on an average of eleven hours a day turning out soup. "Last year," he remarked, in giving details of the great industry, "we canned 2,350,000 gallons of it. It would be possible to flood the entire Erie canal with this quantity of soup turned out annually here and elsewhere. This year, judging by the way we have started off, our output will be over 3,000,000 gallons. Canned soup has become popular for various reasons. In the first place, it can be purchased cheaper than it is possible for the housewife to make it. Then, again, there is no bother attached to its consumption. It needs no seasoning and does not have to be cooked. All that is required is to heat it. The cans are prepared with the greatest care and will stand any sort of climate, whether it be the torrid zone or the blustering arctic. There are, of course, more than one hundred kinds of soup prepared at our cannery. The most popular, however, number about fourteen. They are the oxtail, beef, chicken, mock turtle, pea, tomato, green turtle, terrapin, consommé, mulligatawny, macaroni, vermicelli, julienne and okra or gumbo. The best materials are used in the construction of the soups and we have some of the best Parisian chefs obtainable, who prepare the stuff. We exercise as much care and regard for cleanliness at our factory as is observed in any kitchen, private or public. All our soups are put up in quart cans, which is sufficient to supply seven or eight persons. The soups vary in price. The average for the ordinary cans is about 30 cents each. The more delicate soups sell for 70 cents a quart."

"STONE OF SCONE."

The Enterprising Schoolboy Who Slept in the Coronation Chair.

It is a long walk from the dining-room of the Westminster school to the coronation chair, which stands behind the old stone screen just back of the altar in the abbey, but there is an interesting connection between the two, says St. Nicholas. This chair, as is well known, is a rude, heavy oak chair, much worn by time. It contains the "Stone of Scone" and was made the order of Edward I. in 1297 and every English sovereign since then has sat in it to be crowned. A stout railing in front of the chair restrains the crowd of visitors from coming near, but if they were allowed to examine it as closely as I was fortunate enough to do they would find out boldly into the solid oak seat in such sprawling letters as the schoolboy's knife makes upon his desk: "P. Abbott slept in this chair Jan. 4, 1891." P. Abbott, it seems, was a Westminster schoolboy and a tradition, which there is every reason to believe is true, tells that he made a wager with a schoolmate that he dare stay in the abbey all night alone. In order to win his wager he hid in some corner of the old building, until the doors were locked for the night and thus was left alone there. Fearing, however, that when morning came the boy with whom he had made the bet would disbelieve his statement that he had won it he determined to have some proof of the fact, and so spent the hours of the early morning in carrying on the coronation chair the sentence which even now, nearly a century after, bears witness for him. It is disappointing that the tradition does not record just what form and amount of punishment was visited upon the lad for his escapade and that history does not tell us of his later years. I wonder whether the courage and grit which this deed manifested foretold an energetic, successful life or was dissipated in mere bravado.

Chinese Women Cheap in Paris.

The price of a Chinese woman delivered in Sydney is \$190, but two Chinese women only cost \$260; therefore the Chinese import the women in couples. The importer never sees the women before they arrive, and then he generally selects the best one. The other is shown around to a number of well-to-do Chinese, and after they have inspected her she is submitted to what may be called public auction.

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After the prospective tenant had told all that she expected to get in a \$30 flat the agent sadly shook his head.

"Even if I were permitted to sublet the earth," he said, "we wouldn't dare let one tenant have it all."—Exchange.

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"Indeed, I do. I told her she would meet with an accident before she was 24 years old."—Pittsburg Herald.

Unnecessary Alarm.

"He—You must not take me too seriously, Miss Pertly—No danger. I have no idea of taking you at all."—Detroit Free Press.

Perseverance and audacity generally win.

ROMANCE OF A HANGMAN.

Extraordinary History of an Australian Jack Ketch.

Mysterious disappearance seems to be the inevitable fate of nearly every hangman, the latest to fade silently away being the official hangman of Victoria, New South Wales, says the New York Recorder. The man's history is a remarkable one. He is the son of a wealthy English manufacturer and received an excellent education. In 1880 he reached Melbourne under engagement to a big wife and spirit firm as head traveler at a salary of \$500 per year but after a couple of years of the work he decided to strike out "on his own" and bought a suburban hotel. This he kept with fair success until 1885, when he sold out and returned to England. There he received a sum of \$5,000 from his father for the purpose of starting in business, but an eighteen months' jaunt over Europe and the states was more to his liking and when he arrived in Melbourne he had scarcely a penny to bless himself with. Half a dozen temporary wardens being required at Pentridge prison he put in an application and was appointed, and it was while in that capacity that he became acquainted with Jones, the hangman, who suicided rather than hang Mrs. Knorr. There seemed to be some magnetic sympathy between the men from the first, for they "palled up" immediately and off duty were seldom seen apart. The budding hangman soon got transferred to the police force. In 1888 he left the force "for more lucrative employment," says the records; but this employment, whatever it was, doesn't seem to have lasted long, for in a few months he is found taking his first lesson in hangmanship at Ballarat jail, when he acted as Jones' assistant. He then migrated to Sydney, where he earned an honest living doing a "bit of flogging" at the various jails. But the work was laborious; he was ambitious. So, when Jones cut his throat two days before the date of Mrs. Knorr's hanging, his chum deferred weeping over his old friend until he had penned and posted an application for the vacant billet. This application was successful, and, starting by the next train south, he arrived in Melbourne in good time, and the job which even Jones, the slayer of twenty men, had shrunk from committing, was taken on by his delicately nurtured and highly educated friend. A little romance forms a pretty sequel to the story. Within a month after the demise of the esteemed Jones the new hangman led to the altar a blushing bride—the widow of his predecessor.

Live Man Wanted.

To assist local druggists in working up trade on the three great family remedies—Dr. Kay's Renovator, Dr. Kay's Lung Balm and Kidney Cure. An exceptional chance for the right man. Address Dr. B. J. Kay Med. Co., Omaha, Neb.

Royalty's Tastes in Typewriters.

The queen objects to typewritten documents, and none are to be sent out typewritten which are supposed to emanate from the sovereign. The czarina, on the other hand, is having made a machine with typebars of gold and frame set with pearls.—Lady's Pictorial.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has been a God-send to me.—Wm. B. McClellan, Chester, Pa., Sept. 17, 1895.

Dress Stockings are such dainty accessories of the wardrobe of the woman of to-day that they have reached the dignity of a sash. Stocking sachets are quilted, perfumed, lace-trimmed affairs, tied shut with bows not dissimilar to those in which long gloves are kept.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 10 cents a bottle.

When a man slips, he always stops and looks at the place where he slipped.

Old-Fashioned Clerical Jokes.

Few things impressed me more as a boy than the singular notion the wooden theologians departed had of what was a joke and an incisive saying. The word was generally pronounced as though spelled "insissive." "Did you hear," said one of them to myself, being a youthful parson, "of the tremendous hit that Dr. Bahoo gave to Holofernes Mac Pusher? He said to Holofernes: 'Are not you the minister of St. Silas Fixings?' 'Yes.' 'And your brother of St. Ananias?' 'Yes.' 'And your father of Sapphira?' 'Yes.' 'And your uncle of Glenstagers?' 'Yes.' 'And your cousin of Benstodged?' 'Yes.' Then Dr. Bahoo proceeded: 'I hope you may have as many friends in the church above as you have in the church below.' It was very cutting and wonderfully witty." Then my informant uttered a loud guffaw, repeatedly exclaiming, "Ha! ha!" or words to that effect.

I listened in silence, but sought to put on an expression of due appreciation of a humorous sally, for I had uttered my real feeling, which was that there was a very kind and good wish for Holofernes but that I could not for my life see anything either jocular or cutting in the words used. I should have made an assured enemy.—Longman's Magazine.

Texas.

In the agricultural line, Texas leads all other states in the variety of its products. Cotton, corn, and the cereals grow and are raised in every section of the state and in the central and southern portions sugar cane and sorghum cane are profitably cultivated. On the Gulf Coast two or three crops of vegetables are raised each year. Berries are shipped six weeks in advance of the home crop in the north. Peaches, plums, oranges, figs, olives, and nuts all grow abundantly and can be marketed from two to three weeks in advance of the California crops. Large quantities of rice are grown.

If the land seeker, the home seeker, and the settler desires to secure a farm larger than the one he occupies, on vastly more reasonable terms; if he wants more land to cultivate, a greater variety of crops to harvest, with proportionately increased remuneration, at a less outlay for cost of production; if he wants an earlier season, with correspondingly higher prices; if he wants milder winter, all the year pastured for his stock, improved health, increased bodily comforts and wealth and prosperity he should go to Texas.

Send for pamphlet descriptive of the resources of this great state (mailed free). Low rate home seekers' excursions via the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway on December 15th, 1895. H. A. Cherrier, Northern Passenger agent, 336 Marquette Building, Chicago, Ill.

Two Novel Parachutes.

An Italian aeronaut, named Campana, has invented two balloon attachments which are said to have fully realized the expectations formed of them. The one is an enormous parachute, stretched over a balloon, and the other a folded, inverted parachute, which immediately acts as a huge air brake and effectually retards progress.

On the other hand, should the air vessel explode through expansion, fire, or other cause, the top parachute comes into action and a descent may be made without the slightest inconvenience.

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Studying Womankind.

Miss de Graffenreid, who as the agent of Labor has made investigations into the work of women in all the principal European manufacturing centres as well as in our own country, will write for the Atlantic Monthly about the results of her special studies. Even twenty-five years ago women played a comparatively small part in industry. Since then the most notable and significant social fact has been the incredibly rapid increase in their number as wage-earners. The social significance of this change is one of the remarkable phenomena of our time. It is this important change which will be explained and interpreted by Miss de Graffenreid.

The Rival Cycle Racers.

Bald's defeat at Fredonia, N. Y., while it may have been due to unfortunate circumstances rather than lack of speed, in the minds of a good many show that last year's king of the circuit is not yet in as fine fettle as he should be. Cooper, apparently, is in rare form, and has demonstrated convincingly that he deserves the close watching he is receiving. Cooper, Bald and Sanger compose the triumvirate of speed merchants who, it is thought, will furnish the best sport throughout the season, and, judging from recent developments, they rank, up to the present, in the order named.

Blood Pure?

Is it? Then take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and keep it so. Isn't it? Then take Ayer's Sarsaparilla and make it so. One fact is positively established and that is that Ayer's Sarsaparilla will purify the blood more perfectly, more economically and more speedily than any other remedy in the market. There are fifty years of cures behind this statement; a record no other remedy can show. You waste time and money when you take anything to purify the blood except

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Webster's International Dictionary

Invaluable in Office, School, and Home.

A thorough revision of the Unabridged, the purpose of which has been to supply the provision of material for the business of the day, but the dictionary, which is a work of great value, is now in the hands of the printer, and will be ready for sale in a few days.

The Choice of Gifts for Christmas.

Specimen pages sent on application to G. & C. MERRILL CO., Publishers, Springfield, Mass., U.S.A.

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, CATARRH, ASTHMA, HEADACHE

and their marvelous cure. Science of the 19th Century looks on with amazement at the most remarkable record of cures known in the World's history.

OVER 200,000 PEOPLE CURED in the last year without a single failure by "5 Drops."

As a positive cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Headache, Heart Weakness, Vomiting, Nausea and Neuralgia Headaches, Heart Weakness, Toothache, Parache, Croup, Swelling, Grippe, Malaria, Creeping Eruptions, etc., etc. "5 Drops" has never been equaled or surpassed, and is a pleasant, prompt and permanent cure. Though free from opiates and perfectly harmless, "5 Drops" is the most concentrated and powerful specific known. "5 Drops" can be used in any form of what we claim, for no disease is too deeply rooted or painful to yield to this wonderful medicine, and relief is usually felt the very first night. What it has already done to relieve suffering humanity is told in letters of grateful praise from thousands of hearts once sickened and heavy with pain, now painless and happy.

G. F. HILLINGHAM, Prop. of Clinton House, Clinton, N. Y., writes: "I have been using '5 Drops' for Rheumatism for three weeks, having been troubled five years. To-day I am as well as ever in my life, and greatly recommend it to all sufferers from that terrible disease, for it is a positive cure." J. JONES, of Douglas, Kansas, says: "You have the best nerve remedy on the face of God's green earth. I want the agency without fail."

ELIZABETH DAVIS, of Butlerville, Ind., writes: "My wife was in bed six months with acute neuralgia. She tried every kind of medicine and several doctors, but all to no effect. This is the only wonderful '5 Drops' cured her, for in three weeks after she commenced using it, she was out of bed and going about."

PETER LOVBERG, of Lindstrom, Minn., writes: "Within two months I have sold over 400 bottles, which were used in every kind of disease, but have received no complaints. It is the greatest household remedy on the world, and gives wonderful satisfaction. It cures whatever it touches."

If you have not confidence enough after reading the above letters to send for a \$1.00 bottle, send for a sample, which contains ample medicine to convince you of its merit.

"5 Drops" taken but once a day is the dose of this great remedy, and you to more quickly introduce it, we will send, for 30 days, prepaid by mail, our 25-cent sample bottle for 10 cents. It suffers, don't delay, but write today. Large bottle (300 doses) \$1.00, 6 bottles for \$5.00. Not sold by druggists, only by us and our agents. Agents wanted.

SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167-169 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

STOP! ... Don't Let ... Constipation Kill You!