

**And There Are Others.**  
Mr. Sloper (whose wife is a bicycle enthusiast)—There you go again, my dear. Can't you let up on the bicycle talk; don't you know you are injuring your chances of going to Heaven, as well as driving me almost crazy?  
Mrs. Sloper (startled)—Why, what do you mean, John; is this one of your sacrilegious jokes?  
Mr. S.—No joke at all. Do you suppose you will be admitted to the Heavenly choir when you can harp only on one subject, and an infernal one at that?—Brooklyn Life.

**Why He Does It.**  
"I understand that he hangs himself over a clothesline every day for an hour or two."  
"He does."  
"That seems strange. Has there ever been any question as to his sanity?"  
"Not at all. Everyone understands the reason. He is trying to make a 'scorcher' of himself, and merely takes this method of improving the curve of his back."—Chicago Post.

**PERFECTLY SAFE.**



**Small Person in Hiding—Keep still, Jimmy; he'll never discover us here!**—Chicago Record.  
**Gentlemen of Leisure.**  
Kind Lady—What a nice little girl you are! Is your father in business in this city?  
Little Girl—Business! My papa doesn't have to bother about business.  
"Ah! Gentleman of leisure, then?"  
"Yes'm; he's a detective."—N. Y. Weekly.

**Mouldy Mike Outwitted.**  
Ragged Robert—What luck did yer have in that there restaurant?  
Mouldy Mike (sadly)—I got er big meal ther, reg'lar spread, but I had ter pay all th' money I had fer it. Ain't a cent left fer drinks.  
Ragged Robert (in disgust)—Pay! Why didn't yer dead beat it an let 'em send fer a perliceeman, as yuh said yuh would. Yer wouldn't a got more'n ten days.  
Mouldy Mike (pathetically)—But they wasn't goin' ter send fer a policeman. They was goin' ter send fer a stomach pump.—Bay City Chat.

**Paid for His Joke.**  
"So Tacker and Guppy don't speak any more?"  
"Oh, Tacker's all right. It's Guppy that's mad. He dropped a cold silver dollar down the back of Tacker's neck in church, you know, as an April fool joke. Tacker never said a word, though it scared him half to death."  
"Then why should Guppy be the one to get mad?"  
"Tacker went off with the dollar."—N. Y. World.

**Sordid.**  
"There are men, I suppose," she remarked, pensively, "who are engaged to more than one girl at the same time."  
"Yes," he answered; "but I'm not one of them."  
"I'm glad to hear you say that. It is so frivolous and insincere."  
"Of course. And there's no reason why a man shouldn't make one engagement ring go all the way round, if he only takes his time."—Washington Star.

**Not a Lottery Hereafter.**  
"Now, then," exclaimed the business-like inventor, as he grasped his hat and placed carefully in his pocket his latest improved X ray apparatus, warranted to enable the operator to see through a six-inch plank, "I am ready."  
"Where are you going, dear?" asked his wife.  
"I am going," he rejoined, "to attend an auction sale of unclaimed packages."—Chicago Tribune.

**Couldn't See the Joke.**  
"Well," said Snags, "I think many dogs have more sense than their master."  
"Yes," chimed in Craggs. "I have a dog like that myself." And yet he couldn't make out why they laughed.—Tit-Bits.

**A VETERAN BUILDER**

**Suffers for Months from Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble.**

**It Made His Life Miserable—For Weeks He Was Unable to Move Without Assistance—After Many Unsuccessful Trials He Finds a Remedy.**

*From the News, Hutchinson, Kan.*  
One of the best known men in Hutchinson, Kan., because one of the early settlers, is Mr. George Shears, a contractor and brick and stone mason of twenty years standing in our midst. In conversation with the writer a few days since, Mr. Shears said: "I have been a resident of this city for over twenty years, during which time, generally speaking, I have had exceptionally good health, superintending the direction of many of the best business blocks in Hutchinson, and feeling at all times a deep interest in the growth of the city. It is true that during this period of time I have seen many 'tired' seasons, but it was not until about two years ago that I first realized the horrors of rheumatism. I was taken down by this dread malady and so strong was its hold upon me that until a short time ago I was unable to take off or put on my new shoes, and had to be assisted in putting on and taking off my clothing, as well as getting out of or into my buggy."

"About a year ago I was attacked with kidney trouble, and this, together with my rheumatism, made life most unbearable. A few weeks ago, after many unsuccessful trials with local physicians to obtain relief, I stepped into the A and A Drug Store and asked for the best medicine at their command for rheumatism and kidney trouble. Dr. Ardrey, the head prescription clerk, suggested that I try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I purchased one box, took them home and with many misgivings began taking them according to directions. I might add in this connection that my wife who has also been ailing from kidney trouble for a few years began taking the pills at the same time I did."

"I am a man of few words, as all of my friends know, and do not desire to say anything for any man, company or medicine that I do not mean, but I will say this for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I am so far delighted with the use of these pills, and my wife attests the statement, that to-day I bought two more boxes, and whereas life was a burden before, and I was compelled to have assistance nearly all the time both day and night I have lost all symptoms of rheumatism, can walk as lively as I could twenty years ago, my kidneys are as active and natural as they ever were, and I firmly believe that I am a cured man and that I owe it all to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

"The pills I got to-day are for the purpose of keeping them in my family and when ailments such as we have been heir to for some time past befall us, we shall resort to Pink Pills, feeling that they will do all that is claimed for them. There is nothing in this statement but what my family and my neighbors and many citizens of Hutchinson know to be true, and I give them to you thinking possibly some other poor sufferer may profit by my experience and be made almost as good as new again by the use of these little wonders."  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or for the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The trouble with most people who change their minds on public questions is that they cannot understand why everybody else should not do likewise.—Washington Post.

"SOMETIMES," said Uncle Eben, "when er man asks yer foh advice, what he really wants is foh yer ter guess his opinion an' tell it ter 'im."—Washington Star.

SCRIBBLER—"Jingle is a poet, isn't he?"  
Scrawler—"No, he's a commercial man. He gets paid for his poetry."—Philadelphia Record.

"I AM reduced to great extremities again," sighed the funny man, as he tossed off another joke or two involving the Chicago girl.—Chicago Tribune.

BEAUTY is no local deity, like the Greek and Roman gods, but omnipresent.—Bartol.

**THE GENERAL MARKET.**

KANSAS CITY, Mo., June 9.

CATTLE—Best heaves	3 31 @ 4 05
Stockers	3 30 @ 3 60
Native cows	2 27 1/2 @ 3 30
HOGS—Choice to heavy	2 95 @ 3 07 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2 red	55 @ 56 1/2
No. 2 hard	48 @ 52
CORN—No. 2 mixed	21 1/2 @ 21 3/4
OATS—No. 2 mixed	15 1/2 @ 15 3/4
RYE—No. 2	31 @ 32
FLOUR—Patent, per sack	1 85 @ 2 00
Fancy	1 75 @ 1 85
HAY—Choice timothy	11 00 @ 12 50
Fancy prairie	6 50 @ 7 50
BRAN—(Sacked)	34 @ 35
BUTTER—Choice creamery	15 1/2 @ 15 3/4
CHEESE—Full cream	10 1/2 @ 12 1/4
EGGS—Choice	4 1/2 @ 7
POTATOES	50 @ 1 00

ST. LOUIS.

CATTLE—Native and shipping	3 40 @ 4 25
Texas	2 40 @ 3 25
HOGS—Heavy	2 80 @ 3 20
SHEEP—Fair to choice	2 80 @ 3 80
FLOUR—Choice	2 10 @ 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red	56 @ 59
CORN—No. 2 mixed	23 1/2 @ 25 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	17 1/2 @ 17 3/4
RYE—No. 2	32 @ 32 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery	14 1/2 @ 17
LARD—Western mess	4 07 1/2 @ 4 35
PORK	6 87 1/2 @ 7 25

CHICAGO.

CATTLE—Common to prime	3 70 @ 4 25
HOGS—Packing and shipping	2 25 @ 3 20
SHEEP—Fair to choice	3 00 @ 3 50
FLOUR—Winter wheat	2 50 @ 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red	61 @ 61
CORN—No. 2	27 1/2 @ 27 3/4
OATS—No. 2	17 @ 17 1/2
RYE	32 @ 32 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery	11 @ 15
LARD	4 07 1/2 @ 4 15
PORK	6 87 1/2 @ 7 25

NEW YORK.

CATTLE—Native Steers	3 10 @ 4 25
HOGS—Good to Choice	3 50 @ 3 75
FLOUR—Good to Choice	3 40 @ 3 80
WHEAT—No. 2 red	72 @ 73
OATS—No. 2	31 1/2 @ 3 1/2
BUTTER—Creamery	11 @ 13 1/2
PORK—Mess	9 50 @ 10 50

**\$100 Reward \$100.**  
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.  
Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"I think it is mean of you to say that the count is good for nothing." "Well, I suppose if you ever go to Paris he will come in handy as an interpreter."—Brooklyn Life.

**Three for a Dollar!**  
Three what? Three charmingly executed posters in colors, drawn by W. W. Denslow, Ethel Reed and Ray Brown, will be sent free of postage to any address on receipt of One Dollar. All who are afflicted with the "poster craze" will immediately embrace this rare opportunity, as but a limited number of the posters will be issued. The scarcity of a good thing enhances its value. Address Geo. H. HEARFORD, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

**ALWAYS GOT AWAY.**—"Did you ever hear one of Brown's characteristic stories?" "Well, no—not a whole one."—Chicago Record.

**DROPSY** is a dread disease, but it has lost its terrors to those who know that H. H. Green & Sons, the Dropsy Specialists of Atlanta, Georgia, treat it with such great success. Write them for pamphlet giving full information.

LET your literary compositions be kept from the public eye for nine years at least.—Horace.

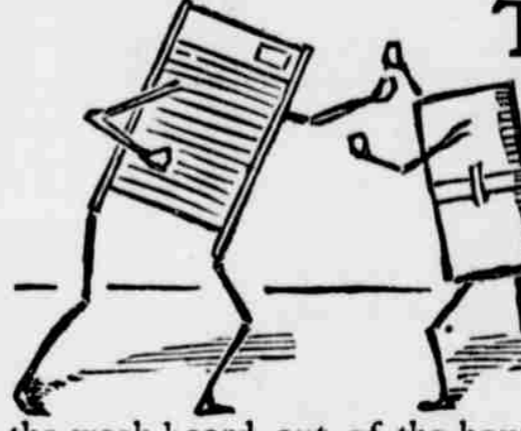
"HAT which history can best give is the enthusiasm which it raises in our hearts."—Goethe.



**Gladness Comes**

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills, which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge, that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, laxatives or other remedies are then not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.



**They don't agree**

—your pocket-book and your wash-board. One tries to keep your money—the other wastes it. You'd better consult your pocket-book, do your washing with Pearline, and put the wash-board out of the house. There's no room or place for it with Pearline (use soap), nor for any of its wearing-out, tiresome rubbing. You'll be doing your pocket-book a good turn, and help toward making it fatter and sleeker, if you'll do all your washing and cleaning with Pearline.



THE APPLE WOMAN OF DOWNING STREET.

**A Real Benefit.**  
Young Husband—Where is that angel-food cake you baked this morning, my dear?  
Young Wife—The rats in the closet ate it. Isn't it too bad?  
Young Husband—There, don't cry. We'll not have to be bothered with a cat now.—Chicago Record.

**No Chance Afterward.**  
Mrs. DeVere—I think a woman ought to be mighty well acquainted with a man before she marries him.  
Mrs. Rampage—Yes, because she won't have much chance to get acquainted with him afterward.—N. Y. Mercury.

**And It's True.**  
"What is the hardest thing to learn about a bicycle?" asked the elderly boarder. But before the bloomer boarder could reply the Cheerful Idiot hastened to say:  
"To keep from talking about it, as far as I can notice."—N. Y. Tribune.

**She Knew.**  
"After all, what is a kiss?" said young Mr. Warren, reflectively, after pressing the lips of his Boston fiancée.  
"A kiss," replied Miss South-Church, "is the anatomical juxtaposition of orbicularis muscles in a state of contraction."—Demorest's Magazine.

**Heavy. Ton.**  
"So you and your wife had a warm argument."  
"Yes, we threw hot biscuits at each other."—Town Topics.

**A Careful Girl.**  
Mr. Gilgal—Is not that a queer idea of the doctors, that kissing conveys disease germs?  
Miss Kittish—Rather, but it doesn't annoy me.  
"You'er—you never kiss?"  
"I rub an antiseptic preparation on my lips every day."—Art in Dress.

**Nothing Strange About It.**  
"No, Miss Amy," remarked young Dr. Paresis, "as a physician I cannot accept the Biblical account of such longevity as Methuselah's."  
"O, I can," replied Miss Amy, sweetly. "there were no doctors in those days."—Bay City Chat.

**A Sure Thing.**  
Miss Jones (the daughter of his employer)—I don't believe, Mr. Cashier, that pa will give his consent.  
Mr. Cashier—Oh, yes he will after he has examined the books. He will want to keep the money in the family.—Texas Sifter.

**Suspicious Tenderness.**  
Mrs. Sharpleigh—I believe my husband loves another.  
Mrs. Broke-Stone—Why so?  
Mrs. Sharpleigh—He hugged and kissed me for an hour last night.—Town Topics.

**Sanitary Item.**  
Young Wife (after visitors have gone)—Why, they didn't eat a bit of my cake.  
Husband—You ought not to have told them that you made it.—Texas Sifter.

**BATTLE AX**

**BIG AND GOOD.**

**BattleAx**

**PLUG**

Sometimes quality is sacrificed in the effort to give big quantity for little money. No doubt about that. But once in a while it isn't. For instance, there's "BATTLE AX." The piece is bigger than you ever saw before for 5 cents. And the quality is, as many a man has said, "mighty good." There's no guess work in this statement. It is just a plain fact. You can prove it by investing 5 cents in "BATTLE AX."

**OPIMUM** and WHISKY habits cured. Book sent FREE by H. M. WOODLEY, ATLANTA, GA. WATER THIS PAPER OVER THE BOOK.

A. N. K.—D 1608

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