

G. C. BURKE, PROPRIETOR

HARRISON, - - - NEBRASKA

The truth that lasts is the truth we hate.

The high fivers do not reach the heights of life.

Radium, you may have observed, is now guaranteed to do all those things that liquid air was going to do a few years ago.

Mrs. Nordica doesn't get any all-mony, but her case isn't so bad. She won't have to support the gentleman any more.

It appears that when a society woman writes a magazine article she furnishes a paragraph or two and the editor does the rest.

Possibly the reason so many men make fortunes on a thousand or two a year is because they do not let the left hand know what the right hand is doing.

The Hon. Bourke Cochran, who says the United States is the "hoodlum of the world," has no objections to being one of the hoodlums' hired hands at \$5,000 a year.

The outcome of this war is going to be disagreeable either way. Everybody hopes Russia will be whipped, but if Japan wins how will it be possible hereafter to hold the Jappies?

When it becomes established that radium will cure cancer it will then appear that about the only disease in the treatment of which medical science has made no progress since the Pharaohs is baldness.

A Chicago man wants a divorce because his wife insists on moving more than six times a year. Evidently that gentleman thinks there may be such a thing as running the breaking-home-ties business into the ground.

Sympathy for Whitaker Wright is now being aroused in England. Wright's great mistake was in not committing his sins over here, where he might, instead of taking poison, have taken advantage of a technicality of some kind.

"The King can do no wrong"—even in an automobile. The act of parliament requiring the registration and numbering of motor cars and the regulation of their speed does not apply to King Edward, nor does his majesty need a driving license.

Of the immigrants landing in the United States during the fiscal year, \$11,302 had less than \$10, and 185,667 could neither read nor write. It is no sin to be poor, but it seems wicked that there are so many adults in the world who have never been to school. Something wrong somewhere.

According to the doctrine of chances, a boy who has no middle name is more than twice as likely to become President of the United States as one who has a middle name; and the boy who has more than three names has no chance at all. Of the twenty-five men who have filled the office of President, seventeen had two names each—for Van Buren is one name, and not two. Since 1880 no triple-named President has been elected except Mr. Cleveland, who gained a chance by dropping his first name.

Lieutenant General Young, the retiring chief of staff of the army, sent a package to General Chaffee, his successor, with this note: 'Private Young, Company K, Twelfth Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, presents his compliments to Private Chaffee, Troop K, Sixth United States Cavalry, and asks him to accept this pair of lieutenant general's shoulder straps.' There never was a more significant illustration of the opportunities enjoyed by young men in this country than is given by this note to the new chief of staff from his predecessor.

It is a remarkable fact, when properly viewed, that a parent cannot bequeath his own experience to his child. A parent can give his child the example of right living, advice and money, but he cannot give his personal experience. Suppose I could bequeath my experience to my boy? And my boy to his boy? And so on. In a few generations we should have a perfected humanity. Why this plan of redeeming the race did not recommend itself to divine wisdom we cannot say. As a matter of fact, every person must become a pupil in the school of experience. The old adage says, "Experience is a dear teacher, but fools will learn in no other." That is not true. Experience is a dear school in which all men, wise and foolish, must learn. But—One must distinguish between experience and wisdom. Wisdom is knowledge in action. Wisdom is applied experience. Many persons learn a lesson by experience and then fall to profit by it. Many persons suffer and then fall to get strength out of the suffering. This is true: The highest good will never come to you until you are prepared to receive it. The best gifts of life will never be yours until the way has been cleared for them by the applied lessons of experience.

Fear of the tomato, which arose from the fact that it was a cousin to the poisonous belladonna and the deadly stramonium, is rapidly disappearing.

Ten years ago a hundred and five million cans were put up in this country. Last year the output of the canners in the United States and Canada was two hundred and forty-two million cans, of which Maryland produced more than the total output of 1882. Indiana, West Virginia, Delaware, California and New Jersey, in that order, follow Maryland as the chief tomato States. Tomatoes are not the only fruit that grows in cans which appeals to the cultivated American taste. Green corn is about half as popular as tomatoes. Illinois is the chief corn-canning State, with a record of about twenty-five million cans. Iowa comes next, and New York third. It looks from these figures as if the vegetable-raisers amend the alleged practice of the fruit-growers in the West—can all they can and eat all they can. But it is not vegetables and fruit alone that are preserved in tin. No one need eat fresh food unless he prefers it, for the market contains canned roast beef, canned tongue, canned chicken, canned veal loaf, canned soups, canned pork and beans, canned peas, canned almost everything except canned digestion, and that is put up in glass bottles at the drug-gists, ready to be taken along with the things in tin.

A club lady in Chicago, in a meeting of matrons to discuss the great business of life, when asked how to manage a husband so as to secure domestic tranquility, promptly answered: "Feed the brute plenty of good, well-cooked food," and the club ladies all made a note of it, and it is believed the experiment is now on extensive trial in the windy city. This recipe for domestic happiness suggests a menagerie view of married life, and may furnish a reason for the tendency to board rather than keep house, that is so strong upon many married people. In this view it is complimentary to the sense of justice of the brute. For what dyspepsia he gets at a boarding-house table he does not blame his wife, but the landlady. She cares nothing for the growling of the animals at feeding time, provided they don't die in the house and will be buried from the undertaker's melancholy parlors. This new plan for peace foreshadows also the permanent disarming of the domestic forces, since young ladies about to assume the task of marrying one of the brutes will be impelled to acquire a knowledge of the mysteries of cooking in order to live happy ever after. When this art is generally attained the boarding-house landladies will be overtaken by lack of trade and will be punished for their many transgressions. So a beautiful vista opens in front of the American home and the dove is likely to build her nest in the stomach of that brute, the American husband.

Abbreviated Courtship.
Dan Cupid shotte attie my sweethearts' herte,
Butte shee dodged, and ye arrowe Mr. Soe I tooke ayme attie hyr sweete redde lippes
And, in spite of hyr dodgysing, Kr.

Ye dere lytel soule was quyte dysmayrd;
Butte, explainyng I was ye Dr.,
I quyeck applyde more two-lyppe salve,
And in my armes' craydel Re.

Shee whyspered that shee'd a syster bee,
And "woldent I bee juste a Bro?"
"Notte muche, pette!" I sayd, "trie thyr instedde—
Heir I jentle gayve hyr Ano.

"My trewe love, canst thou notte bee my bryde?"
I questioned—and pressed for ye Ana
A softe voyce behynde myre care replyde
"You're soe pressyng, perhappes I Can."

Nows, "faynte herte never wonne laydis fayr"
Noe, nor ever charyngd Miss to Mrs.—
An ye love a mayde, bee notte afraidye,
Butte, when arrowes die wyde, trie Kr.

—Harper's Magazines.

Housekeeping in France.
In a talk by Miss Maria Parloa on French housekeeping, she said that economy and patience were two strong traits of the French housekeeper. Many inconveniences and conditions unknown to American housewives have to be overcome, but, notwithstanding this, the French home is a model of neatness and comfort outside of, perhaps, the one point of temperature, for in France the question of fuel is an important one. According to Miss Parloa, French cookery is not complicated, as is generally supposed; for example, the usual French breakfast consists of a cup of coffee or chocolate without cream and a slice of bread or roll, and high seasonings of food are unknown, herbs and vegetables being used in preference to spices. This statement of the situation is contrary to the general belief, and certainly if we accept it as literally true, the highly-seasoned dishes we obtain in American large cities must be originated by those from Frenchmen.

They Favor the Other Sort.
"I suppose you and your daughters agree pretty well?"
"Agree perfectly, except on just one point."
"What's that?"
"I'd prefer self-supporting sons-in-law."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not for Sale.
"Lots for sale," read the thoughtful man as he passed along the street. "Yes, I suppose that's true, but, thank goodness, there are a few of us yet that money won't buy."—Boston Transcript.

The Oar's Scooper.
The Russian state scooper is of solid gold, three feet long, and contains among its ornaments, 200 diamonds, 300 rubies and 15 emeralds.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cleverful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Boarder—Why in creation did you ring the breakfast bell at 4 o'clock this morning?
Cook—The missus heard it thundering and told me to hurry up and serve breakfast before the milk soured.—New York Weekly.

A Disappointment.
"Our postmistress was awfully vexed this mornin'."
"How was that, Darius?"
"Well, a feller came in and got a postal card that had just come by the last mail so he carried it away before the postmistress had a chance to read it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Ob, This Sensational Journalism!
"I am taking special instruction for the season of Wagner."
"Ah?"
"Yes; and with only six lessons I can already sit still and look rapt for more than two hours continuously."—Puck.

Of Course She Would.
"It's ridiculous for a girl to say she wouldn't marry a man if he were the last one on earth."
"Why?"
"Because she'd do it then just to spite all the other girls."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

No Incentive.
"And now I notice that a London doctor says we should eat heartily if we wish to live long."
"That doctor would change his mind if he lived at our boarding-house."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Gaillard Nobleman.
Tess—I was passing that small florist's with Lord Britton yesterday, and I hinted that I'd like to have some of the lovely roses that were displayed in the widow.

Jeas—And did he send some to you?
Tess—Yes, they came this morning. C. O. D.—Philadelphia Press.

Nipped.
"I met a friend of mine, who is in the Stock Exchange, and he offered to let me in on a good thing if —"
"Sorry, old man, but I haven't a cent to lend."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Removed the Cause.
Miss Ugliface—I could really never be contented and happy in the room you've given me.
Hotel Clerk—Oh! I'll fix that all right. (To bell-boy)—Go up and remove the mirror from the lady's room.

Willie Was Minus.
Willie Sappley—To-day I thought of two things at once. I wonder if we have two brains?
Vera Smarte—Well, between you and me, Mr. Sappley, I think we have only one.

Disabled.
"What's the matter with your hand?" asked deaf mute No. 1. "Been in a powder mill explosion?"
"No," answered deaf mute No. 2. "A friend has been teaching me to speak Russian."

It Would Seem So.
"Money talks, you know," remarked the optimistic moraliser.
"Yes," rejoined the pessimistic demoralizer, "but it never speaks above a whisper when it converses with a poor relation."

Very Serious.
Ernie—Jack said when he gave me the diamond ring it meant something serious.
Ida—I should say it was serious. He wasn't paid for it yet.

Would Be Appropriate.
Mrs. Stubb (reading)—Estelle Smith wore a champagne gown; Helen Brown wore a biscuit-colored waist, etc.
Mr. Stubb—Hold on! You must be reading a menu card.

Crane.
The struggling artist was somewhat discouraged.
"Do you think I'll ever do anything with canvas?" he anxiously inquired.
"Perhaps," replied the old master.
"Tell me how."
"Become a sailor or awning fitter."

Trials of a Poet.
"Why did you call that last poem 'The Electric Fan'?" asked the boson friend.
"Because the editor said he wanted something breezy," responded the struggling bard.
"Ah, then he took it?"
"No; it's going around yet."

Twisters.
"In event of war in the far East," said the newspaper publisher, "I shall install some extra typesetting machines."
"Wouldn't the ordinary kind do?" asked the friend.
"No. The names of the Russian generals would soon twist them up."

Interior Test.
Larry—I came to have a chill every time I get in bed.
Doctor—Did you try the hot water bag?
Larry—Sure, O! I drank every drop in it, but it didn't seem to do any good.

Would Not Hurt Them.
Stranger—Gracious! What rude conductors!
Native—This is the elevated road you know.
Stranger—Well, it wouldn't hurt the conductors to be a little more elevated.

Quick Change.
Ida—Isn't it a pity some nice young men could not get a glimpse of how our bachelor girls enjoy ourselves?
May—Yes, but the only trouble is if any nice young men came along we wouldn't remain bachelor girls.

An Exception.
Belle—Is it true that suburban fire men are always slow?
Eva—No, I had one to propose to me in two days after first meeting.

Only a Lamp.
"And after the elopement," he whispered, tenderly, "we will go to high housekeeping."
"Light-house keeping," she echoed in innocency. "Then all we'll need will be a big lamp."—Kennebec Journal.

And Lived to Tell the Tale.
Fido—For heaven's sake, Carlo where on earth did you pick up that coach dog spot?
Carlo—Went hunting with master yesterday.

Mary's Choice.
"Farmer Sawyer, what is your daughter Mary going to be when she finishes at college?"
"Well, I kinder reckon she'll teach school. She thinks she'll like the vacations."—Harper's Bazar.

Setting Him Right.
"So you want to be my son-in-law do you?" asked the stern parent with as much fierceness as he could generate.
"Can't say that I do," replied the truthful young man. "But I want to marry your daughter and I suppose there's no way to dodge the issue."

Shutting Him Up.
"It strikes me, Mary," mildly observed Mr. Stowin, "that these cakes would be decidedly better if they had a little more ginger in them."
"So would you, John," calmly rejoined the feminine end of the combination.

Same Thing.
"I go to a dentist regularly every six months."
"Humph! I go only when I find it necessary."
"So do I. You didn't think I went when it wasn't, did you?"—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Up Go the Rents.
Johnny—Pa, the taxpayers are only the people who own properties, aren't they?
Pa—No, my son, the real taxpayer are the people who rent the properties.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Hallucination.
"She ought to take the mind cure."
"What for?"
"Why, she actually thinks she can sing."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Whitewashed.
Stubb—I suppose when the terrific rainstorm beat in the tent every one turned white.
Penn—All except the sacred white elephant. When the rain struck him all the whiteness came off.

Doing Terms.
"Lady," said the ragged hobo, "I've met with many reverses in my career."
"Indeed!" exclaimed the kind-hearted female. "Tell me about them."
"Well," continued the r. h., "erbuov every time I ask for a nickel I get turned down."

STRANGE LAND HURES.

Every student of English history or fiction has read of ancient leases of property which require rent to be paid in peppercorns or roses, or in some other curious way. The Windsor Magazine describes some customs in connection with land tenure which are still more curious.

Whenever a certain estate at Chingford, in Essex, passes into new hands, the owner, with his wife, man servant and maid servant, goes on horseback to the parsonage and pays homage by blowing three blasts upon a horn. He carries a hawk upon his fist, and his servant leads a grayhound, both supposed to be for the use of the rector for that day.

The newowner receives a chicken for the hawk, a peck of oats for his horse and a loaf of bread for his greyhound. After dinner the owner blows three more blasts, and then with his party withdraws from the rectory.

The "Cassio-Whip Tenure" is even more remarkable. On Palm Sunday every year a servant from the Brough (an estate attends service at Cassio Church with a new cart-whip, and after cracking it three times in the porch, marches with it to the manor house.

When the clergyman begins the sermon the servant quills his seat. A purse containing thirty pieces of silver is fixed at the end of the whip lash, and, kneeling on a cushion, he holds the purse suspended over the head of the clergyman until the end of the sermon. Then purse and whip are left at the manor-house.

The "Whisper Court" at Rochford, Essex, is a strange Michaelmas observance held under the superintendence of the steward of the manor. The business of the court is carried out at midnight in the open air.

The absence of a tenant is punishable by a fine of double rent for each hour he fails to be in attendance; no artificial light except a firebrand is permitted; the proceedings are recorded by means of one of the members of the band. The roll of fourteen tenants is called over and answered to in a whisper, and then they kneel and swear allegiance.

The explanation of this odd ceremony is that, very many years ago, the lord of the manor, after an absence from his estate, was returning home by night. Passing over King's Hill, he accidentally heard some of his discontented tenantry plotting his assassination, and, thus warned, he reached home by an unexpected route. He enacted that from that time forth the tenants on his estate should assemble every year exactly at the same time to do him homage round a post which he erected on the precise spot where the plotters met.

WONDERS OF THE WORLD.
Some of the Marvellous Devices of the Present Day.

The seven world splendors of antiquity were:
The pyramids, Babylon's gardens, Mausolus' tomb, the Temple of Diana, the Colossus of Rhodes, Jupiter's statue by Phidias and the Pharos of Egypt, or, as some substitute, the palace of Cyrus.

The seven wonders of the middle ages were:
The Colosseum of Rome, the catacombs of Alexandria, the great wall of China, Stonehenge, the Leaning Tower of Pisa, the porcelain tower of Nankin and the mosque of St. Sophia at Constantinople.

How will these compare with the seven wonders of the modern world, asks the New York Press? Perhaps there may be a difference of opinion as regards the latter-day wonders, but permit me to name these:

The steam railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, the wireless telegraph, the ocean steamship, the submarine man-of-war and the airship.

We of the new world have a few wonders, seven of which are:
The Brooklyn bridge, the underground railroad, including tunnels to Jersey City and Brooklyn, the Washington monument, the capitol at Washington, with its dome weighing 8,000,000 pounds, the modern steel skyscraper, the Echo mountain searchlight of 375,000,000 candle power and the United States Steel corporation.

We are speaking of things made by man, of those wonders given to us by God the seven are:
Niagara falls, the Mammoth cave, old Faithful, the fireless geyser in Yellowstone park; the big trees (Sequoia) of California, the Grand canyon of the Colorado, the great fresh water lakes and the great salt lake.

Future Life of Animals.
Sir William Blunden, a doctor and barrister, has favored a meeting of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals with some views on the future state of animals. He "certainly believed," he said, in the future existence of animals, and though he could not bring forward evidence in support of his proposition, he could not at the same time bring forward evidence to the contrary. If they took the case of the tinker's ass, which was born and reared in hardship, he found it hard to think that a merciful Creator formed that animal merely to suffer at the hands of man without receiving some compensation in the next life, if not in the present.

Feminine Point of View.
He—Don't you think Miss Pinkleight is rather pretty?
She—Well, she isn't a bad-looking girl—when she has her complexion on.

Happy Women.

Wouldn't any woman be happy? After years of backache suffering, days of misery, nights of unrest, the distress of urinary troubles, she finds relief and cure! No reason why any reader should suffer in the face of evidence like this:

Mrs. Almira A. Jackson, of East Front street, Traverse City, Mich., says: "For twenty years I never knew what it was to have good health. Every physician consulted said I had liver trouble, but their medicines did me no good. Just before I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I was almost paralyzed. I could hardly stand on my feet because of the numbness and lack of circulation. Had a knife-blade thrust into my kidneys, the pain could not have been more intense. My sleep was disturbed by visions of distorted figures. The kidney secretions were annoyingly irregular and I was tortured with thirst and always bloated. I used seven boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills. The bloating subsided until I weighed one hundred pounds less, could sleep like a child and was relieved of the pain and the irregularity of the kidney action. My circulation is good and I feel better in every way."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Jackson will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address: Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

SENTIMENTAL OCCUPATION.
Wife—"Pretty condition you are in! What were you doing at the club this time of night? Just tell me that."
Husband—"M'dear, we were (hic) shing—shing 'Home Sweetoms.'"

A LITTLE MISTAKE.
Young Lady—"What is the price of that bicycle costume?"
Dealer—"That is not a bicycle costume, miss; it's a suit of sanitary underwear."

Sutherland, the home of the late General B. Gordon, is reproduced as the world's fair at Georgia's state building. The cost of the reproduction is \$18,000.

A model play ground will be an attraction on the Model street at the world's fair. An open air play room for a kindergarten and a pergola pavilion hung with 50 hammocks will be provided. One building will contain a complete gymnasium, tennis court, handball court, etc.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury.
as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system, curing it only through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reliable physicians, as the danger they will do is, to add to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Free to Twenty-Five Ladies.
The Defiance Starch Co. will give 25 ladies a round trip ticket to the St. Louis Exposition, to five ladies in each of the following states: Illinois, Iowa, Nebraska, Kansas and Missouri who will send in the largest number of trade marks cut from a ten cent, 16 ounce package of Defiance cold water laundry starch. This means from your own home, anywhere in the above named states. These trade marks must be mailed to and received by the Defiance Starch Co., Omaha, Neb., before September 1st, 1904. October and November will be the best months to visit the Exposition. Remember that Defiance is the only starch put up 16 oz. (a full pound) to the package. You get one-third more starch for the same money than of any other kind, and Defiance never sticks to the iron. The tickets to the Exposition will be sent by registered mail September 5th. Starch for sale by all dealers.

Ripans Tablets are the best dyspepsia medicine ever made.
A hundred millions of them have been sold in the United States in a single year. Constipation, heartburn, sick headache, dizziness, bad breath, sore throat and every other illness arising from a disordered stomach are relieved or cured by Ripans Tablets. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five-cent package is enough for ordinary occasions. All druggists sell them.

THERE ARE MANY dyspepsia tablets claiming to be just as good as the ARTHUR'S DYSPEPSIA TABLETS
but they are not, as a trial will convince you. We guarantee a cure where others have failed. They are for the stomach only. Write today for a 50c box, 2 boxes for \$1.00. Sold only by Arthur Dyspepsia Tablet Co., Concord, Mich. Large sample 10c.

William Jennings Bryan of Lincoln, Neb., spoke before the students of the University of Michigan, Saturday, March 12, upon "The Value of an Ideal."

BEGGS' BLOOD PURIFIER CURES catarrh of the stomach.

PHOENIX CURE FOR THE STOMACH
It will cure all the ailments of the stomach, indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, acid, and all the troubles arising from a disordered stomach. It is a powerful purifier of the blood, and will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five-cent package is enough for ordinary occasions. All druggists sell them.

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Happy Women.

Wouldn't any woman be happy? After years of backache suffering, days of misery, nights of unrest, the distress of urinary troubles, she finds relief and cure! No reason why any reader should suffer in the face of evidence like this:

Mrs. Almira A. Jackson, of East Front street, Traverse City, Mich., says: "For twenty years I never knew what it was to have good health. Every physician consulted said I had liver trouble, but their medicines did me no good. Just before I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I was almost paralyzed. I could hardly stand on my feet because of the numbness and lack of circulation. Had a knife-blade thrust into my kidneys, the pain could not have been more intense. My sleep was disturbed by visions of distorted figures. The kidney secretions were annoyingly irregular and I was tortured with thirst and always bloated. I used seven boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills. The bloating subsided until I weighed one hundred pounds less, could sleep like a child and was relieved of the pain and the irregularity of the kidney action. My circulation is good and I feel better in every way