

Sound Reasons for Approval.

There are several cogent reasons why the medical profession recommend and the public prize theสรรค์ Stomach Bitters. It is the ordinary cathartics that do not drench and weaken the bowels, but assists rather than forces nature to act; it is tonic and safe; its action is never preceded by an internal earthquake like that produced by a drastic purgative. For forty-five years past it has been a household remedy for liver, stomach and kidney trouble.

Not Entirely Painless.
Dentist—Did you give that man laughing-gas?
Assistant—Yes.
Dentist—How long did the effect last?
Assistant—Until he looked at the bill.—Town Topics.

Hall's Catarrah Cure
Is taken internally. Price 15 cents.

Swift's letters to Stella and Vanessa, the two correspondences being carried on at the same time, are equally good, equally loving, and, at present, equally unreadable.

WOMEN! DON'T WAIT.

If You Have Any of These Symptoms Act at Once.

Do you know the reason why you will go to the hospital, my poor friend?

Because you have allowed yourself to go from bad to worse. You did not know that that heat, swelling and tenderness in your left side were all signs of congestion of the ovary.

Any intelligent woman could have told you that congestion is fatal to the



uterine system, and that an ovary congested leads to tumor formation, and that you were in awful danger. Now you will have to undergo the operation of ovariotomy, the cutting out of the ovary.

Yes, you will recover, at least I hope you will; but you will never be quite the same woman again. Congestion of the ovaries is fatal to health. If you have any such symptoms be advised in time; take a medicine of specific powers! You can find none better than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, prepared especially to meet the needs of woman's sexual system. You can get it at any good druggist's.

Following we publish a letter from a woman in Milwaukee, which relates how she was cured of ovarian trouble: "Dear Mrs. Pinkham—I suffered with congestion of the ovaries and inflammation of the womb. I had been troubled with suppressed and painful menstruation from a girl. The doctors told me the ovaries would have to be removed. I took treatment two years to escape an operation, but still remained in miserable health in both body and mind, expecting to part with my reason each coming month. After using one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of Sanative Wash I was very much relieved. I continued to use your remedies until cured. The last nine months have been passed in perfect good health. This, I know, I owe entirely to the Vegetable Compound. My gratitude is great, indeed, to the one to whom so many women owe their health and happiness."—Mrs. F. M. KNAPP, 503 Wentworth Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.



**NEW PRICES
ON
Columbia Bicycles**

The Standard of the World.

1897 COLUMBIAS	REDUCED TO	\$75
Best Bicycles made,		
1896 COLUMBIAS	REDUCED TO	60
Second only to 1897 models.		
1897 HARTFORDS	REDUCED TO	50
Equal to most Bicycles.		
HARTFORDS	REDUCED TO	45
Pattern 2.		
HARTFORDS	REDUCED TO	40
Pattern 1.		
HARTFORDS	REDUCED TO	30
Patterns 5 and 6.		

Nothing in the market approached the value of these Bicycles at the former prices; what are they now?

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.
Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer; by mail from us for one 2-cent stamp.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

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

And There They Stick.
They always talk about the seven ages of man," said the Curious One. "Why not the seven ages of woman?" "Because, my boy," replied the Knowing One, "one is enough for them."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

So Tricky.
"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "is so tricky dat when dey comes acrost er man dat shu' nuff honest dey gets skyah an' says he mus' be playin' a pow'ful deep game."—Washington Star.

Bolting It.
Mother—Johnny, how often have I told you that you must not bolt your food?

Johnny—Guess it isn't any worse to bolt my food than it is for you to turn the key on it when it's in the cupboard.—Boston Transcript.

Infections.
Little Boreham (relating his Alpine adventures)—There I stood, the abyss yawning at my feet—

Cropper (yawning portentously)—Seuse me, B., but the thing's infections.—Household Words.

One of the Sure Signs.
"What made you think Lillian was literary?"

"Why, she wears her hair so mussy."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

A New Auto-Motor.



Talk about your roller skates.—New York Journal.

A Pretty Compliment.

Miss Baqueday—I had such a pretty compliment from my optician to-day.

Miss Fenway—What was it, dear?

Miss Baqueday—He told me that I had the best nose for eyeglasses that ever came under his professional treatment.—Boston Transcript.

Important Discovery.

Bliffers (reading)—Science now recognizes a condition called "intoxication by radiation." Many cases of drunkenness are cited in which the victim had touched nothing alcoholic but had suddenly been in the company of drinkers.

Whiffers—Cut that out. I want to show it to my wife.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Poser.

"Father, are generals brave men?" asked Johnny of his father.

"Yes, my son, as a rule," was the answer.

"Then why does artists always make pictures of 'em standing on a hill three miles away looking at a battle through an opera glass?"—Tid-Bits.

Her Occupation.

"Well, Mollie," said the little girl's father, "what have you been doing all day?"

"Doing nothing," said Mollie, pouting. "I've been don'ting most of the time."—Harper's Bazar.

An Ontcropping.

"How do you know that stranger is from Brooklyn?"

"He registered at the hotel as from Greater New York."—Philadelphia North American.

More Generous.

"You said that when we were married you would refuse me nothing."

"I'll be still more generous. I'll not even refuse you nothing. I'll give it to you."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Bound to Weep.

Her Post-Graduate Course.

Daughter—Yes, I've graduated, but now I must inform myself in psychology, phiology, bibli—

Practical mother—Stop right where you are. I have arranged for you a thorough course in roentgenology, biolog, stethology, darmonology, pathology and general domestic hustology. Now get on your working clothes.—Detroit Free Press.

Couldn't Find Landseer.

Madam—Well, Mary, what did you think of the pictures at the academy?

Mary—Oh, mum, there was a picture called "Two Dogs," after Landseer, but I looked at it for nearly half an hour and I couldn't see anything of Landseer.—Tid-Bits.

A Disagreeable Consequence.

"You say you hate to visit your rich relatives. Why? Don't they treat you well?"

Mrs. Mulligan—An' did ye have money saved in it, Mrs. Muldoon?

Mrs. Muldoon—I did not, but this is the wan I'd go in ef I did.—New York Journal.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"So you say," began the moderately new boarder, "that he speculated on a large scale exclusively. May I inquire what was the use of this large scale?" "Glad to answer you," replied the Cheerful Idiot. "He had to have it for weighing the consequences."—Indianapolis Journal.

"A Bored Walk."



—Chicago Inter Ocean.

An Inference, Probably.

"What would you call the sound produced when the two bodies come together?" asked the teacher, who was trying to explain what a noise is to her pupils.

"Oh, a kiss, ma'am." replied the little girl who evidently had older sisters.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Real Trouble.

"They say he is short in his accounts, don't they?"

"That is what they say, but the fact is, he is short in his cash."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

A Hint to the King.

Mr. Bellefield—It seems to be true that "Uneasy lies the head which wears a crown."

Mr. Bloomfield—No wonder. I should think a king would put on a more comfortable nightcap.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Of Course Not.

"Why didn't you move on when the policeman ordered you to?" asked the New York judge of the prisoner.

"I no understand him, shudge," replied the prisoner.

"You seem to understand English all right now."

"Yes, shudge, bud de pliceman no speaka de English."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Supreme Power.

"Do you mean to say," thundered the court, "that you hold any human authority higher than the laws of the land?"

"No," stammered the timid witness, "except when I'm at home. My wife makes the laws there."—Detroit Free Press.

Will It Come to This?

Youthful Male Applicant—I know I've been a pretty tough lot, sir, but

St. Peter—Oh, never mind that; walk right in. Young men are so terribly scarce nowadays that we can't afford to be particular.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Why They Do It.

She—A woman marries a man to keep him indoors.

He—And a man marries a woman to keep her in hats.—Yonkers Statesman.

Before His Time.



Sunday-school Teacher—Tommy, who made all these beautiful fields and mountains?

Tommy—I don't know. We just moved here.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"One time," said the traveled boarder, "I got snowed in on the Rocky Mountains, and the only thing seven of us had for two days to sustain life was half a barrel of pickled pigs' feet."

"You were, indeed," said the cheerful idiot, "reduced to extremities."—Indianapolis Journal.

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HOG WAS BADLY FOOLED.

Mean Trick that Was Played on an Innocent hog.

"The meanest trick that was ever invented was played on a hog," said Uncle John, as he lighted his pipe and settled back in his chair for an after-dinner smoke. "A neighbor of ours owned this hog, and he was a mighty wise critter, as my story will show. This neighbor also owned a large cornfield, among other possessions, and this cornfield was well guarded by a fence with but one gate. Well, this old porker had the liberty of a field next to the corn patch, and the farmer was astonished one day to find the hog wandering around in the forbidden territory. The gate had not been opened and there was no apparent break in the fence. Farmer Joe drove him out, but next day he was back again. He chased him up and down the fence but to no purpose. The hog would go out only through the gate, though it was certain he had not entered by that way.

"Farmer Joe was curious, and decided to keep a watch and solve the porcine mystery. In the early morning the hog skirted the fence until he came to a huge log which formed part of it. The log was hollow, and by some effort the hog squeezed through and entered upon the promised land. Nothing could induce him to go back by that entrance and the gate had to be again opened.

"Upon examination Farmer Joe discovered that the log was crooked and half circular in shape. With the aid of a hired man he pried it around so that both ends opened into the vacant field. The next morning Mr. Hog started for the cornfield as usual. He trotted along the fence until he came to the log, and again he emerged on the wrong side of the fence. Thus he spent the forenoon, and only gave up the task when it was apparent that some one had done him wrong.

"There is a moral in this story," said Uncle John, as he lighted another match, "but you can apply it to suit yourself. I am afraid that as a people we too often resemble Farmer Joe's hog, and that no matter what we do we come out on the same side of the fence."

Make Your Will.

A man possessed of one dollar or a few hundred dollars has as much right to arrange for the distribution of his possessions as the man who has millions. It is also incumbent upon the man of small means to properly dispose of his holdings as it is upon the one who has more. The lawyers of this country would lose many fat fees if those who have accumulated a portion of this world's goods, be it ever so small, would leave specific directions as to what disposition should be made of their property after death. Making a will is generally regarded as a very solemn affair, says National Stockman. Surrounded by all the gloom and sorrow of the death-bed, where these important documents are generally made, the framing of a last will and testament is a very serious and unpleasant task.

Many put this matter off on account of the expense attached to it in lawyer's fees, etc. Anyone who can write a legible hand and express his ideas so that they can be understood can write his own will. The simpler the form the better, so it is clear. The following form will make as strong a testament as can be framed by any attorney:

I, of County, State, do hereby make my last will and testament. I give, devise and bequeath all my estate, real and personal, to heirs, executors, administrators and assigns.

I appoint sole executor of this will.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of 189.....