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W. RADAM'S MICROBE KILLER CURES ALL DISEASES. THE GREATEST MEDICINE OF THE AGE. It Purifies the Blood. Destroys Microbes. Tonic and Antiseptic.

MALYDOR THE GENTLEMAN'S FRIEND. Our perfection. Syringe free with every bottle. Does not stain. PREVENTS STRUTURE. Cures Gonorrhoea and all its complications in 4 days. Ask druggists. Sent to any address for \$1.

MANHOOD RESTORED. "SANATIVO," the Wonderful Spanish Remedy, is sold with a written guarantee to cure all Nervous Diseases, such as Weak Memory, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, Wakefulness, Prostration, etc. After Use. Lost Manhood, Nervous Prostration, Loss of Brain Power, Headache, all ailments and loss of power of the Genital Organs, in either sex, caused by over-exertion, youthful indiscretions, or the excessive use of tobacco, opium, or stimulants, which are usually lead to insanity, Consumption and Emaciation. Put up in convenient form to carry in the vest pocket. Price \$1 a package, or 6 for \$5. With every \$5 order we give a free copy of our "Book of Health" and "Circular free. Mention this paper. Address: MADRID CHEMICAL CO., Branch Office for U. S. & Canada, 117 Dearborn Street, CHICAGO, ILL.

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Most Worthy Books for Purchase or Gift. CHOICE AND POPULAR ALTO SONGS. THE SONGS OF IRELAND. CHOICE SONG COLLECTIONS. CHOICE PIANO COLLECTIONS. Churchill's Birthday Book of Eminent Composers.

THE TWO MOTHERS. For fondling arms, warm breast and life's sweetest life. What dost thou to thy mother make return of some madcap girl can win thee from her side...

THE WIDOW'S WAGER.

Widow Deane sat at the front window of her little parlor one morning busy with some kind of fancy work which showed off her plump, well shaped hands, with the wedding ring sparkling on her left one, to the best advantage. She was a very pretty widow, and no one was better aware of the fact than she was. Her snug fitting dress set off as plump and trim a figure as any in Downborough, and nowhere in the neighborhood could you find a brighter pair of brown eyes or a more kissable, charming face.

In that way. Innocent man; he never dreamed that the widow was as well aware of his admiring glances as he was. "Oh, our game of chess!" cried the widow suddenly. "I was very near forgetting all about it. Did you bring the board, Mr. Fields?" "I put them on the side table," answered Mr. Fields. The widow fluttered about and got the chessboard and men, and drew her chair up opposite Mr. Fields. "I promised to beat you," she said, arranging the board on a little stand between them. "I'm going to do so if I possibly can, Mr. Fields," with an arch glance into his face. Mr. Fields happened to be admiring her brown curls as she looked up, and the fact that she detected him in the act so disconcerted him that he knocked over the chessmen she had arranged, and then he had to help her set them again, and their hands came in contact on the board. Somehow the touch of the widow's plump, white hand made him thrill all over with a delightful sensation, and he wondered, if the accidental touch of her fingers affected him so delightfully, what it must be to hold that hand in his. Poor Mr. Fields! He was very deeply in love, but he didn't dare to say so.

A REMARKABLE CANOEIST.

Elbert Rappleye and His Six Thousand Mile Cruise Across the Continent. Elbert Rappleye, The Mail and Express canoeist, of New York, who accomplished the remarkable feat of crossing the North American continent from New York to



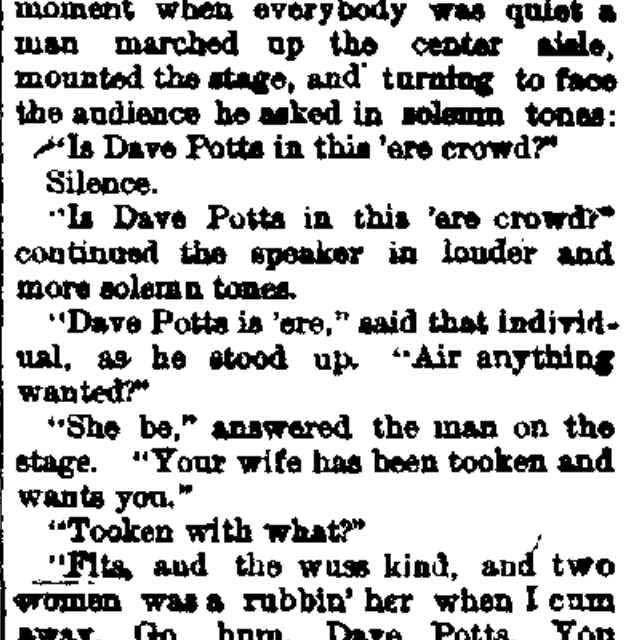
ASTORIA, OREGON. In a paper canoe, received a hearty welcome at The Mail and Express office recently, upon his return to the metropolis. The entire distance covered was 6,200 miles, all of which was traversed in the canoe, except a comparatively few miles, and Rappleye is said to have been the first man to discover that a water route exists between the two great oceans which requires but twelve miles of carriage. The Mail and Express offered eleven prizes for various achievements, five of which were won by Rappleye, netting him \$310. The first prize was \$100 for covering the largest number of miles ever made in a canoe. The fifth prize of \$100 was for crossing the continent with the least amount of "carry" on the necessary line of travel. \$500 another prize was \$50 for not losing a day's travel by illness. Mr. Rappleye is a native of Texas. He is only 22 years of age, and is engaged in newspaper work in New York.

POINTS ON CARDS.

The True Language of Whist and Its Meaning Made Clear. Enthusiast—As I understand it, each card is bound to convey some information. As I advance in the game this information will become more complete. And the closer I watch the cards and remember them the better game I will play. Expert—Exactly. But don't lay too much stress on remembering them. Simply jot down in your mind everything you can think of about each card. Then dismiss it. Of course this has to be done almost in the twinkling of an eye, as the card falls on the table, but you will find that it will come easy. Enthusiast—But suppose one of the other players doesn't play by rule? Expert—Then get at his meaning the best way you can. Whist is a language. The cards are its words. The rules are its grammar. When you learn a language you first get its vocabulary, however imperfect, and then the grammar. Then when you try to read you will constantly come across words that you don't understand, and at first they will seem strange to you, but by and by, as you progress, their meaning will sink into your mind without any apparent effort on your part. It is exactly so in whist. You will make out the play of another even if his whist grammar is bad, just the same as you can manage to grasp the meaning of a jargon, although many of the words he speaks may seem utterly foreign to you. You simply take each card and get at its exact meaning. Is that plain? Enthusiast—Yes, I think I grasp the idea. So that in your opinion, for a man to get at the great underlying principle of whist, he should take each card for a word, find out the meaning of that word as it comes before him, and by aid of what you call whist grammar, which is nothing but whist rules, thus be enabled to read the game. Expert—Precisely. Now this is no easy task, but, on the other hand, there is a bright side to it. This great concentration of the mind is only necessary for the first few rounds. In these you strain every faculty to divine where lay the cards against you. Then you apply the information gained to attain a definite result. From your own hand, at the start, you determine upon a defensive or an offensive game. Then as each card, as it is played, adds to your stock of information, you can see just how to aid your partner and to thwart your opponents. Many things depend upon the value of the information you receive, and the element of play is always somewhat uncertain. But if whist could be learned perfectly, even by a year's constant practice, it would not be one tenth as interesting. The fact that each new hand presents new problems renders it an unending fount of intellectual pleasure. TOM MASSON.

DAVE POTTS' WIFE.

She Needed Him, and He Had No Business at a Literary Entertainment. We were sitting in a small public hall in a town in Connecticut, waiting for the lecturer to appear. There were about 300 people present, and at the moment when everybody was quiet a man marched up the center aisle, mounted the stage, and turning to face the audience he asked in solemn tones: "Is Dave Potts in this 'ere crowd?" Silence. "Is Dave Potts in this 'ere crowd?" continued the speaker in louder and more solemn tones. "Dave Potts is 'ere," said that individual, as he stood up. "Air anything wanted?" "She be," answered the man on the stage. "Your wife has been taken and wants you."



OLD TIMES. Host—Now, old boy, make yourself comfortable, and let's talk over old times. Haven't seen each other since we were schoolboys together. I told you I had married. Well, this is my house, and my wife will be in presently. By the way, you once lived in Niceville, didn't you? Returned Traveler—Yes, lived there some years. "Then you may have met Miss Flurrie?" "Met her? I was engaged to her. But so were all the other fellows, one at a time. What has become of her?" "Why—er—I was just going to tell you that she is the one I married."—New York Weekly.

Not Necessary.

"You ought to have a weather vane on your barn." "Why so?" "So that you can tell which way the wind blows." "Oh, that's unnecessary. Silas wears a straw hat the hull year round."—Harper's Bazar.

The Cold Facts.

"I suppose," remarked the facetious parishioner, "that the young ladies keep you well supplied with slippers about Christmas?" "No," replied the clergyman, "I have never had a pair of slippers given to me."—New York Sun.

The Pharmacies of Trade.

Wagg—I see you're advertising a fine line of walking gloves. I should like to see them. Haberdasher—Yes, sir; here they are, as fine a line of walking gloves as ever came into the market. Wagg—Yes, the gloves look all right; but what I want is to see them walk. Haberdasher—See here, young fellow, if you want to see those gloves walk you can do it for a dollar and fifty cents a pair, and if you haven't got the price the best thing you can see walk around here is yourself. —Boston Courier.

A Fowl Retort.

"I will kill my chickens in the wood shed," said old Mr. Rural to Funnicus, who was boarding with him. "Oh, that was the wood shed, was it?" returned Funnicus. "I judged from the appearance of things it was the brood shed."—Harper's Bazar.

A Careful Wife.

Sam Johnson—Use all right now. I see you're getting up. Mrs. Johnson—Fool niggah; jess you stay in bed until you has tuck de rest ob de medicine in dat bottle what I paid a dollar for.—Texas Siftings.

Cruel Manhood.

Mrs. Childwiler—Here's a person mentions 'a blind man's repeater.' What is a repeater, Charley? Mr. C.—You're a repeater. Now let me read my paper.—Jewelers' Circular.

Beyond Temptation.

Mr. Strawber—Is my overcoat perfectly safe in the hall? Miss Telling (glancing at it)—I don't think there is any doubt about it.—Clothing and Furnisher.

Dr. Kennedy's "FAVORITE REMEDY" is an invaluable household medicine for children as well as adults, is compounded entirely of vegetable extracts, and is as safe as it is sure. Now that the hostiles are hammed in two soon expect to hear that they are slouzed up.—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

Funny, when a man starts out on a business career the more checks he receives the sooner he gets there.—Binghamton Leader.

My friend, look here! you know how weak and nervous your wife is, and you know that Carter's Iron Pills will relieve her, now why not be fair about it and buy her a box?

It is the man in prosperity who talks glibly about adversity bringing out our good points.—Cape Cod Item.

J. Q. A. Haddaway, Esq., of Episcopal Methodist, Baltimore, Md., writes: "With much pleasure I testify to the good effects of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in my family. I have used it in many cases, and it always gave entire satisfaction. A most sovereign remedy for pain of any sort has been found in Castoria Oil. Its great preparation can be bought everywhere for 50 cents.

People refer to snow being so "white and clean," and yet it has to be cleaned off after it falls.—Yonkers Statesman.

She was a fine looking girl for Castoria. I had the best of her, she was going to Castoria. I had the best of her, she was going to Castoria.

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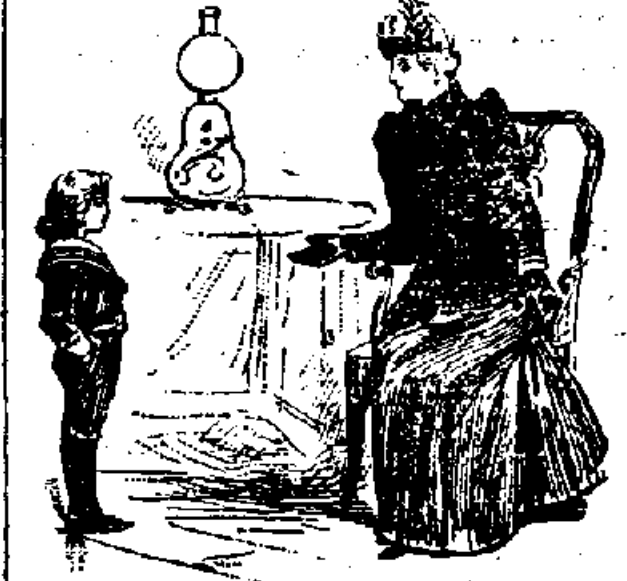
A Practical Foot.

Cora—How is it you burn the midnight oil? Tubbs—My landlady turns out the gas at 10 o'clock.—Munsey's Weekly.

Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated LIVER PILLS WILL CURE SICK HEADACHE.

A few doses taken at the right time will often save a severe spell of sickness. Price only 25 cents at any drug store. Be sure and see that Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills, Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa., is on the box. None other is Genuine. Use IVORY POLISH for the Teeth. PREPARED BY THE BUREAU.

TRY DALTON'S PURE COD LIVER OIL. Guaranteed absolutely pure. For purifying the Blood it has no equal. For Consumption, Coughs, Colds, etc., it is an invaluable remedy. Satisfaction guaranteed, or money returned. \$1.00 REWARD. Will be paid if the oil is not in any case found to be perfectly pure. Try Dalton's Vegetable Oil for horses and cattle. It is unexcelled for all lung troubles and purifying the blood. No veterinary surgeon should be without it. For further particulars address W.M. DALTON, 19 Madison Ave., Auburn, N. Y.



She—Will you give me a kiss, Tommy? Tommy—Not much! The next thing you would be stung me for breach of promise, I suppose.—Munsey's Weekly.

Sympathy.

"What's become of Ebenezer Mudd?" "He's in New York doing literary work. He is making quite a name for himself." "Well, I don't blame him. The one his father gave him is awful."—Harper's Bazar.

Took Him at His Word.

Uncle—And now good-by, my dear nephew, and if you should need any money why write to me. Nephew (pulling a letter out of his pocket)—Certainly I will, uncle. There's the first letter now.—Flegende Blatter.

A Natural Supposition.

"Are those people really grown up?" asked a little girl whose mother had taken her to see the dwarfs. "Yes, dearie." "Did their mammae feed them on condensed milk?"—Washington Post.

Doing Well.

"Your number," said the warden to the prisoner, "is 306." "That's gratifying," said the unfortunate. "I'm in the 400 at last."—New York Herald.

Scalp'd.

"I have Indian hair in my veins," said the barber. "I judged so," said the patient, "from the way you use your razor."—Evening Sun.

Woman's Ways.

"Did she thank you for the seat?" "No; but after she had settled down in it she smiled sweetly and begged me not to rise."—New York Herald.

STONE IN THE KIDNEY.

I was first taken with sharp pains in the lower part of my bowels in the region of the bladder. Shortly thereafter I passed mixed with my urine, and a few weeks later I had an attack of gravel. I tried a number of doctors. One said it was gravel, another Inflammation of the Bladder, and another stone in kidney. For three months I was under the care of an eminent doctor at Albany, but constantly growing worse, went home to my mother. At this time I was induced to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., and an hour later and strong. A remedy which can do this for one so near death as I was should be known everywhere. I hope this statement will cause others afflicted as I was to use the Remedy. C. W. Brown, Peterburgh, N. Y.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, Made at RONDOUT, N. Y. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere.

A Promising Amateur Boxer.

Here is a picture of Neil F. Doherty, of the Boston Athletic Association, who recently won the amateur heavy weight sparring championship of America at the Amateur Athletic Union's annual boxing



NEIL F. DOHERTY. tournament in New York. Although Doherty has been an active boxer for little more than a year, he proved a hurricane fighter of very unusual merit, and easily won such well known amateurs as Burns and McKenna. It is said that Doherty may be prevailed upon to get himself in trim for a go with Pat Cabill, the amateur middle weight champion boxer of America, at the B. A. A. meeting to be held Jan. 24.

"Blue Jeans," the success of the season in New York, will leave that city after a run of nearly five months Feb. 21, because no theatre can be engaged for it in the metropolis after that date.

Charlie Hoyt has decided on "A Temperance Town" and "A Patent Medicine" as titles for two forthcoming farce comedies.