

TWICE BITTEN BY RATTLER.

Crouch, a Snake Owner, Loses Control of a Fierce Rattle Snake Which Plunges Its Fangs into His Hands—His Life Saved Only by the Narrowest Margin—The Havoc Wrought in the Tent After It's Owner's Misfortune.

Mr. L. C. Crouch of Winston, who is conducting a menagerie tent at the fair grounds here, was bitten twice by a rattlesnake yesterday, and is now dangerously ill at the Presbyterian Hospital in this city.

Mr. Crouch is a cripple, and has a wife and seven children. A year ago he started collecting snakes and other animals and exhibiting them, and has made a good living by this industry. Big letters on his tent declare that he has inside "ground hogs, guinea pigs, angora rabbits, Joe, a four legged rooster, coon, squirrels and rattlesnakes."

Crouch has five rattlesnakes—two large and three small ones. He bought these within the year from men who captured them in their wild state. Until yesterday Crouch had handled all his snakes with safety, though he realized that the poison had not been extracted from the fangs of the two large snakes.

The largest snake is over four feet long, and has a number of rattles. Yesterday afternoon Mr. Crouch took this young man who was in the tent. The rattler was plainly in an ugly mood. He was held at the neck by the hand of Crouch, but the rear part of his body described writhing curves and clutched the forearm of his owner. With a sudden wrench the reptile jerked his head loose, the venomous head went up quickly, and then the fangs settled in the middle finger of Crouch's right hand. With a scream Crouch grabbed at the snake with both hands and flung it away from him.

The snake fell to the earth, but before it could move Crouch pinned it down with his foot resting on the back of the head. Then, recovering his composure, he had a man to cord his finger tightly.

At this time the rattler was singing a mad song with his tail, his little wicked eyes were shining devilishly, and he was hissing out of his distended mouth.

When his finger had been tightly banded Crouch reached down and again seized the snake by the back of the neck. He did not lift his foot up until his fingers completely encircled the neck of the rattler and he felt that he could keep his hold. Then he lifted the snake and stepped toward the box from which the reptile had been taken.

Crouch had reckoned without his heat. The rattler seemed possessed of intense strength. His big, sinuous body crept out convulsively and once more the coils were on Crouch's forearm.

The fierce head was pulled again from Crouch's close grip, and rose a foot above the wrist of the owner. Down came the head of the reptile, and the fangs were buried deep in the forefinger of the left hand of Crouch.

Crouch's left arm went out. The snake dangled for a moment, holding by its teeth, and then dropped.

Crouch gave a yell of terror; forgot care of his reptile, and dashed out of the tent with a look of horror on his face. Both his hands were outstretched.

Though a cripple, his speed was as fast as that of a professional sprinter.

Consumption

Salt pork is a famous old-fashioned remedy for consumption. "Eat plenty of pork," was the advice to the consumptive 50 and 100 years ago.

Salt pork is good if a man can stomach it. The idea behind it is that fat is the food the consumptive needs most.

Scott's Emulsion is the modern method of feeding fat to the consumptive. Pork is too rough for sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion is the most refined of fats, especially prepared for easy digestion.

Feeding him fat in this way, which is often the only way, is half the battle, but Scott's Emulsion does more than that. There is something about the combination of cod liver oil and hypophosphites in Scott's Emulsion that puts new life into the weak parts and has a special action on the diseased lungs.

A sample will be sent free upon request. Be sure that it's the one in the form of a label on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.

SCOTT & BOWNE, CHEMISTS,
409 Pearl St., N. Y.
50c. and \$1. all druggists.

TWO STATE SENATORS ENDORSE PE-RU-NA.



HON. J. H. BAUER.

Hon. J. H. Bauer, State Senator from Douglas Co., to the Nebraska Legislature, writes from Frank's Hotel, Omaha, Neb., as follows:

"Having tried Peruna I can commend it to all as a great tonic and particularly good as a remedy for catarrh."

—J. H. BAUER.

Honorable Patrick Kennedy, Member of the Massachusetts Legislature, writes the following letter from the House of Representatives, Boston.

Dear Sir:—I have no hesitation in saying that after having tried dozens of other remedies without relief, I owe my perfect health and clear voice of today to Peruna. I know it to be a cure for indigestion and its attendant ailments, nervous debility. For the six weeks that I was on the platform through the recent campaign I used Peruna regularly, and although I spoke two and three times each day my voice never failed me. I know that Peruna is a reliable cure for bronchial troubles."

—P. J. Kennedy.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

ter, and he was soon on a car bound for town. At the first sight of a barroom he bounded from the car, rushed in, crying that he was snake-bitten and asking for whiskey. He disregarded a small glass that was handed to him and bought and emptied, at one pull, half a pint of raw spirits. Then he ran to the Presbyterian Hospital.

By this time both of Crouch's hands were greatly swollen; he was vomiting and suffering great agony. Physicians came hurriedly to his aid, and first gave him rapid injections of permanganate of potassium. His arms were tightly corded for several hours, the hands being released in order that the poison might not be confined to too small a portion of the body. Crouch's hands and arms, to the shoulders, are several times their normal size.

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Crouch's Continued Misfortune.

The Observer of a day or two later tells the story of Crouch's misfortunes after he was bitten by the snake. At the hospital two days after the affair, the snake man talked to the reporter and Dr. Munroe. The Observer says:

Tragedy in a Tent.

The thousands of people who passed by Crouch's little tent in the midway yesterday had no idea of the tragedies that had been enacted therein.

Crouch had no assistant. When he was bitten and went to the hospital there was no one to look after the menagerie. Across the way there was always some one to feed the little monkey, the prize pig and the fearsome wild woman, but inside the bedraggled little canvas affair that was making a living for the Winston cripple and his family of eight there was no hand to give comfort or quell misery.

A Fortune Teller to the Rescue.

So the big pet coon ran amuck. He broke the chain that held him to his box and at once slew one of the guinea pigs. He climbed on top of the box in which the rattlesnakes were confined and toyed with this box until he had freed a black snake, six feet long, and the big Texas rattler. Then he sprang at Joe, the four-legged rooster. Joe is more of a freak than a fighter, and he at once raised the alarm. Several of the midway people heard his yells, but only one, the Gypsy fortune-teller, was brave enough to enter the tent. She, shaking from nervousness, crept in from the canvas and jerked Joe away from the coon. The coon at once seized the guinea pig that he had murdered and began to chew the dead body. The Gypsy woman shoved the coon and the pig inside the first open box she saw, and turned her attention to the snake box. Hurriedly she closed and fastened it, and then fled from the tent.

Only the two snakes escaped, the blacksnake and the rattler. The blacksnake was killed on the grounds early yesterday morning; the rattlesnake is still at large.

Be Gentle With This Wanderer.

"And if you are going to say anything in the paper about the snake," said Mr. Crouch, "please tell the people that find him not to hurt him. His fangs are all out and he couldn't hurt a fly. These Charlotte people ought to know that snake by sight. He was in the window at Gardner's jewelry store for a long time. He is 18 years old, and I haven't been able to make him eat a bite since I

bought him last spring. You see, snakes don't eat but twice a year, spring and fall, and then I can never get 'em to eat anything but mice. Oh, yes, they drink water right along. This Gardner rattler is somewhere around the grounds, and if I was strong enough I'd go out there and find him. He's a gentle, nice snake, and many a time I've put him around people's necks. Why I've even seen that rattler around the necks of women. That's the reason I say, that if anybody runs across my Texas rattler today I hope they'll be gentle and easy-like with him and return him to me. Poisonous! I tell you his fangs are taken out, and they never grow back when they are taken out, no matter what folks say. I've been looking into the mouth of that snake every two weeks since I had him, and I never have seen any sign of a fang there."

Still Another Rattler Lost.

All of Crouch's hard luck has not yet been recounted. Yesterday morning his second Texas rattler died. He was 16 years old. Crouch said he had had the reptile for eight months and could never get him to eat.

A Snake that is Not for Sale.

The Observer reporter showed to Mr. Crouch a telegram that had been received by the paper. It was from Dr. D. N. Dalton, a well known physician of Winston, and read:

"Is the snake that bit Mr. Crouch still alive? Name the price. Answer."

The telegram was interpreted to mean that Dr. Dalton wished to purchase the reptile, and Mr. Crouch was asked if he wished to sell. "Sell him?" said Mr. Crouch. "Sell the snake that bit me? No, sir, that snake's got to die. Not that I've got any hard feelings against him, I tell you that in spite of what he done I still cherish a friendly regard for that snake. Why, when he was sick several months ago—when a food boy let gasoline drop on him and nearly suffocated him to death—I took that snake and treated him as tender as a child. I rubbed his back just like he was a human being and I blew into his mouth, and I revived him and saved his life."

Ingratitude.

"I was only trying to be kind to him when he bit me. I could feel his neck wriggling inside my fingers and I thought I was hurting him by holding him too close. And all the time he was wanting to get loose so he could sting me. When I loosened my grip he lifted his head and struck me. I dropped him then and put my foot on him."

"I know exactly what to do. I had made up my mind that whenever one of my snakes bit me I'd take a knife or hatchet and cut off the hurt place. But I didn't have a knife or anything to cut with and there was not a soul in the tent to help. The two men I was showing the snake to when he bit me run away as soon as I was bit. I don't remember exactly how I was bit the second time. I reached down and picked up the snake, and it seemed to me I kinder got numb and trembled. Then the snake pulled his head loose easily, and reached out his mouth and sunk his fangs into my other finger. Both wounds bled freely. The first thing I did was to cord my fingers tight."

"And that was all that saved your life," said Dr. Stokes Munroe.

"And then I came on here to the hospital," continued Crouch. "My arms and hands are not so swelled up as they were, but they pain me a good deal." As Crouch spoke he held his arms straight up from his sides. They were swathed in bandages to his shoulders.

Other Medicine Wanted.

"Maybe this hospital medicine is all right," he declared, "but I don't know. They wouldn't do what I wanted 'em to do. I tell you these old folks are right in what they say about snake bites and such things. If I'd got some cucumber burs boiled in milk and put 'em to my bites right away I'd a-been all right. And I know I won't ever get well till that snake that bit me is dead. That's the reason I won't sell him. You tell that good old man, Dr. Dalton—he's my family physician—that I won't sell him the snake, but I wish he'd come over here and kill that snake and bind some of his flesh to these bites. Then I'll get well quick."

Circus Medicine Was Best.

Doctor—Want to get up, eh? Ah, I thought my medicine would fetch you out of bed.

Tommy—Yes, an' then besides I seen a circus poster.

A Runaway Bicycle.

Terminated with an ugly cut on the leg of J. B. Orner, of Franklin Grove, Ill. It developed a stubborn ulcer unyielding to doctors and remedies for four years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured. It's just as good for Burns, Scalds, Skin Eruptions and Piles. 25c. at English Drug Co's.

Room for All.

It has been figured out that Randolph county will hold the population of the entire world, according to the last census reports. And that, were it divided equally, each man, woman and child on earth would receive as his part more than four square feet of land. Supposing the county to be 26 miles square (it is a little more than that) it contains 18,845,798,400 square feet. The population of the world is estimated at about a billion and a half.

Doesn't Respect Old Age.

It's a shame when youth falls to show proper respect for old age, but just the contrary in the case of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They cut off maladies no matter how severe and irrespective of old age. Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Fever, Constipation all yield to this perfect pill. 25c. at English Drug Store.

Ashcraft's Condition Powders!

For aiding the digestion, creating appetite and for giving life, vigor and strength to horses and mules, the best remedy of all is

Ashcraft's Condition Powders are prepared from the formulae of a practical veterinarian of over 30 years' experience, and when once used, horsemen will have no other.

"This is to certify that we have been selling Ashcraft's Remedies for a number of years, and that they have given untold satisfaction. The powder is made in a special way, and each remedy is especially prepared for the disease for which it is intended to cure. Many of our customers have used Ashcraft's Remedies for years with happy results.—ENGLISH DRUG CO., Monroe, N. C."

Ashcraft's Powders fatten but never bloat, the hair becoming sleek and glossy. Always high grade. Price 25 cents. Sold by English Drug Company

enough. Don't you know that when a snake bites a man or a dog they won't ever get all right till the snake is dead? Yes, sir, I'm a-goin' to kill that snake and cut off his head and prize his mouth open and drop it into a jar of alcohol, and I'm going to label the jar, 'This here is the snake what bit Crouch.' That's what I'm going to do."

Still Another Rattler Lost.

All of Crouch's hard luck has not yet been recounted. Yesterday morning his second Texas rattler died. He was 16 years old. Crouch said he had had the reptile for eight months and could never get him to eat.

Of Crouch's collection of venomous snakes only the three North Carolina rattlers remain. Two of these he bought from a man in North Wilkesboro and the third he got in Mt. Airy. 'Twas the largest of the Carolina snakes that bit Crouch. All of the rattlers except the one that is at large are just as poisonous as they were in their native state. "I didn't know how to pull their fangs," explained Crouch, "or I would have done it long ago. Yet they was easy to handle and friendly. I got to likin' 'em mighty well. You see, I am a poor man, and they made a livin' for me; that's the way I felt about 'em. Why, everybody in Winston knows my snakes. I'm the only man in this State who ever owned rattlesnakes that had given birth to little ones in captivity. There were three little ones, and nearly everybody in Winston—Prof. Blair, Mr. P. H. Haynes, the Fries and others—used to come around and see my snakes and get well acquainted with all of 'em."

A Surprise for Dr. Munroe.

Crouch is 42 years old, and he is a crippled man, who has a good, honest face. He is much concerned over the sad condition of his menagerie, and Dr. Munroe and others at the hospital are doing everything they can to aid him in getting his affairs in order. When Dr. Munroe was inside the little tent yesterday he opened a chest to get out some things, in compliance with Crouch's request, and as he did so several snakes raised their mouths and hissed in his face. "I forgot," said Crouch, with a chuckle, "to tell you that them kind snakes was in there. But they can't hurt you at all."

Disastrous Wrecks.

Carelessness is responsible for many a railway wreck and the same causes are making human wrecks of sufferers from Throat and Lung troubles. But since the advent of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, even the worse cases, can be cured. Hopeless resignation is no longer necessary. Mrs. Lois Cragg of Dorchester, Mass., is one of the many whose life was saved by Dr. King's New Discovery. This great remedy is guaranteed for all Throat and Lung diseases by The English Drug Co., Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

She Was Satisfied.

Mother—I hope that young man never kisses my girl by surprise? Daughter—No, mamma; he only thinks he does.

Not a Sick Day Since.

"I was taken severely sick with kidney trouble. I tried all sorts of medicines, none of which relieved me. One day I saw an ad. of your Electric Bitters and determined to try that. After taking a few doses I felt relieved, and soon thereafter was entirely cured, and have not been sick a day since. Neighbors of mine have been cured of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Liver and Kidney troubles and General Debility. This is what B. F. Bass of Piedmont, N. C., writes. Only 50c. at English Drug Co's."

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MRS. JAY TELLS THE STORY.

The Fearful Murder of the Three Children by the Crazy Father is Related as It Occurred, by the Suffering Mother.

Mr. W. A. Geer of Rutherfordton, uncle of Dr. J. V. Jay, who killed his three children at Barabardville, twenty miles northwest of Asheville, has returned from the scene of the killing. He spent Wednesday with Mrs. Jay, and from her he secured the truth of the terrible affair up to the time of the killing.

"There have been all sorts of rumors," said Mr. Geer, "about what Mrs. Jay has said, most of them being without foundation. I am here to tell you the truth of the sad affair as given out by her to me last Wednesday."

Mr. Geer related the story to your correspondent, he says, just as it was told him by the wife of Dr. Jay.

He says Dr. Jay came home Friday night perfectly sober. Brought his little girl a pair of shoes and cloth for a dress. That night he sat down and played with his children until 9 o'clock, when all went to bed. About 11 o'clock he screamed and called for Mrs. Jay, who hastened to the room as quickly as possible. She found him perfectly stiff and speechless and could not raise him from the bed. After rubbing him with camphor and alcohol she then ran to her uncle's, Mr. Thos. Dillingham, a distance of about two hundred yards. She said she was gone four or five minutes. Upon her return, accompanied by her uncle, they found he had torn his night clothes into small strips and gone from the room. Mrs. Jay asked her five-year-old daughter, who was sleeping with him, where her father had gone. She replied that he had gone into the kitchen. Mrs. Jay and her uncle entered the kitchen and found the stove and dining table turned up side down and most of the dishes broken into hundreds of pieces, but Dr. Jay was not to be found. After searching for some time, they found him under the porch, without a rag on his back, wet, snuffy and bloody—looking perfectly awful. He had a dipper in his hand, pecking on a rock. He could not speak and was still as a board. The two endeavored to raise him and carry him into the house, but without effect. Mrs. Jay then went to a neighbor's (whose name Mr. Geer has forgotten) for more help. When she returned with the gentleman, she found that her uncle had succeeded in getting the doctor into the house by making him crawl.

Surprised at Young Roosevelt.

Washington Dispatch to New York Times.

One of the most interesting incidents of the American public school system to the members of the Moseley Educational Commission of London, which are studying school methods in this country, is the discovery that Quentin Roosevelt, the president's youngest son, is a regular attendant at one of the public schools here and that he goes and comes unaccompanied. The visiting educators inspected this school and plied the superintendent, A. T. Stuart, with questions. They wished, especially, to know how the safety of the Roosevelt boy was guarded and how the superintendent kept the school "select" and let only the children of the "best families" meet him. When assured there was no attempt at exclusiveness and that the son of the corner grocer or the blacksmith was on the same footing as the child of the president, the visitors marvelled greatly.

How Old Is Ann?

There is a problem going the rounds of the press as follows: "Mary is 24 years old. Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann?" That's the question! Now, how old is Ann? From all accounts Ann is one of these gals whose age "nobody never can never find out!"

Good Advice.

Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations preferred against him; every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defense as well as the accusation, and remember that the malignity of enemies may place you in a similar position.

Not Room for Both.

One of the sad things about the death of Mrs. Carrion's husband is that he did not carry her with him!

The Family Genius.

My Uncle Jim he's got a scheme for sittin' longer. "I'll do now in a minute than steam does in half an hour." He says it's jes' a riddle, an' he keeps a smilin' face. It's a mighty sight of comfort an' it helps you endure. The worries of the present when your future is secure. An' we're very grateful to him for relievin' all our ills. Though he hasn't earned ten dollars any week in several years. —Washington Star.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 13 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRUX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WARDING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Dark Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years, and although I am past eighty years of age, yet I have not a gray hair in my head."

Geo. Yellott, Troy, Md.

We mean all that rich, dark color your hair used to have. If it's gray now, no matter; for Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. Sometimes it makes the hair grow very heavy and long; and it stops falling of the hair, too.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar, and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

ing her pitiful screams her uncle and another gentleman returned and went immediately to the house, sending Mrs. Jay to a neighbor's where she might rest and get over her fright. When the two gentlemen reached the house, Dr. Jay had battered the three children to death with a claw hammer and they lay dead on the front porch. The men entered the room in which Dr. Jay was and found him packing chairs, clothing and other fixtures in front of the fireplace, which they supposed he intended putting a match to and burning the house and himself.

Mrs. Jay said when they started to jail with her husband he wrote her a note, but that she could not read anything in it except "pray for me." The note was not answered at all. Mrs. Jay told Mr. Geer she did not want her husband hanged, but that she never wanted him turned loose again. She said she believed the doctor was insane, that he positively had not been drinking, and that half the news papers printed reports that were not true.

Mr. Geer says Mrs. Jay was not sick when he left her—that she was helping with the work about her brother's or uncle's house. Mrs. Jay did not see her children after they had been killed. She said she had rather not see them, and that she never expected to see her home again as long as she lived.

She told Mr. Geer that she had stood more than she thought she could; that one never knew what they could stand until they had it to do.

Mrs. Jay says she knows her husband is dead, and it was insane; that no sane man could have committed such a deed; that Dr. Jay loved his children dearly, and was always kind to them. Dr. Jay's trial has been postponed in order to give time to get expert testimony on insanity.

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A. LEVY. A. LEVY.