DID it ever occur to you that swan's up-side is never down?

Sanitary Walls and Ceilings.

Q. Does the Bible have anything to say regarding sanitary walls?

A. Read Leviticus, 14th Chapter, 33-41 verses.

Q. What do modern sanitarians say.

A. That wall paper and glue kalsomines are directly responsible for much of the sickness, ignorantly attributed to other causes.

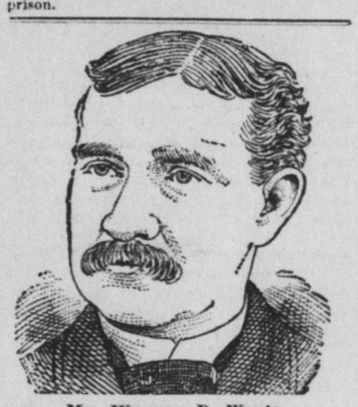
The Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, in an article on papering walls, under the caption of "Nasty Practice," has this to say. "Our Health Officer, Dr. DeWolfe, says the free passage of air through walls of living rooms is an important element in proper ventilation. The practice of repapering rooms by layer upon layer of wall paper, made adhesive by glue or paste, which adds a decomposing material to the nasty practice, can receive nothing but condemnation from the sanitarian. The perfect wall for domestic habitation is of material which resists decomposition in every form, and which permits the free passage of air. It seems to me that Alabastine is admirably adapted for the purpose."

The Doctor agrees with the *Inter-Ocean*, that a special law should be passed to prevent the practice of pasting repeated layers of paper on the walls.

Write the Alabastine Co., Grand Rapids, Mich., for supplement from the report of the Michigan State Board of Health, entitled "Sanitary Walls and Ceilings."

Remember the name, Alabastine, made from alabaster rocks.

"Excuse the liberty I take," as the convict remarked when he escaped from the state prison.



Mr. Warren D. Wentz
of Geneva, N. Y.,

Is given the highest endorsement for honesty and integrity by all who know him. For years he has worked for Mr D. P. Wilson, the harness maker and member of the Geneva Board of Health. Read the following statement of his terrible sufferings from

Dyspepsia

And his cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I was taken sick last October with gastric fever, and my recovery was considered almost hopeless. After 7 weeks the fever slowly left me, but I could not eat the simplest food without

Terrible Distress

It seemed that I had recovered from the fever to **die of starvation.** I took pepsin compounds, bismuth, charcoal, cod liver oil and malt until my physician confessed that he did not know what else to try. Everything I took seemed

Like Pouring Melted Lead

into my stomach. I happened to think I had part of a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla that had been in the house for two or three years, that I found had benefited me previously for dyspepsia. I began taking it and soon began to feel better. I have now taken a little over two bottles and can truthfully say **I feel well again** and can eat anything without distressing me, even to

Pie and Cheese

which I have been unable to touch for years. The English language does not contain words enough to permit me to express **the praise** I would like to give to Hood's Sarsaparilla." W. D. WENTZ, 183½ Castle Street, Geneva, N. Y.

A Good Voucher

"I have known Mr. Warren D Wentz for many years and can vouch for him as a **man of veracity** and one well known about here. I have sold him several bottles of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

during the past few months." M. H. PARTRIDGE, Druggist, Geneva, N. Y.

Hood's Pills Cure **Liver Ills**

DR. KILMER'S

SWAMP-ROOT

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

Rheumatism,

Lumbago, pain in joints or back, brick dust in urine, frequent calls, irritation, inflamation, gravel, ulceration or catarrh of bladder.

Disordered Liver,

Impaired digestion, gout, bilious-headache. **SWAMP-ROOT** cures kidney difficulties, *La Grippe*, urinary trouble, bright's disease.

Impure Blood,

Scrofula, malaria, gen'l weakness or debility.

Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund to you the price paid.

At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size.

"Invalids' Guide to Health" free—Consultation free.
DR. KILMER & Co., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Consumption carries off many of its victims needlessly. It can be stopped sometimes; sometimes it cannot.

It is as cruel to raise false hopes as it is weak to yield to false fears.

There is a way to help within the reach of most who are threatened—CAREFUL LIVING and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil.

Let us send you a book on the subject; free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

32

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Glorious Palm."

TEXT: *"They took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet Him."*—John xii., 13.

How was that possible? How could palm branches be cast in the way of Christ as He approached Jerusalem? There are scarcely any palm trees in Central Palestine. Even the one that was carefully guarded for many years at Jericho has gone. I went over the very road by which Christ approached Jerusalem, and there are plenty of olive trees and fig trees, but no palm trees that I could see. You must remember that the climate has changed. The palm tree likes water, but by the cutting down of the forests, which are leafy prayers for rain, the land has become unfriendly to the palm tree. Jericho once stood in seven miles of palm grove. Olivet was crowned with palms. The Dead Sea has on its banks the trunks of palm trees that floated down from some oldtime palm grove and are preserved from decay by the salt which they received from the Dead Sea.

Let woodmen spare the trees of America, if they would not ruinously change the climate and bring to the soil barrenness instead of fertility. Thanks to God and the legislatures for Arbor Day, which plants trees, trying to atone for the ruthlessness which has destroyed them. Yes, my text is in harmony with the condition of that country on the morning of Palm Sunday. About three million people have come to Jerusalem to attend the religious festivities. Great news! Jesus will enter Jerusalem to-day. The sky is red with the morning, and the people are flocking out to the foot of Olivet, and up and on over the southern shoulder of the mountain, and the procession coming out from the city meets the procession escorting Christ, as He comes toward the city. There is a turn in the road where Jerusalem suddenly bursts upon the vision.

We had ridden that day all the way from Jericho, and had visited the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and were somewhat weary of sight seeing, when there suddenly arose before our vision Jerusalem, the religious capital of all Christian ages. That was the point of observation where my text comes in. Alexander rode Bucephalus, Duke Elie rode his famous Merchegay, Sir Henry Lawrence rode the high mettled Conrad, Wellington rode his proud Copenhagen, but the conqueror of earth and heaven rides a colt, one that had been tied at the roadside. It was unbroken, and I have no doubt fractious at the vociferation of the populace. An extemporized saddle made out of the garments of the people was put on the beast. While some people griped the bridle of the colt, others reverently waited upon Christ at the mountain.

The two processions of people now become one—those who came out of the city and those who came over the hill. The orientals are more demonstrative than we of the western world, their voices louder, their gesticulations more violent and the symbols by which they express their emotions more significant. The people who left Phocea, in the far east, wishing to make impressive that they would never return, took a red hot ball of iron and threw it into the sea, and said they would never return to Phocea until that ball rose and floated on the surface. Be not surprised, therefore, at the demonstration in the text.

As the colt with its rider descends the slope of Olivet, the palm trees lining the road are called upon to render their contribution to the scene of welcome and rejoicing. The branches of these trees are high up, and some must needs climb the trees and tear off the leaves and throw them down, and others make of these leaves an emerald pavement for the colt to trod on.

Long before that morning the palm tree had been typical of triumph. Herodotus and Strabo had thus described it. Layard finds the palm leaf cut in the walls of Nineveh, with the same significance. In the Greek athletic games the victors carried palms. I am very glad that our Lord, who five days after had thorns upon His brow, for a little while at least had palms strewn under His feet. Oh, the glorious palm! Amarasinga, the Hindoo scholar, calls it "the king among the grasses." Linnæus calls it "the prince of vegetation."

Among all the trees that ever cast a shadow or yielded fruit or lifted their arms toward heaven, it has no equal for multitudinous uses. Do you want nowers? One palm tree will put forth a hanging garden of them, one cluster counted by a scientist containing 207,000 blooms. Do you want food? It is the chief diet of the whole nations. One palm in Chile will yield ninety gallons of honey. In Polynesia it is the chief food of the inhabitants. In India there are multitudes of people dependent upon it for sustenance.

Do you want cable to hold ships or cords to hold wild beasts? It is wound into ropes unbreakable. Do you want articles of house furniture? It is twisted into mats and woven into baskets and shaped into drinking cups and swung into hammocks. Do you want medicine? Its nut is the chief preventive of disease and the chief cure for vast populations. Do you want houses? Its wood furnishes the wall for the homes, and its leaves thatch them. Do you need a supply for the pantry? It yields sugar and starch and oil and sago and milk and salt and wax and vinegar and candles.

Oh, the palm! It has a variety of endowments, such as no other growth that ever rooted the earth or kissed the heavens. To the willow, God says, "Stand by the water courses and weep." To the cedar He says, "Gather the hurricanes into your bosom." To the fig tree He says, "Bear fruit and put it within reach of all the people." But to the palm tree He says, "Be garden and storehouse and wardrobe and ropewalk and chandlery and bread and banquet and manufactory, and then be type of what I meant when I inspired David, My servant, to say, 'The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree.'"

Oh, Lord God, give us more palm trees—men and women made for nothing but to be useful; dispositions all abloom; branches of influence laden with fruit; people good for everything, as the palm tree. If kind words are wanted they are ready to utter them. If helpful deeds are needed they are ready to perform them. If plans of usefulness are to be laid out they are ready to project them. If enterprises are to be forwarded they are ready to lift them. People who say "Yes! Yes!" when they are asked for assistance by word or deed, instead of "No! No!"

Most of the mysteries that bother others do not bother me, because I adjourn them; but the mystery that really bothers me is why God made so many people who amount to nothing so far as the world's betterment is concerned. They stand in the way. They object. They discuss hindrances. They suggest possibilities of failure. Over the road of life, instead of pulling in the traces, they are lying back in the breechings. They are the everlasting No. They are bramble trees, they are willows, always mourning; or wild cherry trees, yielding only the bitter; or crab apple trees, producing only the sour, while God would have us all flourish like the palm tree. Planted in the Bible that tree always means usefulness.

But how little any of us or all of us accomplish in that direction. We take twenty or thirty years to get fully ready for Christian work, and in the after part of life we take ten or twenty years for the gradual closing of active work, and that leaves only so little time between opening and stopping work that all we accomplish is so little an angel of God needs to exert himself to see it all.

Nearly everything I see around, beneath and above in the natural world suggests useful service. If there is nothing in the Bible that inspires you to usefulness, go out and study the world around you this springtime, and learn the great lesson of usefulness. "What art thou doing up there, little star? Why not shut thine eyes and sleep, for who cares for for thy shining?" "No," saith the star, "I will not sleep. I guide the sailor on the sea. I cheer the traveler among the mountains. I help tip the dew with light. Through the window of the poor man's cabin I cast a beam of hope, and the child on her mother's lap asks in glee whither I come and what I do and whence I go. To gleam and glitter, God set me here. Away! I have no time to sleep."

The snowflake comes straggling down. "Frail, fickle wanderer, why comest thou here?" "I am no idle wanderer," responds the snowflake. "High up in the air I was born, the child of the rain and the cold, and at the divine behest I come, and I am no straggler, for God tells me where to put my crystal heel. To help cover the roots, the grain and grass, to cleanse the air, to make sportsmen more happy and the ingle fire more bright, I come. Though so light I am that you toss me from your muffler and crush me under your foot, I am doing my best to fulfill what I was made for. Clothed in white I come on a heavenly mission, and, when my work is done and God shall call, in morning vapor I shall go back, drawn by the fiery courses of the sun."

"What doest thou, insignificant grass blade under my feet?" "I am doing a work," says the grass blade, "as best I can. I help to make up the soft beauty of field and lawn. I am satisfied, if, with millions of others no bigger than I, we can give pasture to flocks and herds. I am wonderfully made. He who feeds the ravens gives me substance from the soil and breath from the air, and He who clothes the lilies of the field rewards me with this coat of green."

"For what, lonely cloud, goest thou across the heavens?" Through the bright air a voice drops from afar, saying: "Up and down this sapphire floor I pace to teach men that like me they are passing away. I gather up the waters from lake and sea, and then, when the thunders toll, I refresh the earth, making the dry ground to laugh with harvests of wheat and fields of corn. I catch the frown of the storm and the hues of the rainbow. At evening tide on the western slopes I will pitch my tent, and over me shall dash the saffron, and the purple, and the fire of the sunset. A pillar of cloud like me led the chosen across the desert, and surrounded by such as I the Judge of Heaven and Earth will at last descend, for "Behold He cometh with clouds!"

Oh, my friends, if anything in the inanimate world be useful, let us immortal men and women be useful, and in that respect be like the palm tree. But I must not be tempted by what David says of that green shaft of Palestine, that living and glorious pillar of the eastern gardens, as seen in olden times—the palm tree; I must not be tempted by what the Old Testament says of it, to lessen my emphasis of what John, the evangelist, says of it in my text.

Notice that it was a beautiful and lawful robbery of the palm tree that helped make up Christ's triumph on the road to Jerusalem that Palm Sunday. The long, broad, green leaves that were strewn under the feet of the colt and in the way of Christ were torn off from the trees. What a pity, some one might say, that those stately and graceful trees should be despoiled. The sap oozed out at the places where the branches broke. The glory of the palm tree was appropriately sacrificed for the Saviour's triumphal procession. So it always was, so it always will be in this world—no worthy triumph of any sort without the tearing down of something else.

Brooklyn Bridge, the glory of our continent, must have two architects prostrated, the one slain by his toils and the other for a lifetime invalided. The greatest pictures of the world had, in their richest coloring, the blood of the artists who made them. The mightiest oratories that ever rolled through the churches had in their pathos, the sighs and groans of the composers, who wore their lives out in writing the harmony. American independence was triumphant, but it moved on over the lifeless forms of tens of thousands of men who fell at Bunker Hill and Yorktown and the battles between which were the hemorrhages of the nation.

The kingdom of God advances in all the earth, but it must be over the lives of missionaries who die of malaria in the jungles or Christian workers who preach and pray and toil and die in the service. The Saviour triumphs in all directions—but beauty and strength must be torn down from the palm trees of Christian heroism and consecration and thrown in His pathway.

To what better use could those palm trees on the southern shoulder of Mount Olivet and clear down into the Valley of Gethsemane put their branches than to surrender them for the making of Christ's journey toward Jerusalem the more picturesque, the more memorable and the more triumphant? And to what better use could we put our lives than into the sacrifice for Christ and His cause and the happiness of our fellow creatures? Shall we not be willing to be torn down that righteousness shall have triumphant way? Christ was torn down for us. Can we not afford to be torn down for Him? If Christ could suffer so much for us, can we not suffer a little for Christ? If He can afford on Palm Sunday to travel to Jerusalem to carry a cross, can we not afford a few leaves from our branches to make emerald His way?

The process is going on every moment in all directions. What makes that father have such hard work to find the hymn today? He puts on his spectacles and holds the book close up, and then holds it far off, and is not quite sure whether the number of the hymn is 150 or 130, and the fingers with which he turns the leaves are very clumsy. He stoops a good deal, although once he was straight as an arrow, and his eyes were keen as hawk's, and the hand he offered to his bride on the marriage day was of goodly shape as has God made it.

I will tell you what is the matter. Forty years ago he resolved his family should have no need and his children should be well educated and suffer none of the disadvantages of lack of schooling from which he had suffered for a lifetime, and that the wolf of hunger should never put its paw on his doorsill, and for forty or fifty years he has been tearing off from the palm tree of his physical strength and manly form branches to throw in the pathway of his household. It has cost him muscle and brain and health and eyesight, and there have been twisted off more years from his life than any man in the crowd on the famous Palm Sunday twisted off branches from the palm trees on the road from Bethpage to Jerusalem.

What makes that mother look so much older than she really is? You say she ought not yet to have one gray line in her hair. The truth is the family was not always as well off as now. The married pair had a hard struggle at the start. Examine the tips of the forefinger and thumb of her right hand, and they will tell you the story of the needle that was plied day in and day out. Yea, look at both her hands, and they will tell the story of the time when she did her own work, her own mending and scrubbing and washing.

Yea, look into the face and read the story of scarlet fevers and croups and midnight watchings, then none but God and herself in that house were awake, and then the burials and the loneliness afterward, which was more exhausting than the preceding watching had been, and no one now to put to bed. How fair she once was, and as fair as the palm tree, but all the branches of her strength and beauty were long ago torn off and thrown into the pathway of her household.

Alas! that sons and daughters, themselves so straight and graceful and educated, should ever forget that they are walking today over the fallen strength of an industrious and honored parentage. A little ashamed, are you, at their ungrammatical utterances? It was through their sacrifices that you learned accuracy of speech. Do you lose patience with them because they are a little querulous and complaining.

I guess you have forgotten how querulous and complaining you were when you were getting over that whooping cough or that intermittent fever. A little annoyed, are you, because her hearing is poor and you have to tell her something twice? She was not always hard of hearing. When you were two years old your first call for a drink at midnight woke her from a sound sleep as quick as any one will waken at the trumpet call of the resurrection.

Oh, my young lady, what is that under the sole of your fine shoes? It is a palm leaf which was torn off the tree of maternal fidelity. Young merchant, young lawyer, young journalist, young mechanic, with good salary and fine clothes and refined surroundings, have you forgotten what a time your father had that winter, after the summer's crops had failed through droughts or floods or locust, and how he wore his old coat too long and made his old hat do, that he might keep you at school or college? What is that, my young man, under your fine boot to-day, the boot that so well fits your foot, such a boot as your father could never afford to wear?

It must be a leaf from the palm tree of your father's self-sacrifices. Do not be ashamed of him when he comes to town, and because his manners are a little old fashioned try to smuggle him in and smuggle him out, but call in your best friends and take him to the house of God and introduce him to your pastor, and say: "This is my father." If he had kept for himself the advantages which he gave you he would be as well educated and as well gotten up as you. When in the English Parliament a member was making a great speech that was unanswerable a Lord derisively cried out, "I remember you when you blackened my father's boots!" "Yes," replied the man, "and I did not do it well?" Never be ashamed of your early surroundings. Yes, yes, all the green leaves we walk over were torn off some palm tree.

I have cultivated the habit of forgetting the unpleasant things of life, and I chiefly remember the smooth things, and as far as I remember now my life has for the most part moved over a road soft with green leaves. They were torn off two palm trees that stood at the start of the road. The prayers, the Christian example, the good advice, the hard work of my father and mother. How they toiled! Their fingers were knotted with hard work. Their foreheads were wrinkled with many cares. Their backs stooped from carrying our burdens.

They long ago went into slumber among their kindred and friends on the banks of the Raritan, but the influences they threw in the way of their children are yet green as leaves the moment they are plucked from a palm tree, and we feel them on our brow and under our feet, and they will strew all the way until we lie down in the same slumber. Self sacrifice! What a thrilling word. Glad am I that our world has so many specimens of it. The sailor boy on shipboard was derided because he would not fight or gamble, and they called him a coward. But when a child fell overboard and no one else was ready to help, the derided sailor leaped into the sea, and, though the waves were rough, the sailor, swimming with one arm, carried the child on the other arm till rescued and rescuer were lifted into safety, and the cry of coward ceased and all buzzed at the scene of daring and self sacrifice.

When recently Captain Burton, the great author, died, he left a scientific book in manuscript which he expected would be his wife's fortune. He often told her so. He said, "This will make you independent and affluent after I am gone." He suddenly died, and it was expected that the wife would publish the book. One publisher told her he could himself make out of it $100,000. But it was a book which, though written with pure scientific design, she felt would do immeasurable damage to public morals.

With the two large volumes, which had cost her husband the work of years, she sat down on the floor before the fire and said to herself, "There is a fortune for me in this book, and although my husband wrote it with the right motive and scientific people might be helped by it, to the vast majority of people it would be harmful, and I know it would damage the world." Then she took apart the manuscript sheet after sheet and put it into the fire, until the last line was consumed. Bravo! She flung her livelihood, her home, her chief worldly resources under the best moral and religious interests of the world.

How much are we willing to sacrifice for others? Christ is again on the march, not from Bethpage to Jerusalem, but for the conquest of the world. He will surely take it, but who will furnish the palm branches for the triumphant way? Self sacrifice is the word. There is more money paid to destroy the world than to save it. There are more buildings put up to ruin the race than churches to evangelize it. There is more depraved literature to blast men than good literature to elevate them.

Oh, for a power to descend upon us all like that which whelmed Charles G. Finney with mercy, when, kneeling in his law office, and before he entered upon his apostolic career of evangelization, he said: "The Holy Ghost descended on me in a manner that seemed to go through me, body and soul. I could feel the impression like a wave of electricity going through and through me. Indeed it seemed to come in waves and waves of liquid love. It seemed like the breath of God. I can recollect distinctly that it seemed to fan me like immense wings. I wept aloud with joy and love. These waves came over me and over me one after another, and until I recollect, I cried out, 'I shall die if these waves continue to pass over me.' I said, 'Lord, I cannot bear any more.'" And when a gentleman came into the office and said, "Mr. Finney, you are in pain?" he replied, "No, but so happy that I cannot live."

My hearers, the time will come when upon the whole church of God will descend such an avalanche of blessing, and then the bringing of the world to God will be a matter of a few years, perhaps a few days or a few hours. Ride on, O Christ! for the evangelization of all nations. Thou Christ who didst ride on the unbroken colt down the sides of Olivet, on the white horse of eternal victory ride through all nations, and may we, by our prayers, and our self sacrifices, and our contributions, and our consecrations, throw palm branches in the way. I clap my hands at the coming victory.

I feel this morning as did the Israelites when on their march to Canaan, they came not under the shadow of one palm tree, but of seventy palm trees standing in an oasis among a dozen gushing fountains, or as the Book puts it, "Twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm trees." Surely there are more than seventy such great and glorious souls present to-day. Indeed, it is a mighty grove of palm trees, and I feel something of the raptures which I shall feel when our last battle fought, and our last burden carried, and our last tear wept, we shall become one of the multitudes St. John describes "clothed in white robes and palms in their hands."

Hail thou bright, thou swift advancing, thou everlasting Palm Sunday of the skies! Victors over sin and sorrow and death and woe, from the hills and valleys of the heavenly Palestine they have plucked the long, broad, green leaves and all the ransomed—some in gates of pearl, and some on battlements of amethyst, and some on seas of gold, and some on seas of sapphire, they shall stand in numbers like the stars, in splendor like the morn, waving their palms!

The Burro is Not a Beauty.

The burro is not a pretty beast, but in the wild western plains he is sometimes very useful. The burros instinctively know where water is to be found, and if miners have been out a day or two without water, they are very liable to be deserted by their jacks, the animals breaking away and rushing off in the direction of the nearest pool. More than one party of prospectors or travelers has been saved from perishing of thirst by the instinct—or intelligence, or whatever else you please to call it—of the burros, for these animals, even if haltered, will smell the water when they cannot go to it, and give brays of joy at its proximity. If one of them is released when they exhibit these signs of enthusiasm, and his steps are followed, he will be sure to lead the travelers to the nearest water.—New Orleans Picayune.

The Skill and Knowledge

Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy, Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all druggists.

There are 208 students from North America at the Berlin (Germany) University.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

It often requires crooked work to get out of straitened circumstances.

Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives Strength, aids Digestion, tones the nerves—creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

"There goes a man to be trusted," said Jagson, as Dudeson entered the tailor shop.

Is it sensible? Is it reasonable? Is it economy to suffer yourself and worry others with a headache when Bradycrotine will relieve you in fifteen minutes? It costs only fifty cents a bottle, at drug stores.

The dexterous wrestler gets down to business when he drops on his friends.

For strengthening and clearing the voice, use "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."—I have commended them to friends who were public speakers, and they have proved extremely serviceable."—*Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.*

The leap-year girl might try him delicately with a little pop-corn.

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Rather risky

—the offer that's made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Risky for *them.* For *you,* if you have Catarrh, it's a certainty. You're certain to be cured of it, or to be paid $500. That's what they offer, and in good faith—they cure you, or pay you, no matter how bad your case, or of how long standing.

But—*is* it so much of, a risk? They have a medicine that cures Catarrh, not for a time, but for all time. They've watched it for years, curing the most hopeless cases. They know that in your case there's every chance of success, almost no chance of failure.

Wouldn't any one take such a risk with such a medicine?

The only question is—are you willing to make the test, if the makers are willing to take the risk?

If so, the rest is easy. You pay your druggist fifty cents and the trial begins.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

My little girl suffered for three years from a large Abscess on her hip, the result of a fall and dislocation. The Abscess was large, with six openings, all of which discharged puss. I was induced by friends to give her S. S. S., and by the time the fifth bottle was finished the Abscess was entirely healed, and the child was well and happy.—Mrs. J. A. WIEGNER, *Slatington, Pa.*

I had three little girls who were attacked with obstinate ECZEMA or Blood Trouble, which at first resembled heat, but soon grew to yellow blisters, some of them quite large. One of the children died from the effects of it, but we got Swift's Specific and gave to the other two, and they soon got well. S. S. S. forced out the poison promptly. The cure was wonderful.—J. D. RAINS, *Marthaville, La.*

S. S. S. has no equal for Children. It relieves the system promptly, and assists nature in developing the child's health. Our Treatise mailed free.

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Shortens Labor,
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CATARRH

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A bright, energetic man or woman wanted to take the **sole agency** for an article that is **needed in every home and indispensable in every office. SELLS AT SIGHT,** in town or country. **$700** in 90 days and a steady income afterward. A "Bonanza" for the right person. **Good jobs are scarce and soon taken.** *Write at once.*

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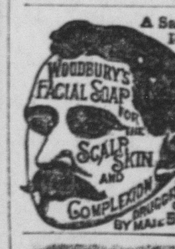

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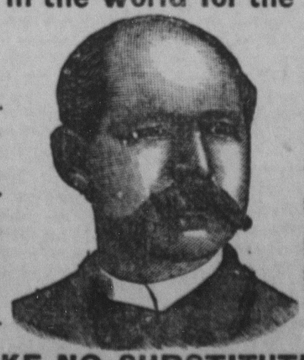

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