Noah Webster would not know his old dictionary in the perfection it has attained in the hands of modern scholars. The world grows, however, and dictionaries with it, so that a cheap reprint of the 45 years old "original" Webster is worth about as much as an old

Webster is worth about as much as an old almanae.

Webster's International Dictionaryis a revision of the latest and still copyrighted "unabridged," so thorough and complete as to constitute an essentially new book from cover to cover, and is the product of more than ten years of labor, by a numerous editorial staff, under the supervision of the late ex-President Noah Porter, of Yale University. The sum expended in its preparation before the first copy was printed exceeded a third of a million dollars. This new Dictionary is the best book of its kind in the English language. It unlocks mysteries, resolves doubts and decides disputes. The possession of it and the habit of consulting it will tend to promote knowledge, literary taste and social refinement. For every family, the members of which have mastered the art of reading, the purchase of Webster's International will prove a profitable investment, and the more they advance in knowledge and cultivation the more they will appreciate its aid and worth. The publishers, G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass., send a free pamphlet, containing specimen pages, upon application.

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

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We, the undersigned, have known F. J.
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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.

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LADIES needing a tonic, or -hildren who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Billousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and nure.

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What more can you ask? But don't get something that the dealer says is "just as good." It may be better for him, but it's pretty certain to be worse for you.



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

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Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not ben effect. Druggists will refund to you the price paid. At Bruggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size.

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Takes hold in this order:

Bowels, Liver. Kidneys. Inside Skin, Outside Skin.

Driving everything before it that ought to be out. You know whether you need it or not.

> DONALD KENNEDY, ROXBURY. MASS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

"The Greatest Name of All."

TEXT: "The name which is above every -Philippians ii., 9.

Paul is here making rapturous and en-thusiastic description of the name of Christ. There are merely worldly names that sometimes thrill you through and through. Such was the name of Henry Clay to a Kentuck-ian, the name of William Wirt to a Virginian, the name of Daniel Webster to a New Englander.

lieve that "there is nothing in a name;" and so parents sometimes at the baptismal altar gives titles to their children reckless of the fact that that title, that name, will be a life-time hindrance or a lifetime help. You have no right to give your child a name lacking either in euphony or moral mean-

ing.
It is a sin to call a child Jeholakim or Tiglath-pileser-or by anything that is disagreeable. Because you have had an exas-perating name yourself is no reason why you should inflict it upon your progeny. And yet how often it is that we see a name full of jargon rattling down from generation to generation simply because a long while ago some one happened to be afflicted with it. Institutions and great enterprises some times without sufficient deliberation take nomenclature. Mighty destinies have been decided by a name. While we may by a decided by a name. While we may by a long course of Christian behavior get over the misfortune of having been baptized with the name of a despot or a cheat, how much better it would have been if we could all started life without any such incum-

When Pau', in my text and in other pasof admiration for the name of Christ, I want to inquire what are the characteristics of that appel ation, "The name which is above every name." In the first place, speaking to you in regard to the name of Christ, I want to tell you it is an easy name. You are sometimes introduced to people with long and unpronounceable names, and you have to listen cautiously to get the names, and you have to hear them pronounced two or three times before you risk trying to utter them, but within the first two years the lit-tle child folds its hands and looks upward and says "Jesus.

Can it be that in all this church this morning there are representatives of any houseold where the children are familiar with the names of the father and mother and brother and sister, yet know nothing about "that name which is above every name?" Sometimes you forget the name of a quite familiar friend, and you have to think and think before you get it, but can you imagine any freak of intellect by which you should for-get the name of Jesus? That word seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. Down to old

When an aged father was dying one of the children came and said, "Father, do you know me?" and in the delirium of the last sickness he said, "No, I con't know you." Another child came and said, "Father, do you know me?" "No," he said, "I den't know you." "Father, do you know me?" "No," he said,
"I don't know you." Then the village pastor came in and said, "Dou you know me?"
He said, "No; I don't think I ever saw you."
Then said the minister, "Do you know Jesus?" "Oh, yes? said the dying man, "I know Jesus; Chief among ten thousand is He, and the One altogether lovely." Yes, for all ages and for all anguages and for all anguages." for all ages and for all languages, and for all conditions is an easy name.

Jesus, I love Thy charming name, "His music to my ear; Fain would I sound it out so load That heaven and earth might hear.

But I remark further in regard to this name of Christ, that it is a beauti ul name. Now you have noticed that you cannot disassociate a name from the character of the person who has it. There are some names, for instance, that are repulsive to my ear. Those names are attractive to your ear.
What is the difference? Why, I happened to know some persons of that name who were cross or sour, or queer or unsympathetic, and the persons you have happened to know of that name were kind and genial. Since, then, we cannot disassociate a name from the character of the person who has

from the character of the person who has the name, that consideration makes the name of Jesus unspeabably beautiful.

I cannot pronounce the name in your presence, but you think of Bethlehem and Gethsemane and Golgotha, and you see His loving face, and you near His tender voice, and you feel His gentle touch. As soon as I pronounce His name in your presence you think of Him who banqueted with heavenly hierarchs, yet came down and breakfasted on the fish which the rough man hauled out of Genesaret; you think of Him who, though the clouds are the dust of His feet, walked footsore on the road to Emmaus.

I cannot speak His name in your hearing this moring, but you think right away of the shining one who restored the centurion's daughter, and who helped the blind man to

daughter, and who helped the blind man to sunlight, and who made the cripple's crutch useless, and who looked down into the laugh-ing eyes of the babe until it struggled to go to Him; then, flinging His arms around it, and impressing a kiss upon its beautiful brow, said: "Of such is the kingdom of

one oven."

Oh, beautiful name, the name of Jesus, which stands for love, for patience, for self sacrifice, for magnanimity, for everything that is good and glorious and tender and sympathetic and kind! It is aromatic with all odors. It is accordant with all harmonies. Sometimes when I look at that name of Jesus Christ it seems as if the letters were made of tears, and then they seem to be gleaming crowns. Sometimes that name seems to be twisted out of the straw on which He lay, and then it seems to be built seems to be twisted out of the straw on which He lay, and then it seems to be built out of the thrones on which His people are to reign. Sometimes I sound that word Jesus, and I hear in it the sob of Gethsemane and the groan of Caivary, and then I speak His name and it is all a ripple with gladness and a ring with hosanna. Glorious name!

Take all the glories of bookbindery and the page and the ground the range on which that Take all the glories of bookbindery and put them around the page on which that name is printed. On Christmas morning wreathe it on the wall. Let it drip from harp's string and let it thunder out in organ's diapason. Sound it often, sound it well, until every star shall seem to shine it, and every flower shall seem to breathe it, and mountain and sea, and day and night, and earth and heaven acc'aim in full chant, "Blessed be His glorious name forever." "The name which is above every rame."

Have you ever heard in a Methodist church, during a time of revival, a score of souls come to the altar and cry out for mercy under the power of just two lines of glorious old John Wesley?

Jesu, the name high over all,

Jesus, the name high over all, In heaven, or earth, or sky.

In heaven, or earth, or sky.

To the repenting soul, to the exhausted invalid, to the Sunday-school girl, to the snow white octogenarian it is beautiful. The aged man comes in from a long walk, and he tremulously resens the door of his home, and he hangs his hat on the old nail, and he puts his cane in the usual place, and he lies on his couch, and he says to his children and his grandchildren, "My dears, I am going away from you." And they say, "Why, where are you going, grandfather?" "Oh," he says, "I am going to Jesus;" and so the old man faints away into heaven.

to give the parting kiss to her dying play-mate, "Well, then, if you are going to Jesus, give my love to Him." It is a beautiful name, whether on the lips of childhood or on the lips of the old man, When my father was dying the village minister said to him. conting over his rillow, this recessor. "This was dying the village minister said to him, quoting over his pillow this passage, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation—that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and there he stopped. Then my father finished the quotation by saying, "of whom I am chief."

But I remark again, in rezard to this name of Christ, that it is a mighty name. Rothschild is a name mighty in the com-

Rothschild is a name mighty in the com-mercial world, Silliman is a name mighty in the scientific world, Irving is a name mighty in the literary world, Washington is a name mighty in the political world, Wellington is a name mighty in the military world, but where in all the earth is a name so potent to life and their and their lift and thrill and arouse and rally and bless as the name Jesus? Why, the sound of that one name unhorsed Saul and threw Newton on his face on ship's deck, and that one name to-day, while I speak, holds a hundred million souls under ounnipotent spell. That name in England to-day means more than Victoria. In Germany that name to-day means more than Emperor William. On, mighty name!

mighty name! I have seen a man bound hand and foot of the devil and captive of all evil habits, at sound of that name dash down his shackles and march out forever free. I have seen a man overcome of misfortune and trial, every kind of trouble had he; but at the sound of that name the sea dropped, and the clouds parted, and the sunburst of eternal gladness poured upon his soul. I have seen a man hardened in infidelity, de-flant of God, full of jeer and scoff, jocose of the judgment day, reckless of eternity, at the sound of that name blanch and cower and groan and kneel and weep and repent and pray and believe and rejoics and tri-

Oh, it is a mighty name. Under its power the last temple of superstition will come down and the last Juggernaut of iniquity will be shattered to pieces. The red horse of carnage, spoken of in apocalyptic vision, and the black horse of death must come back on their haunches, while the wnite horse of victory goes forth mounted of Him who hath the moon under His feet and the stars of heaven for His tiars. Mighty name! It will make the whole earth tremble, and then it will make all the nations sing. Migaty

France had to give up some of her favorite provinces; Spain has lost a great deal of her power; many of the thrones of the world are being lowered; many of the scepters of the world are being shortened, but every tract distributor, every Bible printer, every Christian institution established spreads abroad the mighty name of Carist. It has already been heard under the Chinese wall, and in the Siberian snow castle, and in the Brazilian grows and in the fit the tongue in every dianct.

age, when the voice is tremulous and uncertain and indistinct, even then this regal

That name will swallow up an other than and indistinct, even then this regal

That crown will yet cover up all other crowns. That empire will yet compass all Brazilian grove and in the eastern pagola. That name will swallow up all other names.

All crimes shall cease and ancient frauds shall fall, Returning justice lift shoft her scale; Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend. And white-robed innocence from heaven descend.

But I remark again, taking a step forward in this subject, that the name of Christ is an enduring name. You get over the fence of the graveyard and you pull the weeds back from the name that has nearly faded from the tombstone, and you wish that Walter Scott's "Old Mortality" would come along and rechisel it so that you might really find out what the name is. Why, that was the name of the greatest man in all the town, in all the country, in all the State, now almost

And so the greatest names of this world either have perished or are perishing. Gregory VI., Sancho of Spain, Conrad I. of Germany, Richard I. of England, Catherine of Russia. Those names were once mighty, of Russia. Those names were once mighty, and they made the earth tremble. Who cares for them now? None so poor as to do them reverence. But the name of Christ is enduring forever. It will be preserved in the world's fine art. There will be other Bellinis to sketch the Madonns, and other Christopherics, to present the parties of Ghirlandasjos to present the baptism of Christ, and other Bronzinos to show Christ visiting the spirits in prison, and other Giottos to appai the vision with the Crucifixion. It will be preserved in the world's

literature.

There will be other Alexander Popes to write the "Messiah," and other Dr. Youngs to ceicorate His triumph, and other Cowpers to sing His love. It will be preserved and elaborate archipers to sing His love. It will be preserved in the world's grand and elaborate archithe world's grand and elaborate archi-tecture, and Protestanism shall yet have its St. Mark's and its St. Peter's. It shall be preserved in the world's literature, for there will be other Paleys to write the "Evidences will be other Paleys to write the "Evidences of Christianity." More than all, it will be embaimed in the hearts of all the good of earth and all the great ones of heaven. Shall the enancipated bondsman ever forget who set him free? Shall the blind man ever forget the Divine Physician who gave him sight? Shall the lost and wandering

ever forget who brought them home?
Why, to make the world forget that name would be to burn up all the Bibles and burn down all the courches, and then in the spirit of universal arson go through the gate of heaven and put the torch to all the temples and mansions and palaces until in the awful conflagration all heaven went down and the come out to look upon the charred but even then they would hear the name of Christ in the thunder of falling towers and in the crash of temple walls, and see it interwoven into the firing banners of flame, and the redeemed of heaven would say, "Let the temples an i the palaces burn; let them burn; we have Jesus left." Blessed be His glorious name forever. "The name

which is above every name.

be His glorious name forever. "The name which is above every name."

My friends, have you made up your mind by what name you will accost Christ when you see Him in heaven? Now that is a practical question. For you will see Him, child of Gou, just as certainly as you sit there and I stand here. By what name have you made up your mind to call Christ when you first meet Him in heaven? Wil you call Him "Anointed One," or "Messiah?" or will you take some one of the symbolic terms which you read in your Bible on earth—terms by which Christ was designated?

Some day perhaps you will be wandering among the gardens of God on high, the place abloom with eternal springtime, infinite luxury of lily an't rose and amarath, and perhaps you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, Thou art the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." Sometime there will be a new soul come into heaven to take its place in the firmament and shine as the stars forever and ever, and the luster of a useful life will shine forth trenulous and beautiful, and you will look up into the face of Christ and say, "My Lord, Thou art a brighter star, the Morning Star, the Star of Jacob, the Star of the Redeemer."

Some day you will be walking among the

To the repenting soul, to the exhausted invalid, to the Sunday-school girl, to the snow white octogenarian it is beautiful. The aged man comes in from a long walk, and he tremulously cyens the door of his home, and he hangs his hat on the old nail, and he puts his cane in the usual place, and he lies on his couch, and he says to his children and his grandchildren, "My dears, I am going away irom you." And they say, "Why, where are you going, grandfather?" "Oh," ne says, "I am going to Jesus," and so the old man faints away into heaven.

And the little child comes in from play and she flings herself in your lap, and she says, "Mamma, I'm so sick, I'm so very sick," and you put her to bed, and the fever is worse and worse, and some midnight, while you are shaking up the pillow and glving the medicine, she looks up in your face and says, "Mamma, I'm going away from you." You say, "Why, where are you going, my darling?" And she says, "I am going to Jesus." And the red cheek that you take to be the mark of the fever turns out to be only the carnation bloom of heaven.

Oh. was it not beautiful when a little

child hear! that her playmate was dying, and she went to the house, and she clambered upon the bed 'of her dying playmate. "Where are you going to?" and the dying girl said, "I'm going to Jesus." Then said the little girl that was well as she bent over to give the parting kiss to her dying playmate. "Well then if you are coing to Jesus." And then you will look up, gradue. "Well then if you are coing to Jesus." And then you will look up, gradue. noon. And then you will look up, gradually accustoming your vision to the sight, shading your eyes at the first lest they be extinguished with the insufferable splendor, until after awhile you can look upon the full irra liation, and you will cry out, "My Lord, my Lord, Thou art the Sun that Never

But at this point I am staggere I with the thought that there may be persons in this house for whom this name has no charm, though it is so easy, though it is so ful, though it is so potent, though it is so enduring. Ob, come to-day and see whether there is anything in Christ! I challenge you to test with me this morning whether Gollis good, and whether Christ is precious, and

whether the Holy Ghost is omnipotent.
Come, my brother, I challenge you.
Come, and we will kneel at the altar of
mercy. You kneel on the one side of the altar and I will kneel on the other side of the altar of mercy, and we will not get up from our knees until our sins are pardoned and we are able to ascribe all honor to the nameyou pronouncing it and I pronouncing it"the name which is above every name."

His worth if all the nations knew. Sure the whole earth would love him too.

I pray God that He may move upon this I pray God that He may move upon this assemblage now, that we may see Him walking through all these aisles, that the Holy Spirit may spread His wings over this auditory. Now is your time for heaven. Oh, my friends! meeting once, perhaps never again until the books are opened, what shall we say of this morning's service? Have I told you the whole truth? Have you listened to the whole truth? Now is were time for to the whole truth? Now is your time for heaven. Come into the kingdom. If you never had an invitation before, I give it to you now.

I do not ask what your sin has been o what your wandering. That is not pertinent to the question. The only thing is whether you want Christ. Come in the farthest off. Come, the nearest by. "Where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound." Is there in all this august assemblage a man who feels he is too wicked to You are mistaken. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation.

O ye who are young, come now! It is no gloomy religion that I preach. It will take no lustre from your eye. It will take no color from your chees. It will take no spring from your step. I know what I am talking about. I have felt the consolation of this grace in my own heart. It is not a theory with me. I know in whom I believe, and He has been so good a friend to me, have a right this morning to commend His

have a right this morning to commend His friendship to all the people.

Oh, come into the kingdom! Do not say you are too bad. "Let the wicke! forsake his way and the unrightsous man his thoughts." "Look unto Me, ail ye ends of the earth." How is He going to do—drive you into the king iom? He will not do it. If you get in at all it will be because you are drawn in by His love. What does He say? "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth." He was lifted up. What for? To drive? No! lifted up to draw. Oh, come now, come now into the kingdom of our come now into the kingdom of our

Lord Jesus! You have heard of that warrior of ancient times who went into battle against Christ. He hated Christ and he went into battle fighting Christ, but in the battle he got wounded, he was struck by the arrow and fell, and as he lay with his face up to the sun and the life blood was oozing away, he out his hand to his heart and took a handful of blood from the wound and held it up the sun and cried out, "Ob, Jesus! Thou hast

And if to-ley, my hearer, struck through by the arrow of God's gracious Spirit, you realize the truth of what I have been saying, you would surrender yourself to the Lord who bought you, you would be longer battle against Christ's mercy. Lord conquered," Glorious Jesus, Thou hast conquered." Glorious name. I know not what you will do with it: but I will tell you one thing before I stop—I must tell it. I will tell you one thing here and now, that I take Him to be my Lord, my God, my pardon, my peace, my comfort, my salvation, my neaven. Blessed comfort, my salvation, my neaven. Blessed be His glorious name forever. "The name which is above every name."

Longfellow's First Poem.

The following has long been accepted as a true account of how Longfellow's precocious poeticability was discovered: When the great poet was nine years old, and attended school, his teacher one day asked him to write a composition. Little Henry, like most all school boys, shrank from the undertaking.

His teacher said: "You can write words, can you not?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Then you can put words together?" "Yes, sir."

"Then," said the master, "you may take your slate and go out of doors, and there you can find something to write about, and then you can tell what it is, what it is for, and what is to be done with it, and that will be a composition."

Henry took his slate and went out, He went behind Mr. Finney's barn, which chanced to stand near, and seeing a fine turnip growing up, he thought he knew what it was, what it was for, and

what would be done with it. A half hour had been allowed Henry for his first undertaking in writing a composition. In a half hour he carried in his work all accomplished neatly, and his teacher is said to have been affected almost to tears when he saw what the boy had done in so short a time. The composition had been written in a poetic form, and was as follows:

Mr. Finney had a turnip, And it grew, and it grew. And it grew behind the barn, And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew, Till it could grow no taller: Then Mr. Finney took it up And put it in the cellar.

Till it began to rot; When his daughter Susie wasted It And put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it, As long as she was able; Then his daughter Lizzie took it And put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife Both sat down to sup; And they ate, and they ate, Until they ate the turnip up.

Horse Running Forty Miles an Hour! Few horses have made a mile dash in less than 1:40; Salvator, in 1890, I believe, made it in 1:351, which is some-thing truly wonderful. Let us analyze these figures: To begin with, it is nearly forty miles an hour—a speed averaged by few railway trains. There are 5280 feet in a mile, so that for every one of the ninety-five seconds he was in making that mile he had to get over fifty-five and three-tenths feet of ground. Just think of the wonderful speed he was moving at-a half a hundred feet for each beat of a man's pulse! -St. Louis

Pleasures of Memory.

brings up the pleasures of the past and hides its unpleasantness: You recall your child-hood days, do you not, and wish they would return? You remember the pleasant associreturn? ations, while the unpleasant ones are forgotten. Perhaps to your mind comes the sace ten. Perhaps to your mind comes the face of some friend. It was once a pale, sad face. It showed marks of pain, lines of care. It seemed to be looking into the hereafter, the unknown future. And then you recall how it brightened, how it recovered its rosy hue, how it became a picture of happiness an i joy. Do you remember these things? Many people do, and gladly tell how the health returned how happiness came back, how the world seemed bright. They tell how they were once weak, nerveless, perhaps in pain, certainly unhappy. They tell of sleepless nights, restless days, untouched foot, unstrung nerves. And then they tell how they became happy, healthy and strong once more. You have heard it often in the past have you not? You have heard people describe how they were cured and kept in health? You certainly can remember what it is that has helped people in America. I not, listen to what Mrs. Annie Jenness Miller, who is known universally as the great dress reformer, says: "Six years ago, when suffering from mental care and overwork, I received the most pronounced benefit from the use of that great medicine, Warner's Safe Cure." Ab, now you remember. Now you recall how many people you have heard say this same thing. Now you recollect how much you have heard of this great Cure. Now you are ready to admit that memory is usually pleasing, that the highest pleasure comes from perfect health, and that this great remedy has done more to produce and prolong health than any other discovery ver known in the entire history of the

The only way to get a hen out of the garden is to go slow but shoo'er.

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The flour mission-To make good bread.

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A well-fitted shoe is faithful to the last,

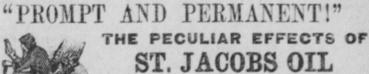
What a blessed thing is memory! How it



Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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RHEUMATISM.—Jan. 17, 1883, GEORGE C. OSGOOD & CO., Druggists, Lowell, Mass., wrote: "MR. LEWIS DENNIS, 136 Moody St., desires to say that ORRIN ROBINSON, a boy of Graniteville, Mass., came to his house in 1881, walking on crutches; his leg was bent at the knee for two months. Mr. Dennis gave him St. Jacobs Oil to rub it. In six days he had no use for his crutches and went home cured

Lowell, Mass., July 9, '87: "The cripple boy ORRIN ROBINSON, cured by St. Jacobs Oil in 1881, has remained cured. The young man has been and is now at work every day at manual labor." DR. GEORGE C. OSGOOD.

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HERMAN SCHWAYGEL.



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