A committee of the French Academy has recently investigated the latest of mathematical prodigies, Jacques Inaudi by name, and a writer in the Revue des Deux Mondes offers an interesting account of the base. Inaudi, who is now 25 years old, is of poor family, and his childbood was spent in taking care of heep. His extraordinary mathematical genius showed itself when he was 6 years old. His older brother had taught him to count, but so far as is known did not teach him the multiplication table. At that time neither of the boys could read. Within a year Jacques could multiply in his head numbers containing ave figures each.

The older brother soon left home an a barrel-organ trip, and Jacques accompanied him, to collect the penses and exhibit his skill at figures. Not long afterward a showman enraged him, and he made his first appearance in Paris.

His wonderful performances are in addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, and the extraction of roots. When a problem is given to him he listens, repeats it, says, "I begin," falls to muttering rapidly to himself, and presently says, "I am done," and

announces the result.

While he is engaged in the calculation nothing disturbs him, and he will answer questions and even carry on conversation during the processthat is to say, while he is multiplying in his head eight figures by eight figures, or reckoning the number of seconds in a given term of years, months, days, and hours! In the same way he will add in a few secpnds seven numbers of eight or ten figures each, or extract the sixth or seventh root.

M. Binet, the writer of the Revue article, believes that the case furnishes strong confirmation of the theory of "partial memories"-memories, that is, for particular classes of objects. Inaudi will repeat after you twenty-five figures, while an ordinary man could not repeat more than from seven to ten. If letters are given to Inaudi, however, he cannot repeat more than seven or eight. It is believed further that his case Indicates the fact that there is such a thing as an "auditive" as well as a "visualizing" memory. Most mathematical prodigies have professed to see, mentally, the figures with which they had to do, while Inaudi invariably declares that he does not see, but hears them. This goes with his habit of whispering or muttering to himself during the operations, and it has been noticed that if he tries not to whisper he is much longer in reaching his result.

At some time since he was 13 years old Inaudi has learned to read and write, but even now, we are told, his education in many respects is only

Have You Asthma? Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., will mall a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure free to any sufferer. Gives instant relief in worst cases, and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address.

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Mr. David M. Jordan Colorless, Emaciated, Helpless A Complete Cure by HOOD'S SARSA-PARILLA.

This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y. "Fourteen years ago I had an attack of the gravel, and have since been troubled with my

Liver and Kidneys gradually growing worse. Three years ago I got down so low that I could scarcely walk. I looked more like a corpse that a living being. I had no appetite and for 5 weeks I ate nothing but gruel. I was badly emaciated and had no more color than a marble statue. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended and I thought I would try it. Before I had finished the first bottle i noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the inflammation of the bladder had subsided, the color began to return to my face, and I began to feel hungry. After I had taken 3 bottles I cold eat anything without hurting me. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well. D. M. Jordan. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, as-

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My acquaintance with Boschee's German Syrup was made about fourteen years ago. I contracted a cold which resulted in a hoarseness and cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sab-baths. After trying a physician, without obtaining relief I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received quick and permanent help. I never hesitate to tell my experience. Rev. W. H. Haggerty, Martinsville, N.J.

REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Golden Calf."

TEXT: "And he took the calf which they had made and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder and strewed it upon the water and made the children of Israel drink of it."—Exodus xxxii., 20.

People will have a God of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their gold-en carrings, the men as well as the women. en earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there were masculine as well as feminine decorations. Where did they get these beautiful gold earrings, coming up as they did from the desert? Oh, they "oorrowed" them from the Ezyptians when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glitterings beauty. "Any more earrings to bring?" says Aaron. None. Fire is kindled, the earrings are melted and poured into a mold, not of an eagle or a war charger, but of a calf; the gold cools off, the mold is taken away, and the idol is set upon its four legs.

the idol is set upon its four legs.

An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms calf. Then the people throw up their arms and gyrate and shriek and dance mightily and worship. Moses has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes back and hears Mount Sinai, and he comes back and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces. When a man gets mad he fivery apt to treak all the Ten Commandments.

Moses realess in and he takes this calf.

Ten Commandments.

Moses rushes in, and he takes this calf god and throws it into a hot fire until it is melted all gut of shape, and then pulverizes it—not by the modern appliance of nitromuriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of niter, or by the old fassioned file. He makes for the people a most nauseating draft. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it into the only brook which is accessible and the nearly are compalled to accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of that brook or not drink at all. But they did not drink all the glittering stuff thrown on the surface. Some of it flows on down the surface of the brook to the river, and then flows on down the river to the sea, and the sea takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and when the tides set back the re-mains of this golden calf are carried up into the Hudson and the East River, and the Thames and the Clyde and the Tiber, and men go out and they skim the glittering surface, and they bring it ashore, and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden earrings to augment the pile, and in the fires of financial excitement and struggle all these these things are melted together, and while we stand looking and wondering what will come of it, lo! we find that the golden calf of Israelitish worship has become the golden calf of European and American worship.

I shall describe to you the god spoken of in the text, his temple, his altar of sacrifice, the music that is made in his temple, and then the final breaking up of the whole congregation of idolaters. men go out and they skim the glittering sur-

congregation of idolaters.

Put aside this curtain and you see the Fut aside this curtain and you see the golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not like other idols, made out of stocks or stones, but it has an ear so sensitive that it can hear the whispers on Wall street and Third street and State street, and the footfalls in the Bank of England, and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the Bourse. It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan wheat, and the in-

sect in the Maryland peach orchard, and the sect in the Maryland peach orchard, and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Rustian was charger.

It is so mighty that it swings any way it will the world's shipping. It has its foot on all the merchantmen and the steamers. It all the merchantmen and the steamers. It started the American civil war, and under God stopped it, and it decided the Turko-Russian contest. One broker in September, 1869, in New York, shouted, "One hundred and sixty for a million?" and the whole continent shivered. This golden call of the text has its right front foot in New York, its left front foot in Chicago, its right back foot in Charleston, its left back foot in New Oreans, and when it shakes itself it shakes the world. Oh, this is a mighty god-the golden

calf of the world's worship!

But every god must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul's of the English, and St. Peter's of the Italians, and English, and St. Peter's of the Italians, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindoos, and all the other cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed riches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its floors are tessellated gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold, and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, and its stops pulled out are flashing gold, while standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold.

gold.

Further, every god must have not only its temple, but its altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone, as other altars, but out of counting room desks and fireproof safes, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrificed on it are, innumerable. What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it! With cold, metallic eye it looks on and yet lets them suffer. Oh, heaven and earth, what an altar! What a sacrifice of body mind and soul! The above lets the sacrifice of the sacrification of the sacrificat

body, mind and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on this sacrificed altar. They cannot sleep, and they take caloral and morphine and intoxicants.

Some of them struggle in a nightmare of stocks, and at 1 octock in the morning suddenly rise up shouting: "A thousand shares of railroad stock—one hundred and eight and a half, take it!" until the whole family is affrighted and the speculators fall back and a half, take it? until the whole family is affrighted, and the speculators fall back on their pillows and sleep until they are awakened again by a "corner" or a sudden "rise" in something else. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone—they die. The clergyman comes in and reads the funeral service: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Mistake. They do not "die in the Lord."—the golden calf kicked them!

them!

The trouble is when men sacrifice themselves on this after suggested in the text they not only sacrifice themselves, but they sacrifice their families. If a man by an ill course is determined to go to perdition, I suppose you will have to let him go; but he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenues, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun, and the golden headgear of the harness gleams, until Black Calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them, and shouts to the luxurious occupants of the equipage, "Get out?" They get out. They get down. That husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up again. There was the mark on them for life—the mark of a split hoof—the death dealing hoof of the golden calf.

calf.

Solomon offered in one sacrifice, on one occasion, twenty-two thousand oxen and one hundred and twenty thousand sheep; but that was a tame sacrifice compared with the multitude of men who are sacrificing themselves on this altar of the golden calf, and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of General Havelock in India walked literally ankle deep in the blood of the "house of massacre," where two hundred women and children had been slain by the Sepoys; but the blood around about this altar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the lip. Great God of heaven and earth, have mercy! The golden calf has none.

selves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches; it is made of clinking silver and clinking gold and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shops and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate, while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years of iniquity have been doubly damned. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made. Chorus of voices wailing over what they have lost.

The temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking alter of sacrifice, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees, and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while death stands with moldy and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus—"More! more! more!"

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of folk on the Stock Exchange, Indeed it is a scene sometimes that para-lyzes description, and is beyond the imagination of any one who has never looked in.
What snapping of finger and thumb and
wildest gesticulation, and raving like hyenas,
and stamping like buffaloes, and swaying
to and fro, and running one upon another, to and fro, and running one upon another, and deafening uproar until the President of the exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying, "Order! order!" And the astonished spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from pandemonium. What does it all mean? I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut themselves to pieces and yell and gyrate. This vociferation and gyration of the Stock exchange is all appropriate. This is the wor-

vociferation and gyration of the Stock exchange is all appropriate. This is the worship of the golden caif.

But my text suggests that this worship must be broken up, as the behavior of Moses in my text indicated. There are those who say that this golden calf spoken of in my text was hollow, and merely plated with gold: otherwise, they say, Moses could not have carried it. I do not know that, but somehow, pernaps by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden calf, which is an insult to God and man, and throws it into the fire, and it is melted, and then it comes out and is cooled off, and by some chemical appliance, or by an old fashioned file, it is pulverized, and it is thrown into the brook, and as a punishment the people

the brook, and as a punishment the people are compelled to drink the nauseating stud. So, my hearers, you may depend upon it that God will burn and He will grin! to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and He will compatible the product of the students. and He will compel the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be so on the last day. I know not where the fire will begin, whether at the Battery or Central Park, whether at Brooklyn Bridge or at Bushwick, whether at Shoreditch, London or West End, but it will be a very hot blazs. All the Government securities of the United States and Great Britain will curl up in the first blast. All the money, safes and depositing vaults will melt under the first touch. The sea will burn like tinder, and the snipping will be abandoned forever. The melted gold in the broker's window will burst through the melted window glass and into the street, but the flying population will not

stop to scoop it up.

The cry of "Fire" from the mountain will be answered by the cry of "Fire" in the plain. The conflagration will burn out from the continent toward the sea, and then burn in from the sea toward the land. New York and London with one cut of the red scythe of destruction will go down. Twenty-five thousand miles of conflagration! The earth will wrap itself round and round in shrouis of flame and lie down to perish. What then will become of your golden calf? Who then so poor as to worship it? Melted or between the upper and the nether millstone of falling mountains ground to powder. Dagon down. Moloch down. Juggernaut down. Golden

But, my friends, every day is a day of judgment, and God is all the time grinding to pieces the golden calf. Merchants of ooklyn and New York and London, what Brooklyn and New York and London, what is the characteristic of this time in which we live? "Bad," you say. Professional men, what is the characteristic of the times in which we live? "Bad," you say. Though I should be in a minority of one, I venture the opinion that these are the best times we have had, for the reason that God is teaching the world as never before that old fashioned honesty is the only thing that will stand. We have learned as never hefore that foregries will not ray. never before that forgeries will not pay; that the spending of fifty thousand dollars on country seats and a palatial city resi-dence, when there are only thirty thousand dollars income, will not pay; that the ap-

propriation of trust funds to our own private speculation will not pay.

We had a great national tumor in the shape of fictitious prosperity. We called it national enlargement. Instead of calling it enlargement we might better have called it a swelling. It has been a tumor, and God is cutting it out—has cut it out—and the nation will get well and will come hash to nation will get well and will come back to the principles of our fathers and grand-fathers, when twice three made six instead of sixty, and when the apples at the bottom of the barrel were just as good as the apples on the top of the barrel, and a silk hand-

on the top of the barrel, and a silk handkerchief was not half cotton, and a man who
wore a five dollar coat paid for was more
honored than a man who wore a fifty dollar
coat not paid for.

The golden calf of our day, like the one of
the text, is very apt to be made out of borrowed gold. These Israelites of the text
borrowed the earrings of the Egyptians
and then meited them into a god. That
is the way the golden calf is made nowadays.

A great many housekeepers, not pay-A great many housekeepers, not paying for the articles they get, borrow of the grocer, and the baker, and the butcher, and the dry goods seller. Then the retailer borrows of the wholesale dealer.

Then the wholesale dealer borrows of the series of the se capitalist, and we borrow and borrow and borrow until the community is divided into two classes—those who borrow and those who are borrowed of—and after awhile the

who are borrowed of—and after awhile the capitalist wants his money and he rushes upon the wholesale dealer, and the wholesale dealer wants his money and he rushes upon the retailer, and the retailer wants his money and he rushes upon the retailer, and the retailer wants his money and he rushes upon the consumer, and we all go down together.

There is many a man in this day who rides in a carriage and owes the blacksmith for the tire, and the wheelwright for the wheel, and the trimmer for the curtain, and the driver for unpaid wages, and the harness maker for the bridle, and the furrier for the robe, while from the tip of the carriage tongue clear back to the tip of the shawi fluttering out of the back of the vehicle everything is paid for by notes that have been three times renewed.

It is this temptation to borrow and bor-

everything is paid for by notes that have been three times renewed.

It is this temptation to borrow and borrow and borrow that keeps the people everlastingly praying to the golden calf for help, and just at the minute they expect the help the golden calf treads on them. The judgments of God, like Moses in the text, will rush in and break up this worship; and I say, let the work go on until every man shall learn to speak truth with his neighbor, and those who make engagements shall feel themselves bound to keep them, and when a man who will not repeat of his business iniquity, but goes on wishing to satiate his canaibal appetite by devouring widows' houses, shall by the law of the land be compelled to exchange his mansion for Sing Sing. Let the golden calf perish!

But, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we come to die we will see our idol demolished. How much of this world are you going to take with you into the next? Will you have two pockets—one in each side of your shroud? Will you cushion your ceffin with bonds and mortgages and certificates of stock? Ah, no! The ferryboat that crosses this Jardan takes no baggage—nothing heavier than a spirit. You may perhaps take five hundred dollars with you two or three miles, in the shape of funeral trappings, to Greenwood, but you will have to leave them there. It would not be safe for you to lie down there with a gold watch or a diamond ring, it would be a temptation to the pillagers.

Ah, my friends, if we have made this world our god, when we die we will see our idol ground to pieces by our pillow, and we will have to drink it in bitter regrets for the wasted opportunities of a lifetime. Soon we

will be gone. Oh, this is a fleeting world; it is a dying world! A man who had worshiped it all his days, in his dying moment described himself when he said, "Foots foo!"

oir.

I want you to change temples, and to give up the worship of this unsatisfying and cruel god for the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never crumble. Here are securities that will never fail. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all. Here is a Gost who will com fort you when you are in trouble, and sooths you when you are sick, and save you when

when your parents have breathed their last, and the old, wrinkied and trembling hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing. He will be to you father and mother both, giving you the defense of the one and the comfort of the other, and when your children go away from yon, the sweet darlings, you will not kiss them good by forever. He only wants to hold them for you a little waile. He will give them back to you again, and He will have them all waiting for you at the gates of eternal

Oh, what a God He is! He will allow you to co ne so close this morning that you can put your arms around His neck, while He in response will put His arms around your neck, and all the windows of heaven will be hoisted to let the redeemed look out and see the spectacle of a rejoicing father and re-turned prodigal locked in glorious embrace. Quit worshiping the golden calf, and bow this day before Him in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes and the scorched parchment of the sky shall be rolled together like an historic

A FEAST IN ZULULAND.

The Killing of the Cattle for the Occasion an Exciting Event.

A dozen magnificent long-horned cattle were run into the kraal, and seven stalwart warriors followed them in, assagais in hand. Crowding the cattle in a bunch against the wall, meach warrior singled out a victim, and with a mighty thrust plunged the keen, bright blade into the animal's heart. Generally speaking, the one swift, sure blow was sufficient, but in two or three cases the stricken animals avoided the death thrust, and, goaded to madness by the deep wound, made matters exceedingly lively for the Zulus for the next few minutes, chasing them frantically about the kraal until some wellhurled assegai brought them to earth. One big steer, horned like a Texan, kept his feet and fought till a dozen assegai blades were hurled buried in his body, and in his blind rushing he knocked over a couple of men, and ripped one very badly up the thigh.

The whole affair was as exciting as a Spanish bull-fight. When they were all killed the crowd, who had been enjoying the fun from the kraal' wall, hopped into the arena and assisted in the work of skinning and cutting up. As many as could get around an animal assisted, and one could scarce imagine a more barbarous spectacle than a horde of Zulus' skinning and dissecting a dozen cows The blood was allowed to remain in the flesh, and men, women and children were seen carrying off huge pieces of red, quivering flesh, slung over their shoulders, with the blood trickling down their sleek, dark skins to their heels. Children besmeared their faces and bodies for fun, and about each carcass a group of tall, black warriors hacked and slashed, like the savages they were. While the women boiled the beef in big iron kettles obtained from Natal, the warriors engaged in a big dance.

You can never quite catch the spirit of a Zulu dance by merely hearing it described, any more than you can realize the exhilaration of wine without trying it. The warriors turned out about 300 strong on this occasion, and the dance took place on a level bit of ground outside the kraal. The whole community was gathered in a black mass, squatting in irregular ranks on the grass to see the dance. After the beeves had all been cut up, the warriors retired to their huts. Then very shortly they came straggling out again, one by one, the blood washed off and their bodies decorated with arl the gewgaws of war. Many wore kilts of Zanzibar cat-talls or the tails of wolves and foxes, and round their calves and biceps were ornaments of bead and of leopard skin. On each warrior's head was a discus of black mimosa gum, polished until it looked like a circle of jet. With ox-hide shields and bright assegais they trooped into the kraal until all were assembled.

Then, forming into ranks as natural as a company of grenadiers, they marched out into the dancing ground, singing a strange, weird chant in accompaniment to the rattle of assegai on shield and measured tramp of feet. One could see at a glance now that every Zulu is a warrior born. Here they were, the veriest savages to all intent, naked as animals, vet playing soldier with a bearing and precision of movement that European troops, with all their scientific training, could hardly hope to beat. Forward they stepped, then filing off into semi-circle, two deep, they stood, proud and erect, the most splendid specimens of martial manhood I ever saw, their black eyes glistening with suppressed fire, their chests heaving and muscles twitching in anticipation of the signal to begin. For a minute they stood there, every foot in the crescent keeping time, and every assegai softly tapping time against the shield to a low, buzzing melody. -Boston Bulletin.

A Walking Engine. A New York genius has evolved a

curious kind of a traction engine that has both wheels and legs. The end of the machine to which the six legs are attached is supposed to be the rear of the engine. The legs are operated by eccentrics and they work in pairs. The feet are shod with blocks of rubber to enable them to take hold of the ground. The originator of this novel species of draft animals confidently asserts that it will ge astern as well as ahead, and will climb any hill less steep than a

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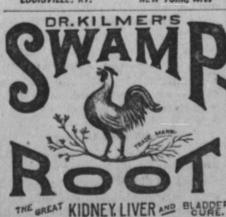


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