RAM'S HORN BLASTS.



MANY people think nothing can be wrong that pays well.

THE back seat professor wants a front seat at the circus.

THE man who lives a lie, does it. with a sword over his head.

ONLY those can sing in the dark, who have light in the heart.

THE devil is afraid of the man who can praise God in the dark.

A WISE man can see more with one eye than a fool can with two.

FAITH in God always makes a man try to do something for himself. THE favorite employment of a con-

ceited man is to brag on himself. IF we keep close to Christ, we will

never find any weight in his yoke. Don'T go security for the man who lets his gate swing on one hinge.

THE fish that get away are the ones that always look the biggest.

The True Laxative Principle

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed. you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

The Royal Palmoral ta tan, which was designed by the Prince Consort, is manufac-tured only for the Queen of England.

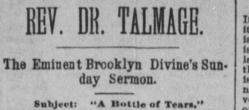
Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

Contain Mercury. as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable phy-icians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh 'ure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toleido, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood an I mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure toget the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Te-timonials free.

Mrs. L. W. H II, of Butt des Mortes, Wis., has a rockin ' chair known to be 185 years old, and still in good condition.

Many persons are broken down from ever-work or household cares. Brown's Iron Bit-ters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, re-moves excess of bile, and cures malaria. A splendid tonic for women and children.

The Sultan of Turkey has the richest col ection of gems and regalia in the world.



TEXT: "Put thou my tears into thy bottle."-Psalms lvl., 8.

Hardly a mail has come to me for twenty years that has not contained letters saying that my sermons have comforted the writers of those letters. I have not this summ for twenty years spoken on the platform of any outdoor meeting but coming down I have been told by hundreds of people the same thing. So I think I will keep on trying to be a "son of consolation."

The prayer of my text was pressed out of David's soul by innumerable calamities, but David's soul by innumerable calamities, but it is just as appropriate for the distressed of all ages. Within the past century travelers and antiquarians have explored the ruins of many of the ancient cities, and from the very heart of those buried splendors of other days have been brought up evidences of customs that long ago vanished from the world. From among tombs of those ages have been brought up lachrymatories, or lachrymals, which are vials made of earthenware. It was the custom for the ancients to catch the tears that they wept over their dead in a bot-tle, and to place that bottle in the graves of tle, and to place that bottle in the graves of the departed, and we have many specimens of the ancient lachrymatories, or tear bottles, in our musuems.

When on the way from the Holy Land our ship touched at Cyprus, we went back into the hills of that island and bought tear botties which the natives had dug out of the ruins of the old city. There is nothing more suggestive to me than the tear bottles which I brought home and put among my curiosi-ties. That was the kind of bottle that my text alludes to when David cries, "Put thou my tears into thy bottle.

The text intimates that God has an intimate acquaintance and perpetual remem-brance of allour griefs, and a vial, or lachrymatory, or bottle, in which He catches and saves our tears, and I bring to you the condolence of this Christian sentiment. Why talk about grief? Alas, the world has its pangs, and now, while I speak, there are thick darknesses of soul that need to be litted. There are many who are about to break under the assault of temptation, and perchance, if no words appropriate to their case be uttered, they perish. I come on no fool's errand. Put upon your wounds no salve compounded by human quackery; but, pressing straight to the mark, I hall you as a verse indicase cries to a constant or it. vessel midsea cries to a passing craft, "Ship aboy!" and invite you on board a vessel which has faith for a rudder, and prayer for sails, and Christ for captain, and heavon for an entropy between leaven for an eternal harbor.

Catherine Rheinfeldt, a Prussian, keeps a boat with which she rescues the drowning. When a storm comes on the coast, and other people go to their beds to rest, she puts out in her boat for the relief of the distressed, and hundreds of the drowning has she brought safely to the beach. In this lifeboat of the Gospel I put out to-day, hoping, by God's help, to bring ashore at least one soul that may now be sinking in the biliows of temptation and trouble. The tears that were once caught in the lachrymatories brought up from Herculaneum and Pompeli are all gone, and the bottle is as dry as the scoria of the volcano that submerged them, but not so with the bottle in which God gathers all our tears.

First, I remark that God keeps perpetually the tears of repentance. Many a man has awakened in the morning so wretched from a night's debauch that he has sobbed and wept. Pains in the head, aching in the eyes, sick at heart and unfit to step into the light. He grieves, not about his misdoing, but only about its consequences. God makes no record of such weeping. Of all the million tears that have gushed as the result of such mis-demeanor, not one ever got into God's bottle. They dried on the fevered cheek or were dashed down by the bloated hand or fell into the red wine cup as it came again to the lips, foaming with still worse intoxica-But when a man is sorry for his past and but when a man is sorry for his past and tries to do better—when he mourns his wasted advantages and bemoans his rejection of God's mercy, and cries amid the lacerations of an aroused conscience for help out of his terrible predicament, then God listens; then heaven bows down ; then scepters of pardon are extended from the throne ; then his crying rends the heart of heavenly compassion ; then his tears are caught in God's bottle. Oh, when I see the heavenly Shepherd bringing a lamb from the wilderness ; when I hear the quick tread of the prodigal hastening home to find his father ; when I see a sailor boy coming on the wharf and hurrying away to beg his mother's pardon for long neglect and unkindness; when I see the houseless coming to God for shelter, and the wretched, and the vile, and the sin burned, and the passion blasted appending for mercy to a compassionate God, I exclaim in ecstasy to a compassionate God, I exclaim in ecstaay and triumph: "More tears for God's bottle !" Again, God keeps a tender remembrance of all your sicknesses. How many of you are thoroughly sound in body? Not one out of ten I I do not exaggerate. The vast majority of the race are constant subjects of allments. There is some one form of disease that you There is some one form of disease that you are particularly subject to. You have a weak side or back or are subject to headaches or faintnesses or lungs easily distressed. It would not take a very strong blow to shiver the golden bowl of life or break the pitcher at the fountain. Many of you have kept on in life through sheer force of will. You think no one can understand your distresses. Perhaps you look strong, and it is supposed that you are a hypochondriac. They say you are nervous—as if that were nothing! God have mercy upon any man or woman that is nervous ! that is nervous! At times you sit alone in your room. Friends do not come. You feel an inde-scribable lonliness in your sufferings, but God knows; God feels; God compassion-ates. He counts the sleepless nights. He regards the acuteness of the pain. He estimates the hardness of the prathing. estimates the hardness of the breathing. While you pour out the medicine from the bottle and count out the drops, God counts all your falling tears. As you look at the viais filled with nauseous drafts and at the bottles of distasteful tonic that stand on the shelf, remember that there is a larger bottle than these, which is filled with no mixture by earthly anothere is a larger bottle in earthly apothecaries, but it is God's bottle, in which he hath gathered all our tears. Again, God remembers all the sorrows of poverty. There is much want that never comes poverty. There is much want that never comes to inspection. The deacons of the church never see it. The comptrollers of the alms-houses never report it. It comes not to church, for it has no appropriate apparel. It makes no appeal for help, but chooses rather to suffer than expose its bitterness. Fathers who fail to gain a livelihood, so that they and their children submit to constant perivation ; seving women who cannot all privation ; sewing women, who cannot ply the needle quick enough to earn them shei-ter and bread. the needle quick enough to earn them shel-ter and bread. But whether reported or uncomplaining, whether in seemingly comfortable parlor, or in damp cellar, or in hot garret, God'sangels of mercy are on the watch. This moment those griefs are being collected. Down on the back streets, in all the alleys, amid shan-ties and log cabins, the work goes on. Tears of want—seething in summer's heat or freed-ing in winter's cold—they fall not unbeeded. They are jewels for heaven's casket. They are pledges of divine sympathy. They are tears for God's bottle. Magain, the Lord preserves the remem-brance of all paternal anxieties. You see a man from the most infamous surroundings step out into this new mind? This is the secret—God looked over the bottle in which He gathers the tears of His people, and He saw a parental tear in that bottle which has been for 40 years unanswered. He said, "Go too, now, and let Me answer that tear!" and forthwith the wanderer is brought home to God. ter and bre

Oh, this work of training children for God ! It is a tremendous work. Some people think it easy. They have never tried it. A child it easy. They have never tried it. A child is placed in the arms of the young parent. It is a beautiful plaything. You look into the laughing eyes. You examine the dimples in the feet. You wonder st its exquisite organ-ism. Beautiful plaything ! But on some the feet. You wonder at its exquisite organ-ism. Beautiful plaything! But on some nightfall as you sit rocking that little one a voice seems to fall straight from the throne of God, saying: "That child is immortal! The stars shall die, but that is an immortal! Suns shall grow old with age and perish, but that is an immortal!"

Sums shall grow old with age and perish, but that is an immortal !" Now, I know with many of you this is the chief anxiety. You earnestly wish your children to grow up rightly, but you find it hard work to make them do as you wish. You check their temper. You correct their waywardness in the midnight your pullow is waywardness; in the midnight your pillow is wet with weeping. You have wrestled with God in agony for the salvation of your children. You ask me if all that anxiety has been ineffectual. I answer, No. God un-derstands your heart. He understands how hard you have tried to make that daughter do right, though she is so very petulant and reckless, and what pains you have bestowed in teaching that son to walk in the path of uprightness, though he has such strong proclivities for dissipation.

I speak a cheering word. God heard every counsel you ever offered Him. God has known all the sleepless nights you have passed. God has seen every sinking of your depressed spirit. God remembers your prayers. He keeps eternai record of your anxieties, and in His lachrymatory -not such as stood in an ancient tomb, but in one that glows and glitters besides the throne of God holds all those exhausting tears.

The grass may be rank upon your graves and the letters upon your tombstones de-faced with the elements before the divine response will come, but He who hath de-clared, "I will be a God to thee and to thy day in heaven while a dod to these and to thy day in heaven while you are ranging the fields of light the gates of pearl will swing back, and garlanded with glory that long wayward one will rush into your outstretched arms of welcome and triumph. The hills may depart, and the earth may burn, and the stars fall, and time perish, but God will break His oath and trample upon His promises-never! never!

Again, God keeps a perpetual remembrance of all bereavements. These are the trials that cleave the soul and throw the red hearts of men to be crushed in the wine press. Troubles at the store you may leave at the store. Misrepresentation and abuse of the world you may leave on the street where you found them. The lawsuit that would swallow your honest accumulations may be left in the courtroom. But bereavements are home

courtroom. But bereavements are home troubles, and there is no escape from them. You will see that vacant chair. Your eye will eatch at the suggestive picture. You cannot fly in the presence of such ills. You go to Switzerland to get clear of them; but, more sure footed than the mule that takes you up the Alps, your troubles climb to the tiptop and sit shivering on the gla-ciers. You may cross the seas, but they can outsail the swiftest steamer. You may take outsail the swiftest steamer. You may take earavan and put out across the Arabian des-ert, but they follow you like a simoom, armed with suffocation. You plunge into the Mammoth cave, but they hang like sta-lactites from the roof of the great cavern. They stand behind with skeleton fingers to push you ahead. They stand before you to throw you back. They run upon you like reckless horsemen. They charge upon you with gleaming spear. They seem to come haphazard, scattering shots from the gun of a careless sportsman. But not so. It is good aim that sends them just right, for God is the archer.

This summer many of you will especially This summer many of you will especially feel your grief as you go to places where once you were accompanied by those who are gone now. Your troubles will follow you to the seashore and will keep up with the light-ning express in which you speed away. Or, tarrying at home, they will sit beside you by day and whisper over your pillow night after night. I want to assure you that you are not left along and that your received to heard not left alone and that your weeping is heard in heaven.

THE LIMEKILN CLUB.

Bro. Gardner on the Ending Up.

"Am Brudder Rambo Johnson in de oom dis evenin'?" queried Bro. Gardner is the regular business of the meeting was concluded. "He-ar, sah," was the prompt reply of

the brother named as he rose up and renoved a horn button he had been holdng in his mouth for the last half hour. 'Step dis way, Brudder Johnson. I

hev a few words to say to yo'. Yo' war aot at de last meetin' of dis Limekiln Club. "No. sah."

"Fur three days last week yo' war sittin' in yo'r house in fear an' trembln'.

"Sorter fear and tremblin', sah."

"Last Sunday yo' begun shoutin' at le top of yo'r woice an' kept it up till a policeman was on de pint of takin' yo' io jail."

"Sorter shoutin', sah."

"Brudder Johnson, I want yo' to look ne squar in de eye fur three or fo' ninits," continued Brother Gardner. 'I knows what's de matter wid yo' an' eberal odder members of dis club. It tarted wid de comet. Some fool nigger went around savin' dat de comet was a sign dat de eand of the world was nigh to hand, an' about a dozen of yo' hev bin salf scared to death fur de last month. Last Sunday yo' had yo'r coat an' vest in' brogans off, an' was spectin' to sail upward ebery minit. A week ago tohight yo' sot on de doahstep till yo' had s chill, but dar was no sailin'. Ar' yo' still lookin' fur de world to eand up?"

"S-sorter lookin', sah," stammered Bro. Johnson.

"Reckon yo' am keepin' boaf ears open to h'ar a biff-bang-crash! as de comet smashes into de world and knocks down all the dishes in de pantry. Den, as the plaster falls an' de shingles fly off de roof, yo' figger on spreadin' y'or wings an sailin' away. I think I know the programme, an' I think I understand de gineral situashun. Brudder Johnson, ook at me instead of de floah. Now, sah, by varchew of de authority given me as president of dis club, I shall line yo' in de sum of \$6,000 an' costs, an' it am needless to say dat de costs will be about fo' times de fine. It will take yo', as I figger it, about 13,000 y'ars to pay de sum total, but until it am all handed into de treasurer yo' will stand suspended on de books. Yo' kin sot down.

Bro. Johnson wabbled down the aisle to his seat, and the president looked severely around him and continued.

"Dar am no by-law techin' dis matter of de candin' up of de airth, but I'm gwine to make one. De next member of dis club who quits work to sot around his house an' wait fur de trumpet to blow will drop out of dis club wid appallin' suddunness! While I doan' say auffin' agin de rabbit's fut, nor de dreambook, an' while I expect moas' of yo' to consult de goose bone an' be guided mo' or less by de new moon, I'ze gwine to hey a limit. De white man ain't afeard of comets. He jest keeps peggin' right along, comet or no comet. He reckons dat de world will eand up some day, but he

Don't Blame the Cook

If a baking powder is not uniform in strength, so that the same quantity will always do the same work, no one can know how to use it, and uniformly good, light food cannot be produced with it.

All baking powders except Royal, because improperly compounded and made from inferior materials, lose their strength quickly when the can is opened for use. At subsequent bakings there will be noticed a falling off in strength. The food is heavy, and the flour, eggs and butter wasted.

It is always the case that the consumer suffers in pocket, if not in health, by accepting any substitute for the Royal Baking Powder. The Royal is the embodiment of all the excellence that it is possible to attain in an absolutely pure powder. It is always strictly reliable. It is not only more economical because of its greater strength, but will retain its full leavening power, which no other powder will, until used, and make more wholesome food.

Squirrels Destroying Birds' Eggs.

The number of song birds that befriend man, as it is often said, do not frequent human habitations for man's sake at all. They are only anxious to get near mankind because near man they are free from the destruction by wild squirrels which are always their most inveterate enemies in the woods and destroy large numbers of birds' eggs. But the cat near the abode of man is almost equally a destroyer of young birds.-Boston Cultivator.

It is believed there are 534,848,924 sheep in the world; 106,969,784 hogs; 267,424,468 cattle; 59,427,658 horses. It is noticeable that the sheep outnumber hogs, cattle and horses 91,026,014 heads

Very few emigrants from Spain come to the United States. Most of them take up their new residence in South and Central America.

DR. KILMER'S

CURED ME

Baby's Dimensions,

From measurements of 100 infants born in the Royal Maternity Hospital of Edinburgh, averages have been obtained. They are practically the same for American children, and are as follows:

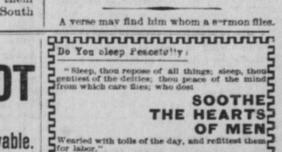
Average weight of male infant at birth, 7.55 pounds.

Average weight of female infant at birth, 7.23 pounds.

Average height of male infant at birth, 19.34 inches.

Average height of female infant at birth, 18.98 inches

Each inch of the male infant corresponds to 2.56 pounds. Each inch of the female infant corresponds to 2.62 pounds. The range between the shortest and tallest male infants was ten inches; between the shortest and tallest female infants, eight inches .-St. Louis Republic.



2THE HIGHLY TEMPERED STEEL WIRE2

We Cure Rupture.

No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimonials, etc., to S. J. Hollensworth & Co., Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price \$1; by mail, \$1.15.

The best opals are obtained from Hungary - and Honduras

It is a great thing for a young man to get out a little and come in conlact with other peorle and see how they live. B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va., are giving man young men a chance to do this, and at the same time to put money in bank repidly. Try them and see.

The skin of an elephant usually takes about five years to tan.

Brown's Iron Bitters cares Dyspepsis, Mala-ria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives strength; aids Digestion, tones the nerves-creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

A flower grows wherever a k nd word is spoken.

Beecham's Pflis cure indigestion and consti-ation. Beecham's-no others. 25 cts. a box.

No sympathy is felt for the man who is a

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr.Isaac Thomp-son's Eye-water. Druggists seil at 25c.per bottle

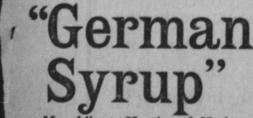
The youth of the soul is everlasting.

Hood's sparine Cures "A few years ago my health failed me. After much persuasion I com-

menced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and am much improved. From an all run down condition I have been restored to good health, Formerly I weighed 135

Mr. G. W. Twist. pounds, now 176. Hood's Sarsaparilla has Leen agreat benefit to GEORGE W. TWIST, Coloma, Wis. N. B. Be sure to get Hoop's.

Hood' Flits Cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.



Mr. Albert Hartley of Hudson, N. C., was taken with Pneumonia. His brother had just died from it. When he found his doctor could not rally him he took one bottle of German Syrup and came out sound and well. Mr. S. B. Gardiner, Clerk with Druggist J. E. Barr, Aurora, Texas, prevented a bad attack of pneumonia by taking German Syrup in time. He was in the business and knew the danger. He used the great remedy-Boschee's German Syrup-for lung diseases.



You will wander among the hills and say, "Up this hill last year our boy climbed with great glee and waved his cap from the top," great glee and waved his cap from the top," or "This is the place where our little girl put flowers in her hair and looked up in her mother's face," until every drop of blood in your heart tingled with gladness, and you thanked God with a thrill of rapture and you look around as much as to say: "Who dashed out that light? Who filled this cup with gall? What blast froze up these foun-tains of the heart?" tains of the heart?"

Some of you have lost your parents within some of you have lost your parents within the last twelve months. Their prayers for you are ended. You take up their picture and try to call back the kindness that once looked out from those old, wrinkled faces and spoke in such a tremulous voice, and you say it is a good picture, but all the while you feel that, after all, it does not do justice, and you would give almost anything—you would cross the sea; you would walk the earth over—to hear just one word from those lips that a few months ago used to call you by your first name, though so long you your-self have been a parent.

by your first name, though so long you your-self have been a parent. Now, you have done your best to hide your grief. You smile when you do not feel like it. But though you may deceive the world, God knows. He looks down upon the empty cradle, upon the desolated nursery, upon the stricken home and upon the braken heart, and says: "This is the way I thrash the wheat; this is the way I scour My jeweis! Cast thy burden on My arm, and I will sustain you. All those tears I have gathered into My bottle!"

have gathered into My bottle!" But what is the use of having so many tears in God's lachrymatory? In that great casket or vase, why does God preserve all your troubles? Through all the ages of eternity, what use of a great collection of tears! I do not know but that in some dis-tant age of heaven an angel of God may look into the bottle and find it as empty of tears as the lachrymals of earthenware dug up from the ancient city. Where have the tears from the ancient city. Where have the tears gone? What sprite of hell hath been invad-ing God's palace and hath robbed the lachry-matories? None. These were sanctified sorrows, and those tears were changed into partic that are now set in the second and pearls that are now set in the crowns and

robes of the ransomed. I walk up to examine this heavenly cor-I wais up to examine this heavenly cor-onet, gleaming brighter than the sun, and ety. "From what river depths of heaven were those gems gathered?" and a thousand voices reply, "These are transmuted tears from God's bottle." I see scepters of light stretched down from the throne of those who on earth were trod on of men, and in every scepter point and inisid in every ivory stair of golden throne I behold an indescribable richness and luster and cry, "From whence this streaming light—these flashing pearls?" and the voices of the elders before the throne and of the martyrs under the altar, and of the hundred and forty and four thousand radiant on the glassy sea exclaim, "Trans-muted tears from God's bottle."

muted tears from God's bottle." Let the ages of heaven roll on—the story of earth's pomp and pride long ago ended the kohinoor dia.conds that make kings proud, the precious stones that adorned Per-sian tiars and flamed in the robes of Baby-lonian processions forgotten ; the Goleonda mines charred in the last conflagration, but firm as the everlasting hills and pure as the light that streams from the throne, and bright as the river that flows from the eternal rock, shall gleam, shall sparkle, shall flame forever these transmuted tears of God's bottle.

bottle. Meanwhile let the empty lachrymatory of heaven stand for ever. Let no hand touch it. Let no wing strike it. Let no collision craek it. Furer than beryl or chrysoprasus. Let it stand on the step of Jehovah's throne and under the arch of the unfading rainbow. Passing down the corridors of the palace, the redeemed of earth shall glance at it and think of all the earthly troubles from which they were delivered and say, each to each it "That is what we heard of on earth." "That is what the psalmist spoke of." "There once were put our tears." "That is God's bot-tle." And while standing there inspecting this richest inial vase of heaven the towers of the palace dome strike up this silvery chime : "God hath wiped away all tears from all faces. Wherefore comfort one an-other with these words."

doan let it interfere with his sleep. He wants to go to heaben jest as bad as de culled man does, but dat doan' stop him

from makin' \$2 or \$2.50 a day right along. De chances are dat when the trumpet blows he'll git a long start of us. want dis foolishness to stop right heah! If de white man kin take chances, so kin we. While he continues to walk up an' down wid his hands in his pockets, dar am no call fur us to be tremblin' wid fear. I once backed a note fur de Rev. Mr. Penstock an' had to pay it, and I'ze inclined to be powerful caushus, but I'ze perfectly willin' to guarantee dat if de comet hits de world de smash won't eben stop a clock. De world must come to an eand some day,

of co'se, but it hain't gwine ter be next week nor de week'after. "We will now disperse to our var'us homes, an' in gwine ter bed we'll figger dat de world will be runnin' on de same old time card at seben o'clock in de

mawnin' an' dat we've got to put in our best licks to make up fur lost time."-[M. Quad in St. Louis Republic.

The White House Carpets.

If any ocular proof of the persistence of office-seekers is needed, it exists in the White House carpets, says Kate Field's Washington. They look as if they could never be made to smile again. The one on the stairs leading to the office best shows what the impatient feet of 99,000 would be government em-ployees have accomplished. It is a heavy Axminster, held in place by long nails with big steel heads, instead of stair rails. The nail is fully three inches long, but since the rush there is a decided scarcity of the shining heads, and the tread of the office-seeker has pulled out even these great spikes, and a

couple of dozen of them have been picked up and put away. The carpet looks as is a regiment of giants had been executing a double shuffle on the stairs for the last month. Any extra demand for stair carpet at the White House ought to be granted without demur by the Congressmen who have brought the office-seekers along and helped add to the wear and tear.

Billions of Gold Unmined.

An experimental boring, 2,500 feet deep, says the South Africa, was re-cently made in the Witwatersrand gold field, with a view to testing the lie of the auriferous deposits. The result was of the most satisfactory character, and the "strike" has led to calculations of the hidden wealth of these fields, and possibly the following by Mr. Scott Alexander may be interesting as showing the rich possibilities of the future: Cir-

cumference of basin, 400 miles; diameter, 127 miles; area, 12,580 square miles, or 360,710,272,000 square feet. Taking average thickness of eight series of blanket beds at 6 feet (equal to 48 feet), equals 16,884,093,056,000 cubic feet of reef or at 15 cubic feet to the ton, 10,521,433,160,000 tons. At 30s. per ton (very low), value of gold equal to £1,578,196,224,000, or one billion, five hundred and seventy-eight thousand one hundred and ninety-six millions two hundred and twenty-four thousand pounds sterling. Taking the population of Witwatersrand at 40,000 souls, this allows each £39,454,905 12s. 6d.

the start

And Made Life More Enjoyable. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Gentlemen:--"It affords me pleasure to give

you a recommendation for Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT, of which I have taken 3 a recommendation for Dr. Kilmer's small bottles. It has



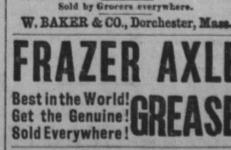
which I am sure SWAMP-ROOT w. R. CHILSON. will entirely cure me of short time. I purchased the medicine of W. R. CHILSON. S. G. Stone, the Druggist here in Butler, Ind." March, 7, 193. W. R. Chilson,

RHEUMATISM ! RHEUMATISM ! Swamp-Root Cures.

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