REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Gospel Ship,"

"Thou shalt come into the ark, thou and thy sons and thy wife and thy sons wives with thee."-Genesis vi., 18.

In this day of the steamships Lucania and Majestic and the Paris I will show you a ship that in some respects eclipsed them all, and him in! which sailed out, an ocean underneath and another ocean falling upon it. Infidel scien-tists ask us to believe that in the formation of the earth there have been a half dozen de-

of the earth there have been a han dozen de-luges, and yet they are not willing to be-lieve the Bible story of one deluge. In what way the catastrophe same we know not—whether by the stroke of a comst, or by flashes of lightning, changing the air into water, or by a stroke of the hand of God, like the stroke of the ax between the horns of the or the arth strongend. To meet the stroke ox, the earth staggered. To meet the catas-trophe God ordered a great ship built. It was to be without prow, for it was to sail to no shore. It was to be without helm, for no human hand should guide it. It was a vast structure probably as large as two or these structure, probably as large as two or three modern steamers. It was the Great Eastern of olden time.

of olden time. The ship is done. The door is open. The lizards crawl in. The cattle walk fn. The grasshoppers hop in. The birds fly in. The invitation goes forth to Noah, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Just one human family embark on the strange voy-age, and I hear the door slam shut. A great storm sweeps along the hills and bends storm sweeps along the hills and bends the cedars until all the branches snap in the gale. There is a moan in the wind like unto the moan of a dying world. The blackness of the heavens is shattered by the flare of lightnings, that look down into the waters and throw a ghastliness on the face of the mountains. How strange it looks! How suffocating the air seems! The big drops of rain begin to plash upon the up-turned faces of those who are watching the tempest. Orash! go the rocks in convulsion. Boom! go the bursting heavens. The inhabi-tants of the earth, instead of flying to house ton and mountain ton as man have fancied.

tempest. Orash! go the rocks in convusion. Boom! go the bursting heavens. Theinhabitants of the earth, instead of flying to house top and mountain top, as men have fancied, sit down in dumb, white horror to die. For when God grinds mountains to pieces and lets the ocean slip its cable there is no place in which hoah in shut others out, and though, when the suit these storm came peltformen to fly to. See the ark pitch and tumble in the surf, while from its windows the passengers look out upon the shipwreek of a race and the carcasses of a dead world. Woe to the sen! I am no alarmist. When on the 20th of September, after the wind has for three days been blowing from the northeast, you prophesy that the equinoctial storm is coming, you simply state a fact not to be disputed. Neither am I an alarmist when I say that a storm is coming, compared with which Noah's "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Well, how did Noah and his family come

that went forth to Noah sounds in our ears, "Come thou and all thy house into the ark." Well, how did Noah and his family come into the ark? Did they climb in at the win-dow, or come down the roof? No: they went through the door. And just so, if we get in-to the ark of God's merey, it will be through Christ, the door. The entrance to the ark of We know that it was from the fact that there were monster animals in the earlier ages. and in order to get them into the ark, two and two, according to the Bible statement, and two, according to the Bible statement, the door must have been very wide and very high. So the door into the mercy of God is a large door. We go in, not two and two, but by hundreds, and by thousands and by mill-ions. Yea, all the Nations of the earth may role 10 000 000 abreast!

The door of the ancient ark was in the side. So now it is through the side of Christ —the pierced side, the wide open side, the beart side—that we enter. Aha, the Boman Soldier, thrusting his accessible to the wreek of the wreek of the scale of the lake steamers there were a scale of the scale of the the Boman But no use. It is not so much down the soldier, thrusting his accessible to the wreek of the wreek of the scale of the body is

voices, now silent forever, he cried, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." "The Lord shut him in."

Lord shut him in." All the sins of a lifetime clamored for his overthrow. The broken vows, the dis-honored Sabbaths, the outrageous profani-ties, the misdemeanors of twenty years, reached up their hands to the door of the ark to pull him out. The boundless ocean of his sin surrounded his soul, howling like a simoom, raving like an euroclydon. But, looking out of the window, he saw his sin sink like lead into the depths of the sea. The dove of heaven brought an olive branch to the ark. The wrath of the billow only rushed him toward heaven. "The Lord shut him in!" The same door fastenings that kept Noah in keep the troubles out. I am glad to know that when a man reaches heaven all earthly The same door fastenings that kept Noah in keep the troubles out. I am glad to know that when a man reaches heaven all earthly troubles are done with him. Here he may

dors and windings and heights and depths of your soul, what is to become of your sons and daughters for time and for eternity? "Oh," you say, "I mean to see that they have good manners." Very well. "I mean to dress them well, if I have myself to go shabby." Very good. "I shall give them an educa-tion; I shall leave them a fortune." Very well. But is that all? Don't you mean to take them into the ark? Don't you know that the storm is coming, and that out of Christ there is no safety, no pardon, no hope. have had hard work to get bread for his family; there he will "never hunger any more. Here he may have wept bitterly; there "the Lamb that is in the midst of the throne will lead him to living fountains of water, and God will wipe away all tears from his aver " Here he may have hard water to his eyes." Here he may have hard work to get a house; but in my Fother's house are many mansions, and rent day never comes. Here there are deathbeds and coffins and Christ there is no safety, no pardon, no hope, no heaven?

Here there are deathbeds and coffins and graves; there no sickness, no weary watching, no choking cough, no consuming fever, no chattering chill, no tolling bell, no grave. The sorrows of life shall come up and knock at the door, but no admittance. The per-plexities of life shall come up and knock on the door, but no admittance. Safe forever! All the agony of earth in one wave dashing against the bulwarks of the ship of celestial light shall not break them down. How! on, ye winds, and rage, ye seas! The Lord— "the Lord shut him in?" Oh, what a grand old door! So wide so no heaven? How to get them in? Go in yourself! If Noah had staid out, do you not suppose that his sons—Shem, Ham and Japheth—would have staid out? Your sons and daughters will be apt to do just as you do. Reject Christ yourself, and the probability is that

your children will reject Him. An account was taken of the religious condition of families in a certain district. In the families of plous parents two-thirds of the children were Christians. In the families

where the parents were ungodly only one-twelfth of the children were Christians. Which way will you take your children? Out Oh, what a grand old door! So wide, so easily swung both ways and with such sure fastenings. No burglar's key can pick that lock. No swarthy arm of hell can shove back that bolt. I rejoice that I do not ask you to come aboard a crazy craft with leak-ing hulk and broken helm and unfastened door, but an ark fifty cubits wide and 300 cubits long and a door so large that the into the deluge or into the ark? Have you ever made one earnest prayer for their im-mortal souls? What will you say in the judgment when God asks, "Where is George or Henry or Frank or Mary or Anna? Where are those precious souls whose interests I ommitted into your hands?" A dying son said to his father, !"Father,

cubits long and a door so large that the round earth, without grazing the post, might be bowled in. Now, if the ark of Christ is so grand a A dying son said to his father, '.'Father, you gave me an education and good manners and everything that the world could do for me, but, father, you never told me how to die, and now my soul is going out iff the darkness.

darkness." Oh, ye who have taught your children how to live, have you also taught them how to die? Life here is not so important as the great hereafter. It is not so much the few furiongs this side of the grave as it is the unending leagues beyond. O eternity, eternity! Thy locks white with the ages, thy volce announcing stupendous destiny, thy arms reaching across all the past and all the future! O eternity. future! O eternity, eternity

future! O eternity, eternity! Go home and erect a family altar. You may break down in your prayer. But never mind, God willtake what you mean, whether you express it intelligibly or not. Bring all your house into the ark. Is there one son whom you have given up? Is he so dissipat-ed that you have stopped counseling and praying? Give him up? How dare you give him up? Did God ever give you up? While, him up? Did God ever give you up? While you have a single articulation of speech left, ease not to pray for the return of that prod-gal. He may even now be standing on the beach at Hong Kong or Madras, meditating a return to his father's house. Give him up? Never give him up! Has God promised to hear thy prayer only to mock thee? It is not too late. too late

position to surrender myself just now. But before the storm comes I will go in. Yes, I will. I know what I am about. Trust me!" After awhile, one night about 12 o'clock, go-In St. Paul's, London, there is a whispering gallery. A voice uttered most feebly at one side of the gallery is heard distinctly at the opposite side, a great distance off. So every word of earnest prayer goes all around the earth and makes heaven a whispering gallery. Go into the ark-not to sit down. gallery. but to stand in the door and call until all the family come in. Aged Noah, where is Japh-

About Tea Culture in California. Professor Sanders, of Fresno County, tried tea growing once. He thinks it can be successfully grown in Humboldt County, but his experience in the hot county of Fresno may be of interest, since the question of tea production on a large scale in California has recently been brought forward. Pro-fessor Sanders says:

"My tea trees were growing in a grove of cottonwoods, whose shade I found indispensable to the life of the tea trees. I also found, in addition to dense shade, that water heated in the ditch by the summer sun would kill them as soon as it touched them, and that I must irrigate them only in the morning, when the water was cool.

Observing these two necessary points, I nursed my tea plantation until the trees had acquired sufficient foliage to pick. So I got a Chinaman from the tea region of China to teach me how to proceed. He deftly cut the leaf stems off with the nails of his thumb and forefinger. Thus instructed, I gathered my first crop of tea.

"The process was tedious. I soon concluded to count the leaves as I picked them, and I thus ascertained that I could select and pick 250 leaves in a half hour. When I had worked one half-hour I brought the result to my office where, as per instructions by my Chinaman, the additional work of wilting, rolling, etc., was done. I ascertained that it took about 8,000 leaves to make a pound of tea, and that this pound of tea, from the beginning of the picking to the end of the 'panfiring.' represented two days' work, and then it was about such quality as 'spiderleg' Japan tea, costing 50 cents per pound by the chest."

Pneumatic siddles are more comfortable If ridden half-pumped.

"Your days are numbered." +ays the blotter to the calendar

Like an open book, our faces tell the tale of health or disease. Hollow cheeks 10 and sunken eyes, listless steps and languorous looks tell of wasting debilitating discase somé place in the body. It may be one place or another, the cause is generally traceable to a common source-im-pure blood, and impure blood starts in the digestive organs.

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Royal Baking Powder never disappoints; never makes sour, soggy, or husky food; never spoils good materials; never leaves lumps of alkali in the biscuit or cake; while all these things do happen with the best of cooks who cling to the old-fashioned methods, or who use other baking powders.

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Billy's Bright Idea. The Churchman has given us Billy's idea, which is surely valuable enough 24 hours of 60 minutes each originto be spread abroad. His mother was going to the seashore, and while she was packing her trunks he was popplug in about every five minutes with something of his that must be packed

"I'd like to help you, mother," he said once, preparing to pitch his fishing tackle in on his mother's lace gown, 'cause you look so tired."

"Never mind, Billy," said his mother. catching the tackle; "I shall rest after a while. Packing is hard work for a tall person, though, for it makes one stoop so.'

"Why," said Billy, with his hands in his pockets, and his head on one side, "why don't you put the trunks upon something? Hullo, I know; horses, wooden horses, you know, mother; carpenter's horses; there are some in the basement. I'll bring 'em."

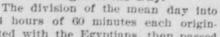
And directly there he was again with a wooden horse on his back. "'Nother one's coming with Sam,"

he said, panting, "and we'll lift up the trunks." "Billy boy," said his mother, straightening up her tired back, "I believe

your plan is a good one." Sure enough, the packing went on beautifully after that, and at dinner Billy's mother said she had never packed so easily and comfortably.

A "Horse" on Depew.

A friend of mine, a newspaper man, tells me that he was lately in a small town in New York State, where Chauncey Depew was billed to make a speech



Length of the Day.

ated with the Egyptians, then passed to Babylon and Greece. Why divided into 24 instead of some other number of hours it is impossible to say. The Chinese and a few other Oriental nations, reckon but 12 hours to the day and night-evidently making the whole to correspond with the apparent passage of the sun over one of the zodiacal signs.

We long for the time when we can eatch cold looking for the first modest violet of spring.



ONE ENJOYS

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, he that night, and it happened he stopped | aches and fevers and cures habitual

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cent bottles by all leading drug-

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lish factory, and American home, cries out, "Come, for all things are now ready!" It is a wide door! The old cross has been taken apart, and its two pieces are stood up doorposts, so far apart that all the world can come in. Kings scatter treasures on days of great rejoicing. So Christ, our

King, comes and scatters the jewels of heaven. Rowland Hill said that he hoped to get into heaven through the crevices of the door. But he was not obliged thus to go in. After having preached the gospel in Surrey Chapel, going up toward heaven, the gatekeeper cried, "IAit up your heads, ye ever-lasting gates, and let this man come in!" The dying thief went in. Richard Baxter and Robert Newton went in. Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America may yet go through this wide door without crowding. Ho! every one-all conditions, all ranks, all people! Luther said that this truth was worth carrying on one's knees from Rome to Jerusalem, but I think it worth earrying all around the globe and all around the heavens, that "God so loved the world the heavens, that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eventasting life." Whosever will, let him come through the large door. Archimedes wanted a fulerum on which to place his lever, and then he said he could move the world. Calvary is the fulerum move the world. Calvary is the fulcrum, and the cross of Christ is the lever, and by

that power all Nations shall yet be lifted. Further, it is a door that swings both ways. I do not know whether the door of the ancient ark was lifted or rolled on hinges, but this door of Christ opens both ways. It swings out toward all our woes; it swings in toward the rations of because I ways. It swings out toward all our woes; it swings in to let us in; it swings out to let our ministering ones comes out. All are one in Christ-Christians on earth and saints in heaven.

One army of the living God, At His command we bow. Part of the host have crossed the flood,

And part are crossing now. Swing in, O blessed door, until all the earth shall go in and live. Swing out until all the heavens come forth to celebrate the victory.

victory. But, further, it is a door with fastenings. The Bible says of Noah, "The Lord shut him in." A vessel without bulwarks or doors would not be a safe vessel to go in. When Noah and his family heard the fastening of the door of the ark, they were very glad. Unless these doors were fastened the first heavy surge of the sea would have wheimed them, and they might as well have per-ished outside the ark as inside the ark. "The Lord shut him in." Ob, the per-fect safety of the ark! The surf of the sea and the lightnings of the sky may be twisted into a garland of snow and fire-deep to deep, storm to storm, darkness to deep to deep, storm to storm, darkness to darkness but once in the ark all is well. "God shut him in." There comes upon the good man a deluge of financial trouble. He good man a deluge of infancial transfer to be annot had his thousands to lead. Now he cannot borrow a dollar. He once owned a store in borrow a dollar. New York and had branch houses in Boston. Philadelphia and New Orleans. He owned A philadelphia and New Orleans. He owned four horses and employed a man to keep the dust off his coach, phaeton, carriage and cur-ricle; now he has hard work to get shoes in which to walk. The great deep of commercian disaster was broken up, and fore and aft and across the hurricane deek the waves struck him. But he was safely sheltered from the storm. "The Lord shut him in!" A flood of domestic troubles fell on him." Sickness and bereavement came. The rain pelted; the winds blew. The heavens are affane All the gardens of estthly delight are washed away. The mountains of joy are buried fif-teem cubits deep. But, standing by the and rand rand fin the desolated nursery and in the doleful hall, once a-ring with merry

people out of the ark. The world laughed to see a man go in and said: "Here is a man starting for the ark. Why, there will be no deluge. If there is one, that miserable ship will not weather it. Aha, going into the ark! Well, that is too good to keep. Here, fellows, have you heard the news? This man is going into the ark!" Under this artillery of scorn the man's good reso-lution perished.

And so there are hundreds kept out by the And so there are hundreds kept out by the fear of derision. The young man asks him-self: "What would they say at the store to-morrow morning if I should become a Chris-tian? When I go down to the club house they will shout, 'Here comes that new Chris-tian. Suppose you will not have anything Suppose you will not have anything to dc with us now. Suppose you are pray ing now. Get down on your knees and let us hear you pray. Come, now, give us a touch. Will not do it, eh? Pretty Christian, you are!" Is it not the fear of being you are?" Is it not the fear of being laughed at that keeps you out of the kingdom of God? Which of these scorners will help you at the last? When you lie down on a dying pillow, which of them will be there? In the day of eternity will they bail you out?

not drive your children into the arx. You can draw your children to Christ, but you cannot coerce them. The cross was lifted not to drive, but to draw. "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto Me." As the sun draws up the drops of the morning dew so the sun of righteousness exhales the tears of the sun of righteousness exhales the tears of

Be sure that you bring your husband and wife with you. How would Noah have feit if, when he heard the rain pattering on the roof of the ark, he knew that his wife was outside in the storm? No; she went with roof of the ark, he knew that his wife was outside in the storm? No; she weat with him. And yet some of you are on the ship "outward bound" for heaven. But your companion is unsheltered. You remember the day when the marriage ring was set. Nothing has yet been able to break it. Siek-ness came, and the finger shrank, but the ring staid on. The twain stood alone above the child's grave, and the dark mouth of the tomb swallowed up a thousand hopes, but the ring dropped not into the open grave. Days of poverty came and the hand did many a hard day's work, but the rubbing of the work against the ring only made it shine brighter. Shall that ring ever be lost? Will the iron clang of the sepulcher gate crush it forever? I pray God that you who have been married on earth may be together in heaven. Oh, by the quiet bliss of your earthly home, by the babe's cradle, by all the vows of that day when you started life together, I beg you to see to it that you both get into the ark. Come in, and bring your wife or your hus-

-the pierced side, the wide open side, the heart side—that we enter. Aha, the Boman soldier, thrusting his spear into the Saviour's side, expected only to let the blood out, but he opened the way to let all the world in! Oh, what a broad gospel to preach! If a man is about to give an entertainment, he issues 200 or 300 invitations, carefully put up and directed to the particular persons whom he wishes to entertain. But God, our Father, makes a banquet and goes out to the front door of heaven and stretches out His hands over land and sea, and with a voice that penetrates the Hindoo jungle, and the Green-iand ice castle, and Brazilian grove, and Eng-lish factory, and American home, cries out, "Come, for all things are now ready!" It is a wide door! The old cross has been taken apart, and its two pieces are stood up be the oldest? Will it be the youngest? Will it be that one that was sick sometime ago? Will it be the husband? Will it be the wife? No, no! We must have them all in. Let us take the children's hands and start now. Leave not one behind. Come, father; come mother; come, son; come, daughter; come brother; come, sister! Only one step and we are in Christ, the door, swings out to admit And it is not the hoarseness of a stormy blast that you hear, but the voice of a loving and patient God that addresses you, saying "Co ie, thou and all thy house, into the ark." And there may the Lord shut us in!

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As if the unfortunate cotton planter had ot enough to contend with in natural forces, the science of chemistry has been in-voked to enter into competition against the great staple. United States Consul In the day of eternity will they bail you out? My friends y and neighbors, come in right away. Come in through Christ, the wide door—the door that swings out toward you. Come in and be saved. Come and be happy. "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come." Room in the ark! Room in the ark! But do not come alone. The text invites you to bring your family. It says, "Thou and thy sons and thy wife." You cannot drive them in. If Noah had tried to drive the pigeons and the doves into the ark the woven into cloth. It resembles ordi-nary cotton, but is not as strong as the natural product. It weaves and works well, and can be dyeed as well as cotton. By coating it with parafine and passing it over glass a beauti-tul brilliancy may be given to it. Much greater strength can be imparted by parch-mentizing when it acquires a semi-transpar-ency. To CALL PACES BY ELECTRICITYat Ghent, Belgium, in a special report to the

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At Music Hall, Cincinnati, Ohio, Ysaye At Auste Hall, Cheinnati, Ohio, Ysaye played an aluminum violin, the first time such an instrument has been played in pub-lic. Aluminum is the only metal which vi-brates without producing overtones. The discovery is one of Dr. Alfred Spranger, the scientist. Ysaye was shown the instrument, tried it at his hotel and created much inter-est by introducing it.

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at the same hotel Depew did. Just af- constipation. Syrup of Figs is the ter supper the editor of the local paper only remedy of its kind ever prodropped in to see Mr. Depew, and the duced, pleasing to the taste and acdistinguished gentleman proceeded to ceptable to the stomach, prompt in have some fun with the country jourits action and truly beneficial in its nalist. He had fun, too, and every now effects, prepared only from the most and then he rounded up a sentence Lealthy and agreeable substances, its against the editor by saying: "Oh. you many excellent qualities commend it can't believe everything in the newspato all and have made it the most pers," the editor having used the newspopular remedy known. paper matter very largely in his argu-

After the speechmaking was over. the editor met Mr. Depew in the hotel gists. Any reliable druggist who office again, and there was a big crowd may not have it on hand will propresent cure it promptly for any one who

"Well, my friend," inquired the zewishes to try it. Do not accept any nial Chauncey, "what did you think of substitute. my speech?"

The editor hesitated a moment. "Are you," he asked solemnly, "the genuine Chauncey M. Depew?"

"Certainly, why not?" "Are you the one that all the newspapers have been saying was the finest speaker, the greatest talker, the sharpest stumper, and the brightest wit be fore the public?" pursued the editor. "I guess I'm the one," blushed the

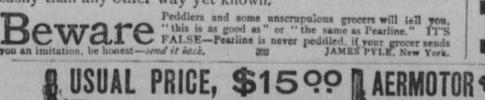
gentleman. "Why?" "Oh, because you can't believe every-

thing there is in the newspapers." And Depew shook hands with the editor and called it square .- Demor-

It costs as much to clothe the New Woman as the ordinary kind.

"Shave your Soap" -so the soap makers say, especially if you're washing delicate things. Now, in the name of common sense, what's the use? When you can get Pearline, in powder form for this very reason, why do you want to work over soap, which, if it's good for

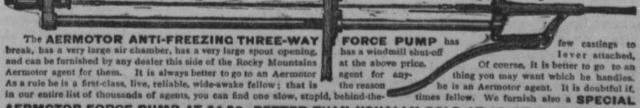
anything, gets very hard and difficult to cut. Besides, Pearline is vastly better than any powdered soap could be. It has all the good properties of any soap-and many more, too. There's something in it that does the work easily, but without harm-much more easily than any other way yet known.

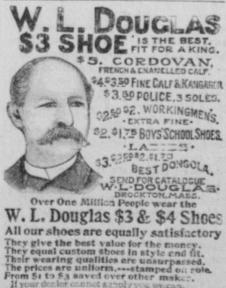


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