Peculiar

In combination, proportion and process, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative powers unknown to any other preparation. This is why it has a record of cures unequalled in the history of medicine. It nets directly upon the blood, and by making it pure, rich and healthy it cures diseaso and gives good health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. \$1; six for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipa-

"Praying for Papa."

"Did you see that, mister?" said an elevated railroad guard to a New York newspaper man, who stood with him on the rear platform of the first car the other night. "Yes."

"Well, then," added the guard, "you saw my three little children. They were kneeling at a trunk in front of the window of that house we passed. Over them stood their mother. She was about sending them to bed, but before they go she teaches 'em to pray for me. Yes, and she brings 'em there so as I can see 'em.

"And," he added, with a manly attempt to stifle a sob that welled up in his throat, "she has told me what she tells 'em to sav."

"What is it?" inquired the auditor. "I do hope you won't think me foolish, sir, but, as I guess you are a married man and a father, you may care to hear it. You see, it is this way. The kids-they go to bed at 9. That's about the time my train goes by the house. It's right on the line. So, just about that moment she brings the little 'uns up to the trunk in their nightgowns and makes 'em kneel down with their hands clasped on their faces. And then they pray and pray-'

"For you?" was the interruption. "Yes, you're right. They pray that papa will be good and kind, and keep sober, and bring home all his money, and-" the big guard's voice trembled. But he continued after an ef-

"I'm rough, tough and all that, but I love my wife and I love my children. They are the only ones on earth that keep me straight."

Dr. Holmes' Judgment of Men. The earlier of the two biographies, written by Dr. Holmes, was the memoir of Motley, published in 1878, within two years after the historian's death, says Prof. Brander Matthews, in St. Nicholas. Dr. Holmes was one of Motley's oldest comrades, and he told the story of his friend's life and labors with his accustomed skill. The second biography, the memoir of Emerson, published in 1884, is even more satisfactory than the memoir of Motley. The book is delightful. The sage of Concord is drawn with the sharpest clearness; he is made real to us by abundant anecdote; his works are analyzed with the utmost keenness; and his career and his character are summed up with perfect sympathy.

In nothing was Dr. Holmes more skilled than in his descriptions of his contemporaries, as in these memoirs and in occasional poems. Of Emerson he asked-

Where in the realm of thought, whose air is song.

Does he, the Buddha of the West, belong?

He seems a winged Franklin, sweetly

wise. Born to unlock the secrets of the skies.



ASSIST NATUKE a little now and then in removing offend-ing matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing rangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's

Of all known agents for this pur-pose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. Once used, they are al-ways in favor. The Pellets cure biliousness, sick ache, dizziness, cos-

pation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indi-gestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eat-ing, and kindred derangements of the



ne collar is equal to two of any other y fit well, wear well and look well. Collars or Five Pairs of Cuffs for T= ents.

A Sample Collar and Pair of Cuffe t and for Six suits. Name style and size. Address REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANT,





REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Five Pictures."

TEXT: "Behold, I see the heavens opened." -Acts vii., 56-60.

Stephen had been preaching a rousing sermon, and the people could not stand it.
They resolved to do as men sometimes would like to do in this day, if they dared, with some plain preacher of righteousness—kill him. The only way to silence this man was to knock the breath out of him. So they rushed Stephen out of the gates of the city, and, with curses and whoop and bellow, they brought him to the cliff, as was the custom when they wanted to take away life by stoning. Having brought him to the edge of the cliff, they pushed him off. After he had fallen they came and looked down, and seeing that he was not yet dead they began to drop stones upon him, stone after stone.

Amid this horrible rain of missiles Stephen clambers upon his knees and folds his hands, while the blood drips from his temples, and then, looking up, he makes two prayers—one for himself and one for his murderers. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." That was for himself. "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge." That was for his murderers. Then, from pain and loss of blood, he swooned away and fell asleep.

I want to show you to-day five pictures:

I want to show you to-day five pictures: Stephen gazing into heaven, Stephen looking at Christ, Stephen stoned, Stephen in his dying prayer, Stephen asleep.

First, look at Stephen gazing into heaven.
Before you take a leap you want to know where you are going to land. Before you climb a ladder you want to know to what point the ladder reaches. And it was right that Stephen, within a few moments of that Stephen, within a few moments of heaven, should be gazing into it. We would all do well to be found in the same posture. There is enough in heaven to keep us gazing. A man of large wealth may have statuary in the hall, and paintings in the sitting room, and works of art in all parts of the house, but he has the chief pictures in the art gallery, and there hour after hour you walk with catalogue and glass and ever increasing admiration. Well, heaven is the gallery where God has gathered the chief treasures of His realm. The whole universe is His palace. In this lower room where we stop there are many adornments, tessellated floor of amethyst, and on the winding cloud stairs are stretched out canvases on which commingle azure and purple and saffron and gold. But heaven is the gallery in which the chief glories are gathered. There are the brightest robes. There are the richest crowns. There are the highest exhilarations. St. John says of it, "The kings of the earth shall bring their honor and glory into it." And I see the procession forming, and in the line come all empires, and the stars spring up into an arch for the hosis to march under. They keep step to the sound of earthquake, and the pitch of avalanche from the mountains, and the flag they bear is the flame of a consuming world, and all heaven turns out with harps and trumpets and myriad voiced acclamation of angelic dominions to wel-come them in, and so the kings of the earth bring their honor and glory into it. Do you wonder that good people often stand, like Stephen, looking into heaven? We have many friends there.

There is not a man here so isolated in life but there is some one in heaven with whom he once shook hands. As a man gets older the number of his celestial acquaintances very rapidly multiplies. We have not had one glimpse of them since the night we kissed them goodby, and they went away, but still we stand gazing at heaven. As when some of our friends go across the sea, we stand on the dock, or on the steam tug, and watch them, and after awhile the hulk of the vessel disappears, and then there is only a patch of sail on the sky, and soon that is gone, and they are all out of sight, and yet we stand oking in the same direction. So when our friends go away from us into the future world we keep looking down through the Narrows and gazing and gazing as though we expected that they would come out and stand on some cloud and give us one glimpse

of their blissful and transfigured faces.

While you long to join their companionship, and the years and the days go with such tedium that they break your heart, and the vipers of pain and sorrow and bereavement keep gnawing at your vitals, you will stand, like Stephen, gazing into heaven. You wonder if they have changed since you saw them last. You wonder if they would recognize your face now, so changed has it been with trouble. You wonder if, amid the myriad delights they have, they care as much for you as they used to when they gave you a helping hand and put their shoulders under your burdens. You wonder if they look any older, and sometimes in the evening tide, when the house is all quiet, you wonder if you should call them by their first name if they would not answer, and perhaps sometimes you do make the experiment, and when no one but God and yourself are there you distinctly call their names and listen and sit gazing into

Pass on now and see Stephen looking apon Christ. My text says he saw the Son of Man at the right hand of God. Just how Christ looked in this world, just how He looks in heaven, we cannot say. The painters of the different ages have tried to imagine the features of Christ and put them upon canvas, but we will have to wait until with our own eyes we see Him and with our own ears we can hear Him. And yet there is a way of seeing Him and haring Him now. I have to tell you that unless you see and hear Christ on earth you will never see and hear Him in heaven.

Look! There He is! Behold the Lamb of God! Can you not see Him? Then pray to God to take the scales off your eyes. Look that way-try to look that way. His voice comes down to you this day—comes down to the blindest, to the deafest soul—saying. "Look unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." Proclamation of universal emancipation for all slaves. Tell me, ye who know most of the world's history, what other king ever asked the abandoned, and the foriorn, and the wretched, and the outcast to come and sit beside him? Oh, wonderful invita-tion! You can take it to-day and stand at the head of the darkest alley in all this city and say, "Come! Clothes for your rags, salve for your sores, a throne for your eternal reigning." A Christ that talks like that and acts like that and pardons like that—do you wonder that Stephen stood looking at Him? I hope to spend eternity doing the same thing. I must see Him. I must look upon that face once clouded with my sin, but now radiant with my pardon. I want to touch that hand that knocked off my shackles. I want to hear the voice that pronounced my deliverance. Behold Him, little children. that face once clouded with my sin, but now deliverance. Behold Him, little children, for if you live to threescore years and ten you will see none so fair. Behold Him, ye aged ones, for He only can shine through the dimness of your failing eyesight. Behold Him, earth. Behold Him, heaven. What a moment when all the Nations of the saved shall gather around Christ! All faces that way. All thrones that way, gazing on Jesus. His worth if all the Nations knew

Sure the whole earth would love Him too.

I pass on now and look at Stephen stoned. The world has always wanted to get rid of good men. Their very life is an assault upon wickedness. Out with Stephen through the gates of the city. Down with him over the precipices. Let every man come up and drop a stone upon his head. But these men did not so much kill Stephen as they killed themselves. Every stone rebounded upon them. While these murderers are transfixed by the scorn of all good men Stephen lives in the admiration of all Christendom. Stephen stoned, but Stephen alive. So all good men must be pelted. "All who will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." It is no culogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly ablor him.

If all men speak well of you it is baseness. Sure the whole earth would love Him too.

you are either a laggard or a dolt. If a | MARRIAGE IN MADAGASCAR. steamer makes rapid progress through the waves, the water will boil and foam all around it. Brave soldiers of Jesus Christ will hear the carbines click. When I see a man with voice and money and influence all on the right side, and some caricature him, and some sneer at him, and some denounce

him, and men who pretend to be actuated by right motives conspire to cripple him, to cast

him out, to destroy him, I say, "Stephen When I see a man in some great moral or religious reform battling against grogshops, exposing wickedness in high places, by active means trying to purify the church and active means trying to purify the church and better the world's estate, and I find that the newspapers anathematize him, and men, even good men, oppose him and denounce him because, though he does good, he does not do it in their way, I say, "Stephen stoned." But you notice, my friends, that while they assaulted Stephen they did not succeed really in killing him. You may assault a good rean but you carrot kill him. sault a good man, but you cannot kill him. On the day of his death Stephen spoke before a few people in the sanhedrin. This Sabbath morning he addresses Christendom. Paul, the apostle, stood on Mars hill addressing a handful of philosophers who knew not so much about science as a modern schoolgirl. To-day he talks to all the millions of Christendom about the wonders of justification and the glories of the ders of justification and the glories of the resurrection. John Wesley was howled down by the mob to whom he preached, and they threw bricks at him, and they denounced him, and they jostled him, and they spat upon bim, and yet to-day, in all lands, he is admitted to be the great father of Methodism. Booth's bullet vacated the Presidential chair, but from that spot of convilled him of the floor, in the box of

coagulated blood on the floor in the box of Ford's Theatre there sprang up the new life of a Nation. Stephen stoned, but Stephen Pass on now and see Stephen in his dying prayer. His first thought was not how the stones hurt his head, nor what would become of his body. His first thought was about his spirit. "Lord Jesus receive my spirit." The murderer standing on the trapfoor, the black cap being drawn over his head before the execution, may grimace about the future, but you and I have no shame in confessing some anxiety about where we are going to come out. You are not all body. There is within you a soul. I see it gleam from your eyes to-day, and I see it irradiating your countenance. times I am abashed before an audience not because I come under your physical eyesight, but because I realize the truth that I stand before so many immortal The probability is that your body will at last find a sepulcher in some of the cemeteries that surround this city. There is no doubt that your obsequies will be decent and respectful, and you will be able to pillow your head under the maple, or the Norway spruce, or the cypress, or the blossoming fir, ut this spirit about which Stephen prayed what direction will that take? What guide will escort it? What gate will open to re-ceiveit? What cloud will be cleft for its pathway? After it has got beyond the light of our sun will there be torches lighted for

t the rest of the way? Will the soul have to travel through long deserts before it reaches the good land? If we should lose our pathway will there be a eastle at whose gate we may ask the way to the city? Oh, this mysterious spirit within us! It has two wings, but it is in a cage now. It is locked fast to keep it, but let the door of this cage open the least, and that soul is off. Eagle's wing could not catch it. The lightnings are not swift enough to come up with it. When the soul leaves the body it takes fifty worlds at a bound. And have I no anxiety about it? Have you no anxiety

I do not care what you do with my body when my soul is gone, or whether you be lieve in cremation or inhumation. I shall sleep just as well in a wrapping of sackcloth as in satin lined with eagle's down. But my soul-before I close this discourse I will find otimation of my text that when we die Jesustakes us. That answers all questions for me. What though there were massive pars between here and the City of Light, remove them. though there were great Saharas of darkness, Jesus could illume them. What though I get weary on the way, Christ could lift me on His omnipotent shoulder. What though there were chasms to cross, His hand could transport me. Then let Stephen's prayer be my dying litany. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." It may be in that hour we will be too feeble to say a long. prayer. It may be in that hour we will not be able to say the Lord's Prayer, for it has seven petitions. Perhaps we may be too fee-ble even to say the infant prayer our mothers taught us, which John Quincy Adams, sevyears of age, said every night when he put his head upon his pillow:

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep.

We may be too feeble to employ either of hese familiar forms, but this prayer of stephen is so short, is so concise, is so earnest, is so comprehensive, we surely will be able to say that, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." Oh, if that prayer is answered, how sweet it will be to die! This world is elever enough to us. Perhaps it has treated us a great deal better than we deserved to be treated, but if on the dying pillow there shall reak the light of that better world we shall have no more regret than about leaving a small, dark, damp house for one large, beau-tiful and capacious. That dying minister in Philadelphia, some years ago, beauifully depicted it when, in the last moment, he threw up his hands and cried out, "I move

I have seen the sea driven with the hurricane until the tangled foam caught in the rigging, and wave rising above wave seemed as if about to storm the heavens, and then I have seen the tempest drop, and the waves crouch, and everything become smooth and burnished as though a camping place for the glories of heaven. So I have seen a man whose life has been tossed and driven coming down at last to an infinite calm in which there was a hush of heaven's lullaby.

Stepnen asleep: I saw such a one. He fought all his days against poverty and against abuse. They traduced his name. They rattled to the doorknob while he was dying with duns for debts he could not pay. Yet the peace of God brooded over his pillow, and while the world faded heaven dawned, and the deepening twilight of earth's night was only the opening twilight of heaven's morn. Not a

sigh. Not a tear. Not a struggle. Hush! I have not the faculty as many have to tell the weather. I can never tell by the setting sun whether there will be a drought or not. I cannot tell by the blowing of the wind whether it will be fair weather or foul on the morrow. But I can prophesy and I will prophesy what weather it will be when you, the Christian. come to die. You may have it very rough now. It may be this week one annoyance, the next another annoyance. It may be this year one bereavement, the next another bereavement. But at the last Christ will some in, and darkness will go out. And though there may be no hand to close your though there may be no hand to close your eyes, and no breast on which to rest your dying head, and no candle to lift the night, the odors of God's hanging garden will regale your soul, and at your bedside will halt the chariots of the king. No more rents to pay, no more agony because flour has gone up, no more struggle with "the world, the flesh and the devil," but pence—long, deep, everlasting peace. Stephen asleep!

Asleep in Jesus blessed sleep.

Asieep in Jesus, blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep; A calm and undisturbed repose, Uninjured by the last of foes,

Asleep in Jesus, far from thee Thy kindred and thy graves may be, But there is still a blessed sleep, From which none ever wake to weep. will live godly in Christ Jesus must suffer persecution." It is no eulogy of a man to say that everybody likes him. Show me any one who is doing all his duty to state or church, and I will show you scores of men who utterly abhor him.

If all men speak well of you, it is because

Ceremonies Are of a Somewhat Peculiar Character.

We have heard a great deal about the war in Madagascar, but very little has been said about its inhabitants, customs and superstitions. Some of the latter are very strange. Its inhabitants, so far as the women are concerned, offer an interesting study.

The Hovas are no longer savages They are subject to laws and regulations and obey an absolute authority which presides over their political destinies and determines their social condition. This power is vested in the queen, and though in reality she wields no visible power in the actual ruling of the country, yet her influence is so great on the minds of her subjects that nothing, even the most unimportant action, happens in their lives in which her name is not mingled, in which her influence is not felt. Her wishes are considered supreme commands

and she is regarded as a divinity. When she gives an audience in her palace, her visitors are obliged to observe the greatest ceremony. They approach her with reverential salutations and genuflections, the number of which are determined by their caste and honors. Every morning her bodyguard present arms before her palace and before she arises intone the national hymn, the "Sidikina," to which everyone listens standing and uncovered. When she goes to any public ceremony, she walks under a red umbrella ornamented with a golden ball, through a respectful crowd, who emit cries of joy, clapping their hands in unison.

The queen's husband, the prime minister, is a man of the people and is really the head of the government. It is he who directs the policies of the Irmenian kingdom. Surrounded by his secretaries, his staff and his aides-de-camp, who are counted by the thousands, he exercises the power which the queen represents. He is perfectly familiar with all that is passing in Europe, where several of his sons have been educated, and he is ably seconded by skillful advisers.

Marriage among the Hovas presents one peculiarity which is indigenous to Madagascar; it is always preceded by a novitiate, if it may be termed, which prevents any unpleasant surprises to the married couple later. They are authorized to make a preliminary experiment of the duties and rights which will follow their union. The young girl is introduced into her future husband's home, and after a few days is returned to her parents. After these formalities are complied with, the husband's family address an official demand to the young girl's family for her hand or they signify their refusal.

An orator in these affairs repairs to the home of the future bride at the head of a deputation composed of the flance and his family. He expatiates on the object of the delegation, goes over the titles, qualities and genealogy of the future husband and winds up by making a formal demand for the young girl's hand.

The father or his representative replies in a eulogistic speech, enumerates the conditions of moral conduct, and wise administration necessary in the house. hold, makes a discreet allusion to divorce or an amicable separation which will always be permissible in case of incompatibility and terminates his address by grapting his daughter's hand. Then the fiance gives some earnest money and acquires marital authority. Ever after the wife will be counted among his goods and chattels. She becomes a piece of merchandise and may in case of necessity enter into legal transfers, whether for debts or crimes. It is therefore to a husband's advantage to add to the number of his wives. This is what he generally does. Polygamy in this sense adds to the wealth of the household

A Coon Hunt.

"Speaking of coons," said Mr. D. T. Doughtry, of Cordele, as he finished laughing over an account of a coon hunt in a recent issue of the Cordele Sentinel, "when I was a small boy I saw the greatest contest I ever heard of between a coon and dogs. I had gone to the river with my father, and as usual I carried my two dogs with me. Father went down the river and left me to prowl around and do what mischief I could.

"I was peering up an old hollow tree when I saw two shining eyes. I was scared, but my fright was turned into delight when father returned and told me he thought it was a coon. He got a long pole and twisted the varmint out and sure enough it was a coon. The dogs went for him at once, but the old rascal made for a lake near by. He didn't stop till he reached deep water. Then he stopped and

allowed the dogs to come to him. "The first thing he did was to grab one of the dogs by the ear and carry him under the water. As soon as the dog would come to the surface be would make for the bank, but the other dog would manfully make for the coon, when the same process would ensue. This performance lasted until the coon became almost exhausted. Then he floated near enough to the bank where we stood for father to reach him

and drag him in with the pole. "I shouldn't think," continued Mr. Doughtry, "that a coon would be very easy to drown."

Great Texas.

It should be remembered that Texas has nearly 275,000 square miles and 174,585,840 acres. It has more coal than Pennsylvania, more iron than Alabama, more granite than New Hampshire, more oak than West Virginia, more prairie than Kansas. more corn land than Illinois, more cotton land than Mississippi, more wheat land than the two Dakotas, more sugar land than Louisiana, and more rice land than South Carolina. It contains as many rivers as any other five States, and as much coast as any other three. As was appropriately said by Mayor Tone, of Denison, the iron mines of Michigan, the granite quarries of Maine, the wheat fields of the Dakotas, the corn fields of Illinois, the cotton fields of Mississippi, the prairies of Kansas, the oyster beds of Maryland, the orange groves of Florida and the vineyards of California are all duplicated in TexacHighest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Baking ABSOLUTELY PURE

Clothes Made of Peat.

Underwear is now made in Paris of peat. This sounds like a joke, but there is nothing of the Munchausen order about it. It has been known for some time that peat has certain antiseptic qualities. A dead body which was buried in peat for over a century was found in a state of perfect preservation. Peat is used in the northern countries of Europe for surgical bandages, and the favorable results obtained by the Russian surgeons with peat bandages have induced the French army department to use it in the French hospitals. It has also been found that peat fibers in combination with other material possess wonderful absorbing properties. This has led Dr. Rasurd to use peat fibers for the making of underwear in the place of fiannel. The new material Boston Transcript. has proven very effective, absorbing perspiration and rapidly drying. Dr. Rasurd calls his fabric a "real hydraulic pump," and pronounces it an excellent preventive of colds. The new textile is already largely used in France.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constant; failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to care. Send for circulars and testimonials, free. Address F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. There is more Catarrh in this section of the

Sold by Druggists, 75c. A good many things can be found out about human nature by charging ten cents

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

There is a strength of quite endurance as significant of courage as the most daring feats of prowess.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use Marvelous curer. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bot-tle free. Dr. Kline, 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa. When a man tries to throw a stone with his

eft hand he can sympathize with a woman's The Reviving Powers of Park er's Ginger

Tonic make it the need of every home. Stom-ach troubies, colds and all distress yield to it. There is a time in a girl's life when she popular remedy known. tries on every hat she sees, for she knows they are all becoming to her.

To Keep Young needs no magic elixir. It only requires a little daily care of the health. Ripans Tabules re-duce doctoring to its lowest cost.

Strength is incomprehensible by weakness, and therefore the more terrible

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

Though flattery bioseoms I ke friendship, there is a great difference in the fruit.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, An-tioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

The personal pronoun 'T' should be the coat-of-arms of some individuals. —Rivaro.

Get Hindercorns and Use it If you want to know the comfort of no corns. It takes them out perfectly. 15c. at druggists No one will ever shine in conversation who

thinks of saying fine things.

money.

Heretics in Russia.

A new heretical sect has been discovered in Russia. It is known as "The Pilgrims," or "Wanderers," and numbers thousands in Tomsk and other Siberian Governments. Their mode of life is copied from the primitive Christians; they believe that the reign of the anti-Christ is at hand, and give that as their reason for retiring to Siberia, for when the archfiend comes the orthodox church and the bureaucracy of the Government will be destroyed.

Miss Mildmay-"I am sure that there is good in Mr. Spooner. He certainly is very tender-hearted." Miss Frost-"Yes, he has a heart that has been tendered to about every unmarried woman in town, if that is what you mean."-

A married woman never gets over the potion that she might have done bet-



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, head-aches 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 Lealthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent 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.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, M. F.

Wanted-Men, Women, Boys and Gra, to take a three months' course of Pratical BOOK-KEEPING. You can learn it during your spare bours at your own home and can earn from it to 18 dollars a week after you have competed the three months' course. I will seek employment for you. Forfull particulars write to charles HERLT, Mount Union, huntingdon Co., Pa.

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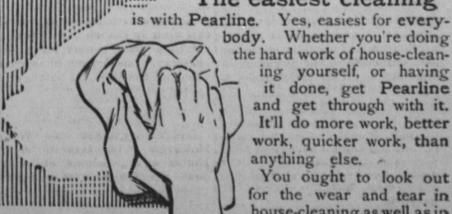
OUR NEW CATALOGUE

brimming full of illustrations, and showing how the thousand-and-one things really look. You'll like that,

Sent by mail on There are Guns, Rifles, Pistols-from all over the world, and some of our own receipt of 10 cents in make-Fishing Tackle, Dog Collars and postage stamps or Chains, Tennis Sets, etc., etc.

You can see our LOVELL DIAMOND BICYCLE-The Finest Wheel on Earth,the Williams Typewriter-you ought to have one. There's lots of other things too.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., BOSTON, MASS. So'e U. S. Agent for "STAR" AUTOMATIC PAPER FASTENER.



The easiest cleaning is with Pearline. Yes, easiest for every-

> the hard work of house-cleaning yourself, or having it done, get Pearline and get through with it. It'll do more work, better work, quicker work, than anything else.

You ought to look out for the wear and tear in house-cleaning as well as in

washing. Some of your delicate things won't stand much rubbing. They're meant, especially to be cleaned with Pearline. Send, Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled. it Back and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest-send if back.