**Sound Sleepers.**

Some very hardy, warm blooded people forget that summer is gone and sleep soundly under light covering, even while Jack Frost is painting weird pictures on the panes. But we all learn by experience, and they find themselves in the morning suffering with stiffness, soreness, lameback, stiff-neck or muscular cramps. Still, experience teaches. Like everybody else, they get a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, rub well with it and are cured. Warmer clothing, and the frost shut out, they snore again happily, while from the towers of winter's storm clouds the sentry cries, "All's well."

No man can have a good head and a bad stomach.

**In Olden Times**

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally know that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

No one expects that his grave will be neglected.

**Catarrh Cannot be Cured**

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

Creditors have better memories than debtors.

**"I Have Tried Parker's Ginger Tonic** and believe in it," says a mother, and so will you when you know its revitalizing properties.

The truest self-respect is not to think of self. 4i

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine. —Mrs. W. PICKERT, Van Sicle and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, 1894.

No woman cares to know why she loves a man.

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

We are often able because we think we are able.

**Just How it Does it is Not the Question.**

It is enough to know that Hindercorns takes out corns, and a great relief it is. 15c. druggists.

A pretty woman never forgets herself.

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

By searching the old learn the new.

FITS stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The wounds made by a friend never heal.

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

All the gestures of children are graceful.

# Your Happiness

Depends upon a healthy body and a contented mind

# Your Health

Is seriously in danger unless your blood is rich, red and pure.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier Prominently in the Public Eye.

**Hood's Pills** cure all liver ills, biliousness, headaches. 25c.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

## KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery,

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

If You Happen

To forget the name, just ask for the best Self-Raising Buckwheat.

YOU WILL GET

Heckers'

Of course.

12

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

## The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

**Subject: "The Dissipations of the Race Track."**

TEXT: "Hast thou given the horse strength? Hast thou clothed his neck with thunder? He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth; he goeth on to meet the armed men. He saith among the trumpets, ha, ha! and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."—Job xxxix., 19, 21, 25.

We have recently had long columns of intelligence from the race course, and multitudes flocked to the watering places to witness equine competition, and there is lively discussion in all households about the right and wrong of such exhibitions of mettle and speed, and when there is a heresy abroad that the cultivation of a horse's fleetness is an iniquity instead of a commenable virtue —at such a time a sermon is demanded of every minister who would like to defend public morals on the one hand, and who is not willing to see an unrighteous abridgment of innocent amusement on the other. In this discussion I shall follow no sermonic precedent, but will give independently what I consider the Christian and common sense view of this potent, all absorbing and agitating question of the turf.

There needs to be a redistribution of coronets among the brute creation. For ages the lion has been called the king of beasts. I knock off its coronet and put the crown upon the horse, in every way nobler, whether in shape, or spirit; or sagacity, or intelligence, or affection, or usefulness. He is semihuman, and known how to reason on a small scale. The centaur of olden times, part horse and part man, seems to be a suggestion of the fact that the horse is something more than a beast. Job in my text sets forth his strength, his beauty, his majesty, the panting of his nostril, the pawing of his hoof and his enthusiasm for the battle. What Rosa Bonheur did for the cattle and what Landseer did for the dog Job with mightier pencil does for the horse. Eighty-eight times does the Bible speak of him. He comes into every kingly possession and into every great occasion and into every triumph. It is very evident that Job and David and Isaiah and Ezekiel and Jeremiah and John were fond of the horse. He comes into much of their imagery. A red horse—that meant war. A black horse—that meant famine. A pale horse—that meant death. A white horse—that meant victory. Good Mordecai mounts him while Haman holds the bit. The church's advance in the Bible is compared to a company of horses of Pharaoh's chariot. Jeremiah cries out, "How canst thou contend with horses?" Isaiah says, "The horse's hoofs shall be counted as flint." Miriam claps her cymbals and sings, "The horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea." St. John describing Christ as coming forth from conquest to conquest, represents Him as seated on a white horse. In the parade of heaven the Bible makes us hear the clicking of hoofs on the golden pavement as it says, "The armies which were in heaven followed Him on white horses." I should not wonder if the horse, so banged, and bruised, and beaten and outraged on earth, should have some other place where his wrongs shall be righted. I do not assert it, but I say I should not be surprised if after all St. John's description of the horses in heaven turned out not altogether to be figurative but somewhat literal.

As the Bible makes a favorite of the horse, the patriarch, and the prophet, and the evangelist, and the apostle stroking his sleek hide and patting his rounded neck, and tenderly lifting his exquisitely formed hoof, and listening with a thrill to the champ of his bit, so all great natures in all ages have spoken of him in encomiastic terms. Virgil in his Georgics almost seems to plagiarize from this description in the text, so much are the descriptions alike—the description of Virgil and the description of Job. The Duke of Wellington would not allow any one irreverently to touch his old warhorse Copenhagen, on whom he had ridden fifteen hours without dismounting at Waterloo, and when old Copenhagen died his master ordered a military salute fired over his grave. John Howard showed that he did not exhaust all his sympathies in pitying the human race, for when sick he writes home, "Has my old chaise horse become sick or spoiled?" There is hardly any passage of French literature more pathetic than the lamentation over the death of the war charger Marchegay. Walter Scott had so much admiration for this divinely honored creature of God that in "St. Ronan's Well" he orders the girth slackened and the blanket thrown over the smoking flanks. Edmund Burke, walking in the park at Beaconsfield, musing over the past, throws his arms around the wornout horse of his dead son Richard, and weeps upon the horse's neck, the horse seeming to sympathize in the memories. Rowland Hill, the great English preacher, was caricatured because in his family prayers he supplicated for the recovery of a sick horse, but when the horse got well, contrary to all the prophecies of the farriers, the prayer did not seem quite so much of an absurdity.

But what shall I say of the maltreatment of this beautiful and wonderful creature of God? If Thomas Chalmers in his day felt called upon to preach a sermon against cruelty to animals, how much more in this day is there a need of reprehensive discourse! All honor to the memory of Professor Bergh, the chief apostle for the brute creation, for the mercy he demanded and achieved for this king of beasts. A man who owned 4000 horses, and some say 40,000, wrote in the Bible, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast." Sir Henry Lawrence's care of the horse was beautifully Christian. "He says: "I expect we shall lose Conrad, though I have taken so much care of him that he may come in cool. I always walk him the last four or five miles, and as I walk myself the first hour, it is only in the middle of the journey we get over the ground." The Ettrick Shepherd in his matchless "Ambrosial Nights" speaks of the maltreatment of the horse as a practical blasphemy. I do not believe in the transmigration of souls, but I cannot very severely denounce the idea, for when I see men who cut and bruise and whack and welt and strike and maul and outrage and insult the horse, that beautiful servant of the human race, who carries our burdens and pulls our plows and turns our thrashers and our mills and runs for our doctors—when I see men thus beating and abusing and outraging that creature, it seems to me that it would be only fair that the doctrine of transmigration of souls should prove true, and that for their punishment they should pass over into some poor miserable brute and be beaten and whacked and cruelly treated and frozen and heated and overridden—into an everlasting stage horse, an eternal traveler on a towpath, or tied to an eternal post, in an eternal winter, smitten with eternal epizootics!

There is a delusion abroad in the world that a thing must be necessarily good and Christian if it is slow and dull and plodding. There are very few good people who seem to imagine it is humbly pious to drive a spavined, galled, giandered, spring halted, blind staggered jade. There is not so much virtue in a Rosinante as in a Bucephalus. We want swifter horses, and swifter men, and swifter enterprises, and the church of God needs to get off its jog trot. Quick tempests, quick lightnings, quick steams; why not quick horses? In the time of war the cavalry service does the most execution, and as the battles of the world are probably not all past, our Christian patriotism demands that we be interested in equinal velocity. We might as well have poorer guns in our arsenals and clumsier ships in our navy yards than other Nations as to have under our cavalry saddles and before our parks of artillery slower horses. From the battle of Granicus, where the Persian horses drove the Macedonian infantry into the river, clear down to the horses on which Philip Sheridan and Stonewall Jackson rode into the fray, this arm of the military service has been recognized. Hamilcar, Hannibal, Gustavus Adolphus, Marshal Ney were cavalrymen. In this arm of the service Charles Martel at the battle of Poitiers beat back the Arab invasion. The Carthaginian cavalry, with the loss of only 700 men, overthrew the Roman army with the loss of 70,000. In the same way the Spanish chivalry drove back the Moorish hordes. The best way to keep peace in this country and in all countries is to be prepared for war, and there is no success in such a contest unless there be plenty of light footed chargers. Our Christian patriotism and our instruction from the word of God demand that first of all we kindly treat the horse, and then after that, that we develop his fleetness and his grandeur and his majesty and his strength.

But what shall I say of the effort being made in this day on a large scale to make this splendid creature of God, this divinely honored being, an instrument of atrocious evil? I make no indiscriminate assault against the turf. I believe in the turf if it can be conducted on right principles and with no betting. There is no more harm in offering a prize for the swiftest racer than there is harm at an agricultural fair in offering a prize to the farmer who has the best wheat, or to the fruit grower who has the largest pear, or to the machinist who presents the best corn thrasher, or in a school offering a prize of a copy of Shakespeare to the best reader, or in a household giving a lump of sugar to the best behaved youngster. Prizes by all means, rewards by all means. That is the way God develops the race. Rewards for all kinds of well doing. Heaven itself is called a prize, "the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." So what is right in one direction is right in another direction. And without the prizes the horse's fleetness and beauty and strength will never be fully developed. If it cost $1000 or $5000 or $10,000 and the result be achieved, it is cheap. But the sin begins where the betting begins, for that is gambling, or the effort to get that for which you give no equivalent, and gambling, whether on a large scale or a small scale, ought to be denounced of men as it will be accursed of God. If you have won fifty cents or $5000 as a wager, you had better get rid of it. Get rid of it right away. Give it to some one who lost in a bet, or give it to some great reformatory institution, or if you do not like that, go down to the river and pitch it off the docks. You cannot afford to keep it. It will burn a hole in your purse, it will burn a hole in your estate, and you will lose all that, perhaps 1000 times more—perhaps you will lose all. Gambling blasts a man or it blasts his children, generally both and all.

What a spectacle when at Saratoga, or at Long Branch, or at Brighton Beach, or at Sheepshead Bay, the horses start, and in a flash $50,000 or $100,000 change hands! Multitudes ruined by losing the bet, others worse ruined by gaining the bet; for if a man lose a bet at a horse race, he may be discouraged and quit, but if he win the bet he is very apt to go straight on to hell!

An intimate friend, a journalist, who in the line of his profession investigated this evil, tells me that there are three different kinds of betting at horse races, and they are about equally leprous—by "auction pools," by "French mutuals," by what is called "bookmaking"—all gambling, all bad, all rotten with iniquity. There is one word that needs to be written on the brow of every poolseller as he sits deducting his three or five per cent., and slyly "ringing up" more tickets than were sold on the winning horse —a word to be written also on the brow of every bookkeeper who at extra inducement scratches a horse off of the race, and on the brow of every jockey who slackens pace that, according to agreement, another may win, and writing over every judges' stand, and writing on every board of the surrounding fences. That word is "swindler!" Yet thousands bet. Lawyers bet. Judges of courts bet. Members of the Legislature bet. Members of Congress bet. Professors of religion bet. Teachers and superintendents of Sunday-schools, I am told, bet. Ladies bet, not directly, but through agents. Yesterday and every day they bet, they gain, they lose; and this summer, while the parasols swing, and the hands clap, and the huzzas deafen, there will be a multitude of people cajoled and deceived and cheated, who will at the races go neck and neck, neck and neck to perdition.

Cultivate the horse by all means, drive him as fast as you desire, provided you do not injure him or endanger yourself or others, but be careful and do not harness the horse to the chariot of sin. Do not throw your jewels of morality under the flying hoof. Do not under the pretext of improving the horse destroy a man. Do not have your name put down in the ever increasing catalogue of those who are ruined for both worlds by the dissipations of the American race course. They say that an honest race course is a "straight" track, and that a dishonest race course is a "crooked" track—that is the parlance abroad—but I tell you that every race track surrounded by betting men and betting women and betting customs is a straight track—I mean straight down! Christ asked in one of His gospels, "Is not a man better than a sheep?" I say, yes, and he is better than all the steeds that with lathered flanks ever shot around the ring at a race course. That is a very poor job by which a man in order to get a horse to come out a full length ahead of some other racer so lames his own morals that he comes out a whole length behind in the race set before him.

Do you not realize the fact that there is a mighty effort on all sides to-day to get money without earning it? That is the curse of all the cities; it is the curse of America—the effort to get money without earning it—and as other forms of stealing are not respectable, they go into these gambling practices. I preach this sermon on square old fashioned honesty. I have said nothing against the horse. I have said nothing against the turf. I have said everything against their prostitution. Young men, you go into straightforward industries, and you will have better livelihood, and you will have larger permanent success than you can ever get by a wager, but you get in with some of the whisky, rum blotched crew which I see going down on the boulevards, though I never bet, I will risk this wager, $5,000,000 to nothing, you will be debauched and damned.

Cultivate the horse, own him if you can afford to own him, test all the speed he has, if he have any speed in him, but be careful which way you drive. You cannot always tell what direction a man is driving in by the way his horses head. In my boyhood we rode three miles every Sabbath morning to the country church. We were drawn by two fine horses. My father drove. He knew them, and they knew him. They were friends. Sometimes they loved to go rapidly, and he did not interfere with their happiness. He had all of us in the wagon with him. He drove to the country church. The fact is that for eighty-two years he drove in the same direction. The roan span that I speak of was long ago unhitched, and the driver put up his whip in the wagon house never again to take it down, but in those good old times I learned something that I never forgot—that a man may admire a horse, and love a horse, and be proud of a horse, and not always be willing to take the dust of the preceding vehicle, and yet be a Christian, an earnest Christian, an humble Christian, a consecrated Christian, useful until the last, so that at his death the church of God cries out as Elisha exclaimed when Elijah went up with galloping horses of fire, "My father, my father, the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

**New Englanders to Meet at Atlanta.**

The New England Manufacturers' Association decided to hold their autumn meeting in Atlanta. An excursion party of 200 arranged to leave New York for Atlanta. Many of the largest cotton manufacturers of this country will be in the party.

**Aged Couple as Life Partners.**

Christopher Roberts, aged eighty-one, was married at Columbus, Ohio, to Eliza Jane Williams, aged fifty-nine, this being his third wife and her fourth husband.

## PORPOISE FISHING.

**An Industry That Keeps Hardy Fishermen Busy.**

The principal industry of the hardy residents of Hatteras Islands, off the North Carolina coast, is porpoise fishing. Isolated from the outside world, braving the furious storms that sweep over the island, the inhabitants have become accustomed to the energetic winds and maddening billows which occasionally sweep away their fences, gates, and in unusually severe weather sometimes the lighter articles of household furniture fall a prey to the seething, relentless waves and are strewn along the beach or carried far out to sea. Still, they murmur not, but the industry goes on with unabated energy, declares the Philadelphia Times.

Somewhere in the neighborhood of sixty-six rough, hardy fishermen are engaged in catching porpoises. This force of men is divided into three crews, or relays, of twenty-two men each, stationed on the Atlantic side of Hatteras, their field of operations comprising a stretch of ocean front of about five miles in length.

Each of these stations are designated as camps, and the boats, nets and other paraphernalia used in capturing the purpoise are kept in constant readiness and can be "run out" with as much ease and facility at a moment's notice as can the apparatus of the life saving crews. A man is selected from each of these crews who is known as a "spy," or "watcher," whose duty it is to be ever on the alert for the appearance of the porpoise. Up and down the beach with measured tread, like the soldier sentinel, at stated intervals he patrols his "beat," his vigilant eye constantly turned seaward.

A high pole is planted in each camp, but instead of a flag, however, a bundle of dead brush is utilized, and when this "waif," as it is termed, is run up to the end of the pole it is the signal to the crew at the extreme end of the camp limit that a school of porpoises are gyrating and frolicing in the surf and to keep a sharp lookout for them. The watcher keeps this school in sight and follows them, walking along the shore, noting every movement. Should the pilot carry the school seaward the watcher returns to camp, the signal is hauled down and the commotion in the distant camps quiets down, for they know that the school has disappeared in deep water.

In case, however, the school (numbering all the way from 150 to 200 fish) continue to advance on the line with the shore, off goes the distant crew, with their boats, silently but swiftly into the surf, and soon an immense wall of net is spread to cut off their further advance. In the meantime, the first crew, discovering the school, are following close in its wake, widening the net as they advance, while the middle crew has gone beyond the surf and is now pulling energetically for the shore. Finding the advance disputed, the school suddenly turns only to find itself confronted by a similar obstruction of net; now ensues a scene of indescribable confusion. High out of the water they leap, lashing the water into foam with their tails and making frantic efforts to escape. Silently the crews close in upon them; they are surrounded by a great, strong wall of netting, and only the most agile succeed in overleaping the boundary and making good their escape.

Closer and closer the crews approach the beach, and once in shallow water the most skilful manoeuvring is required to prevent the escape of the school. The average catch at one haul is eighty fish. Each fisherman is armed with a long, keen-bladed knife, and as soon as the catch "strikes sand" (the beach) a certain number of men detailed for the purpose draw their knives and proceed to stab the floundering fish in the neck. This operation is attended with extreme hazard, for the tail of the porpoise wields great power, and a "whack" sometimes breaks an arm or a leg.

The catch over, the boats and apparatus are made ready for another haul. If the haul has not been made too late in the day, in the presence of a great crowd of women and children, the skinning process begins. The fat on the skins runs from two to two and one-half inches in thickness. The skins are taken to the factory, where they are soaked in large reservoirs, from which, after a sufficient length of time, they are transferred to the splitting machine. Here the blubber or fat is shaved evenly and smoothly to a certain thickness, usually requiring two "runnings" to accomplish the desired result. The skins are next spread upon the floor and subjected to a thorough salting. After a few days, when the salt has permeated every pore, the skins are carefully packed in large boxes and shipped north to undergo the final process of tanning.

**A Great Band of Elks.**

A correspondent of Shooting and Fishing, writing from Cora, Wy., gives an account of a band of elks that came under her observation a year ago. The correspondent and her husband were driving home from a railroad station with a load of supplies. The snow was between one and three feet deep. The band when it was sighted extended backward like a great black streak for fully three miles, and was pouring over the hill in front like a torrent to the river. The trail of the elks was clearly marked in the snow and was fully two rods wide. From an estimate of the time it required for the band to traverse the section from where the animals were first seen until the last one had passed it is estimated that between six and seven thousand elks were in movement.

**Bed Companions in Dalmatia.**

Among others there is a black beetle indigenous to Dalmatian soil, the remembrance of which, writes a newspaper correspondent, will put me into a cold perspiration to the last day of my life. It is as large as a mouse, and much fleeter than a deer—a gigantic and appalling combination of shininess and speed. To see him go up your bedroom wall, well out of reach, at the rate of five feet per second, might make the stoutest heart quail. He comes down and joins you after you have put your light out. He is not afraid of a revolver. I would not wish my worst enemy a more unhappy quarter of an hour than I have passed with an elderly black beetle of this class in the ancient burg of Dubrovnik. There is a flying thing, too—a thing as large as a wren, with a hum quite superior in quality and volume to that of any top I ever dreamt of in childhood's wildest visions. This thing malignantly secretes itself in your room during the day, while the windows are open, and waits with fiendish insidiousness until you are snugly settled in bed, having satisfied yourself that there are no scorpions left, and spread a centipede or two out quite thin on the wall with your slipper. Just as your mind begins to be at ease, and the skirmishers of sleep have effected a lodgment upon your eyelids, out sallies the thing from its place of vantage, and starts upon its nefarious course with a booming and whirring of wings that are a good deal more easily conceived than described.

**German Railroads.**

German railroad cars are not comfortable, but German railroad management is fair. For instance, according to a late agreement between the railroads, if a traveler now makes only part of the trip to which his ticket entitles him, the money paid in excess is returned to him, provided the station master of the station where his trip was cut short certifies to that fact on the ticket.

**Broken Down by Nervous Prostration.**

*From the Herald, Baltimore, Md.*

Mr. J. H. Street, a builder, who is well known in Baltimore, lives with his family at 1809 W. Lanvale Street, a beautiful part of the city, recently built up. When he first occupied his present home, although surrounded by everything to make life comfortable and pleasant, there was a cloud, produced by sickness, which hovered over the household and caused a feeling of unrest, uncertainty and dread of the results in the near future to take possession of every member of the family. Mr. Street, from close application to business, had begun to fail in health. A rest from his labors was advised and tried, but instead of an anticipated improvement he grew worse. His nerves were completely shattered. Doctors worked with him in vain, and every remedy used proved futile. Finally he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and some of the marvelous results attending their use, and he gave them a trial.

"The effect of the pills on me," said Mr. Street a few days ago to a *Herald* reporter, "was little short of a miracle. I was completely broken down from nervous prostration and its concomitant diseases, and had almost given up all hope of ever getting well. I could not sleep, was tired all the time and unable to attend to business. I took three boxes of the pills. There was a perceptible improvement after the first few doses, and by the time I had taken the three boxes I was entirely well and able to attend to business as actively as ever before in my life."

"Yes," said Mrs. Street, who is as strong a believer as her husband in the merits and efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, "the pills certainly cured my husband, and I shall never cease to give thanks for his having heard of them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Ethel—Do you allow Charles to kiss you when you are not engaged to him? Maud —It isn't an allowance. He calls it a prerequisite.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

**In a Potato.**

Five years ago Mrs. John Pippert, of Middletown, Pa., lost her wedding ring by throwing it with some dishwater into the garden. A diligent search failed to discover the ring. The other day Mrs. Pippert dug some potatoes in her garden, and while peeling them for supper the knife struck something hard in one, and to her astonishment, on cutting into the potato, she found her lost wedding ring. As evidence of this strange tale the ring, the potato, the garden spot, and Mr. and Mrs. John Pippert are truthful witnesses.—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

ASTHMA

POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC

Gives relief in FIVE minutes. Send for a FREE trial package. Sold by Druggists. One Box sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Six boxes $5.00. Address THOS. POPHAM, PHILA., PA.

WHY I AM AN A. P. A.

A book, 153 pages, by James Sargent, 302 Beckley Building, Rochester, N. Y. All questions answered. Prices: 25 cents each; $1.50 per doz.; $10 per 100, postage paid. Cash must accompany all orders.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

PHIDGET. New Game. It pleases the young and old, married and single, rich and well. Send 10c EL DORADO NOVELTY CO., Washington, D. C.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE unsurpassed for milk, butter, beef and beauty. FOR SALE BY J. W. MORRIS, Hagerstown, Md.

**Labor in Vain.**

That convicts be placed at hard and unprofitable labor, so as not to compete with honest toil, is often urged by the friends of workingmen. The ideal of these agitators has been reached at London, Ontario. The workhouse and penitentiary of the town is situated upon the top of a high bluff by the river side. The convicts are told off into groups of four, and betweem them is a barrel with handles; this they fill at the river side, and then toil painfully up the steep path to the summit of the bluff, where the contents of the barrel are thrown into a gutter to rush back into the river. Then they descend to the water level for another load.

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$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free you work in the locality where you live, send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure, write at once. D. T. MORGAN, Manager, Box 17, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

D N U 44

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
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A HEALTH SIGNAL

a health signal.

The baby's mission, its work in life, is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort. Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good-nature, baby-beauty.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is the best fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth, For the growing child it *is* growth. For the full-grown, new life.

*Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute.*

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