

**A Bon Mot of W. S. Gilbert.**  
The author dropped into the opera box of a parvenue friend one evening when "The Magic Flute" was on the bills. After asking him who wrote the music, the woman said: "Mozart? Mozart? Never heard of him before. He's immense! Why isn't he here? Why isn't he doing something else? Why isn't he composing?"  
"Because he's decomposing, my dear lady," answered Gilbert.

**Increase of Freight Cars.**  
According to the Railroad Gazette, the railroad companies have ordered 25,000 freight cars this year, at a cost of \$10,000,000.  
Every girl knows of some man who "perfectly idolizes" his wife. The wife would probably be as much surprised as anybody if she knew it.

**Practical Logic.**  
To reason from cause to effect is very good logic in its way, but to practice on physical conditions in seeking the cause first, is a very slow process indeed. All ailments seem to give an expression to pain, and especially in rheumatism where it takes hold deeply. This is an effect, whatever the cause may be, and pain would become intolerable if one waited to find out the cause. Hence sufferers are bent on curing the pain promptly, and for this reason know, or soon find out that St. Jacobs Oil is surely the best remedy. People seldom have reason to heed further, for once this ailment is cured by it, it stays cured, and thus puts an end to argument and pain at once.

Licorice grows chiefly on the banks of the rivers Tigris and Euphrates.

**STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.**  
I, FRANK J. CHENEY, do hereby certify that I am the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, Ohio, and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.  
FRANK J. CHENEY.  
Notary Public.  
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for circulars, free of charge. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The only bird that sings while flying is the lark.

**Mothers Appreciate the Good Work of Parker's Kidney Tonic.** With its reviving qualities—a boon to the pain-stricken and nervous.

A wrong desire overcome is a temptation resisted.

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

Wisdom can live on what fools trample under foot.

FITS stopped free by DR. KILMER'S GREAT NERVE-RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cure. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. KILMER, 531 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The inventor of soap was a friend of the Gospel.

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

No matter how safe sin may look, its end is death.

I use Pilo's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Water, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

To live an aimless life is to lose life.

When you come to realize that your sins are gone, and no pain, how grateful you feel. The works of Hallelucias, 124

Japan exports matches.

## Nervous Debility

Good Health, Strength and Appetite Given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I had been a sufferer from nervous debility for eight years. Various treatments did not give me relief. I went to Germany and was treated by a specialist. In a short time gave up his treatment and returned to this country. On the advice of a friend I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle benefited me and shortly I was cured. I am now strong, have a good appetite, and have increased in weight."—CLARA HENCKS, 246 Union Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Remember.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only True Blood Purifier Prominently in the public eye. \$1; 6 for \$5.

Hood's Pills cure all biliousness, headache, &c.

## Cold Water and a Hot Griddle

To make light, Delicious BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

You must Of course use

## Hecker's Buckwheat.

## A FIGHTING DEMOCRAT

Presidential Year. THE CHICAGO CHRONICLE, the great democratic newspaper of the west, daily for one year \$2. No subscription for less than one year at this rate. Sample copies free. THE CHRONICLE, 164-166 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

NYER'S SOLID EXTRACT WITCH HAZEL CURES PILES. 25c and 50c per tin at druggists, or sample mailed FREE. J. J. FLECK, Tiffin, O.

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Handwriting on the Wall."

Text: "In that night was Belshezzar, the King of the Chaldeans, slain."—Daniel, v., 32.

Night was about to come down on Babylon. The shadows of her 250 towers began to lengthen. The Euphrates rolled on, touched by the fiery splendors of the setting sun, and gates of brass, burnished and glittering, opened and shut like doors of flame. The hanging gardens of Babylon, wet with the heavy dew, began to pour from their flowers and dripping leaf a fragrant, starry many miles around. The streets and squares were lighted for dances and frolic and promenade. The theaters and galleries of art invited the wealth and pomp and grandeur of the city to rare entertainments. Scenes of riot and wastefulness were mingled in every street, and godless mirth and outrageous excess and splendid wickedness came to the king's palace to do their mightiest deeds of darkness.

A royal feast to-night at the king's palace! Rushing up to the gates are chariots, upholstered with precious cloths from Dedan, and drawn by fire-eyed horses from Togorah, that rear and neigh in the grasp of the charioteers, while a thousand lords dismount. A woman, dressed in all the splendors of Syrian emerald, and the color of blending, and the chasteness of coral, and the somber glory of Tyrian purple and princely embroideries, brought from afar by camels across the desert and by ships of Tarshish across the sea.

Open wide the gates and let the guests come in. The chamberlains and cupbearers are ready. Hark to the rustle of the silks, and to the carol of the music! See the diamonds of the jewels! Lift the banners. Fill the cups. Clap the cymbals. Blow the trumpets. Let the night go with song and with mirth and merriment. See the Babylonish tongue be palsied that will not say, "O King Belshezzar, live forever!" Ah, my friends, it was not any common banquet to which these great people came! All parts of the earth had sent their richest viands to that table. Brackets and chandeliers flashed their light upon tankards of burnished gold. Fruits, ripe and luscious, in baskets of silver, entwined with leaves, plucked from royal conservatories. Vases inlaid with emerald and ridged with exquisite traceries, filled with nuts that were threshed from forests of distant lands. Wine brought from the royal vats, foaming in the decanters and bubbling in the chalices. Tufts of cassia and frankincense waiting their sweetness from wall and table. Gleaming banners unfolding in the breeze that came through the open windows, and withered with the perfumes of hanging gardens. Fountains rising up from inclosures of ivory, in jets of crystal, to fall in clattering of diamonds and pearls. Sixty of the mighty men looking down from niches in the wall upon crowns and shields brought from subjugated empires. Idols of wonderful workmanship on pedestals of precious stones. Embroideries steeping about the walls and wrapping pillars of cedar and gilding and inlaid with ivory and agate. Music, mingling with the thrum of the harp and the clash of cymbals, and the blast of trumpets in one wave of melody that went rippling along the wall and breathing among the garlands and pouring down the corridors, and thrilling the souls of the banqueters.

The signal is given, and the lords and ladies, the mighty men and women of the land, come around the table. Pour out the wine. Let foam and bubbles kiss the rim! Hoist every one his cup and drink to the sentiment, "O King Belshezzar, live forever!" Bestirred head and and earnest and uplifted beauty gleam to the uplifted glasses, as again and again, and again they are emptied, and again with care from the palace! Tear royal dignity to tatters! Pour out more sweeter perfume! Lord shouts to lord, captain ogle to captain. Goblets clash; canisters rattle. There come in the obscene song, and the drunken bloush, and the clasp of lips, and the guffaw of idiotic laughter, burbling from the lips of princes, foaming, bloodshot, while mingling with it all I hear, "Huzza, huzza, for great Belshezzar!"

What is that on the plastering of the wall? Is it a spirit? Is it a phantom? Is it God? The music stops. The goblets fall from the nervous grasp. There is a thrill. There is a start. There is a thousand voiced shriek of horror. Let Daniel be brought in to read that writing. He comes in. He reads it. "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

Meanwhile the Medes, who for two years had been laying siege to that city, took advantage of that carousal and came in. I hear the feet of the conquerors on the palace steps. Hasteless rushes in with a thousand gleaming knives. Death hurls upon the scene, and I shut the door of that banquet hall, for I do not want to look. There is nothing there but torn banners, and broken wreaths, and the stench of upst tankards, and the blood of murdered women, and the kicked and tumbled carcass of a dead king. For in that night was Belshezzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

I mean to learn some lessons from all this. I mean that when God writes anything on the wall a man had better read it as it is. Daniel did not misinterpret or modify the message that came to him. It is all foolishness to expect a minister of the gospel to preach always things that the people like or the people choose. Young men of Washington, what shall I preach to you to-night? Shall I tell you of the dignity of human nature? Shall I tell you of the wonders that our race has accomplished? "Oh, no," you say. "Tell me the message that came from God." I mean it is this lesson: "Repent! Accept of Christ and be saved!" I might ask of a great many other things, but that is the message that I declare to you, Jesus never faltered to those who did wrong and who were offensive in His sight. "Ye generation of vipers, ye whited sepulchers! How can ye escape the damnation of hell? Paul to the apostle preached before a man who was not ready to hear him preach. What subject did he take? Did he say: "Oh, you are a good man, a very fine man, a very noble man?" No. He preached of righteousness to a man who was unrighteous, of temperance to a man who was a victim of bad appetite, of the judgment to come to a man who was unfit for it. So we must always desire the message that happens to come to us. Daniel must read it as it is. A minister preached before James I. of England, who was James VI. of Scotland. What subject did he take? The king was noted all over the world for being unsettled and wavering in his ideas. What did the minister preach about? The message that came from God. He told James VI. of Scotland, who took for his text James I., 6: "He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven by the wind and tossed." Hugh Latimer offended the king by a sermon he preached, and the king said, "Hugh Latimer, come and apologize." "I will," said Hugh Latimer. So the day was appointed, and the mighty men and women of the country, for Hugh Latimer was to apologize. He began his sermon by saying: "Hugh Latimer, be thankful! Thou art in the presence of thine earthly king, who can destroy thy body. But betwixt thee, Hugh Latimer, that thou art in the presence of the King of heaven and earth, who can destroy both body and soul in hell fire. Then he preached with appalling directness at the king's crimes.

Another lesson that comes to us to-night—there is a great difference between the opening of the banquet of sin and its closing. Young man, if you had looked in upon the banquet in the first few hours, you would

have wished you had been invited there and could sit at the feast. "Oh, the grandeur of Belshezzar's feast!" you would have said, but you look in at the close of the banquet and your blood curdles with horror. The king of terrors has there a ghastly banquet. Human blood is the wine and dying groans are the music. Sin has made itself a king in the heart of man, with horror. It has spread a banquet. It invites all the world to come to it. It has hung in its banquet hall the spoils of all kingdoms and all nations of all Nations. It has gathered from all music. It has strewn from its wealth the tables and floors and arches. And yet how often is that banquet broken up and how horrible is its end! Ever and anon there is the earthquake on the wall. A king falls. A great culprit is arrested. The knees of wickedness knock together. God's judgment, like an armed host, breaks in upon the banquet, and that night Belshezzar, the king of the Chaldeans, is slain. Here is a young man who says: "I cannot see why they make such a fuss about the intoxicating cup. Why, it is exhilarating! It makes me feel as if I can talk better, feel better, feel better. I cannot see why people have such a prejudice against it." A few years pass on, and he wakes up and finds himself in a hospital, and an evil habit which he tried to break, but cannot, and he cries out, "O Lord God, help me!" It seems as though God would not hear his prayer, and in an agony of body and soul he cries out, "Give health like a serpent, and stings like an adder." How bright it was at the start! How black it was at the last!

Here is a man who begins to read loose newspapers. They are so charming, he says. "I will go on with them for myself, whether all these things are so." He opens the gate of a sinful life. He goes in. A sinful spirit meets him with her wand. She waves her wand, and he is led to a banquet which he tries to break, but cannot, and he cries out, "O Lord God, help me!" It seems as though God would not hear his prayer, and in an agony of body and soul he cries out, "Give health like a serpent, and stings like an adder." How bright it was at the start! How black it was at the last!

I mean further on this subject that death sometimes breaks in upon a banquet. Why did he not get down to the prison in Babylon? There were people there that would like to have died. I suppose there were men and women in torture in that city who would have welcomed death, and he comes to the palace, and just at the time when the mirth is dashing to the tip of the pitch breaks in at the banquet. We have often seen the same thing illustrated. Here is a young man, a student in a college. He is kind. He is loving. He is enthusiastic. He is eloquent. By one spring he may bound to heights toward which many men have been struggling for years. A profession opens before him, and he enters it with the law. His friends cheer him. Eminent men encourage him. After awhile you may see him standing in the American Senate or moving a great measure through his eloquence, stress and vigor in a striking manner. Some night he retires early. A fever is on him. Delirium, like a reckless charioteer, seizes the reins of his intellect. Father and mother stand by and watch his life going out to the great ocean. The banquet is coming to an end. The lights of thought and mirth and eloquence are being extinguished. The garlands are snatched from the brow. The vision is gone. Death at the banquet!

I have also to learn from the subject that the destruction of the vicious and of those who despise God will be very sudden. The waves of mirth had dashed to the very point when the invading army broke through. It was unexpected. Suddenly, almost always, comes the doom of those who despise God, and the trumpet of judgment was at the deluge! No, they suppose, come through a long northeast storm, so that people for days before were sure it was coming! No, I suppose the morning was bright, that calm and brooding day, that beauty sat enthroned on the hills, when suddenly the heavens burst and the mountains sank like anchors into the sea that dashed clear over the Andes and the Himalayas.

The Red Sea was divided. The Egyptians tried to cross it. There could be no danger. The Israelites had just gone through. Where they had gone, why not the Egyptians? Oh, it was a head-on collision. The sea was a pavement of tinged shells and pebbles, and on either side two great walls of water—solid. There can be no danger. Forward, great host of the Egyptian Clap the trumpet and blow the trumpets of victory. After them! We will catch them yet, and they shall be destroyed. But the walls began to tremble! They rock! They fall! The rushing waters! The shock of drowning men! The swimming of the water-borne men! Suddenly destruction came. One half hour before they could not have believed it. Destroyed, and without remedy.

I am, and setting forth a fact, which you have noticed as well as I. An apostle came to the apostle. The apostle says, "Did you sell the land for so much?" He says, "Yes." It was a lie. Dead, as quick as that! He says, "Did you sell the land for so much?" He says, "Yes." It was a lie, and quick as that she was dead! God's judgments are upon those who despise Him and defy Him. They come suddenly. Skilled sportsmen do not like to shoot a bird standing on a sprig near-by. If they are skilled, they pride themselves on taking it on the wing, and they wait till it starts. Death is an expert sportsman. He loves to take men flying under the very sun. He loves to take them on the wing. Oh, flee to God this night! If there be one in this presence who has wandered far away from Christ, though he may not have heard the call, he goes for many a year, I invite him now to come and be saved. Flee from this! Flee to the stronghold of the gospel! Now is the accepted time. Now is the day of salvation.

Good night, my young friends, may you have rosy sleep, guarded by Him who never slumbers! May you awake in the morning strong and well! But, oh, art thou a despoiler of God? Is that what thou art to-night? Shouldst thou be awakened in the night by something, thou knowest not what, and there be shadows floating in the room, and a handwriting on the wall, and you feel that your last hour is come, and that you are fainting at the heart, and a tremor in the hand, and a catching of the breath—then thy last hour is come, and that is the words of the text: "In that night was Belshezzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain."

Oh, that my Lord Jesus would now make Himself so attractive to your souls that you could resist Him, and if you have never prayed before or have not prayed, since those days when you knelt down at your mother's knee, then that to-night you might pray, saying:  
Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that Thy blood has shed for me,  
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come!

But if you cannot think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a shorter prayer that you can say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" Or, if you cannot think of so long a prayer as that, I will give you a still shorter prayer that you may utter, "Lord save me or I perish!" Or, if that be too long a prayer, you need not make it. Use the word "help!" Or, if that be too long a word, you need not use any word at all. Just look and live!

## THE TALLEST MAN.

He Was a Californian and Lived Centuries Ago.

The corpse of the biggest man that ever lived has been dug up near San Diego, Cal. At all events there is no satisfactory record in ancient or modern history of any human being nearly so tall. The mummy—for in such a condition the remains were found—is that of a person who must have been about nine feet high in life. This makes allowance for a shrinkage, which may be pretty closely calculated. As to accuracy in the estimate there can be no question, inasmuch as the cadaver has been carefully inspected and measured by Professor Thomas Wilson, Curator of the Department of Prehistoric Anthropology in the Smithsonian Institution, and other scientists. The tape-line even now registers the length from heel to top of head at eight feet four inches.

The mummy is that of an Indian, and is almost certainly prehistoric, although its age cannot be determined with any sort of accuracy. Historical records of the part of California, where it was found go back for at least 250 years, and they make no mention of any man of gigantic stature. How much older the body may be must be left open to conjecture. Its preservation is no matter for surprise. In that arid region the atmospheric conditions are such that a corpse buried in the dry season might very well become perfectly desiccated before the arrival of the rains and thus become rendered perfectly proof against decay.

The body was found in a cave by a party of prospectors. It is in an excellent state of preservation. The spine has shrunk considerably, being thus reduced in length by reason of the drying of the cartilage between the vertebrae. The knees are somewhat bent. Over the head are the remains of a leather hood, which seems to have been part of a garment used for the purpose of a shroud. The man was well advanced in years, as is shown by the worn condition of the teeth. It has been stated that the individual must have surpassed in height any giant of whom there is historical record. This is true unquestionably, so far as the last two centuries are concerned, and accounts of older dates are not at all well authenticated. Indeed, they grow more apocryphal as distance of time increases, until they merge into the fabulous stories of antiquity when there was no science or exact knowledge and nothing was too incredible to be believed. It is a fact that most races of men have entertained a notion to the effect that their own ancestors were giants.

## Savage Coats of Arms.

One of the astonishing affinities that most refined, and the last degree of vulgar barbarism is the coats of arms, exists between an old civilization. The inherited shields of the proudest families of Great Britain have designs that "are borrowed" as Figaro remarks, "from the costume of the aborigines of New Zealand. One day a Maori remarked the seal of an officer of the British marine. The Englishman explained to the savage that the signet was the mark of his family, handed down through generations and continued with some explanations of the meaning of the various parts of the design, according to the art of heraldry, giving an idea of the reason for the use of armorial bearings. What was his surprise and chagrin, when he had finished, to hear the Maori declare: "So it is the moko of your family which you have attached to your finger!" And the savage offered himself as the officer's friend, since he himself was of a lineage that had won in war the right to armorial bearings! After each important battle the warriors of New Zealand, according to custom, received for bravery ("moko") or marks, which they and their descendants were entitled to wear in token of deeds of exceptional service.

## A Bird Catchin' Insect.

In this country we talk of insectivorous or insect-eating birds, and few of us have ever heard of read of a country where the tables are turned to such a degree that they speak of a bird-catchin' insect, but that is the exact condition of affairs in Southern Brazil and Venezuela. In those countries they have an insect called the "great mantis," which is some four or five inches in length, not including his strong jaws and immense upper-like forelegs.

This pair of enormous "pincers" are equal in strength to those of a crayfish or a crab, and are used by the giant mantis in capturing its prey. The food of this cannibalistic insect consists of spiders, grass-hoppers, small snakes and lizards, and according to Brumliester, the most robust specimens of the genus will not stand aside with an empty stomach if he can manage to get his pincers on a bird of the size of a canary, warbler, or chick-a-dee. The great mantis resembles a combined leaf and twig, both in color and shape, and being aided by this resemblance is able to stealthily approach its prey, whether it be reptile, insect or bird, and seize the unsuspecting creature with its razor-like claws.

## Queer Cheese.

In the foreign colonies on the east side may be found some cheeses which, though palatable, are not obtainable in any of the delicatessen stores or restaurants elsewhere. On the street stands of the ghetto are odd-looking hunks of cheese covered with black specks. They do not look appetizing, but are really pleasing to the taste, the spots being nothing worse than caraway seeds. In the Hungarian quarter the luxury is a green cheese, said to be made of caviare.

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

# Royal Baking Powder

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**How They Made Up.**  
He was a very nice-looking young man, but he appeared nervous, and all the clerks in the office looked at him curiously when he rushed in and asked permission to use the telephone. "I want to talk to my wife," he explained, "and there is a telephone in the drug store next door to us, where she can talk to me." He was told to help himself. He went into the little glass apartment and closed the door, but he was not used to a telephone, being under the impression that it was necessary to shout into it at the top of his lungs, and so the clerks heard the entire conversation. "Hello! Is that Smith's drug store? Well, this is Mr. Jones. What? Mr. Jones! J-o-n—Yes! That's right, next door! Will you call my wife to the telephone, please? Yes, I'll hold my ear here." A long pause, and then in a voice softly modulated: "Is that you, dear? I want to tell you how sorry—What? I say, I want to tell you how—You can't hear? No! No! don't bring the man to the phone. I'll try again. I want—to—tell—you—how—sorry—I am—for—being—cross—to—you—this—morning. Yes! Do you forgive me? What? Oh! You say 'long ago'! Oh! you dear girl! What's that funny noise? What? Spell it! Yes! K-i-s. Oh! yes, I understand. Here's one for you, sweetheart." Here the young man made a noise like the pop of a champagne cork. Then he called off and walked away from the phone blushing happily.—Philadelphia Record.

**Spilled 120 Tons of Molten Glass.**  
A costly accident occurred the other morning at the Marion, Ind., fruit jar works. The bottom of a large tank suddenly fell out, spilling and ruining a mass of molten glass weighing 120 tons. Since the accident four streams of water have been playing constantly upon the molten mass, thus preventing what might have been a disastrous fire. The factory was compelled to shut down two weeks.

**Burned at the Stake in London.**  
We can hardly realize the fact that it has only been but little over 100 years since counterfeiters were publicly burned at the stake in London, the present boasted "center of civilization." On March 18, 1780, Christiane Murphy was executed at Newgate tower, London, for the crime of "coining." She was bound to the stake seated on a stool, the main tie being a cord around the neck. The funeral pyre was then lighted by the executioner and his deputies, one of the latter of whom finally jerked the stool from under the wretched creature, allowing the weight to fall on her neck. Within 48 minutes the body was finally reduced to ashes and buried in a hole on the spot where the execution took place.

**A New Shoe.**  
A new shoe for soldiers is being tested in Germany. It consists of a kind of paste of linseed oil, varnish and iron filings with which the soles of new shoes are painted. It is said to keep leather flexible and gives the shoe greater resistance than the best nails. Already, in many regiments, the usual iron nails have been exchanged for nails of aluminum.

**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, headaches 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 healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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**The woman pined down**  
to one or two uses of Pearline will have to be talked to. Why is she throwing away all the gain and help that she can get from it in other ways? If you have proved to yourself that Pearline washes clothes, for instance, in the easiest, quickest, safest way, you ought to be ready to believe that Pearline is the best for washing and cleaning everything. That's the truth, anyway. Try it and see. Into every drop of water that's to be used for cleansing anything, put some Pearline.

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