

REV. DR. TALMAGE,
The Eminent Washington Divine's
Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Advice to Young Women."

The text was the following letter received by Dr. Talmage:
"Reverend Sir—You delivered a discourse in answer to a letter from six young men of Fayette, O., requesting you to preach a sermon on 'Advice to Young Men.' Are you justified in asking you to preach a sermon on 'Advice to Young Women.'"

"LETTER SIGNED BY SIX YOUNG WOMEN."
Christ, who took His text from a flock of birds flying overhead, saying, "Behold the fowls of the air," and from the flowers in the valley, saying, "Consider the lilies of the field," and from the clucking of a barnyard fowl, saying, "As a hen gathered her chickens under her wing," and from a crystal of salt picked up by the roadside, saying, "Salt is good," will grant us a blessing if, instead of taking a text from the Bible, I take for my text this letter from Cincinnati, which is only one of many letters which have received from young women in New York, New Orleans, San Francisco, London, Edinburgh and from the ends of the earth, all implying that, having some one who preaches the sermon on "Advice to Young Men," they do not, without neglect of duty, refuse to preach a sermon on "Advice to Young Women."

It is the more important that the pulpit be heard on this subject at this time when we are having such an illimitable discussion about what is called the new woman, as though some new creature of God had arrived on earth or more about her. One theory is that she will be an athlete, and boxing glove and football and pugilistic encounter will characterize her. Another theory is that she will be a social belle, sitting in Congressional hall and through improved politics, bring the millennium by the evil she will extirpate and the good she will install. Another theory is that she will adopt masculine attire and make secret of vulgarism positively horrible. Another theory is that she will be so aesthetic that broom handles and rolling pins and cool scooters will be plectrums of her music, and she will be a suggestion of Rembrandt and Raphael.

Heaven deliver the church and the world from any one of these strange and wild women. She will never come. I have so much faith in the evangelistic triumph and in the progress of all things in the right direction that I profess that the style of woman that will never arrive. She would have lovely, lovely theories to diabolism, and from being, as she is now, the mightiest agency for the world's uplifting, she would be the mightiest force for its downthrowing.

I will tell you who the new woman will be. It will be the good woman of all the ages past. Here and there a different a of attire, as the temporary custom may command, but the same heart, the same Christian, all influential being that your mother and mine was. Of that kind of woman was Christian Eddy, who, talking to a man who was so much of a woman, he had named his two children Voltaire and Tom Paine, nevertheless saw him converted, he breaking down with emotion as he said to her, "I cannot say you are like my mother." And telling the story of his conversion to twelve companions who had been blatant opposers of religion, they asked her to come and see them and tell them of Christ, and four of them were converted, and all the others greatly changed, and the leader of the band, departing for heaven, shouted, "Joyful! Joyful! Joyful!" If you know any better than I do, let me know where she is? The world cannot improve on that kind. The new woman may have more knowledge because she will have more books, but she will have no more common sense than I have. No more common sense than I have. No more common sense than I have. No more common sense than I have.

But I must be specific. This letter before me wants advice to young women. Advise the first: Get your soul right with God and you will be in the best attitude for everything that comes. New ways of voyaging by sea, new ways of traveling by land, new ways of thrashing the harvest, new ways of printing books—and the patent office is enough to enchant a man who has mechanical ingenuity and knows a good deal of levers and wheels—and he hardly do any thing as it used to be done; invention after invention, invention on top of invention. But in the matter of getting right with God there has not been an invention for 5000 years. It is on the same line of religion that David exercised about his sins, and the same old style of prayer that the publican used when he emphasized it by an inward knock of both hands and knees, and the same old style of prayer that the jailer the night the penitentiary broke down. Aye, that is the reason I have more confidence in E. It has been tried by more than 5000 years. I dare to state that I come far short of the brilliant facts. All who through Christ earnestly tried to get right with God are right and always will be right. That gives the young woman who gets that position of superiority over all rivalries, all jealousies, all misfortunes, all health failings, all social disasters, and all the combined troubles of eighty years, if she is great men and great geniuses. If the world fails to appreciate her, she says, "God loves me, the angels in heaven are in sympathy with me, and I can afford to be patient until the day when the Imperial Christ shall wheel to my door to take me up to my coronation." If health gives, she says, "I can endure the present distress, for I am on the way to a climate the first breath of which will make me feel against even the slightest discomfort." If she is justified with perturbations of social life, she can say, "Well, when I begin my life among the heroes of heaven and the kings and queens upon God shall be my associates, it will not make much difference who on earth forget me when the invitations to that reception were made out." All right with God, you are all right with everything.

Martin Luther, writing a letter of condolence to one of his friends who had lost his daughter, began by saying, "This is a hard world for girls." It is for those who are dependent upon their own wits, and the whims of the world, and the preferences of human favor, but those who take the Eternal God for their portion, not later than fifteen years of age, and that 15 ten years later than it ought to be, and that 15 ten years later than it ought to be, and that 15 ten years later than it ought to be, and that 15 ten years later than it ought to be.

And if you have a grief already, and some of the kindest sorrows of a woman's life come early, roll it over on Christ and you will find Him more sympathetic than was Queen Victoria, who, when her children, the princes and princesses, came out of the schoolrooms after the morning lesson had been given up by their governess and told how her voice had trembled in the morning prayer because it was the anniversary of her mother's death, and that she had put her head down on the desk and sobbed "Mother! Mother!" the queen went in and said to the governess: "My poor child! I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I will hear their lessons to-day, and to show you that I have not forgotten the sad anniversary, I bring you this

gift." And the queen clasped on the girl's wrist a mourning bracelet with a lock of her mother's hair. All young women the world around who mourn a like sorrow, and sometimes in your loneliness and sorrow and loss burst out crying, "Mother! Mother!" who has so often characterized womanhood will pass over to manhood, which by its posture on the wheel is coming to curved spine and cramped chest and a deformity for which another fifty years will not have power to make rescue. Young man, sit up straight when you ride.

Darwin says the human race is descended from the monkey, but the bicycle will turn a hundred thousand men of the present generation in physical condition from man to monkey. For good womanhood, I thank God that this mode of recreation has been invented. Use it wisely, modestly, Christianly. No good woman needs to be told what attire is proper and what behavior is right. If anything be doubtful, reject it. A hoydenish, boisterous, masculine woman is the condition of all, and every revolution of the wheel she rides is toward degradation and downfall. Take care of your health, O woman; of your nerves in not reading the newspaper; of your eyes in not reading 100 novels, or by eating too many omelettes of confectionery! Take care of your eyes by not reading at hours when you ought to be asleep. Use for yourself, madam, a stop sign against the tides of gossip that surge through every neighborhood.

Health! Only those know its value who have lost it. The earth is girdled with pain, and the proportion of it is the price paid for early recklessness. I close this thought with the salutation in Macbeth:

Now good digestion wait on appetite
And health on both.

Advise the third: Appreciate your mother while you have her. It is the almost universal testimony of young women who have lost mothers that they did not realize how she was to them, until after her exit from this life. Indeed mother is in the appreciation of many a young lady a hindrance. The maternal inspection is often considered an obstacle. Mother has so many notions about that which is proper and that which is improper. It is astounding how much more a girl's mother knows at eighteen than their mothers do at forty-five. With what a rate argument, perhaps spoiled with some temper, the youngling tries to reverse the opinion of the oldling. The sprinkle of gray hairs in the mother's hair is the price paid for the recent graduate of the female seminary that the circumstances of to-day or to-night are not fully appreciated.

What a wise boarding school that would be if the mothers were the pupils and the daughters the teachers! How well the teens could chaperon the fifties! Then mothers do not amount to much anyhow. They are in the way and are always asking questions about postage marks of letters, and asking, "Who is that Mary D.?" and "Where did you form that acquaintance, Flora?" and "Where do you get that ring, Myra?" For mothers have such unprecedented means of knowing everything—they say "it was a bird in the air" that told them. Alas, for that bird in the air! It did not come one lift his gun and shoot it? It would take whole libraries to hold the wisdom which the daughter knows more than her mother. "Why cannot I have this?" "Why cannot I do that?" And the question in many a group has been, although not plainly stated: "What shall we do with the mothers, anyhow? They are so far behind the times." Permit me to suggest to you, O mothers, that you have given more time to looking after heads and less time to looking after you. How have been as fully up to date as you, in music, in style of gait, in aesthetic tastes and in the latest fashions of the day. While you were studying botany and chemistry and embroidery and the new opera she was studying household economics. By her own oversight, or sitting up all night with a neighbor's sick child, or a blast of the west wind, on which pneumonias are hoisted, mother is sick. Yet the family think she will soon be well, for she has been sick so often, and she has got well, and the physician comes three times a day, and there is a consultation of the doctors, and the news is gradually broken that recovery is impossible. "Woe! there is no hope," is the cry, and the white pillow over which are strewn the looks a little tinted with snow becomes the point around which all the family gather, some standing, some kneeling, and the pulse beats the last gasp, and the bosom trembles with the last breath, and the question is asked in a whisper by all the group, "Is she gone?" And all is over.

Now come the regrets. Now the daughter reviews her former criticism of maternal supervision. For the first time she realizes what it is to have a mother and what it is to lose a mother. Tell me, men and women young and old, did any of us appreciate how much mother was to us until she was gone? Young women, you will probably never have a more disinterested friend than your mother. When she says anything is unsafe or imprudent, you had better believe it is unsafe or imprudent. When she declares it is something you ought to do, if you had had her better do it. She has seen more of the world than you have. Do you think she could have any mercenary or contemptible motive in what she advises you? She would have her life for you if it were called for. Do you know of anyone else who would do more than that for you? Do you know of anyone who would do as much? Again and again she has already enlarged that life during six weeks of diphtheria or scarlet fever, and she never once brought up the question of whether she had better stay, breathing day and night the contagion. The graveyards are full of mothers who did take care of their children. Better appreciate your mother before your appreciation of her will be no kindness to her, and the post mortem regrets will be more and more of an agony as the years pass on. Big headstones of polished Aberdeen, and the best epitaphs which the family put on their graves, and compose, and garnish of white roses from the conservatory are often the attempt to atone for the thanks we ought to have uttered in living ears, and the kind words that would have done more good than the call letters ever piled up on the silent mounds of the cemeteries.

The world makes appreciatory ado over the work of mothers who have raised boys to the great men, and I could turn to my bookshelves and find the names of fifty distinguished men who had great mothers—Cuvier's mother, Walter Scott's mother, St. Bernard's mother, Benjamin West's mother, but who praises mothers for what they do for daughters who make the homes of America? I do not know of an instance of such recognition. I declare to you that I believe I am uttering the first word that has ever been uttered in appreciation of the self denial, of the fatigues and good sense and prayers which those mothers of the homeless who navigate the path of girls from the edge of the cradle to the schoolhouse door, and from the schoolhouse door to the marriage altar. That is an achievement which the eternal God celebrates high up in the heavens, not that human hands so seldom cap the faintest applause. My! My! What a time that mother had with those youngsters, and if she had relaxed care and work and advice with a slight imitation of heavenly help, that next generation would have landed in the poorhouse, idiot asylum or penitentiary. It is while she is living, but never while she is dead, that some girls of their mother "maternal ancestor" or "old woman."

And if you have a grief already, and some of the kindest sorrows of a woman's life come early, roll it over on Christ and you will find Him more sympathetic than was Queen Victoria, who, when her children, the princes and princesses, came out of the schoolrooms after the morning lesson had been given up by their governess and told how her voice had trembled in the morning prayer because it was the anniversary of her mother's death, and that she had put her head down on the desk and sobbed "Mother! Mother!" the queen went in and said to the governess: "My poor child! I am sorry the children disturbed you this morning. I will hear their lessons to-day, and to show you that I have not forgotten the sad anniversary, I bring you this

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Three of Them Cost Forty-Six Million Dollars.

There are no examples of modern decorative art which can approach the superb palaces built by Bavaria's insane monarch, Ludwig, that brilliant, weird and erratic genius, whose artistic perceptions remained undimmed even when insanity had crept like a cloud over his mind.

Upon the three great castles, Neuschwanstein, Chiemsee and Linderhof, King Ludwig expended the sum of 185,000,000 marks, or about \$46,000,000. A single banquet hall is said to have cost a sum exceeding \$10,000,000. The castle of Herren-Chiemsee was begun in 1875, and, after eleven years of incessant work, only part completed at the time of Ludwig's death. There was no detail so small that Ludwig did not give it his personal attention. Herren-Chiemsee is on a lonely island, and the castle stands at the top of a slope, and is reached by 720 steps in the purest Carrara marble. This stairway is 140 feet wide, and the effect is said to be superb.

The royal bed chamber of Herren-Chiemsee represents an expenditure of more than \$4,000,000. The decorations are jewels and gold. In the compass of that room there was once to be found every precious stone known to lapidaries. The chamber is a study in purple and gold, with the designs worked out in that precious metal studded with jewels. The more valuable jewels have been removed and sold to partly restore the squandered estate of the royal family, but the effect yet remains. Over the canopy of the bed is a reproduction of the Bavarian crown in 28 carat solid gold, studded with 189 diamonds, some of them of great size and value. The King slept but once in this royal chamber. In fact, Ludwig never used the palace of Chiemsee but once, and that was on the occasion of the marriage of Rudolph, the Crown Prince of Austria. That night the palace was illuminated with 25,000 candles.

West Virginia's wealth, mostly in real estate and mines, is valued at \$146,901,688.

A MARVELL
REMARKABLE AND ASTONISHING
CURE OF AN EXTREME CASE
OF ST. VITUS' DANCE.

How a Young Lady Regained the Use of Her Arms, Limbs and Speech
In These Weeks
From the Standard Union, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Too much hard study at school brought on St. Vitus' dance. Such was the common experience of Miss Glendora Rivers, daughter of Mrs. Amelia Rivers, of 62 Broadway street, Brooklyn. The disease grew worse every month, until the young lady's entire right side became paralyzed; but, now that a marvelous and permanent cure had been wrought, it will be interesting to read her own version of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"For more than a year," said Miss Rivers, "doctors attended me without effecting the slightest change in my condition. If anything, I grew worse under their treatment, until February of this year, when my condition became critical."

"I had lost the complete use of my arms and limbs and speech. I could only swallow liquids, and these only as they fed me with a spoon when they could get my mouth open. I wanted to sleep all the time. The stator I had in was something like a trance, and no doubt I would have died if they had not waked me up at intervals."

"The first week in March my mother, who is a sick nurse, was advised by a neighbor to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my case. She got some of the pills—a box from Nelson's drug store, at the corner of Myrtle avenue and Hall street. Before I had taken one-half the contents of the box a remarkable change was noticed in my condition."

"I repeated the use of my arms and limbs and speech, and by the time the pills were gone I was up and about the house almost well. But my mother thought it wise to get another box of the pills, and this she did, and here you see me stand before you with more strength and more ambition than I ever had."

"Some of our near neighbors attribute my recovery to some miracle, or to some unusual or supernatural agency; but my mother and most intimate friends know that the cure was effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

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KING LUDWIG'S CASTLES.

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"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature."

They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold by all druggists at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury
As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system was entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and it taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

America One Hundred Year's Ago.
When a man had enough tea he placed his spoon across his cup to indicate that he wanted no more.

A new arrival in a jail was set upon by his fellow prisoners and robbed of everything he had.

Buttons were scarce and expensive, and the trousers were fastened with pegs or laces.

Pork, beef, salt fish, potatoes and hominy were the staple diet all the year round.

The whipping post and pillory were still standing in Boston and New York. A day laborer considered himself well paid with two shillings a day.

A man who jeered at the preacher or criticized the sermon was fined. Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.

A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his feet on the ground. Crochery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives.

Virginia contained one-fifth of the whole population of the country, and that made cooked hats.

An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison. Every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair.

There was not a public library in the United States.

Punished by Cromwell.
A Puritan preacher named Boyd was in the habit of inveighing against Cromwell. Secretary Thurlow informed the latter, advising him to have the man shot. "He's a fool, and you're another," said the Protector; "I'll pay him out in his own coin." He asked Boyd to dinner, and before giving him any, prayed for three hours.

IMPERIAL GRANUM
Always WINS HOSTS OF FRIENDS wherever its Superior Merits become known. It is the Safest FOOD for Convalescents!

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 humors). 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 queasiness feelings at first.

As a change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Do so, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime.

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 Cocos 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,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Baroness a Laborer's Wife.

Recently at Nutley, N. J., as the wife of a common laborer a woman died who was once a baroness. In 1888 John Link advertised for a housekeeper. An answer came from this woman, who said she came from Berlin, Germany.

Link told her he could not pay high wages for a housekeeper, but would give her a home and small wages, or he would marry her. The woman decided on the latter course, and they were married in New York.

In a package found after her death were documents to prove that she was the Baroness Albertina von Huehnerbeld. A paper stated that the woman's mother had given the hand of Albertina in wedlock to Baron George Huehnerbeld. Included in the packet were crests, stamps, seals and other things that went to vouch for the title.

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.

ATLANTA

you do not find in the Manufactures Building that large portion of the

EXPOSITION

DEVOTED TO
The
EVERETT
PIANO.

PRE-EMINENT IN ARTISTIC TONE QUALITY.
Or anyway, if you think of buying a piano, write to either

THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
CHICAGO. NEW YORK. CINCINNATI.
OR
THE EVERETT PIANO CO.
BOSTON.

And you will get valuable information.

THE AEROMOTOR CO. does half the world's business because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/10 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can send you free a better article for less money than at your door. It makes Pumping and hoisting, Steel, Galvanized-steel, completion Windmills, Tilling and Plow Steel Towers, Steel Press Frames, Sewer Feed Cutters and Feed rollers. On application it will furnish you a list of these articles that will furnish until January 1st at 1/25 the usual price. It also makes and prints all kinds of machinery. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

SEND \$3 A DAY SURE.
and we will show you how to make a day's absolutely sure; we will mail the work and send you the work in the locality where you live, send us your address and we will expand the business fully; remember we guarantee to pay you \$3 per day for every day's work; absolutely sure write at once.

ASTHMA

POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC
Cures all forms of Asthma. Sold by all druggists. Price 25c per bottle. Address: THE POPHAM PHARMACY, PHILA., PA.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Clears and beautifies the hair. It is the best for all kinds of scalp diseases. Never fails to restore falling hair. Cures itching and itching scalp. Cures itching and itching scalp. Cures itching and itching scalp.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE

Imported for milk, butter and cheese. Address: J. W. MORRIS, Hagerstown, Md.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Best of all. Cures all forms of Consumption. Sold by all druggists.

nothing lost

Scott's Emulsion makes cod-liver oil taking next thing to a pleasure. You hardly taste it. The stomach knows nothing about it—it does not trouble you there. You feel it first in the strength that it brings; it shows in the color of the cheek, the rounding of the angles, the smoothing of the wrinkles.

It is cod-liver oil digested for you, slipping as easily into the blood and losing itself there as rain-drops lose themselves in the ocean.

What a satisfactory thing this is—to hide the odious taste of cod-liver oil, evade the tax on the stomach, take health by surprise.

There is no secret of what it is made of—the fish-fat taste is lost, but nothing is lost but the taste.

Perhaps your druggist has a substitute for Scott's Emulsion, isn't the standard all others try to equal the best for you to buy?
50 cents and \$1.00
ALL Druggists
SCOTT & BOWNE
Chemists - New York