SICKLY PRINCES.

The Heir to Every European Throne is More or Less Diseased.

It is a subject of considerable concern to people in Europe that a number of the heirs-presumptive to the thrones of the old world should, just at the present moment, be in such a condition of health as to give rise to the most serious anxiety. The Osarovitch is in the last stages of consumption and is not expected to leave Copenhagen, where he now is, alive.

Archduke Francis Ferdinand, of Austria, is in a very critical state with disease of the lungs, so much so that he has been given unlimited leave of absence from the army and is under medical treatment in a remote health resort in the Tyrol. The young crown prince of Italy is also affing to such a degree as to more than ever convince people that he will not live to succeed to his father's

The heir to the grand duke of Baden is consumptive and has long been married to a childless wife, without the slightest prospect of an heir. Prince Albert of Flanders, unlike his clder brother; the lamented Prince Baldwin, who perished in such a mysterious manner, is extremely delicate, and so, too, is the little crown prince of Germany, whose health is a matter of grave anxiety to his parents. In fact his second brother, Prince Eitel, his superior in stature, weight, cleverness and general health, is almost universally regarded as the real heir to the throne.

No one would dream of describing the Prince of Wales as a healthy man, while his son, the Duke of York, has never entirely recovered from the effects of the typhoid fever with which he was laid low just about the time of the death of his elder brother. In one word, one ma; look all over Europe without finding s. single heir to a throne in whose health and physique his future subjects can place confidence.

Easily Proved It. A recruit, wishing to evade service, was brought up for medical inspection, and the doctor asked him:

"Have you any defects?" "Yes, sir; I am short sighted." "How can you prove it?"

"Easily enough, doctor. Do you see that nail up yonder in the wall?" "Yes."

"Well, I don't." Poor Boy.

A diminutive newsboy was found sleeping in the doorway of the White Elephant saloon at midnight by Patrolman Shotwell. He was barefooted, and had on a thin blouse and was chilled through. He had cuddled close to the wall, and thereby got the bencfit of a bit of warmth. He carried a bundle of unsold papers under his arm and was afraid to go home because of the unprofitableness of his labors .-Buffalo Courier.

The avocations of men go on just the same in winter as in summer, and those who labor hard with hands, body and muscles know this full well. The sports also are just as festive and are attended with many acci-The chances of accident are about the same to all, but to the laboring man a mishap means very much. For instance, a sprain may cripple badly and mean loss of time, place and money, were it not that we all know how readily St. Jacobs Oil will cure a sprain, and prevent all these misgivings. So let us enjoy ourselves without fear.

Very often the world never knows that a girl is accomplished until it is so announced in writing up her wedding.

To Double Their Typewriter Plant.

The decision of the Remington Typewriter Company practically to double the capacity of their already extensive works at Ilion, N. Y., is very significant of a general improvement in the business outlook, for the typewriter is now so intimately connected with every form of National activity that the prosperity of its manufacturing industry serves as a convenient barometer of general trade conditions.

The Remington people will erect an additional building, 150x54 feet, six stories high. This is to be completed at once, and will be equipped as speedily as possible, for the decountries of the first of the description of the description of the plant to its utmost, and leaves no margin for the future increase of the business which is in sight.—From New York Tribune, October 25, 1895.

We have two lessons to teach an enemy who despises us—to value himself less highly and us more worthily.

Take Care

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. \$1; 6 for \$5. Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla, 25c.

"An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure."

> An ounce of healthful food is better than a ton of medicine. "



And throw away the medicine bottle. REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "David and Absalom."

TEXT: "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

Samuel xviii., 29. The heart of David, the father, was wrapped up in his boy Absalom. He was a splendid boy, judged by the rules of worldly criticism. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot there was not a single blemish. The Bible says that he had such a luxuriant shock of hair that when once a year it was shorn, what was cut off weighed over three pounds. But not withstanding all his brilliancy of appearance he was a bad boy, and broke his father's heart. He was plotting to get the throne of Israel. He had marshaled an army to overthrow his father's government. The day of battle had come. The conflict was begun. David, the father, sat between the gates of the balace waiting for the tidings of the conflict. Oh, how

rapidly his heart beat with emotion.

The two great questions were to be decided—the safety of his boy and the continuance of the throne of Israel. After a while a servant, standing on the top of the house. looks off and sees some one running. He is coming with great speed, and the man on the top of the house announces the coming of the messonger, and the father watches and waits, and as soon as the messenger from the field of battle comes within hailing distance the father cries out. Is it a ques-tion in regard to the establishment of his throne? Does he say: "Have the armies of Israel been victorious? Am I to continue in my imperial authority? Have I overthrown enemies?" Oh. no! There is one quesmy enemies? Ob. no: There is to the lip. and springs from the lip into the ear of the besweated and bedusted messenger flying from the battlefield—the question. "Is the young man Absalom safe?" When it was told to David, the king, that, though his article the control of the lip into the ear of the levery Gorinthian column, every Gothic arch, every Byzantine capital. A post thinks out the entire plot of his poem before he begins to chime the cantos of tinkling rhythms. mies had been victorious, his son had been. And yet there are a great many men who slain, the father turned his back upon the start the important structure of life without congratulations of the nation and went up knowing whether it is going to be a the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as rude Tartar's hut or a St. Mark's cathe stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as he went, wringing his hands sometimes and as though he would press them in, crying:
"O Absalom! my son! my son! Would to
God I had died for thee. O Absalom! my

My friends, the question which David, the king, asked in regard to his son is the ques-tion that resounds to-day in the hearts of hundreds of parents. Yea, there are a great multitude of young men who know that the question of the text is appropriate when asked in regard to them. They know the temptations by which they are surrounded. They see so many who started life with as good resolutions as they have who have fallen in the path, and they are ready to hear me ask the question of my text, "Is the voung man Absalom safe?" The fact is that this life is full of peril. He who undertakes it without the grace of God and a proper unter the strong arm and of the stout heart and of derstanding of the conflict into which he is going must certainly be defeated. Just look off upon society to-day. Look at the shipwreck of men for whom fair things were promised and who started life with every advantage. Look at those who have dropped from high social position and from great fortune, disgraced for time, disgraced for eter-All who sacrifice their integrity come to overthrow. Take a dishonest dollar and bury it in the center of the earth, and keep all the rocks of the mountain on top of it then cover these rocks with all the diamonds of Golconda, and all the silver of Nevada, and all the gold of California and Australia. and put on the top of these all banking and moneyed institutions, and they cannot keep down that one dishonest dollar. That one lishonest dollar in the center of the earth will til it comes to the resurrection of damnation. "As the partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not, so he that getteth riches

Now, what are the saleguards of young men? The first safeguard of which I want to speak is a love of home. There are those who have no idea of the pleasures that con-centrate around that word "home." Perhaps your early abode was shadowed with vice or poverty. Harsh words and petulance and scowling may have destroyed all the sanctity of that spot. Love, kindness and self sacrifice, which have built their altars in so many abodes, were strangers in your father's house. God pity you, young man; you never had a home. But a multitude in this audience can look back to a spot that they can never forget. It may have been a lowly roof, but you cannot think of it now without a dash of emotion. You have seen nothing on earth that so stirred your soul.

A stranger passing along that place might see nothing remarkable about it; bur, oh! how much it means to you. Fresco on palace wall does not mean so much to you as those rough newn rafters. Parks and bowers and trees on fashionable watering place or country seat do not mean so much to you as that brook that ran in front of the plain farm house and singing under the weeping willows. The barred gateway swung open by porter in full dress does not mean as much to you as that swing gate, your sister on one side of it and you on the other, she gone ff-teen years ago into glory; that scene coming back to you to-day, as you swept back ward and forward on the gate, singing the songs of your childhood. But there are those here who have their second dwelling place. It is your adopted home. That is also sacred forever. There you established the first

the literary society, in the art salon, than you do in these unpretending home pleasyou do in these unpretending home pleasures, you are on the road to ruin. Though you may be cut off from your early associates, and though you may be separated from all your sindred. young man, is there not a room somewhere that you can call your own? Though it be the fourth story of a third-class boarding house, into that room gather books, pictures and a harp. Hang your mother's portrait over the mantel. Bid unholy mirth stand back from that threshold. Consecrate some spot in that room with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, a mother's love and a sister's confidence, call it home.

Another safeguard for these young men is industrious habits. There are a great many people trying to make their way through the world with their wits instead of the course to the door, but he had not the courage to go in. He again started for home and went home. The other young man s history. This very saboth that will be the turning point in the history of 100 young men in this house. God help us! I once stood on an anniversary platform with a clergyman who told this marvelous story. He said:

"Thirty years ago two young men started out to attend Park Theatre, New York, to see a play which made religion ridio.lous and hypocritical. They had been brought up in Christian families. They started for the theatre to see that vile play, and their darkly convictions came back upon them. They felt it was not right to go, but still they went. They came to the door of the theatre. One of the young men stored out to attend Park Theatre, New York, to see a play which made religion ridio.lous and hypocritical. They had been brought up in Christian families. They started for the theatre to see that vile play, and their darkly convictions came back upon them. They felt it was not right to go, but still they went. They came to the door, but returned and earne up to the door, but ne had not the courage to go in. He again started for home and went home.

Another safeguard for these young men is industrious habits. There are a great many people trying to make their way through the world with their wits instead of by honest toil. There is a young man who comes from the country to the city. He fails twice before he is as old as his father was whon he first saw the spires of the great town. He is seated in his room at a rent of \$2000 a year, waiting for the banks to declare their dividends and the stocks to run up. After awhile he gets impatient. He tries to improve his penmanship by making copy plates of other merchants' signatures. Never mind—all is right in business. After awhile he has his estate. Now is the time for him to retire to the country, amid the flocks and the herds, to culture the domestic virtues.

Now the young men who were his schoolmates in boyhood will come, and with their bard ox teams draw him logs, and with their bard hands will help to heave up the castle. That is no fancy sketch; it is every-day life. I should not wonder if there were a rotten beam in that palace. I should not wonder if God should smite him with dire sisknesses and pour into his cup a bitter draft that will thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder if that man's children grew up to be to him a disgrace and to make his life.

day as an ocean billow dashes letters out of the sand on the beach? You need something better than this world can give you. I beat on your heart and it sounds hollow. You want something great and grand and glorious to fill it, and here is the religion that can do it. God save you!

Philadelphia's flusy Telephones.

It is estimated that 140,000 conversations, more or less, take place daily over the telephones in Philadelphia.

ashama. I should not wonder if that man died a dishonorable death and were tumbled fato a dishonorable grave and then went into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perieb.

ungodly shall perish.

O young man, you must have industry of head or hand or foot, or perish. Do not have the idea that you can get along in the world by genius. The curse of this country to-day is geniuses—men with large self conceit and nothing else. The man who proposes to make his living by his wits probably has not any. I should rather be an ox, plain and plodding and useful, than to be an eagle, high flying and good for nothing but to pick out the eves of carcasses. nothing but to pick out the eyes of carcasses. Even in the Garden of Eden it was not safe for Adam to be idle, so God made him a horticulturist, and if the married pair had kept busy dressing the vines they would not have been sauntering under the trees, hankering after fruit that ruined them and their posterity! Proof positive of the fact that when people do not attend to their business they get into mischief. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise, which, having no overseer or guide, provid eth her food in the summer and gathereth her meat in the harvest." Satan is a roaring lion. and you can never destroy him by gun or pistol or sword. The weapons with which you are to beat him back are pen and type and hammer and adz and saw and pickax and yardstick and the weapon of honest toil.

Work, work, or die.

Another safeguard that I want to present to young men is a high ideal of life. Sometimes soldiers going into battle shoot into the ground instead of into the hearts of their enemies. They are apt to take aim too low. and it is very often that the captain, going into conflict with his men, will cry out, "Now, men, aim high!" The fact is that in life a great many men take no aim at all. The artist plans out his entire thought before he puts it upon canvas, before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. An architect thinks out the entire building before the workmen begin. Although everything may seem to be unorganized, that architect has in his mind the stairs of his palace, his heart breaking as went, wringing his hands sometimes and the again pressing them against his temples though he would press them in, crying:

O Absalom! my son! would to did died for thee. O Absalom! my son!"

My friends, the question which David, the countries of the question which provides the countries of the cou "Nowhere." they say. Ob, young man, make every day's duty a filling up of the great life plot. Alas, that there should be on this sea of life so many ships that seem bound for no port! They are swept every whither by wind and wave, up by the mountains and down by the valleys. They sall with no chart. They gaze on no star. They long for no harbor. Ob, young man, have a high ideal and press to it, and it will the bounding step. I marshal you to-day for a great achievement.

Another safeguar! is a respect for the Sabbath. Tell me how a young man spends his Sabbath, and I will tell you what are his prospects in business, and I will tell you what are his prospects for the eternal world. God has thrust into our busy life a sacre! day when we are to look after our souls, it exorbitant, after giving six days to the feeding and clothing of these perishable bodies, that God should demand one day for the feeling and clothing of the immortal

There is another safeguard that I wint to present. I have saved it until the last because I want it to be the more emphatic. The great saleguard for every young man is the Christian religion. Nothing on take the place of it. You may have gracefulness enough to put to blush Lord Chesterfield. you may have foreign languages dropping from your tongue, you may discuss laws and and not by right shall leave them in the literature, you may have a pon of midst of his days, and at his end shall be a qualed polish and power, you may have qualed polish and power, you may have so much business tact that you can get the largest salary in a banking house, you may be as aharo as Herod and as strong as Samson, and with as long locks as those which hung Absalom, and yet you have no safety against temptation. Some of you ook forward to life with great despondency. I know it. I see it in your faces from time to time. You say, "All the occupations and professions are full, and there's no chance for me." Oh, young man, cheer up! I will tell you how you can make your fortune. Seek first the kingdom of fortune. Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all other things will be added. I know you do not want to be mean in this matter. You will not drink the brimming cuo of life and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a gener-ous Saviour you will not act like that; you have not the heart to act like that. That is not manly. That is not hoporable. That is not brave. Your great want is a new heart, and in the name of the Lori Jesus Christ I tell you so to-day, and the blessed Spirit presses through the solemnities of this hour to put the cup of life to your thirsty lips.
Ob, thrust it not back. Merry presents it bleeding mercy, long suffering mercy. Despise all other friendships, prove recreant to all other bargains, but despise God's love for your dying soul-lo not do that. There comes a crisis in a man's life, and the trouble is he does not know it is the crisis. I got a letter in which a man says to me:

"I start out now to preach the gospel of righteousness and temperance to the people, Do you remember me." I am the man who appeared at the close of the service when you forever. There you established the first family, altar. There your children were born. In that room flapped the wing of the death angel. Under that roof, when your work is done, you expect to lie down and die. There is only one word in all the language that can couvey your idea of that place, and that word is "home."

Now, let me say that I never knew a man who was faithful to his early and adopted home who was given over at the same time to any gross form of wickedness. If you find more enjoyment in the club room, in the club room remains re

That Sunday night was the turning point of that young man's history. This very Sabbath hour will be the turning point in the history of 100 young men in this house. God help us! I once stood on an anniversary platform with a clergyman who told this marvelous story. He said

go in. He again started for home and went home. The other young man went in. He went from one degree of temptation to another. Caught in the whirl of frivolity and sin, he sank lower and lower. He lost his business position. He lost his morals. He lost his soul. He died a dreadful death, not one star of mercy shining on it. I stand before you to-day," said that minister, "to thank God that for twenty years I have been permitted to preach the gospel. I am the other young man."

Oh, you see that was the turning point—the one went back, the other went on. The great roaring world of business life will soon break in upon you, young men. Will the wild wave dash out the impressions of this day as an ocean billow dashes letters out of the sand on the beach? You need something better than this world can give you. I beat on your heart and it sounds hollow. You want something great and grand and glorious to fill it, and here is the religion that can do it. God save you!

CRAILO MANOR HOUSE,

Eupposed to Be the Oldest Dwelling in This Country.

Contrary to general expectation, says the New York Times, the famous Crailo manor house is not to be also molished. This will be extremely interesting news to many people throughout the United States, but more particularly those of Eastern New York. The historical old place



OLDEST DWELLING IN THE UNION.

stands in one of the picturesque streets of Greenbush, just across the Hudson River from Albany. It was near this house that "Yankee Doodle" was written. For years the old block house has been fast decaying under the ruthless ravages of time and the elements. The Society of Colonial Dames, recognizing the value of this, the oldest house in the United States, has leased it for a term of fifteen years. When the improvements now in progress shall have been completed a custodian will be placed in charge. By the payment of a small entrance fee it will be accessible to all visitors.

The building was erected in 1642 as a manor house and place of defense, and was known as Fort Crailo. It was General Abercrombie's headqutrters while that doughty warrior was marching to attack Fort Ticonderoga, in 1758. It was at the cantonment east of this house, near the old well, that the Army Surgeon, R. Shuckburgh, composed the immortal song, "Yankee Doodle." The house is the original homestead of the younger and larger branch of the Van Rensselaer family, after whom the county was named. According to the best histories, the building was erected by Killian Van Rensselaer for his son Johannes between the years 1630 and 1642. The building is a two-story and

attic brick structure of most substantial construction. The walls are of great thickness, and are still pierced with two of the nine stone loopholes which once commanded the approsches. The beams of hewn pine are of unusual size, some of them being sixteen inches square. About the middle of the eighteenth century the rude fortress-like dwelling was transformed into a handsome residence, and an addition was made in the rear in 1740. The main entrance is in the middle of the river front and gives access to a small hall, from which open doors leading to the main rooms on either side. At the end of the hall springs an arch, the imposts and soffits of which are ornamented with delicate garlands in low relief. second and much larger paneled hall, opening upon the porch at the left, intersects this hall at the centre of the house. The old Crailo manor house is most curiously planned. All the rooms connect with each other, usually by means of closets, but as there are several levels on the same story the doors in some cases open several feet above the level of the floor of the lower room. There is no apparent reason for this difference of level, unless it was purposely designed to increase the difficulty of capture in the event of the house being taken by an enemy.

The building some years ago passed out of the hands of the Van Rensselaers, and the property was in litigation for nearly two years. During that time it was the retreat of a band of young ruffians who broke the windows, defaced the woodwork, and demolished the mantels and balusters. Prior to that time the old manor was visited by people from all parts of the United States. It is famous in history and song.

A Chicken Kills a Hawk,

A spring chicken is not always tender game, as a bloodthirsty hawk found to his sorrow at Samuel Weaver's farm, at Reigelsville, Penn. The hawk pounced jauntily upon the fowl, which at once began to peck and claw the bird of prey fiercely. Mr. Weaver found the hawk dead half an hour

A Hospitable Invitation.

He stayed a whole month with his friend in Paris, and on his departure shook his host warmly by the hand, and thankel him effusively for his hospitality, saying: "If ever you are out my way I shall be very offended if you don't come straight to me, and let me find you a good hotel!"

In the Same Boat.



"Is it true that you caught the richest man at the beach last summer? I heard you were engaged to him." "Of course I was engaged to him! Do you think I wanted to be the only Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Baking

She Was Cautious. Here is an example of a woman as a

diplomatist. Mrs. A. had gone away from home for a day's visit. During her absence her fellow townswoman, Mrs. B., decided, after the pleasant, rural, self-inviting fashion, that she would spend the night with Mrs. A. In spite of Mrs. A.'s absence the thing was easy to accomplish, for the latchkeys of the two houses were alike. Mrs. B. therefore effected an entrance, and found the house deserted. "Oh, well. I'll just wait till Mrs. A. gets home, she said to herself. Night came. Still no Mrs. A. "I won't light a lamp," philosophized Mrs. B., "because seeing a light in the house might scare Mrs. A. clear out of her senses." So the unexpected guest sat in the dark awaiting the arrival of her hostess. At last the rattle of Mrs. A.'s key was heard in the door latch. She entered the house and slowly made her way to the "sitting-room," of course unconscious that there was another human being within breathing range. "Don't be frightened, Mrs. A.," suddenly spoke a voice from the darkness. "It's only Mrs. B. I didn't light a lamp for fear you'd be scared, you know, and--" But the diplomatic Mrs. B. never finished her sentence, for just here Mrs. A. fell on the floor in a dead faint. "It was queer she should have been so scared," said Mrs. B. afterward, "for I took every precaution not to frighten her."-New York Sun.

The London Dog Cemetery Full. In Hyde Park, London, the dogs' burial ground at the north end of the park has been closed by the Duke of Cambridge in his capacity as ranger of Hyde Park. For nearly forty years certain persons have been allowed to bury their pet dogs there and to put up little tombstones over them. Now the cemetery is full.

How's This I

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for my case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by

any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarra Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. WALDING, KINYAN & MARVIN, Wholesale

Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c, per bottle. Sold by an Druggists. Testimonials free.

'Tis pitiful to court a smile when you should win a soul.

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

Without poetry and art the spirit grows weary in this earthly clime,

Hindercorns is a Simple Remedy, But takes out corns, and what a consolation it Makes walking a pleasure. 15c. at druggists. Midnight is the noon of thought, when wisdom mounts its zenith with the stars.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH ERIES, Wu-Hamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

To be without sympathy is to be alone in the world, without friends or country.

FITS stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use, Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bot-tle free. Dr. Kline, 661 Arch St., Phila., Pa. We need to cultivate every influence which

tends to assist us in the contemplation of the beautiful and true.

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

Loss of sincerity is loss of vital power. Mothers Who Use Parker's Ginger Tonic

insist that it benefits more than other medicines for every form of distress. When clouds are heavy blessings come,

If in visiting ATLANTA you do not find in the Manufactures

Building that large portion of the EXPOSITION DEVOTED TO

Or anyway, if you think of buying a piano, write to either THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

NEW YORK. CINCINNATI. THE EVERETT PIANO CO. BOSTON.

And you will get valuable information.

She Got Back the Ring.

All the romances that sprang from our civil war will never be told, and yet many of them are well worth the telling. A charming little story comes from the South. Mrs. Lewis, wife of the general of that name, chief of the installation department of the Atlanta Exposition, is the heroine. She was married just at the outbreak of the war. and when her husband left for the fight she gave him a gold ring, which had an opening that contained a lock of her hair. In one of the battles of the Wilderness Gen. Lewis received a bullet in his arm, which was amputated in the field hospital. A friend remembered that the general had always worn the ring upon the hand of the amputated arm and went back to the hospital to search for the missing member. When he discovered it at length he drew the ring from the finger and sent it to Mrs. Lewis, who wears it as proudly and reverently as her wedding ring.



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

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.V.

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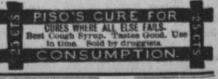


A Sample Collar and Fair of Cuffs by sail for Siz cents. Kame style and size. Address REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY.

W Franklin St., New York. 27 Kilby St., Bostes



AGENTS WANTED in every State to introduce Land Comet" Camera. Entirely new. Profits immense Address Aiken, Gleason & Co., X. O., La Crosse, Wis BNU 49



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when you use Pearline. Isn't every saving, big or little, a coupon that's clipped and paid? And where's a more satisfactory way of saving than by washing and cleaning with Pearline? That saves on both sides. Saves exertion and hard work and drudgery for you yourself-while it's saving actual money to your pocket, in clothes and time and health. It's by just such savings as these that genuine coupons come to every wise and thrifty woman.