Found Beer in the Sink.

A peculiar incident occurred in New York on a recent Sunday. While a policeman of that city was trying to see what was going on in a "suspected" saloon he soiled his hands; he noticed a sink in the ante-room of the saloon, and when he turned on the faucet he was surprised to find that he was washing his hands in beer. The keeper of the saloon was, of course, arrested.

A Simple Change.

"Professor, how does the hair-cut suit you?"

"The hair is altogether too short—a little longer, please."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Wind Swept.

Were it not for the intervening mountain ranges, this country, from Northwest to Southeast, would at times in winter be swept by devastating tornadoes. Blizzards seem to arise out of the caves and canons of the plains. Gaining strength and volume over a wide expanse, their force is arrested by the battlements of big hills. Sometimes they rise above the barriers and sweep the Middle States with fury. There you enjoy one day a mean temperature, and the next may be far below freezing. It is like an ice water bath on a warm day, and the shock to muscles, nerves and circulation is the cause of sudden neuralgic and rheumatic attacks, both violent and acute. Those predisposed to such should have the master cure, St. Jacobs Oil, always ready. Its prompt use prevents the chronic stage, and in the chronic stage it is a prompt, sure cure.

Some experiments at Leavenworth, Kan., show that packed snow offers an excellent resistance to bullets.

High Price for Potatoes.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., pay high prices for new things. They recently paid $300 for a yellow rind watermelon, $1000 for 30 bu. new oats, $300 for 100 lbs. of potatoes, etc., etc.! Well, prices for potatoes will be high next fall. Plant a plenty, Mr. Wideawake! You'll make money. Salzer's Earliest are fit to eat in 28 days after planting. His Champion of the World is the greatest yielder on earth and we challenge you to produce its equal (A. C.)

If you will send us 10c. in stamps to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get, free, ten packages grains and grasses, including Teosinte, Spurry, Giant Incarnate Clover, etc., and our mammoth catalogue. Catalogue alone 5c. for mailing.

Appetite for drink is the devil's iron chain on the drunkard's neck.

The Modern Way

Commends itself to the well-informed, to do pleasantly and effectually what was formerly done in the crudest manner and disagreeably as well. To cleanse the system and break up colds, headaches and fevers without unpleasant after effects, use the delightful liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by California Fig Syrup Company.

The easiest time to let drink alone is before the first drink is taken.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when 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 is 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.

It is when we are most helpless that Christ is most willing to help us.

Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap is 100 per cent. pure. Made of Borax. It floats. Costs you same as poorer floating soap. Worth more. If all this is true you need it. Order one cake of your grocer, you'll want a box next.

The sparkle in the wine is made by one of the devil's sharpest teeth

When You Come to Realize

that your corns are gone, and no pain, how grateful you feel. The work of Hindercorns. 15c

It is a long step toward heaven to be born in a home where Christ is loved.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—Jennie Pinckard, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

One of the hardest things for some men to forgive is a difference in creed.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are unequaled for clearing the voice. Public speakers and singers the world over use them.

The man who serves the devil has to begin his day's work before breakfast.

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.

Many a man puts his family in the dark to help the saloon pay its gas bill.

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

Many a man has started out to reform the world, and stopped at the first house.

Mothers Appreciate the Good Work

of Parker's Ginger Tonic, with its reviving qualities—a boon to the pain-stricken and nervous.

Bridget starts her fire with coal oil. The devil uses alcohol.

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

The man who does not look ahead will soon have to fall back.

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

There is no sign that a man inflamed with drink may not commit.

Merit

Is what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity, increasing sales and wonderful cures. The combination, proportion and process in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are unknown to other medicines, and make it peculiar to itself. It acts directly and positively upon the blood, and as the blood reaches every nook and corner of the human system, all the nerves, muscles, bones and tissues come under the beneficient influence of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Place to Begin."

Text: "Beginning at Jerusalem."—Luke xxiv., 47.

"There it is," said the driver, and we all instantly and excitedly rose in the carriage to catch the first glimpse of Jerusalem, so long the joy of the whole earth. That city, coroneted with temples and palaces and radiant, whether looked up at from the valley of Jehoshaphat or gazed at from adjoining hills, was the capital of a great Nation. Clouds of incense had hovered over it. Chariots of kings had rolled through it. Battering rams of enemies had thundered against it. There Isaiah prophesied, and Jeremiah lamented, and David reigned, and Paul preached, and Christ was martyred. Most interesting city ever built since masonry rung its first trowel or plumb line measured its first wall or royalty swung its first scepter. What Jerusalem was to the Jewish kingdom Washington is to our own country—the capital, the place to which all the tribes come up, the great National heart whose throb sends life or death through the body politic, clear out to the geographical extremities.

What the resurrected Christ said in my text to His disciples when He ordered them to start on the work of gosplization, "beginning at Jerusalem," it seems to me God says now in His providence to tens of thousands of Christians in this city. Start for the evangelization of America, "beginning at Washington." America is going to be taken for God. If you do not believe it, take your hat now and leave and give room to some man or woman who does believe it. As surely as God lives and He is able to do as He says He will this country will be evangelized from the mouth of the Potomac to the mouth of the Oregen, from the Highlands of Navesink to the Golden Horn, from Baffin's Bay to the Gulf of Mexico, and Christ will walk every lake, whether bestormed or placid, and be transfigured on every moqutain, and the night skies, whether they hover over groves of magnolia or over Alaskan glacier, shall be filled with the angelic overture of "glory to God and good will to men."

Again and again does the old book announce that all the earth shall see the salvation of God, and as the greater includes the lesser that takes America gloriously in. Can you not see that if America is not taken for God by His consecrated people it will be taken for Apoliyon? The forces engaged on both sides are so tremendous that it cannot be a drawn battle. It is coming, the Armageddon. Either the American Sabbath will perish and this Nation be handed over to Herods and Hildebrands and Diocletians and Neros of baleful power, and Alcoholism will reign, seated upon piled up throne of beer barrels, his mouth foaming with domestic and National curse, and crime will lift its unhindered knife of assassination and rattle keys of worst burglary and wave torch of widest conflagration, and our cities be turned into Sodoms, waiting for mighty tempest of fire and brimstone and one tidal wave of abomination will surge across the continent, or our Sabbaths will take on more sanctity, and the newspapers will become apocalyptic wings of benediction, and penitentiaries will be abandoned for lack of occupants, and holiness and happiness, twin son and daughter of heaven, shall walk through the land and Christ reign over this Nation either in person or by agency so glorious that the whole country will be one clear, resounding echo of heaven. It will be one or the other. By the throne of Him who liveth forever and ever I declare it will be the latter. If the Lord will help me, as He always does—blessed be His glorious name—I will show you how a mighty work of grace begun at Washington would have a tendency to bring the whole continent to God, and before this century closes.

William the Conqueror ordered the curfew, the custom of ringing the bell at midnight, at which all the fires on the hearths were to be banked, and all the lights extinguished, and all the people retire to their pillows. I pray God that the curfew of this century may not be sounded, and the fires be banked, and the lights extinguished as the clock strikes the midnight hour that divides the nineteenth century from the twentieth century until this beloved land, which was to most of us a cradle and which will be to most of us a grave, shall come into the full possession of Him who is so glorious that William the Conqueror could not be compared to Him, even the One who rideth forth "conquering and to conquer."

Why should it be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, "beginning at Washington?" First, because this city is on the border between the North and the South. It is neither Northern nor Southern. It commingles the two climates. It brings together the two styles of population. It is not only right, but beautiful that people should have especial love for the latitude where they were born and brought up. With what loving accentuation the Alabamian speaks of his orange groves! And the man from Massachusetts is sure to let you know that he comes from the land of the Adamses Samuel and John and John Quincy. Did you ever know a Virginian or Ohioan whose face did not brighten when he announced himself from the Southern or Northern State of Presidents? If a man does not like his native clime, it is because while he lived there he did not behave well. This capital stands where, by its locality and its political influence, it stretches forth one hand toward the North and the other toward the South, and a mighty work of grace starting here would probably be a National awakening. Georgia would clasp the hand of New Hampshire, and Maine the hand of Louisiana, and California the hand of New York, and say, "Come, let us go up and worship the God of Nations, the Christ of Golgotha, the Holy Ghost of the pentecostal thousands." It has often been said that the only way the North and the South will be brought into complete accord is to have a war with some foreign Nation in which both sections, marching side by side, would forget everything but the foe to be overcome. Well, if you wait for such a foreign conflict, you will wait until all this generation is dead and perhaps wait forever. The war that will make the sections forget past controversies is a war against unrighteousness, such as a universal religious awakening would declare. What we want is a battle for souls in which about 40,000,000 Northerners and Southerners shall be on the same side and shoulder to shoulder. In no other city on the continent can such a war be declared so appropriately, for all the other great cities are either Northern or Southern. This is neither, or rather it is both.

Again, it would be especially advantageous if a mighty work of grace started here, because more representative men are in Washington than in any other city between the oceans. Of course there are accidents in politics, and occasionally there are men who get into the Senate and House of Representatives and other important places who are fitted for the positions in neither head nor heart, but this is exceptional and more exceptional now than in other days. There is not a drunkard in the National Legislature, although there were times when Kentucky, Virginia, Delaware, Illinois, New York and Massachusetts had men in the Senate or House of Representatives who were maudlin and staggering drunk across those high places. Never nobler group of men sat in Senate or House of Representatives than sat there yesterday and will sit there to-morrow, while the highest judiciary, without exception, has now upon its bench men beyond criticism for good morals and mental endowment. So in all departments of official position, with here and there an exception, are to-day the brainiest men and most honorable men of America. Now, suppose the Holy Ghost power should fall upon this city, and these men from all parts of America should suddenly become pronounced for Christ. Do you say the effect would be electrical? More than that. It would be omnipotent. Do you say that such learned and potent men are not wrought upon by religious influence? That shows you have not observed what has been going on.

Commodore Foote, representing the navy; General Grant and Robert E. Lee, representing the Northern and Southern armies; Chief Justice Chase, representing the Supreme Court; the Frelinghuysens, Theodore and Frederick, representing the United States Senate; William Pennington and scores of others, representing the House of Representatives, have surrendered to that gospel, which before this winter is out will in this capital of the American Nation, if we are faithful in our prayers and exertions, turn into the kingdom of God men of National and international power, their tongues of eloquence becoming the tongues of fire in another Pentecost. There are on yonder hill those who by the grace of God will become John Knoxes and Chrysostoms and Fenelons and Bourdeleaus, when once regenerated. There is an illusion I have heard in prayer meetings and heard in pulpits, that a soul is a soul—one soul worth as much as another. I deny it. The soul of a man who can bring 1000 or 10,000 other souls into the kingdom of God is worth 1000 times or 10,000 times more than the soul of a man who can bring no one into the kingdom. A great outpouring of the Holy Spirit in this capital, reaching the chief men of America, would be of more value to earth and heaven than in any other part of the Nation because it would reach all the States, cities, towns and neighborhoods of the continent. Oh, for the outstretched right arm of God Almighty in the salvation of this capital!

Some of us remember 1857, when at the close of the worst monetary distress this country has ever felt, compared with which the hard times of the last three years were a boom of prosperity, right on the heels of that complete prostration came an awakening in which 500,000 people were converted in different States of the Union. Do you know where one of its chief powers was demonstrated? In Washington. Do you know on what street? This street. Do you know in what church? This church. I picked up an old book a few days ago and was startled and thrilled and enchanted to read some words, written at that time by the Washington correspondent of a New York paper. He wrote: "The First Presbyterian Church can scarce contain the people. Requests are daily preferred for an interest in the prayers offered, and the reading of these forms one of the tenderest and most effective features of the meetings. Particular pains are taken to disclaim and exclude everything like sectarian feeling. General astonishment is felt at the unexpected rapidity with which the work has thus far proceeded, and we are beginning to anticipate the necessity of opening another church." Why, my hearers, not have that again, and more than that? There are many thousands more of inhabitants now than then. Besides that, since then are the telephone, with its semi-omnipresence, and the swift cable car for assembling the people. I believe that the mightiest revival of religion that this city has ever seen is yet to come, and the earth will tremble from Capitoline Hill to the boundaries on all sides with the footsteps of God as He comes to awaken and pardon and save these great populations.

People of Washington, meet us next Thursday night, at half past 7 o'clock, to pray for this coming of the Holy Ghost—not for a pentecostal 3000 that I have referred to, but 30,000. Such a fire as that would kindle a light that would be seen from the sledges crunching through the snows of Labrador to the Caribbean Sea, where the whirlwinds are born. Let our cry be that of Habakkuk, the blank verse poet of the Bible, "O Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy." Let the battlecry be Washington for God, the United States for God, America for God, the world for God! We are all tired of skirmishing. Let us bring on a general engagement. We are tired of fishing with hook and line. With one sweep of the gospel net let us take in many thousands. This vast work must begin somewhere. Why not here? Some one must give the rallying cry, why may not I, one of the Lord's servants? By Providential arrangement, I am every week in sermonic communication with every city, town and neighborhood of this country, and I now give the watchword to north and south and east and west. Hear and see it, all people—this call to a forward movement, this call to repentence and faith, this call to a continental awakening!

This generation will soon be out of sight. Where are the mighty men of the past who trod your Pennsylvania avenue and spake in yonder National Legislature and decided the stupendous questions of the supreme judicatory? Ask the sleepers in the Congressional cemetery. Ask the mausoleums all over the land. Their tongues are speechless, their eyes closed, their arms folded, their opportunities gone, their destiny fixed. How soon time prorogues parliaments and adjourns senates and disbands cabinets and empties pulpits and dismisses generations! What we would do we must do quickly or not do at all. I call upon people who cannot come forth from their sickbeds to implore the heavens in our behalf from their midnight pillows, and I call upon the aged who cannot, even by the help of their staff, enter the churches to spend their last days on earth in supplicating the salvation of this Nation, and I call upon all men and women who have been in furnaces of trouble, as was Shadrach, and among lions, as was Daniel, and in dungeons of trouble, as was Jeremiah, to join in the prayer, and let the church of God everywhere lay hold of the Almighty arm that moves Nations. Then Senators of the United States will announce to the State legislatures that sent them here, and members of the House of Representatives will report to the Congressional districts that elected them, and the many thousands of men and women now and here engaged in the many departments of National service will write home, telling all sections of the country that the Lord is here and that He is on the march for the redemption of America. Hallelujah, the Lord is coming. I hear the rumbling of His chariot wheels. I feel on my cheeks the breath of the white horses that draw the Victor! I see the flash of His lanterns through the long night of the world's sin and sorrow.

We want in this country, only on a larger scale, that which other centuries have seen of God's workings, as in the reformation of the sixteenth century, when Martin Luther and Philip Melanchthon led on; as in the awakening of the seventeenth century, when Bunyan and Flavel and Baxter led on; as in the awakening of the eighteenth century, when Tennant and Edwards and the Wesleys led on; as in the awakening of 1857, led on by Matthew Simpson, the seraphic Methodist, and Bishop Maclivaine, the apostolic Episcopalian, and Albert Barnes, the consecrated Presbyterian, and others just as good in all denominations. Oh, will not some of those glorious souls of the past come down and help us? Come down off your thrones, Nettleton and Finney and Daniel Baker and Edward Payson and Truman Osborne and Earle and Knapp and Inskip and Archibald Alexander—that Alexander the Great of the Christian churches. Come down! How can you rest up there when the world is dying for lack of the gospel? Come down and agonize with us in prayer. Come down and help us preach in our pulpits. Come down and inspire our courage and faith. Heaven can get along without you better than we can. But more than all, and overwhelmed with reverent emotion, we ask it, come, Thou of the deeply dyed garments of Bozrah; traveling in the greatness of Thy strength, mighty to save! Lord God of Joshua, let the sun of this century stand still above Gibeon and the moon above the valley of Ajalon until we can whip out the five kings of hell, tumbling them down the precipices as the other five kings went over the rocks to Bethhoron. Ha! Ha! It will so surely be done that I cannot restrain the laugh of triumph.

From where the seaweed is tossed on the beach by the stormy Atlantic to the sands laved by the quiet Pacific this country will be Emanuel's land, the work beginning at Washington, if we have the faith and holy push and the consecration requisite. First of all, we ministers must get right. That was a startling utterance of Mr. Swinnock when he said, "It is a doleful thing to fall into hell from under the pulpit; but, oh, how dreadful a thing to drop thither out of the pulpit." That was an all suggestive thing that Paul wrote to the Corinthians, "Lest that by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway." That was an inspiring motto with which Whitefield sealed all his letters, "We seek the stars." Lord God, wake up all our pulpits, and then it will be as when Venn preached, and it was said that men fell before the word like slacked lime. Let us all, laymen and clergyman, to the work. What Washington wants most of all is an old fashioned revival of religion, but on a vaster scale, so that the world will never be compelled to say as of old, "We never saw it on this fashion." But remember there is a human side as well as a divine side to a revival. Those of us brought up in the country know what is called "a raising"—the neighbors gathered together to lift the heavy frame for a new house after the timbers are ready to be put into their places. It is dangerous work, and there are many accidents. The neighbors had gathered for such a raising, and the beams had all been fitted to their places except one, and that very heavy. That one, on the long pikes of the men, had almost reached its place, when something went wrong, and the men could hoist it no higher. But if it did not go in its place it would fall back upon the men who were lifting it. It had already begun to settle back. The boss carpenter shouted: "Lift, men, or die! All together! Yo, heave!"

With mightier push they tried to send the beam to its place, but failed. Still they held on, all the time their strength lessening. The wives and mothers and daughters stood in horror looking on. Then the boss carpenter shouted to the women, "Come and help!" They came, and womanly arms became the arms of giants, for they were lifting to save the lives of husbands and fathers and sons, as well as their own. Then the boss carpenter mounted one of the beams and shouted: "Now! Altogether! Lift or die! Yo, heave!" And with a united effort that almost burst the blood vessels, the great beam went to its place and a wild huzza was heard. That is the way it sometimes seems in the churches. Temples of righteousness are to be reared, but there is a halt, a stop, a catch somewhere. A few are lifting all they can, but we want more hands at this raising, and more hearts, more Christian men to help—aye, more Christian women to re-enforce. If the work fail, it means the death of many souls. All together, men and women of God! Lift or die! The top stone must come to its place "with shoutings of grace, grace unto it." God is ready to do His part; are we ready to do our part? There is work not only for the knee of prayer, but for the shoulder of upheaval.

And now I would like to see this hour that which I have never seen, but hope to see—a whole audience saved under one flash of the Eternal Spirit. Before you go out of any of these doors enter the door of mercy. Father and mother, come in and bring your children with you. Newly married folks, consecrate your lifetime to God, and be married for eternity as well as time. Young man, you will want God before you get through this world, and you want Him now. Young woman, without God this is a hard world for women. One and all, wherever you sit or stand, I lift my voice so that you can hear it, out in the corridors and on the street, and say, in the words of the Mediterranean ship captain, "Call upon thy God, if so be that God will think upon us, that we perish not." Oh, what news to tell, what news to relate to your old father and mother, what news to telegraph your friends on the other side of the mountains, what news with which to thrill your loved ones in heaven! It was of such news that a man read in a noonday meeting in Philadelphia. He arose, and unrolling a manuscript read:

Where'er we meet, you always say:
"What's the news? What's the news?
Pray what's the order of the day?
What's the news? What's the news?"
Oh, I have got good news to tell—
My Saviour hath done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell—
That's the news! That's the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary—
That's the news! That's the news!
To set a world of sinners free—
That's the news! That's the news!

The Lord has pardoned all my sin—
That's the news! That's the news!
I feel the witness now within—
That's the news! That's the news!
And since He took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and pray,
I'm happy now from day to day—
That's the news! That's the news!

And Christ the Lord can save you, too—
That's the news! That's the news!
Your sinful heart He can renew—
That's the news! That's the news!
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive—
That's the news! That's the news!

And now, if any one should say,
"What's the news? What's the news?"
Oh, tell Him you you've begun to pray—
That's the news! That's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now with joy at God's command
You're marching to the better land—
That's the news! That's the news!

MEN GET EVEN.

They Give a Weird Function at Which No Ladies Are Allowed.

Society men of Shellyville, Ind., attended a novel reception at the house of Mr. John C. De Prey, a wealthy business man. It was called a "Limburgerette," and was intended as a rebuke to the society ladies who insist on ignoring the men at afternoon teas.

Two hundred men most prominent in business and social circles attended. They went in full dress, but used as conveyances carts, drays, trucks, push carts and all manner of outlandish vehicles, until the assemblage blocked traffic around Mr. De Prey's residence. The reception was a take off on the usual afternoon tea. Limburger sandwiches and stogies were served by winsome dudes, who presided at their respective tables, and conversation turned chiefly on "horrid" girls and neckties. Coffee was served out of coal oil cans, and the guests ate off tin plates. All manner of pranks were indulged in. The affair was an immense success.

WILL DO QUICK WORK.

German Army to Be Supplied With a Terrible Rifle.

According to the latest news in military circles most of the guns and rifles now in use in the German army will soon find their way into old junk shops. Military authorities without exception are enthusiastic over the result of the recent trials of the Brand rifle.

A week or two ago a few facts were cabled regarding the efficacy of this death dealing weapon. It excels anything thus far contrived in portable arms. It will do all that the inventor claims for it. Volleys of fifty shots each can be fired in rapid succession, and one charge suffices for 2500 shots.

Herr Bronsard von Schellendorf, the Minister of War, speaks in high terms of praise of the new invention. He will ask for its immediate adoption after the trial shooting, which will take place in the near future and at which the Kaiser himself has promised to be present.

Snowstorm at Constantinople.

Constantinople has just had a snowstorm heavy enough to prevent trains from leaving the city and to suspend navigation in the port.

Where Bicycles Are Popular.

It is said that 10,000 bicycles were sold in Washington City during 1895, and that there are altogether 30,000 in the city.

Rattlesnakes, Butterflies, and . . . ?

Washington Irving said, he supposed a certain hill was called "Rattlesnake Hill" because it abounded in—*butterflies*. The "rule of contrary" governs other names. Some bottles are, supposedly, labeled "Sarsaparilla" because they are full of . . . well, we don't know what they are full of, but we know it's not sarsaparilla; except, perhaps, enough for a flavor. There's only one make of sarsaparilla that can be relied on to be all it claims. It's Ayer's. It has no secret to keep. Its formula is open to all physicians. This formula was examined by the Medical Committee at the World's Fair with the result that while every other make of sarsaparilla was excluded from the Fair, Ayer's Sarsaparilla was admitted and honored by awards. It was admitted because it was the best sarsaparilla. It received the medal as the best. No other sarsaparilla has been so tested or so honored. Good motto for the family as well as the Fair: Admit the best, exclude the rest.

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook."
It kills doubts and cures doubters.
Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hard on Johnny.

Mrs. Kidby (to her small son)—"Well, John, what's the matter?

Johnny—Sister says that she's an advanced woman and I've got to watch the dolls while she sails my toy boat.—Pearson's.

Society Courtesies.

Mrs. Parvenue—I am thinking of going slumming to-morrow."

Mrs. Mayfair—Ah! Going to call on your relatives, I presume."—Pick-Me-Up.

Where Did You Get This Coffee?

Had the Ladies' Aid Society of our Church out for tea, forty of them, and all pronounced the German Coffeeberry equal to Rio! Salzer's catalogue tells you all about it! 35 packages Earliest vegetable seeds $1.00 post paid.

If you will cut this out and send with 15c. stamps to John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will get free a package of above great coffee seed and our 148 page catalogue! (Catalogue alone 5c. (A. C.)

If we not hear God to-day, he may refuse to hear us to-morrow.

Seed time

The successful farmer has learned by experience that some grains require far different soil than others. He knows that a great deal depends on right planting at the right time. No use complaining in summer that a mistake was made in spring. *Decide before seed-time.* The best time to treat coughs and colds is before the seeds, or germs, of consumption have begun their destructive work.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, promptly cures lung and throat troubles. *Do not neglect your cold.*

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years. (*Ask your doctor.*) This is because it is always *palatable*—always *uniform*—always *contains the purest Norwegian Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites.*

Insist on **Scott's Emulsion**, with trade-mark of man and fish.

Put up in 50 cent and $1.00 sizes. The small size may be enough to cure your cough or help your baby.

RIPANS TABULES

The Home Bureau for Delicacies for the Sick, and Nurses' Registry, at 15 West Forty-second st., N. Y., under date of Oct. 20, 1894, writes: "Please send one dozen boxes Ripans Tabules to the Nurses' Club, 104 West Forty-first street. Reports of the Tabules for troubles resulting from disordered digestion come very frequently to our attention here. This Bureau does not dispense medicines, but has opportunity to hear frequent discussions concerning the merits of remedies. It seems to be conceded that the Tabules are a reliable auxiliary to the physician. Some of our patrons use them to a considerable extent, and physicians assure us that the formula is excellent."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

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