Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 60

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the na-al passages. Painless and delightful to u-e. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headacher, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. If your druggist hain't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

The black sheep is often the smartest of the

Econo-

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1. Hood's Pills cure biliousness, headache.



Milk for children's food should always be boiled.

Massage treatment with camphorated oil will prove beneficial in cases of swollen or stiff knee joints.

A mustard plaster, or flannels wrung out in hot water, constitute the simplest yet best remedy for cramps in the stomach.

When a raw surface is irritated by perspiration, dusting the part freely with stearate of zinc will obviate the discomfort.

A popular family liniment recipe is made by mixing two ounces of soft soap, one ounce of gum camphor and one pint of spirits of turpentine.

Rhubarb and soda mixture, a favorite country recipe, is made by mixing two drams of the former and four of the latter in four ounces of peppermint

An excellent tooth powder may be made by mixing one-half ounce of powdered castile sonp, one ounce of precipitated chalk, one ounce of powdered orris root and ten drops of wintergreen.

A very good cholera mixture is the following: Equal parts of laudanum, tincture of rhubarb, spirits of camphor, essence of peppermint and tincture of capsicum. Dose for an adult. from fifteen to thirty drops every half hour, as required.

Those dreading hay fever the coming summer, may prepare to meet and probably vanquish that unpleasant enemy by buying a nasal atomizer, and | turned their heads, getting ready a mixture formed of ten grains of menthol, ten grains of eucalyptol and two ounces of benzoinol.

The tincture of muriate of iron is a very good remedy for erysipelas. Ten a glass tube, every three hours throughout the active stage of the disease. Occasional doses of Rochelle salts will relive any torpidity of the liver or stomach that may follow.

Never apply iodine to the face for freckles or blotches. For pimples or the like, the following is a safe remedy: Bathe the face with hot water at bedtime, dry thoroughly, and apply a lotion composed of two drams of lac sulphur, one dram of spirit of camphor, one-half ounce of glycerine and four ounces of rose water, and leave it on

If ever the happy time should arrive when we are more interested to discover the excellences of our friends and neighbors than their defects, and more anxious to study their ideals than to insist upon our own, a great impetus will be given to moral progress and to the true and cordial brotherhood of man.



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It speedily relieves irregularity, suppressed or painful menstructions, weakness of the stomach. indigestion, bloating, leucorrhea, womb trouble, flooding, nervous prostration, headache, general debility, etc. Symptoms of Womb Troubles are dizziness, faintness, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-beleft-alone" feelings, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy, or the "blues." and backache. Lydis E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all this trouble as sure as the sun shines. That Bearing-down Feeling, caveing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. It is wonderful for Kidney Complaints in either sex.

Of course it's imitatedanything good always isthat's endorsement, not a pleasant kind, but still endorsement. HIRES Rootbeer is imitated. Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia, A Mo. package makes 5 gallons. Sold every a here.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Bitter Attila."

TEXT: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamb, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of water, and the name of the star is called Wormwood.' - Revelation viii.,

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man thus referred to, Attila, the king of the Huns. One day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields, and a herdsman followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was wounded, and went on back fur-ther and further, until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward, as though is had dropped from the heavens and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut. The herdeman roulled not that had been cut. The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attila. Attila said the sw.rd must have dropped from the neavens from the grasp of the god Mars and its being given to him meant that Atilla should conquer and govern the whole earth. Other mighty men have been delighted at being called liberators, or the merciful or the good, but Attila called himself, and demanded that others call him the Scourge of God. At the head of 700,000 troops, mounted on Cappadocian horses, he swept everything from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. He put This iron heel on Macedonia and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Byzantine castles, to meet his ruinous levy, put up at auction massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. A city captured by him, the inhabitants were brought out and divided into three classes—the first class, those who could bear arms, who must immediately enlist under Attila or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, who were made captives to the Huns: the third class, the aged men and women, who were robbed of everything and

let go back to the city to pay heavy tax. It was a common saying that the grass never grew again where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine, and the Moselle, and the Rhine with carnage and fought on the Cataonian plains the flercest battle since the world stood-300,000 d ad left on the field! On and on until those who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on their faces in prayer, and, a cloud of dust seen in the distance, a bishop cried. "It is the aid of God!" and all the people took up the cry, "It is the aid of God!" As the cloud of dust was blown aside the banners of re-enforcing armies marched in to help against Attila, the Scourge of God. The most unimportant occurrences he used as a supernatural re-source, and after three months of failure to capture the city of Aquileia, and his army had given up the siege the flight of a stork and her young from the tower of the city was taken by him as a sign that he was to capture the city, and his army, inspired by the same occurrence, resumed the slege and took the walls at a point from which the stork had emerged. So brilliant was the conquerer in attire that his enemies could

was hired for the assasselves with knives and lances. He was put into three coffins, the first of iron, the second of silver and the third of gold. He was buried drops should be taken in water, through | by night, and into his grave were poured the most valuable coin and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The gravediggers and all those who assisted at the burial were massacred, so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed. The Roman empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roman empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge, but instead of being the Scourge of God he was the scourge of heil. Because of his brilliance and bitterness the commentators were right in believing him to be the star Wormwood. As the regions he devastated were parts most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how
graphic is this reference in Revelation:
"There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is

> tracted. Artemisia absintifium, is a perennial plint, and all the vear round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many human lives there is a perennial distillation of acrid experiences. Yea, there are some whose whole work is to shed a baleful influence on others.
>
> There are Attlian of the hone of the Tree of Life sweetening all the branch o power be used for good. The less power men have the b-tter if they use it for evil. Birds circle round and round and round

curse, a balsam or wormwood me of you I know are morning stars. and you are making the dawning lite of your children bright with gracious influences, and you are beaming upon all the opening enterprises of philanthropic and Christian endeavor, and you are heralds of

ome of you are evening stars, and you are cheering the last days of old people, and though a cloud sometimes comes over you through the querulousness or unreasonableness of your old father and mother it is only for a moment, and the star soon comes out clear again and is seen from all the balco-nies of the neighborhood. The old people wil. forgive your occasional shortcomings, for they themselves several times lost their patience when you did not deserve it. Hail, evening star! Hang on the darkening sky your diamond coronet.

your diamond coronet! But are any of you tue star Wormwood? Do you scold and growl from the thrones pa-ternal or maternal? Are your children ever-astingly pecked at? Are you always crying "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet. and their laughter, which occasionally trickles through at the wrong times and is suppressed by them until they can hold it no longer, and all the barriers purst into unwant it. Alas, that there are so many homes not known to Society For the Prevention of

What is your influence upon the neighborgood, the town or the city of your residence? that makes me laugh is my benefactor. I do not thank anybody to make me cry? I can do that without any later without any Many commentators, like Patrick and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry, and Albert Barnes agree in saying that the star Wormwood, mentioned in Revolution, was Attila, king of the Huns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and, like Wormwood he emplitured everything he nons of all the pulpits cannot reach.

They have for examples Elijah, who made turned to wormwood and has tallen." fun of the Baalites when they called down fire, and it did not come, suggesting that their heathen god had gone hunting, or was off on a journey, or was asleep, and nothing but vociferation could wake him, saying. "Cry aloud for he is a god. Either he is talking or pursuing or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked." They have an example in Christ, who with healthful sarcasm showed up the lying, hypocritical Pharisees by suggesting that such perfect people like themselves needed no improve-ments, saying, "Tee whole need not a phyician but they that are sick.

But what use are you making of your wit? Is it besmirched with profanity and uncleanness? Do you employ it in amusement at physical defects for which the victims are not responsible? Are your powers of mim-iery used to put religion in contempt? Is it a bunch of nettlesome invective? Is it a bolt of unjust scorn? Is it fun at other's misfortune? Is it glee at their disappointment and defeat? Is it bitterness put drop by drop into a cup? Is it like the squeezing of Artemisia absinthium into a draught al-ready pungant? Then you are the star Wormwood. Yours is the fun of a rattlesnake trying how well it can sting. It is the fun of a hawk trying how quickly it can strike out the eye of a dove

But I will change this and suppose you are a star of Worldly Prosperity. Then you have large opportunity. You can encourage that artist by buying his picture. You can improve the fields, the stables, the highway, by introducing higher style of fowl and horse and cow and sheep. You can bless the world with pomo ogical achievement in the orchards. You can advance arboriculture and arrest this deathful iconoclasm of the American forests. You can put a piece of sculpture into the niche of that public academy. You can endow a college. You can stocking a thousand bare feet from the vinter frost. You can build a church. You can put a missionary of Christ on that foreign shore. You can help ransom a world. A rich man with his heart right—can you teil me how much good a James Lenox or a George Peabody or a Peter Cooper or a William E. Dodge did while living, or is doing now that he is dead? There is not a city, town or neighborhood that has not prious specimens of consecrated wealth But suppose you grind the face of the poor. Suppose when a man's wages are due you make him wait for them because he cannot help himself. Suppose that, breause his family is sick and he has had extra expenses.

he should politely ask you to raise his wages for this year and you roughly tell him if he wants a better place to go and get it. Supconquerer in attire that his enemies could not look at him, but shaded their eyes or were nothing and you were everything. Suppose you are selfish and overbearing and ar-Slain on the evening of his marriage by his rogant. Your first name ought to be Attila and your last name Attila, because you are sination, his followers bewailed him, not with tears, but with blood, cutting themone-third if not three-thirds of the waters one-third if not three-thirds of the waters that roll past your employes and operatives and dependents and associates, and the long line of carriages which the undertaker orders for your funeral, in order to make the occasion respectable, will be filled with twice as many dry, tearloss eyes as there are persons

There is an erroneous idea abroad that here are only a few geniuses. There are nilifons of them-that is, men and women who have especial adaptation and quickness for some one thing. It may be great; it may be small. The circle may be like the circumerence of the earth or no larger than a thime. There are thousands of geniuses, and some one thing you are a star. What star Wormwood. As the regions he devas- kind of a star are you? You will be in this ing as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Have you ever thought how many imbittered lives there are all about us, misanthropic, morbid, acrid, saturnin-? The European plant from which wormwood is extracted. Artemisia absinthium, is a perennial tracted. Artemisia absinthium, is a perennial branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the the comestic of the wilderness complained that the waters of Lake Marah were bitter and they could not drink them, cut off the branch of a certain tree and threw that branch into the waters of Lake Marah were bitter and they could not drink them, cut off the branch of a certain tree and threw that branch into the waters of Lake Marah were bitter and they could not drink them, cut off the branch of a certain tree and threw that branch into the waters of Lake Marah were bitter and they could not drink them, cut off the branch into the waters of Lake Marah were bitter and they could not drink them, cut off the branch into the waters of Lake Marah were bitter and they could not drink them, cut off the branch into the waters of Lake Marah were bitter and they could not drink them, cut off the branch into the waters of Lake Marah were bitter and they could not drink them.

There are Attilas of the home, or Attilas of the scale, and one-third of the waters of all the world, if not twe-thirds the waters, are poisoned by the fall of the scale. waters of all the world, if not two-third of the waters, are poisoned by the falling of the star Wormwood. It is not complimentary to human nature that most men. human nature that most men, as soon as wormwood to ourselves, and our life will be they get greater power, become overbearing.

The more power mer have the better if their power be used for good. The less power that is sufficient. It sweetens the disposi-It sweetens the manners. I' sweetens It sweetens mysterious providences. before they swoop upon that which they are aiming for. And if my discourse so far has It sweetens everything. I have heard proment it drops straight on your heart and asks the question, Is your life a benediction to others or an imbitterment, a biessing or a curse, a balsam or wormstood. three wishes be? If I could have three wishes met this morning, I tell you what they would be: 1. More of the grace of God. 2. More of the grace of God. 3. More of the grace of God. In the dooryard of my brother John, missionary in Amoy, China, brother John, missionary in Amoy, chin toere was a tree called the emperor tree, the Christian endeavor, and you are heralds of that day of gospeitzation which will yet flood all the mountains and valleys of our sincurred earth. Hail, morning star! Keep on by a rosebush, it grows a little higher than the bush and spreads out above it a crown. If it be planted by the side of another tree, it grows a little higner than that ree and spreads above it a crown. Would God that this relig on of Christ, a more wonder:ul emperor tree, might overshadow all your lives! Are you lowly in ambition or circumstance, butting over you its crown? Are you high in talent and position, putting over you its crown? Oh, for more of the saccharine in our lives and less of the worm-

What is true of individua's is true of na-tions. God sets then up to r-volve as stars,

but they may fall worm wo Tyre, the atmosphere of the desert, fra-grant with spices, coming in caravaus to ber lairs, all seas cleft into foam by the keels of her laden merchantmen, her markets rich with horses and cameis from Togarmah, her with horses and came is from Togarmah, her bazaars filled with uphoistery from Dedan, with emerald and coral and agate from Syria, with wines from Helbon, with embroidered work from Ashur and Chilmad Where now the glam of her towers, where the roar of her chariots, where the masts of her ships? Let the lishermen who dry their tests where and her chariots in the way to the ships? no longer, and all the barriers purst into unlimited guffaw and cachinnation, as in high weather the water has trickled through a slight opening in the milidam, but afterward makes wider and wider breach until it carries all before it with irresistible freshet? Do not be too much offended at the noise your children now make. It will be still enough when one of them is dead. Tuen you would give your right hand to hear one shout from their silent voices or one step from the still fcot. You will not any of you have to wait very

ong before your honse is stiller than you | miles, her sculptures presenting in figures of warrior and chariot the victories with which the now forgotten kings of Egypt shook the Cruelty to Children, where children are put on the limits and whacked and cuffed and ear pulied and senselessly called to order and answer sharp and surpressed until it is a and answer sharp and surpressed until it is a wonder that under such processes they do not all turn out Modocs and Nana Sahibs.

Thebes in those days when the hippodrome rang with her sports and foreign royalty bowed at her shrine and her avenues roared with the wheels of processions in the wake of returning conquerors? What dashed What kind of rays do you shoot forth? Do you use that spiendid faculty to irradiate the world or to rankle it? I bless all the apostolic college of humorists. The man that ranks are all the spiendid faculty to irradiate the solutions of her glory? What ruthlessness defaced her sculptured wail and broke observable to the solutions of the solutio skeletons of granite? What spirit of destruction spread the inir of wild beasts in her royal sepulchers, and taught the miser-able cottagers of to-day to build buts in the courts of her temples, and sent desolation and ruin skulking behind the obelisks, and dodging among the sarcophagi, and leaning against the columns, and stooping under the Wormwood, he embittered everything he touched. We have studied the rear of Bethlehem, and the Morning Star of the Revelation, and the Star of Peace, but my present subject calls us to gaze at the star Wormwood, and my theme might be called Brilliant Bitterness. cup of earthly existence, which is sometimes stale, effervesce and bubble. They placate animosities. They foster longevity. They slay follies and absurdities which all the scrsculpture, responding: "Thebes built not one temple of God. Thebes bated righteousness

Babylon, with her 250 towers and her brazen gates and her embattled walls, the splendor of the earth gathered within her palaces, her hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his bride, Amytis. who had been brought up in a mountainous country and could not endure the flat country round Babylon-these hanging gardens ilt, terrace above terrace, till at the height of 400 feet there were woods waving and fountains playing, the verdure, the foliage, the glory looking as if a mountain were on the wing. On the tiptop a king walking with his queen, among statues showy white, looking up at birds brought from distant lands, and drinking out of tankards of solid gold or looking off over rivers and lakes upon nations subdued and tributary, crying, "Is not

this great Babylon which I have built? What battering ram smote the walls? What plowshare upturned the gardens? army shattered the brazen gates? What long, fierce blast of storm put out this light which illumined the world? What crash of discord drove down the music that poured from palace window and garden grove and called the banqueters to their revel and the dancers to their feet? I walk upon the scene of desolation to find an answer and pick up pieces of bitumen and brick and broken pottery, the remains of Babylon, and as in the silence of the night I hear the surging of that billow of desolation which rolls over the scene, I hear the wild waves say-ing: "Babylon was prout. Babylon was impure. Babylon was a star, but by sin she

turned to wornwood and has fallen. From the prosecutions of the pilgrim fathers and the Huguenots in other lands God set upon these shores a nation. The council fires of the aborigines went out in the greater light of a free government. sound of the warwhoop was exchanged for the thousand wheels of enterprise and progress. The mild winters, the fruitful sum-mers, the healthful skies, charmed from other lands a race of hardy men who loved God and wanted to be free. Before the woodman's ax forests fell and rose again into ships' masts and churches' pillars. on thebanks of lakes begin to rival cities by the sea. The land quakes with the rush of the rail car and the waters are churned white with the steamer's wheel. Fabulous bushels of western wheat meet on the way fab-ulous tons of eastern coal. Furs from the north pass on the river fruits from the south. And trading in the same market is Maine lumberman and South Carolina rice merchant and Ohio farmer and Alaska fur dealer. And churches and schools and asylums scatter light and love and mercy and salvation upon 60,000,000 of people I pray that our Lation may not copy the

crimes of the nations that have perished and our cup of blessing turn to wormwood, and m we as down by grace an optimist, and I expect that this country will continue to advance until Christ shall come again. But be not deceived. Our orly safety is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land, and break His Sabbaths, and improve not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a nation, and we learn saving esson neither from civil war nor raging epidemic nor drought nor mildew nor scourge of locust and grasshopper nor evelone nor earthquake; if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue and bestimed the high places of authority. making free government at times a hissing and a byword in all the earth; if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and bluspheme in the streets of our great cities as though they were reaching after the fame of a Cyrinth and a Sodom are not repented of, we will yet see the smoke of our nation's ruin; the pillars of our national and state capitols will fall more disastrously than when Samson pulled down Dagon, and future historians will record upon the page bedewed with generous tears the story that the free nation of the west arose in splendor which made the world stare. It had which made the world stare. It had magnificent possibilities. It forgot God. It hated justice. It haged its crime. It halted on its high march. It recled under the blow of calamity. It fell. And as it was going down all the despotisms of earth from the top of bloody thrones begin to shout. 'Aha, so would we have it!" whilestruggling and oppressed people lookel out from dungeon bars with tears and groans and cries of uniold agony, the scorn of those and the woe of these uniting in the exciama-"Look yonder! There fell a great tar from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood!"

AN AMERICAN PLANT IN RUSSIA.

comotive Works to Be Established at Nijni Novgorod.

The proposed establishment of an extensive locomotive building works at Nijni Novgorod, Russia, by American capitalists was announced a few days ago. Contracts for the machinery for the plant, amounting to \$500,000, have already been awarded, the bulk of the orders coming to Philadelphia

For several years project of establishing an American le objetive plant in Russia has been under consideration by capitalists in this country. The firm of Edmund D. Smith & Co., of Philadelphia, and Water F. Dixon, who was formerly connected with the Rogers Locomotive Works, in Paterson, N. J., became interested in the matter, and as a result of their visit to Russia a company of American expitalists has been incorporatet under the title of the Russian-American Manufacturing Company, which will build

The plant is to be built in connection with the Sormova Works, an excensive esta dishment in Nijni Novgorod, manufacturing cars, steamboats, steam boilers, etc., and employ-ing 5000 hands. Engineer Dixon will have entire charge of the locomotive works, which will be controlled jointly by the Russian and American companies. The locomotive plant will have a capacity of 200 engines a year, and will employ 1000 hands. It is understood that the Czar's Government has given valuable encouragement to the enterprise.

A Warning to Travelers.

European travelers are warned by United States Consul-General Judd, at Vienna, to obey the railroad regulations excluding certain articles from luggage, under severe penalties. He cites the case of a young American, who was fined 312 florins for having some cartridges in his trunk and says that Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Turkey and Russia nave railway regulations similated Austria in this respect.

Reports from Texas state that charbrou or anthrax is affecting and killing all kinds of domestic stock from hens to horses.

SAILORS' SUPERSTITIONS.

hey Have Lucky and Unlucky Ships,

Days and Saints. The old superstition as to luck and unlucky days has largely passed a way. Foreign mails start and arrive on Friday without any regard for the beliefs which were accepted at one time beyoud argument by most sallors. Some thought otherwise, as will appear later. Sene-ally speaking, all saints' days and church holidays were regarded as unlucky and certain days in each month was regarded distrustfully. In an old almanac of 1615 we find that July 19. 20, 24, and 31 were noted as "no good anchorage." Sunday was always looked upon as lucky, presumably in reliance on the maxim, "The better the day the better the deed," and the fact of our Lord's resurrection having taken place on that day. Monday had no particular reputation

for good or evil; Tuesday was the same, except among Spaniards, who said, 'Don't marry or go to sea or leave your wife" on that day. Wednesday was the day of Odin, the Norse god, and lucky; Thursday was named after Thor, the Norse god of war, and was auspicious. Friday was the day dedicated to Freya, Norse goddess of love, and having reference to women was not liked on this ground. The true reason for avoiding Friday was, of course, the fact of the crucifixion having taken place on that day, and sentiments of special veneration for the day converted into a feel ing of fear for the results which would follow its violation. The Spaniards, on the other hand, had a considerable veneration for Friday, and believed that some occult influence enabled Columbus to successfully clear out of port and discover new land on that day. Enturday was gene ally considered auspicious.

The origin of the phrase, "a capful of wind," can be traced to a Norse king, Eric VI., who died in 970 A. D. He was credited with the useful power of directing the wind to blow him where he wished by the simple method of turning his cap to that point of the compass. His powers were much appreciated and trusted, and resulted in his being known as "windy cap." There is no evidence as to whether he could regulate the force of the wind as well as the direction; presumably he could, or his faithful believers would not have been so many. "A bagful of wind" is another common expression and indicates something like a gale. This has been traced down to the classical legend of Eolus and his captive winds confined in bags.

A Mania for Snuff Boxes.

Edward Wortley Montague, the eccentric son of Lady Mary, is said to have possessed more shuff boxes than would suffice a Chinese with a hundred noses-a collection which, perhaps, was never equaled, unless by that of King George IV., who was not less extravagant and recherche in snuff and snuff boxes than in other things.

A Black Town.

Not the town, but the people. The town is on an island in the Mississippi River, just above Memphis. The island is owned by a negro planter. Elmer Judson, this negro, the son of a wealthy white planter, contested his father's will, and the courts duly allowed him a part of the property. The island is eleven miles long and eight wide. Judson, the town, has a population of about four hundred and fifty inhabitants, all of whom are black, and no white person is allowed to come there except as a visitor. The town is well organized and governed, and Mr. Judson is an educated man with progressive ideas. He owns everything on the island, and most of the inhabitants are his tenants. He is justice of the peace, and is greatly interested in the welfare of his people. The town has several shops, stores, two churches and a school, and it would be hard te find a white town with a better record than this black town of Judson.

The Modern Beauty

Thrives on good food and sunshine, with plenty of exercise in the open air. Her form glows with health and her face b'ooms with its beauty. If her system needs the cleansing action of a laxative remedy, she uses the gentle and pleasant Syrup of Figs. Made by the California Fig Syrup Company.

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest call of duty,

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the .. eart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spelis, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. If your drugdst lissn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life.

People seldom improve when they have no nodel but themselves to copy after.

Buy \$1.00 worth Dobbins Floating-Borar Scap of your grocer, send wrappers to Dobbins Soap Mi'z Co., Philadelphia, Pa. They will send you free of charge, postage paid, a Worcester Pochet Dic-tionary, 288 pares, bound in cloth, profusely 2tionary, 288 payes, bound in cloth, profuse lustrated. Offer good until August 1st only.

If you have both tracts and bread to give the hungry give them the bread first.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children eething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-ion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle. Many a tear can be dried easier with bank totes than with a handkerchief.

I have found Piso's Care for Consumption an unfalling medicine - F. R. Lorz, 1806 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

It is always dangerous to take a veiled woman for a beautiful one.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE HESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.0 trial bot-tle free. Dr. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Go back far enough, and you can find a scandal in every family.

S. K. Cabara, Mgr., Clarie Scatt, writes: " find Hall's Catarch Cars a valuable remaly."
Druggists sen it, 75c. All the reasoning of man is not worth one sentiment of woman.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. lease Thomps A lowly origin does not preclude a lofty

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