First

Hood's Be sure to zet Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness.

MALAGA IN JULY.

The Old Spanish City Has Little to

Offer the Sight-Seer. It was July, and we had arrived at Malaga from Marseilles by water. The town lay white and shining under a barren amphitheater of mountains. Between it and the Vinuesa was a great stretch of hot, hazy, shimmering, sunlit water, over which little boats, each with white awning up, pulled out to meet us. We had read in Mr. Hare's "Wanderings in Spain" of the extortion and shocking manners of Malaga's boatmen; the same story was in Murray, with an added warning to keep our temper. But we had no trouble.

Once we had landed, and on the open quay J. had unstrapped and unlocked all our bags for a customs officer, who was too lazy to look into them; and at the Hotel Victoria the landlord had given us a large, clean, airy, brick-floored bed-room, for which he asked less than the guide book told us to beat him down to; we were free, without further delay or bother, to make our plans and be off on the road at any moment we

But first of all we went out to have a look at Malaga. Who was it said that sight-seeing is the art of disappointment? Surely we had not come all this way to the town of Hamet el Zegri, to walk through brand-new, wide streets, lined with big modern shops and clubs and cafes. The huge interior of the cathedral was unimpressive. The broken walls of the old Moorish fortress stood on the top of far too high a hill to be climbed in the staring sunshine of a July day. And even Murray could direct us to nothing else but a plain, bare church, where the banner of St. Ferdinand is said to hang, which we found fast shut; and an old Moorish arch, now neatly restored; and a river, dried up by the blazing sun of a tropical summer, with a railway track running down the middle of its bed, between groups of wooden shanties. We met women in black lace mantillas, or else in long, peinted shawls, a gay flower stuck in their hair, and men with cleanshaven faces, in low, broad-brimmed hats and wide red belts. We saw plenty of donkeys in bright, gaudy trappings, but this was all the costume. We ought to have known better than to expect more. Still, somehow, its absence added to the grayness of our first impresslon.-Century.

THE AMERICAN BISON.

A Western Rancher Says It Is Not Becoming Extinct.

E. A. Bennett, a Texas rancher now in the East, says that the story that the great American bison is becoming extinct is not true. "Why, do you know," says he, "they are ranching them in Montana and Texas extensively and on a smaller scale in some other places? A man in Montana is experimenting by crossing the buffalo with the black-poled Angus cattle. He is of the opinion that a finer hide can be obtained by this union.

"Goodnight, the greatest Texas cattleman, has fully 2,000,000 acres of ground rancaed in, and is breeding to bison pure. He has fenced off a big tract of land, and is well satisfied that he will make a success of his new enterprise. He has already sold many animals of his own raising to show people and to zoos in several places. Goodnight, too, has a herd of elk, but they are not profitable. There is little or no sale for them. For meat purposes the buffalo is not in it. The tongue makes good eating and portions of the hindquarters, but the rest of the carcass is worth little for eating. It would make mighty good phosphate, though."

Admiration. "What do you admire most about

Snobbe's literary work?" "The compensation he manages to get for it," replied the person who is chronically envious .- Washington Star.

When a Western girl goes East, she returns with at least five new ways of using ribbon

MY SICK SISTERS.

"I want to tell you what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. For twenty years I had suffered with loss of appetite, nausea, constipation, palpi tation of the heart, headache and pains in nearly all parts of my body. My physician said it was only indigestion. but his medicine did help me any. I began the use of the / Pinkham Remedies. particularly Lydia E. Pink

Vegetable Compound. I have taken four bottles, and now those troubles

"I cannot praise it enough, and our druggist says the medicine is doing a world of good among his customers." -BELLE S. THOMPSON, New Bedford,

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Reformation of Habits."

TEXT: "When shall I awake? I will seek t vet again.'

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever reached, Solomon, in my text, sketches the mental operations of one who, having stepped aside from the path of rectitude, desires to return. With a wish for something better he says: "When shall I awake? When shall I come out of this horrid nightmare of iniquity?" But seized upon by uneradicated habit, and forced down hill by his passions, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it

Our libraries are adorned with an elegant literature pointing out all the dangers and perils of life-complete maps of the voyage, showing all the rocks, the quicksands, the shoals. But suppose a man has already made | a man k shipwreek; suppose he is already off the formed. track; suppose he has already gone astray, how is he to get back? That is a field comparatively untouched. I propose to address myself this evening to such. There are those in this audience who, with every passion of their agonized soul, are ready to hear this ussion. They compare themselves with what they were ten years ago, and cry out from the bondage in which they are incar-

Habit is a task master. As long as we obey it it does not chastise us; but let us re-sist, and we find we are to be lashed with scorpion whips and bound with ship cable, and thrown into the track of bone-breaking Juggernauts. During the war of 1812 there was a ship set on fire just above Niagara Falls, and then, cut loose from its moorings, it came on down through the night, and tossed over the falls. It was said to have been a scene brilliant beyond all description. Well, there are thousands of men on fire of evil habit, coming down through the rapids, and through the awful night of temptation, toward the eternal plunge. Ob. how hard it is to arrest them! God only can

arrest them. Suppose a man, after five, or ten, or twenty years of evil doing resolves to do right. Why, all the forces of darkness are allied against him. He cannot sleep nights. He gets down on his knees in the midnight, and cries. "God help me!" He bites his lip; he grinds his teeth; he elenches his fist in a determination to keep his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the windows of a wine store. It is one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand-to-hand fight with an inflamed, good, here is a hundred dollars." Right tantalizing and merciless habit. When he after that conversation I said, "Now, you thinks he is entirely free the old inclinations pounce upon him like a pack of hounds, with their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reindeer. In Paristhere is a sculp tured representation of Bacchus, the god of revery. He is riding on a panther at ful leap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well broken steed but he is riding a monster, wild and blood-

thirsty, going at a death leap.

How many there are who resolve on a better life, and say. "When shall I awake?" but, seized on by their old habits, cry, "I will try it once more. I will seek it yet again." Years ago there were some Princeton stuwho were skating, and the ice was very thin, and some one warned the com-pany back from the air hole, and finally warned them entirely to leave the place But one young man, with bravado, after all the rest had stopped, cried out, "One round He swept around and went down and was brought out a corpse. My friends, there are thousands and tens of thousands of men losing their souls in that way. It is

form he says, "Now I will shake off my old years—yes, sir: just where you sit now she associates and I will find Christian com- sat. I couldn't have been mictaken. I was panionship." And he appears at the church as wide awake as I am now. She sat just door some Sabbath day and the usher greets where you sit. Wife, I wisk you would take him with a look as much as to say, "Why, these strings off that they are weaving you here! You are the last man I ever exaround me; I wish you would take them off; seat right down by the door," instead of say- fion. here. Come, I will give you a first-rate seat is nothing there, right up by the pulpit." Well, the prodigal. Then he resus and some Christian man, with more zealthan ommon sense, says, "Glad to see you; the dying thief was saved and I suppose there is solved he will never enter the house of God

Perhaps not quite fully discouraged about reformation, he sidles up by some highly respectable man he used to know, going down the hand, or tries to. The Christian young pose. Then I got up and said "Good-by man looks at him, looks at the faded apparel good-by!" That night he went to God. him the tip ends of the long fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man taken you heartily by the band, have you not felt thrilling through every fibre of your body, mind and soul an encouragement that was just what you needed? You do not know anything at all about this unless you know when a man tries to return from evil courses he runs against repu sions innumerable.

two from the church, or half a mile from the church. There are people in our crowded cities who live a thousand miles from church. Vast deserts of indifference between them them. Sometimes when I think of that awful and the house of God. The fact is, we must scene, her face haunts me like a beautiful keep our respectability, though thousands face through a horrid dream. On the other and tens of thousands perish. Christ sat side of the pulpit sat the man who had dewith publicans and sinners. But if there stroyed him. They had put the wormwood omes to the house of God a man with marks | and the gall into that orphan's cup. of dissipation upon him, the people almost throw up their hands in horror, as much as to say. "Isn't it shocking." How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven I don't know, unless they have an especial train of cars, eushioned and uphoistered, each one a car to himself. They cannot go with publi-

Oh! ye who curl your lip of scorn at the fallen, I tell your plainly, if you had been surrounded by the same influences, instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured, and the ing themselves and destroying others. refined and the Christian, you would have

go with a long rigmarole people call prayer, made up of "ohs" and "ahs" and "forever and ever, amens!" Go to God and cry for help! help! and if you cannot sry for Christ!"

husband, "or there will not be enough to go all around for the children; cut the slices Blessed be God there is a full loaf for every one that wants it. Bread enough and to spare. No thin slices at the Lord's I remember when the Master Street Hospital in Philadelphia was opened during the war, a telegram came saying. "There will be three hundred wounded men to-night;

be ready to take care of them;" and from my church there went in some twenty or thirty men and women to look after these poor wounded fellows. As they came, some from one part of the land, some from another, no one asked whether this man was from Oregon, or from Massachusetts, or from Minnesota, or from New York. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rags the most gently and put on the bandage, and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God, He does not ask where you came from, or what Healing for all your ancestry was. wounds. Pardon for all your guilt. Comfort for all your troubles.

Then, also, I counsel you if you want to get back to quit all your bad associations. One unholy intimacy will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was re-

When a man deliberately chooses bad association because he likes it, that man has started on the road down. Oh, I do not care what you call it, that association will despoil your soul. After you are destroyed, body, mind and soul, what will they do for you? what will they do for your family? They will not give one cent to support your chil-dren after you are dead. They will not weep ne tear at your burial. They will chuckle ver your damnation.

I had a rare friend at the West. He was ull of welcome when I went there to live, He had spiendid personal appearance. There is not a grander looking person in this house to-day than he was; and to this grand peronal appearance he added all gentality and all kindness of soul-tender as a child. beautiful and loving nature, and I loved him as a brother; but I saw evil people coming up around him, evil men coming from bad places of amusement, and they seized hold of his social and genial nature. and they began to drag him down, and he went further and further.

I used to say to him. "Now, why don't you

stop these bad habits and become a Chris-" for I talked with him just as I would talk with a brother, and he understood me, and I understood him. I said, "Way don't you give up these things and become a Chris-ian?" "Ob." he said to me one day, leantinn?" ing over his counter—just after I had assed him for a hundred dollars to help educate a young man for the ministry, and he had given me the money before I had the story half told-"if it will do the young man any are a splendid fellow; why don't you give up your bad habits and be a Christian?" he said, as the tears ran down his cheeks, "I can't. I should like to be a Curis-tian. You see, I have got these habits on me so, sir, I can't get rid of them. I have been going wrong longer than you would think

Sometimes, in the moments of repentance. he would go to his home and embrace his little girl of eight years convulsively to his heart, and he would cover her with adornents and strew toys and pictures a'l about her, and then from her beautiful presencethe beautful presence of his little child-he would go to the intoxicating cup, and to the bouse of shame, as a fool to the correction stocks; and there these bad men kept pus hing him on, a ship, full-winged, crashing

into the breakers.

I was called to his deathbel. I hastened, and when I got into the room I was surprised to find him in full everyday dress, lying on the top of the couch. I put out my hand and he greeted me very cordially. He said: "Now, Mr. Talmage, sit down right there." I sat down and he said: "Last If a man wants to return from evil prac-ices, society repulses him. Desiring to re-mother, though she has been dead twenty pected to see at church! Come, take this they annoy me very much in this coaversaght down by the door," instead of say-'Good morning! I am glad you are said: "There is nothing there, my dear; there

Then he resumed the conversation, and not yet discouraged, enters a prayer meeting, said: "Yes, my mother sat just where you sit now. I knew her. She had the same spectacies, and the same cap and the same dying thief was saved and I suppose there is mercy for you." The young man, disgusted, chilled, throws himself on his dignity, re-And sitting there she said to me, 'Roswell, 1 of bed, and I knell beside her and said. Mother, I wish I could—I wish I could do better; I would like to do better. Won't you the street, and immediately the respectable help me? You used to help me. Why can't man has an errand down some other street. You help me now, mother?" But soon I Well, the prodigal, wishing to return, takes said. "Now we will pray." I knelt to pray. ember of a Christian association by | He did not realize anything I said, I supand the marks of dissipation; instead of giv-ing him a warm grip of the hand, he offers ing made, and they said, "Oh, it won't do to bring him to the church; he has been so dis-I said, "Bring him, bring him; he solute. in the face. Oh! how few Christian people stood by me when he was ative, and I'll understand how much force and gosp! stand by him when he is dead. Bring him there is in a good honest handshaking. into the shurch." The Sabbath came. As I Sometimes, when you have felt the need of encouragement, and some Christian man has up the aisle, I felt as if I could weep tears of blood. I stood there that day and I said, This man had his v rives, and a good many fthem: he had his faults, and a good many of them; but let that man in this assembly who is without sin cast the first stone on this

On the one side of the pulpit sat the beautiful child, as radiant and sweet faced as any child that sat at your table this morning pushed him off the precipice. I stood there and told them that there was a God and a indement and a hell for those who destroyed their fellows. Did they weep? Oh, no, not one tear. Did they sigh recentingly? Not one sigh. Did they say. "What a pity that we destroyed him?" Oh, no. They sat and gazed at the coffin as vultures at the carcass of a lamb whose heart they had ripped out. That night, though my friend lay in Oak wood went right on with their iniquities, destroy-

refined and the Christian, you would have been a crouching wretch, covered with filth and soul, and appealing to God for success, and abomination. It is not because you are any better, but because the mercy of God has protected you. Who are you that, brought up in Christian circles and watched by Christian parentage, you should be so hard on the fallen?

First of all, my brother, throw yourself on feel at the very moment of victory, but he god of the first of the fallen? God. Go to Him frankly and earnestly and dipped his finger in his blood and wrote on tell Him these habits you have, and ask Him if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love to give it to you. Do not get rid of sin may seem to be almost a death struggle, you can dip your finger in your own blood and write on the Rock of Ages "Victory through our Lord Jesus

help! help! and if you cannot sty for help, just look and live.

I remember in the late war, I was at Antietam, and I went into the hospitals after the battle and said to a man: "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer, but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul, all he has to do it to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. Oh, it is no small thing when a man is nervous and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil wave, to feel that God puts two omnito-otent arms around him and says: "Young man, I will tand by you. The mountains may depart, and the hiits be removed, but I will never fail you."

Ages "victory through our Lord Jesus Sary must always be present when the pigeons are freed.

Ob, what glorious news it would be for their parents in the country! They go to the parents in the country!

*Out the slices thin," said the wife to the the group up and down the wall. Father and mother sit there for half an hour, say, ing nothing. I wonder what they are thinking of! After a while the father breaks the silence and says: "Wel', I wonder where our boy is in town to-night? And the mother answers: "In no bad place, I warrant you; we slways could trust him when he was home, and since he has been away there have been so many pravers offered for him we can 'trust him still." o'clock-for they retire early in the country at 8 o'clock they kneel down and commend you to that God who watches in country and in town, on the land and on the

Some one said to a Grecian General: What was the proudest moment of your He thought a moment, and said The proudest moment of my life was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the prondest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents in the country that you have onquered your evil habits by the grace of God, and become eternal victor.

Oh! despise not paternal anxiety. The time will come when you have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you, and find them gone from the house, and gone from the field, and gone from the neighborhood. Crv as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard they will not answer. Dead! Dead! And then you will take out the white look of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think, and wish that you had done just as then wanted you to. and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their dear old hearts. God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better if he had never been bornbetter if, in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of ma-ternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchred! There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has rought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery, rending the hair and wringing the hands, and crying: "Mother! mother!" that to-lay, by all the memories of the past, and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to Go!! May your father's God and your mother's God be

HAZING AT WEST POINT.

Cadet Rand Receives a Sentence That May Stop the Custom.

According to information received at the War Department, hazing at the West Point Military Academy has received a heavy blow. rt martial which tried Cadet Elliott H. Rand for compelling "Plebes" Harris and Neely to stand on their toes, reached a verdict Saturday afternoon. It sentenced Band to one year's confinement, with a deprivation of all privileges, including the three months furlough next year. After the cadets return to barracks Rand will also be obliged to walk a tour of guard duty every Saturday afternoon, while the rest of the

dets are at liberty. Rand's severe senience has struck terror into the hearts of all the would-be hazers. The evidence did not directly connect him with strong defense to substantiate his denial. His sentence may also interfere with his class standing. He is at present at the head of his class, but the hazing episods will serionly mar a hitherto unble mished record.

MERRILL PERISHED IN QUICKSAND

While Sinking He Directed Men Who Tried to Rescue Him.

Charles Merrill, a well-known citizen of Burlington, Wis., was buried alive a few days

Mr. Merrill and others were digging a well on a farm three or four mises south of Bur-The sides caved in and buried him in to the shoulders. His companions endeavored to dig him out, when quicksand was struck and the unfortunate man gradually sank out of 'sight in the presence of the men, who were unable to assist him. The body was recovered next morning, work baving been prosecuted all night by several shifts of men. He was twenty-seven years of age and leaves a wife.

While Merrill's head was exposed be coolly directed the men how to work in order to rescue him, but the quicksand engulfed him.

A WATERMELON BUG.

Farmers About Eurlington, N. J., Fear Losing the Entire Crop.

Benjamin D. Stedaker, a prominent farmer living near Burlington, N. J., said that in two weeks there wouldn't be a watermelon or citron in the county, because of a parasite that is rapidly killing the vines.

It is a small insect, not unlike a ladybug in appearance, and in a single night deposits housands of eggs on the under side of the leaves it favors. It also leaves a gummy substruce which makes the plant look green or'a time, after which the leaves wither and

The farmers around Burlington have tried every means to save the vines, but none avail, and many are plowing up their

RUINED THE POSTOFFICE.

Turner Too't His Mail Elsewhere .-- The Government Arrested Him.

P. W. Turner, a rich silk manufacturer of Turnersville, Conn., has been arrested and held in \$500 ball for trial on the charge of running a private express for carrying mail to the detriment of the postal service. Turner was postmaster at Turnersville up

to the time of the present Administration, when the office was removed a third of a mile from Turner's factory. Turner objected to the change, and without his business the postoffice receipts were almost nothing. Turner put his mail in the postal car on the and then he took his mail to another town.

Ruined by Chinese Cheap Labor.

A monster petition to the Federal Government for further restrictions on Chinese im-migration is being circulated at Vancouver, British Columbia. It may contain over 10,-600 names before it is sent to Ottawa. The pe-tition recites that Chinese labor is driving out the white workingmen; that the United States, realizing this, has excluded the Mongolian coolies, and that Canada should adopt measures to keep them out. It urges that a tax of \$500 be levied upon each Chinaman entering the Dominion.

Carrier Pigeon Regulations.

Fear of the treasonable use of carrier pigeons in France led to the promulgation of most stringent regulations. The Paris Government's decree stipulates that every person wishing to possess carrier pigeons must obtain the authority of the Precept; and every person receiving pigeons must, within two days, make declaration to the municipal authorities. The police co sary must always be present when the pig-

An Actress' Salary.

week. Yvette Guilbert received under her recent contract \$7,000 a week, and Caive earns \$1,200 for each of her appearances. Olga Nethersole earns \$250 a week. What with his salary and percentage of the receipts John Drew makes in good times \$500 a week. A competent leading man or woman, like Henry Miller or Herbert Kelcey, Viola Allen or Isabel Irving, can be had for \$200 a week. The only player that has ever received, even in this prodigal country, a salary equal to that of Bernhardt was Mme. Modjeska, Edwin Booth, who knew nothing about the value of money, once engaged the Polish actress at a salary of \$1,500 a week. Mr. Grau's contract with Guilbert lasted only two weeks, after which he returned to the cheap prices of Paris. Calve's contract lasted five meaths, but during that time she sings only twice or three times a week, after which she returns to the moderate salaries of Europe. Melba receives \$1,-500 a night in this country, but in Paris is content with \$300 a performance. But Sarah Bernhardt's contract continues through summer and winter, and every Saturday night she pockets \$1. 500. Taking one thing with another, the actress is better off than the singtrs. Averaging the entire income of ach performance, we should say that Calve earns \$50,000 a year, Guilbert about \$35,000, while Bernhardt is sure of \$78,000 annually for five years .-Footlights.

Turkish Proverbs.

The following problems, taken at random from the hundreds in daily use in Turkey, are not uninteresting: Do not burn a coverlet for the sake of

one flea. The camel being asked, "Why is your neck so crooked?" answered, "What part of me is straight?"

Success and failure are shareholders in stock

Water finds its rest; an enemy never. The house was burned, but the bedbugs went also. (No loss without some gain).

A fly is nothing, but it spoils the appetite. The chicken drinks water and looks

up to heaven. (Thankfulness.) Once in forty years I set out to steal and then the moon shone all night. (Bad luck.)

So many men go through life looking as if their wives had caught them at it.

Personal.

ANY ONE who has been benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pilis, will receive information of much volue and interest by writing to Pink Pilis, P. O. Box 1692, Phila., Pa.

After a man is married he stops wearing button hole bouquets and begins to wear stains on his clothes.

To Cleanse the System

Barah Bernhardt's calary is \$1,500 a | Effectually, yet gently, when costive or billions, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently overcome habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a health? activity, without irritating or weakening them. to dispal headacher, colds or fevers, use Syrup

> Idleness is the hotbed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the waste of time, the canker worm of felicity.

5100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease In review of this paper will be peased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its starr, and that is Catarrh. Ball's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional disease, that it hall's catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blool and muccus surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of its disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they ofter One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Nold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It takes a girl about four hours longer to clean the front windows of a house than it does the back ones.

Are You Satisfied With What You Know, Are You Satisfied With What You Know, Or would you giadly improve your stock of knowledge? You may not have to or \$69 you can spare for a 16-volume encyc-opselis, but you can afford to pay fifty cents for a Hand Book of General Information. You won't want to pay even this unless you are desirous of improving your mind and believe that a five-hundred-page book, filled with a condensed mass of valuable knowledge, will be read by you. This valuable knowledge, will be sent postpaid for fifty cents in stamps by the Book Publishing House, 134 Leonard St., N. Y. City. Every person who has not a large encyclopedia, should take rdvantage of this great offer at once and store his mind with the valuable facts collated in this book.

The second baby may weigh three pounds more than the first without causing half as much excitement.

Dobbins' Floating-Borax is 100 per cent, pure and don't turn yellow with are. It is not an imitation of anything, but better than any other floating soap made. Be sure above name is on each wrapper and cake. Red wrappers only.

Grief or misfortune seems to be indispensable to the development of intelligence, energy and virtue.

St. Vitus' Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenner's Specific cures. Cheutar, Fredonis, N. Y.

Poverty is an icy wind, and the higher the situation of the impoverished, the colder

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing -E. Cany, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

Adversity shows a true man, as the night brings out the stars obscured while the sun is shining.

Mrs. Winslow's Footbing Syrup for children terthing, softens the gums, reduces infismma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle. Sorrows are like thunder clouds; in the distance they look black, over our heads

hardly gray. TELLS YOUR FORTUNE, with picture of your future husband or wise. Send ltc., date of birth. ASTHOLOGER, Box 1772, Boston, Mass.

Heaven help the man who thinks he can dge enemies by trying to please every-

if afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Issac Thomp. son's E) e-water. Druggiets sell at 25c per A married weman's description of an idea:

Our I's and Other Eyes.

Our I's are just as strong as they were fifty years ago, when we have cause to use them. But we have less and less cause to praise ourselves, since others do the praising, and we are more than willing for you to see us through other eyes. This is how we look to S. F. Boyce, wholesale and retail druggist, Duluth, Minn., who after a quarter of a century of observation writes:

"I have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla for more than 25 years, both at wholesale and retail, and have never heard anything but words of praise from my customers; not a single complaint has ever reached me. I believe Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be the best blood purifier that has been introduced to the general public." This, from a man who has sold thousands of dozens of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, is strong testimony. But it only echoes popular sentiment the world over, which has "Nothing but words of praise for Ayer's Sarsaparilla."

Any doubt about it? Send for the "Curebook."

It kills doubts and cures doubters.

Address: J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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Drilling Machines LOOMIS & NYMAN, Timn, Ohio.

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