Eves

by catarrb. The eyes become inflamed, red and watery, with dull, beavy pains between them; there are roaring, buzzing noises in the ears, and sometimes the hearing is affected; the nose is a severe sufferer, with its constant, uncomfortable discharge. All these disagreeable symptoms may be removed by the use of

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best-In fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Roed's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, billoueness. 25 cents.

Money in Carrots. Roslyn, Long Island, has a woman farmer who raises such plebeian vegetables as carrots and turnips for the market. She is Mrs. Taber Willets. and her place is the pride of the natives. She is a practical agriculturist

and makes farming pay to a remarkable degree. It is encouraging to know, however, that her strictly practical ideas do not prevent her from surrounding her vegetable garden with a border of box, in which sweet peas and wallflowers bloom.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to quit tobacco using easily and forever, regain lost mannood, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor, take No-To-Bao, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Many gain ten pounds in ten days. Over 400,000 oursed. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist. Under absolute guarantee to cure. Book and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Calling names is a bad practice in politics, but we have all got so nearsighted that we can't identify a thing until it is labeled.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bow-els. Never sicken, weaken or gripe. 10c.

It is a queer thing that some men cannot consider themselves truly religious without making other people uncomfortable.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

We, F. J. Chenney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

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

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Ohio.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Identification Needed

Mrs. William Maydenbauer, of Seattle, Wash., is a woman who deserves to go down to posterity as one with an admirable sense of humor. She became known to fame in the following manner: One day she entered the First National Bank and presented to the cashier, one Turner, a newcomer in the city. a properly drawn check. Mr. Turner demurred at paying it because he did not know her. He informed her that she would have to be identified. She looked up, and, discovering that a stranger was waiting on her, remarked succinctly:

"Well, sir, if any identification is nesssary, you are the one to be identified. I have lived here all my life, and never saw you around here before."

The cashier cashed the check .- Boston Advertiser.

Bewaret

There is a new kind of bug, and it is a corker. It is spreading over the country from the Southwest, and human beings are its chosen prey. Already it has invaded the Mississippi Valley in great numbers, and many persons have nearly died from its bites. Not a whit more cheerful does this news become when it is explained that the insect in question is a giant specles of bed-bug. It comes from Mexico and Texas, and it measures a full inch in length.

Cynical, "How is that song getting along?"

asked the publisher's friend. "Splendidly," was the enthusiastic re ply. "It is going to be one of the hits of the day. Every musician who has heard it says that it's vile."-Washing-



Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It speedily relieves irregularity, suppressed or painful menstructions, weakness of the stomach, indigestion, bloating, leucorrhoea, 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. Lydia E. Pinkham's this trouble as sure as the sun shines. That Bearing-down Feeling, causing pain, weight, and backache, is instantly relieved and permanently Vegetable Compound will correct all instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. It is wonderful for Kidney Complaints in either sex.

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Gospel Farming."

TEXT: "My Father is the husbandman."-

This last summer, having gone in different directions over between five and six thousand miles of harvest fields, I can hardly open my Bible without smelling the breath of new-mown hay and seeing the golden light of the wheat field. And when I open my Bible to take my text, the Scripture leaf rustles like

the tassels of the corn.

We were nearly all of us born in the coun-We dropped corn in the hill, and went on Saturday to the mill, tying the grist in the centre of the sack so that the contents on either side the horse balanced each other; and drove the cattle affeld, our bare feet wet with the dew, and rode the horses with the halter to the brook until we fell off, and hunted the mow for nests until the feathered occupants went cackling away. We were nearly all of us born in the country, and all would have stayed there had not some adventurous lad on his vacation come back with better clothes and softer hands and set the whole village on fire with ambition for city life. So we all understand rustic allusions. The Bible is full of them. In Christ's Sermon on the Mount you could see the full blown lilles and the glossy back of the crow's wings as it flies over Mount Olivet. David and John, Paul and Isaiah find in country life a source of frequent illustration, while Christ in the text takes the responsibility of calling God a farmer, declaring: "My Father is the husbandare."

is the husbandman. Noah was the first farmer. We say nothing about Cain, the tiller of the soil. Adam was a gardener on a large scale, but to Noah was given all the acres of the earth. Elisha was an agriculturist, not cultivating a ten-acre lot, for we flud him plowing with tweive yoke of oxen. In Bible times the land was so plenty and the inhabitants so few that Noah was right when he gave to every in-habitant a certain portion of land, that land If cultivated ever after to be his own posses-

They were not small crops raised in those times, for though the arts were rude, the plow turned up very rich soil, and bariey and cotton and flax and all kinds of grain came up at the call of the harvesters. J'liny tells of one stalk of grain that had on it be tween three and four hundred ears. Th rivers and the brooks, through artificial channels, were brought down to the roots of the corn, and to this habit of turning a river wherever it was wanted. Solomon refers when he says: "The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, and He turneth it as the rivers of water are turned, whithersoever He

The wild beasts were caught, and then a hook was put into their nose, and then they were led over the field, and to that God refers when He says to wicked Sennacherib: "I will put a hook in thy nose and I will bring thee back by the way which thou samest." And God has a hook in every bad man's nose, whether it be Nebuchadnezzar or Ahab or Herod. He may think himself very ndependent, but some time in his life, or in the hour of his death, he will find that the Lord Almighty has a book in his nose,

This was the rule in regard to the culture of the ground: "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," illustrating the folly of ever putting intelligent and useful and pliable men in association with the stubborn and unmanageatle. The vast ma-jority of troubles in the churches and in reformatory institution; comes from the disregard of this command of the Lord, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass to-

There were large amounts of property insheep as an annual tax. Job had 7000 sheep, 2000 camels, 500 yoke of oxen. The time of vintage was ushered in with mirth and The clusters of the vine were put into the wine press, and then five men would get into the press and trample out the juice from the grape until their garments were saturated with the wine and had become the emblems of slaughter. Christ Himself, wounded until covered with the blood of crucifixion, making use of this allusion when the question was asked: "Wherefore art Thou red in Thine apparel and Thy garments like one who treadeth the wine vat?" He responded: "I have tied len the wine press

In all ages there has been great honor paid to agriculture. Seven-eights of the people in every country are disciples of the plow A government is strong in proportion as it is supported by an athletic and industrious yeomanry. So long ago as before the fall of Carthage, Strabo wrote twenty-eight books on agriculture; Hesiod wrote a poem on the same subject—"The Weeks and Days." Cato was prouder of his work on husbandry than of all his military conquests. But I must not be tempted into a discussion of agricultural conquests. Standings mid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of the Bible, and standing amid the harvests and orchards and vineyards of our own country-larger harvests than have ever before been gathered-I want to run out the analogy between the production of crops and the growth of grace in the soul-all these sacred writers making.

use of that analogy. In the first place, I remark, in grace as in the fields, there must be a plow. That which theologians call conviction is only the plowshare turning up the sins that have been rooted and matted in the soul. A farmer said to his indolent son: "There are a hundred dollars buried deep in that field."

The son went to work and plowed the field from fence to fence, and he plowed it very deep, and then complained that he had not found the money; but when the crep had been gathered and sold for a hundred dollars more than any previous year, then the young man took the hint as to what his father meant when he said there were a hundred dollars buried down in that field. Deep plowing for a crop. Deep plowing for a soul. He who makes light of sin will never amount to anything in the church or in the amount to anything in the church or in the world. If a man speaks of sin as though it were an inaccuracy or a mistake, instead of

were an inaccuracy or a mistake, instead of the loathsome, abominable, consuming and damning thing that God hates, that man will never yield a harvest of usefulness. When I was a boy I plowed a fleid with a team of spirited horses. I plowed it very quickly. Once in a while I passed over some of the sod without turning it, but I did not jerk hack the plow with its ratifing denot jerk back the plow with its rattling devices. I thought it made no difference. After awhile my father came along and said, "Why, this will never do: this isn't plowed seep enough; there you have missed this and you have missed that." And he plowed it over again. The difficulty with a great many people is that they are only scratched with conviction when the subsoil plow of God's truth ought to be put in up to the

My word is to all Sabbath-school teachers,

ay word is to all Sabbath-school teachers, to all parents, to all Christian workers—Plow deep! Plow deep!
But what means all this crooked plowing. But what means all this crooked plowing, these crooked furrows, the repentance that amounts to nothing? Men groan over their sins but get no better. They weep, but their tears are not counted. They get convicted, but not converted. What is the reason? I remember that on the farm we set a standard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eve on that. We simed ard with a red flag at the other end of the field. We kept our eye on that. We aimed at that. We plowed up to that. Losing sight of that we made a crocked furrow. Keeping our eye on that we made a straight furrow. Now in this matter of conviction we must have some standard to guide us. It is a red standard that God has set at the other end of the fleid. It is the Cross. Keeping your eye on that you will make a right piece at the centre of it, the heart of the Son of God who bore your sins and made satisfaction. Crying and weeping will not bring you through, "Him hath God

exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to give repentance." Oh, plow up to the Cross! Again, I remark, in grace as in the field, there must be a sowing. In the autumnal weather you find the farmer going across the field at a stride of about twenty-three inches, and at every stride he puts his hand into the sack of grain and he sprinkles the seed-corn over the field. It looks silly to a man who does not know what he is doing He is doing a very important work. He is scattering the winter grain, and though the snow may come, the next year there will be a great crop. Now, that is what we are doing when we are preaching the Gospel-we are scattering the seed. It is the foolishness of preaching, but it is the winter grain; and though the snows of worldliness may come down upon it, it will yield after awhile glori-ous harvest. Let us be sure we sow the right kind of seed. Sow mullen stalk and mulien stalk will come up. Sow Canada thistles and Canada thistles will come up. sow wheat and wheat will come up. Let us distinguish between truth and error. Let us know the difference between wheat and

hellebore, oat and henbane.

Again, I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a harrowing. I refer now not to a harrow that goes over the field in order to prepare the ground for the seed, but a harrow which goes over after the seed is sown, lest the birds pick up the seed, sinking it down into the earth so that it can take root, You know a harrow. It is made of bars of wood nailed across each other, and the un-derside of each bar is furnished with sharp teeth, and the horses are hitched to it, it goes tearing and leaping across the field, driving the seed down into the earth until it springs up in the harvest. Bereavement, sorrow, persecution are the Lord's harrows to sink the Gospel truth in your heart. These were truths that you heard thirty years ago; they have not affected you until recently. Some great trouble came over you, and the truth was harrowed in, and it has come up. What did God mean in this country in 1857? For a century there was the Gospel preached, but a great deal of it produced no result. Then God harnessed a wild panic to a harrow of commercial disaster, and that harrow went down Wall street, and uo Wall street, down Third street, and up Third street, down State street, and up State street, down Pennsylvania avenue, and up Pennsylvania avenue, until the whole land was torn to pieces as it had never been before. What followed the harrow? A great awakening in which there were 500,000 souls brought into the Kingdom of our Lord. No harrow, no crop.

Again, I remark, in grace as in the farm there must be a reaping. Many Christians speak of religion as though it were a matter of economics or insurance. They expect to reap in the next world. Oh no! Now is the time to reap. Gather up the joy of the Christian religion this morning, this afternoon this night. If you have a start of the christian religion the morning, this afternoon this night. noon, this night. If you have not as much grace as you would like to have, thank God for what you have, and pray for more. are no worse enslaved than Joseph, no worse troubled than was David, no worse scourged than was Paul. Yet, amid the rattling of fetters and amid the gloom of dungeons, and amid the horror of shipwreck, they triumphed in the grace of God. The weakest man in the house to-day has 500 acres of spiritual joy all ripe. Why do you not go and reap it? You have been groaning over your infirmities for thirty years. Now give one round shout over your emancipation. You say you have it so hard; you might have it worse. You wonder why this great cold trouble keeps revolving through your soul. turning and turning with a black hand on the crank. Ah, that trouble is the grindstone on which you are to sharpen your siekle. To the fields! Wake up! Take off your green spectacles, your blue spectacles, our black spectacies. Pall up the corners your mouth as far as you pull them down.

To the fields! Reap! reap!
Again, I remark, in grace as in farming, there is a time for threshing. bluntly that is death. Just as the farmer so death beats the soul out of the body. Every sickness is a stoke of the flail, and the sick-bed is the threshing floor. What, say you, is death to a good man only taking the wheat out of the straw? That is all. aged man has fallen asieep. Only yesterday you saw him in the sunny porch playing with his grandchildren. Calmly he received the message to leave this world. He bade a the message to leave this world. He cause a pleasant good-bye to his old friends. The telegraph carries the tidings, and on swift rail trains the kindred come, wanting once more to look on the face of dear old grandfather. Brush back the gray hairs from his brow; it will never ache again. Put him away in the slumber of the tomb. He will not be afraid of that night. Grandlather was never afraid of anything. He will rise in the morning of the resurrection. Grandfather was always the first to rise. His voice has already mingled in the doxology of Heaven. Grandfather always did sing in church. Anything ghastly in that? No. The threshing of the wheat out of the straw. That is

The Saviour folds a lamb in His bosom. The little child filled all the house with her music, and her toys are scattered all up and down the stairs just as she left them. What if the hand that plucked four-o'clocks out of the meadow is still? It will wave in the eternal triumph. What if the voice that made music in the home is still? It will sing the eternal hosenna. Put a white rose in one hand, a red rose in the other hand, and a wreath of orange blossoms on the brow; the white flower for the victory, the red flower white hower for the victory, the red flower for the Saviour's sacrifice, the orange blossoms for her marriage day. Anything ghastly about that? Oh, no! The sun went down and the flower shut. The wheat threshed out of the straw. "Dear Lord, give me sleep," said a dying boy, the son of one of my elders, "dear Lord, give me sleep." And he closed his eyes and awoke in glory. Henry W. Longfellow, writing a letter of condolence to those parents said. "Those orange is the same strain." condolence to those parents, said. "Those last words were beautifully poetic." And Mr. Longfellow knew what is poetic. "Dear Lord, give me sleep."

'Twas not in cruelty, not in wrath That the reaper came that day:
'Twas an angel that visited the earth
And took the flower away.

So it may be with us when our work is all

done. "Dear Lord, give me sleep,"

I have one more thought to present. I have spoken of the plowing, of the sowing, of the harrowing, of the reaping, of the threshing. I must now speak a moment of the garnering.
Where is the garner? Neel I tell your

Oh, no. So many have gone out from your own circles—yea, from your own family, that you have hal your eyes on that garner for many a year. What a hard time some of them had! In Gethsemanes of suffering, of them had! In Gethsemanes of suffering, they sweat great drops of blood. They took the "cup of trembling" and they put it to their hot lips and they cried, "If it be possible, let this cup pass from me." With tongues of burning agony they cried, "O Lord, deliver my soul!" But they got over it. They all got over it. Garnered! Their tears wiped away: their battles all ended; their burdens lifted. Garnered! The Lord of the harvest will not allow those sheaves to perish in the equinox. Garnered! Some of us remember, on the farm, that the sheaves were put on the top of the rack which surmounted the wagon, and these sheaves were piled higher and higher, and after a while the horses started for the barn; and these sheaves swayed to and fro in the sheaves were piled higher and higher, and after a while the horses started for the barn; and these sheaves swayed to and fro in the wind, and the old wagon creaked, and the horses made a struggle, and pulled so hard the harness came up in loops of leather on on their backs, and when the front wheel struck the elevated door of the barn it seemed as if the load would go no faither, until the workmen gave a great shout, and then with one last tremendous strain, the horses pulled in the load; they were unbarnessed, and forkful after forkful of grain feil into the mow. Oh, my friends, our getting to heaven may be a pull, a hard pull, a very hard pull; but these sheaves are bound to go in. The Lord of the harvest has promised it. I see the load at last coming to the coor of the heavenly garner. The sheaves of the Christian soul sway to and fro in the wind of death, and the old body creaks under the load, and as the load strikes the floor of the celestial garner, it seems as if it can go no farther. It is the last struggle,

until the voices of angels and the voices of our departed kindred and the welcoming voice of God shall send the harvest rolling into the eternal triumph, while all up and down the sky the cry is heard: "Harvest home! harvest home!"

The People of Seville.

The people were as gay as the town' too gay, too commercial, too modern M. Maurice Barres thought Seville. But, fortunately, I was quite prosaic enough to delight at the time in its constant movement and noise and life. The Sierpes during the day was the center of their gaiety-Seville's Corso or Broadway or Piccadily. It was here the hottest hours were spent. Under its awnings it was like a pleasant court; for, though peasants might pass with their donkeys, no cart or carriage could ever drive through. In the clubs on each side, their facade nothing but one open window, rows of chairs were always turned toward the street, and always held an audience as entertaining as it was willing to be entertained. The same people who in the evening filled the Plaza Nueva, there to listen to the music, sauntered in and out of the shops, where you could buy the latest French novel or the photograph of the favorite matador But of this multitude of loungers none seemed to have anything to do except to become violently interested the minute J. tried to sketch -Century

Anent the recent tragedy at the St. Louis County fair, when a young woman balloonist fell from the clouds to instant death, we are told with melting pathos of the heart-rending grief of the husband, and the emotions of the spectators, of the women who fainted and the strong men who sobbed abud. The accident has been commented upon from various standpoints, chiefly that of legal intervention to prevent such dangerous exhibitions. But another feature is suggested by the description of the horror. Passing by comment

n what manner of material goes to nake up a man who will allow his wife to risk her neck for a few dollars, is it not true that the performance is attractive purely and simply because a tragedy is a possible climax? To ascend in a captive balloon would be no at traction at all, because the danger is reduced to a minimum. Plain hot-air balloon ascensions without a leap from the clouds became too tame for the same reason. Then came the parachuts leap with the ever-present danger of the aeronaut being killed, and the public flocked to see the show. It would be wrong to say that any one really expects an accident at such exhibitions, but it is unquestionably true that the greater the danger of accident, the greater is the attraction.

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SICK NEARLY THIRTY YEARS. BRILLIANT SERVICE IN THE WAR FOLLOWED BY PROLONGED

SUFFERING. High Private Briggs Brings His Wartime Valor Into a Life and Death Combat .-- He Speaks of His

Struggles Since the War. From the Tribune, Hornellsville, N. Y. There is no man in Oneida County, New York, who stands higher in the community than Mr. William H. Briggs, a wealthy farmer, and resident of Bridgewater, and a prominent member of the G. A. R. His statement will not be news to his friends, as they all know whereof he writes, but it is commended to the consideration of the pub-

lic. Mr. Briggs writes as follows: "It gives me great pleasure and satisfac tion to be able to give honor where honor is due, and to that end I make this certificate, hoping it may be the means of others be ng

benofited as I have been. "I am a farmer residing near Bridgewater, Oneida County, New York; my name is William H. Briggs, and I am 56 years old. I am an old soldier, and member of the G. A. R., having served as high private in Co. A. let New York Artillery, during the whole four years of the Rebellion. Though not a pensioner, and never an applicant for pension, I contracted through malarial climate, disease of liver and stomach, from which I suffered continuously, in various forms. In 1833 I had the jaundice, and it continued for years, to a greater or lesser degree. I never was free from dyspepsia, and palpitation of the heart, and suffere from nervous debility to such an extent that I could neither rest by night nor work by day. Night after night I walked the floor tormented by vague fears, which knew were purely imaginary, and yet could not skake them off. I came home h June, 1865, and from then until 1894 I was constantly attended by physicians, having employed three at different times during that period. These good doctors gave me ceasionally temporary relief, but the good effects of their treatment quickly disap-peared, and le't me more despondent and wretched than ever.
"I did not believe in giving up, and was

about to send to Utica for a another physician, when Mr. H. Seifert, the blacksmith who attends to my horses, recommended moto try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as he assured me they had done wonderful things for him. I had read of these pills before and fell somewhat inclined to try them, before Seifert spoke of them, but his recommendation settled the marter, and I became Dr. Williams parient. I took Pink Pilis steadily un-til I have consumed four boxes, growing better and better every day, my liver working freely, my kidneys acting normally. onger troubled me, and I could digost my food. All that water brash, heart burn, buzzing in the head, as if there were a great empty space in my cranium, disap-peared, and life began to be worth living, which it had not been since my army ser-vice. I was cured in less than one year from the time I began to take Pink Pills in 1894, and have been in fair health ever since. Of course, I have to be careful, as I ensity catch cold, and it is apt to settle in my right side, but a cose or two of the Pink Pilis soon set me to rights again, and I shall never be without them, unless something very unformers occurs.

"I do not want it un erstood that I am casting any stress ag dast those who are pen-sioners. If I were needy I should certainly ask for what I am entitled to, but being am ply provided with this world's goods, I to not require it. My old comrades can testify that I have belped many a one of them to get a pension. 'I've above statement is true in every par-

"The above statement ticular, I certify on honor.

WM. H. Brigos." Dr. Williams' Pink Pils contain, in condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from men-radical cure in all cases arising from men-fal worry, overwork or excesses of what-ever nature. Fink Pills are sold in boxes (hever in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all dracgiets, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schonectady, N. Y.

Training of Jewish Children. Within recent years the Jewish elemeet in this country has given a large amount of attention to the manual training of the young. There has also been a notable increase in the number

of technical schools for Jewish boys.

Just try a 10c box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made.

We are the beirs of the ages, but we are apt to reject a good deal of weat was left us. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamina-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Inherited wealth shows that if a fellow can't succeed himself he can succeed his father.

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Lever Bros., Ltd.,

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Speechmakers are reminded that even the perfumer who makes an extract gives credit to the flower from which he gets it.

When Dobbins' Electric Soap was first made in 1865 it cost 20 cents a bar. It is precisely he same incredients and quality now and doesn't cost half. Buy it of your grocer and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he will get it.

We are a thousand times more impressed by a truth that we have discovered than by a thousand that have been told us.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine -F. R. Lotz. 1305 an unfailing medicine F. R. Los Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

The real "dear old times" are those that we had in our youth c, ending more money than we could afford.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No file after first day have of Ph. Klang's Great Nerve Rescones. Free \$2 rial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, \$21 Arch St., Phila., Pr.

Why should one open his mouth except to say something good, or to eat, or to borrow

When billous or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy calburtic, cure guaranteed, 10c., 25c.

If you wish to see true affection observe a coet', feelings toward the children of his



## Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts-gentle efforts-pleasant effortsrightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condi-tion of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs. prompt-ly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxa-tives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, per will the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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