Ringing

buzzing sound, or snapping like the report of a pistol, are caused by catarrh. that exceedingly disagreeable and very common disease. Loss of smell or hearing also results from catarrh. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifler, is a peculiarly successful remedy for this disease, which it cares by purifying the blood. If you suffer from entarrh, try

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills are the best after dinner pills, cure headache. 25c.

Not Altogether Raw.

Here is a story of a raw recruit who proved a rather dangerous one to joke with. An officer approached and asked for his rifle.

"Let me see your rifle." The raw recruit handed over his rifle and a pleased smile stole over his face. As the officer received the weapon he

said in a tone of deep disgust: "You're a fine soldier. You've given up your rifle, and now what are you

going to do?" The young fellow turned pale, and putting his hand in his pocket drew out a big knife, and preparing for business said in a voice that could not be misunderstood:

"GI' me that rifle, or I'll bore a hole through you in a minute."

The officer instantly decided not to play any further with the raw recruit, and the rifle was promptly surrendered.

An Early Intimation-"Johnny." said the boy's father, "I suppose that you are going to hang up your stocking next Christmas." "No, I'm not," was the reply after some thought. "Why not?" "Because," he answered, looking his father straight in the eye. "you couldn't put a bicycle in my stocking." -Washington Star.

"Nonh." asked Captain Kidd. "I've always wanted to know one thingdid you only take two of every kind of creature on board the ark?" "As passengers, yes," said Noah; "but out cteward had about four hundred chick ens and lobsters in the ice-box for Sundays, just the same."-Burlington

THE BLUES.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE DREADFUL FEELING.

What Is Meant by This Form of Acute Misery-Where Doctors Make Mistakes. woman is suddenly plunged into that perfection of misery, the BLUES, it is a sad picture.

It is usually this way :-She has been feeling "out of sorts"

for some time; head has ached, and back also; has slept poorly; been quite nervous, and nearly fainted once or twice; head ((,)) dizzy, and heart has beat very

fast: then that bearing-down feeling. Her doctor says, "cheer up, you have dyspepsia; you'll be all right soon."

But she doesn't get "all right." She grows worse day by day, till all at once she realizes that a distressing female complaint is established.

Her doctor has made a mistake. She has lost faith in him: hope vanishes; then comes the brooding, morbid, melancholy, everlasting BLUES. Her doctor, if he knew, should have told her and cured her, but he did not, and she was allowed to suffer. By chance she came across one of Mrs. Pinkham's books, and in it she found her very symptoms described and an explanation of what they meant. Then she wrote to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn. Mass., for advice, feeling that she was telling her troubles to a woman.

Speedy relief followed, and vigorous health returned. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound instantly asserts its curative powers in all those peculiar ailments of women. It has been the standby of intelligent American women for twenty years, and the story recited above is the true experience of hundreds of women, whose letters of gratitude are to be found on file in Mrs. Pinkham's library.

obacco.

No crop varies more in quality according to grade of fertilizers used than tobacco. Potash is its most important requirement, producing a large yield of finest grade leaf. Use only fertilizers containing at least 10% actual

Potash (K,O)

in form of sulphate. To insure a clean burning leaf, avoid fertilizers containing chlorine. All about Potash—the results of its use by actual experiment on the best farms in the United States—is told in a little book which we publish and wiff gladly mail free to any farmer in America who will write for it.

GERMAN KALI WORKS.

93 Nassau St., New York.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon. Subject: "Wrestling With the Supernatural."

Text: "And when he saw that he prevailed not against him he touched the hollow of his thigh, and the hollow of Jacob's thigh was out of joint as he wrestled with him. he said, Let me go, for the day breaketh. And he said, I will not let thee go except thou tiess me."-Genesis xxxii., 25, 26.

There is a cloud of dust from a traveling herd of cattle and sheep and goats and camels. They are the present that Jacob sends to gain the good will of his offended brother. That night Jacob halts by the brook Jabbok. But there is no rest for the weary man, no shining ladder to let the angels down into his dream, but a severe struggle that lasts until morning with an unknown visitor. They each try to throw the other. The unknown visitor, to reveal his superior power, by a touch wrenches Jacob's thigh bone from its socket, perhaps maining him for life. As on the morning sky the elusters of purple cloud begin to ripen, Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has Jacob sees it is an angel with whom he has been contending and not one of his brother's coadjutors. "Let me go," cries the angel, lifting himself up into increasing light, "the day breaketh."

day breaketh."
You see, in the first place, that God allows good people sometimes to get into a terribus struggle. Jacob was a good man, but here he is left alone in the midnight to wrestle with a tremendous influence by the brook Jabbok. For Joseph, a pit: for Daniel, a wild beast's den; for David, dethronement and arila for John the kinetics. exile; for John the Baptist, a wilderness diet and the executioner's ax; for Peter, a prison: for Paul, shipwreck; for John desolate Pat-mos; for Christ, the cross. For whom the racks, the gibbets, the prisons, the thumb-screws? For the sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. Some one said to a Christian reformer, "The world is against you." "Then." he replied, "I am against the

in an awful wrestle, from which you have not yet escaped, and it is uncertain whether it will throw you or you will throw it. Here is another soul in struggle with some bad appetite. He knew not how stenithly it was growing upon him. One hour he woke up. He said. "For the sake of my soul, of my family, of my children and of my God I must stop this!" And behold he found himself alone by the brook of Jabbok, and it was midnight. That evil appetite seized upon him, and he saized upon it and a part of the brook of and he seized upon if, and, ob, the horror of the conflict! When once a bad habit hath roused itself up to destroy a man, and the man has sworn that by the help of the eternal God he will destroy it, all heaven draws itself out in long line of light to look from and all hell stretches itself in myrmidons of spite to look up from beneath. I have seen men rally themselves for a struggle, and they have bitten their lip, and clinched their fist, and cried with a blood red carnestness and a rain a scalding tears,

"God help me!" From a wrestle with habit I have seen men fail back defeate i. Calling for no help, but relying on their own resolutions, they have come into the struggle, and for a time it seemed as if they were getting the upper hand of their habit. But that habit rallied again its infernal power and lifted the soul

from its standing, and with a force borrowed from the pit hurled it into darkness.

But, thank God, I have often seen a better termination than this. I have seen men prepare themselves for such a wrestling. They late hold of God's help as they went into combar. The giant habit, regaled by the cup of many dissipations, came out strong and defiant. They clinched. There were the writhings and distortions of a fear-ful struggle. But the old giant began to waver, and at last, in the midnight alone, with none but God to witness, by the brook Jabbok, the giant fell, and the triumphant wrestler broke the darkness with the cry, "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

There is a widow's heart that first was desolated by bereavement and since by the anxieties and trials that came in the support of a family. It is a sad thing to see a man contending for a I velihood under disadvantages, but to see a delicate woman, with helpless little ones at her back, fighting the giants of poverty and sorrow is more affecting. It was a humble home, and passersby knew not that within those four walls were displays of courage more admir-able than that of Hanibai crossing the Alps, or in the pass of Thermoppies, or at Banklava, where "into the jaws of death rode the six hundred." These heroes had the whole world to cheer them on, but there was no one to appinud the struggle in that humble home. She fought for bread, for clothing, for fire, for shelter, with aching head and weak side and exhausted strength, through the long night by the brook Jabbok. Could it be that none would give her help? Had God forgotten to be gracious? No. contending soul. The midnight air is full of wings coming to the rescue. She hears it now, in the sough of the night wind, in the rippe of the brook Jabbok, the promise made so long ago, ringing down the sky. "Thy fatherless children. I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me!" Some one said to a very poor woman, "How is it that in such distress you keep cheerful?" She said: "I do it by what I call cross pray ers. When I had my rent to pay and nothing to pay it with and bread to buy and nothing to buy it with. I used to sit down and cry. But now I do not get discouraged. If I go along the street, when I come to a corner of the street, I say 'The Lord help me!' I then go on until I come to another crossing of the street, and again I say, 'The Lord help me!' And so I utter a prayer at every crossing, and since I have got into the babit of saying these cross prayers I have been

able to keep up my courage."

Learn again from this subject that people sometimes are surprised to find out that what they have been struggling with in the what they have been struggling with in the darkness is reality an "ange of blessing." Jacob found in the morning that this strage personage was not an enemy, but a God dispatched messenger to promise prosperity for him and for his children. And so many a man at the close of his trial has found out that he has been trying to throw down his owre blessing. If you are a Christian man, I will go back in your history and find that the grandest things that have ever happened to you have been your trials. Nothing short of scoughing, imprisonment and shipwreek could have made Paul what he was. When David was fleeing through the wilderness, pursued by his own swe t singer of Israel. The pit and the lungeon were the best schools at which Joseph evergraduated. The hurricane that upset the tent and killed Job's children prepared the man of Uz to be the subject of the maxinificent poem that has astounded the maxinificent poem that has a mount of the straw but to throre in the straw but to the straw but to the straw but darkness is really an "anger of blessing." Jacob found in the morning that this

the joyful experience of Isaac Watts, whose sorrows were great, when he says:

The bill of Zion yields A thousand sacred sweets Defore we reach the heavenly fields Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound And every tear be dry, We're marching through Immanuel's ground

To fairer worlds on high. To hirer worlds on high.

It is prosperity that kills and trouble that saves. While the Israelites were on the march amid great privations and hardships they behaved well. After awhile they prayed for meat, and the sky darkened with a great flock of quails, and these quails fell in great multitudes all about them, and the Israelites ate and ate and stuffed themselves until they died. Oh, my friends, it is not hardship or trial or starvation that injuries the soul, but abundant supply. It is not the vulture of abundant supply. It is not the vulture of trouble that eats up the Christian life. It is the qualis. It is the qualis. You will yet find out that your midnight wrestle by the brook Jabbok is with an angel of God come

down to bless and to gave. Learn again that, while our wrestling with trouble might be triumphant, we must expect that it will leave its mark upon us. Jacob prevailed, but the angel touched him, and his thigh bone sprang from its sockets, and the good man went limping on his way We must carry through this world the mark of the combat. What plowed these premature wrinkles in your face? What whitened your hair before it was time for frost? What silenced forever so much of the hilarity of your nousehold? Ab, it is because the angel of trouble hath touched you that you go limp-ing on your way. You need not be surprised that those who have passed through the fire do not feel as gay as once they did. Do do not feel as gay as once they did. Do not be out of patience with those who come not out of their despondency. They may triumph over their loss, and yet their gait shall tell you that they have been trouble touched. Are we Stoics that we can unmoved see our cradle rifled of the bright eyes and the sweet lips? Can we stand unmoved and see our gardens of earthly delight up-rooted? Will Jesus, who wept Himself, be angry with us if we pour our tears into the graves that open to swallow down what we loved best? Was Lazarus more dear to Him I will go further and say that every Christian has his struggle. With financial misfortune some of you have had the midnight wrestle. Redhot disasters have dropped into your store from loft to cellar. What you bought you could not sell. Whom you trusted fied. The heip your expected would not come. Some giant panie, with long arms and grip like death, took hold of you in an awful wrestle, from which you have not parched, all consuming grief that wrings its hands, and grinds its teeth, and bites its nails into the quick, but cannot weep. We may have found the comfort of the cross, and yet ever after show that in the dark night and by the brook Jabbok we were trouble touched.

Again, we may take the idea of the text and announce the approach of the day dawn. No one was ever more giad to see the morn-ing than was Jacob after that night of struggie. It is appropriate for philanthrople's and Christians to cry out with His angel of the text, "The day breaketh." Superstition has had its strongest props knocked out. The church of Christ is rising up in its strength to go forth "fair as the more, clear as the sun and terrible as an army with banners." Ciap your hands, all ye people, "the day

As I look around about me I see many who have passed through seas of trouble that came up higher than their girdle. In God's name I proclaim constant of hostilities. You shall not always go saddened and heart-broken. God will bring your dead to life, God will stanch the heart's bleeding. I know He will. Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pities you. The pains of earth will end. The dead will rise. The morning star trembles on a brightening sky. The gates of the east begin to swing open.

Luther and Melanchthon were talking together gloomily about the prospects of the church. They could see no hope of deliver-After awhile Luther got up and said to Melanchthon, "Come, Philip, let us sing the Forty-sixth Psaim, God is our refuge and strength in every time of trouble.

Death to many—nav, to all—is a struggle and a wrestle. We have many friends whom it would be hard to leave. I care not how bright our future hope is, it is a bitter thing to look upon this fair world and know that we shall never again see its blossoming spring, its autumnal fruits, its sparkling streams and to say farewell to those with whom we played in childhood or counseled in manhood. In that night, like Jacob, we may have to wrestle but God will not leave us unblessed. It shall not be told in heaven that a dying soul cried unto God for help, but was not delivered. The lattice ray be turned to God. keep out the sun, or a book set to dim the light of the midnight taper, or the room may be filled with the cries of orphanage or widowhood, or the church of Christ may mourn over our going; but, if Jesus calls, all is well. The strong wrestling by the brook will cease. The hours of death's night will pass along—1 o'clock in the morning, 2 o'clock in the morning, 4 o'clock in the morning, 5 o'clock in the morning-"the day breaketh.

So I would have it when I die. I am in no haste to be gone. I would like to stand here twenty years years and preach this gospel. I have no grudge against this world. The only fau't I have to find with this world is that it treats me too well. But when the time comes to go I trust to be ready, my worldly affairs all settled. If I have wronged others, I want then to be sure of their forgiveness. In that last wrestling, my arm enfeebled with sickness and my head faint, I want Jesus beside me. If there be hands on this side of the flood stretched out to hold me back, I want the heavenly hands stretched out to draw me forward. Then, O Jesus, help me on and help me up! Unfearing, undoubting, may I step right out into the light and be able to look back to my kindred and friends, who would detain me here, exclaim-ing: "Let me go! Let me go! The day

CORN YIELD ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

Agricultural Department Returns for the Month of November.

The returns to the Department of Agriculture for November as to rates of yield make the average of corn 27.3 bushe's, which is above the yield indicated by the figures in October. Last year the preliminary esti-Liste of yield was 26.2 bushels.

The rates of yield in the large and principal corn States are as follows:

Closing Hours in London.

Mr. Albert Larking, assistant secretary of the Early Closing Association, writes that traders to whom legislatica in this matter is distasteful are mainly responsible for the introduction of any bill to reduce the long hours of shop assistants generally, through their unwillingness to fall in with the voluntary proposals made to them from time to time. Mr. Larking gives a number of examples of this kind of opposition, and adds: "One would have thought a D o'clock closing on four nights of the week perfectly reasonable, but in all parts of London our efforts to secure even this reasonable hour in place of 0:30 and 10 o'clock have failed. That our legislative policy is generally approved is evidenced by the steady increase year after year of our income from employers and assistants, the increase for the first seven months of this year alone being no less than £330. While waiting for legislation, however, which we are certain will come, we have pot abandoned our voluntary work, and it is hoped that when we open our accumn and winter campaign on the return of our secretary (from his enforced absence through ill health) we may receive a more ready co-operation from the London traders to secure some reasonable improvement in the present late hour of closing. One of the sad sights of London at the present time is to see shops of every thoroughfare crowded with well-dressed women, who ought to know better, as late as 9 o'clock at night, and who could, with a little self-sacrifice, shop earlier, and thus help to make the lives of the overworked shop assistants a little brighter and happier. We despair, however, of thoughtless women ever giving up their cruel and bad habit of late shopping until compelled to do so by finding the shop doors closed against them at So'clock."-London Telegraph.

The flindoo and the Letter.

An Indian servant was once sent by his master to a friend's house some distance away. He had to carry with him four loaves of bread and a letter. Being hungry, the Indian ate one of the loaves. When he reached his destina tion and banded in the letter, with only three loaves, his theft was, of course, instantly discovered, and, the circumstances being reported to his master,

Some time after he was sent again with loaves and a note. Rightly guessing that the mysterious paper had told of his misconduct the last time, the Indian on this journey carefully hid the letter under a large stone, so that it could not see him. Then he once more ate a loaf, chuckling to think bow he was cheating the tell-tale paper. Judge of his amazement when he was found out again, all through the wonderful letter. He confessed his theft, and told how he had tried to cheat the paper, but it was too clever for him.

A good many paint the town who should put it on their houses.

An Important Difference.

To make it apparent to thousands who thin? them selveril, that they are not afficted with any disease, but that the system simply needs cleansing, is to bringe out it; hous to their hearts, as a costive condition is easily cure! by using Syrup of Figs. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrap Company only, and sold by all druggists.

Re just to your enemies, generous to your friends, and independent of both.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

If you want to gut toosoco using easily and forever, recain to manufood, to made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vivor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker that makes weak men strong. Meny gain ten jounds in ten days, Over 40,000 cured. Buy No-To-Bac from your own druggist, Under absolute gu-panise to cur. Book and sample tree, Address sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York. or New York.

high favor as the man who has five, if we will only improve it as well.

The woman who marries a man to reform him has no time to take proper care of her complextion.

Beware of Cintmenis for Catarrh That Comain Mercory,
as mercury will surely destry the sense of
smed and completely derange the whole system
when entering it throug i the inucous surfaces.
Such articles should never be used except on
prescription from legatable poysicians, as the
damage view will do it ten fold to the good you
can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh
Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co.,
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internally, acting directly upon the blood and
microus surfaces of the system. In busing
Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to ret the genuine.
It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo,
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Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best. Comain Mercury,

It is temper which makes the bliss of home or de stroys comfort.

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

The man who always does his best will find steady demand for the things that he can



and the clothes wrong out and hung up to dry long before nightfall if you

Sunlight

which washes quickly and easily, and does most of the work itself. Lever Bros., Ltd., New York.

One Good Turn Deserves Another. | The coachman of the King of Hanover lost his wife. The King's chaplain performed the funeral ceremony. Soon afterward the chaplain received a visit from the coachman, whose deep mourning testified to appreciation of

his great bereavement. Evidently in much embarrassment he stood turning his banded hat round and round, but at last managed the follow-

"I've called, sir-I've called, sir-as I wish to ask-and don't like to put it off-what I've got to pay you for that

'ere job?' "Oh," said the chaplain, "nothing, of course. I have no fees: but I remember now I am in your debt, and I must ask you what I am to pay you for the two pots of ointment you made for my horse's cracked feet?"

"Bless you, sir, don't mention it." said the coachman. "Nothing, sir, nothing; one good turn deserves another all the world over!"

Strictly. Hungry Higgins-What are you read-

Weary Watkins-Markits. "What's de quotations on shirts?"

"Unchanged - Indianapolis Journal.

pure. Made of Boran. It floats. Costs you comis corer flow ingr goust. Worth more. If all is true ou necd it. Order one cake of your grocer, you'll went a box next.

It is better to believe there is some good in everybody than that there is no good in anybody.

Mrs. Winsl m's Foothing Syrup for children feething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle. Solomon's wisdom didn't count for much after Pharaon's daugiter found a place in

FITSstopped free and permanently cured. Notice after first day 's use of Du. Kline's Gheat. Newverkeronese. Free fairful bott-sand treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, '261 Arch St., Phila., P. It is doubtful if the church loafer weighs any more for good than a loafer anywhere

When bilious or contive, eat & Cascaret, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c., 25c. The man who earns his bread finds a sweet-ness in it that the loafer never knows.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cores.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, 91.

Bringing prayers closer together is very apt to put sins farther apart.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarete, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made. Isn't it about as wrong to be wrong, as it is to do wrong?

if afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle The moment a fle is born, it begins to run

AYER'S ARGUMENT.

If there is any reason why you should use any sarsaparilla, there is every reason why you should use Ayer's. When you take sarsaparilla you take it to cure disease; you want to be cured as quickly as possible and as cheaply as possible. That is why you should use Ayer's: it cures quickly and cheaply-and it cures to stay. Many people write us: "I would sooner have one bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla than three of any other kind." A druggist writes that "one bottle of Ayer's will give more benefit than six of any other kind." If one bottle of Ayer's will do the work of three it must have the strength of three at the cost of one. There's the point in a nutshell. It pays every way to use

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

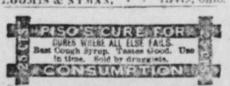
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WALTER BAKER & CO. Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

"My Profits Doubled from the day I took your odvice and bought you "ADVANCE" MACHINE!" "I wish I had taken sooner!" One of the successful Wed Drillers wh these our machiners and tools for Drilling Wells ! Ohlo med this remark a few days ago. He did ov. \$5000 worth of Drilling in 10 mon he last year 1.00MIS & NYMAN. - 11FFIS, OBIG



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