

Don't Trust It.

Because the weather is mild and the air balmy we cannot count on being rid of rheumatism or neuralgia. The very sudden changes of temperature or exposure to draughts are both likely to increase rather than diminish both complaints. For this reason it is wise at this season to be well prepared for sudden attacks, and to have ready what is known as the best remedy for all visitations of aches or pains. All well regulated households ought to have a nook or corner for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. There are other reasons also why this Master-cure should be kept at hand; rheumatism and neuralgia are chronic, acute or inflammatory, but to whatever degree of suffering they may come, the old reliable cure is the best for treatment and the surest to give permanent relief.

Fine clothes do not make the woman, but they sometimes break the husband.

No-To-Bac For Fifty Cents.

Over 40,000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac regulate your desire for tobacco? Saves money, makes health and manhood. Cure guaranteed. 50 cents and \$1.00 at all druggists.

Your neighbor's baby may be a crying shame, but what about your own?

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Serial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Some people think they need health, when really they only need energy.

CASCARETS stimulate liver, kidneys and bowels. Never sicken, weaken or gripes.

The charity that begins at home and ends at home is weak in the legs.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill. F. H. HARRY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, 1894.

Riches have wings, but they flap no welcome to poor relations.

When bilious or constive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic; cure guaranteed; 10c., 25c.

A man should keep his friendship in constant repair.

That Tired Feeling

Is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood, for if the blood is rich, pure, vitalized and vigorous it imparts life and energy. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to every one, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Take it now.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient and easy in effect. 25 cents.

How Large Profits Are Made.

If first-class bicycles can be manufactured in large quantities for twenty-five dollars each, how much less does it cost to build type-writing machines? Is there any reason why such machines should sell for \$100 each? Should there any reason why purchasers should pay even fifty dollars for such? What makes it possible for the manufacturers to secure five or six times the original cost. Persistent and judicious advertising.

Fairy Palaces.

A chamber where campor is manufactured is a veritable fairy palace of pure white crystals. Facsimiles of palms, ferns and masses of tropical vegetation droop in graceful festoons from the roof and cover the walls.

In a country district of Germany "pay weddings" were in vogue until recently, each guest paying for his entertainment as much as he would at an inn.

MRS. CURTIS, NEW YORK,

Tells Her Experience With Ovaritis.

A dull, throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with an occasional shooting pain, indicates inflammation. On examination it will be found that the region of pain shows some swelling. This is the first stage of ovaritis, inflammation of the ovary. If the roof of your house leaks, my sister, you have it fixed at once; why not pay the same respect to your own body?

Do you live miles away from a doctor? Then that is all the more reason why you should attend to yourself at once, or you will soon be on the flat of your back.

You need not, you ought not to let yourself go, when one of your own sex holds out the helping hand to you, and will advise you without money and without price. Write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your symptoms. Her experience in treating female ills is greater than any other living person. Following is proof of what we say: "For nine years I suffered with female weakness in its worst form. I was in bed nearly a year with congestion of the ovaries. I also suffered with falling of the womb, was very weak, tired all the time, had such headaches as to make me almost wild. Was also troubled with leucorrhoea, and was bloated so badly that some thought I had dropsy. I have taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and several of her Blood Purifier, and am completely cured. It is a wonder to all that I got well. I shall always owe Mrs. Pinkham a debt of gratitude for her kindness. I would advise all who suffer to take her medicine."—MRS. ANNIE CRUTCH, Ticonderoga, N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR GIBBS WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

A Sermon That Mostly Concerns His Life. Yet Spiritual and Physical Conditions Are Largely Dependent Upon Each Other—A Warning Against Dissipation.

Text: "Till a dart strikes through his liver." Proverbs vii., 23.

Solomon's anatomical and physiological discoveries were so great that he was nearly 3000 years ahead of the scientists of his day. He, more than 3000 years before Christ, seemed to know about the circulation of the blood, which Harvey discovered 1619 years after Christ, for when Solomon in Ecclesiastes, describing the human body, speaks of the pitcher at the fountain, he evidently means the three canals leading from the heart that receive the blood like pitchers. When he speaks in Ecclesiastes of the silver cord of life, he evidently means the spinal marrow, about which in our day Drs. Mayo and Carpenter and Dalton and Flint and Brown-Sequard have experimented. And Solomon recorded in the Bible, thousands of years before scientific discovery, that in his time the spinal cord relaxed in old age, producing the tremors of hand and head, "or the silver cord be loosed."

In the text he reveals the fact that he had studied that largest gland of the human system, the liver, not by the electric light of the modern dissecting room, but by the dim light of a comparatively dark age, and yet had seen its important functions in the God built castle of the human body, its seething and secreting power, its curious cells, its elongated branching tubes, a divine workmanship in central and right and left lobe and the hepatic artery through which flow the crimson tides. Oh, this vital organ is like the eye of God in that it never sleeps!

Solomon knew of it and had noticed either in vivisection or post mortem what awful attacks sin and dissipation make upon it, until the fiat of Almighty God bids him to look at it separately, and the one commends to the grave and the other it sends to judgment. A javelin of retribution, not glancing off or making a slight dent, but piercing it from side to side "till a dart strike through his liver," as Galen and Hippocrates ascribe to the liver the most of the world's moral depression, and the word melancholy means black bile.

I preach to you the gospel of health. In taking a diagnosis of diseases of the soul you must also take a diagnosis of diseases of the body. As if to recognize this, one who wrote the New Testament was written by a physician. Luke was a medical doctor, and he discourses much of the physical conditions, and he tells of the great Samaritan's medicinal oil of the wounds by pouring in oil and wine, and recognizes hunger as a hindrance to hearing the gospel, so that the 6000 were fed. He also records the sparse diet of the prodigal away from home and the distinguished eyesight of the beggar by the wayside, and lets us know of the hemorrhage of the wounds of the dying Christ and the miraculous post mortem resuscitation. Any estimate of the spiritual condition that does not include also the physical condition is incomplete.

When the doorkeeper of Congress fell dead from excessive joy because Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga, and Philip V., of Spain, dropped dead at the news of his country's defeat in battle, and Cardinal Wolsey faded away as the result of Henry VIII's mathema, it was demonstrated that the body and soul are Siamese twins, and when you thrill the one with joy or sorrow you thrill the other. We may as well recognize the tremendous fact that there are two mighty fortresses in the human body, the heart and the liver, the heart the fortress of the graces, the liver the fortress of the furies. You may have the head filled with all intellectualities, and the ear with all musical appreciation, and the mouth with all eloquence, and the hands with all industries, and the heart with all generalities, and yet a dart strike through the liver.

First, let Christian people avoid the mistake that they are all wrong with God because they suffer from depression of spirits. Many a consecrated man has found his spirit sky befooled and his hope of heaven blotted out and plunged into the slough of despond and has said: "My heart is not right with God, and I think I must have made a mistake and instead of being a child of light I am a child of darkness. No one can feel at all gloomy as I feel and be a Christian." And he has gone to his master for consolation, and he has collected Flavel's books and Cecil's books and Baxter's books and read and read and read and prayed and prayed and groaned and groaned and groaned. My brother, your trouble is not with the heart; it is a gastric disorder or a rebellion of the liver. You need a physician more than you do a clergyman. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile. It is not sin that reddens your eyeballs, and furs your tongue, and makes your head ache, but swoops upon your soul in dejections and forebodings. The devil is after you. He is failed to despoil your character, and he does the next best thing for him—he ruffles your peace of mind. When he says that you are not a forgiven soul, when he says you are not right with God, when he says that you will never get to heaven, he lies. If you are in Christ you are just as sure of heaven as though you were there already. But Satan, finding that he cannot keep you out of the promised land of Canaan, has determined that the spies shall not bring you any of the Eschol grapes beforehand, and that you shall have nothing but prickly pear and crabapple. You are just as much a Christian now under the cloud as you were when you were accused to rise in the morning at 5 o'clock to pray and sing "Halleluiah, 'tis done!"

My friend, Rev. Dr. Joseph F. Jones, of Philadelphia, a translated spirit now, wrote a book entitled, "Man, Moral and Physical," in which he shows how different the same things may appear to different people. He says: "After the great battle on the Mincio in 1859, between the French and the Sardinians on the one side and the Austrians on the other, so disastrous to the latter, the defeated army retreated, followed by the victors. A descriptive of the march of each army is given by two correspondents of the London Times, one of whom traveled with the successful host, the other with the defeated. The difference in their views and statements of the same places, scenes and events is remarkable. The former was said to be marching through a beautiful and luxuriant country during the day and at night encamping where they are supplied with an abundance of the best provisions and all sorts of rural dainties. There is nothing of war about the proceeding except the stimulus and excitement. On the side of the poor Austrians it is just the reverse. In his letter of the same date, describing the same places and a march over the same road, the writer can scarcely find words to set forth the suffering, impatience and disgust existing around him. What was pleasant to the former was intolerable to the latter. What made all this difference? asks the author. 'One condition only.' The French are victorious, the Austrians have been defeated."

So, my dear brother, the road you are traveling is the same you have been traveling a long while, but the difference in your physical conditions makes it look different, and therefore the two reports you have given of yourself are as widely different as the reports in the London Times from the two correspondents. Edward Payson, sometimes so far up on the mount that it seemed as if the centripetal force of earth could no longer hold him, sometimes through a physical disorder was so far down that it seemed as if the nether world would clutch him. Poor William Cowper was a most excellent Christian and will be loved in the Christian church as long as it sings

his hymns beginning, "There is a fountain filled with blood." "Oh, for a closer walk with God." "What various hindrances we meet" and "God moves in a mysterious way." You was he so overcome of melancholy or black bile that it was only through the mistake of the cab driver who took him to a wrong place, instead of the river bank, that he did not commit suicide.

None, absolutely none, so fondly affected by the physical state, what a great opportunity this gives to the Christian physician, for he can feel at the same time both the pulse of the body and the pulse of the soul, and he can administer both at once, and if medicine is needed he can give that, and if spiritual counsel is needed he can give that—an earthly and a divine prescription together. There is a balance of life as the apothecary of earth, but the pharmacy of heaven. Ah, that is the kind of doctor I want at my bedside, one that cannot only count out the right number of drops, but who can also pray that is not only the doctor I have had in my house when sickness or death came. I do not want any of your profane or atheistic doctors around my loved ones when the balance of life is trembling. A doctor who has gone through the medical college and in dissecting room has traversed the wonders of the human mechanism and found no God in any of the laboratories is a fool and cannot do me or mine. But, oh, the Christian doctor! What a comfort they have been in many of our households! And they ought to have a special place in our prayers as well as praise on our tongues.

Another practical use of this subject is for the young. The theory is abroad that they must first sow their wild oats and afterward Michigan about. Let me break the delusion. Wild oats are generally sown in the liver, and they can never be pulled up. They so preoccupy that organ that there is no room for the implantation of a righteous crop. You see, my dear brother, at an eighty-eight, agile, splendid, grand old man. How much wild oats did they sow between eighteen years and thirty? None, absolutely none. So fondly do they often honor with old age those who have in early life sacrificed swine on the altar of the bodily temple. Remember, O young man, that while in after life and after years of dissipation you may perhaps have your heart changed, religion does not change the liver. Trembling and staggering along these streets to-day are men, all bent and dejected, and prematurely old for the reason that they are paying for lines they put upon their physical estate before they were thirty. By early dissipation they put on their body a first mortgage and a second mortgage, and when they are old, the devil, and these mortgages are now being foreclosed, and all that remains of their earthly estate the undertaker will soon put out of sight. Many years ago, in fulfillment of my text, I attended a funeral of their liver, and it is there yet. God forgives, but outraged physical law never, never, never. Solomon in my text knew what he was talking about, and he rises up on his throne of worldly splendor to shriek out a warning to all the centuries.

Oh, my young brother, do not make the mistake that thousands are making in opening the door to sin too late, and in this world too late, and for the world to come too late! What brings that express train from St. Louis into Jersey City three hours late? They left fifteen minutes early on the route, and that affected early on the route, and they had to be switched off here and switched off there and detained here and detained there, and the man who loses time and space in the travel part of his journey of life will suffer for it all the way through, the first twenty years of life damaging the following fifty years.

Some years ago a scientific lecturer went through the country of Georgia, and he canvassed different parts of the human body when healthy and the same parts when diseased. And what the world wants now is a scientific lecturer to go through the country showing to us how to keep on a blazing canvas the drunkard's liver, the idler's liver, the libertine's liver, the gambler's liver. Perhaps the spectacle might stop some young man from coming to the catastrophe and the dart strikes through his liver.

My hearer, this is the first sermon you have heard on the gospel health, and it may be the last you will ever hear at the subject, and I charge you in the name of God and Christ and usefulness and eternal destiny take better care of your health. When some of you die, if your friends put on your tombstone the inscription, "He will read, 'Here lies the victim of late suppers,' or it will be, 'Behold what lobster salad at midnight will do for a man,' or it will be, 'This young man closed his earthly existence,' or it will be, 'I thought I could do at seventy what I did at twenty, and I am here,' or it will be, 'Here is the consequence of sitting a half day with wet feet,' or it will be, 'This is where I have stacked my harvest of wild oats,' or instead of words the stone cutter will chisel for an epitaph on the tombstone two figures—a young man and a young woman. There is no kind of sickness that is so beautiful when it comes from overwork for God, or one's country, or one's own family. I have seen wounds that were glorious. I have seen a man who was more beautiful than the most muscular form. I have seen a green shade over the eye, shot out in battle, that was more beautiful than any two eyes that had passed without injury. I have seen a man who was more beautiful than the malaria of African jungles, who looked to me more radiant than a rubicund gymnast. I have seen a mother, after six weeks' watching over a family of children down with the cholera, and yet glory around her pale and wan face that surpassed the angelic. It all depends on how you got your sickness and in what battle your wounds.

If we must get sick and worn out, let it be in God's service and in the effort to make the world good. Not in the service of sin. No, not one of the most pathetic scenes that I ever witness, and I often see it, is that of men or women converted in the fifties or sixties or seventies wanting to be useful, but they so served the world and sat in the earlier part of their life that they have no physical energy left for the service of God. They sacrificed nerves, muscles, lungs, heart and liver on the wrong altar. They fought on the wrong side, and now, when their sword is all hacked up and their ammunition all gone, they enlist for Emmanuel. When the high mettle cavalry horse, which that man spurred into many a valiant charge with clanging bit and flaming eye and neck clothed with thunder, is worn out and spavined and ring boned and springhalt, he rides up to the great Captain of our salvation on the white horse and offers his services. When such persons might have been, through the good habits of a lifetime, crushing their battle-axe through the helmeted iniquities, they are spending their days and nights in discussing the best way of curing their indigestion, and quieting their jangling nerves, and rousing their laggard appetite, and trying to extract the dart from their outraged liver. Better converted late than never. Oh, yes, for they will get to heaven. But they will go afoot when they might have wheeled up the steep hills of the sky in Elijah's chariot. There is one thing that we used to sing in the country meeting house when I was a boy, and I remember how the old folks' voices trembled with emotion while they sang it. I have forgotten all but two lines, but those lines are the peroration of my sermon:

"Twill save us from a thousand snares To mind religion young. Shakers for the Far West. A colony of Shakers will probably buy 30,000 or 40,000 acres of land in Colorado or Wyoming and settle on it. There is now no Shaker settlement west of Indiana. Booms in Flour. The flour mills of Seattle, Wash., are said to be running night and day because of the great demand for breadstuffs from China and Japan.

Improved Strawberries.

It is a well-known fact that the varieties of strawberries in use to-day are in no respects better, if indeed as good, as many varieties that were popular over a quarter of a century ago, and yet it is recognized by all hands that new varieties are essential. This chiefly comes from a disease caused by the operations of the strawberry fungus, which takes the form of small brown spots on the leaves. Wherever it occurs, the strawberry plants decline in health and general quality. As long as a variety can be kept free from this trouble new kinds are not essential, but it seems, according to the experience of most strawberry growers, that sooner or later these little parasites will discover the most isolated plantations.

How the Order Was Filled.

It is doubtful if the attempted use of a language by people who do not know it ever aroused more amusement than it did in a big Boston china store on the recent receipt of a consignment of goods from Germany. A representative had ordered in that country a variety of goods, and among them a lot of cups which are beautifully labeled "To my brother," "To a friend," and so on through the list of human relationship. He had ordered with the rest a lot of mustache cups; they were well and duly made; but great was his astonishment, when the consignment arrived, to find the greater number of the cups so contrived to protect the beverage against the masculine hirsute adornment labelled thus: "To my sister," "To my mother," "To my wife," "To my betrothed!"

Bleaching the Hair.

According to a physician, bright sunshine is the best means of making the hair light-colored, healthy and strong. All sailors will tell you how rapidly the hair grows when on board ship in the tropics. I have had some opportunity of observing the color, or rather the average color, of sailors' hair, and have found that the fair-haired mariners outnumber their dark-haired shipmates by two or three to one. This conclusively proves that the sun easily bleaches hair, and also that exposure to the sun results in a strong and rapid growth of hair.

Paying Guests.

The person hitherto styled the "lodger" or the "boarder" seems destined to disappear. This useful domestic accessory to limited incomes is now called "The paying guest." It appears to be understood that a lady or a gentleman living in a household is, after all, a guest, with the difference that he or she happens to pay a sum agreed upon for the hospitality enjoyed. "Paying guest" is therefore the proper designation. As this harmless piece of fiction is said to have encouraged a good many estimable families, the members of which would have shuddered at the thought of housing a "lodger" or a "boarder," to make a little extra money by letting a bedroom and cooking meals for a male or female "guest," the word may be welcomed.

Baby's Sore Head and chafed skin are quickly cured by Tetterine. Don't let the poor little thing scream itself into spasms when relief is so easy. Every skin trouble from a simple chafe or chub to the worst case of Tetter or Ringworm is cured quickly and surely by Tetterine. Get a bottle, or by mail for 50c. in stamps by J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Water alone has been known to sustain life for fifty-five days. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, &c. a bottle. Fancy should always be subordinated to reason.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowel regulator ever made. The love that endureth all things—self-love. We will give \$100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. If you can't afford cream, try milk. St. Vitus Dance. One bottle Dr. Fenner's Specific cures. Circular, Fredonia, N. Y. London has 60,000 costermongers. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle. Still life—The moonshiners.—Life.

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Amatory Theatricals

Two of the best malapropisms I ever heard, says Mr. Howard Paul, were uttered by an old lady of obscure origin, who lived in the West. She had two daughters being educated in Paris. She desired them to return and they pleaded for a longer sojourn. "Them girls," she said, "has been so long in Paris, they begin to think themselves Parasites." These same girls were warmly devoted to private theatricals, and often took part in them. Somebody told the old lady that one of her daughters had engaged herself to a Frenchman, one of the actors, whereupon she exclaimed, "I always said no good would come of the amatory theatricals!"

FULL OF HEALTH. Every ingredient in Hires Rootbeer is health giving. The blood is improved, the nerves soothed, the stomach benefited by this delicious beverage. HIRES Rootbeer. Quenches the thirst, tickles the palate; full of snap, sparkle and effervescence. A temperance drink for everybody. Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes five gallons.

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RIPANS TABLETS. A literary man, used to the niceties of expression and fond also of the pleasures of the table, in speaking of says: "I couldn't recommend this remedy as heartily as I do if I didn't believe in it. I am not much of a medicine taker. I am opposed to medicine, on principle. There ought to be no need of medicine—just as there ought to be no poverty—but there is. If people lived right they would be well. Sunshine, air, exercise, fun, good food—plenty and not too much—are the best medicines, the natural ones; but men are tied to their desks, and women to their home cares, and both are tied to fashion. Civilized existence is artificial and needs artificial regulators. I recommend Ripans Tablets—and take them myself. I know they are both harmless and effective. (I know what they are made of.) They are the best remedy I know anything about for headaches, or indigestion, or biliousness, or any sort of sluggishness in the system. And they are in the handiest possible shape to carry in the pocket."

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