INCURABLE DISEASES.

THE LIST DECREASES AS THE KNOWL-EDGE Q: SCIENCE INCREASES.

Story of a Man Who Was Given Up to Die by Seven Physicians-He Fol-lews the Advice of a Friend and is Now a Well Man -A Wonderful Story.

From the Leader, Morrisville, N. Y.

"Yonder is a man," said the farmer to a reporter, "who is the talk of this community."

"He is Mr. William Woodman, of South Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y.," a well-todo farmer, who is well known and stands high for honesty and thrift in this neighborhood

On the following day the newspaper man called on Mr. Woodman in his comfortable, old-fashioned farm house.

"I have had serious thoughts of writing an account for the newspapers myself, said Mr. Woodman, "but as I am not ac-customed to such work, I have never attempted it. Sit down and I will tell you all about it.

"I am fifty-nine years old. I contracted rheumatism when only fourteen years of then a severe cold from over exertion and from becoming over heated. My father was a farmer and insisted that the only way to make me strong was to do plenty of hard When, however, he saw me helpless work. in bed for six long months without being able to move except with help, he changed his mind, and forever after believed that children should not be made to do men's work. My growth was stopped by suffer-ing, and I do not think I am an inch taller than that day, forty-five years ago. During the forty years ensuing after my mis-fortune, I was attended by seven doctors. I received temporary relief at times, from new forms of treatment, but always relapsed into a worse and more aggravated condition. The conclusion of all these gentlemen was that I was incurable, and all they could do was to ease my condition After I grew to manhood I married and have been blessed with a family. My dear wife has had all the drudgery of nursing and waiting upon me, and the burden has been indeed hard to bear. "Without hope from physicians I began

to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which was highly recommended by my friends. I took them and within one week began to feel better than I had since I was first afflicted. I took these pills according to directions and when the box was nearly gone I went over to Brookfield to an old friend who was in the drug business, named Dr. Aure-lius Fitch, who likewise was a great sufferer from rheumatism. The doctor and I or-dered several boxes of Pink Pills in partnership, he from that time keeping them on sale. Well, I continued to take them according to directions for the next three years and steadily improved, gaining flesh d strength, until two years ago I was able to discontinue them, and now am as able bodied a man of my years as you will I ought to tell you that after I orfind. dered the first box of pills the physician who was then attending me came in and 1 told him what I was doing. He said I was very foolish, that they would surely injure me, and it was his duty to tell me so told the doctor that I might as well die a to drag out a miserable existence, and so notwithstanding his warnings, continued to take the pills. Thank God the doctor was not able to dissuade me, for to them 1 now ascribe all the comfort and happines. I have in this world. I have recommended them to hundreds of people since I was cured, and in every case they have been effective, not only in 'rheumatism but in numerous other disorders, especially im-poverishment of the blood, heart trouble and kidney disease.

"I certify the above statement to be true. and if necessary will swear to the same before a Notary Public.'

Honeycombed With Deceptions. Practical joking was carried on by

all classes in the Middle Ages, the well-to-do employing mechanical instruments to assist them in their pastime. The Chateau d'Hesdin, the favorite residence of Philip of Burgundy, was honeycombed with deceptions of all kinds. Some of the machinery he worked with his own hands, but the rest was worked by a guest stepping on a hidden spring or touching a certain panel in the wall. For instance, a stranger, on reaching the middle of the room, would be instantly covered with soot or flour, the result of a trap-door overhead having opened. In one room there was fixed beside the door the mechanical figure of a knight armed with a short stick. This figure, so placed, seized all intruders and gave them a sound thrashing. It is related that once Philip was himself caught by it, and that before he could free himself he received a severe beating. In the great gallery there was fixed to the wall a figure known as the "Prophesying Hermit," and at the feet of this figure there was a trap-door. While the fortune-telling was going on, a part of the ceiling opened, and flour and water poured down, appropriate thunder and lightning following in quick succession. The trap in the floor then opened, and the guest fell into a sack of feathers. But the most elaborate trick of all was that in which all the guests were duped. Adjoining the great gallery there was a large room filled with armed figures. While the guests were dining, cries would be heard proceed-

ing from this room, and the company would naturally rush up-stairs to ascertain the cause. The mechanical figures in armor then moved from their places, and drove the victims of the joke out of the room into a passage, the floor of which opened, and they were precipitated into a cellar three feet deep with water. Philip seldom received a second visit at Hesdin from the same party.

How Wrinkles are Mad ..

"Laugh and grow wrinkled"-not a pleasant reading of an old adage, is it? Nevertheless, it is a logical one. The wrinkles of the nose, which descend from the nostrils down each side of the mouth, are created in laughing and mastication; a simple smile is sufficient to produce them, so it is not surprising that the repetition of the commonest acts should soon be graven on the face. Going in the sun with the face insufficiently covered produces wrinkles prematurely; but they are in every case normal at forty, or even earlier. Vertical wrinkles between the eyes come quickly to men who study or wovry themselves. The arched wrinkles of the forehead, found above the root of the nose, tell of long mental torture. The crow's feet mark the passing of the fortieth year, and are characterized by furrows which diverge from the external angles of the eyes in all directions, like the claws of a bird, from which they are named. The wrinkles of the cheeks and chin follow the oval of the face, and caused by a diminution of the fatty substance under the skin, which then falls into folds. The small wrinkles, which form a network in the lower parts of the cheeks near the ears. have the same origin, and only appear in old age. Those found in the upper eyelids, and sometimes in the lower, which give the eyes an air of fatigue, are the results of hard living, grief or worry.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

A Rough Sea Voyage is What Christ's Followers Must Expect-A Sermon of Solace to People Who Are in Trouble-

The Storm, the Calm and the Harbor-TEXT: "And there were also with Him

other little ships, and there arose a great storm of wind. And the wind ceased and there was a great calm."—Mark iv., 36.

Tiberias, Galilee, Gennesaret - three names for the same lake. No other gem mad? They succeed in getting him mad, saying, "You're a pretty Christian!" Does this young man find it smooth sailing when he tries to follow Christ? Here is a Chrisever had so beautiful a setting. It lay in a scene of great luxuriance-the surrounding hills high, terraced, sloped, groved, so many hanging gardens of beauty; the watian girl. Her father despises the Christian ter rumbling down between rocks of gray and red limestone, flashing from the hills and bounding into the sea. On the shore were castles, armed towers, Roman baths, everything attractive and beautiful, all styles of vegetation in shorter space than in almost any other space in all the world, from the paim tree of the forest to the tree of a rigorous climate.

It seemed as if the Lord had launched one wave of beauty on all the scene, and it hung and swung from rock to rock and hill and oleander. Roman gentiemen in pleasure boats sailing the lake and countrymen in fish smacks, coming down to drop their in isn smacks, coming down to drop their nets, pass each other with nod and shout and laughter or singing idly at their moor-ings. Oh, what a wonderful, what a beau-tiful lake!

It seems as if we shall have a quiet night. Not a leaf winked in the air, not a ripple disturbed the face of Gennesaret, but there seems to be a little excitement up the beach, and we hasten to see what it is, and we find it an embarkation. From the western shore a flotilla pushing

out, not a squadron or deadly armament, nor clipper with valuable merchandise, nor piratic vessels ready to destroy everything they could seize, but a flotilla, bearing messengers of life and light and peace. Christ is in the front of the boat. His disciples are in a smaller boat. Jesus, weary with much speaking to large multitudes, is put into somnolence by the rocking of the waves. If there was any motion at all, the ship was easily righted; if the wind passed from one side, from the starboard to the larboard or from the larboard to the starboard, the boat would rock, and by the gentleness of the motion putting the Master asleep. And they extemporized a pil-low made out of a fisherman's coat. I think no sooner is Christ prostrate and His head touching the pillow than He is sound The breezes of the lake run their asleep. fingers through the locks of the worn sleeper, and the boat rises and falls like a sleep ing child on the bosom of a sleeping moth-

Calm night, starry night, beautiful night, Run up all the sails, ply all the oars, and let the large boat and the small boat glide over gentle Gennesaret. But the sailors say there is going to be a change of weather. And even the gers can hear the moaning of the storm as t comes on with long stride, with all the terrors of hurricane and darkness. The large boat trembles like a deer at bay trembling among the clangor of the hounds; great patches of foam are flung into the air; the sails of the vessels loosen, and the sharp winds crack like pistols; the smaller boats like petrels poise on the cliff of the waves and then plunge. Overboard go cargo, tackling and masts, and the drenched disciples rush into the back part of the boat and lay hold of Christ and say unto Him, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" That great personage lifts his head from the pillow of the fisherman's coat, walks to the front of the vessel and looks out into the storm. All around him are the smaller boats, driven in the temp-

est, and through it comes the erv of drowncens was God and man

A Coast Down Hill.

We have not circumvented the mountains by coming round them. There they stand, rising from our inn, the summit of the pass four thousand feet toward heaven and six or seven terrestrial miles away. But no man faltered. At the foot of the pass we had a vision of angels who should bear us up toward heaven, say two-score pullers of jinrikisha., all eager for a

bargain was soon made, two coolies hitched tandem to each wheel, and the long line was off at once. Feet off pedals at our case, for our long coast up-hill. And the human steeds kicked up their heels in joy, two men to each vehicle and never before wagons of such fairy weight. Cheap labor makes life easy for the man who rides. At the top we had a magnificent view of land and sea, garden farms and toylike villages. But the wheelman cannot stop long. Waiting is not his virtue. The coolies are paid; we examine brakes and find them all right. So feet on coasters, brake well in hand, and away! For miles and miles we coast down the curving mountain side. It is a holiday, and the peasants are resting from their labors. They see us far above, and line their village streets all dressed in their best, silent, respectful, hesitant, as the strange procession of visitants from the clouds glides past. Down we go for miles, and then one brief stretch of land brings us to our nooning place. Our welcome over, we are lead to a suit of clean, white-matted rooms in the second story, overlooking the tiny garden full of quaint shrubs and trees. Barefooted, deft-handed maidens bring lacquer trays with dainty dishes full of soup, rice, fish, and eggs, with chopsticks, best of implements for such fare, and bountiful supply of fragrant straw-colored tea. So we rest an hour content, at the foot of Fuji San, before the wheels go on again.

Danger From Lightning.

Are you afraid of lightning? Be comforted; your greatest dauger does not lie in that direction. There is an average of only two hundred and five deaths from lightning over the whole United States in a year, while in New York City alone fifteen hundred people annually meet accidental deaths. In the same city two hundred people are drowned each year, while one hun ired and fifty are burnt or scalded to death, and five hundred more meet deaths by falls of one kind or another. so that if statistics prove anything there is fifty per cent. greater danger of being kicked by a horse in New York City than of being killed by lighting. It is also interesting to learn that statistics prove there are five times as many lightning fatalities in the country as in the cities, probably on account of the metal roofs and weil-grounded water systems to be

AN OPEN LETTER

From Miss Sachner, of Columbus, O., to Ailing Women.

To all women who are ill:-It affords me great pleasure to tell you of the benefit I have derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for the boon given to suffering women in that excellent remedy. Before taking the



tried three physicians and gradually grew worse. About a year ago I was advised by a friend to try Mrs. Pinkham's Sanative Wash and Vegetable Compound, which I did. After using three bottles of the Vegetable Compound and one package of Sanative Wash, I am now enjoying better health than I ever did, and attribute the same to your wonderful remedies. I cannot find words to express what a Godsend they have been. to me.

Whenever I begin to feelnervousand ill, I know I have a never-failing physician at hand. It would afford me pleasure to know that my words had directed some suffering sister to health and strength through those most excellent remedies .- MISS MAY SACHNER, 348% E. Rich St., Columbus, O.



job. One glance was enough. The

religion; her mother despises the Christian religion; her brothers and sisters scoff at the Christian religion; she can hardly find a quiet place in which to say her prayers. Did she find it smooth sailing when she tried to follow Jesus Christ? Oh. no; all who would live the life of the Christian religion must suffer persecution. If you do not find it in one way, you will get it in another way. The question was asked, "Who are those

nearest the throne?" and the answer came back, "These are they who came up out of great tribulation"-"great flailing," as the original has it; great flailing, great pounding-"and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb." Oh, do not be disheartened! O child of God, take courage! You are in glorious con God will see you through all panionship. these trials, and He will deliver you.

St. Mark was dragged to death through the

streets. St. James the Less was beaten to death with a fuller's club. St. Thomas was

struck through with a spear. They did not find following Christ smooth sailing. Ob.

ow they were all tossed in the tempest

John Huss in the fire, Hugh McKail in the

hour of martyrdom, the Albigenses, the Waldenses, the Scotch Covenanters-did they find it smooth sailing?

around me a score of illustrations of the truth of this subject-that young man in

the store trying to serve God while his em-

loyer scoffs at Christianity, the young men

Ihristian religion, teasing him, tormenting

him about his religion, trying to get him

the same store antagonistic to the

But why go to history when I can find all

My subject also impresses me with the fact that good people sometimes get very much frightened. In the tones of these disciples as they rushed into the back part of the boat I find they are frightened almost to death. They say, "Master, carest Thou not that we perish?" They had no reason to be frightened, for Christ was in the boat. I suppose if we had been there we would have been just as much affright-

ed. Perhaps more. In all ages very good people get very much affrighted. It is often so in our day, and men say: "Why, look at the bad lectures; look at the spiritualistic socie-ties; look at the various errors going over the church of God. We are going to founder; the church is going to perish; going down." Oh, how many good people are affrighted by triumphant iniquity in our day and think the church of Jesus Christ and the cause of righteousness are going to be overthrown and are just as much affrighted as the disciples of my text were affrighted. Don't worry, don't fret, as though iniquity were going to triumph over righteousness.

A lion goes into a cavern to sleep. He lies down, with his shaggy mane covering the paws. Meanwhile the spiders spin a web across the mouth of the cavern and say, "We have captured him." Gossamer thread after gossamer thread is spun until the whole front of the cavern is covered with the spiders' web and the spiders say, "The lion is done; the lion is fast." awhile the lion has got through sleeping. He rouses himself, he shakes his mane, he walks out into the sunlight he does not even know the spiders' web is spun, and with his voice he shakes the mountain.

So men come, spinning their sophistries and skepticism about Jesus Christ. He seems to be sleeping. They say: "We have captured the Lord. He will never come forth again upon the nation. Christ is captured, and captured forever. His religion will never make any conquest among men." But after awhile the "lion of the tribe of Judah" will rouse himself and come forth to shake mightily the nations. What is a spider's web to the aroused lion? Give truth and error a fair grapple, and truth

will come off victor. Again, my subject impresses me with the

WILLIAM WOODMAN.

When Mr. Woodman had signed and de fivered the above paper to the reporter, he said: "If I were you I would go and call on Mr. Amos Jaquays, at Columbus Centre, to Mr. Amos Jaquays, at Commus centre, or whom I recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for aggravated kidney disease. He is now in perfect health. I have no doubt he will be glad to testify to the efficacy of the remedy that cured him.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

They Come High.

All the books published are by no means to be found in the book stores. The most beautiful and costly never find their way into the shops at all, are not sent out for review, and are known to a very limited number of people. Immense sums are yearly go on which give us wrong sensations, spent on the making of such books, which, although not truly illusions, which bring from one hundred dollars to one thousand dollars. These we suddenly strike our heads or faces expensive volumes are not sold in the against something in the dark, we see ordinary way, but entirely by subscription, and the business of selling know are not real lights, though they them in the United States is in the are quite as bright and sparkling as if bands of about half a dozen men, who they were. When we close one eye, neither sell nor attempt to sell any- and look straight ahead at some word thing else. Their season is short, but or letter in the middle of this page, the profits are large, and they live at for example, we seem to see not only about luxuriously in broughams to everything else immediately about it carry the books.

nutil he has had enough.

A Queer Fact About Vision.

In the eye itself certain things may are very much like them. Thus, when "stars," or bright sparks, which we the most expensive hotels and drive the thing we are looking at, but and for a long way on each side. But the truth is, there is a large round

spot, somewhere near the point as The jelly fish has no teeth, but uses | which we are looking, in which we see himself just as if he were a piece of nothing. Curiously enough, the expaper when he is hungry, getting his istence of this blind spot was not disfood, and then wrapping himself about covered by accident, and nobody ever it. The star-fish, on the contrary, suspected it until Mariotte reasoned turns himself inside out and wraps his from the construction of the eyeball food around him, and stays that way that it must exist and proceeded to find it.

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced the. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons ; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook, "a story of cures told by the cured." 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

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By the flash of the lightning I ing men. see the calm (brow of Christ as the spray dropped from His beard. He has one word for the sky and another word for the waves. Looking upward, He cries, "Peace!" Look-ing downward, He says, "Be still!" The waves fall flat on their faces, the

boam melts, the extinguished stars relight their torches, the tempest falls dead, and Christ stands with His foot on the neck of the storm. And while the sailors are ball-ing out the boats and while they are trying to untangle the cordage the disciples stand in amazement, now looking into the calm sea, then into the calm sky, then into the calm of the Saviour's countenance, and they cry out, "What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him?" The subject in the first place impresses me with the fact that it is very important to have Christ in the ship, for all those boats would have gone to the bottom of Gennesaret if Christ had not been present. Oh, what a lesson for you and for me to learn! Whatever voyage we undertake, into whatever enterprise we start, let us al-ways have Christ in the ship. Many of you in these days of revived commerce are starting out in new financial enterprises. I bid you good cheer. Do all you can do Do it on as high a plane as possible. You have no right to be a stoker in the ship if you can be an admiral of the navy. You have no right to be a colonel of a regiment if you can command a brigade; you have no right to be engineer of a boat on river banks or near the coast if you can take the ocean steamer from New York to Liver-All you can do with utmost tension of body, mind and soul, you are bound to do; but, oh, have Christ in the enterprise, Christ in every voyage, Christ in every

There are men who ask God to help them at the start of great enterprises. He has been with them in the past. No trouble can overthrow them. The storms might come down from the top of Mount Hermon and lash Gennesaret into foam and into agony, but it could not hurt them. But here is another man who starts out in worldly enterprise, and he depends thon the uncertainties of this life. He has no God to help him. After awhile the storm comes and tosses off the masts of the ship. He puts out his lifeboat. The sherif and the auctioneer try to help him off. They can't help him off. He must go down-no Christ in the ship. Here are young men just starting out in life. Your life will be made up of sunshine and shadow. There may be in it arctic blasts or tropical tornadoes. I know not what is before you, but I know if you have Christ with you all shall be well.

You may seem to get along without the religion of Christ while everything goes smoothly, but after awhile, when sorrow hovers over the soul, when the waves of trial dash clear over the hurricane deck and the bowsprit is shivered and the halyards are swept into the sea and the gang-way is crowded with piratical disastersoh, what would you then do without Christ in the ship? Young man, take God for your portion, God for your guide, God for your help, then all is well—all is well for time, all shall be well forever. Blessed is that man who puts in the Lord his trust. He shall never be confounded.

But my subject also impresses me with the fact that when people start to follow Christ they must not expect smooth sailing. These disciples got into the small boats, and I have no doubt they said: "What a beautiful day this is! What a smooth sea! beautiful day this is! What a smooth sea! What a bright sky this is! How delightful is sailing in this boat! And as for the waves under the keel of the boat, why, they only make the motion of our little boat the more deligntful." But when the binds swept down and the sea was boased into wrath, then they found that following Christ was not smooth sailing. So you have found it; so I have found it. Did you ever notice the end of the life of the iposties of Jesus Christ? You would say posties of Jesus Christ? You would say that if evermen ought to have had a smooth life, asmooth departure, then those men, the disciples of Jesus Christ, ought to have had such a departure and such a life.

St. James lost his head. St. Philip was hung to death on a pillar. St. Matthew had his life dashed out with a halberd. The lumber exports from the United States for the last year were twenty-four per cent. greater than for the previous twelve months

same being. Here he is in the back part of the boat. Oh, how tired he looks, what sad dreams he must have! Look at his countenance. He must be thinking of the cross to come. Look at him. He is a man --bone of our bone, flesh of our flesh. Tired, he falls asleep; he is a man. But then I find Christ at the prow of the boat. I hear Him say, "Peace, be still!" And I see the storm kneeling at His feet and the tempests folding their wings in His pres-He is a God.

If I have sorrow and trouble and want sympathy, I go and kneel down at the back part of the boat and say, "O Christ, weary one of Gennesaret, sympathize with all my sorrows, man of Nazareth, man of the cross." A man, a man. But if I want to conquer my spiritual foes, if I want to get the victory over sin, death and hell, I co to the front of the boat and I kneel down, and I say, "O Lord Jesus Christ, Thou who dost hush the tempest, hush all my grief, hush all my temptation, hush all my sin." man, a man, a God, a God.

I learn once more from this subject that Christ can hush a tempest. It did seem as if everything must go to ruin. The disiples had given up the idea of managing the ship. The crew were entirely de-moralized, yet Christ rises, and He puts His foot on the storm, and it crouches at His feet. Oh, yes, Christ can hush the tempesti

You have had trouble. Perhaps it was the little child taken away from you-the sweetest child of the household, the one who asked the most curious questions and stood around you with the greatest fondness, and the spade cut down through your bleeding heart. Perhaps it was an only son, and your heart has eversince been like a desolated eastie, the owls of the night hooting among the falling rafters and the crumbling stairways.

Perhaps it was an aged mother. You always went to her with your troubles. She was in your home to welcome your children into life, and when they died she was there to pity you. That old hand will do you no more kindness. That white lock of hair you put away in the casket or in the locket did not look as well as it usually did when she brushed it away from her wrinkled brow in the home circle or in the country church. Or, your property gone, you said, "I have so much bank stock, I have so many government securities, I have so many houses. I have so many farms"all gone, all gone.

Why, all the storms that ever trampled with their thunders, all the shipwrecks, have not been worse than this to you. Yet you have not been completely overthrown. Why? Christ hushed the tempest. Your little one was taken away. Christ says: "I have that little one. I can take care of him as well as you can, better than you can, oh, bereaved mother!" Hushing the tempest! When your property went away, tempest! God said, "There are treasures in heaven, in banks that never break."

There is one storm into which we will all have to run the moment when we let go of this life and try to take hold of the next, when we will want all the grace we can have-we will want it all. Yonder I see a Christian soul rocking on the surges of death. All the powers of darkness seem let out against that soul-the swirling wave, the thunder of the sky, the screaming wind, all seem to unite together-but that soul is not troubled, there is no sighing, there are no tears; plenty of tears in the room at the departure, but he weeps no tears; calm, satisfied, peaceful, all is well. Jesus hushing the tempest! By the flash of the storm you see the harbor just ahead, and you are making for that harbor. Strike eight bells. All is well.

Into the harbor of heaven now we glide; We're home at last, home at last. Softly we drift on its bright, silv'ry tide We're home at last, home at last. Glory to God, all our dangers are o'er. We stand secure on the giorified shore. Glory to God, we will shout evermore. We're home at last, home at last.

Lumber Exports Greater.

found in the latter, which carry off the discharge and act as lightning conductors. Another erroneous current belief is that lightning strokes are necessarily fatal, while statistics show that of two hundred and twelve persons struck, only seventy-four resulted fatally.

How's This?

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollar: Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot by cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., P. ops., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Che-ney for the lat 15 years, and believe him per-fectly tonor ble in all business t an actions and financially able to carry out any obliga-tion m de by their firm. WEST & THUAX, Wholesale Druggis's, Toledo, Oh o.

Oh o. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Chio. Hall's Catarth Cure is taken in ernally, sct-ing dir-ctly upon the blood and mucous sur-iaces of the system. Price, Tac. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

She-"Yes, Mr. Detrop has dropped out of my life forever." He-"Elevator or coal-

Life Isn't Worth Living

Life Isn't Worth Living to one who suffers the maddening agony of Eczema, Tester and such tritiating, itching skin diseases. Every roughness of the skin from a simple chap to Tetter and Ringworm even of long standing is completely, quickly and surely cured by Tetterine. Is comfort worth 50 cents to you? That's the price of Tetterine at drug stores, or by mail for price in stamps from J.T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

"They are not called chaperones any nore." "What are they called?" "Promore. mometa."

For Whooping Cough. Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.- M.P. DIETER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1894.

Germany now has electric light in over 1,000 postal cars, and Austria is about to adopt the same system.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nerrous-ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerre Restorer. S2 trial bottle and treatise free DR. R. H. KLINS, Ltd., 801 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Of 1,000 persons only one reaches the age of 100 years, and not more than six that of 65 years.





GALATIA, ILLS., NOV. 16, 1898. GALATIA, ILLS., NOV. 16, 1898. Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo. Gentiemen...- We sold last year, 600 bottles of GBOVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and have bought three gross already this year. In all our experier be of 14 years, in the drug business, have c., er sold an article that gave-such universal satisfaction as your Tonic. Yours truly, AENEY, CARE & CO.

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For 25c, in stamps we send a 19 PAGE BOOK giving line experience of a practical Peoulity Ruleer-not an amateur, but a shar working for dollars and cente-duling 20 years, it teaches how to beteet ond Cure Diseases, Feed for Eggi also for Breeding: everything re-quisits for Printing e-quisits for Printing e-also for Breeding: everything re-quisits for Printing e-quisits for Printing e-ang. BUON PUBLISHITS to a printing for the set of the

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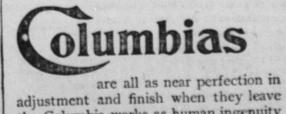
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