Deg Farms in China.

In Manchuria and all that part of China adjoining Mongolia there are thousands of farms devoted exclusively to dog raising. At each of these establishments several hundred dogs are kept, which are killed by strangulation when they are 8 months old, usually toward the middle of winter. At that time their skin is covered with very fine hair, and from these skins are made winter clothes for the inhabitants of the celestial empire. The dogs furnishing these skins are entirely different from the breed of dogs known here or in Europe, and their fur is said to be so long-haired and close on account of the extreme cold in

that region. These fur dogs constitute the only wealth of this desolate country, and the only dowry given to the daughters of these farmers consists of a number of dogs. The value of the dogs is about half a dollar, and as it takes eight fur dogs to make a coat, such an article is rather expensive.

Traffic in dog skins is centered in large cities like Moukden and Foo Chow, where they are tanned. At the first-named place the amount of dog skins handled last year represented half a million dollars.

To love humanity, a man should not see much of it.

Quien Sabe?

Quien Sabe-who knows-is a phrase in very common use among the Spaniards, and helps over many, many difficulties. It is expressive. What the weather may be the coming Winter, who knows? It may be snowy, wet, stormy, cold, freezing, and full of sickness and pain, who knows? Some of us to-day, hale and hearty, may lie on beds of torture or hobble about on crutches, who knows. Before the Autumn merges into Winter many may have symptoms of approaching trouble; of the old rheumatism coming on, or of first attacks begun; who knows? Who knows? That's a conundrum. But there everybody knows, the best thing to do is to be ready for the weather coming and to take hold of what is. Everybody knows what is best. With St. Jacobs Oil in the house, everybody knows they have a sure cure for rheumatism, acute or chronic It is likewise known that in any stage of it, the great remedy does its work of cure perfectly. If we suffer, we need not ask ho knows, when it is so well known what

Spain is buying 10,000 American cattle for

Prairie fires have destroyed 120,000 tons of hay near Webster City, Iowa.

Keep on Scratching.

Dig clear into the bone and the Tetter will only be the worse. There's only one way to treat an irritated, diseased skin. Soothe it. Kill the germs that cause the trouble and heal it up sound and strong. Only one thing in the world will do this—Tetterine. It's 50 cents a box at drug stores or postpaid for 50 cents in stamps by J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

The tribesmen in India are again gather ing to resist the British advance.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY,
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay

and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay
the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLALS for each
and every case of CATABBH that cannot be
cured by the use of BALL'S CATABBH tURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my
presence, this 6th day of December,
A. D. 1836. A. W. GLEASON,

Nodgry Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. (HRNEY & Co., Toledo, O. Hall's Family Pills and the control of the system).

Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's ramily Pills are the best.

Crop experts estimate the American corn yield this year at 1,750,000,000 bushels.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. Ec.a bottle.

Hard money-The money you try to bor-

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervous-ness after first day's use of Dr. Klipe's Great Nerve Restorer. Strial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. KLING, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa. Never waste your time; waste somebody

Piso's Cure for consumption relieves the most obstinate cought.—Rev. D. BUCHMUEL-LER, Lexington, Mo., February 24, 1294.

Handled without gloves-Knives and

IMPURE BLOOD

Body Covered With Eruptions, but Hood's Has Cured.

"My body was covered with eruptions caused by impure blood. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and it entirely cured me. It has done so much for me that I recommend it to anyone troubled with impure blood." S. J. Turp, Maryland, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsain fact the One True Blood Purifier, Hood's Pills are the only pills to take

GET RICH Quickly, Send for Book, "Inventions for a divorce.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Bingo-"I want to exchange this tandem for two wheels." Agent-"What's the matter?" Bingo-"I find that I am

not strong enough to ride it."-Life. The Wife--"What a sweet smile there is on the baby's face, John." The Husband-"Yes, he's probably dreaming that he's keeping me awake."-Town Topics.

"I never stirred from my room on Sunday until five o'clock in the after-"What on earth were you donoon." ing?" "Oh! I was just glancing over the Sunday papers."-Puck.

Ethel-"And when he said he was willing to die for you, what did you do?" Penelope-"Why, I nearly fainted!-the idea of the only man at a summer resort talking of dying!"-Puck. Senator Rich (inculcating economy)-'It isn't what a man makes that makes

nim rich, you know." His Grandson-'Oh, I know that, grandpa-it's getting prohibitive tariff put on it."-Puck. Little Miss Muffet-"I don't thuppothe I ought to go awound all alone with a gentleman like you, Mr. Donkey

Boy, but I gueth it's all right. The donkey is as good as most chaperons."

Professor-"Margaret, please take the cat out of the room. I cannot have it making such a noise while I am at work. Where is it?" Margaret-"Why, sir, you are sitting on it."-Flie-

gende Blatter. "What makes Bumply so down on the long-distance telephone?" "He called up a man in Toledo who owes him two dollars and a half. They wrangled till it cost Bumply thirteen dollars."-Detroit Free Press.

Sunday school superintendent (severely)-"Bobbie, I didn't see you in Sunday school yesterday." Bobbie (defiantly)-"No, sir. I was out on my wheel." Sunday school superintendent -"How were the roads?"-Life.

Askins-"That Miss Summerflirt seems to be very fond of outdoor sports?" May Cutting-"Yes, indeed! All the morning she lies on the beach in her bathing-suit, and all the afternoon she sits on the plazza in her bl-cycle-suit."-Puck.

"What's the matter now?" asked the leading actor, as the manager tore a letter to shreds and stamped his feet. 'matter? That performance of yours is so infernally bad that this person demands that his name be stricken from the free list."-Detroit Free Press.

He-"Do you believe that money has a personality?" She-"I don't know. Why?" He-"Here's a telegram I just got from my wife at the seashore, addressed to 'One Hundred Dollars,' in my care." She-"What does it say?"

He-"It says 'come at once.' "-Life. First tramp-"Haw! haw! I've won a bet I made wid me frien', Beery Bill. He gev me odds of two to one he wouldn't do ten days' work inside of a year." Second tramp-"What's he been doin'?" First tramp-"It says here he's been sent up fer six mont's at hard labor."-Puck.

The Champion in Frugality.

Guy, the founder of Guy's hospital n London, was as parsimonious in private life as he was munificent in public. A good story illustrative of this is told of him in connection with John Hopkins, one of his contemporaries, who was nicknamed Vulture Hopkins on account of his rapacious mode of acquiring his immense wealth. On one occasion he paid a visit to Guy, who, on Hopkins entering the room, lighted a farthing candle. Hopkins, on being asked the object of his visit, said: "I have been told that you, sir, are better versed in the prudent and necessary art of saving than any man living, and I therefore wait on you for a lesson in frugality. I have always regarded myself as an adept in this matter, but I am told you excel me," "Oh," replied Guy, "if that is all you came to talk about, we can discuss the matter in the dark," and thereupon he blew out the candle. Struck with this xample of economy, Hopkins acknowledged that he had met his superior in thrift .-- Medical Record.

Morphine Habit in France. The injection of morphine is a habit that is, unfortunately, on the increase in France, especially among the middle classes. On statistics furnished by the pharmacists it is estimated that there are in Paris at least 50,000 victics of the morphine habit, the majority of whom are women.

Courting after marriage- Applying

Ayer's

pills stand without a rival as a reliable family medicine. They cure sick headache, biliousness, constipation, and keep the body in perfect health. In many homes no medicine is used except Dr. J. C. Ayer's

REV. DR. TALMAGE,

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

The Progress of Christ-Walking the Earth Through Centuries Followed by the Eye of Faith-The Glory in Heaven When His Sacrificial Work is Ended. Text: "On his head were many crowns."

-Rev. xix., 12. In watching this march of Christ we must not walk before Him or beside Him, for that would not be reverential or worshipful. So we walk behind Him. We follow Him while not yet in his teens up a Jerusalem terrace. to a building 600 feet long and 600 feet wide, and under the hovering splendor of gate-ways, and by a pillar crowned with a capital chiseled into the shape of flowers and group of white-haired philosophers and theologians gather around him, and then the boy bewilders and confounds and overwhelms these scholarly septuagenarians with questions they cannot answer, and under His quick whys and whyfores, and hows and whens, they pull their white beards with embarrassment and rub their wrinkled foreheads in confusion, and put-ting their staffs hard down on the marble floor as they arise to go, they must feel like chiding the boldness that allows twelve years of age to ask seventy-five years of age such puzzlers.

Out of this building we follow Him into the Quarantania, the mountain of tempta-tion, its side to this day black with rob-bers' dens. Look! Up the side of this mountain come all the forces of perdition to effect our Chieftain's capture. But although weakened by forty days and forty nights of abstinence, He huris all Pande-monium down the rocks, suggestive of how He can hurl into helplessness all our temp-tations. And now we climb after Him up the tough sides of the "Mountain of Beati-tudes," and on the highest pulpit of rocks, the Valley of Hatin before Him, the Lake of Galilee to the right of Him, and He preaches a sermon that yet will transform

the world with its applied sentiment.

Now, we follow our Chieftain on Lake
Galilee. We must keep to the heach for Galilee. We must keep to the beach, for our feet are not shod with the supernatural, and we remember what poor work Peter made of it when he tried to walk the water. Christ, our leader, is on the top of the tossing waves, and it is about half past three in the morning, and it is the darkest time just before daybreak. But by the flashes of lightning we see Him putting His feet on the crest of the wave, stepping from crest to crest, walking the white surf. The sailors think a ghost is striding the tempest, but He cheers them into placidity, showing Himself to be a great Christ for And He walks the Atlantic, and Pacific, and Mediterranean, and Adriatic now, and if exhausted and affrighted voyagers will listen for His voice at half past three o'clock in the morning, on any sea, indeed, at any hour, they will hear His

voice of compassion and encouragement.
As in December. 1839, I walked on the way from Bethany, and at the foot of Mount Olivet, a half mile from the wall of Jerusalem, through the garden of Gethsemane, and under the eight venerable olive trees now standing, their pomological ancestors having been witnessess of the occurrences spoken of, the scene of horror and crime came back to me, until I shud-dered with the historical reminiscence.

In following our Chieftain's march through the centuries, I find myself in a crowd in front of Herod's palace in Jerusalem, and on a movable platform placed upon a tessellated pavement Pontius Pilate sits. And as once a year a condemned criminal is pardoned. Pilate lets the people choose whether it shall be an assassin or our Chieftain, and they all ery out for ing they prefer a murderer to the Saviour of the world. Pilate took a basin of water in front of these people and tried to wash off the blood of this murder from his hands, but he could not. They are still lifted, and | I see them looking up through all the ages

red with carnage. Still following our Chieftain, I ascend the drift and destiny. hill which General Gordon, the great Eng-lish explorer and arbiter, first made a clay model of. It is hard climbing for our Chief-tain, for He has not only two heavy timbers to carry on His back, the upright and horizontal pieces of the cross, but He is suffering from exhaustion caused by lack of food, mountain chills, desert heats, whippings with elmwood rods, and years

shoulder of Mount Olivet, and without wings He rises. All Heaven lifted a shout of welcome. In all the libretto of celestial music it was hard to find an anthem enough conjubliant to celebrate the joy saintly, cherubic, seraphic, archangelic, delfic.

But still we follow our Chieftain in His march through the centuriss, for invisibly He still walks the earth, and by the eye of faith we still follow Him. I hear His tread in the sick room and in the abodes of bereavement. He marches on and the nations are gathering around Him. The islands of the sea are hearing His voice. The continents are feeling His power. America will be His! Europe will be His! Asia will be His!

One by one governments will fall into line and constitutions and literatures will adore His name. More honored and wor-shiped is he in this year of 1897 than at any time since the year one, and the day hastens when all the nations will join one proces-"following the Lamb whithersoever

He goeth," Marching on! Marching on! This dear old world, whose back has been scourged, whose eyes have been blinded, whose heart has been wrung, will yet rival heaven. The planet's torn robe of pain and crime and dementia will come off, and the white and spotless and glittering robe of holiness and happiness will come on. The last wound will have stung for the last time; the last grief will have wiped its last tear; the last criminal will have re-pented of his last crime, and our world, that has been a straggler among worlds—a lost star, a wayward planet, a rebellious globe, a miscreant satellite-will hear the voice that uttered childish plaint in Bethlehem, and agonized prayer in Gethsemane, and dying groan on Golgotha, and as this voice cries, "Come," our world will return from its wandering never again to stray. March-

THOUGHT AND ACTION.

A Sermon Preached in Chicago by Rev. John McNeill, of Edinburgh, Scotland. Text: "I thought on my ways and turned my feet unto Thy testimonies. I made haste and delayed not to keep Thy Com-mandments."—Psalm exix., \$5-56.

This is the Old Testament story of the prodigal son. What you have in the New Testament, set forth in wondrous detail by our Lord in His inimitable story, you have condensed into this brief epitome of the experience of the man who wrote the Psalm. There, as here, you have the history of a man who once lived, and of whom it is implied here, and expressed there, that he wandered on the wrong track, that he came to the end of that—he came to him-

self, he wandered back again, and brought himself into all temporal and eternal bleshimself into all temporal and eternal biessing by his return.

It is just, I sometimes think, what one might have expected to be seen on the headstone of the prodigal son after he died and was buried. We hope he lived long and did well, and that in the end of the day he redeemed the follies and disasters of the early part; then, et last, filled with years and honors, he lay down and died and was buried. "Devont men carried him to his burial, and made lamentations over him," and we will suppose that, as they do in this country, they put up a headstone and inscription. If so, I cannot think of an inscription more suitable than our present text: "Here lies a man who thought on his ways, and turned his feet to God's testimonies, and made haste and delayed not to keep His Commandments."

Itis-to change the figure-an entry in the spiritual diary of the man who wrote the Psalm. It is one of these little autobiographical bits that are one of the ele-ments which give to the Psalms their per-ennial interest. So here you have a little autobiographical bit—one of those things which keep the Psalms in a state of great freshness for all our hearts.

I wonder if we keep a diary? If there is anything that men want to remember, it is that God is writing our diary. Listen to the scratching of the pen behind the arras! Has God had occasion, do you think, to enterinto the diary of your spiritual history such an entry as we find here by His grace, in the diary of the man who wrote the Psalms? I want to get at the root of the dea of experimental religion. It is time he entry was in, for there are black and shameful entries opposite your name and mine to a great extent, and it will need every entry which will avail to redeem the record. That which I have named is the only entry that will save it from being a damning indictment against us in the day when the judgment is set and the books are opened. The diaries will be brought out, and our eternal state will be fixed by the record of our diary that God, with impar-tial pen, has kept. That will be reading for some of us! This will redeem it—this red-letter entry-only this: "I thought on my ways, and turned my feet to Thy testimonies. I made haste and delayed not to keep Thy Commandments."

Do not let any one turn away, saying: "I am not included, for I have not wandered; I am not a prodigal." All we, like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way." Some of us go blundering on through the mud and mire of drunkenness, swearing, licentlousness and open sinning; that is one way to the far country. Some of us go along the macadamized road of self-righteousness, and church-going, and same outer darkness and the same far ountry. "I thought on my ways." The eginning lies there. Now, I speak to peo-le who pride themselves, I have no doubt, that they are thinkers, and they pride hemselves that dust is not to be thrown in their eyes, and they examine what is set before them." A preacher of the Gospel asks for nothing better than that. "I speak unto wise men; judge ye what I say, to the law and to the testimony."

"I thought on my ways." The beginning lies in serious thoughtfulness. Religion is not magic, it is miracle; but it is not jug-glery, it is not witchcraft, it is not being hypnotized;" it is not any of these things. ou never put your intellect to a higher use than when you turned its powers upon your own ways, enlathened by the surest guide, the word of God. I rather fear that many people think that, while you need to take your intellect with you when you go to hear a lecture on philosophy science, you can bring your addled head when you come to hear the Gospel. Get rid of that idea. Bring your best brains with you when you come to hear God's word. "I thought on my ways;" that is the beginning of all experimental religion and that is the only thing; because it begins there, therefore, conversions are so

"I thought," that is the beginning; to think for ourselves. Do not let me do your thinking for you. No, no; it is not "I thought on my own sermon," but "I thought on my ways." In God's providence I may be a great help to you, or I may not be, but the thing has to be done by yourselves. It is your own soul that is the issue at stake, and the thinking that will save it must be done by that soul's powers

"I thought on my ways"—a man who thought for himself, that was the begin-ning with him of all his blessings. Are you loing it? For there is an essential thoughtlessness in all our hearts, naturally, as reait under the best preaching intellectually, of power to awaken the heart and the con science and emotions, and they sit, they sit, and they grow white, and they grow old, and they die, and leave no sign that ever once they were awakened up to think for themselves about their eternal

Secondly, he tells us he thought about himself. He ceased to think about other people, and fastened his gaze upon his own he communed with his own spirit; he talked to his own heart upon his bed, did his man who wrote the Psalms. To ceives we ought to be in every sense of the term interesting creatures. And this text helps the preacher, it relieves him of a great responsibility that ought never to be put on him. I do not know your ways; you are a deep mystery to me. You do not know my ways. I can only see the surface percent and the winds that blow and curl and crisp the water on the top of it, but of those deep, strong undercurrents that flow through what can I know? Think of your own ways, save your own soul. Do not expect me to work miracles. I don't know your ways; I don't know the secrets that lie within your ken. If I did, God knows I would use them, God knows I would preach them to you: I would spread them out before you till your hears stood still with this thought: "God Almighty must have told that man all my

ways." Your own ways! Two or three channels into which we may run our independent thinking: Who am I? Where am I going? All that is covered by the expression, "thinking of one's ways." Who am I? The Bible and my own conscience give the only and the sure answer to that question. What is man? Ask philosophy; ask science, and, to their infinite shame, they are not quits sure whether we are gradually developed, not yet perfectly developed monkeys-or donkeys, maybe--they don't know which nor whether we are going up or back. They have not made up their minds yet.

Notice further, that our text describes t practical thinker. He turned his feet After all, perhaps, thinking is not so un-common. But practical thinking is very rare, and it is the measure of progress of the kingdom of God amongst us. You are, some of you, concerned about your souls, your presence here is a proof of that Perhaps that is what brings you here. You would fain go away and cannot. It is this: Your soul is in the wrong way, and is wanting to be put right wrong way, and is wanting to be put right for eternity. That is what brought you. Now, this is what you have to do next—decide for Christ. There is a turning point, and the turning point is now. The turning point is the Lord Jesus Christ lifted up in the preaching of the Gospel. Turn with the turn at this in your thoughts in Him, turn at Him, in your thoughts, in your purposes, in your plans, in your opinion of him. Believe in Him and yous oul is turned.

When you have had the common sense to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, from that moment your ways are changed and your destiny determined by the Blessed One, think I have used this illustration before How, when we took our Sabbath-school children into the country, and the little ones ran races, I went away down the field and became the turning point. I cried back to the intending runners that they were to run to me. I was the turning point. and they were to turn round and go back again to the goal. Well, so Jesus is the turning point in your life. Oh! I wish I could fill the church with Him, and make it impossible for you to move out of this place without saying to Him, "Yes, Lord,"

or "No Lord." That is what I am trying to do-so to fill your souls with the image of Him, and the idea of Him, and the presence of your Saviour, a really human being, and yet God—having a name like you, a being like you, and a personality as you have; not a mere myth or a phantom, but Christ Jests, who lives, who loves, who wept, who died, who rose, who is coming again.

She Wants a Justiceship. Mrs. Lucia O. Case, of Topeka, Kan., the only woman lawyer in active practice in Kansas, announces that she a candidate for the office of Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Kansas on the Democratic-Populist ticket.

Only a "Vooman,"

A brawny Swede visited the Chicago ty hall the other day to procure a marriage license, and a couple of clerks to whom he innocently stated his wishes directed him to the department vhere the dog licenses are issued.

He approached the license window diffidently, gave his name and address and asked what the document would

"It will cost you \$1 a year for every dog you keep," replied the clerk. "Dog?" echoed the Swede.

"Why, certainly," continued the clerk, "don't you want a dog license?" "Hal, no," cried the would-be benedict. "Ay kaint affoord to buy dog dees yar. Ay vant to get only a vooman now."

An Odd Scraper.

A curious instrument possessed by everyone in China above the extremely poor is the tongue-scraper. The people may or may not have brushes, but they are sure to have a tongue-scraper. This scraper is a ribbon of silver or gold with a ring at one end by which it is suspended when desired. The cheapest are of plain metal, more expensive ones are engraved, while a few are jewelled at either end. Like hairpins, so soon. they are sold by weight, plus a small charge of workmanship.

Things Worth Learning. Remember that it is a mark of good

breeding to thank a person for a gift the day it arrives.

Acknowledge an invitation for disner or luncheon the day it arrives. Thank your hostess for your visit the

day you return home. Either leave your card or write a note to a friend as soon as you hear that friend is ill.

Keep rufficient paper and envelopes on hand, so your notes can be written at once, and remember that a dainty note is the hall-mark of good breeding.

Big Bridges.

The following table gives the lengths of the principal bridges in various countries: Tay, Great Britain, 9,696 feet: Forth, Great Britain, 5,552 feet; Moerdyck, Holland, 4,820 feet; Volga. Russia, 4,715 feet; Weichsel, Germany. 4,346 feet; Theon, Germany, 4,172 feet: Grandez (Elbe) States, 3,580 feet. The greatest single span of the Forth bridge is 1,725 feet; and of the East River (Brooklyn) bridge, 1,601 feet between the towers.

Tough on the Doctor.

Doctor-I'm surprised to see you out

Patient-Yes; the dog upset the medicine you left for me.

MRS. LYNESS ESCAPES

The Hospital and a Fearful Operation.

Hospitalsin greatcities are sad places to visit. Threefourths of the patients lying on those snow-white beds are women and girls.

Why should this be the case? Because they have neglected themselves! Women as a rule attach too little importance to first symptoms of a certain kind. If they have toothache, they will try to save the tooth, though many leave even this too late. They comfort themselves with the thought that they can replace their teeth; but

they cannot replace their internal organs! Every one of those patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warnings in the form of bearing-down feelings, pain at the right or the left of the womb. nervous dyspepsia, pain in the small of the back, the "blues," or some other unnatural symptom, but they did not heed them.

Don't drag along at home or in the shop until you are finally obliged to go to the hospital and submit to horrible examinations and operations? Build up the female organs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will save you from the hospital. It will put new life into you.

The following letter shows how Mrs. Lyness escaped the hospital and a fearful operation. Her experience should encourage other women to follow her example. She says to Mrs. Pinkham:

> "I thank you very much for what you have done for me, for I had given up in despair. Last February, I had a miscarriage caused by overwork. It affected my heart, caused me to have sinking spells three to four a day, lasting sometimes half a day. I could not be left alone. I flowed con-

stantly. The doctor called twice a day for a week, and once a day for four weeks. then three or four times a week for four months. Finally he said I would have to unoperation Then I commenced taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and

after one week I began to recover and steadily improved until I was cured completely. By taking the Pinkham medicine, I avoided an operation which the doctor said I would certainly have to undergo. I am gaining every day and will cheerfully tell anyone what you have done for me."-Mrs. Thos. LYNESS, 10 Frederick St., Rochester, N. Y.



HARTFORD BICYCLES, \$50, \$45, \$40.

\$75 To All Alike. POPE MFG. COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.

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Standard of the World.

BOMB-SHELL. SURE-SHOT. ors, ROCK OF AGES, at \$1.40 ned at \$20,000. Every far Don't miss it send money has or check, at our risk. Money returned if not says factory. MANHATTAN PUBLISHING CO., 61 Warren St., Cor. W. Brondway, N. Y.

MONEY in Chickens. Send 25c. in stamps for Book. BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE, 184 Leonard Street, New York.

STRAYER'S COLLEGE Baltimore, Md Short-Bookkeeping, Best, Cheapest Situation guaranteed.

THIS GOLD PLATED SCARP IN, Handle bars for Bicycle, with ur bandsome CATALOGUE FREE anyone sending 3 cents for

Money in Chickens

BN U 42

" PISO'S CURE FOR . Bost Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Use in time. Sold by druggists,



WARRANTED. PRICE 50 cts.

PARTICE SO CIS.

GALATIA, ILLS., Nov. 16, 1898.

Paris Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen:—We sold last year, 600 bottles of
GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC and
have bought three gross already this year. In
all our experience of 14 years, in the drug
business, have L. rersold an article that gave
such universal satisfaction as your Tonic.

Yours truly, ABNEY, CARR & Co.