No Use to Cry.

No use to fret and worry and itch and scratch. That won't cure you. Tetterine will. Any sort of skin disease, Tetter, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Ringworm or mere abrasion of the skin. At drug stores, or by mail for 50c. in stamps from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

It is madness to put a viper in your bosom because of its gay coat.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The goddess of Fashion has never improved on God's handiwork.

Appetite--Strength

Without the First You Cannot Have the Last.

Hood's Sarsaparilla gives both. It gently tones and strengthens the stomach and gives digestive power, creates an appetite and invigorates the whole system. By making the blood rich and pure it strengthens the nerves and gives refreshing sleep. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

Catching a Shark.

A thrilling hunt for a man-eating shark took place in the harbor of Key West last week and came very near resulting fatally for those engaged.

The shark was first seen swimming in shallow waters, and three boys started out in a rowboat to capture it. They were armed only with a small harpoon. They managed to get close to the shark without attracting attention, and planted the harpoon securely in its back.

The big fish plunged forward when it felt the iron, and in a moment the boat was spinning through the water like an express train. Several attempts were made to loosen the rope, but in vain. Meanwhile they hesitated to cut the rope, for fear they might lose the shark.

The boat was towed in this fashion more than an hour. At times the shark would turn so suddenly as to greatly endanger the boat, though keeping all the time in comparatively shallow water.

The boys began to shout for help, and a yacht was sent to them. Just as the yacht came alongside the shark made a dive for the boat and tore a big hole in the side. As the boat filled the yacht came up and took off the boys, and the shark was killed with a rifle. It measured 15 feet in length.—New York World.

Jones, the tailor, is informed that one of his clients has suddenly gone insane. "Oh, the poor fellow, but he'll pay my bill at least, won't he?" "Oh, he isn't quite insane enough for that!"—Gaulois.

STRONG STATEMENTS.

Three Women Relieved of Female Troubles by Mrs. Pinkham.

From Mrs. A. W. Smith, 59 Summer St., Biddeford, Me.:

"For several years I suffered with various diseases peculiar to my sex. Was troubled with a burning sensation across the small of my back, that all-gone feeling, was despondent, fretful and discouraged; the least exertion tired me. I tried several doctors but received little benefit. At last I decided to give your Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. The effect of the first bottle was magical. Those symptoms of weakness that I was afflicted with, vanished like vapor before the sun. I cannot speak too highly of your valuable remedy. It is truly a boon to woman."

From Mrs. Melissa Phillips, Lexington, Ind., to Mrs. Pinkham:

"Before I began taking your medicine I had suffered for two years with that tired feeling, headache, backache, no appetite, and a run-down condition of the system. I could not walk across the room. I have taken four bottles of the Vegetable Compound, one box of Liver Pills and used one package of Sanative Wash, and now feel like a new woman, and am able to do my work."

From Mrs. Mollie E. Herrel, Powell Station, Tenn.:

"For three years I suffered with such a weakness of the back, I could not perform my household duties. I also had falling of the womb, terrible bearing-down pains and headache. I have taken two bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and feel like a new woman. I recommend your medicine to every woman I know."

BAD BLOOD

"CASCARETS do all claimed for them and are a truly wonderful medicine. I have often wished for a medicine pleasant to take and at last have found it in Cascarets. Since taking them, my blood has been purified and my complexion has improved wonderfully and I feel much better in every way." Mrs. Sallie E. Sellars, Littrell, Tenn.

CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 319

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Making the Best of Things"—Advice About Looking on the Bright Side—Blessings in Misfortune's Guise—Bereavements Fortify Our Spirit.

Text: "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."—Job xxxvii. 31.

Wind east. Barometer falling. Storm-signals out. Ship reefing maintopsail! Awnings taken in. Prophecies of foul weather everywhere. The clouds congregate around the sun, proposing to abolish him. But after awhile he assails the flanks of the clouds with flying artillery of light, and here and there is a sign of clearing weather. Many do not observe it. Many do not realize it. "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds." In other words, there are a hundred men looking for storm, where there is one man looking for sunshine. My object is to get you and myself into the delightful habit of making the best of everything.

You may have wondered at the statistics that in India, in the year 1875, there were over nineteen thousand people slain by wild beasts, and that in the year 1876 there were in India over twenty thousand people destroyed by wild animals. But there is a monster in our own land which is year by year destroying more than that. It is the old bear of melancholy, and with Gospel weapons I propose to chase it back to its midnight caverns. I mean to do two sums—a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition—a subtraction from your days of depression and an addition to your days of joy. If God will help me I will compel you to see the bright light that there is in the clouds, and compel you to make the best of everything.

In the first place, you ought to make the very best of all your financial misfortunes. During the panic years ago, or the long years of financial depression, you all lost money. Some of you lost it in most unaccountable ways. For the question, "How many thousands of dollars shall I put aside this year?" you substituted the question, "How shall I pay my butcher, and baker, and clothier, and landlord?" You had the sensation of rowing hard with two oars, and yet all the time going down stream.

You did not say much about it because it was not politic to speak much of financial embarrassment; but your wife knew. Less variety of wardrobe, more economy at the table, self-denial in art and tapestry. Compression; retrenchment. Who did not feel the necessity of it? My friend, did you make the best of this? Are you aware of how narrow an escape you made? Suppose you had reached the fortune toward which you were rapidly going? What then? You would have been as proud as Lucifer.

How few men have succeeded largely in a financial sense and yet maintained their simplicity and religious consecration! Not one man out of a hundred. There are glorious exceptions, but the general rule is that in proportion as a man gets well off for this world he gets poorly off for the next. He loses his sense of dependence on God. He gets a distaste for prayer meetings. With plenty of bank stocks and plenty of Government securities, what does that man know of the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread?" How few men largely successful in this world are bringing souls to Christ, or showing self-denial for others, or are eminent for piety? You can count them all upon your eight fingers and two thumbs.

One of the old covetous souls, when he was sick, and sick unto death, used to have a basin brought in—a basin filled with gold, and his only amusement and the only relief he got for his inflamed hands was running them down through the gold and turning it up in the basin. Oh, what infatuation and what destroying power money has for many a man! Now, you were sailing at thirty knots the hour toward these vortices of worldliness—what a mercy it was, that honest defalcation! The same divine hand that crushed your store-house, your bank, your office, your insurance company, lifted you out of destruction. The day you honestly suspended in business made your fortune for eternity.

"Oh," you say, "I could get along very well myself, but I am so disappointed that I cannot leave a competence for my children." My brother, the same financial misfortune that is going to save your soul will save your children. With the anticipation of large fortune, how much industry would your children have?—without which habit of industry there is no safety. The young man would say, "Well, there's no need of my working; my father will soon step out, and then I'll have just what I want." You cannot hide from him how much you are worth. You think you are hiding it; he knows all about it. He can tell you almost to a dollar. Perhaps he has been to the county office and searched the records of deeds and mortgages, and he has added it all up, and he has made an estimate of how long you will probably stay in this world, and is not as much worried about your rheumatism and shortness of breath as you are. The only fortune worth anything that you can give your child is the fortune you put in his head and heart. Of all the young men who started life with seventy thousand dollars' capital, how many turned out well? I do not know half a dozen.

The best inheritance a young man can have is the feeling that he has to fight his own battle, and that life is a struggle into which he must throw body, mind and soul, or be disgracefully worsted. Where are the burial places of the men who started life with a fortune? Some of them in the potter's field; some in the suicide's grave. But few of these men reached thirty-five years of age. They drank, they smoked, they gambled. In them the beast destroyed the man. Some of them lived long enough to get their fortunes, and went through them. The vast majority of them did not live to get their inheritance. From the gin-shop or house of infamy they were brought home to their father's house, and in delirium began to pick off loathsome reptiles from the embroidered pillow, to fight back imaginary devils. And then they were laid out in highly upholstered parlor, the casket covered with flowers by indulgent parents—flowers suggestive of a resurrection with no hope.

As you sat this morning at your breakfast table, and looked into the faces of your children, perhaps you said within yourself, "Poor things! How I wish I could start them in life with a competence! How I have been disappointed in all my expectations of what I would do for them!" Upon that scene of pathos I break with a pæan of congratulation, that by your financial losses your own prospects for heaven and the prospect for heaven of your children are mightily improved. You may have lost a toy, but you have won a palace. Let me here say, in passing, do not put much stress on the treasures of this world. You cannot take them along with you. At any rate, you cannot take them more than two or three miles; you will have to leave them at the cemetery. Attila had three coffins. So fond was he of this life that he decreed that first he should be buried in a coffin of gold, and that then that should be inclosed in a coffin of silver, and that should be inclosed in a coffin of iron, and then a large amount of treasure should be thrown in over his body. And so he was buried, and the men who buried him were slain, so that no one might know where he was buried, and no one might there interfere with his treasures. Oh, men of the world, who want to take your money with you, better have three coffins.

Again, I remark, you ought to make the very best of your bereavements. The whole tendency is to brood over these separations and to give much time to the handling of mementoes of the departed, and to make long visitations to the cemetery, and to say, "Oh, I can never look up again; my hope is gone; my courage is gone; my religion is gone; my faith in God is gone! Oh, the wear and tear and exhaustion of this loneliness!" The most frequent bereavement is the loss of children. If your departed child had lived as long as you have lived, do you not suppose that he would have had about the same amount of trouble and trial that you have had? If you could make a choice for your child between forty years of annoyance, loss, vexation, exasperation, and bereavements, and forty years in heaven, would you take the responsibility of choosing the former? Would you snatch away the cup of eternal bliss and put into that child's hands the cup of many bereavements? Instead of the complete safety into which that child has been lifted, would you like to hold it down to the risks of this moral state? Would you like to keep it out on a sea in which there have been more shipwrecks than safe voyages? Is it not a comfort to you to know that that child, instead of being besoiled and flung into the mire of sin, is swung clear into the skies? Are not those children to be congratulated that the point of celestial bliss which you expect to reach by a pilgrimage of fifty or sixty or seventy years they reached at a flash? If the last 10,000 children who had entered heaven had gone through the average of human life on earth, are you sure all those 10,000 children would have finally reached the blissful terminus? Besides that, my friends, you are to look at this matter as a self-denial on your part for their benefit. If your children want to go off in a May-day party; if your children want to go on a flowery and musical excursion, you consent. You might prefer to have them with you, but their jubilant absence satisfies you. Well, your departed children have only gone out in a May-day party, amid flowery and musical entertainment, amid joys and hilarities forever. That ought to quell some of your grief, the thought of their glee.

So it ought to be that you could make the best of all bereavements. The fact that you have so many friends in heaven will make your own departure very cheerful. When you are going on a voyage, everything depends upon where your friends are—if they are on the wharf that you leave, or on the wharf toward which you are going to sail. In other words, the more friends you have in heaven the easier it will be to get away from this world. The more friends here, the more bitter good-byes; the more friends there the more glorious welcomes. Some of you have so many brothers, sisters, children, friends in heaven, that I do not know hardly how you are going to crowd through. When the vessel came from foreign lands, and brought a Prince to New York harbor, the ships were covered with bunting, and you remember how the men-of-war thundered broadsides; but there was no joy there compared with the joy which shall be demonstrated when you sail up the broad bay of heavenly salutation. The more friends you have there, the easier your own transit. What is death to a mother whose children are in heaven? Why, there is no more grief in it than there is in her going into a nursery amid the romp and laughter of her household. Though all around may be dark, see you not the bright light in the clouds—that light the irritated faces of your glorified kindred?

So also, my friends, I would have you make the best of your sicknesses. When you see one move off with elastic step and in full physical vigor, sometimes you become impatient with your lame foot. When a man describes an object a mile off, and you cannot see it at all, you become impatient of your dim eye. When you hear of a well man making a great achievement you become impatient with your depressed nervous system or your dilapidated health. I will tell you how you can make the worst of it. Brood over it; brood over all these illnesses, and your nerves will become more twitchy, and your dyspepsia more aggravated, and your weakness more appalling. But that is the devil's work, to tell you how to make the worst of it; it is my work to show you a bright light in the clouds.

Which of the Bible men most attract your attention? You say, Moses, Job, David, Jeremiah, Paul. Why, what a strange thing it is that you have chosen those who were physically disordered! Moses—I know he was nervous from the blow he gave the Egyptian. Job—his blood was vitiated and diseased, and his skin distressfully eruptive. David—he had a running sore, which he speaks of when he says: "My sore ran in the night and ceased not." Jeremiah had enlargement of the spleen. Who can doubt it who read Lamentations? Paul—he had lifetime sickness which the commentators have been guessing about for years, not knowing exactly what the apostle meant by "a thorn in the flesh." I do not know either; but it was something sharp, something that stuck him. I gather from all this that physical disorder may be the means of grace to the soul. You say you have so many temptations from bodily ailments, and if you were only well you think you could be a good Christian. While your temptations may be different, they are no more those of the man who has an appetite three times a day, and sleeps eight hours every night.

From what I have heard I judge that invalids have a more rapturous view of the next world than well people, and will have a higher renown in heaven. The best view of the delectable mountains is through the lattice of the sick room. There are trains running every hour between pillow and throne, between hospital and mansion, between bandages and robes, between crutch and palm branch. Oh, I wish some of you people who are compelled to cry, "My head, my head! My foot, my foot! My back, my back!" would try some of the Lord's medicine! You are going to be well anyhow before long. Heaven is an old city, but has never yet reported one case of sickness or one bill of mortality. No ophthalmia for the eye. No pneumonia for the lungs. No pleurisy for the side. No neuralgia for the nerves. No rheumatism for the muscles. The inhabitants shall never say, "I am sick." "There shall be no more pain."

Again, you ought to make the best of life's finality. Now, you think I have a very tough subject. You do not see how I am to strike a spark of light out of the flint of the tombstone. There are many people who have an idea that death is the submergence of everything pleasant by everything doleful. If my subject could close in the upsetting of all such preconceived notions, it would close well. Who can judge best of the features of a man—those who are close by him, or those who are afar off? "Oh," you say, "those can judge best of the features of a man who are close by him!"

Now, my friends, who shall judge of the features of death—whether they are lovely or whether they are repulsive? You? You are too far off. If I want to get a judgment as to what really the features of death are, I will not ask you; I will ask those who have been within a month of death, or a week of death, or an hour of death, or a minute of death. They stand so near the features, they can tell. They give unanimous testimony, if they are Christian people, that death, instead of being demoniac, is cherubic. Of all the thousands of Christians who have been carried through the gates of the cemetery, gather up their dying experiences, and you will find they nearly all bordered on a jubilate. How often you have seen a dying man join in the psalm being sung around his bedside, the middle of the verse opening to let his ransomed spirit free!—long after the lips could not speak, he looking and pointing upward.

Some of you talk as though God had exhausted Himself in building this world, and that all the rich curtains He ever made He hung around this planet, and all the flowers He ever grew He has woven into the carpet of our daisied meadows. No. This world is not the best thing God can do; this world is not the best thing that God has done.

One week of our year is called blossom week—called so all through the land because there are more blossoms in that week than in any other week of the year. Blossom week! And that is what the future world is to which the Christian is invited—blossom week forever. It is as far ahead of this world as Paradise is ahead of Dry Tortugas; and yet here we stand trembling and fearing to go out, and we want to stay on the dry sand, and amid the stormy petrels, when we are invited to arbors of jessamine, and birds of paradise.

One season I had two springtimes. I went to New Orleans in April, and I marked the differences between going toward New Orleans and then coming back. As I went on down toward New Orleans, the verdure, the foliage, became thicker and more beautiful. When I came back, the further I came toward home the less the foliage, and less it became until there was hardly any. Now, it all depends upon the direction in which you travel. If a spirit from heaven should come toward our world, he is traveling from June toward December, from radiance toward darkness, from hanging gardens toward icebergs. And one would not be very much surprised if a spirit of God sent forth from heaven toward our world should be slow to come. But how strange it is that we dread going out toward that world when going is from December toward June—from the snow of earthly storm to the snow of Edenic blossom—from the arctics of trouble toward the tropics of eternal joy.

Oh, what an ado about dying! We get so attached to the malarial marsh in which we live that we are afraid to go up and live on the hilltop. We are alarmed because vacation is coming. Best programme of celestial minstrels and hallelujah, no inducement. Let us stay here and keep ignorant and sinful and weak. Do not introduce us to Elijah, and John Milton and Bourdalone. Keep our feet on the sharp cobblestones of earth instead of planting them on the bank of amaranth in heaven. Give us this small island of a leprous world instead of the immensities of splendor and delight. Keep our hands full of nettles, and our shoulder under the burden, and our neck in the yoke, and hopples on our ankles, and handcuffs on our wrists. "Dear Lord," we seen to say, "keep us down here where we have to suffer, instead of letting us up where we might live and reign and rejoice."

We are like persons standing on the cold steps of the national picture gallery in London, under umbrella in the rain, afraid to go in amid the Turners and the Titians, and the Raphaels. I come to them and say, "Why don't you go inside the gallery?" "Oh," they say, "we don't know whether we can get in." I say: "Don't you see the door is open?" "Yes," they say: "but we have been so long on these cold steps, we are so attached to them we don't like to leave." "But," I say, "it is much brighter and more beautiful in the gallery, you had better go in." "No," they say, "we know exactly how it is out here, but we don't know exactly how it is inside."

So we stick to this world as though we preferred cold drizzle to warm habitation, discord to cantata, sackcloth to royal purple—as though we preferred a piano with four or five of the keys out of tune to an instrument fully attuned—as though earth and heaven had exchanged apparel, and earth had taken on bridal array and heaven had gone into deep mourning, all its waters stagnant, all its harps broken, all chalices cracked at the dry wells, all the lawns sloping to the river plowed with graves with dead angels under the furrow.

I am amazed at myself and at yourself for this infatuation under which we all rest. Men you would suppose would get frightened at having to stay in this world instead of getting frightened at having to go toward heaven. This world is as bright to me as to any living man, but I congratulate anybody who has a right to die. By that I mean through sickness you cannot avert, or through accident you cannot avoid—your work consummated. "Where did they bury Lily?" said one little child to another. "Oh," she replied, "they buried her in the ground." "What! in the cold ground?" "Oh, no, no; not in the cold ground, but in the warm ground, where ugly seeds become beautiful flowers."

"But," says some one, "it pains me so much to think that I must lose the body with which my soul has so long companioned." You do not lose it. You no more lose your body by death than you lose your watch when you send it to have it repaired, or your jewel when you send it to have it reset, or the faded picture when you send it to have it touched up, or the photograph of a friend when you have it put in a new locket. You do not lose your body. Paul will go to Rome to get his, Payson will go to Portland to get his, President Edwards will go to Princeton to get his, George Cookman will go to the bottom of the Atlantic to get his, and we will go to the village churchyards and the city cemeteries to get ours; and when we have our perfect spirit rejoined to our perfect body, then we will be the kind of men and women that the resurrection morning will make possible.

So you see you have not made out any doleful story yet. What have you proved about death? What is the case you have made out? You have made out just this—that death allows us to have a perfect body, free of all aches, united forever with a perfect soul free from all sin. Correct your theology. What does it all mean? Why, it means that moving-day is coming, and that you are going to quit cramped apartments and be mansioned forever. The horse that stands at the gate will not be the one lathered and bespattered, carrying bad news, but it will be the horse that St. John saw in Apocalyptic vision—the white horse on which the King comes to the banquet. The ground around the palace will quake with the tires and hoofs of celestial equipage, and those Christians who in this world lost their friends, and lost their property, and lost their health, and lost their life, will find out that God was always kind, and that all things worked together for their good, and that those were the wisest people on earth who made the best of everything. See you not now the bright light in the clouds?

WAR COST TO DATE.

About $3,000,000 a Day the Average Expense of Fitting Army and Navy.

Washington, D. C. (Special).—The first twenty-nine days of the war which the United States is waging against the kingdom of Spain cost this country about $80,000,000, or nearly $3,000,000 a day.

The cost of operations in the future will probably not beso great, as quite one-half of the expenditures so far have been in the way of preparation, the acquirement of warships, guns and equipments. The ordinary cost should run about $1,000,000 a day. It is estimated that more than 200,000 persons are actively employed helping the nation's land and sea forces to get into fighting trim.

The persons who derive the most profit from contracts with the Government are those that have ships, guns, commissary supplies, boots, shoes, uniforms, tents, cutlery, tinware and flannels to sell, and the railway companies.

FORCED MARCHES AT MOBILE.

The Regulars Put Through a Ten-Mile Trip Every Day.

Mobile, Ala. (Special).—The four regiments of infantry at Camp Coppinger are now more acclimatized.

The troops are getting some fine Cuban practice by forced marches of ten miles a day, with advance and rear guards out and ambulances following to pick up those who may fall by the wayside. These practice marches are most severe, the men carrying full outfits and 200 rounds of ammunition, but they stand the test well, and few have been overcome by the heat. At the volunteer camp the troops are rapidly becoming efficient under the unceasing instructions of army and volunteer officers, the men drilling at least eight hours a day.

Killed While at Prayer.

Sarah Jane Phillips, age twenty-two years, while at prayer in her home in Audenried, Penn., was killed by a bolt of lightning. She was near the chimney when the flash struck the house.

A Remarkable Case.

The following case was printed originally in *The Monitor*, a newspaper published at Meaford, Ontario. Doubts were raised as to its truthfulness, consequently a close watch was kept on the case for two years and the original statement has now been completely verified.

Mr. Petch had been a hopeless paralytic for five years. His case has had wide attention. He was confined to his bed, was bloated almost beyond recognition, and could not take solid food. Doctors called the disease spinal sclerosis, and all said he could not live. The Canadian Mutual Life Association after a thorough examination, paid him his total disability claim of $1,650, regarding him as forever incurable.

For three years he lingered in this condition. After taking some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People there was a slight change, a tendency to sweat freely. Next came a little feeling in his limbs. This extended, followed by a pricking sensation, until at last the blood began to course freely and vigorously through his body. Soon he was restored to his old time health.

Paid His Claim.

A reporter for *The Monitor* recently called on Mr. Petch again and was told:

"You may say there is no doubt as to my cure being permanent. I am in better health than when I gave you the first interview and certainly attribute my cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

"To these pills I owe my release from the living death, and I shall always bless the day I was induced to take them."

Such is the history of one of the most remarkable cases in modern times. In the face of such testimony, can anyone say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not entitled to the careful consideration of every sufferer—man, woman or child? Is not the case, in truth, a miracle of modern medicine?

These pills are sold by all druggists and are considered by them to be one of the most valuable remedial agents known to science.

Spread of the English Language.

Mr. Gladstone lately expressed himself as believing that English is to be the language of the future. Mr. Gladstone's reasons are based on what has happened within his own lifetime. When Mr. Gladstone was born English was spoken by 30,000,000 of people. It is now spoken by 120,000,000. The number of people in the earth who speak English is doubled every forty years. This forms the basis of a very simple calculation as to when the entire population of the earth shall speak English. The two great English-speaking countries are Great Britain and the United States. Wherever Great Britain goes she carries the English language, and whoever comes to the United States learns it.

Platonic love is a sort of prologue to the real thing.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Trifles are the hinges upon which the door of opportunity swings.

ST. VITUS' DANCE, SPASMS and all nervous diseases permanently cured by the use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $1.00 trial bottle and treatise to Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Phila., Pa.

Lightning bugs never shine in the day time—it is the night which makes their brilliancy possible.—Ram's Horn.

The New York Ledger is now successfully sold by bright boys and girls, who thus earn many valuable premiums. Two cents profit on each copy sold. No money required in advance. Send name and address for complete outfit, including Premium List, to Robert Bonner's Sons, Ledger Building, 160 William St., N. Y. City.

It is said that 4200 species of plants are gathered and used for commercial purposes in Europe. Of these 420 have a perfume that is pleasing and enters largely into the manufacture of scents and soaps.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Clouds more generally form in the upper regions of the atmosphere because it is normally colder in the higher regions.

A covetous heart is like Pharoah's lean kine, it devours all.

A Medical Miracle.

Cancer, Tumor, Malignant Ulcer, Scrofulous Blood, Rectal Diseases, cured at home, without knife or plaster. Most difficult cases conquered. Write for free book and advice to Mason Medical Co., 121 W. 42d St., Dept. 21, N. Y. City.

The poison is in the rattlesnake before it bites.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Charity thinketh no evil.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The gossip's gun is always loaded.

Accustomed to It.

Ella—Jack, dear, do you think you can stand up in the battle's brunt?

Jack—Oh, yes; I have become quite accustomed to face powder.—New York Evening World.

Thrilling.

He—That must be a very interesting book you are reading.

She—Oh, it's awfully exciting! The heroine changes her gown six times in the first chapter.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

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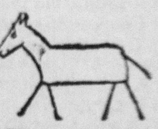

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