$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Football is played with bare feet by the natives of India.

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 Siberian Railway will cost $100,000,000.

Catarrh Cured

Blood Purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla and Health Is Good.

"I was troubled for a long time with catarrh and a bad feeling in my head. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it did me a world of good. My sufferings from catarrh are over and my health is good." Mrs. A. A. Libby, Pownal, Maine.

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

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

CUT UP THE WRONG HAT.

How a Scotch University Professor Was Fooled by a Student.

(From the Pittsburg News.)

A Scotch university professor, irritated to find that his students had got into the habit of placing their hats and canes on his desk, instead of in the cloakroom, announced that the next article of the kind placed there would be destroyed. Some days later the professor was called for a moment from the class room. A student slipped into his private room and emerged with the professor's hat, which he placed conspicuously on the desk, while his fellows grinned and trembled. The professor, on returning, saw the hat, thought some rashly obstinate student had been delivered into his hands, and, taking out his knife, he cut the offending article to pieces, while vainly attempting to conceal the smile of triumph that played about his countenance. He was in a very bad temper the next day.

Bees Used as Missiles in War.

There are two recorded instances in which bees have been used as missiles in war. The first occasion was at the siege of Themiscyra, when the Roman general Lucullus was warring against Mithridates. The Romans built mounds and mines, and the people of Themiscyra opened these mines by digging into them, and hurled hives of bees, as well as wild animals, through the holes onto the Roman workmen. Bees were once used in England with equal success. Chester was besieged by the Danes and Norwegians. The town was defended by the Saxons with Gaelic auxiliaries, and they repulsed the Danes, but the Norwegians, who protected themselves by means of hurdles, tried to break through the walls into the town. Then the Saxons collected all the beer and water and boiled them together. This mixture they poured upon the Norwegians, who were under the hurdles. The Norwegians, however, covered the hurdles with hides to prevent being scalded. The Saxons' next move was to get all the beehives in the town and throw them down upon the Norwegian army. The enraged bees stung the men in the hands and legs, and the swelling which resulted prevented them from moving. In the end the Danes and Norwegians retired, and left the Saxons in peace.

THE ILLS OF WOMEN

And How Mrs. Pinkham Helps Overcome Them.

Mrs. MARY BOLLINGER, 1101 Marianna St., Chicago, Ill., to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I have been troubled for the past two years with falling of the womb, leucorrhœa, pains over my body, sick headaches, backache, nervousness and weakness. I tried doctors and various remedies without relief. After taking two bottles of your Vegetable Compound, the relief I obtained was truly wonderful. I have now taken several more bottles of your famous medicine, and can say that I am entirely cured."

Mrs. HENRY DORR, No. 806 Findley St., Cincinnati, Ohio, to Mrs. Pinkham:

"For a long time I suffered with chronic inflammation of the womb, pain in abdomen and bearing-down feeling. Was very nervous at times, and so weak I was hardly able to do anything. Was subject to headaches, also troubled with leucorrhœa. After doctoring for many months with different physicians, and getting no relief, I had given up all hope of being well again when I read of the great good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was doing. I decided immediately to give it a trial. The result was simply past belief. After taking four bottles of Vegetable Compound and using three packages of Sanative Wash I can say I feel like a new woman. I deem it my duty to announce the fact to my fellow sufferers that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable remedies have entirely cured me of all my pains and suffering. I have her alone to thank for my recovery, for which I am grateful. May heaven bless her for the good work she is doing for our sex."

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "Make Home Happy"—The Doorsill of the Dwelling House is the Foundation of Church and State—Let Christian Love Abide Therein.

TEXT: "The disciples went away again unto their own home."—John xx., 10.

A church within a church, a republic within a republic, a world within a world, is spelled by four letters—Home! If things go right there, they go right everywhere; if things go wrong there, they go wrong everywhere. The doorsill of the dwelling-house is the foundation of Church and State. A man never gets higher than his own garret or lower than his own cellar. Domestic life overarches and undergirdles all other life. The highest house of Congress is the domestic circle; the rocking chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George. Chrysostom's mother made his pen for him. If a man should start out and run seventy years in a straight line, he could not get out from under the shadow of his own mantel piece. I therefore talk to you about a matter of infinite and eternal moment when I speak of your home.

As individuals we are fragments. God makes the race into parts, and then He gradually puts us together. What I lack, you make up; what you lack, I make up; our deficits and surpluses of character being the cog wheels in the social mechanicism. One person has the patience, another has the courage, another has the placidity, another the enthusiasm; that which is lacking in one is made up by another, or is made up by all. Buffaloes in herds, grouse in broods, quails in flocks, the human race in circles. God has most beautifully arranged this. It is in this way He balances society; this conservative and that radical keeping things even. Every ship must have its mast, cut-water, taffrail, ballast. Thank God, then, for Princeton and Andover, for the opposites. I have no more right to blame a man for being different from me than a driving-wheel has a right to blame the iron shaft that holds it to the centre. John Wesley balances Calvin's Institutes. A cold thinker gives to Scotland the strong bones of theology; Dr. Guthrie clothes them with a throbbing heart and warm flesh. The difficulty is that we are not satisfied with just the work that God has given us to do. The water-wheel wants to come inside the mill and grind the grist, and the hopper wants to go out and dabble in the water. Our usefulness and the welfare of society depend upon staying in just the place that God has put us, or intended we should occupy.

For more compactness, and that we may be more useful, we are gathered in still smaller circles in the home group. And there you have the same variety again; brothers, sisters, husband and wife; all different in temperaments and tastes. It is fortunate that it should be so. If the husband be all impulse, the wife must be all prudence. If one sister be sanguine in her temperament, the other must be lymphatic. Mary and Martha are necessities. There will be no dinner for Christ if there be no Martha; there will be no audience for Jesus if there be no Mary. The home organization is most beautifully constructed. Eden has gone; the bowers are all broken down; the animals that Adam stroked with his hand that morning when they came up to get their names have since shot forth tusk and sting, and growled panther at panther; and, mid-air, iron beaks plunge, till with clotted wing and eyeless sockets the twain come whirling down from under the sun in blood and fire. Eden has gone, but there is just one little fragment left. It floated down on the River Hiddekel out of Paradise. It is the marriage institution. It does not, as at the beginning, take away from man a rib. Now it is an addition of ribs.

This institution of marriage has been defamed in our day. Socialism and polygamy, and the most damnable of all things, free-lovism, have been trying to turn this earth into a Turkish harem. While the pupils have been comparatively silent, novels—their cheapness only equalled by their nastiness—are trying to educate, have taken upon themselves to educate, this nation in regard to holy marriage, which makes or breaks for time and eternity. Oh, this is not a mere question of residence or wardrobe! It is a question charged with gigantic joy or sorrow, with heaven or hell. Alas for this new dispensation of George Sands! Alas for this mingling of the nightshade with the marriage garlands! Alas for the venom of adders spit into the tankards! Alas for the white frosts of eternal death that kill the orange-blossoms! The Gospel of Jesus Christ is to assert what is right and to assail what is wrong. Attempt has been made to take the marriage institution, which was intended for the happiness and elevation of the race, and make it a mere commercial enterprise; an exchange of houses and lands and equipage; a business partnership of two stuffed up with the stories of romance and knight-errantry, and unfaithfulness and feminine angelhood. The two after a while have roused up to find that, instead of the paradise they dreamed of, they have got nothing but a Van Amburgh's menagerie, filled with tigers and wild cats. Eighty thousand divorces in Paris in one year preceded the worst revolution that France ever saw. And I tell you what you know as well as I do, that wrong notions on the subject of Christian marriage are the cause at this day of more moral outrage before God and man than any other cause.

There are some things that I want to bring before you. I know there are those of you who have homes set up for a great many years; and, then, there are those here who have just established their home. They have only been in that home a few months or a few years. Then there are those who will, after a while, set up for themselves a home, and it is right that I should speak out upon these themes.

My first counsel to you is, have God in your new home, if it be a new home; and let him who was a guest at Bethany be in your household; let the Divine blessing drop upon your every hope and plan and expectation. Those young people who begin with God end with heaven. Have on your right hand the engagement ring of the Divine affection. If one of you be a Christian, let that one take the Bible and read a few verses in the evening-time and then kneel down and commend yourselves to Him who setteth the solitary in families. I want to tell you that the destroying angel passes by without touching or entering the door-post sprinkled with blood of the everlasting covenant. Why is it that in some families they never get along, and in others they always get along well? I have watched such cases, and have come to a conclusion. In the first instance, nothing seemed to go pleasantly, and after a while there came a devastation, domestic disaster, or estrangement. Why? They started wrong. In the other case, although there were hardships and trials and some things that had to be explained, still things went on pleasantly until the very last. Why? They started right.

My second advice to you in your home is, to exercise to the very last possibility of your nature the law of forbearance. Prayers in the household will not make up for everything. Some of the best people in the world are the hardest to get along with. There are people who stand up in prayer meetings and pray like angels, who at home are uncompromising and cranky. You may not have everything just as you want it. Sometimes it will be the duty of the husband and sometimes of the wife to yield; but both stand punctiliously on your rights, and you will have a Waterloo with no Blucher coming up at night-fall to decide the conflict.

Never be ashamed to apologize when you have done wrong in domestic affairs. Let that be a law of your household. The best thing I ever heard of my grandfather, whom I never saw, was this: That once having unrighteously rebuked one of his children, he himself having lost his patience, and, perhaps, having been misinformed of the child's doings, found out his mistake, and in the evening of the same day gathered all his family together, and said, "Now, I have one explanation to make, and one thing to say. Thomas, this morning I rebuked you very unfairly. I am very sorry for it. I rebuked you in the presence of the whole family, and now I ask your forgiveness in their presence." It must have taken some courage to do that. It was right, was it not? Never be ashamed to apologize for domestic inaccuracy.

On the other hand, the husband ought to be sympathetic with the wife's occupation. It is no easy thing to keep house. Many a woman who could have endured martyrdom as well as Margaret, the Scotch girl, has actually been worn out by house management. There are a thousand martyrs of the kitchen. It is very annoying, after the vexations of the day around the stove or the register or the table, or in the nursery or parlor, to have the husband say, "You know nothing about trouble; you ought to be in the store half an hour." Sympathy of occupation! If the husband's work cover him with the soot of the furnace, or the odors of leather or soap factories, let not the wife be easily disgusted at the begrimed hands or unsavory aroma. Your gains are one, your interests are one, your losses are one; lay hold of the work of life with both hands. Four hands to fight the battles; four eyes to watch for the danger; four shoulders on which to carry the trials. It is a very sad thing when the painter has a wife who does not like pictures. It is a very sad thing for a pianist when she has a husband who does not like music. It is a very sad thing when a wife is not suited unless her husband has what is called a "genteel business." So far as I understand a "genteel business," it is something to which a man goes at ten o'clock in the morning, and from which he comes home at two or three o'clock in the afternoon, and gets a large amount of money for doing nothing. That is, I believe, a "genteel business;" and there has been many a wife who has made the mistake of not being satisfied until the husband has given up the tanning of the hides, or the turning of the banisters, or the building of the walls, and put himself in circles where he has nothing to do but smoke cigars and drink wine, and get himself into habits that upset him, going down in the maelstrom, taking his wife and children with him. There are a good many trains running from earth to destruction. They start all hours of the day, and all hours of the night. There are the freight trains; they go very slowly and very heavily; and there are the accommodation trains going on toward destruction, and they stop very often and let a man get out when he wants to. But genteel idleness is an express train; Satan is the stoker, and death is the engineer; and though one may come out in front of it, and swing the red flag of "danger," or the lantern of God's Word, it makes just one shot into perdition, coming down the embankment with a shout and a wail and a shriek—crash, crash! There are two classes of people sure of destruction: first, those who have nothing to do; secondly, those who have something to do, but who are too lazy or too proud to do it.

I have one more word of advice to give to those who have a happy home, and that is, let love preside in it. When your behavior in the domestic circle becomes a mere matter of calculation; when the caress you give is merely the result of deliberate study of the position you occupy, happiness lies stark dead on the hearth-stone. When the husband's position as head of the household is maintained by loudness of voice, by strength of arm, by fire of temper, the republic of domestic bliss has become a despotism that neither God nor man will abide. Oh, ye who promised to love each other at the altar! how dare you commit perjury? Let no shadow of suspicion come on your affection. It is easier to kill that flower than it is to make it live again. The blast from hell that puts out that light, leaves you in the blackness of darkness forever.

Here are a man and wife; they agree in nothing else, but they agree they will have a home. They will have a splendid house, and they think that if they have a house, they will have a home. Architects make the plan, and the mechanics execute it; the house to cost one hundred thousand dollars. It is done. The carpets are spread; lights are hoisted; curtains are hung; cards of invitation sent out. The horses in gold-plated harness prance at the gate; guests come in and take their places; the flute sounds; the dancers go up and down; and with one grand whirl the wealth and the fashion and the mirth of the great town wheel amid the pictured walls. Ha! this is happiness. Float it on the smoking viands; sound it in the music; whirl it in the dance; cast it in the snow of sculpture; sound it up the brilliant stairway; flash it in the chandeliers! Happiness, indeed! Let us build on the centre of the parlor floor a throne to Happiness; let all the guests, when come in, bring their flowers and pearls and diamonds, and throw them on this pryamid, and let it be a throne; and then let Happiness, the queen, mount the throne, and we will stand around, and all chalices lifted, we will say, "Drink, O queen! live forever!" But the guests depart, the flutes are breathless, the last clash of the impatient hoofs is heard in the distance, and the twain of the household come back to see the Queen of Happiness on the throne amidst the parlor floor. But, alas! as they come back, the flowers have faded, the sweet odors have become the smell of a charnel-house, and instead of the Queen of Happiness there sits there the gaunt form of Anguish, with bitten lip and sunken eye, and ashes in her hair. The romp of the dancers who have left seems rumbling yet, like jarring thunders that quake the floor and rattle the glasses of the feast rim to rim. The spilled wine on the floor turns into blood. The wreaths of plush have become wriggling reptiles. Terrors catch tangled in the canopy that overhangs the couch. A strong gust of wind comes through the hall and the drawing-room and the bed-chamber, in which all the lights go out. And from the lips of the wine-beakers come the words, "Happiness is not in us!" And the arches respond, "It is not in us!" And the silenced instruments of music, thrumbed on by invisible fingers, answer, "Happiness is not in us!" And the frozen lips of Anguish break open, and, seated on the throne of wilted flowers, she strikes her bony hands together, and groans, "It is not in me!"

That very night a clerk with a salary of a thousand dollars a year—only one thousand—goes to his home, set up three months ago, just after the marriage day. Love meets him at the door; love sits with him at the table; love talks over the work of the day; love takes down the Bible, and reads of Him who came our souls to save; and they kneel, and while they are kneeling—right in that plain room, on the plain carpet—the angels of God build a throne, not out of flowers that perish and fade away, but out of garlands of heaven, wreath on top of wreath, amaranth on amaranth, until the throne is done. Then the harps of God sounded, and suddenly there appeared one who mounted the throne with eye so bright and brow so fair that the twain knew it was Christain Love. And they knelt at the foot of the throne, and, putting one hand on each head, she blessed them and said, "Happiness is with me!" And that throne of celestial bloom withered not with the passing years; and the queen left not the throne till one day the married pair felt stricken in years—felt themselves called away, and knew not which way to go, and the queen bounded from the throne, and said, "Follow me, and I will show you the way up to the realm of everlasting love." And so they went up to sing songs of love, and walk on pavements of love, and to live together in mansions of love, and to rejoice forever in the truth that God is love.

A Father's Story.

From the Evening Crescent, Appleton, Wis.

A remarkable cure from a disease which has generally wrecked the lives of children, and left them in a condition to which death itself would be preferred, has attracted a great amount of attention among the residents of the west end of Appleton.

The case is that of little Willard Creech, son of Richard D. Creech, a well known employe of one of the large paper mills in the Fox River Valley. The lad was attacked by spinal disease and his parents had given up all hope of his ever being well again when, as by a miracle, he was healed and is now in school as happy as any of his mates.

Mr. Creech, the father of the boy, who, resides at 1062 Second Street, Appleton, Wisconsin, told the following story:

He Goes to School.

"Our boy was absolutely helpless. His lower limbs were paralyzed, and when we used electricity he could not feel it below his hips. Finally we let the doctor go as he did not seem to help our son and we nearly gave up hope. Finally my mother who lives in Canada wrote advising the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I bought some.

"This was when our boy had been on the stretcher for an entire year and helpless for nine months. In six weeks after taking the pills we noted signs of vitality in his legs, and in four months he was able to go to school.

"It is two years since he took the first of the pills and he is at school now just as happy and well as any of the other children. It was nothing else in the world that saved the boy than Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

World's Wine Production for One Year.

According to the Moniteur Vinicole, the world's wine production for 1896 was 3,262,103,820 gallons; for 1897, 2,843,478,920 gallons. The production in the United States was in 1896, 17,965,600 gallons; in 1897, 30,303,740 gallons.

In a square inch of the human scalp the hairs number about 1,000.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. $1. All druggists.

The nails on amputated fingers continue to grow.

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.

Earth has no brighter blossom than the little child smiling through rags.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Austro-Hungary is to have a floating exposition.

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.

The constant labor of four persons for the entire year is required to produce a cashmere shawl of the best quality.

The true reward of a workman is not his wages, but the consciousness of having done a good job.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

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

It is customary in China to congratulate a fat man, because it is taken for granted that he must be rich.

After a man has made a good record for himself, it is time enough to hunt up the pedigree somebody has left him.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

A refrigerator trust has been organized in New York.

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

A destructive hailstorm swept over the island of Malta.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

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

American trade with China and Japan is said to be increasing.

HERE THIS IS IT.
Know by the sign

ST. JACOBS OIL
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Sprains, Bruises, Soreness, Stiffness.

HEAD ACHE

"Both my wife and myself have been using CASCARETS and they are the best medicine we have ever had in the house. Last week my wife was frantic with headache for two days, she tried some of your CASCARETS, and they relieved the pain in her head almost immediately. We both recommend Cascarets."
CHAS. STEDEFORD,
Pittsburg Safe & Deposit Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

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. 217

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

CHESTNUTS GROWN IN AMERICA

It was three-quarters of a century after Du Pont's importation of European chestnuts that Japanese chestnuts began to attract attention in this country. Probably the largest grove of Japanese chestnuts in America is situated near Cleminton, N. J. Here a tract of land 500 acres in area is given over to the culture of these trees. The tract was originally a forest of native American chestnut trees. They were all cut down, and after the shoots had grown two years they were grafted with the Japanese chestnut. In from two to three years the grafted trees began to bear, and at the end of ten years they were yielding a bushel of chestnuts to a tree. The orchard, if such it may be called, is crudely cultivated with a rough harrow, and the fallen leaves are permitted to rot and enrich the ground.

The European and the Japanese chestnuts are larger than the American, but by no means so sweet in the raw state. When cooked, however, they are palatable. They are used not only for the enlivenment of Hallowe'en parties, but also for the Thanksgiving turkey, and boiled as an ordinary vegetable. The Italians in this country convert them into meal, from which they make a rich and nourishing cake. The Japanese chestnuts ripen about the middle of September; the European chestnuts two or three weeks later.

In view of the new interest in the chestnut as an article of food, and, therefore, of industrial importance, scientific agriculturists are making a careful study of the tree and its fruit. The great enemy of the nut is the unpleasantly familiar worm known as the chestnut weevil. It, too, is under scientific investigation, and the best method of destroying it is being made a subject of special study. A blight that is destroying the chestnut leaves is also attracting the attention of scientific agriculturists. In the course of these investigations American men of science have been in correspondence with botanists not only in England, Spain and Italy, but even in Japan.

Machine for Harvesting Grain.

On a large wheat farm in California the grain is cut from the stalks, the chaff thrashed out, and the kernels placed in sacks, which are sewed and piled ready for the mill—all by one huge machine, which is drawn by and gets its motive power from a team of thirty-eight mules.

SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

WE PAY THE FREIGHT.

This Couch, freight paid, $9.75.

The above COUCH is covered with the best imported Velour or Corduroy. The entire top is deeply tufted and has a Couch fringed. It has the finest springs, spring edges, and we prepay freight to all points East of the Mississippi River—points West on an equal basis. Orders filled promptly.

Do you want to make your house a home? If so, write for our general catalogue of Furniture, Crockery, Silverware, Sewing Machines, Clocks, Mirrors, Baby Carriages, Pictures, Bedding, Refrigerators, Stoves, Upholstery Goods, Tin Ware, Lamps, etc., and it will save you from 40 to 60 per cent. on your purchases. This elegant book will surprise you and nothing will please you more than the prices.

We publish an exquisite Lithograph catalogue showing exact designs of Carpets, Rugs, Lace Curtains and Portieres in hand painted colors. We sew Carpets free, furnish Carpet Lining free, and prepay freight on all Carpets, Rugs and Curtains. Do you think we would spend $100,000 a year on our catalogues if they were not worth having? Why pay the retailer's profits when you can buy of the manufacturer? Address this way,

Carpets, 29c to $1 Per Yard.

JULIUS HINES & SON,
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Walter Baker & Co.'s

Breakfast Cocoa

Absolutely Pure, Delicious, Nutritious.

..Costs Less Than ONE CENT a Cup..

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LOOMIS & NYMAN, Tiffin, Ohio.

INDIGESTION CURED.
Send this notice with One Dollar to Robt. B. Wills, Lock Box 86, Hagerstown, Md., and get six months' treatment of the greatest Vegetable Blood Purifier discovered, with full directions for use and a positive guarantee to cure any case of Indigestion, Sick Headache, Rheumatism and Constipation or money refunded. Try it and be convinced. Address as above.

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Procured on cash, or easy instalments. VOWLES & BURNS, Patent Attorneys, 237 Broadway, N. Y.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

WANTED—Case of bad health that R·I·P·A·N·S will not benefit. Send 5 cts. to Ripans Chemical Co., New York, for 10 samples and 1000 testimonials.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

D N U 45

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

6 PER CENT.

GOLD BONDS

Payable semi-annually at the Globe Trust Co., Chicago, Ill.

These bonds are a first mortgage upon the entire plant, including buildings, land and other property of an Industrial Company located close to Chicago.

The Company has been established for many years, is well-known and doing a large and increasing business.

The officers of the Company are men of high reputation, esteemed for their honesty and business ability. They have made so great a success of this business that the bonds of this Company are rarely ever offered for sale.

A few of these bonds came in to our hands during the hard times from parties who had purchased them several years ago. We offer them in issues of $100.00 each for $80.00 and accrued interest.

For security and a large interest rate these Industrial Bonds are recommended as being among the best.

First-class bonds and securities of all kinds bought and sold.

Kendall & Whitlock, Bankers and Brokers,
52 Exchange Place, New York.