

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. A bottle.

Prof. Max Muller has completed his 75th year, and also the golden jubilee of his career at Oxford.

**No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.**  
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

Emperor William viewed the eclipse the other evening. From general remarks the impression was gathered that he approved of it.

**To Cure A Cold in One Day.**  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 50c.

Canadians needn't waste time worrying. Uncle Sam is not expanding in that direction. Canada will never come into the Union except by her own choice. We don't want to eat her up.

## Pains and Aches

Of Rheumatism Make Countless Thousands Suffer.

But this disease is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which neutralizes the acid in the blood. If you have any symptoms of rheumatism take Hood's Sarsaparilla at once and do not waste time and money on unknown preparations. The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is unquestioned and its record of cures unequalled.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine for Rheumatism. Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 50 cents.

**The Marriage Knot.**  
In India only, of all the countries of the world, is the much-talked-of marriage knot ever actually tied. Among the Brahmins marriage is a matter of purchase, and the would-be bridegroom is liable almost till the last moment to be ousted by a higher bidder; but, if no suitor appears willing to give the father a more valuable present, he leads his daughter to the first to offer himself, saying:—

"I have no longer anything to do with you; I give you up to the power of another."

Then the bridegroom takes the tali, the insignia of marriage, round her neck, and secures it with a knot. The tali consists of a piece of ribbon with a gold bead suspended upon it. The knot it is that legally binds the wife to her husband, and makes the marriage indissoluble, for Brahmins do not recognize divorce.

**A Dangerous Fad.**  
Paris has a new fad—the hypodermic injection of perfume. The idea is said to have been discovered by a popular French actress, who, after taking an overdose of morphine, that the odor of the drug exhaled from her body. She developed this idea by using different perfumes in the same way. As a consequence she exhales the breath of different flowers every day in the week, or did until a physician pointed out to her that this idea was dangerous, as, unless the perfume was absolutely pure, it might cause blood-poisoning.

**Work of the Red Cross.**  
Now that the war is over it is reasonable to suppose that the work of the Red Cross has been considerably lessened, but the society's work in the hospitals, among the wounded and sick and with convalescents, involves a daily expenditure of four thousand dollars.

## NERVOUS DEPRESSION.

[A TALK WITH MRS. PINKHAM.]  
A woman with the blues is a very uncomfortable person. She is illogical, unhappy and frequently hysterical.

The condition of the mind known as "the blues," nearly always, with women, results from diseased organs of generation.

It is a source of wonder that in this age of advanced medical science, any person should still believe that mere force of will and determination will overcome depressed spirits and nervousness in women. These troubles are indications of disease.

Every woman who doesn't understand her condition should write to Lynn, Mass., to Mrs. Pinkham for her advice. Her advice is thorough common sense, and is the counsel of a learned woman of great experience. Read the story of Mrs. F. S. BENNETT, Westphalia, Kansas, as told in the following letter:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have suffered for over two years with falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb, and this spring, being in such a weakened condition, caused me to flow for nearly six months. Some time ago, urged by friends, I wrote to you for advice. After using the treatment which you advised for a short time, that terrible flow stopped.

"I am now gaining strength and flesh, and have better health than I have had for the past ten years. I wish to say to all distressed, suffering women, do not suffer longer, when there is one so kind and willing to aid you."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a woman's remedy for woman's ills. More than a million women have been benefited by it.

## PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascarets I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRANK WATKINS, 5709 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

CANDY CATHARTIC

REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Pure. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Grip. 10c. 25c. 50c.

**CURE CONSTIPATION.**  
Selling Ready Company, Chicago, National, New York, 314

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

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

### THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: "The Cradle of Jesus"—Lessons Drawn From the Miraculous Escape of the Infant Christ From the Perils That Encompassed Him.

Text: "Herod will seek the young child to destroy Him."—Matthew II, 13.

The cradle of the infant Jesus had no rockers, for it was not to be soothed by oscillating motion, as are the cradles of other infants. It had no embroidered pillow, for the young head was not to fall to luxurious comfort. Though a meteor, ordinarily the most erratic and seemingly ungovernable of all skyey appearances, had been sent to designate the place where that cradle stood, and a choir had descended from the heavenly temple to serenade its illustrious occupant with an epic, yet the cradle was the target for all earthly and diabolical hostilities. Indeed, I give you as my opinion that it was the narrowest and most wonderful escape of the ages that the child was not slain before He had taken His first step or spoken His first word. Herod could not afford to have Him born. The Caesars could not afford to have Him born. The gigantic oppressions and abominations of the world could not afford to have Him born. Was there ever planned a more systematized or appalling bombardment in all the world than the bombardment of that cradle?

The Herod who led the attack was "teacher, vengeance and sensuality impregnated. As a sort of pastime he slew Hyrcanus, the grandfather of his wife. Then he slew the tyrant, his wife. Then he butchered her two sons, Alexander and Aristobulus. Then he slew Antipater, his oldest son. Then he ordered burned alive forty people who had pulled down the eagle of his authority. He ordered the nobles who had attended upon his dying bed to be slain, so that there might be universal mourning after his death. From that time he ordered the slaughter of all the children in Bethlehem under two years of age, feeling sure that if he massacred the entire infantile population that would include the destruction of the child whose birthplace astronomer had pointed out with its finger of light. What were the slaughtered babes to him, and as many frenzied and bereft mothers? If he had been good enough to leave his bed, he would have enjoyed seeing the mothers wailing and struggling to keep their babes and holding them, so tightly that they could not be separated until the sword took both lives.

When the sword struck, and others, mother and child, hurried from roofs of houses and from the street, until that village of horse-shoe shape on the hillside became one great butcher shop. To have such a man, with associates just as cruel and an army at his command, attempting the life of the infant Jesus, does there seem any chance for His escape? Then that flight southward for so many miles, across deserts and amid bandits and wild beasts (my friend, the late missionary and scientist Dr. Lansing, who took the same journey, said it was the most fearful and dangerous of his life).

When the infant Jesus was in the arms of the Child, and the poor residence in Cairo. You know how difficult it is to take an ordinary child successfully through the disorders that are sure to assail it even in comfort, and how many and what all the ministrations, and then think of the exposure of that famous babe in villages and lands where all sanitary laws were put at defiance. His first hours on earth spent in a room without any doors, and oftentimes swept by chilled night winds, then afterward riding many days under hot tropical sun, and part of many nights lest the avenger overtake the fugitive before He could be hidden in another land.

The sanhedrin also were affronted at the report of this mysterious arrival of a child that might upset all conventionalities and threaten the throne of the nation. "Shut the door and bolt it and double bar it against Him!" cried all political and ecclesiastical power. Christ on a retreat when only a few days of age, with all the privations and hardships and sufferings attendant upon the journey, and then to be taken to the desert to be put to death!

"Put Him to death!" was the order all up and down Palestine and all up and down the desert between Bethlehem and Cairo. The cry was: "Here comes an iconoclast of all established order. Here comes an aspirant for the crown of Augustus! If found on the streets of Bethlehem, dash Him to death on the pavement! If found on a hill, hurl Him down the rocks! Away with Him! But the babe got home in safety and passed up from infancy to youth, and from youth to manhood, and from carpenter shop to Messias, and from Messias to the earth is Jesus, and there is no mightier name in heaven.

What I want to call your attention to is your narrow escape and mine and the world's narrow escape. Suppose that attempt on the young child's life had been successful! Suppose that delegation of wise men, who were to report to Herod immediately after they discovered the hard bed in the Bethlehem caravan, had obeyed orders and reported! Suppose the best carrying the Madonna and the Child in the flight had stumbled and flung to death its child! Suppose Archelaus had got his hands on the babe that his father had failed to find! Suppose that among the children dashed from the Bethlehem house or separated by sword, the enraged constabulary Jesus had perished!

Still further remarking upon the narrow escape which you and I had and all the world had in that babe's escape, let me say that had that Herod plot been successful the one instance of absolutely perfect character would never have unfolded. The world had enjoyed the lives of many splendid men before Christ came. It had admired His Plato among philosophers, its Mitridates among heroes, its Herodotus among historians, its Phidias among sculptors, its Homer among poets, its Esop among fabulists, its Zephyrus among dramatists, its Demosthenes among orators, its Aesculapius among physicians, yet among the contemporaries of those men there were two opinions, as now there are two opinions, concerning every remarkable man. There were plenty in those days who said of them, "He cannot speak," or "He cannot sing," or "He cannot philosophize," or "His military achievement was a mere accident," or "His chisel, his pen, his medical prescription, never deserved the applause given. But concerning this full grown Christ, whose life was launched three decades before that first Christmas, the means of camel and the beast of sheep and the low of ostle mingled with the babe's first cry, while clouds that night were resonant with music, and star pointing down whispered to star, "Look, there He is!"

Christ, after the detection of Herod and Pilate and sanhedrin had watched Him by day and watched Him by night, year after year, was reported in—

"He was found out that when I talked to the vagrant woman in the temple it was to tell her to 'go and sin no more,'" and that if he spoke with the penitent thief it was to promise him paradise within twenty-four hours, and that as He moved about He dropped ease of pain upon the invalid's pillow, or light upon the eye that lacked optic nerve, or put bread into the mouth of the hungry, or took from the oriental hearse the dead young man and vitalized him and said to the widowed mother, "Here he is, alive and well," and she cried, "My boy, my boy!" and he responded, "Mother, mother!" And the sea, tossing too roughly some of His friends by a word easier than a nurse's word to a petulant child He made it drop; the very judge who for other reasons allowed Him to be put to death declared, "I find no fault in Him." Was there

ever a life so thoroughly ransacked and hypercriticized that turned out to be perfect a life? Now, you can imagine what would have been the calamity to earth and heaven, what a bereavement to all history, what swindling of our race, if any nation, but of cherubim and seraphim and archangel, if because of infernal incursion upon the bed of that Bethlehem babe this life of yonder and glorious manhood had never been lived? The Christe parables would never have been uttered; the sermon on the mount, all adrip with benediction, never preached; the golden rule, in picture frame of everlasting love, would never have been hung up for the universe to gaze upon and admire.

Can you imagine what a scarification of the world's life would be the removal of all Christ ever did and said? It would tear down the most important shelves of yonder Congressional library, and of the Vatican library, and of British museum, and Berlin and Bonn and Vienna and Madrid and St. Petersburg libraries; and St. Paul's life would have been an impossibility, and his epistles would never have been written, and John, from the basaltic caverns of Patmos, would never have heard the seven trumpets or seen the heavenly walls with twelve layers of illumined crystallization, or did any man, east! I am so glad you did not report to the imperial scribe at Jerusalem where the babe was, for the bounds would have soon torn to pieces the Lamb, and I am so glad that the spirit of prophecy brought the frankness and the myrror to the room in that caravan, but that you brought the gold which paid His traveling expenses and that of Joseph and Mary in that long and dangerous flight to Chile, in Egypt, and paid their lodging and board there and paid their way back again. Well, enough to bring to the barn of the Saviour's nativity the perfume of heaven, but He asks also for the sacrifice of the dreadful atmosphere of the stable, but the gold was just then the most important offering. So now the Lord accepts your prayers, for the perfume of heaven, but He asks also for the sacrifice of the dreadful atmosphere of the stable, but the gold was just then the most important offering.

Still further remarking upon the narrow escape which you and I had and the world in the diversion of the persecutors from the place of nativity, let me say that had that Herod raid upon the swaddling clothes been successful, the world would never have known the value of a savior, and it is known has been made of the fact that the world was at peace when Christ came.

Yes, but what kind of peace was it? It was a peace worse than the peace of a graveyard. The Roman eagle had plucked out the world's eyesight and plunged their beaks through the heart of dead nations. It was a peace spoken of by a dying Indian chieftain when a Christian home missionary said to him, "You have been a warrior, and have been in many fights, but you must be at peace with all your enemies, even your own people." The dying chieftain replied: "That's easy enough. I am at peace with all my enemies, for I have killed all of them."

That was the style of peace on earth when Christ came, but the spirit of abomination, which is to garland the tomb of this century and coronet the brow of the coming century, is consequent upon the coming of the world's God and Saviour. Blessed is the spirit of abomination, which is to garland the tomb of this century and coronet the brow of the coming century, is consequent upon the coming of the world's God and Saviour. Blessed is the spirit of abomination, which is to garland the tomb of this century and coronet the brow of the coming century, is consequent upon the coming of the world's God and Saviour.

Blessed are those who can stab the deeper with spear or roll a chariot wheel over the most sacred or put his charger's hoof on the most dead." The entirely new theory of our Christ was blessing for cursing, prayer for those who do not pray, and foundries to turn spears into pruning hooks, red-hot furnaces to melt swords into molds shaped like plowshares. If there were any world-wide Herodisms had, without any good reason, gone on until now and been augmented by 1898 years of ferocity, by this time what would this world have been turned into? You know the result of the awful wars since the opening of the year one of our Christian era; for if the earth has been again and again lacerated into an acidum through improved weaponry of death and more rapidly of the Prussian breech-loader which in 1866 started the nations with unprecedented havoc eclipsed by contrivances that can sweep rafter numbers to death by means of telegraphy adding to gunnery new facilities for slaughter by instantly ordering armies to where they can do the most wholesale murder. If it were not for this war, how much worse would it have been if the Christy revelation had not been let down from heaven on five rugged ladder of musical scale and there had been no preaching of good news and down Christendom for nineteen centuries! The Bethlehem manger has given the most potent suggestion of peace the world has ever known. The cavalry horses cannot eat out of that manger, and the Bethlehem manger has given the most potent suggestion of peace the world has ever known.

I take another step forward in showing the narrow escape you and I had and the world had in the Herod plot, and the club with which they would have dashed the babe's life out, when I say that without the life that began that night in Bethlehem the world would have had no illumined deathbeds. Before the time of Christ good people closed their earthly lives in peace, while depending upon the Christ to come, and there were antediluvian saints and Assyrian saints and Egyptian saints and Grecian saints and Jerusalem saints long before the clouds above Bethlehem became a balcony filled with the best singers of a world where they all sing out cannot read that there was anything more than a quiet guess that came to those before Christ deathbeds. Job said something bordering on the conduct, but it was mixed up with a story of "skin worms" that would destroy his body. Abraham and Jacob had a little light on the dying pillow, but compared with the after Christ deathbeds it was like the palm tallow candle of old beside the modern cluster of lights electric. I know Elijah went up in memorable manner, but it was a terrible way to go—a whirlwind of fire that must have been splendid to look at by those who stood on the banks of the Jordan, but it was a style of ascent that required more nerve than you and I ever had, to be a placid occupant of a chair drawn by such a wild team. The triumphant deathbeds as far as I know, were the after Christ deathbeds. What a procession of hosannas have rolled through the living room of the saints of the last nineteen centuries! What cavalcade of mounted halloiums has galloped through the dying visions of the last 2000 years save 100? Peaceful deathbeds in the years B. C. Triumphant deathbeds, for the most part, reserved for the years A. D. Behold the deathbeds of the Lehigh, the Dodderidge, of the Leigh, the Richmond, of the Chesapeake, of the Yarra, the converted heathen chieftain crying in his last moments: "The canoe is in the sea. The sails are spread. She is ready for the gale. Have a good pilot to guide me. My outside man and my inside man differ. Let the one rot till the trumpet shall sound, but let my soul wing her way to the throne of Jesus." Of dying John Fletcher, who entered his pulp to preach, though his doctors forbade him, and then descended to the communion table, saying, "I am going to throw myself under the wheels of the churning mill of the mercy seat," thousands of people a few days after following him to the grave, singing:

With heavenly weapons he has fought  
The battles of the Lord,  
Finished his course and kept the faith  
And gained the great reward.

American Money Loaned Abroad.  
American Money Interests are loaning abroad.

## Color Blind Painters.

To speak of a color blind artist sounds like joking, said a noted oculist; but, strange as it may seem, there are several persons so affected who can nevertheless paint extremely well. Numbers of color blind people there are, of course, who draw perfectly in pencil, ink and crayons, but I myself know a scene painter attached to a provincial theatre who though "color blind," paints all its scenery and has quite a local name, not only for his "interiors" and oak chambers, but even for landscapes.

I can tell you also of two London ladies who consulted me for color blindness who paint really beautiful pictures. One is the daughter of a late famous artist, and she was taught painting by her father. She is quite unable to distinguish red from green, but her colors are labelled with the names, and she has been taught which to use for certain effects. Possibly her paintings may seem to her eyes, as it were, drawing with a brush and shading with the colors.

The other is a lady artist of some celebrity, who has for years exhibited annually in London. The public is not aware that she is color blind. She painted the "Wedding Group" for a certain noble bridegroom a year or two ago and also several public men's portraits, and one of an eminent physician fetched \$2,250.

There is a gentleman residing in Kensington who, having years ago left the navy through finding his advancement hopelessly barred by his color blindness, is at present making several hundreds a year by his brush as an artist, designing most artistic and brightly colored picture posters for advertisement boardings.—London Answers.

**A Wonderful Timepiece.**  
Our Brussels correspondent says: A truly wonderful timepiece is now on view in Brussels. The inventor, M. Noll, spent five years in its construction, and has beaten all previous records in clock making. This structure, which stands fifteen feet high, reproduces the facade of a building of the early Renaissance period. The clock, in addition to its ordinary functions, marks the four seasons, as well as the chief Church festivals, fixed and movable, all of which are heralded in the minute by automaton figures, choral services, church music, or the song of birds, according to the season. A feature of the mechanism is the hourly procession of twelve apostles before the figure of Christ, and the morning and evening chant of monks, who are summoned from the cloister by the monastery bell, tolled by the sexton in view of the public. A representative of the earth's course round the sun, and of the moon round the earth, furnishes an object lesson in the seasons, eclipses and other celestial phenomena. The clock will be exhibited at Paris in 1900, and will be probably offered for sale, being valued at \$15,000. Its movements are regulated by the calendar for the next 100 years.—London Chronicle.

**A Useful Horse.**  
A prominent English landlord was one day riding across a common adjacent to his preserves when he overtook one of his tenants, who was also mounted. After the usual salutations they rode on in silence for some minutes, when the tenant slightly spurred his horse, a balking animal, whereupon it dropped to its knees. "What is the matter with your horse?" asked his lordship. The embarrassed tenant remarked by way of explanation that his steed always acted that way when there was game to be found. A moment later, to the tenant's satisfaction and surprise, a frightened hare jumped out of some bushes near by. This impressed the landlord that he had once done a bargain by which he secured the tenant's bare-backed beast in exchange for his own fine mount, perfectly saddled. With much agility the tenant leaped on to his new horse, and all went well until they reached a small stream, whereat the landlord's new nag immediately balked. A drive home with the spurs brought it again to its knees. "Hello! what's up now? There's no game here," said his lordship. "True, my lord," was the ready reply, "but I forgot to tell you 'ee's as good for fish as 'ee is for game."

**Theatrical "Props."**  
Props comprise all the portable articles required in a play. Guns and pistols—which too often fall to go off at the critical moment—are props; loaves of bread, fowls, fruit, all made of a rough papier mache, are also props. We may also include those wondrous gilt goblets, only seen on the stage, which make such a non-metallic thud when they fall and bounce upon the boards, as among the achievements of the property man. But it is at pantomime time that that individual is at his busiest. Big masks and make-believe sausages and vegetables, without which no pantomime would be complete, are mingled with fairy wands, garlands of artificial flowers, basket-work frames for the accommodation of giants, and other articles too numerous to mention. How the right things are forthcoming at the right moment is one of those mysteries only known to property men. Had one of these useful members of the theatrical world the ability and inclination to write a book, what an entertaining volume could he turn out.—Chambers' Journal.

The Grand Canyon of Arizona, the greatest known, is about 200 miles long, upwards of 7,000 feet deep, and at some points, from rim to rim, measures ten to twelve miles in breadth.



Every farmer's wife knows how necessary it is that the milk buckets, pans, churns, and other implements of the dairy be perfectly clean and free from taint. A common yellow soap that smells of rosin should never be used for washing these. Such soaps are made of materials that you would not use for any purpose. Besides, they are sticky and the soap will get into the cracks and corners and stay there. Ivory Soap is pure, it is well made, and only sweet, clean materials are used. Then it rinses readily.

IVORY SOAP IS 99 44/100 PER CENT. PURE.

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**A Fair Understanding.**  
A few years ago, a young man from just across the Connecticut, who was attending the village academy, became sadly infected with the notion that all the maidens were in love with him. While in this state of mind it fell to his lot one evening to see Miss H. safely to her father's domicile. On arriving at the door, the lady invited him to enter. He did so. After a few moments' conversation he arose to leave, and as Miss H. was showing him to the door, she innocently enough remarked that she would be pleased to see him again. Here was an occasion for the exercise of Jonathan's courage and moral principle. Expanding himself to his tallest height, with a graceful but determined inclination of the head, he replied:—

"I should be happy, miss, to call as a friend, but not as a feller!"

**Where Women Are Scarce.**  
If a young woman wants to be coaxed to marry, she should go to West Australia. There are only forty-five women to every one hundred men in that part of the world and some of the superfluous women of New England would be valued there. No woman knows what a power her femininity is until she has lived where women are few.

Spain still insists that we should give to her something more than an ordinary utilitarianism.

Despondency unnerves a man, hope invigorates him.

I have found Firo's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. H. LORZ, 130 SCOTT ST., COVINGTON, KY., Oct. 1, 1894.

Trying to love is an absurdity; love is spontaneous conclusion.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fall, druggists refund money.

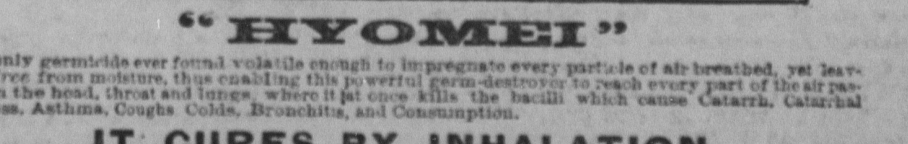
Minutes are the mosaics of time; the ages are those of eternity.

## SPRAINS

BAD WORSE WORST  
Can be promptly cured without delay or trifling by the  
GOOD BETTER BEST  
remedy for pain,  
ST. JACOBS OIL.

## A Lesson in Physiology

EVERY ONE SHOULD LEARN.  
It Shows the Only Method by Which Diseases of the Respiratory Organs Can Be Reached and Cured.



**"HYOMEI"**  
Is the only germicide ever found volatile enough to impregnate every particle of air breathed, yet leaving it free from moisture, thus causing this powerful germ-destroyer to reach every part of the lungs in the head, throat and lungs, where it at once kills the bacilli which cause Catarrh, Croup, Bronchitis, and Consumption.

**IT CURES BY INHALATION.**  
The first and only method of treating these diseases ever endorsed by the medical profession. Hyomei Inhaler, 50c. Extra Bottle, Hyomei, 50c. Hyomei Balm, a wonderful healer, 50c. Can be obtained of your druggist, at office, or by mail. Pamphlet, consultation and advice free. Send for the Story of "Hyomei," mailed FREE.

**SPECIAL OFFER.**—We will mail to every person sending us 25c. in stamps or cash, mentioning this paper, a complete "Hyomei" Trial Outfit, consisting of an Aluminum Inhaler, Wire Dropper, bottle of Hyomei sufficient to last two weeks, gauze and full directions for using. We also send FREE "The Story of Hyomei" and a sample box of Hyomei Balm, the wonderful anti-septic healer and cure for piles, bruises, burns, sprains, scalds, chafing, saddle-sores, eczema and all surface irritations. Send at once to the MAIN OFFICE AND LABORATORY OF THE R. T. BOOTH CO., ITHACA, N. Y.

**DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY.** Give quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. R. H. GREEN'S HOME, Atlanta, Ga.

**WANTED.**—Case of bad health that R-T-P-A-W will not benefit. Send 4 cts. to Ripans Oriental Co., New York, for 15 minutes and 100 testimonials.

**OPIUM** MORPHINE LAUDANUM AND ALCOHOL. HUNT'S PURE OPIUM BLENDED PREPARED BY HUNTS DISPENSARY, L. E. HAMILTON, N. Y. **PISO'S CURE FOR** BEST LONG BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, in time, sold by druggists. **CONSUMPTION**