

**Taken Hold.**  
We can wake up from sleep and find that soreness and stiffness have taken hold of us. We can use St. Jacobs Oil and go to sleep and wake up and find ourselves completely cured.

Dr. G. W. Leitner, the famous linguist who has just died in Germany, spoke and wrote 50 languages.

**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.

President Loubet, of France, is something of a musician. His manners are simple and his conversation racy of the south.

**STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.**  
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CHENEY'S CATARRH CURE that is cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 8th day of December, 1901.  
SEAL A. D. 1888. A. W. GILMAN, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Senator Hoar will be 75 when his term in the United States Senate expires in 1901.

**To Cure Constipation Forever.**  
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The new residence of General Miles in Washington was presented to him by a number of his wealthy admirers, who had between them subscribed \$35,000 toward it.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.**  
Take Laxative Bremo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Rear-Admiral Pickens, who succeeds Rear Admiral Howison in command of the Charleston (Mass.) Navy-yard, is one of the youngest men to attain that rank in our history.

**The Thing to Do.**  
When the Sclerotic nerve gives its worst torment in the shape of Sciatica, the one thing to do is to use St. Jacobs Oil promptly and feel sure of a cure.

Collis P. Huntington is a fine yachtsman and has a more thorough knowledge of navigation than most amateur seamen.

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

It has been decided to place a memorial statue of the late Dr. William Pepper, of Philadelphia, on the City Hall plaza.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first dose. Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 per bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 301 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Stephen Phillips, the poet, is nursing a broken leg in a London hospital.

Pico's Cure for consumption relieves the most obstinate cough. Rev. Dr. BISMARCK-LEWIS, Lexington, Mo., February 24, 1894.

The Earl of Aberdeen owns about 60,000 acres of land in Scotland.

**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.

G. W. Dunn, the naturalist, aged 85 years, intends to start soon for the Philippines to make a collection for the Rothschild.

**Warmth and Strength.**  
The cold of winter certainly aggravates rheumatism, and at all seasons St. Jacobs Oil is its master cure. It imparts warmth and strength to the muscles, and cures.

Since Senator Allison became a widower, over 15 years ago, his wife's mother has been the manager of his household.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 50c. bottle.

While writing William Dean Howells, the novelist, insists on absolute solitude.

**"Love and a Cough Cannot be Hid."**

It is this fact that makes the lover and his sweetheart happy, and sends the sufferer from a cough to his doctor. But there are hidden ills lurking in impure blood. "The lover is wrong," it is thought, "or the kidneys." Did it ever occur to you that the trouble is in your blood?

Purify this river of life with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then illness will be banished, and strong, vigorous health will result. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best known, best endorsed and most natural of all blood purifiers.

**Catarh**—if suffered from childhood with catarrh. Was entirely deaf in one ear. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me, and I regained my hearing. Mrs. W. STOKES, Millard, Tex.

**Sore Eyes**—Humor in the blood made my daughter's eyes sore, so that we feared blindness until Hood's Sarsaparilla made her well. E. B. GIBSON, Henniker, N. H.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints.**

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

**Spalding's Official Base Ball Guide**  
EDITED BY HENRY CHADWICK.  
PRICE 10 CENTS, POSTPAID.

**Play Ball!**

**New Playing Rules.**  
Send for Catalogue of Base Ball and Athletic Goods.  
A. C. SPALDING & BROS., New York, Deaver, Chicago.

**REV. DR. TALMAGE.**  
**THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.**

**Subject: "Perils of the Metropolis."—The Luxury and the Squalor of Great Cities Thrown Into Violent Contrast—Object Lessons Drawn From Experience.**

**TEXT:** "Wisdom crieth without: she utteth her voice in the streets."—Proverbs 1, 20.

We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature—the voices of the mountain, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the stars. As in some of the cathedrals of Europe there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature day responds to day and night to night and flower to flower and star to star in the great harmonies of the universe. The springtime is an evangelist in blossoms preaching of God's love, and the winter is a prophet—white bearded—symbolizing woe against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature, but how few of us learn anything from the voices of the noisy and dusty streets? You go to work, you go to school, you go to church, you go to your merchandise, and you come back again, and often with how different a heart you pass through the streets. Are there no things for us to learn from these pavements over which we pass? Are there no truths of truth growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toll and pain and pleasure, the slow tread of old age and the quick step of childhood? Are there great harvests to be reaped, and now I thrust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without: she utteth her voice in the streets."

In the first place, the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By ten o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels, and about it, with feet, and humming with voices, and covered with the breath of smoke-stacks, and a rush with traffickers. Once in a while you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do; but for the most part, as you find men going down these streets on the way to business, there is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. "You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to sell. Up this ladder with hood bricks, out of the bank with a roll of bills, on this drier with a load of goods, dinging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms and thousand eyes and thousand feet goes on singing her song of work, work, work, while the mills drum it and the steam whistles lift it. At this not because men love to work. Some are remarked, "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be." But it is because necessity with stern brow and with uplifted whip stand over you ready whenever you relax your toll to make your shoulders sting with the lash.

Can it be that passing up and down these streets on your way to work and business that you do not learn anything from the world's toil and anxiety and struggle? Oh, how many drooping hearts, how many eyes on the watch, how many miles traveled, how many burdens carried, how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many victories gained, how many defeats suffered, how many aspirations endured, what losses, what hunger, what wretchedness, what pallor, what diseases, what agony, what sorrow! Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitudes went hither and yonder, and it has seemed to me a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it, my heart has been filled with a sense of awe. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid, tossed and turned, and dashed ahead, and driven back—beautiful in its confusion, and colorful in its beauty. In the carpeted aisles of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over which iron coast toasts the tangled foam sprinkling the craked cliffs with a baptism of white wind and tempest, is the best place to study God, but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place to study man.

Going down to your place of business and coming home again, I charge you to look about—see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement—and as you go through the streets, and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the sufferings, all the bereavements of those whom you pass, and present them in prayer before an all-sympathetic God. In the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never changed one word, will rise up and call you blessed, and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in heaven, saying: "That is the man, that is the woman, and the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: 'I was hungry, and ye fed Me; I was naked, and ye clothed Me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited Me; inasmuch as ye did it to these poor wails of the streets, ye did it to Me.'"

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes cultivate a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despises ignorance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Gloves hate the unbuttoned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head, and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to do with the wild cypresswood, and Athens hates the tent of the tented city. The astronomer must come down from the stary revelry and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set to work on the bones of the commonest freed. Every class of people meets every other class. Impudence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the same city. Oh, that is what Solomon meant when he said, "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of them all."

I like this democratic principle of the gospel of Jesus Christ which recognizes the fact that we stand before God one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs. Whatever position you may gain in society you are nothing but a man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same spirit, cleansed by the same blood, to go down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. It is high time that we all acknowledged not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brotherhood of man.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and get to heaven. Infinite temptations spring upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid so much affluence, how much temptation to covetousness and to be discontented with our humble lot. Amid so many opportunities for over-reaching, what temptation to extortion! Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity! Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what allurements to dissipation! In the meatshops and butchers' stalls of the street how many quick and eternal shipwreck! If a man-of-war comes back from the battle and is towed into the navy yard, we go down to look at the splintered spars and count the bullet holes

and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the mast-head. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through thirty years of the sharpshooting of business life and yet sails on, victor over the temptations of the street. Oh, how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as the pat of canvas to tell where they perished. They never had any peace. Their dishonesties kept tolling in their ears. If I had an ax and could split open the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of the telegraph in his very best wine there is a smack of poor man's sweat. Oh, it is strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses he is disturbed with indigestion? All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him and the earthquakes to swallow him and the fires to consume him and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are on every street in the day when the crows of heaven are distributed some of the brightest of them will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the mists of business, amidst themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance and mighty shall be their triumph.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of pretension and sham. What subterfuge, what double dealing, what two facedness! Do all people who wish you good morning really hope you a happy day? Do all who greet you with their hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who ask you to call? Does all the world know that you are as good as dead? Is there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant show? Passing up and down the streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that society is hollow and that there are subterfuges and pretensions? Oh, how many there are who swagger and strut, and how few people who are honest and genuine. The street impresses me with the heart there are volences of passion consuming their life away. I say these things not to create in you incredulity or misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem, but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life until he knows this particular peril. Ehad comes pretending to pay his tax to King Darius, who he stands in the way of the king, stabs him through with a dagger until the haft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great aid for Christians charity. There are hunger and suffering, and want and wretchedness in the country, but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime grows, and drunkenness, and shame winks, and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here what is most squalid and hunger is most leas. A Christian man, going along a street in New York, saw a beggar, and he stopped and said, "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked the question twice and three times, and the boy made no answer. And then the boy answered, with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said in defiance: "No, sir, don't read nor write, neither. God, sir, don't want me to read nor write, neither. I have no school, so long ago I never remember to have seen him? And haven't I had to go along the streets to get something to fetch home to eat for the folks? And didn't I, as soon as I could get a basket, have to stop and pick up clinders and never have no schooling, sir? God don't want me to read, sir. I can't read nor write, neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! These have no shelter, Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the road of despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue these poor wretches, who are afraid of soiling our black clothes while we go down on that mission. While we are trying an elaborate knot in our cravat or while we are in the study ransacking some periodical, we might be saving a soul from death and hiding a multitude of sins. O Christian laymen, go out on this work! If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your means, and if you are too lazy to go, and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way and hide yourself in the dens and caves of the earth, lest when Christ's chariot comes along the horses will trample you into the mire. Beware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city in the last great day rise up and curse your stupidity and your neglect. Down to work! Lift up your voice!

One cold winter's day, as a Christian man was going along the Battery in New York, he saw a little girl seated at the gate, shivering in the cold. He said to her: "My child, what do you sit there for, this cold day?" "Oh," she replied, "I'm waiting for somebody to come and take care of me." "Why," said the man, "what makes you think anybody will come and take care of you?" "Oh," she said, "my mother died last week, and I'm crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, dear, though I am gone and your father is gone, the Lord will send somebody to take care of you.' My mother never said so, she said some one would come and take care of me, and I am waiting for them to come." Oh, yes, they are waiting for you. Men who have money, men who have influence, men of business, men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish.

Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. I see expectancy written on almost every face I meet. Where you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one who looks back. The fact is, God made us all to look ahead, because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on the streets I hear the tramp of a great throng, marching and marching for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world, populous and tremendous. Through God's grace, may you reach that blessed place. A great throng fills those boulevards, and the streets are arched with the chariots of conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep and they never toll. A river flows through that city, with rounded and luxurious banks, and the trees of life, laden with everlasting fruitage, bend their branches into the crystal.

No plumes, henceforth, over that pavement, for they are never sick. With immortal health glowing in every vein, they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those pinnacles of purity, gism in the light of a sun that never sets, oh, heaven, beautiful heaven! Heaven, where our friends are! The take no census in that city, for it is inhabited by a multitude which no man can number." Rank above rank, Host above host. Gallery above gallery, sweeping all around the heavens. Thousands of millions. Millions of millions. Blessed are they who enter in through the gate into that city. Oh, start for it to-day! Through the blood of the great sacrifice of the Son of God take up your march to heaven. "The spirit and the bride say, Come, and whosoever will, let him come and take the water of life freely." Join this great throng marching heavenward. All the doors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and twelve gates were twelve pearls."

**The Bismarck's New Housing Place.**  
The bodies of Prince and Princess Bismarck were placed in the new mausoleum at Friederichsruh, Germany, a few days ago. Emperor William attending the ceremonies.

**Syrup of Figs**  
**DELIGHTFUL LIQUID LAXATIVE**  
**TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS BUY THE GENUINE**  
**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
MANUFACTURED BY  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS  
PRICE 50¢ PER BOTTLE  
LOUISVILLE, KY.  
NEW YORK, N.Y. U.S.A. LONDON, ENG.



**AN EXCELLENT COMBINATION**

THE pleasant method and beneficial effects of the well-known remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company, illustrate the value of obtaining the liquid laxative principles of plants known to be medicinally laxative and presenting them in the form most refreshing to the taste and acceptable to the system. It is the one perfect strengthening laxative.

**CLEANSING THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY, DISPELLING COLDS AND HEADACHES, PREVENTING FEVERS, OVERCOMING HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY.**

Its perfect freedom from every objectionable quality and substance, and its acting on the kidneys, liver and bowels, gently yet promptly, without weakening or irritating them, make it the ideal laxative. In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but

THE MEDICINAL QUALITIES ARE OBTAINED FROM SENNA AND OTHER AROMATIC PLANTS,

by a method known to the California Fig Syrup Company only. In order to get its beneficial effects, and to avoid imitations, please remember the full name of the Company printed on the front of every package.

Consumers of the choicest products of modern commerce purchase at about the same price that others pay for cheap and worthless imitations. To come into universal demand and to be everywhere considered the best of its class, an article must be capable of satisfying the wants and tastes of the best informed purchasers. The California Fig Syrup Company having met with the highest success in the manufacture and sale of its excellent liquid laxative remedy, SYRUP OF FIGS, it has become important to all to have a knowledge of the Company and its product. The California Fig Syrup Company was organized more than fifteen years ago, for the special purpose of manufacturing and selling a laxative remedy which would be more pleasant to the taste and more beneficial in effect than any other known. The great value of the remedy, as a medicinal agent and of the Company's efforts, is attested by the sale of millions of bottles annually, and by the high approval of most eminent physicians. As the true and genuine remedy named SYRUP OF FIGS is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company only, the knowledge of that fact will assist in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties.

**CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.**  
LOUISVILLE, KY. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. NEW YORK, N.Y.  
For Sale by All Druggists, Price 50¢ Per Bottle.

The fire trap, like the stable, should be secured before the fire breaks out.

**Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.**  
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. H. C. C. Co., druggists refund money.

The newest roses are named for Admiral Dewey. They are a light red.

**SHE WAS SORRY.**

**That Her Husband Was Still Smoking After Death.**

New York Sun: The man had been absent from New York for a number of years. During his absence many changes had taken place. Some of his friends had moved away and some had died. Though he had taken the New York papers pretty regularly he had not kept up with these friends of his as he should have done. Consequently now and then some of them that he thought dead and buried and forgotten came up to him and shook him by the hand. Such shocks had the effect of giving him nervous prostration, or nearly; and they were of such frequent occurrence that his health not only became undermined, but he ultimately arrived at the conclusion that all of his friends were yet alive. One evening he called upon a woman friend who was living at a hotel. Arrived at her rooms, he found her surrounded by a crowd of people, but he finally reached her and shook her by the hand. "You are just the same," he said, admiringly. "You haven't changed a particle," which was not at all true, for her hair had turned so white that she had the air of a marquise in some old picture. "And your husband, too," he went on; "he is just the same as ever. I saw him down in the lobby. He was smoking. The woman looked a trifle startled for a moment, then recovered her composure with considerable effort. "I am sorry to hear," she remarked gravely, "that my husband is still smoking. He has been dead for two years."

**New Bank Policy.**  
The Chicago banks have recently adopted the policy of charging \$1 a month to customers to keep a running deposit account of not more than \$300. The small accounts are said to be unprofitable to banks as a rule, but the new Chicago policy of imposing a tax on them is exceptional.

**The Potash Question.**

A thorough study of the subject has proven that crop failures can be prevented by using fertilizers containing a large percentage of Potash; no plant can grow without Potash.

We have a little book on the subject of Potash, written by authorities, that we would like to send to every farmer, free of cost, if he will only write and ask for it.

GERTMAN KALI WORKS,  
93 Nassau St., New York.

**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." FRED WARTMAN,  
578 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

**CANDY CATHARTIC**  
**Cascarets**  
TRADE MARK REGISTERED  
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c.  
Bearing Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York, N.Y.

**NO-TO-BAC** Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE TOBACCO HABIT.

**BICYCLE** AGENTS wanted in every town without any experience necessary. Sample when FREE. Send stamp. ARNO CYCLES CO., P. O. Box 157, Philadelphia.

**DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY!** Quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 day's treatment free. Dr. R. H. GREEN'S SORE, Box D, Atlanta, Ga.

**FOR 14 CENTS**

1 Page 11 Day Book	10c
1 Page 11 Day Calendar	10c
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1 Page 11 Day Pocket Ledger	10c
1 Page 11 Day Pocket Note Book	10c
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Write for 14c, for 14 cents. All the above books, worth \$1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Catalogue and Sample Book, upon receipt of this notice & 14c postage. We invite your trial. Customers who order by mail will receive a special price. Write for our special price list. Write to: J. H. BROWN & CO., 140 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**8000 BICYCLES**

STANDARD 28 HUBS, guaranteed, \$9.75 to \$12.00. Also a second hand wheel, good as new, \$3 to \$10. We also have a large stock of new and used bicycles. Write for our special price list. Write to: J. H. BROWN & CO., 140 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**CARTER'S INK**

It is the best that can be made. It costs you no more than the poorest. FURNY BROTHERS, INC., Boston, Mass.

**WOOD SAWS**

Our Smalley and Frazier's Wood Saws are the standard of the world. Also all sizes of Circular Saws, and the celebrated "Mill Horse" Power saws for operating Saws, Planers, and other machinery. SMALLEY BFG. CO., Sole Sales, Montreal, Wis.

**Burglar Alarm.**

Indicates instantly the opening of a door or window. The most unique article on the market. Sent insured upon receipt of \$50. Agents wanted. Address: G. A. GUINDEL, 1111 Broadway, N. Y. City, N. Y.

**WANTED**—Cases of bad health that have failed to respond to any other treatment. Send for our special price list. Write to: J. H. BROWN & CO., 140 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**OPUI**

MORPHINE, LAUDAUM AND ALCOHOL. HARTUNG'S GUARANTEED REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF MORPHINE, LAUDAUM AND ALCOHOL. HARTUNG'S GUARANTEED REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF MORPHINE, LAUDAUM AND ALCOHOL. HARTUNG'S GUARANTEED REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF MORPHINE, LAUDAUM AND ALCOHOL.

**PISO'S CURE FOR**

GUERS WHEAT ALL ILLS. That Cough Syrup, Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. CONSUMPTION.

**CONSUMPTION**

That Cough Syrup, Cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and all other ailments of the throat and lungs. CONSUMPTION.