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The use of the Endless Chain Starch Book in the purchase of "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" starch, makes it just like finding money. Why, for only 50c you are enabled to get one large 10c package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, embossed in gold. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free.

A temperance organization which should lay down as its fundamental law abstinence from excessive eating would do away with the greater part of the ordinary sickness among persons who should live up to the law.

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"CRAWFORDVILLE, Fla.: Tetterine is worth more than its weight in gold to me. One application cured me of tetter in my toes of seven (7) years' standing. John M. Towles." It cures all skin diseases. At druggists 50 cents a box, or by mail postpaid from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

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We learn this from experience in every department of life. Good clothes are most serviceable and wear the longest. Good food gives the best nutriment. Good medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is the best and cheapest, because it cures, absolutely CURES, when all others fail.



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Mudge—"A man's life is his own. Now, if I took a fancy to commit suicide, what right would you have to prevent me? Yabsley—I wouldn't even try."—Indianapolis Journal.

All that is best in the great poets of all countries is not what is national in them, but what is universal.—Longfellow.

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Cures Croup and Whooping-Cough Unexcelled for Consumptives. Gives quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Biliousness. Trial, 20 for 5c.



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The Law of Compensation. From the Argonaut: Richard Cumberland, the playwright, was extremely jealous of his young rival, Richard Sheridan. It is related that he took his children to see one of the first performances of "The School for Scandal," and when they screamed with delight their irritable father pinched them, saying: "What are you laughing at? You should not laugh, my angels; there is nothing to laugh at," adding in an undertone: "Keep still, you little dunces." When this was reported to Sheridan, he said: "It was ungrateful in Cumberland to be displeased with his children for laughing at my comedy, for when I went to see his tragedy I laughed from beginning to end."

Two may talk and one may hear, but three cannot take part in a conversation of the most sincere and searching sort.—Emerson.

Mrs. Pinkham's Medicine Made a New Woman of Mrs. Kuhn.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM No. 6493] "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—I think it is my duty to write to you expressing my sincere gratitude for the wonderful relief I have experienced by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I tried different doctors, also different kinds of medicine. I would feel better at times, then would be as bad as ever. For eight years I was a great sufferer. I had falling of the womb and was in such misery at my monthly periods I could not work but a little before I would have to lie down. Your medicine has made a new woman of me. I can now work all day and not get tired. I thank you for what you have done for me. I shall always praise your medicine to all suffering women."—Mrs. E. E. KUHN, GERMANO, OHIO.

"I have taken eight bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used two packages of your Sanative Wash, also some of the Liver Pills, and I can say that your remedies will do all that you claim for them. Before taking your remedies I was very bad with womb trouble, was nervous, had no ambition, could not sleep, and my food seemed to do me no good. Now I am well, and your medicine has cured me. I will gladly recommend your medicine to every one wherever I go."—Mrs. M. L. SHEARS, GUN MARSH, MICH.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: Our Father's House—God's Homestead, Built on the Hills of Heaven, Provides Rooms For All—Vivid Picture of the Celestial Home.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.] WASHINGTON, D. C.—In a unique way the heavenly world is discoursed upon by Dr. Talmage in this sermon under the figure of a home; text, John xiv., 2, "In My Father's house are many rooms."

Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure all. The disciples were sad, and Christ offered heaven as an alternative, a stimulant and a tonic. He shows them that their sorrows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that, though now they live on the lowlands, they shall yet have a home on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harp or peony gate or throne or chariot. They may be merely used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of heaven as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in our text, the translation of which is a little changed, so as to give the more accurate meaning, says, "In My Father's house are many rooms."

This divinely authorized comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. I shall describe a healthy neighborhood of mansions, a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room, that is George's room, that is Henry's room, that is Flora's room, that is Mary's room, and the house is all occupied. But time goes by, and the sons go out into the world and build their own homes, and daughters are married or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After a while the father and mother are almost alone in the big old and, seated by the evening stand, they say, "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together forty years ago." But time goes still further by, and some of the children are unfortunate and return to the old homestead to live, and the grandchildren come with them and perhaps great-grandchildren, and again the house is full.

Millions ago God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first He lived alone in that great house, but after awhile it was occupied by a very large family, cherubs of ethereal angels. The eternities passed on, and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left, never to return, and many of the apartments were vacant, and the father and mother were alone. These apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no unoccupied room in the house.

As you and I expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about the many roomed homestead. "In My Father's house are many rooms." You see, the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent temperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets and worship with them in the temple and walk with them on the river banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments. "In My Father's house are many rooms." You see, heaven will be so large that it one wants an entire room to himself or herself it can be afforded.

An ingenious statistician, taking the statement made in Revelation, twenty-first chapter, that the heavenly Jerusalem was measured and found to be 12,000 feet high, and that the length and breadth and depth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 945 sextillion 988 quintillion feet high, and then, reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the streets and estimating that the world may last a hundred thousand years, he ciphered out that there are over 5,000,000,000,000 rooms, each room seventeen feet long, sixteen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all we can read the rooms will be palatial, and those who have no room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. I should not wonder if, instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out, there are over a million of them, each room seventeen feet long, sixteen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms too small. From all we can read the rooms will be palatial, and those who have no room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. I should not wonder if, instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out, there are over a million of them, each room seventeen feet long, sixteen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation.

Carrying out still further the symbolism of the text, let us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves. As we ascend the golden steps an invisible guardian swings open the front door, and we are ushered to the right into the reception room of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place where the departed spirit enters and a place in which he confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the new heaven arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, Abael. In that room Christ lovingly greets all newcomers. He redeemed them, and He has the right to the first embrace on arrival. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord! Better than all sight would be Him or talk about Him or sang about Him in all the churches and through all our earthly lifetime will it be, just for one second to see Him. Then the rapturous idea we ever had of Him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival or under the uplifted baton of an orator is a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of His appearance in that reception room. At that moment when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggars all description. Look! The world no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner, and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Jesus and the soul. The soul and Jesus!

But now into that reception room pour the glorified kinsfolk, enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or their sicknesses or their troubles. See what heaven has done for them—so radiant, so gleeful, so transparently lovely! They call you by name. They greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception room of the old homestead. You see, they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that none like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant. Though they were in some other world on errand from God, a spirit would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their superlunary splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation, and we will say: "Oh, my lost boy!" "Oh, my lost companion!" "Oh, my lost friend! Are we here together!" What scenes in that reception room of the old homestead have been witnessed! There met Joseph and Jacob, ending it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the little child for whom he once fasted and wept; Mary and Laz-

arus after the heartbreak of Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois; Isabella Graham and her son, son; Alida and George Cookman, the mystery of the sea at last made manifest; Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he benighted; John Howard and the prisoners whom he gospelized; and multitudes without number who, once so weary and so sad, parted on earth, but gloriously met in heaven. Among all the rooms of that house there is no one that more enraptures my soul than that reception room. "In My Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house is the throne room. We belong to the royal name is the blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throne room. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a king's residence. During the Franco-German war, I was in the summer of 1871, I stood studying the exquisite sculpturing of the gate of the Tuilleries, Paris. Lost in admiration of the wonderful art of that gate, I knew not that I was exciting suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowd of people, I found myself being closely inspected by the government officials, who from my complexion, judged me to be a German, and for some legitimate purpose I might be examining the gates of the palace. My explanation in very poor French did not satisfy them, and they followed me long distances until I reached my hotel, and there I was detained until my landlord found that I was only an inoffensive American. The gates of earthly palaces are carefully guarded, and if so, how much more the throne room! A herald named it for mirrors and costly. No one who ever saw the throne room of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold on the upholstery of chair and window, the letter N gilded on the wall, the letter N chased on the chaises, the letter N flaming from the ceiling. What a conflagration of brilliance the throne room of Charles V. Immense of Cardinal Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boniface of Italy. But the throne room of our Father's house bath a glory eclipsing all the throne rooms of earth. It is a throne of mercy, a throne of justice, a throne of universal dominion, a throne of universal glory, and covering before it, for our Father says we may yet one day come up and sit on it beside Him. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne." You see, we are princes and princesses. Perhaps now we move about incognito, as Peter the Great in the garb of a ship carpenter at Amsterdam or as Queen Tirzah in the dress of a peasant, and we are the prophet for her child's cure, but it will be found out after a while who we are when we get into the throne room. Aye, we need not wait until then. We may by prayer and fasting and good works, at this moment enter the throne room. O King, live forever! We touch the scepter and prostrate ourselves at Thy feet.

Another room in our Father's house is the music room. St. John the Baptist writes talk so much about the music of heaven that there must be music there, perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or plucked from ivory key, but, if not that, something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian hymn-writers that have gone to their rest, there must be for them some place of especial decoration. Shall we have music in this world of discords and no music in the land of complete harmony?

Another room in our Father's house you will some day meet the old masters, Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven and Doodridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose. David, the psalmist, and William Copwer, at last get rid of his spiritual melancholy, and Bishop Heber, who sang of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral reefs," and Dr. Baileys, who wrote of "High in yonder realms of light Isaac Watts, who went to visit Sir Thomas Abney and wife for a week, but proved himself so agreeable a guest that they made him a permanent resident, and by side Augustus Toplady, who had got over his dislike for Methodists, and Charles Wesley, freed from his dislike for Calvinists, and George W. Bethune, as composer of a hymn for the Sunday school as a preacher and the author of "The Village Hymns," and many who wrote in verse or song, in church or by evenside, and many who were passionately fond of music, but whose feet were themselves, the poorest singer there more than any earthly prima donna and the poorest player there more than any earthly Gottschalk. Oh, the music room, the headquarters of cadence and rhythm and phony and chant, psalm and antiphony! May we be there some hour when Haydn sits at the keys of one of his own oratorios, and Beethoven, with his hammer and his hammer, and Miriam of the Red sea bangs cymbals and cymbals, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet and the four and twenty elders chant, and Lind and Parepa render matches in the music room of the old heavenly homestead! "In My Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house will be the family room. It may correspond to the parlour in the family room of earth. At morning and evening, you know, that is the place we now meet. Though every member of the household have a separate room, in the family room they all gather, and joy and sorrow and experience of all styles are there rehearsed. Sacred room in all our dwellings, whether it be luxurious with ottomans and divans and books and pictures, or a simple room with a table and a chair, or a room with a cot and a cradle. So the family room on high will be the place where the kinfolk assemble and talk over the family experience of earth, the joys and sorrows, the births, the burials, the festival days of Christmas and Thanksgiving reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Will the aged remain aged there? Oh, no! Ever young and ever young, the child will go ahead to glorified maturity, and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. The rising sun of the one will rise in the meridian, and the descending sun of the other will set in the meridian. However much we love our children on earth, we would consider it a domestic disaster if they said children, and we would consider it a domestic disaster if they said parents. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house we will be glad that they have grandly and gloriously matured, while our parents, who were aged and infirm here, were the same in glory there, restored to the most agile and vigorous immortality there.

I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is a room for us if we will go and take it. In order to reach it it is absolutely necessary that we take the right way, and Christ is the way, and we must enter at the right door, and Christ is the door, and we must start in time, and the only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock now strikes, and the only second the one your watch is now ticking, I hold in my hand a roll of letters inviting you all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a roll of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says, "My dying yet immortal child in earthy neighborhood, I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms; I have furnished them as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, emeralds are nothing, chrysopeprus is nothing, blue-stained panels of sunrise and sunset, nothing, the aurora of the northern heavens nothing, compared with the splendor with which I have garnished them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have opened a fountain where you may wash all your sins away. Come now! Put your weary but cleansed feet on the rock that follows you, and do not see amid the thick fog of this world, the light of the old family homestead?" "In My Father's house are many rooms."

How to Get Through the Winter Without a Cold.

"This idea that many people have, that winter is an unhealthy season, is all wrong. Winter is just as healthful as summer, if people will take care of themselves. If you want to go through the winter without a cold, observe these few simple rules:

"Don't overheat your house, and don't stop all ventilation. Sleep in a cool room, but keep warmly covered. Always take off your outdoor wraps when you come in the house, and always put them on when you go out. And, lastly, just as long as there is snow on the ground, don't go without your rubbers. This last rule is the most important of all, for two colds out of three come from wet feet."—The Independent.

Reasoning Timber by Electricity.

The seasoning of timber by means of electricity has passed from the experimental stage to one of assured success. The stick to be treated is immersed in a solution containing 10 per cent of borax, 5 per cent of rosin and three-fourths of 1 per cent carbonate of soda, the borax being used on account of its antiseptic properties and the sodium carbonate to assist in dissolving the resin. A porous tray, the bottom of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold on the upholstery of chair and window, the letter N gilded on the wall, the letter N chased on the chaises, the letter N flaming from the ceiling. What a conflagration of brilliance the throne room of Charles V. Immense of Cardinal Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boniface of Italy. But the throne room of our Father's house bath a glory eclipsing all the throne rooms of earth. It is a throne of mercy, a throne of justice, a throne of universal dominion, a throne of universal glory, and covering before it, for our Father says we may yet one day come up and sit on it beside Him. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne." You see, we are princes and princesses. Perhaps now we move about incognito, as Peter the Great in the garb of a ship carpenter at Amsterdam or as Queen Tirzah in the dress of a peasant, and we are the prophet for her child's cure, but it will be found out after a while who we are when we get into the throne room. Aye, we need not wait until then. We may by prayer and fasting and good works, at this moment enter the throne room. O King, live forever! We touch the scepter and prostrate ourselves at Thy feet.

Save the Nickels.

From saving, comes having. Ask your grocer how you can save 15c by investing 5c. He can tell you just how you can get one large 10c package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two beautiful Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twentieth Century Girl Calendar, all for 5c. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain these beautiful Christmas presents free.

Freight rates in England are considerably higher than in the United States. They are fixed by act of Parliament and set forth in elaborate tables of classification and rates, together with the lines over which such apply.

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 CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, 1898.

Notary Public. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

California's dried fruit crop this year is worth approximately \$15,000,000.

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The Burlington Railroad is talking of conducting a special chicken train once a month.

No Cure, No Pay. Is the way Finley's Eye Salve is sold. Chronic and granulated lids cured in 30 days—common sore eyes in 3 days, or money back for the asking. Sold by all druggists, or by mail, 25c. box. J. P. HAYES, Decatur, Texas.

STORYETTES.

In Justin McCarthy's "Reminiscences" there is a story about Thomas Carlyle and his friend Allingham, the poet and essayist, one of the gentlest of men. One thing that would never have occurred to any of his friends as possible was the chance of his taking on himself to dispute with Carlyle. But once when Carlyle was denouncing an English statesman he gently urged that something might be said on the other side. "Eh, William Allingham," Carlyle broke forth, "you're just about the most disputatious man I ever met. Eh, man, when you're in one of your humors you'd just dispute about anything."

Mrs. Sallie Marshall Hardy, who is a descendant of Chief Justice Marshall, visited the Supreme court chambers in Washington recently and was introduced to Justice Harlan by a functionary of the court. She was then seated under the bust of her distinguished ancestor, and Justice Harlan whispered to Chief Justice Fuller: "That little woman there under Marshall's bust is his great-granddaughter." The chief justice looked toward the little woman and then said: "Tell her I am afraid the bust may fall on her." "I'm not afraid," returned Mrs. Hardy; "nothing on earth could please me so much as to have my great-grandfather's head fall on my shoulders."

When Sir John Steel, the noted English sculptor, had the duke of Wellington sitting for a statue he wanted to get him to look warlike. All his efforts were in vain, however, for Wellington seemed, judging by his face, never to have heard of Waterloo or Talavera. At last Sir John lost patience. "As I am going to make this statue of your grace," he exclaimed, "can you not tell me what you were doing before, say, the battle of Salamanca? Were you not galloping about the field cheering on your men to deeds of valor by words and action?" "Bah!" said the duke, in evident scorn. "If you really want to model me as I was on the morning of Salamanca, then do me crawling along a ditch on my stomach with a telescope in my hand."



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A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory," they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

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MUSICAL CLUBS IN SMALL TOWN

Branches of Work It Is Advisable for Them to Take Up.

There is one principle that must be strictly adhered to in any successful village musical society, there must be no drone, says the Ladies' Home Journal. The instant that any one is admitted to membership on any other grounds than ability the decline of the society has begun. Regular attendance can be secured only by arousing the enthusiasm of the members. The one word that expresses the possibilities of concerted instrumental music for the village is orchestra. This word, while rather pretentious in sound, may have an extremely humble application. Orchestra is mentioned as opposed to band; the orchestra, being intended for indoor practice, is capable of exerting a most refining influence. It is to chorus work that the vocal energies of the singers of the town must be mainly devoted, and it is best to assume a high stand from the outset, and establish an "oratorio society," rather than a "chorus" or "choral club." For this purpose a well-balanced group of thirty or forty voices is sufficient if it is composed of members who can really sing. A small chorus of unexpected volume of tone is much more effective than a large one with a disappointing volume. It may be just as well to call attention to the fact that the large music emporiums, especially those in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, are always ready to give advice and assistance in the selection of music where the members of clubs, individually or collectively, do not know just what is best for their purpose.

CHRISTMAS SHOPPING BY MAIL.

Our books show that we have nearly two million customers who live in 35 parts of the world, most of whom depend upon our mail-ordering for their Christmas gifts.—We can take care of your wants also. Hereby—satisfying suggestions made in our 30c Price Catalogue which tells of everything to buy. Wear and use also—offer part of our books, Bookcases, Bicycles, Cabinets, Brass Goods, Candles, China Closets, Cigars, Commodities, Conches, Clocks, Jewels, Desks, Drapery, Fans, Fancy Chairs, Fancy Tables, Fountain Pens, Gold Pens, Groceries, Lamps, Messengers, Handkerchiefs, Musical Instruments, Neckties, Ornaments, Pictures, Peckers, Rulers, Stationery, Shoes, Silverware, Sterling Silver Novelties, Watches, Stamps, Tablets, etc.

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The genuine have W. L. Douglas's name and price stamped on bottom. Also no substitute claimed to be as good. Your dealer should keep them in stock. We will send a pair on receipt of price. State kind of leather, size and width, plain or cap toe. Catalogue free. W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Brockton, Mass.

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Want your mustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use the BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the Whiskers. 25c. or 50c. per package. Dr. H. H. Green's Bros., Box 8, Atlanta, Ga.

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