

Member of the Family.
Omaha World-Herald: Papa Gruff—
"That young Softleigh asked me for
your hand today." Ethyl Gruff—"And
what did you say to him, papa, dear?"
Papa Gruff—"I told him your mother
needed 'em both in the dishwasher, but
complemented by giving him my foot."

Flowery speakers do not always get
the bouquets.

From Across the Continent.

"I received the Tetterine couple of
days ago. The few applications I've
made convince me that I have at last
found in this fine remedy a cure for
Eczema. I can sell a few boxes to my
friends. What discount on one dozen?
Let me know at once. R. C. Bingley,
707 Market street, San Francisco,
Cal." At druggists or by mail for 50
cents by J. T. Shuptrine.

Her Point of View.

Chicago News: He—That tall young
man dancing with Miss Dashing was
originally intended for the church, I
understand. She—Indeed! Judging
from his appearance I could easily im-
agine that he had been cut out for the
steeple.

Fritz Eloff, one of President Kruger's 50
grandchildren, bears the honorary title of
Count, despite the fact that he is only 4
years old.

Save the Nicksels.

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

Few writers have been more loyally and
sympathetically sustained in their work than
Hider Haggard, who married the winsome
daughter of Major Marginton, of Norfolk,
when he was a stripling of 21, without any
thought of literary fame.

"Do It and Stick to It."

If you are sick and discouraged with im-
pure blood, catarrh or rheumatism, take
Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully and persist-
ently, and you will soon have a cure.
This medicine has cured thousands of
others, and it will do the same for you.
Faithfully taken.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

The Boy Who Didn't Count.
Mrs. Tindler—Why, Johnny, what is
the matter with you? You've been
fighting! And I told you to count ten
when you were angry. Johnny—I did,
but Tommy Tinker played roost on me.
He didn't count his ten until after he'd
plunked me in the eye.—Boston Transcript.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

The best remedy for
Consumption. Cures
Coughs, Colds, Grippe,
Bronchitis, Hoarse-
ness, Asthma, Whooping
cough, Croup, Smallpox, quick, sure results.
Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation. Trial, 20 for 5c.

The Youthful Essayist.

Among the gems of general knowl-
edge which sometimes serve to illu-
minate the dull routine of elementary
education the following "Essay on St.
Stephen," a copy of which reaches us
from the vicinity of a Church of Eng-
land school in Surrey, is worthy of a
place. The author appears to have de-
rived his misinformation from both lay
and ecclesiastical sources, and he
writes: "We have heard that St.
Stephen was the first one to find out
how to make the steam engine. He
first made the puffin-Billy and many
others, and he went on makin em, and
some he made better than all the
others, and these he is the ones you see
in the stashuns." This is pretty good, but
our admiration is boundless when,
with infinite gravity and brevity, our
youthful essayist concludes: "I say
not this thing to my charge," said he,
when he was a-dyin of bein stoned.—
Literature.

Sick Women Advised to Seek Advice of Mrs. Pinkham.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 24,763]
"I had inflammation and falling of
the womb, and inflammation of
ovaries, and was in great pain. I took
medicine prescribed by a physician,
but it did me no good. At last I heard
of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound, and after using it, faithfully I
am thankful to say I am a well woman.
I would advise all suffering women to
seek advice of Mrs. Pinkham."—Mrs.
G. H. CHAPPELL, GRANT PARK, ILL.

"For several years my health was
miserable. I suffered the most dread-
ful pains, and was almost on the verge
of insanity. I consulted one of the
best physicians in New York, and he
pronounced my disease a fibroid tumor,
advising an operation without delay,
saying that it was my only chance for
life. Other doctors prescribed strong
and violent medicine, and one said I
was incurable, another told me my
only salvation was galvanic batteries,
which I tried, but nothing relieved me.
One day a friend called and begged me
to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound. I began its use and took
several bottles. From the very first
bottle there was a wonderful change
for the better. The tumor has dis-
appeared entirely and my old spirits have
returned. I heartily recommend your
medicine to all suffering women."—
Mrs. VAN CLEFT, 416 SAUNDERS AVE.,
JERSEY CITY HEIGHTS, N. J.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: The Coming Sermon—Inspiration
For the Future Religious Exhortation
Will Be Drawn From the Living Christ
—Theology Must Take a Back Seat.

(Copyright, Louis Klopfel, 1899.)
WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr.
Talmage addresses all Christian workers
and describes what he thinks will be the
modes of preaching the gospel in the future;
text, Romans xii. 7. "Or ministry, let us
wait on our ministering."

While I was seated on a piazza of a hotel
at Lexington, Ky., one summer evening a
gentleman asked me, "What do you think
of the coming sermon?" I supposed he was
asking me in regard to some new discourse
of Dr. Cumming of London, who some-
times preached startling sermons and re-
plied, "I have not seen it." But I found
out afterward that he meant to ask what I
thought would be the characteristics of
the coming sermon of the world, the ser-
mon of the future, the word "Coming" as
a noun pronounced the same as the
word "coming" as an adjective. But my
mistake suggested to me a very important
and practical theme, "The Coming Ser-
mon."

Before the world is converted the style of
religious discourse will have to be con-
verted. You might as well go into the
modern Sedan or Gettysburg with bows
and arrows, instead of rifles and bomb-
bombs and parks of artillery, as to expect to
conquer this world for God by the old styles
of exhortation and sermonology. John-
son's Edwards preached the sermons most
adapted to the age in which he lived, but
if those sermons were preached now they
would divide an audience into two classes—
those sound asleep and those wanting to
go.

But there is a discourse of the future.
Who will preach it I have no idea. In what
part of the earth it will be born I have no
idea. In which denomination of Christians
it will be delivered I cannot guess. That
discourse of exhortation may be born in
the country meeting house on the banks of
the St. Lawrence or the Oregon or the Ohio
or the Tombigbee or the Alabama. The
person who shall deliver it may this mo-
ment be in a cradle under the shadow of
the Sierra Nevada or in a New England
farmhouse or amid the ricefields of South-
ern swamps, or this moment there may be
some young man in one of our theological
seminaries, in the junior or middle or sen-
ior class, shaping that weapon of power,
or there may be coming some new baptism
of the Holy Ghost on the churches, so that
some of us who now stand in the watch-
towers of Zion, waking to a realization of
our present emergency, may preach it our-
selves. That coming discourse may not be
fifty years off. And let us pray God that
its arrival may be hastened while I an-
nounce to you what I think will be the chief
characteristics of that discourse of exhortation
when it does arrive, and I want to
make my remarks appropriate and sug-
gestive to all classes of Christian workers.

First of all, I remark that that future
religious discourse will be full of a living
Christ in contradistinction to discursive
theologies. A discourse may be full of
Christ though hardly mentioning His name,
and a sermon may be empty of Christ while
every sentence is repetitions of His titles.
Christ should be living, Christ, not
Christ standing at the head of a formal sys-
tem of theology, but a Christ who means
pardon and sympathy and condolence and
brotherhood and life and heaven, a poor
man's Christ, a rich man's Christ, an over-
worked man's Christ, an invalid's Christ, a
farmer's Christ, a merchant's Christ, an ar-
tisan's Christ, an every man's Christ.

A symmetrical and line worded system of
theology is well enough for the theological
classes, but it has no more business in a
pulpit than have the technical phrases of
an anatomist or a psychologist or a physi-
cians in the sickroom of a patient. The
world wants help, immediate and up-
lifting, and it will come through a dis-
course in which Christ shall walk right
down into the immortal soul and take over-
board the system of it, filling it full of
light as in this noonday sermon.

That sermon of exhortation of the future
will not deal with men in the threadbare
illustrations of Jesus Christ. In that con-
tingency there will be instances of
vicarious suffering taken right out of
everyday life, for there is not a day when
somebody is not dying for others—as the
physician saving his diphtheritic patient
by sacrificing his own life; as the ship cap-
tain going down with his vessel while he
is getting his passengers into the lifeboat;
as the fireman consuming in the burning
of his life in taking a child out of a
fourth story window; as in summer
strong swimmer at East Hampton or Long
Branch or Cape May or Lake George him-
self perished trying to rescue the drown-
ed; as the newspaper boy one summer
supporting his mother for some years, his
invalid mother, when offered by a gentle-
man fifty cents to get some special paper,
and he got it and rushed up in his anxiety
and was crushed under the wheels of the
train and lay on the grass with only
strength enough to say, "Oh, what will
become of my poor, sick mother!" And
as the engineer who saved his life and
the lives of his passengers by saving his
locomotive in Dakota: "We men seem to
be coming to a better appreciation than
we used to. Did you see that account the
other day of an engineer who to save his
passengers stuck to his post, and when he
was found dead in the locomotive which
was upside down, he was found still smil-
ing, his hand on the air-brake?" And as
the man who said to me he put his hand
on the air-brake to illustrate his meaning,
and looked at me and thought: "You
would be just as much a hero in the same
case."

Oh, in that religious discourse of the
future there will be living illustrations
taken out from everyday life of vicarious
suffering—illustrations that will bring to
mind the greater sacrifices of Him, who in
the high places of the field, on the cross,
fought our battles, and endured our
struggle and died our death. A German scrip-
tor made an image of Christ, and he asked
his little child, two years old, who it was
and she said, "That must be some very
great man." The sculptor was displeased
with the criticism, so he got another block
of marble and chiseled away on it two or
three years, and then he brought in his
little child, four or five years of age, and
said to her, "Who do you think that is?"
She said, "That must be the One who took
little children in His arms and blessed
them." Then the sculptor was satisfied.
Oh, my friends, what the world wants is
not a cold Christ, not an intellectual
Christ, not a severely magisterial Christ,
but a loving Christ, spreading out His
arms of sympathy to press the whole world
to His loving heart.

But I remark again that the religious
discourse of the future will have to be
short. Condensation is demanded by the
age in which we live. No more need of
long introductions and long applications
so many divisions to a discourse that
it may be said to be hydra-headed. In
other days men got all their information
from the pulpit. There were few books,
and there were no newspapers, and there
was little travel from place to place, and
people would sit and listen two and a half
hours to a religious discourse, and "seven-
teenthly" would find them fresh and chip-
per. In those days there was enough time
for a man to take an hour to warm him-
self up to the subject and an hour to cool off.
But what was a necessity then is a superflu-
ity now. Congregations are full of
knowledge from books, from newspapers,
from rapid and continuous intercommuni-
cation and long disquisitions of what they
know already will not be abided. If a re-
ligious teacher cannot compress what he
wishes to say to the people in the space of
forty-five minutes, better adjourn it to
some other day.

The trouble is we preach audiences into

a Christian frame and then we preach
them out of it. We forget that every aud-
ience has so much capacity of attention, and
when that is exhausted He is restless, that
accident on the Long Island railroad years
ago. We want at the same time the stout
brakes to let down at the right instant.
It is a dismal thing, after a hearer
has comprehended the whole subject, to
hear a man say, "Now recapitulate," and
"A few words by way of application," and
"Once more," and "Finally," and
"Now to conclude."

Paul preached until midnight, and Ety-
ubus for sound asleep and fell out of a
window and broke his neck. Some would
say, "Good for him." I would rather be
asymmetrical, like Paul, than resuscitate
him. That accident is often quoted now in
religious circles as a warning against some-
thing in church. It is just as much a
warning to ministers against prolixity.
Etyubus was wrong in his somnolence,
but Paul made a mistake when he kept on
until midnight. He ought to have stopped
at 11 o'clock, and there would have been
no accident. If Paul might have gone on
to too great length, let all those of us who
are now preaching the gospel remember
that there is a limit to religious discourses,
or ought to be, and that in our time we
have no apostolic power of miracles. Na-
poleon in an address of seven minutes
thrilled his army and thrilled Europe.
Christ's sermon on the mount, the model
sermon, was less than eighteen minutes long
at ordinary mode of delivery. It is not
electrically scattered all over the sky that
strikes, but electrically gathered into a
thunderbolt and hurled, and it is not reli-
gious truth scattered over and spread out
over a vast reach of time, but religious
truth projected in compact form that
flashes light upon the soul and rives its
differences.

When the religious discourse of the
future arrives in this land and in the
Christian church, the discourse which is to
arouse the world to religious devotion and
usher in the kingdom, it will be a brief
discourse.

Hear it, all theological students, all ye
yet entering upon religious work, all ye
men and women who are laboring in schools
and other departments are toiling for
Christ and the salvation of immortals—
briefly, briefly!

But I remark also that the religious
discourse of the future of which I speak
will be a popular discourse. There are
those in these times who speak of a popular
sermon as though there must be something
wrong about it. As these critics are do-
ing themselves, the world gets the impression
that a sermon is good in proportion as it is
stupid. Christ was the most popular
preacher the world ever saw and, consid-
ering the small number of the world's
population, had the largest audi-
ence ever gathered. He never preached
anywhere without making a great
impression. People rushed out to the wil-
derness to hear Him rock of their physical
necessities. So great was their anxiety
to hear Christ that, taking no food with
them, they would have fainted and starved
had not Christ performed a miracle and
fed them. Why do so many people take
the truth at Christ's hands? Because they
all understood it. He illustrated His sub-
ject by a hen and her chickens, by a bushel
measure, by a handful of wheat, by a great
sight and by a little aroma. All the people
knew what He meant, and they flocked to
Him. And when the religious discourse of
the future appears it will be Prince-
tonian, not Eastern, not Southern,
not Middletonian, but Olivetian—plain,
practical, unique, earnest, comprehensive
of all the woes, wants, sins and sorrows of
an auditory.

But what that exhortation or discourse
does come there will be a thousand gleam-
ing semitars to charge on it. There are in
so many theological seminaries professors
telling young men how to preach, how to
preach to the masses, and I am old that
if a young man in some of our theological
seminaries says anything quaint or trill-
ing or unique faculty and students fly
at him and set him right, and straighten him
out and smooth him down and chop him
off until he says everything just as every-
body else says it. Oh, when the future
religious discourse of the Christian church ar-
rives all the churches of Christ in our great
cities will be thronged! The world wants
spiritual help. All who have buried their
dead want comfort. All know themselves
to be mortal and to be immortal, and they
want to hear about the great future. I tell
you, my friends, if the people of our great
cities who have had trouble only thought
they could get practical and sympathetic
help in the Christian church, they would
flood the churches of Christ in our great
cities with a river which would be passable
on the Sabbath day if there were a church
on it, for all the people would press to
that oasis of mercy that great house of
comfort and consolation.

A mother with a dead babe in her arms
came to the god Siva and asked to have
her child restored to life. The god Siva
said to her, "You go and get a mustard
seed from a house in which there has
been no sorrow and in which there has
been no death, and I will restore your
child to life." So the mother went out,
and she went from house to house and
from home to home looking for a place
where there had been no sorrow and where
there had been no death, but she found
none. She went back to her house and
said, "My mission is a failure. You see, I
haven't brought the mustard seed. I can't
find a place where there has been no sor-
row and no death." "Oh!" says the god
Siva, "Understand, the sorrows were no
worse than the sorrows of others. We all
have our griefs, and all have our heart-
breaks."

"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone;
For the sad old earth must borrow its
mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own."

We hear a great deal of discussion now
all over the world as to whether we ought
to go to church. Some say it is because
Christianity is dying out and because peo-
ple do not believe in the truth of God's
word, and all that. They are false reasons.
The reason is because our sermons and ex-
hortations are not interesting and prac-
tical and helpful.

Some one might as well tell the whole
truth on this subject, and as I will tell it,
the religious discourse of the future, the
gospel sermon to some forth and shake the
nations and lift people out of darkness,
will be a popular sermon, just for the sim-
ple reason that will meet the woes and
the wants and the anxieties of the people.
There are in all our denominations ec-
clesiastical mummies sitting around to
frown upon the fresh young pulpits of
America to try to prevent them to cry out:
"Tat, tat, tat! Sensational!" They stand
to-day preaching in churches that hold
a thousand people, and there are a
hundred per cent present, and if they can-
not have the world saved in their way it
seems as if they do not want it saved at
all.

I do not know but the old way of making
the gospel of Jesus Christ, and its col-
legiate education and an apprenticeship
under the care and home attention of some
earnest, aged Christian minister, the young
man getting the patriarch's spirit and as-
sisting him in his religious service.

The printing press is to be the great
agency of gospel proclamation. It is high
time that good men, instead of denouncing
the press, employ it to scatter forth the
gospel of Jesus Christ.

The vast majority of people in our cities
do not come to church and nothing but
the printed sermon can reach them and call
them to pardon and life and peace and
heaven.

The time will come when all the village,
town and city newspapers will reproduce
the gospel of Jesus Christ, and every ser-
mon preached on the Sabbath will reverberate
all around the world, and, some by type and
some by voice, all nations will be evangeli-
zied.

SHE WAS A BRAVE GIRL.

Kept Her Presence of Mind When At-
tacked by an Alligator.

Some days ago a little girl, a daugh-
ter of Mrs. Fields, living on Lake Gib-
son, near Lakeland, Fla., jumped off
the wharf on the lake to take a swim.
She is an expert swimmer, but had
hardly touched the water before she
was seized by the leg, between the
knee and ankle, by an alligator. She
was pulled under the water by the au-
rilar, but managed to break away and
started hastily toward the shore, only
a few yards distant. The gator again
came to the attack, this time seizing
her in the fleshy part of the side, be-
tween the ribs and hip. The little one
was plucky, however, and managed to
again break away from the cruel jaws,
this time reaching the shore, the gator
following until she was on dry
land; then he disappeared from view.
The girl never lost her presence of
mind, which probably was the reason
of her escaping alive. She gives a very
graphic description of the dangerous
encounter, and has two very ugly
wounds to vouch for her story. She
says she could not see the entire length
of the beast, but from what she could
see would judge it to have been only
about five feet long—a small gator to
attack a person. The girl is 14 years
of age.—Baltimore Sun.

Had Beginning with a Mother-in-Law.

From Fun: Mrs. Henpecker—I must
tell you, Mr. Blunt, that if you marry
my daughter, you will find that she has
a temper of her own. Mr. Blunt—I
don't mind that, madam, so long as
she hasn't any of yours.

Like Finding Money.

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 5¢ you
are enabled to get one large 10¢ package
of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10¢ package
of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the
premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed
in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twen-
tieth Century Girl Calendar, embossed in
gold. Ask your grocer for this starch and
obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free.

Gen. William M. E. Dye, Vice-Minister of
War in Korea, who has just died in Muske-
gon, Mich., while on a leave of absence from
his post, was chief of police in Washington
during the Garfield administration.

How's This.

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for
any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by
Hull's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Che-
ney for the last 15 years, and believe him per-
fectly honorable in all his business transac-
tions, and financially able to carry out any obli-
gation made by his firm.
W. & T. BULL, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo,
Ohio.
WALDING, KIRWAN & MARVIN, Wholesale
Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hull's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, act-
ing directly upon the blood and mucous sur-
face of the system. Price, 50¢ per bottle.
Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.
Hull's Family Pills are the best.

Miss Hay, daughter of the Secretary of
State, is writing a novel.

Ayer's Pills

Sick headache. Food doesn't di-
gest well, appetite poor, bowels con-
stipated, tongue coated. It's your
liver! Ayer's Pills are liver pills,
easy and safe. They cure dyspep-
sia, biliousness. 25c. All Druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful
brown or rich black? Then use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the
Whiskers
50¢ per package, or 25¢ per tin.

VITALITY

CURED BY DR. KLINE'S INFALLIBLE
SILVER TONIC
FREE! \$1 TRIAL BOTTLE.

CARTER'S INK

Bring your children up on it.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 & 3.50 SHOES UNION
MADE.

Worth \$4 to \$6 compared
with other makes.

Indorsed by over
3,000,000 weavers.

The genuine have W. L.
Douglas' name and price
stamped on bottom. Take
care not to substitute cheap
imitations. Your dealer
should keep them—If
not, we will send a pair
on receipt of price. State
kind of leather, size, and width, plain or
cap toe. Catalogue C free.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., Bridgeton, Mass.

Ruskin's Gift.

During the proceedings of the recent
conference of the Library associa-
tion in England a characteristic
story of John Ruskin was told in con-
nection with the subject of village lib-
raries. A library for the laborers of a
lake country village had been estab-
lished, and just before the opening Mr
Ruskin was asked to inspect it. He
cordially consented, and upon leaving
expressed his admiration of the ar-
rangements, and promised to send a
present, which came in the form of a
sumptuous set of Scott's novels. The
wife of the founder thought the edi-
tion much too splendid for the pur-
pose, and at the earliest opportunity told
the donor so. "Madam," said Ruskin,
"If the money the books cost had been
spent in floral decorations or wines
for a dinner, nothing would have been
said against it, but because it has been
said for the enjoyment of the
simple villagers it is thought extrava-
gant."



Some grocers are so short sighted as to decline to
keep the Ivory Soap, claiming it does not pay as much
profit as inferior qualities do, so if your regular grocer
refuses to get it for you, there are undoubtedly others
who recognize the fact that the increased volume of
business done by reason of keeping the best articles
more than compensates for the smaller profit, and will
take pleasure in getting it for you.

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SUCCESSFUL SHOOTERS SHOOT WINCHESTER

Rifles, Repeating Shotguns, Ammunition and
Loaded Shotgun Shells. Winchester guns and
ammunition are the standard of the world, but
they do not cost any more than poorer makes.
All reliable dealers sell Winchester goods.
FREE: Send name and address on a postal for 15¢
page illustrated Catalogue describing all the guns and
ammunition made by the
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.,
176 WINCHESTER AVE., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

TRAGEDIES OF HUNTING.

Don't Shoot Until You Know What You
Are Shooting At.

The deer hunting season in the
Adirondacks opened Aug. 1. Four days
later followed a tragedy. Two brothers
were camping on the eighth lake of
the Fulton chain. For the younger,
a youth of 17 years, it was the first
season of camp life, and, like all
youngsters in the woods in their in-
itial experience, he was aglow with
ardor to get his first deer. About sun-
down this younger brother left camp
alone and shortly after was followed
by the other. When the elder of the
two came to the Durant road he saw a
movement of the brush, such as is
caused by a deer. On the instant he
raised his rifle, took quick aim at the
moving brush, fired, then rushed in to
see what he had shot, and found his
brother, who had been killed instantane-
ously by a shot through the breast. A
human life cut short in the flower of
youth. Another life clouded by the
anguish of the hour and by life-long
regret and self-reproach. A home deso-
lated. And all as the fruit of one
foolish movement with a deadly weap-
on in the woods. If we did not read
the stories of such accidents year after
year, and from time to time meet the
bereaved fathers and mothers, and
wives and children of the victims, it
would be impossible to conceive that
grown men could be found to bring
this woe upon themselves and upon
their fellows. And yet season after
season the record grows. Now it is a
farmer who shoots a neighbor by mis-
take for a ground hog; now a Maine
moose hunter who kills his guide for
big game, and now the Adirondack
camper who does to death his brother
for a deer. Before the season shall be
over and the rifles put away we shall
hear probably of a score of such trage-
dies. And it is all so cruelly heart-
rending because so unnecessary.

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