"Do Not Burn the Candle At Both Ends."

Don't think you can go on drawing vitality from the blood for nerves, stomach, brain and muscles, without doing something to replace it. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives nerve, mental and digestive strength by enriching and vitalizing the blood. Thus it helps overworked and tired people.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

What Preserved Him.

Here is a good story of the late C. H. Spurgeon and Dr. Clifford: One day Mr. Spurgeon genially said to Dr. Clifford: "I cannot think how it it, Clifford, that you do not become more of a Calvinist, seeing that you meet Calvinists so frequently." "Well, Mr. Spurgeon," replied Dr. Clifford, "I see you only once a month, but I read my Bible every day, and that keeps me straight."—Home Magazine.

Donald's Christmas Present.

From Brooklyn Life: Ruth—Did you get anything from Santa Claus, Donald? Cousin Donald—You bet I did. I got a good lickin' fer callin' him pa an' pullin' his beard off!

Dr. Bull's
Cures all Throat and Lung Affections.
COUGH SYRUP
Get the genuine. Refuse substitutes.
IS SURE
Dr. Bull's Pills cure Dyspepsia. Trial, 10 for 5c.

Buller Dismissed the Guest.

Sir Redvers Buller is credited with being of that type of officers whose "butcher's bill" is rather more likely than not to be large. That he is not a person who will allow any ordinary considerations to swerve him from what he thinks is his duty was shown at a dinner in his house not long ago. A certain well-known man was present, and told an anecdote which was so "off-color" that the ladies were excessively displeased and distressed. When the dinner was over Sir Redvers rang the bell. "Mr. A.'s carriage," he ordered when the butler appeared. "I do not expect my brougham so early," said Mr. A., and and there was a gleam of defiance in his eyes. Sir Redvers did not reply, but he took Mr. A. by the arm, and led him gently into the hall. "It is time for you to go," he said quietly and his guest went.

Every time an angler loses a fish he is entitled to a re-bait.

THE NERVES OF WOMEN

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieves the Suffering from Overwrought Nerves.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am so grateful for the benefit derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I wish you to publish this testimonial that others may know the value of your medicine. I was suffering such tortures from nervous prostration that life was a burden. I could not sleep at all and was too weak to walk across the floor without aid. The disease had reached a condition where my heart was affected by it, so that often I could not lie down at all without almost suffocating. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like magic. I feel that your medicine has been of inestimable benefit to me."—MISS ADELE WILLIAMSON, 196 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.

Thin, Sallow and Nervous

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was thin, sallow and nervous. I had not had my menses for over a year and a half. Doctored with several physicians in town and one specialist, but did not get any better. I finally decided to try your medicine, and wrote to you. After I had taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three of Blood Purifier, my menses returned, and I feel as well and strong as I ever did, and am gaining flesh."—MISS LENA GAINES, Visalia, Tulare Co., Cal.

CHOICE Vegetables will always find a ready market—but only that farmer can raise them who has studied the great secret how to obtain both quality and quantity by the judicious use of well-balanced fertilizers. No fertilizer for Vegetables can produce a large yield unless it contains at least 8% Potash. Send for our books, which furnish full information. We send them free of charge.

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

THE MILLION DOLLAR POTATO
Most talked of potato on earth! Our Catalog tells—so also about Salzer's Earliest Six Weeks' Potato. Largest farm and vegetable seed growers in U.S. Potatoes, $1.20 and up a bbl. Send this notice and 5c. stamp for Big Catalog.
JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE, WIS.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: The Affairs of Others—The Busybody Has a Mission to Perform When His Motive is Good—Search Out the Miserable and Offer Them Consolation.

[Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1900.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how we should interest ourselves in the affairs of others for their benefit, but never for their damage; text, I Peter, iv., 15, "A busybody in other men's matters."

Human nature is the same in all ages. In the second century of the world's existence people had the same characteristics as people in the nineteenth century, the only difference being that they had the characteristics for a longer time. It was 500 years of goodness or 500 years of meanness instead of goodness or meanness for forty or fifty years. Well, Simon Peter, who was a keen observer of what was going on around him, one day caught sight of a man whose characteristics were severe inspection and blatant criticism of the affairs belonging to people for whom he had no responsibility, and with the hand once browned and hardened by fishing tackle drew this portrait for all subsequent ages, "A busybody in other men's matters."

That kind of person has been a trouble maker in every country since the world stood. Appointing himself to the work of exploration and detection, he goes forth mischief making. He generally begins by reporting the infelicity discovered. He is the advertising agent of infirmities and domestic inharmony and occurrences that but for him would never have come to the public eye or ear. He feels that the secret ought to be hauled out into light and heralded. If he can get one line of it into the newspapers, that he feels to be a noble achievement to start with. But he must not let it stop. He whispers it to his neighbors, and they in turn whisper it to their neighbors, until the whole town is abuzz and agog. You can no more catch it or put it down than you can a malaria. It is in the air and on the wing and afloat. Taken by itself, it seems of little importance, but after a hundred people have handled it and each has given it an additional twist it becomes a story in size and shape marvelous. If it can be kept going, after awhile it will be large enough to call the attention of the courts or the presbyteries or conferences or associations. The most of the scandals abroad are the work of the one whom Peter in the text styles "a busybody in other men's matters."

First, notice that such a mission is most undesirable, because we all require all the time we can get to take care of our own affairs. To carry ourselves through the treacherous straits of this life demands that we all the time keep our hand on the wheel of our own craft. While, as I shall show you before I get through, we all have a mission of kindness to others, we have no time to waste in doing that which is damaging to others.

There is our worldly calling, which must be looked after or it will become a failure. Who succeeds in anything without concentrating all his energies upon that one thing? All those who try to do many things go to pieces either as to their health or their fortune. They go on until they pay ten cents on the dollar or pay their body into the grave. We cannot manage the affairs of others and keep our own affairs prosperous. While we are inquiring how precarious is the business of another merchant and finding out how many notes he has unpaid and how soon he will probably be wound up or make an assignment or hear the sheriff's hammer smite his counter our own affairs are getting mixed up and endangered. While we are criticising our neighbor for his poor crops we are neglecting the fertilization of our own fields or allowing the weeds to choke our own corn. While we are trying to extract the mote from our neighbor's eye we fall under the weight of the beam in our own eye. Those men disturbed by the faults of others are themselves the depot at which whole trains of faults arrive and from which whole trains of faults start. The men who have succeeded in secular things or religious things will tell you that they have no time for hunting out the deficits of others. On the way to their counting room they may have heard that a firm in the same line of business was in trouble, and they said, "Sorry, very sorry." But they went in and sat down at their table and opened the book containing a full statement of their affairs to see if they were in peril of being caught in a similar cyclone.

Gadders about town, with hands in pockets and hats set far back on the head, waiting to hear baleful news, are failures now or will be failures. Christian men and women who go round with mouth and looks full of interrogation points to find how some other church member is given to exaggeration or drinks too much or neglects his home for greater outside attractions have themselves so little grace in their hearts that no one suspects they have any. In proportion as people are consecrated and holy and useful they are lenient with others and disposed to say: "Wait until we hear the other side of that matter. I cannot believe that charge made against that man or woman until we have some better testimony than that given by these scandal mongers. I guess it is a lie."

Furthermore, we are incapacitated for the supervisal of others because we cannot see all sides of the affair reprehended. People are generally not so much to blame as we suppose. It is never right to do wrong, but there may be alleviations. There may have arisen a conjunction of circumstances which would have flung any one of us. The world gives only one side of the transaction, and that is always the worst side. That defaulter at the bank who loaned money he ought not to have loaned did it for the advantage of another, not for his own. That young man who purloined from his employer did so because his mother was dying for the lack of medicine. That young woman who went wrong did not get enough wages to keep her from starving to death. Most people who make moral shipwreck would do right in some exigency, but they have not the courage to say "No."

Furthermore, we make ourselves a disgusting spectacle when we become busybodies. What a diabolical enterprise those undertake who are ever looking for the moral lapse or downfall of others! As the human race is a most imperfect race, all such hunters find plenty of game. There have been sewing societies in churches which tore to pieces more reputations than they made garments for the poor. With their sarcasms and sly hints and depreciation of motives they punctured more good names than they had needles. With their scissors they cut character bias and back stitched every evil report they got hold of. Meetings of boards of directors have sometimes ruined good business men by insinuations against them. The bad work may not have been done so much by words, for they would be libelous, but by a twinkle of the eye or a shrug of the shoulder or a sarcastic accentuation of a word. "Yes, he is all right when he is sober." "Have you inquired into that man's history?" "Do you know what business he was in before he entered this?" "I move that the application be laid on the table until some investigations now going on are consummated." It is easy enough to start a suspicion that will never down, but what a despicable man is the one who started it!

All people make mistakes—say things that afterward they are sorry for and miss opportunity of uttering the right word and doing the right thing. But when they say their prayers at night these defects are sure to be mentioned somewhere between the name of the Lord, for whose mercy they plead, and the amen that closes the supplication. "That has not been my observation," says some one. Well, I am sorry for you, my brother, my sister. What an awful crowd you must have got into! Or, as is more probable, you are one of the characters that my text sketches. You have not been hunting for partridges and quail, but for vultures. You have been microscopizing the world's faults. You have been down in the marshes when you ought to have been on the uplands. I have caught you at last. You are "a busybody in other men's matters."

How is it that you can always find two opinions about any one and those two opinions exactly opposite? I will tell you the reason. It is because there are two sides to every character—the best side and the worst side. A well disposed man chiefly seeks the best side. The badly disposed seeks chiefly the worst side. Be ours the desire to see the best side, for it is healthier for us so to do and stirs admiration, which is an elevated state, while the desire to find the worst side keeps one in a spirit of disquietude and disgust and mean suspicion, and that is a pulling down of our own nature, a disfurnement of our own character. I am afraid the imperfections of others will kill us yet.

The habit I deplore is apt to show itself in the visage. A kindly man who wishes everybody well soon demonstrates his disposition in his looks. His features may fracture all the laws of handsome physiognomy, but God puts into that man's eyes and in the curve of his nostrils and in the upper and lower lip the signature of Divine approval. And you see it at a glance, as plainly as though it had been written all over his face in rose color: "This is one of My princes. He is on the way to coronation. I bless him now with all the benedictions that infinity can afford. Look at him. Admire him. Congratulate him."

But there is a worthy and Christian way of looking abroad upon others, not for the purpose of bringing them to disadvantage or advertising their weaknesses or putting in "great primer" or "paragon" type their frailities, but to offer help, sympathy and rescue. That is Christlike, and he who does so wins the applause of the high heavens. Just look abroad for the people who have made great mistakes and put a big plaster of condolence on their lacerations. Such people are never sympathized with although they need an infinity of solace. Domestic mistakes. Social mistakes. Ecclesiastical mistakes. Political mistakes.

There is a public man who has made a political mistake from which he will never recover. At the next elections he will be put back and put down into a place of disapproval from which he will never rise. Just go to that man and unroll the scroll of 100 splendid Americans who, after occupying high places of promotion, were relegated to private life and public scorn. Show him in what glorious company he has been placed by the anathema of the ballot box.

There is a man or woman who has made a conjugal mistake, and a vulture has been put into the same cage with a dove or a lion and a lamb in the same jungle. The world laughs at the misfortune, but it is your business to weep with their woe. There is a merchant who bought at the wrong time or a manufacturer whose old machinery has been superseded by a new invention or who under change of tariff on certain styles of fabric has been dropped from affluence into bankruptcy. Go to him and recall the names of fifty business men who lost all but their honesty and God and heaven. Let them know there are hundreds of good men who have gone under that are thought of in heavenly spheres more than many who are high up and going higher. All will acknowledge that good and lovely Arthur Tappan, who failed in business, was more to be admired than William Tweed in possession of his stolen millions.

Hear it! The more you go to busying yourselves in other men's matters the better if you have design of offering relief. Search out the quarrels, that you may settle them; the fallen, that you may lift them; the pangs, that you may assuage them. Arm yourself with two bottles of Divine medicine, the one a tonic and the other an anæsthetic, the latter to soothe and quiet, the former to stimulate, to inspire to sublime action. That man's matters need looking after in this respect. There are 10,000 men and women who need your help and need it right away. They do not sit down and cry. They make no appeal for help, but within ten yards of where you sit in church and within ten minutes' walk of your home there are people in enough trouble to make them shriek out with agony if they had not resolved upon suppression.

If you are rightly interested in other men's matters, go to those who are just starting in their occupations or professions and give them a boost. Those old physicians do not want your help, for they are surrounded with more patients than they can attend to, but cheer those young doctors who are counting out their first drops to patients who cannot afford to pay. Those old attorneys at the law want no help from you, for they take retainers only from the more prosperous clients, but cheer those young attorneys who have not had a brief at all lucrative. Those old merchants have their business so well established that they feel independent of banks, of all changes in tariffs, of all panics, but cheer those young merchants who are making their first mistakes in bargain and sale. That old farmer who has 200 acres in best tillage and his barns full of harvested crops and the grain merchant having bought his wheat at high prices before it was reaped needs no sympathy from you, but cheer up that young farmer whose acres are covered with a big mortgage and the drought strikes them the first year. That builder with contracts made for the construction of half a dozen houses and the owners impatient for occupancy is not to be pitied, but give your sympathy to that mechanic in early acquaintance with hammer and saw and bit and amid all the limitations of a journeyman.

And now my words are to the invisible multitudes I reach week by week, but yet will never see in this world, but whom I expect to meet at the bar of God and hope to see in the blessed heaven. The last word that Dwight L. Moody, the great evangelist, said to me at Plainfield, N. J., and he repeated the message for me to others, was, "Never be tempted under any circumstances to give up your weekly publication of sermons throughout the world." That solemn charge I will heed as long as I have strength to give them and the newspaper types desire to take them. Oh, ye people back there in the Sheffield mines of England and ye in the sheep pastures of Australia, and ye amid the pictured terraces of New Zealand, and ye among the cinnamon and color inflamed groves of Ceylon, and ye Armenians weeping over the graves of murdered households in Asia Minor, and ye amid the idolatries of Benares on the Granges, and ye dwellers on the banks of the Androscoggin, and the Alabama, and the Mississippi, and the Oregon, and the Shannon, and the Rhine, and the Tiber, and the Danube, and the Nile, and the Euphrates, and the Caspian and the Yellow seas; ye of the four corners of the earth who have greeted me again and again, accept this point blank offer of everything for nothing, of everything of pardon and comfort and illumination and safety and heaven, "without money and without price." What a gospel for all lands, all zones, all ages! Gospel of sympathy! Gospel of hope! Gospel of emancipation! Gospel of sunlight! Gospel of enthronement! Gospel of eternal victory! Take it all ye people, until your sins are all pardoned, and your sorrows all solaced, and your wrongs all righted, and your dying pillow be spread at the foot of a ladder which, though like the one that was let down to Bethel, may be thronged with descending and ascending immortals, shall nevertheless have room enough for you to climb, foot over foot, on rungs of light till you go clear up out of sight of all earthly perturbation into the realm where "the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

KEYSTONE STATE.

LATEST NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS.

MILL GIRLS HAVE SET-TO.

Greystone, Splendid Residence of Charles R. Harris at Williamsport, Totally Destroyed With a Loss of Over $60,000—Family Has a Narrow Escape—Michael Murphy Meets a Horrible Death.

Not since the Eyre case became a drug on the market has such a sensation been caused at Chester as when Lydie Feeney and Emma Savak engaged in a pugilistic encounter. Both are employed in the spinning-room of a Chester mill and were the best of friends until they had some words over their work. Instead of keeping up a battle of tongues they decided to fight with bare knuckles, hair pulling barred, but anything else to go that might result in successful damage to the other's points of beauty. The bout was scheduled to take place immediately after hours and the big whistle had scarcely blown when the two fair contestants rushed out to a dark corner of the mill yard and prepared for the struggle. Surrounding them and forming the "squared circle" were their mill friends. For a few minutes half-arm jolts, right swings, uppercuts, kidney punches and straights from the shoulder flew about in artistic profusion. Of the two, Lydie was the strongest and she was just getting her courage screwed up to a proper point to land the blow sophorific when Emma's seconds threw up the sponge. The police did not get wind of the affair until after it was all over. Both girls were badly bruised, but well satisfied that "the other fellow" looked worse.

Magnificent Home Destroyed.

Greystone, the palatial Vallamont residence of Charles R. Harris, at Williamsport, was totally destroyed by fire, entailing a loss to its owner of over $60,000. Nothing but the bare stone walls of the structure, the architectural pride of this section of the State, remain standing. All the furniture and a twenty years' collection of bric-a-brac, china, etc., was destroyed. An especially great loss was the original plans, drawings and data on inventions, some of which Mr. Harris had been engaged on for two years. Mr. Harris, his two children and two maid servants narrowly escaped with their lives. The fire, which is supposed to have originated from an overheated furnace, was first discovered shortly before midnight, by Mr. Harris. He aroused the other occupants of the building, and he and his oldest son endeavored to save some books from the library. The flames spread so rapidly that the attempt had to be given up, and it was found that escape from the house by means of the stairway and lower floor had been cut off. While his father and brother were endeavoring to save the books, a 12-year-old son, realizing the danger all were in, tied two sheets and two counterpanes together, and with one end of this improvised rope fastened to a bedstead, all succeeded in reaching a porch roof, from which they jumped to the ground, a distance of ten feet. Mr. Harris had an insurance of $26,000 on the house and $6,000 on the furniture.

Down 145 Feet In Eternity.

At the foot of an air shaft, lifeless and battered shapeless, John Murphy, aged 60, was found at Lawrence Colliery, Mahanoy City. How he came by his death is a mystery, as he was alone and last seen alive near the fanhouse. It is thought that while oiling the fan machinery, which was part of his duties, his clothing caught fast and threw him into the revolving paddles. He dropped 145 feet after being cast out of the machinery. He is survived by a wife and seven children.

Wants Trustees Jailed.

The trouble between Pastor H. P. Morgan, of the Welsh Methodist Episcopal Church, Wilkes-Barre, and the trustees of the church, which has been before the public at various times for a year, was again aired in court. This time Rev. Morgan wanted an attachment to send the trustees to jail for contempt of court in interfering with him. He said the trustees had had published notices of meetings, etc., contrary to the rules of the Methodist Church, and the recent opinion of Judge Woodward, that the pastor could conduct the church as he thought best.

Bangor Girl Leaves Home.

Gertrude Weaver, a young girl of about 20 years, living in East Bangor, disappeared from home, and her parents said she had gone to Hoboken, N. J., to join a member of a minstrel troupe which showed in Bangor. After she had been absent from home for some time her parents were told the story and immediately telegraphed to Portland to stop the girl, but she eluded those who were watching for her and got aboard the train.

Harrisburg War Trophy.

Harrisburg's cannon trophy of the Spanish war, which is to be placed in the Capitol Park, has arrived. It came direct from the Watervliet arsenal. It will be stored until the city's committee determines upon the demonstration to celebrate its installation in the park, which will be on February 23. Governor Stone will be the orator on that occasion.

Fell Into Mine Cave.

Miss Agnes Cannon, of Ebervale, fell into a mine cave at Audenried, and but for timely aid would have perished. She was unfamiliar with the vicinity and walked into the yawning cave unawares. A watchman heard her cries and a searching party with lanterns carefully descended into the hole. Miss Cannon was extricated from her perilous position, badly injured.

Wanamaker's Generosity.

During his visit to Reading at the Sunday school conference, John Wanamaker pledged $5,000 to the Y. M. C. A. if the $19,000 mortgage could be lifted. The rest of the amount was raised.

Decapitated by a Train.

Frederick Heasley, aged 20 years, was run down by a freight train on the Pennsylvania Railroad at Sharon, and killed. He was decapitated and his head carried 200 feet on the train before it rolled off.

Claims the Record for Long Tramps.

A Paris gymnasium instructor claims the record for long tramps, having walked 57,000 kilometres, or about 35,000 miles, on ordinary roads. Among his trips were Paris to St. Petersburg, in 38 days, Paris-Geneva-Venice and Paris-Berlin. He tried to walk to Madrid but was stopped by the Spanish authorities when he reached Barcelona.

Cheap washing soaps and powders, too,
With alkali are strong;
The dire destruction which they do
Is sure to show ere long.
But Ivory Soap will never hurt
The fabric, howe'er tender;
It makes short work of stain and dirt,
But *no* work for the mender.

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THE TSETSE FLY.

Has Become a Serious Problem in South Africa.

There is a fly in South Africa whose bite is very fatal to oxen, and as these are the drawers of the great wagons of the travelers, this very tiresome insect often prevents important journeys. The tsetse is not much larger than a common housefly, and is nearly of the same color as the honey bee. The after part of the body has three or four yellow bars across it; the wings project beyond this part considerably, and it is very alert, avoiding most dexterously all attempts to capture it by hand. The peculiar buzz when once heard can never be forgotten by the traveler whose beasts of burden are domestic animals, for it is well known that the bite of this poisonous insect is certain death to the ox, horse or dog, though it is perfectly harmless to man and wild animals, and even calves, so long as they continue to suck the cows. The insect sticks its long proboscis into the spine and sucks the blood until its body swells up, when it departs. In the case of oxen no immediate effects of the bite come on; but in a few days the eyes and nose begin to run. After a while they die. The tsetse keeps to certain places, otherwise no cattle could exist in South Africa.

A Sly Dig.

Mrs. Henpeck—No doubt the ancients were considered wise because there were fewer temptations in those days. Mr. Henpeck—Why, my dear, the proportion of women in the world must have been about the same."—Life.

Half a Bottle Cured Me

"About thirty years ago I bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop my hair from falling out. One-half a bottle cured me. A few days ago my hair began to fall out again. I went to the medicine shelf and found the old bottle of Hair Vigor just as good as when I bought it."—J. C. Baxter, Braidwood, Ill., Sept. 27, 1899.

Keeps Thirty Years

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly the most economical preparation of its kind on the market. A little of it goes a long way. And then, what you don't need now you can use some other time just as well.

It doesn't take much of it to stop falling of the hair, restore color to gray hair, cure dandruff, and keep the hair soft and glossy. There's a great deal of good and an immense amount of satisfaction in every bottle of it.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Write the Doctor

If you do not obtain all the benefits you desire from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Address,
DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The spoon is an insignificant little utensil, yet it creates a stir in every household.

TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused me bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."
GEO. W. BOWLES, Baird, Mass.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER
Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 313

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CARTER'S INK
is made to give satisfaction—and it does. Have you used it?

FOR 14 CENTS
We wish to gain this year 200,000 new customers, and hence offer
1 Pkg. City Garden Beet, 10c
1 Pkg Earl'st Emerald Cucumber 10c
1 " La Crosse Market Lettuce, 10c
1 " Strawberry Melon, 10c
1 " 12 Day Radish, 10c
1 " Early Ripe Cabbage, 10c
1 " Early Dinner Onion, 10c
2 " Brilliant Flower Seeds, 10c
Worth $1.00, for 14 cents. $1.00
Above 10 Pkgs. worth $1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Catalog, telling all about SALZER'S MILLION DOLLAR POTATO upon receipt of this notice & 14c. stamps. We invite your trade, and know when you once try Salzer's seeds you will never do without. ★$500 Prize on Salzer's Prolific, earliest Tomato Giant on earth. A C—
JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

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No. 2, 3 Cows, $45. No. 2, 5 Cows, $8.
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It injures nervous system to do so. BACO-CURO is the only cure that REALLY CURES and notifies you when to stop. Sold with a guarantee that three boxes will cure any case. BACO-CURO is vegetable and harmless. It has cured thousands. It will cure you. At all druggists or by mail prepaid, $1 a box; 3 boxes $2.50. Booklet free. Write EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., La Crosse, Wis.

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Cures Coughs and Colds. Prevents Consumption. All Druggists, 25c.

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25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

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