



The great trouble in trying to sell what are called patent medicines is that so many claims have been made for them that people don't or won't believe what honest makers say.

We have been telling our story sixty years. Did we ever deceive you once? If we make any statement that isn't so, we will stand the loss. Go to the druggist and get your money back.

Here's an example. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is a good cure for a cough that comes from a cold. Your cough, if you have one, may not come from a cold; your doctor will tell you about that.

It is a straight medicine with sixty years of cures back of it. There isn't a ghost of the ordinary patent thing about it.

J. C. AYER COMPANY,
Practical Chemists, Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
Ayer's Hair Vigor
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
Ayer's Anodyne

Bull Holds Up Trolley Car.
West Chester (Penn.) Spe. Phila. N. American: For half an hour last night 30 passengers on a Philadelphia and West Chester trolley car were the prisoners of a mad bull. His bullship held the car up in true highwayman fashion. He had broken from a field and wandered along the trolley tracks. When a car came along he took up his stand between the rails and refused to budge. Apparently the animal was incensed by the glare of the big electric headlights, and against this he bent all his energies. Backing away from the car he charged with such fury that the car shook from end to end. This was repeated several times and when the animal finally realized that he had met his match and wandered away there were two big holes in the forward end of the car and the headlights were useless.

PURE BLOOD AND STRONG NERVES

With glowing health all things are possible, small annoyances fade into nothingness and real troubles are battled with successfully. Women who are blessed with perfect health are a constant joy to themselves and all around them. The beauty which health alone can make permanent is a crown which raises a woman above other women. Such beauty is always accompanied by a sweet disposition, for snappiness is a sure sign of ill-health and leaves its mark quickly on the features.

It seems to be the fashion for women to ignore health and sacrifice it to the little every-day trials, or offer it up on the altar of devotion to daily tasks. Then again the nervous organization of women is constantly attacked by woman's natural experiences, so that it is practically impossible for her to retain the beauty which nature gave her, unless she has discriminating advice and right support.

Dr. Greene's Nervura

for the Blood and Nerves.

Trials and troubles are easily overcome by the women whose strength is the genuine strength of perfect health. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, bridges the chasm that separates the sickly woman from happiness. It fills her veins with blood that is pure and clean.

Mrs. W. M. E. Bosse, of 85 Farrington St., Flushing, L. I., says:

"In regard to myself, I have suffered for years with disease, having been troubled with great nervousness, female complaints, indigestion, and great weakness and prostration. I did not have strength to do much of anything. Knowing the great value of health and strength I consulted doctors and took many medicines, but they all failed to cure me, and I grew worse rather than better. I happened to see in the papers how much good Dr. Greene's Nervura, blood and nerve remedy, was doing in restoring to health everybody who took it, and I thought I would try a bottle. I used it and to my surprise I began to gain strength every day. I am so thankful that I tried it! It is certainly the most excellent tonic and strength giver. I recommend it very highly and wish that other people who are troubled in any way would take warning and use it."

TO PRESERVE WOMANLY BEAUTY

At all the stages of a woman's life Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, is shown to be efficient to ward off the results of nervousness, or overwork, or impure blood. From early girlhood to advanced years, this world-renowned medicine builds up the forces destroyed by disease, grief, or over-exertion, and the effects of this great medicine are quickly felt and permanently retained. Let women guard well their health, and consult Dr. Greene freely. Nothing that can possibly do will so surely keep them strong and well, or repair the exhaustion from acute illness, nothing will work so continually to the preservation of beauty as the great health-giving Nervura. Dr. Greene's office is at 35 West 14th Street, New York City, where he may be consulted either by personal call or by letter. Women may write in perfect confidence, and get Dr. Greene's advice free.

In Prussia, alone, in ten years ending in 1896, 407 school children committed suicide.

California stands fifth among the States as an oil-producer.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASAGNET'S pain nature, cure you without a gripe or palp, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASAGNET'S Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C.C.C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

The smallest coin now current in Europe is the Greek lepton. It is worth one-tenth of a penny.

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is—asthma. Hall's Asthma Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Asthma being a constitutional disease, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Asthma Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, etc.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The railways in this country support about 4,000,000 persons and their families.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOYER, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

The English tobacco trade employs to-day 121 women to every 100 men.

IT'S permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Serial bottles and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 361 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Coal brings the highest price in South Africa and the lowest in China.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. TAKE LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. ALL EXCESSIVE mucus is removed. If it fails to cure, E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. Sec.

The florists aver that London expends £5000 a day upon cut flowers.

Collection of Teapots.

A Chicago woman, Mrs. Helen Crittenden Adams, is the possessor of more than 200 teapots. Mrs. Adams has been about eight years in collecting this remarkable aggregation of tea receptacles and some of her possessions are extremely valuable and unique, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. She had a friend who had spent much time in the Orient and made a large collection of teapots during her residence there. This friend Mrs. Adams adopted.

The teapots are collected from all the four quarters of the globe and each one has an interesting history. This history their owner has set down in a book, together with the date upon which the pot came into her possession. There are larger collections in the country, but few of them possess as much historic value as do those of Mrs. Adams.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: The Golden Calf of Modern Idolatry—The Spirit of Greed Destroys Those Who Are in Its Grasp—Money Got Wrongfully is a Curse.

(Copyright 1902.)
WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows how the spirit of greed destroys when it takes possession of a man and that money got in wrong ways is a curse; text, Exodus xxxii, 20. "And he took the calf which they had made and burnt it in the fire and ground it to powder and strewed it upon the water and made the children of Israel drink of it."

People will have a god of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here in the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there was masculine as well as feminine decoration. Where did they get these beautiful gold earrings coming up as they went from the desert? Oh, they borrowed them of the Egyptians when they left Egypt. These earrings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. Any more earrings to come? says Aaron. None. Fire is kindled, the earrings are melted and poured into a mold not of an eagle or a war charger, but of a silly calf; the gold cools down, the mold is taken away, and the calf is set up on its four legs. An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people throw up their arms and grate and shriek and dance vigorously and worship.

There has been six weeks on Mount Sinai, and he comes back and hears the howling and sees the dancing of these golden calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone which were written the Ten Commandments and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces. When a man gets angry, he is apt to break all the Ten Commandments. Moses comes up as they were, from the fire, and he takes the two plates of stone and throws them into a hot fire until it is melted all out of shape and then pulverizes it—not by the modern appliance of nitro mastic acid, but by the ancient appliance of a sledge hammer and a pickaxe. He takes the people a most nauseating draft. He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it in the only brook which is accessible, and the people are compelled to drink of it, and they drink it up, and they did not drink all the glittering stuff thrown on the surface. Some of it flows on down the surface of the brook to the river and then flows on down the river to the sea, and so it takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, when the tides set back the remains of this golden calf are carried up into the Potomac and the Hudson and the Thames and the Clyde and the Elbe. And men go out and they skim the glittering surface, and they bring it ashore and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden earrings to augment the pile, and in the fires of financial excitement and struggle all these things are melted together, and while we stand looking and wondering what will come of it, lo, we find that the golden calf of Israelitish worship has become the golden calf of European and American worship.

Pull aside this curtain, and you see the golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not, like other idols, made out of stocks or stone, but it has an ear so sensitive that it can hear the whispers on Wall street and Third street and State street, and the footfalls in the Bank of England and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the bourse. It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan, wheat and the insect in the Maryland peach orchard and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war charger. It is so mighty that it swings any way it will, and it is so powerful that it can control all the merchantmen and the steamers. It started the American Civil War and the Turkish-Russian contest. One broker in September, 1899, in New York, said: "One hundred and sixty for a million" and the whole continent shivered. The golden calf of the text has, as far as America is concerned, its right front foot in New York, its right back foot in Chicago, its right back foot in Charleston, its left back foot in New Orleans, and when it shakes itself it shakes the world. Oh, this is a mighty god—the golden calf of the world's worship!

But every god must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul's Cathedral in England, and St. Peter's in Italy, and the Alhambra of the Spaniards, and the Parthenon of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindus, and all the cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its chandeliers are hovering gold, and its floors are tessellated gold, and its vaults are crowded heaps of gold, and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are ramping gold, and its steps palmed out are flashing gold, while, standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold.

Further, every god must have not only its temple, but its altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone or other altars, but out of counting room desks and fireproof safes, and it is a broad, long, high altar. The victims sacrificed on it are the Swartouts and the Ketchams and the Fisks and ten thousand other people who are slain before this golden calf.

What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it? With cold, metallic eye, it looks on and yet lets them suffer. What an altar! What a sacrifice of mind, body and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on to this sacrificial altar. They cannot sleep, and they take chloral and morphia and intoxicants.

Some of them struggle in a nightmare of stocks, and at 1 o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up shouting: "A thousand shares of New York Central—one hundred and eight and a half, take it!"—until the whole family is frightened, and the speculators fall back on their pillows and sleep until they are awakened again by a "corner" in Pacific Mail, or a sudden "rise" of Rock Island.

The nerves, one, their digestion gone, their brains gone, they die. The pious ecclesiastic comes in and reads the funeral service. "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord!" Mistake. They did not die in the Lord; the golden calf kicked them.

with the multitude of men who are sacrificing themselves on this altar of the golden calf and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of General Havelock in India yelled literally ankle deep in the blood of "the house massacre" where 200 white women and children had been slain by the sepoy. But the blood about this altar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows up to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the hip. Great God of heaven and earth, have mercy on those who immolate themselves on this altar! The golden calf has none.

Still the degrading worship goes on, and the devotees kneel and kiss the dust and count their golden beads and cross themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The music rolls on under the arches. It is made of tinkling silver and clinking gold and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shone and the voices of all the exchangers. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate while the deep bass rolls out from those who for ten years have been steeped in the seething cauldron. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made; chorus of voices wailing over what they are losing. This temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering gold with his feet on broken hearts, and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice, new victims every morning, and there are the kneeling devotees, and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while death stands with moly and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus—"More, more, more!"

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of people in the Stock Exchange, New York. Indeed it is a scene sometimes that paralyzes description and is beyond the imagination of any one who has never looked in. What snappers of finger and thumb and wild gesticulation and raving like hyenas, and stamping like buffaloes, and swaying to and fro, and jostling and running one upon another, and scolding and scolding, until the pressure of the exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying, "Order, order!" and the astonished spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from a madhouse. What a scene! It all means I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut themselves to pieces and yell and grate. This vociferation and gyration of the Stock Exchange is all appropriate. This is the worship of the golden calf.

But my text suggests that this worship has to be broken up, as the behavior of Moses on this occasion indicated. There are those who say that this golden calf spoken of in the text was how and merely piled with gold. One says: "Moses could not have carried it. I do not know." But somehow, perhaps by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden calf, which is an infernal insult to God and man, and throws it into the fire, and it is melted. And then it comes out and is cooled off, and by some chemical appliance or by an old fashioned file it is pulverized, and it is thrown into the brook, and as a punishment the people are compelled to drink the nauseating stuff. So you may depend upon it that God will burn and He will grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and He will compel the people to drink of it, if not before, it will be on the last day. I know not where the fire will begin, whether at the Battery or Lombard street, whether at Shoreditch or West End, but it will be a very hot fire. All the government securities of the United States and Great Britain will curl up in the first blast. All the money sales and deposit vaults will melt under the first touch. The sea will burn like tinder, and the shipping will be abandoned forever. The melting gold in the broker's window will burst through the melted window glass into the street. But the flying populace will not stop to scoop it up. The cry of "Fire!" from the mountain will be answered by the cry of "Fire!" in the plain. The conflagration will burn out from the continent toward the sea and then burn in from the sea toward the land. New York and London, with one out of the red scythe of destruction, will go down. Twenty-five thousand miles of conflagration! The earth will wrap itself round and round in shroud of flame and the sky will be a mass of molten metal. 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