

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

Here's an example. Aver'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

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 Pills Ayer's Ague Cure

Ayer's Hair Vigor Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Ayer's Comatone

Bull Holds Up Trolley Car. West Chester (Penn.) Spe. Phila. N. American: For half an hour last light 30 passengers on a Philadelphia and West Chester trolley car were the risoners of a mad bull. His bullship seld the car up in true highwayman ashion. 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 o budge. Apparently the animal was ncensed by the glare of the big electire headlight, 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 headlight was useless.

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 snappishness is a sure sign of ill-health and leaves its mark

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 con-

stantly attacked by woman's natural ex-

poriences, so that it is practically impossi-

ble for her to retain the beauty which nature gave her, unless she has discrimi-

Dr. Greene's

Nervura

for the Blood and Nerves.

the women whose strength is the genuine

strength of perfect health. Dr. Greene's Ner-

vura blood and nerve remedy, bridges the

chasm that separates the sickly woman from

happiness. It fills her veins with blood that is

"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

MRS. WM. E. Bosse, of 85 Farrington St.,

Trials and troubles are easily overcome by

nating advice and right support.

Flushing, L. I., says:

quickly on the features.

In Prussia, alone, in ten years ending in 1896, 407 school children com-

California stands fifth among the states as an oll-producer.

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

The smallest coin now current in Europe is the Greek lepton. It is worth ne-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 atarrh. Hall's tatarrh ture is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Atarrh eight constitutional disease, requires acconstitutional areatment. Hall's tatarrh ture 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 fat hi in its curative, powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it falls to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The railways in this country support

The railways in this country support bout 4,000,000 persons and their fami-

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyen, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900. The English tobacco trade employs to-day 121 women to every 100 men.

I ITS permanently cured, No fits or nervous-ness after first day's use of Br. Kline's Great Nervekestorer Extrial bottle and treatise free Dr. K. H. KLINE, Ltd., &fl Aren St., Phila., Pa. Coal brings the hightest price in South Africa and the lowest in China.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure.

E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c. The florists aver that London ex-

pends £5000 a day upon cut flowers. Collection of Teapots.

A Chicago woman, Mrs. Helen Critenden Adams, is the possessor of nore 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 Dispacch. She had a friend who had spent much time in the Orient and made a large collection of teapots during her residence there. This fired Mrs. Adams

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

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

this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is not made out of stone as other altars, but out of counting room desks and fireproof sales, and it is a broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrificed

morphine 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 affrighted, 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.

Their nerves gone, their digestion gone.

restoring to health everyloody who cook 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."

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDA 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 1900.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse or. Talmage shows how the spirit of or. laimage shows how the spirit or 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 to powder and strewed it upon the water and made the children of Israel limb of it."

People will have a god of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here co a the Israelites, breaking off their golden earrings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there was appearable as well as the control of the contro the women, for in those times there was masculine as well as feminine decoration. Where a.d they get these beautiful gold earrings, coming up, as they did, from the desert? Oh, they borrowed them of the Egyptians when they left Egypt. These sarrings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more earrings to bring?" says Aaron. None. Fire is gindled, 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 idol is set up on its four legs. An altar idol 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 gy-rate and shriek and dance vigorously and

Moses 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 on which were written the Ten Comstone on 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 rushes in, and he takes this calf god and throws it into a hot fire until it is melted all out of shape and then pulverizes it—not by the modern appliance of nitro muriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of niter or by the old fashioned file. He stirs for the people a most nauscating draft. for the people a most nauscating 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 that brook or not drink at all.

But 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 the sea takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and 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 Tiber. 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 carrings 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 ne 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 swing, any way it. It is so mighty that it swing, any way it will the world's shipping. It has its foot en all the merchantmen and the steam-ers. It started the American Civil War ind under God stopped it, and it decided the Turko-Russian contest. One broker in September, 1869, in New York, shouted. "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 left front 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

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 Hindoos, and all the cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved and fluted with gold, and its ribbed arches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its floors are tessellated gold, and its spires are crowded heaps of gold and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ and domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are resounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, and its stops pulled out are flashing gold, while, standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding diety, 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 on it are the Swartouts and the Ketchams and the Fisks and ten thousand other people who are slain before this golden

What does this god eare 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 morphine and intoxicants.

Some of them struggle in a nightmare of

Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone, they die. The gowned 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.

"die in the Lord," the golden calf kicked them.

The trouble is, when the men sacrifice themselves on this altar suggested in the text they not only sacrifice themselves, but they sacrifice their families.

If a man by a wrong course is determined to go to perdition, I suppose you will have to let him go. But he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the avenues, and the driver lashes the horses into two whirlwinds, and the spokes flash in the sun and the golden headgear of the harness gleams until black calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them and shouts to the luxuriant occupants of the equipage, "Get out!" They get out. They get down. That husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up. There was the mark on them for life—the mark of a split hoof—the death dealing hoof of the golden calf.

split hoof the death country golden calf.

Solomon offered in one sacrifice on one occasion 22,000 oxen and 120,000 sheep.

But that was a tame sacrifice compared

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 walked literally ankle deep in the blood of "the house of massacre," where 200 white women and children had been slain by the sepoys. 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 lip. Great God of heaven and earth, have mercy on those who immolate themselves on this

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 clinking silver and clinking gold and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shons and the voices of all the exchanges. 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 have lost. This temple of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering god with his four feet on broken hearts, god with his four feet on broken hearts and there is the smoking altar of sacrifice and there is the smoking after of sacrinee, new victims every moment on it, and there are the kneeling devotees, and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while death stands with moldy and skeleton arm beating time for the chorus-"More, more,

Some people are very much surprised at 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 snapping 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 deafening uproar, until the president 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 pandemonium. What does it all mean? I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut This vociferation and gyration of the Stock Exchange is all appropriate. This is the worship of the golden calf.

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 hollow and merely plated with gold. Otherwise Moses could not have carried it. I do not know. But somehow, perhaps by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden ealf, 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 the brook, and as a punishment the people are compelled to drink the nauseating are compelled to drink the hauseating 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 in their agony to drink 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 blaze. All the Government securities of the Unit-All the Government securities of the United States and Great Britain will curl up in the first blast. All the money safes and deposit vaults will melt under the first touch. The sea will burn like tinder, and from the continent toward the sca and then burn in from the sea toward the land. New York and London, with one cut of the red scythe of destruction, will go down. Twenty-five thousand miles of conflagration! The earth will wrap itself configration? The earth will wrap itself round and round in shroud of flame and lie down to perish. What then will become of your golden caff? Who then so poor as to worship it? Melted or between the upper and nether millstones of falling mountains ground to powder. Dagon down, Moloch down, Juggernaut down, golden call down! golden calf down!

golden calf down!

The judgments of God, like Moses in the text, will rush in and break up this worship, and I say let the work go on until every man shall learn to speak truth with his neighbor, and those who make engagements shall fell themselves bound to keep them, and when a man who will not repent of his business iniquity, but goes on wishing to satiate his cannibal appetite by devouring widows' houses, shall, by the law of the land, be compelled to exchange the brownstone from for the penitentiary. Let the golden calf perish!

But if we have made this world our god, when we come to die we shall sell our idol when we come to die we shall sell our ido demolished. How much of this world demolished. How much of this world are you going to take with you into the next? Will you have two pockets—one in each side of your shroud? Will you cushion your casket with bonds and mortgages and certificates of stock? Ah, no! The ferryboat that crosses this Jordan takes no baggage—nothing heavier than an immaterial spirit.

Where are the men who tried Warren Hastings in Westminster hall? Where are the pilgrim fathers who put out for

ren Hastings in Westminster hall? Where are the pilgrim fathers who put out for America? Where are the veterans who on the Fourth of July, 1794, marched from New York park to the Battery and fired a salute and then marched back again? And the Society of the Cincinnati, who dined that afternoon at Tontine Coffee House, on Wall street, and Grant Thorburn, who that afternoon waited fifteen minutes at the foot of Maiden lane for the Brooklyn ferryboat, then got in and was rowed across by two men with oars, the Brooklyn ferryboat, then got in and was rowed across by two men with oars, the tide so strong that it was an hour and ten minutes before they landed? Where are the veterans that fired the salute, and the men of the Cincinnati Society who that afternoon drank to the patriotic toast, and the people who were transported? Gone! Oh, this is a fleeting world. It is a dying world. A man who had worshiped it all his days in his dying moment described himself when he said, "Fool, fool, fool!"

When your parents have breathed their last and the old, wrinkled and trembling last and the old, wrinkled and trembling hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing, God will be to you a father and mother both, giving you the defense of the one and the comfort of the other. For have we not Paul's blessed hope that as Jesus died and rose again, "Even so them also which sleep in Jesus shall God bring with Him?" And when your children go away from you, the sweet darlings, you will not kiss them and say good-by forever. He only wants to hold them for you a little while. He will give them back to you again, and He will have them all waiting for you at the gates of eternal welcome. Oh, what a God He is! He will allow you to come so close that you can welcome. Oh, what a God He is! He will allow you to come so close that you can put your lams around His neck, while He in response will pat His arms around your neck, and all the windows of heaven will be hoisted to let the redeemed look out and see the spect "of a rejoicing Father and a returned prodigal locked in that glorious embrace. Quit worshiping the golden calf, and bow this day before Him in whose presence we must all appear in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes. When shriveling like a parehed scroll, The flaming beavers together roll, When ouder yet and yet more dread Swells the high trump that wakes the

Motherhood



How shall a mother who is weak and sick with some female trouble bear healthy children? How anxious women ought to be to give their children

the blessing of a good constitution!

Many women long for a child to bless their home, but be-cause of some debility or displacement of the female organs, they are barren.

Preparation for healthy maternity is accomplished by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound more successfully than by any other medicine, because it gives tone and strength to the parts, curing all displacements and in-

Actual sterility in women is very rare. If any woman thinks she is sterile, let her write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., whose advice is given free to all expectant or wouldbe mothers.

Mrs. A. D. Jarret, Belmont, Ohio, writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I must write and tell you what your Vegetable Compound has done for me. Before taking your medicine I was unable to carry babe to maturity, having lost two—one at six months and one at seven. The doctor said next time I would die, but thanks to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, I did net die, but am the proud mother of a six months old girl baby. She weighs nineteen pounds and has never seen a sick day in her life. She is the delight of our home."

Mrs. Whitney's Gratitude. "Dear Mr. Pineham:—From the time I was sixteen years old till I was twenty-three I was troubled with weakness of the kidneys and terrible pains when my monthly periods came on. I made up my mind to try your Vegetable Compound, and was soon relieved. The Joctor said I never would be able to go my call the compound have a living child as I was compound.



full time and have a living child, as I was constitutionally weak. I had lost a baby at seven months and half. The next time I continued to take your Compound: and I said then, if I went my full time and my baby lived to be three months old, I should send a letter to you. My baby is now seven months old and is as healthy and hearty as any one could wish. I cannot express my gratitute to you. I was so bad that I did not dare to go away from home to stay any length of time Praise God for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-MRS.LZ.WHITNEY BABY pound; and may others who are suffering do as I did and find relief. Wishing you success in the future as in the past, and may many homes be brightened as mine has been."—MRS. L. Z. WHITNEY, 4 Fint St., Somerville, Mass."

The medicine that cures the ills of women is

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

The skins of upward of 100,000 animals are used to cover Oxford Bibles

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS Dyg colors more goods than any other-dye and colors them better too. Sold by all druggists.

The British succession duties brought a revenue of nearly £70,000,000 in the last fiscal year.

and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CRILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

A dealer in artificial limbs estimates that 300,000 Englismen have lost one or

Mrs. Window's Soothing Syrup for children tee thing, softens the gums, reducing inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colle. 25c.a bottle. There are 62 miles of tunnels in the

fortified rock of Gibraltar. A Colonel in the British South African army says that Adams' Tutti Frutti was a biessing to bis men while marching.

It 13 estimated that it costs \$550,000. 000 every week to run the railways of

Dr. Bull's Safest, surest cure for all throat and lung troubles. People praise Cough Syrup it. Doctors prescribe it. Refuse substitutes. Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

There is one flavor in pork and beans that all people like. It was devised in the rural homes of New England. It has made Boston the synonym of beans. In our kitchen we get exactly

that flavor. Our beans are cooked by an expert. We put them up in key-opening cans. Your grocer will supply you.

Plenty of other canned beans, but that flavor comes only in Libby's. LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY Chicago

Send a postal for our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat."

A Pasteur Institute has just been pened at Kassauli, a hill station in the Punjab district, about 30 miles from



TPAYS TO ADVERTISE IN

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 worldrenowned medicine builds up the forces destroyed by disease, grief, or overexertion, 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 they 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.

TO PRESERVE WOMANLY BEAUTY