Prussian Telegraph Operators' Wages. The Prussian minister of railways received a petition in July from telegraph operators who wanted their salaries raised. The result was that he engaged in their places a large number of women at 50 cents a day.

Boston Milk Comes High. Boston dealers nave added a cent a enart to the price of milk, the cost u consumers being now 8 cents a quart Scarcity of hay is given as the prompt ing reason for the advance.

THE BIOGRAPH FIEND.

mblic Men's Terror, Who Threatens

Peace of Notables. The camera fiend is bad enough, and ere is a continual protest against alm by every person in whom the public takes an interest. But the biograph flend, who is threatening the seace of notables, is much worse. Kinetoscope pictures are about to be put within the reach of everyone. A London concern has established a studio where people may go to have neving pictures taken of themselves. last as they now go to be photographd, and a cheap apparatus for the reproduction of films is sold, which, while not so good as those used in the heaters and nickel-in-the-slot devices ret answers the purpose. The manager of the studio says that it is in demand for weddings. The bride and bridegroom, bridesmaids, best man nd all the rest are photographed while the wedding ceremony is being erformed, and the happy pair and heir friends have copies of the films as souvenirs of the occasion. But this s not the worst. A cheap biograph machine has been invented, by which a person may take hundreds of snap shots of anyone whom he chooses, and reproduce them. It is but natural for the owner of a few biograph strips to want other films for his machine.

Trustworthy men wanted to travel. Experi-suce not absolutely necessary. For particulars, address Peerless Tob. Wks., Bedford City, Va.

The potato, hitherto grown as a tuber under ground, is now being produced like fruit from the stem of be plant. The flavor of these really 'new" potatoes is excellent.

Best For the Bowels.

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

There are 300,000 French-Canadians, of whom 25,000 are voters, in Massa-

It requires no experience to dye with Pur-NAM FADELESS DYES. Simply boiling your goods in the dye is all that's necessary. Sold by all druggists.

Never has there been so little marrying and giving in mariage in Lonion as within the last year.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Men whose only books are women's looks are students of folly.

Some men's undestanding is limited only by the size of their feet.

Look at your tongue. Is it coated?

Then you have a bad taste in your mouth every morning. Your appetite is poor, and food distresses you. You have frequent headaches and are often dizzy. Your stomach is weak and your bowels are always constipated.

There's an old and reliable cure:



Don't take a cathartic dose and then stop. Better take a laxative dose each night, just enough to cause one good free move-

ment the day following. You feel better the very next day. Your appetite returns, your dyspepsia is cured, your headaches pass away, your tongue clears up, your liver acts well, and your bowels no longer give you trouble.

Price, 25 cents. All druggists.

"I have taken Ayer's Pills for 35 years, and I consider them the best made. One pill does me more good than half a box of any other kind I have ever tried."

Mrs N. E. Talbot,
March 30, 1869. Arrington, Kans.

Weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE,

Subject: The Faith of Rahab-There is Mercy For All Sinners - Cheer For All Who Are Engaged in Life's Battles-Meaning of the Sun's Standing Still, [Copyright 1909.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage follows Joshua on his triumphal march and speaks encouraging words to all who are engaged in the battles of this life; text, Joshua i, 5, "There shall not any man be able to stand before

thee all the days of thy life."

Moses was dead. A beautiful tradition says the Lord kissed him and in that act drew forth the soul of the dying lawgiver. He had been buried; only one person at the funeral—the same One who kissed him. But God never takes a man away from any place of usefulness until He has some ready to replace him. The Lord does not go looking around amid a great variety of candidates to find some one especi ally fitted for the vacated position. He makes a man for that place. Moses has bassed off the stage, and Joshua, the hero, puts his foot on the platform of history so solidly that all the ages echo with the tread. He was a magnificent fighter, but he always fought on the right side, and he never fought unless God told him to fight. He got his military equipment from God. who gave him the promise at the start. "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life." God fulfilled this promise, although Josh-ua's first battle was with the spring freshet, the next with a stone wall, the next eading on a regiment of whipped cow-ords and the next battling against dark less, wheeling the sun and the moon into

of terrors, death—five great victories.

As a rule, when the general of an army starts out in a war he would like to have small battle in order that he may get his own courage up and rally his troops and get them drilled for greater conflicts, but the first undertaking of Joshua was greater than the leveling of Fort Pulaski or the assault of Gibraltar or the overthrow of the Bastille. It was the crossing of the Jordan at the time of the spring freshet. The snows of Mount Lebanon had just been melting, and they poured down the valley, and the whole valley was a raging torrent. So the Canaanites stand Joshua and the Israelites, and they laugh and say: "Aha! They cannot disturb us until the freshets fall. It is impossible for them to reach us." But after awhile But after awhile they look across the water, and they see a movement in the army of Joshua. They say: "What is the matter now? Why there must be a panic among those troops and they are going to fly, or perhaps they are going to march across the river Jordan. Joshua is a lunatic." But Joshua, the chieftain, looks at his army and cries, "Forward, march!" and they start for the bank of the Jordan. One mile ahead go two priests carrying a glittering box four feet long and two feet wide. It is the ark of the covenant. And they come down, and no sooner do they just touch the rim of the water with their feet than, by an Almighty fiat, Jordan parts. The army of Joshua marches right on without getting their feet wet over the bottom of the river, a path of chalk and broken shells and pebbles, until they get to the other bank. Then they lay hold of the oleanders and transisks and willows and real anders and tamarisks and willows and pull hemselves up a bank thirty or forty feet high, and, having gained the other bank they clap their shields and their cymbals and sing the praises of the God of Joshua. But no sooner have they reached the bank than the waters begin to dash and roar, and with a terrific rush they break loose from their hand of the Lord God is taken away from the thus uplifted waters-waters perhaps uplifted half a mile-they rush down, and some of the unbelieving Israelites say "Alas, alas, what a misfortune! Why could not not those waters have staid parted, because, perhaps, we may want to go back? O Lord, we are engaged in a risky business! These Canaanites may eat us up. How if we want to go back? Would it not have been a more complete miracle if the Lord had parted the waters to let us come through and kept them parted to let us go back if we are departed to let us go back if we are de

But this is no place for the host to stop. Joshua gives the command, "For-ward, march!" In the distance there is long grove of trees, and at the end of the grove is a city. It is a city with arbors, city with walls seeming to reach to the heavens, to buttress the very sky. It is the great metropolis that commands the mountain pass. It is Jericho. That city was afterward captured by Pompey and once by Herod the Great and once again by the Mohammedans, but this campaign the Lord plans. There shall be no swords. no shields, no battering ram; there shall be only one weapon of war, and that a ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram ram's horn. The horn of the slain ram was sometimes taken, and holes were punctured in it, and then the musician would put the instrument to his lips, and he would run his fingers over this rude musical instrument and make a great deal of sweet harmony for the people. That was the only kind of weapon. Seven priests were to take these rude, rustic particular and the slain ram was the only kind of weapon. musical instruments, and they were to go around the city every day for six daysonce a day for six days-and then on the seventh day they were to go around blow ing these rude musical instruments seven times, and then at the close of the seventh blowing of the ram's horn on the seventh day the peroration of the whole scene was to be a shout, at which those great walls should tumble from capstone to base. The seven priests with the rude musical instruments pass all around the city walls on the first day and score a failure. Not so much as a piece of plaster broke loose from the wall, not so much as a loosened rock, not so much as a piece of mortar lost from its place. "There," say the unbe-lieving Israelites, "did I not tell you so? Why, those ministers are fools. The idea Why, those ministers are fools. The idea of going around the city with those musical instruments and expecting in that way to destroy it. Joshua has been spoiled. He thinks because he has overthrown and conquered the spring freshet he can overthrow the stone wall. Why, it is not philosophic. Do you not see there is no relation between the blowing of these musical instruments and the knocking down of the wall? It is not philosophic."

And I suppose there were many wiseacres down of the wall? It is not philosophic. And I suppose there were many wiseacres who stood with their brows knitted and with the forefinger of the right hand to the forefinger of the left hand, arguing it all out and showing that it was not possible that such a cause could produce such an effect. And I suppose that night in the encampment there was plenty of earlies. encampment there was plenty of carica-ture, and if Joshua had been nominated ture, and if Joshua had been nominated for any high military position he would not have received many votes. Joshua's stock was down. The second day the priests blowing the musical instruments go around the city, and again a failure. The third day, and a failure; the fourth day, and a failure; fifth day, and a failure: sixth day, and a failure. The seventh day comes, the climacteric day. Joshua is up early in the morning and examines the troops, walks all about and looks at the city wall. The priests start to make the circuit of the city. They go all round once, all around twice, three times, four times, five times, six times, seven times, and a failure. There is only one more thing to do, and that is to utter a great shout. I see the Israelitish army straight-

ening themselves up, filling their lungs fo a vociferation such as never was heard be-fore and never heard after. Joshua feels that the hour has come, and he cries out to his host, "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city!" All together the troops shout: "Down, Jericho! Down, Jericho!" and the long line of solid masonry begins to quiver and to move and to rock. Stand from under! She falls! Crash go the walls and temples, the towers, the pal-aces, the air blackened with dust.

The huzza of the victorious Israelites and the groan of the conquered Canaan-ites commingle, and Joshua, standing there in the debris of the walls, hears a voice saying, "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life.

Only one house spared. Who lives there? Some great king? No. Some woman distinguished for great, kindly deeds? No She had been conspicuous for her crimes. It is the house of Rahab. Why was her house spared? Because she had been a great sinner? No, but because she repented, demonstrating to all the ages that there is mercy for the chief of sir

The red cord of divine injunction reaching from her window to the ground, so that when the people saw the red cord they knew it was the divine indication that they should not disturb the premmaking us think of the divine core of a Saviour's deliverance, the red cord of a Saviour's kindness, the red cord of a Saviour's mercy, the red cord of our rescue. Mercy for the chief of sinners. Put your trust in that God, and no dam-

age shall be all you.

When our world shall be more terribly surrounded than was Jericho, even by the trumpets of the judgment day, and the hills and the mountains, the metal bones and ribs of nature, shall break, they who have had Rahab's faith shall have Rahab's

When wrapped in fire the realms of other

And heaven's last thunder shakes the earth below. Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins

And light thy torch at nature's funeral

But Joshua's troops may not halt here. The command is "Forward, march!" There is the city of Ai. It must be taken. A outing party comes back and says: "Joshua, we can do that without you. It is going to be a very easy job. You must stay here while we go and capture it." They march with a small regiment in front of that city. The men of Ai look at them and give one yell, and the Israelites run like reindeer.

Look out when a good man makes the diant with prayer, and looks at the des-cending sun over Gibeon, and at the faint crescent of the moon, for you know the queen of the night sometimes will linger around the palaces of the day. Pointing one hand at the descending sun and the other at the faint crescent of the moon the name of that God who shaped the worlds and moves the worlds he cries, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." They haited. Whether it was by refraction of the sun's rays or by the stopping of the whole planetary system I do not know and do not care. I leave it to the Christian Scientists and the infidel scientists to settle that question while I tell you I have seen the same thing, "What!" say you. "Not the sun standing still?" Yes. The

same miracle is performed nowadays.

The wicked do not live out half their day, and their sun sets at noon. But let a man start out in battle for God and the truth and against sin, and the day of his usefulness is prolonged and prolonged and

But Joshua was not quite through. There was time for five junerals before the oun of that prolonged day set. Who will preach their funeral sermon? Massillon oreached the funeral sermon over Louis XVI. Who will preach the funeral sermon of those live dead kings-king of Jerusalem, king of Hebron, king of Jarmuth, king of Lachish, king of Eglon? Let it be by Joshua. What is his text? What shall be the coitage had only to the learn What shall be the epitaph put on the door of the tomb? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days

Before you fasten up the door I want ye more kings beheaded and thrust in-King Alcohol, King Fraud, King Lust, King Superstitition, King Infidelity. Let them be beheaded and hurl them in. Then

fasten up the door forever.

What shall the inscription and what shall the epitaph be? For all Christian philanthropists of all ages are going to come and look at it. What shall the inscription be? "There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life."

But it is time for Joshua to go home. He is 110 years old. Washington went down the Potomac and at Mount Vernon closed his days. Wellington died peacefully at Apsley House. Now, where shall Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his Joshua rest? Why, he is to have his greatest hattle now. After 110 years he has to meet a king who has more subjects than all the present population of the earth, his throne a pyramid of skulls, his parterre the graveyards and the cometeries of the world, his chariot the world's hearse—the king of terrors. But if this is Joshua's greatest battle it is going to be Joshua's greatest victory. He gathers his friends around him and gives his valc-dictory, and it is full of reminiscence. Young men tell what they are going to do: old men tell what they have done. And as you have heard a grandfather or great-grandfather seated by the evening fire tell of Monmouth or Yorktown and then

the of Monmouth of Forktown and then lift the crutch or staff as though it were a musket to fight and show how the old battles were won. so Joshua gathers his friends around his dying couch, and he tells them the story of what he has been through, and as he lies there, his white locks snowing down on his wrinkled fore-head. I ask if God has kept His promise all the way through. As he lies there lie all the way through. As he lies there lie tells the story one, two or three times—you have heard old people tell a story two or three times over—and he answers. 'I go the way of all the earth, and not one word of the promise has failed, 'nof one word thereof has failed; all has come to pass, not one word thereof has failed.' And then he turns to his family, as a dy ing parent will, and says: "Choose now whom you will serve, the God of Israel or the God of the Amorites. As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord." A

the God of the Amorites. As for me and my kouse, we will serve the Lord." A dying parent cannot be reckless or thoughtless of his children. Consent to part with them forever at the door of the tomb we cannot. By the eradle in which their infancy was rocked, by the blood of the covenant, by the God of Joshua it shall not be. We will not part, we cannot part, Jehovah-Jireh, we take Thee at Thy promise. "I will be a God to thee and thy seed after thee."

Dead, the old chieftain must be laid out. Handle him very gently. That sacred body is over 110 years of age. Lay him out, stretch out those feet that walked dry shod the parted Jordan. Close those hos which helped blow the blast at which the walls of Jericho fell. Fold the arm that lifted the spear toward the doomed city of Ai. Fold it right over the heart that exulted when the five kings fell. But where shall we get the burnished granite for the headstone and the footstone? I bething myself now. I imagine that for the head it shall be the sun that stood still upon Gibeon and for the foot the moon that stood still in the valley of Aislon.

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Happenings Gleaned From Various Parts.

NOTED HORSEMAN KILLS HIMSELF.

James Kitson, Son of the Late Commodore Kitson, Uses a Winchester Rifle in His Brother's Home-Blossburg Wife-slayer Met His Death Without Flinching-Miss Weller Took Poison and was Found on Highway.

James Kitson, the well-known dealer in horses, committed suicide by shooting himself through the head with a. Winchester rifle at his brother's home the Bethlehem Pike, near Fort Washington.

Mr. Kitson killed himself with the rifle that he used for deer shooting. It was a large caliber and the bullet. which entered just below the right ear, tore a gaping hole through the top of his head and lodged in the ceiling.

The suicide was not suspected by the members of the family until Mr. Kitson failed to answer the summons to breakfast. Then, when knocking on the door brought no response, his little nephew; Fred Kitson, climbed upon the porch roof, entered the window and unlocked the door.

Mr. Kitson had been in New York for some time past and arrived at the residence of his brother, Louis Kitson, on Thursday. Early in the evening he complained of feeling ill and went to drug store in Fort Washington to have a prescription filled.

The deceased was the son of the late Commodore Kitson of the Hudson Bay Company.,

Coroner McGlathery's investigation showed that a number of empty morphine bottles and a syringe had been found in the room with the body.

Mr. Kitson was well-known among horsemen. His father had made a for tune in horse-dealing and he himself was at one time the proprietor of the famous Kitson Stock Farm, in Chestnut Hill. Four years ago his poor health made him give up his active interest in the business and he sold out to Robert N. Corson.

Murderer Birriolo Hanged.

Isaac Birriolo, the Blossburg wife murderer, was hanged in the jailyard Wellsboro. Sheriff Johnson pulled the lever shortly after noon. His head was almost severed from his body Abut one hundred persons witnessed the execution.

Birriolo collapsed completely and it was feared that he would have to be carried to the gallows, but at 1 he lay down and slept peacefully till half-past six. Birriolo walked with a firm step to the gallows and calmly met his fate. The body was sent to Blossburg and buried by his family. He protested his innocence to the last.

The crime for which Birriolo was hanged occurred at Blossburg. July 5. 1899. Birriolo crept up behind his wife, it is alleged, and set her dress on fire. She said in her dying declaration that Birriolo caught and held her hands while she burned. She died on July 17.

The Commonwealth produced as a witness a Mrs. James with whom Birriolo was said to be madly infatuated and who swore upon the stand that he had told her that he would kill his wife if he got a good chance. Birriolo was thrice reprieved. His case went to the Supreme Court and was twice before the Board of Pardons.

Killed by Dynamite.

Driftwood was the scene of intense excitement. The cause of it was a dynamite explosion at the site of a new reservoir being built by the Driftwood Water Company. The houses in the town from one end to the other were shaken, one man was killed and a dozen more were seriously injured.

The accident was caused by Herman Smith, foreman of a gang of workmen, who attempted to thaw out a box of frozen dynamite. Smith was the man killed, his body being almost blown to atoms. Several other men were thrown to the ground with great force and their clothing completely torn off. Smith's home is at Reading, where he leaves a wife and three small children.

Robber Threw Bricks.

Joseph Bruederly, proprietor of the Eastern Market Hotel, Lancaster, was awakened by a burglar. Arming himself with a revolver, he was about to descend a stairway in the dark when a brick whizzed by his head and struck a door behind him.

Mr. Bruederly fired two shots in the direction from which the brick came, he meantime having crouched down beside the banister with his left hand on the top of the rail. Almost instanthis hand was struck by a second brick. The hand was badly crushed. Despite his injury Mr. Bruederly dashed forward, only to see the burglar dart down the hallway and escape.

A Girl Commits Suicide.

Miss Carrie Weiler, daughter of Alfred Weiler, of St Thomas, was supposed to have retired with the rest of the family, but instead she slipped from the house and walked nearly eight miles to Chambersburg. Early in the morning she was found

staggering back toward home along the Pittsburg Pike, and when carried into house died in convlusions. About her mouth were burns caused

by some powerful acid. Miss Weiler, whose mind had been weakened by bad health, previously threatened to commit suicide.

State in Brief.

While filling the bowl of a cigar lighter at the Franklin Hotel, Chester, a spark from an electric battery ignited gasoline which Fritz Shupe was hold ing and the explosion which followed cast the blazing oil over Mr. Shupe. For a few moments his life was in peril prompt assistance extinguished the flames on his clothing.

Harry Morrison, a well-known machinist, living near Greensburg, was sandbagged by highwaymen, and badly used up. He was robbed of his month's salary, all his valuables and most of his clothes. Morrison was found by the roadside more dead than alive.

Governor Stone respited Mark Thomas Hayes, of Uniontown, who was to have been hanged this week, until January 22.

Alois Farschi, a well-known Austrian, of Steelton, was struck and instantly killed by a train on the Pennsylvania Railroad at the Steelton Station.

How Mothers may Help their Daughters into Womanhood



Every mother possesses information of vital value to her young daughter. That daughter is a precious legacy, and the responsibility for her future is largely in the hands of the mother. The mysterious change that develops the thoughtless girl into the thoughtful woman should find the mother on the watch day and night. As she cares for the physical well-being of her daughter, so will the woman be, and her children also.

When the young girl's thoughts become sluggish, when she experiences headaches, dizziness, faintness, and exhibits an abnormal disposition to sleep, pains in the back and lower limbs, eyes dim, desire for solitude, and a dislike for the society of other girls, when she is a mystery to herself and friends, then the mother should go to her aid promptly. At such a time the greatest aid to nature is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It prepares the young system for the coming change, and is the surest reliance in this hour of trial.

The following letters from Miss Good are practical proof of Mrs. Pinkham's efficient advice to young women.

Miss Good asks Mrs. Pinkham for Help.

June 12th, 1899. "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:-I have been very much bothered for some time with my monthly periods being irregular. I will tell you all about it, and put myself in your care, for I have heard so much of you. Each month menstruation would become less and less, until it entirely stopped for six months, and now it has stopped again. I have become very neryous and of a very bad color. I am a young girl and have always had to work very hard. I would be very much pleased if you would tell me what to do."—Miss Pearl Good, Cor. 29th Avenue and Yeslar Way, Seattle, Wash.

The Happy Result.



"DEAR MRS. PINEHAM: -- I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. It is just simply wonderful the change your medicine has made in me. I feel like anothe work is now a pleasure to me, while before using your medicine it was a burden. To-day I am a healthy and happy girl. I think if more women would use your Vegetable Compound there would be less suffering in the world. I cannot express the relief I have experienced by using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Miss Peagl. Goop. Cor. 29th Avenue and Yeslar Way, Seattle, Wash.

Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., \$5,000, which will be paid to any person who can show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co.

More people are engaged in agriculture than in any other British indus-

Bewate of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable processor of the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. All Sold by Druggists; price, 75c. per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Germany received one-third (about \$4,000,000 worth of the exports of Ecuador last year.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infalli-ble medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. Samuel, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900. The orange, lemon and banana flourish north of Pretoria.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle. Influenza is playing havoe with the

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Brono Quining Tablers. All drugglets refund the money if it fails to cure.

E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c. A Persian lilac bush in Kansas City. Mo., is twenty feet in diameter.

Indians on the west coast of Alaska.

Indigestion is a bad companion. Get rid of it by chewing a bar of Adams' Pep-sin Tutti Frutti after each meai.

Immigration returns show that 24,-000 people settled in Canada in the past six months.

Dr. Bull's Safest, surest cure for all throat and lung troubles. People praise

Soups

TEN CENTS Libby's soups are as good as soups can be. Some cooks may know

how to make soups as good. None can make them better-none so cheaply. Six plates of delicious soup for 10 cents - and think of the bother saved!

Oxtall, Muliagataway, Chicken, Mock Turtle, Tomato, Vegetable, and Chicken Gambo. At your grocers, in cans ready for instant

LIBBY, MONEILL & LIBBY

Write for our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat." *****************

WILLS PILLS --- BIGGEST OFFER EVER MADE For only 10 Cents we will send to any P. O. 14 dress, le days' treatment of the best medicine on earth, and put you on the track how to make Menery right at rour home. Address all orders to The R. H. Willis Medicine Company 23 filtrabeth St., lingerstown, Md. Branch Jffices: 129 Indiana Ave., Washington, D. J.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives cases. Broak of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. R. M. GAELN SEORE, Box B. Atlanta, Go.

IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE IN B N U G.



treats upon about every subject under the sun. It contains 520 pages, profusely illustra and will be sent, postpaid, for 50c. in stamps, postal note or silver. When reading you do

less run across ref-matters and things AN ENGYGLOPEDIA which you do not understand and AN ENGYGLOPEDIA which this book

plete index, so that it may be plete index, so that it may be plete index, so that it may be is a rich mine of valuable interesting manner, and is interesting manner, and is times the small sum of Fifty CENTS which we ask for it. A study of this book will prove of incalculable benefit to those whose education has been neglected, while the values will also be found of great value to those who cannot readily command the knowledge that will also be found of great value to those who cannot readily command the knowledge that have acquired. BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE, 134 Leonard St., N. Y. Old.