

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: Spirit of Unrest—It is the Cause of Much Unhappiness—Need of the Church and the World is More Stability—Stop Gadding About.

(Copyright 1904.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—From an unusual text, Dr. Talmage in this discourse rebukes the spirit of unrest which characterizes so many people, and shows them the happiness and usefulness to be found in stability; text, Jeremiah ii, "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?"

Homely is the illustration by which this prophet of tears deprecates the vacillation of the nation to whom he wrote. Now they wanted alliance with Egypt and now with Assyria and now with Babylon, and now they did not know what they wanted, and the behavior of the nation reminded the prophet of a man or woman who, not satisfied with home life, goes from place to place gadding about, as we say, never settled anywhere or in anything, and he cries out to them, "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?"

Well, the world has now as many gadabouts as it had, in Bible times, and I think that that race of people is more numerous now than it ever was—gadabouts among occupations, among religious theories, among churches, among neighborhoods—and one of the greatest wants of the church and the world is more steadfastness and more fixity of purpose.

It was no small question that Pharaoh put to Jacob and his sons when he asked, "What is your occupation?" Getting into the right occupation not only decides your temporal welfare, but may decide your eternal destiny. The reason so many men and women are dead failures is because, instead of asking God what they ought to be or do, they through some vain ambition or whimsicality, decide what they ought to be. Let me say to all young men and young women in homes or in school or college, do not go gadding about among occupations and professions to find what you are fitted for, but make humbly and direct appeal to God for direction.

While seeking divine guidance in your selection of a lifetime sphere examine your own temperament. The physiologist will tell you your mental proclivities. The physiologist will tell you your physical temperament. Your enemies will tell you your weaknesses. If you are, as we say, nervous, do not become a surgeon. If you are cowardly, do not become an engineer. If you are hoping for a large and permanent income, do not seek a government position. If you are naturally quick tempered, do not become a minister of the gospel, for while any one is disadvantaged by ungovernable disposition there is hardly any one who can do such an incongruous part as a mad minister. Can you make a fine sketch of a slip or rock or house or face? Be an artist. Do you find yourself humming cadences and playing the treble clef, and the musical bars drop from your pen easily, and can you make a tune that charms those who hear it? Be a musician. Are you born with a fondness for argument? Be an attorney. Are you naturally a good nurse and especially interested in the relief of pain? Be a physician. Are you interested in all questions of traffic and in bargain making, are you apt to be successful on a mail or large scale? Be a merchant. Do you prefer country life, and do you like to own a harvest field? Be a farmer. Are you fond of machinery, and are turning wheels to you a fascination, and can you follow with absorbing interest the hum of a thrashing machine hour after hour? Be a mechanic. If you enjoy analyzing the material elements and a laboratory could entertain you all day and all night, be a chemist. If you are inquisitive about other worlds and interested in all instruments that would bring them nearer for inspection, be an astronomer. If the grass under your feet and the foliage over your head and the flowers which shake their incense on the summer air, and do you like the belles lettres of the field? Be a botanist.

If you have no one faculty dominant and nothing in your make up seems to point to this or that occupation, shut yourself up in your own room, get down on your knees and reverently ask God what He made you for and tell Him that you are willing to do anything He wishes you to do. Before you leave that room you will find out. For the sake of your usefulness and happiness and your temporal and eternal welfare, do not gadding about among people who go gadding about among businesses and occupations, now trying this and now trying that and never accomplishing anything.

There are many who exhibit this frailty in matters of religion. They are not sure about anything that pertains to their soul or their eternal destiny. Now they are Unitarians, and now they are Universalists, and now they are Presbyterians, and now they are nothing at all. They are not quite sure that the Bible was inspired or if inspired whether the words or the ideas were inspired or whether only part of the book was inspired. They think at one time that the story in Genesis about the garden of Eden is history, and the month after they think it is an allegory. At one time they think the book of Job describes what really occurred, but the next time they speak of it they call it a drama. Now they believe all the miracles, but at your next interview they try to show how these scenes had nothing in them supernatural, but can be accounted for by natural causes. Gadding about among religious theories and never satisfying the evidence is put before them, and why do they not render a verdict? If they cannot make up their mind with all the data put before them, they never will. There are all the archaeological confirmations of the Bible brought to view by the "Palestine Expedition" and the "Digging of the Bricks of Babylon," the letter "N" impressed upon them—"N" for Nebuchadnezzar, showing that he was not a myth—and the farther the shovel of the antiquarian goes down the more is revealed of that most wonderful city of all time. Professor Heilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, presents us tablets found in the far East ratifying and explaining Scriptural passages which were before in mystery. As the builders of the pyramids today turn up with their pickaxes the ashes of the animals that were used for burned offerings in the temple ages ago, demonstrating the truth of the Bible story about the sacrifices of lambs and bullocks and pigeons. There is the history by Josephus describing on uninspired page scenes which the Bible depicts. On the banks of the Dead Sea there are pieces of the very brimstone that fell in the sulphurous storm that destroyed Sodom and Gomorrah. Make up your mind whether the Bible is a glorious revelation of God or the worst imposition of the centuries. Why go gadding about among infidels, atheists and deists asking questions and surmising and guessing about the authority and value of a book which involves the infinities? It is either a good book or a bad book. If it is a bad book, you do not want it in your house nor have your children contaminated with its teachings. If it is a good book, your eternal happiness depends upon the adoption of its teachings. Once and forever make up your mind whether it is the book of God or the book of villainous pretenders.

So, ladies, there are those who gadd about among particular churches. No pastor can depend on them for a single service. At some time when he has prepared his sermon after all prayer and all research, putting nerve and muscle and brain and soul into its very paragraph, those intermittent attendants are not there to hear it.

But, oh, how the gadabouts injure the church! Instead of staying in their own prayer meeting or Sunday school they afflict other prayer meetings and Sunday schools. I meet them on the street going the wrong way on Sunday morning and evening, and I hear them in the words of the text, "Why gaddest thou about so much to change thy way?"

My text also addresses those who in search of happiness are going hither and yonder looking for that which they do not. Their time is all taken up with "musicales" and "progressive eueches" and teas and yellow luncheons and "at homes" and dances and operas and theatres, and instead of finding happiness they get pale cheeks and insomnia and indigestion and neuralgia and exhaustion and an abbreviated lifetime.

There is more splendid womanhood sacrificed in that way in our cities than in any other way. The judgment they can only reveal the awful holocaust of jagged nerves and the suicidal habits of much of our social life. The obituary of such reads well, for the story is suppressed about how they got their death while standing in attire of gauze waiting for the carriage on a new night on the front steps.

While in their lifetime they possessed all the ability for the relief of pain and impoverishment, yet they have no time for visitation of the poor or to win the blessing of such as comes upon those who administer to those who are ready to perish. Enough flowers in their dining halls to bewitch a prince, but not one tuft of heliotrope to perfume the room of that rheumatic on the back street, to whom the breath of one flower would be like the opening of the front door of heaven.

Find me one man or one woman who in all the rounds of pleasure and selfishness has found a piece of happiness as large as that half dollar which the benevolent and charitable soul puts into the palm of the hand of that mother whose children are crying for bread. Queen Victoria, riding in triumph through London at her jubilee, was not so sublime a figure as Queen Victoria in a hut near Balmoral Castle reading the New Testament to a poor dying man.

Let all the gadabouts for happiness know that in kindness and usefulness and self abnegation are to be found a satisfaction which all the gayeties of the world aggregated cannot afford.

Among the race of gadabouts are those who neglect their homes in order that they may attend to institutions that are really excellent and do not so much ask for help as demand it.

I am acquainted, as you are, with women who are members of so many boards of direction of benevolent institutions and have to stand at a booth in so many fairs and must collect funds for so many orphanages and reside at so many philanthropic meetings and are expected to be in so many different places at the same time that their children are left to the care of irresponsible servants, and if the little ones waited to say their prayers at their mother's knee they would never say an evening prayer at all. Such a woman makes her own home so unattractive that the husband spends his evening at the clubhouse or the tavern. The children of that house are as thoroughly orphaned as the children of that motherless little one gathered in the orphanage for which that gadabout woman is toiling so industriously.

By all means let Christian women foster charitable institutions and give them their time as they can spare, but let the first duty of that mother is the duty she owes to her home.

The book of Samuel gives a photograph of Mephibosheth lame in both feet. When he was one year old in one foot of him in both feet, we always wonder by what accident he was lame. Perhaps it may have been in battle for his country, or he may have been run over by some reckless driver or some explosion did the damage. So you wonder how Mephibosheth became lame in both feet. The Bible for a good reason gives us the particulars. It tells us that when he was a child his nurse dropped him. She must have dropped him very hard, for he never again got over the effect of that fall. Long after the accident we find him at King David's table, but still our attention is called to the fact that his feet were crippled, though so long before his nurse dropped him. And mark you that in all departments of life there are those crippled in habits, crippled in morals, crippled for all time. The accident happened in this way: Their mothers were gadabouts and neglected their homes, and the work of raising the child was given over to incompetent nurses, and the nurses let them fall into bad habits, told them degrading stories and gave them wrong notions of life and practically ruined them.

But Mephibosheth was taken by King David into the palace and seated at the royal table, so by the grace of the heavenly King these unfortunate ones may yet be seated at the King's table in the King's palace, though the nurses did drop them so that morally they were lame in both feet.

Now, what is the practical use of the present discourse? This: Whereas so many have ruined themselves and ruined others by becoming gadabouts among occupations, among religious theories, among churches, among neighborhoods, therefore resolved that we will concentrate upon what is right thought and right behavior and waste no time in vacillations and indecisions and uncertainties, running about in places where we have no business to be. Life is so short we have no time to play with it the spendthrift. Find out whether the Bible is true and whether your nature is immortal and whether Christ is the divine and only Saviour, and whether you must love Him or be damned and whether there will probably ever be a more auspicious moment for your becoming His adherent, and then make this 12 o'clock at noon of November 25, the most illustrious minute that you will ever have passed since the day of your birth—until the ten millionth cycle of the coming eternity, because by complete surrender of thought and will and affection and life to God, through Jesus Christ, you become a new man, a new woman, a new soul, and God the Father and God the Son and God the Holy Ghost and all angelic, Cherubim and Seraphim and archangel became your allies.

Found among the papers of the learned Samuel Johnson was a prayer inscribed with the words, "When my eye was restored to its use," and it is a great moment when we get over our moral blindness and gain spiritual eyesight. That is a moment from which we may well date everything. All the glory of Henry II. of France vanished when in a tournament a lance extinguished his eye, and the worst disaster that can happen to us is to have the vision of our soul put out. If you have gone wrong so far, now go right. If the morning and noon of your life have been a moral defeat, make the evening of your life a victory. The battle of Marengo, lost at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, was gloriously won at 6, and in your life and mine it is not too late to achieve something worthy of an immortal. Start right and keep on. Do not spend too much time in tacking ship. David felt the importance of fixity of purpose when he cried out, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed!"

THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Happenings Gleaned From Various Parts.

SHOOTING AFFRAY AT SCRANTON

Played Ghost; Hit with an Ax—A Woman Had Her Skull Fractured by a Man With Whom She Had a Dispute—Little Girl Struck by a Trolley Car—Henry Heisey Plunged Thirty Feet into a Well and was Badly Mangled.

Mrs. Mary Rose was murdered in a cold-blooded manner by Mrs. Josephine Bevelock, in the house of Frank Moresco, at Scranton. The cause of the shooting seems to be involved in somewhat of a mystery. A quarrel over chickens and money, with an added dash of jealousy, seems to be at the bottom of the difficulty. Mrs. Rose charged Mrs. Bevelock with having refused to pay her for certain work she did for her. Angry words followed, and Mrs. Bevelock drew a 38-calibre revolver from her dress pocket and fired five shots, killing Mrs. Rose almost instantly. Annie Moresco was the only eyewitness to this shooting. Following the shooting, Mrs. Bevelock went to her own apartments and afterward to the house of a neighbor, where she was arrested. No sign of remorse is exhibited by Mrs. Bevelock. "She made trouble for me," she said, "and I killed her. I am glad."

Killed With an Ax.

A blow from an ax received by Mrs. John Noone, of North Scranton, will render her insane for the remainder of her life, physicians say. The ax was wielded by Stephen Doyle, one of her neighbors. They had a dispute over the ownership of some property and Mrs. Noone thought to scare Doyle away from the place by assuming the role of a ghost. Covering her face with a sheet, she went to Doyle's place and pretended to be a visitor from across the river Styx. Doyle saw the pretending ghost and attacked her with an ax, fracturing the skull. Mrs. Noone's physicians say she will recover, but will not regain the use of her faculties.

Killed by a Trolley Car.

Dorothy Wescotte, the 4-year-old daughter of Charles Wescotte, of Rutledge, was run over and killed by a trolley car on the Philadelphia, Morton and Swarthmore line. The child, with her little brother, was crossing the tracks at Linden avenue, near their home. The motorman saved the lad's life by the most heroic efforts. While the car was running he reached out and pulled the boy from the tracks. The children had hold of each other's hands, but released their hold as the motorman caught hold of the boy. The body of the little girl was horribly mangled.

Sentenced Ten Years After Crime.

Convicted of the crime of stealing a horse from Dr. D. H. Shenk, of Litz, ten years ago, James Warden Moore was sentenced to an imprisonment of ten months in the county jail. The reason for the delay was Moore's incarceration for the past ten years in the Eastern Penitentiary for a similar crime committed in Northampton county. When released from the institution two months ago he was rearrested at the gate after making a dash for liberty.

Express Train Kills Former Soldier.

Thomas A. Boyle, an Englishman, aged 26, was struck by the Philadelphia express while walking on the Reading tracks at the curve near Bingen, and was instantly killed. On the dead man's body were found papers denoting that Boyle had enlisted in the United States Army in 1893 for a period of three years, before the expiration of which he was honorably discharged. His home is unknown.

"Dodger" Thrown Jailed.

John K. Duffey, of Philadelphia, was the first victim of the dodger ordinance in Norristown. He came to town and was caught distributing medical almanacs. He was arrested and given thirty-six hours in jail. His employer came to town to pay the fine of \$10 and costs, but as the defendant had only twelve hours to serve, it was decided to let the more vigorous form of punishment, take its course.

Lost Both Legs and Died.

George W. Taylor, of Norristown, Md., was run over by the shifting engine at a draft of cars on the Pottsville division of the Pennsylvania Railroad, east of York, and had both legs terribly mangled. He was immediately removed to the hospital, where both legs were amputated above the knees. Taylor died soon after the operation.

Plunged Into a Well.

Henry Heisey, a prominent farmer of Scranton, Pa., was killed at his home from injuries received by plunging thirty feet down a well at his home. Heisey had been engaged in digging a well and when lowering himself into it the rope broke and he plunged backward. He was frightfully mangled, one foot hanging only by shreds of skin.

State News in Brief.

Two lives were crushed out in the Pine Brook mine of the Scranton Coal Company. William Lammon, miner, and Joe Markotsev, laborer, were the victims. Several hundred tons of rock fell, and it was five hours before the men were dug out.

An unarmed posse rounded up in the woods near Arisoma a gang of tramps who had held up and robbed an Italian workman. The tramps refused to surrender and several of them, drawing revolvers, compelled the posse to retreat.

Mrs. James Hamilton, of Lebanon, may lose her left hand as the result of an explosion caused by her picking a cartridge with a hatpin. The hand was badly mangled.

An operation for appendicitis performed on Mrs. Frank A. Garrison, of Williamsport, revealed the presence in the appendix of a pin an inch long and badly corroded. The pin is thought to have been swallowed by Mrs. Garrison about a year ago. It had entered at the opening of the appendix and had started to work its way out at the other end, the point having passed through.

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Chinese Minister to France.
Gu Keng, the Chinese minister to France, lives in a luxurious home near the Arc de Triomphe. He is 60 years old, and has served his country since his youth. He fought with distinction under General Gordon in 1864, and being descended from an old Manchu family, rose rapidly at court. He is an advocate of western civilization for China.

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We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
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We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The gunpowder factory at Kirkee, India, will close on April 1, cordite now being in general use.

All goods are alike to PUTNAM FADELESS DYES, as they color all fibers at one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

There are no silver or copper mines in Ireland, but geologists are of opinion that ultimately large and valuable copper mines will be discovered there.

Best For the Bowels.
No matter what ails you, headache, a cold, or any ailment, get well with your bowels put right. CASCARATS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Get a box today. Cascard, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has U.C.C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

It is the law in Maine that the bounty for bears must be paid when the animal's nose is shown, and in New Hampshire the money is payable on exhibition of the ears.

Good Position.
Trustworthy men wanted to travel. Earnest, sure not absolutely necessary. For particulars, address Postoffice 704, Wm., Bedford City, Va.

The Island of Formosa, now a Japanese possession, will soon have a new railway line of great importance. It will be built by a syndicate of Japanese capitalists.

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.

Six hundred "cow punchers" (cowboys) of Nebraska, Wyoming and Colorado were included in Canada's Volunteers for the front in South Africa.

Happiness cannot be bought, but one of the great hindrances to its attainment can be removed by Adam's Peppin Tutti Frutti.

When shrapnel bursts the bullets go forward; in common shell the fragments fly in all directions.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—Wm. O. ESTES, Esq., Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

The new British Parliament 55 members and directors of British railways and 11 are directors of colonial or foreign railways, while half a dozen others are large contractors for railway works.

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

DO YOU FEEL LIKE THIS?

Pen Picture for Women.

"I am so nervous, there is not a well link in my whole body. I am so weak at my stomach and have indigestion horribly, and palpitation of the heart, and I am losing flesh. This headache and backache nearly kills me, and yesterday I nearly had hysterics; there is a weight in the lower part of my bowels bearing down all the time, and pains in my groins and thighs; I cannot sleep, walk, or sit, and I believe I am diseased all over; no one ever suffered as I do."

This is a description of thousands of cases which come to Mrs. Pinkham's attention daily. An inflamed and ulcerated condition of the neck of the womb can produce all of these symptoms.



Mrs. JOHN WILLIAMS.
to me, and no woman should allow herself to reach such a perfection of misery when there is absolutely no need of it. The subject of our portrait in this sketch, Mrs. Williams of Englishtown, N.J., has been entirely cured of such illness and misery by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and the guiding advice of Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass.

No other medicine has such a record for absolute cures, and no other medicine is "just as good." Women who want a cure should insist upon getting Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when they ask for it at a store. Anyway, write a letter to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all your troubles. Her advice is free.

PAIN OPENED HER SKULL

Mrs. Lasher's Remarkable Story—Dr. Greene's Nervura Cured Her.



The case of Mrs. Fred C. Lasher, Jr., a well-known woman of Westport, N. Y., is one of the most interesting on record. It is an actual fact that headaches caused her head to split.

"For thirteen years," she says, "I suffered from terrible headaches night and day, until the bones of my skull opened so that the doctor could lay his thumb right into the opening on to my brain. Two doctors attended me and claimed that I was on the verge of insanity. I was under their care for nine years, but got no relief. Then I tried Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and inside of a year the bones of my head had taken their natural shape again."

That Mrs. Lasher's statements are true is vouched for by reliable men of Westport, and by a Justice of the Peace there. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy cured Mrs. Lasher when all other remedies failed, and it cures thousands of suffering women every year. If your head aches, if you cannot sleep and are weak and nervous, remember that this great curative agent, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, will make you well and strong.

Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is a physician's prescription, formulated from a discovery after years of investigation and experiment. Dr. Greene, 35 West 14th St., New York City, is the discoverer. He can be consulted free personally or by letter.

HEAVY ELEPHANTS.

The Weight of Sid is Given at 8,238 Pounds.

There has been little said about the size of elephants since the death of Jumbo a few years ago at St. Thomas, Canada. It is now claimed that "Sid," the giant elephant of the Forepaugh & Sells Brothers' circus herd, is not only the largest elephant in captivity, but weighs more than Jumbo in his palmiest days. Sid's weight is given at 8,238 pounds, while that of Jumbo was advertised broadcast as being 8,176 pounds. The latter was taller, but did not have Sid's massive proportions. Readers will recall a novel race run about a year ago in which a comparison was made between the sprinting ability of an elephant, a camel, a horse, a bicycle, and an automobile. The race was pulled off at Ridgewood Park, Brooklyn, and three heats furnished proof that the elephant racer was Sid, whose great tusks were extended just in time to save the day.

But Sid will win no more races with his tusks. In a fit of rage two weeks ago at Columbus, O., he killed his keeper, Patsy Meagher Forepaugh, whereupon he was placed under chains and the ivories were sawed off close to his chin. Sid furnished objection to the sawing proceedings, but to no avail. The tusks were polished and gold mounted and now adorn the home of Lewis Sells at Columbus, O.

China has not yet learned to its full extent the use of the check and the bank of deposit, the money order or the bank draft in her mercantile transactions.

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