

Rev. James P. Stone of Lower Cabot, Vt., formerly of

Dalton, N. H. A Faithful Pastor

Is held in high esteem by his people, and his opinion upon temporal as well as spiritual matters is valued greatly. The following is from a clergyman long influential in New England, now spending well earned rest in the beautiful town of Cabot, Vt.: "C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"We have used Hood's Sarsaparille in our family for many years past, with great benefit. We have, with confidence, recommended it to others for their various allments, almost all of whom have certified to the great benefit by its use. We can

Honestly and Cheerfully recommend it as the best blood purifier we have ever tried. We have used others, but none with the

beneficial effects of Hood's. Also, we deem Hood's

Pills and Olive Ointment invaluable. Mrs. Stone

cannot do without them." REV. J. P. STONE Better than Gold Mr. Geo. T. Clapp, of Eastondale, Mass., says: am 82 years of age and for 30 years have suffered ith running sores on one of my legs. A few years

ago I had two toes amputated, physicians saying I was suffering from gangrene and had but

A Short Time to Live Eight months ago at the recommendation of a neighbor who had used it with benefit, I began tak ing Hood's Sarsaparilla. The whole lower part of my leg and foot was a running sore, but it has almost pletely healed and I can truthfully say that I am in better health than I have been for many years. I have taken no other medicine and consider that I owe all my improvement to

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Guarantee—Use contents of One Rottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund to you the price paid. At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00 Size. DR. KILMER & Co., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Divinity in the Stars."

TEXT: "Seek Him that maketh the Seven

Stars and Orion."-Amos v., 8. A country farmer wrote this text—Amos of Tekoa. He plowed the earth and thrashed the grain by a new thrashing machine just invented, as formerly the cattle trod out the grain. He gathered the fruit of the sycamore tree and scarified it with an iron comb just before it was getting ripe, as it was necessary and customary in that way to take from it the bitterness. He was the son of a poor shepherd and stuttered, but before the stammering rustic the Philistines and Syr-ians and Phonicians and Moabites and Am-monites and Edomites and Israelites trem-

Moses was a law giver, Daniel was a prince, Isaian a courtier and David a king; but Amos, the author of my text, was a peasant, and, as might be supposed, nearly all his parallelisms are pastoral, his propher was the control of the court o all his parallelisms are pastoral, his proph-ecy full of the odor of new mown hay, and the rattle of locusts, and the rumble of carts with sheaves, and the roar of wild beasts devouring the flock while the shepherd came out in their defense. He watched the herds by day, and by night inhabited a booth made out of busnes, so that through these he could see the stars all night long, and was more familiar with them than we who have tight roofs to our houses and hardly ever see tight roofs to our houses and hardly ever see the stars, except among the tall brick chimneys of the great towns. But at sea-sons of the years when the herds were in special danger, he would stay out in the open field all through the darkness, his only shelter the curtain of the night heaven, with the stellar embroideries and silver tassels of lunar light.

What a life of solitude, all alone with his herds! Poor Amos! And at 12 o'clock at night hark to the wolf's bark, and the lion's roar. and the bear's growl, and the owl's te-whit-te-who, and the serpent's hist, as he unwittingly steps too near while moving through the thickets! So Amos, like other herdsmen, got the habit of studying the map of the heavens, because it was so much of the time spread out before him. He noticed some stars advancing and others recoding. He associated their dawn and setting with cerassociated their dawn and setting with cer-tain seasons of the year. H had a poetic nature, and he read night by night, and month by month, and year by year, the poem of the constellations, divinely rhythmic. But two rosettes of stars especially attracted his attention while seated on the ground or lying on his back under the open scroll of the milnight heavens—the Pleiades, or Seven Stars, and Orion. The Pleiades, or Seven Stars, and Orion. The former group this rustic prophet associated with the spring, as it rises about the first of May. The latter he associated with the winter, as it comes to the meridian in January. The Pleiades, or Seven Stars, connected with all sweetness and joy; Orion, the herald of the tempest. The ancients were the more apt to study the physioguomy and juxtaposition of the heavenly bodies, because they thought they had a special influence upon the earth, and perhaps they were right. If the moon every few hours lifts and lets down the tides of the Atlantic cean, and the electric storms of the sun, by

all scientific admission, affect the earth, why not the stars have proportionate effect? And there are some things which make me think that it may not have been all superstition which connected the movements and appearance of the heavenly bodies with great moral events on earth. Did not a meteor run on evangelistic errand on the first Christmas night and designate the rough cradle of our Lord? Did not the stars in their courses fight against Siseca? Was it merely coincidental that before the destruction of Jerusalem the moon was eclipsed for twelve consecutive nights? Did it merely iveration Cashopea, and Louis despears; just before King Charles IX of France, who was responsible for the St. Bartholomew massacre, died? Was it without significance that in the days of the Roman emperor Justinian and the control of the Roman emperor Justinian emperor of the Roman emperor Justinian emperor of the Roman emperor Justinian emperor of the Roman emperor of the Ro tinian war and famine were preceded by the dimness of the sun, which for nearly a yea gave no more light than the moon, although there were no clouds to obscure it?

Astrology, after all, may have been some-thing more than a brilliant heathenism. No wonder that Amos of the text, having heard these two anthems of the stars, put down the stout rough staff of the herdsman and into his brown hand and cut and knotted fingers the pen of a prophet and advised the recreant people of his time to return to God, saying, "Seek Him that maketh the the Seven Stars and Orion." This command, which Amos gave 785 years B. C., is just as appropriate for us, 1891

In the first place, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made the Pleiades and Orion must be the God of order. It was not so much a star here and a star there that impressed the inspired herdsman, but seven in one group and seven in the other group. He saw that night after night and season after season and decade after deand season after season and decade after de-cade they had kept step of light, each one in its own place, and sisterhood never clashing and never contesting precedence. From the time biesiod called the Pleiades the "seven daughters of Atlas," and Virgil wrote in his Æneid of "Stormy Orion" until now, they have observed the order established for their coming and going; order writen not in manuscript that may be pigeonholed, but with the hand of the Almighty on the come of the sky, so that all nations may read it. Order. Persistent order. Sublime order. Omnipo-

What a sedative to you and me, to whom communities and nations sometimes seem going pellmell, and world ruled by some fiend at haphazard and in all directions maladministration! The God who keeps seven worlds in right circuit for six thousand years can certainly keep all the affairs of individuals an I nations and continents in adjustment. We had not better fret much, for the peasant's argument of the text was right. If God can take care of the seven worlds of the Pleiades and the four chief worlds of Orion, He can probably take care of the one world we inhabit. So I feel very much as my father felt one

day when we were going to the country mill to get a grist ground, and I. a boy of seven years, sat in the back part of the wagon, and our yoke of oxen ran away with us an i along our yoke of oxen ran away with us and along a labyrinthine road through the woods, so that I thought every moment we should be dashed to pieces, and I made a terrible outery of fright, and my father turned to me with a face perfectly calm, and said: "De Witt, what are you crying about? I guess we can ride as fast as the oxen can run." And, my hearers, why should we be affrighted and one our coughtrium in the switt move-

we can ride as fast as the oxen can run."
And, my hearers, why should we be affrighted and lose our equilibrium in the switt movement of worldly events, especially when we are assured that it is not a yoke of unbroken steers that are drawing us on, but that order and wise government are in the yoke?

In your occupatic:, your mission, your sphere, do the best you can and then trust to God; and if all things are all mixed and disquieting, and your brain is hot and your heart sick, get some one to go out with you into the starlight and point out to you the Pleiades, or, better than that, get into some observatory, and through the telescope see further than Amos with the naked eye could—namely, two hundred stars in the Pleiades, and that in what is called the sword of Orion there is a nebula computed to be two trillion, two hundred thousand billions times larger than the sun. Oh, beat peace with the God who made all that and controls all that—the wheel of galaxies for thousands of years without the breaking of a cog or the slipping of a band or the snap of an axle. For your placidity and comfort through the Lord Jesus Christ I charge you, "Seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and Orion."

Again, Amos saw, as we must see, that the God who made these two groups of the text was the God of light. Amos saw that God was not satisfied with making one star or three stars, but He makes seven; and having finished that group of worlds makes another

all been lovingly christened, each one a name as distinct as the names of your children.
"He telieth the number of the stars; He calleth them all by their names." The seven Pleiades had names given to them, and they are Alcyone, Merope, Celeano, Electra, Sterope, Taygete and Maia. But taink of the billions and trillions of

daughters of starry ligot that Gol calls by name as they sweep by Him with beaming brow and lustrous robe! So fond is Gol of light—natural light, moral light, spiritual light. Again and again is light harnessel for symbolization — Christ, the bright morning star; evangelization, the day-break; the redemption of nations, Sun of Righteousnes rising with healing in His wings. O men and women, with so many sorrows and sins and perplexities, if you want light of comfort, light of pardon, light of goodness, in earnest prayer through Christ, "Seek Him that maketh the Seven

Stars and Orion.' the God who made these two archipelagoes of stars must be an unchanging God. There had been no change in the stellar appearance in this herdsman's lifetime, and his father, a shepherd, reported to him that there had been no change in his lifetime. And these two clusters hang over the celestial arbor now just as they were the first night that they shone on the Elenic bowers; the same as when the Ezyptians built the pyramids, from the top of which to watch them; the same as when the Chaldeans cal-culated the eclipses; the same as when Edihu, according to the book of Job, went out to study the aurora borealis; the same under Ptelemaic system and Copernican system; the same from Calisthenes to Pythagoras, and from Pythagoras to Herschel. Surely, a changeless God must have fash-ioned the Pleiades and Orion! Oh, what an anodyne amid the ups and downs of life, an t the flox and reflux of the tides of prosperity

to know that we have a changeless God, the same "yesterday, to-day and forever." Xerxes garlanded and knighted the steers man of his boat in the morning and hanged him in the evening of the same day. The world sits in its chariot and drives tandem, and the horse ahead is Huzza and the horse behind is Anathema. Lord Cobham, in King James's time, was applauded, and had thirty-five thousand dollars a year, but was afterward execrated and lived on scraps stolen from the royal kitchen. Alexander the Great after death remained unburied for thirty days, because no one would do the honor of shoveling him under. The Duke of Wellington refused to have his iron fence mended because it had been broken by an infuriated populace in some hour of political excitement, and he left it in ruins that men might learn what a fickle thing is human favor. "But the mercy of the Lord is from verlasting to everlasting to them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto the children's children of such as keep His covenant, and to those who remember His commandments to do them." This moment "Seek Him that maketh the Seven Stars and

the God who made these two beacons of the oriental night sky must be a God of love and oriental night sky must be a God of love and kindly warning. The Pleiades rising in midsky said to all the herdsmen and shepherds and husbandmen, "Come out and enjoy the mild weather and cultivate your gardens and fisids." Orion, coming in winter, warned them to prepare for tempest. All navigation was regulated by these two constellations. The one said to shipmaster and crew, "Hoist sail for the sea and gather merchandise from other lands." But Orion was the storm signal, and said, "Reef sail, make things snug or put into harbor, for the make things snug or put into harbor, for the hurricanes are getting their wings out." As the Pleiades were the sweet evangels of the spring, Orion was the warning prophet of

Oh, now I get the best view of Go1 I ever never want to preach the of sermons in ever want to preach the presume God so kind, so includent, so lenient, so inbec le that men may do what they will against Him and fracture His every law and put the pry of their impertinence and re-bellion under His throne, and while they are kiss-s their infuriated brow and cheek, say-ing, "Of suca is the kingdom of beaven." ing, "Of suce is the kingdom of heaven."
The other kin i of sermon I never want to preach is the one that represents God as all tire and torture and thundercloud, and with red hot pitchfork tossing the human race into paroxysms of infinite agony. The ser-mon that I am now preaching believes in a God of loving, kindly warning, the God of spring and winter, the God of Pleiades and Orion.

You must remember that the winter is just as important as the spring. Let one winter pass without frost to kill vegetation and ice to bind the rivers and snow to enrich our fields, and then you will have to enlarge your hospitals and your cometaries. "A green Christmas makes a fat graveyard," was the old proverb. Storms to purify the air. Thermometer at ten degrees above zero to tone up the system. December and January just as important as May and June. I tell you we need the storms of life just as much as we do the sunshine. There are more men rained by prosperity than by adversity. If we had our own way in life before this we would have been impersonations of senfish-ness and worldliness and disgusting sin, and puffed up until we would have been like Julius Casar, who was made by sycophant-to believe that he was divine, and that the freckles on his face were as stars of the firm-

One of the swiftest transatlantic voyagos. made last summer by our swiftest steamer was because she had a stormy wind abaft, chasing her from New York to Liverpool. But to those going in the opposite direction the storm was a buffeting and a hindranes. the storm was a butteting and a hindrade.

It is a bad thing to have a storm ahead, pushing us back; but if we be Go.l's children and aiming toward heaven the storms of life will only chase us the sooner into the harbor. I am so glad to believe that the monsoons and typhoons and mistrais and sirocces of the land and sea are not unstrained by the search of the land and sea are not unstrained. chained maniacs let loose upon the earth, but are under divine supervision! I am so giad that the God of the Seven Stars is also the God of Orion! It was out of Dante's suffering came the sublime "Divina Commedia," and out of John Milton's blindness. came "Paradise Lost," and out of miserable infidel attack came the "Bridgewater Treatise" in favor of Christianity, and out of David's exile came the sougs of consola-tion, and out of the sufferings of Christ come the possibility of the world's redemption, and out of your bereavement your persecution, your poverties, your mistortunes may yet come an eternal heaven.

Oh, what a mercy it is that in the text and

all up and down the Bible God induces us to look out toward other worlds! Bible astronlook out toward other worlds! Bible astronomy in Genesis, in Joshua, in Job, in the Psalms, in the prophets, major and minor, in St. John's Apocatypse, practically saying: "World's! worlds! worlds! Get ready for them!" We have a nice little world here that we stick to, as though losing that we lose all. We are afraid of failing off this little raft of a world. We are a raid that some metooric iconoclast will some night smash it, and we want everything to revolve around it, and are disappointed when we find that it revolves around the sun instead of the sun revolving around it. What a fuss we make about this little bit of a world, of the sun revolving around it, What a fuss we make about this little bit of a world, its existence only a short time between two spasms, the paroxysm by which it was hurled from chaos into order, and the paroxysm of

And I am glad that so many texts call us to look off to other worlds, many of them larger and grander and more resplendent. "Look there," says Job, "at Mazaroth and Arcturus and his sons!" "Look there," says St. John, "at the moon under Christ's feet." "Look there," says Joshua, "at the sun standing still above Gibeon!" "Look there," says Moses, "at the sparkling firmament!" "Look there," say: Amos, the herdsman, "at the Seven Stars and Orion!" Don't let us be so sad And I am glad that so many texts call us

group—group after group. To the Piciales
He adds Orion. It seems that God likes light
so well that He keeps making it. Only one
being in the universe knows the statistics of
solar, lunar, stellar, meteoric creations, and
that is the Creator Himself. And they have
all been loyingly christened each one a page this shed, this out-house, of a world when all this shed, this out-house of a world when al the King's palaces already occupied by many of our best friends are swinging wide open

their gates to let us in.
When I read, "In My Father's house are many mansions," I do not know but that each world is a room, and as many rooms as there are worlds, stellar stairs, stellar gal-leries, stellar hallways, stellar windows, stallar domes. How our departed friends must pity us, shut up in these cramped apartments, tired if we walk fifteen miles, apartments, tired if we walk fifteen miles, when they some morning, by one stroke of wing, can make circuit of the whole stellar system and be back in time for matins! Perhaps yonder twinkling constellation is the residence of the martyrs; that group of twelve luminaries is the celestial home of the apostles. Perhaps that steep of light is the dwelling place of angels cherubic, sera-phic, archangelic. A mansion with as many rooms as worlds, and all their windows illu-

minated for fes.ivity.
Oh, how this widens and lifts and stimulates our expectations! How little it makes the present and how stupendous it makes the future! How it consples us about our pious dead, who, instead of being boxed up and under the ground, have the range of as many rooms as there are worlds, and wel-come everywhere, for it is the Father's house, in which there are many mansions! Oh, Lord Golo' the Seven Stars and Orion, how can I endure the transport, the ecstasy of such a vision! I must obey my text and seek Him. I will seek Him. I seek Him now, for I call to mind that it is not the material universe that is most valuable, but the spiritual, and that each of us has a soul worth more than all the worlds which the inspired herdsman saw from his booth on the hills

of Tekoa.

I had studied it before, but the Cathedral of Cologue, Germany, never impressed me as it did the last time I saw it. It is admitted the graniest gothic structure in the world, its foundation laid in 1248, only eight or nine years ago completed. More than six hundred years in building. All Europe taxed for its construction. Its chapel of the Magi with precious stones enough to pur-chase a kingdom. Its caapel of St. Agnes with master-pieces of painting. Its spire with master-pieces of painting. Its spire springing five hundred and eleven feet into the heavens. Its stained glass the chorus of all rich colors. Statues encircling the pillers and encircing all. Statues above statues, un til sculpture can do no more, but faints and falls back against carved stalls and down on pavements over which the kings and queens of the earth have walked to confession. Nave and aisles and transept and portals combining the spiendors of sunrise. Interlaced, interfoliated, intercolumned grandeur. As

I stood outside looking at the double range of flying buttresses and the forest of pinnacles, higher and higher and higher, until I almost reeled from dizziness, I exclaimed: Great doxology in stone! Frozen prayer of

many nations! many nations!"
But while standing there I saw a poor man enter and put down his pack and kneel beside his burden on the hard floor of that cathedral. And tears of deep emotion came into my eyes as I said to myself: "There is a soul worth more than all the material surgestions. That man will live after the last oundings. That man will live after the last innacle has fallen, and not one stone of all that cathedral glory shall remain uncrum-bled. He is now a Lizaras in rags and poverty and weariness, but immor-tal and a son of the Lord God Almighty, and the prayer be now offers, though amid many superstitions, I believe God will hear, and among the apos-ties whose sculptured forms stand in the surounding niches he will at last be lifted, and outding measures of that Carist whose suf-ferings are represental by the crucifix be-fore which he bows, and he raised in due time out of all his poverties into the glori home built for him and built for us by"Him who maketh the Seven Stars and Orion.

How Was It Done?

The following has been submitted for publication in this department: A champermaid is said to have put twelve commercial travelers into eleven bed-rooms. spitting in His face and stabbing at His and yet to have given each man a sep-heart, He takes them up in His arms and arate apartment. Here we have the eleven rooms:

1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11

"Now," said she, "if you two gentle-men will go into bedroom No. 1 and wait a few minutes I'll find a spare room for one of you as soon as I have shown the others their rooms." Having thus stowed the first two in No. 1, she put the third in No. 2, the fourth in No. 3. the fifth in No. 4, the sixth in No. 5, the seventh in No. 6, the eighth in No. 7, the ninth in No. 8, the tenth in No. 9 and the eleventh in No. 10. Having completed the task she went back to room No. 1, where you will remember she had left the twelfth gentleman along with the first, and said: "I have now furnished each of the others with a room, and have a room to spare; if you please, step into room No. 11 and you will find it empty." How was it done? -St. Louis Republic.

Big Grapevines.

There is a phenomenal grapevine in Gaillac, a southern town in France. Although the plant is only ten years old, it yielded last year 1287 bunches of delicious fiuit. There is but one vine which excels this wonderful shrub, and that is the noted historical vine of Hampton Court, England, which was planted in 1763, and now measures forty-seven yards. In the first year of the last comet it gave from its single growta over 2500 bunches of grapes. The fruit from this vine is kept exclusively for the use of the table of the Queen, and the surplus is made into wine for Her Majesty and her family. - Baltimore American.

To Remedy the Smokeless Powder.

A certain Herr Paul Richm has invented a mist or fog ball with which to envelop your enemy in a deep mist-nay, even a thick fog-which shall not be surpassed, claims the intentor, even by a London particular. These fog balls are easily-broken spheres, containing ammonia and acids, which upon escaping create a fog that envelops all around it until blown away by the wind. Battles, though, are not always fought on windless, calm days. But, says the inventor, with this fog around them it will be impossible for the enemy to find the range or to reply to the fire of the attack .-Western News.

The Elevated Railways.

On the Sixth Avenue line in New York City, there are 500 trains daily each way; on the Third Avenue line, 504 trains; on the Second Avenue line, 272 and trains; on the Ninth Avenue line, 205 trains-each way daily. The trains are run from one minute to eight minutes apart, depending upon the hour of the day. From midnight to 5 A. M., fifteen minutes apart. Fare, five cents. -- Scientific American.

Mr. Tate, the wealthy Englishman who offered the British Government a fine collection of pictures and \$400,000 wherewith to erect a gallery if the Government would furnish a suitable site, has withdrawn his offer in disgust at the way in which it was treated.

Prussia has but 565 subjects whose annual incomes are more than \$30,000

\$100 Reward. \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon 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 it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

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To cleanse the system in a gentle and truly beneficial manner, when the Springtime comes, use the true and perfect remedy. Syrup of Figs. One bottle will answer for all the family and costs only 50 cents; the large size \$1. Try it and be pleased. Manufactured by the California Fir Syrun Co. only.

If you suffer from sick, nervous, neuralgic, spinal, billious, or dyspeptic headaches, Brady-crotine will cure you promptly. Fifty cents, drug stores.

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If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thomp-on Eye-water. Druggists seil at 25c, per bottle

Wound up -the man or woman who's "rundown." Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery sets the wheels going. It starts the torpid liver into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, cleanses, repairs, and strengthens the system, and restores health and vigor. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it sets at work all the processes of digestion and nutrition, and builds up flesh and strength.

For all scrofulous humors and blood-taints, and even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula), if taken in time, it's a positive remedy.

Unlike the sarsaparillas, which claim to be good for the blood in March, April, and May, "Golden Medical Discovery" works equally well at all seasons.

Unlike other blood-purifiers, too, it's guaranteed to benefit or cure, in every case, or your money is re-

On these terms, it's the cheapest. You pay only for the good you get. But it's the best - or it couldn't be sold so.

Boils! Pimples! Blotches,

AND ERUPTIONS ON THE BODY, are indications of Poison in the Blood, and show that nature is making efforts to throw it out. S. S. S. will assist in this good work. It changes the character of the blood, so that the poison bearing germs speedily leave through the pores of the skin, and the poison is also forced out.

C. W. Hodkins, Postmaster at East Lamoine, Me., writes that Mrs. Kelly's son, who had been confined to bed fourteen months with an Abscess, has been cured sound and well by Swift's Specific. The boy is fourteen years old, lives next door to me, and I know the

S. S. S. has a wonderful effect on Children, and should be given to every weak and debilitated child. Send for our Book on the Blood and Skin.

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the best leather produced in this country. There are no tacks or wax threads to burt the feet, and is made as smooth inside as a hand sewed shoe. It is as stylish, easy fitting and durable as custom-made shoes costing from \$4.00 to \$5.00, and acknowledged to be the Best in the World for the price.



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TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES. IT IS A DUTY you owe to yourself and your family, during these hard times, to get the most value for your money. You can economize in your foot-wear if you purchase W. L. Douglas' Shoes, which, without question, represent a greater value for the money than any other makes.

CAUTION. W. L. DOUGLAS' name and the price is stamped on the bottom of each shoe, which protects the consumer against high prices and inferior shoes. Beware of dealers who acknowledge the superiority of W. L. Douglas' Shoes by attempting to substitute other makes for them. Such substitutions are fraudulent, and subject to prosecution by law, for obtaining money under false pretences. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

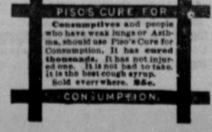
If not for salt in your place send direct to Factory, stating kind, size and width wanted. Postage tree. AGENTS WANTED. Will give exclusive sale to shoe dealers where I have no agent and advertise them free in local paper.

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Acts in perfect harmony with the laws that covern the female system under all circumstances. Its suc-cess in quickly and permanently curing all kinds of

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