



Mrs. S. D. Ashley

### FOR WOMEN IN FEEBLE HEALTH

Hood's Cannot Be Too Highly Recommended

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'I have used Hood's Sarsaparilla for years and it has always given me the best of satisfaction. I had little appetite and was troubled with rheumatism in the left arm and shoulder and back. As soon as I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla my appetite increased, the Rheumatic Troubles Ceased and I felt better than for years before. I have used it in the family and would not do without it. It cannot be recommended too highly for women in feeble health, nor for children when teething. Any one giving it a fair trial will be well satisfied.'" Mrs. S. D. Ashley, North Richmond, Ohio. Get Hood's Hood's Pills at all druggists.

### Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

women in feeble health, nor for children when teething. Any one giving it a fair trial will be well satisfied."

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25 cents.

### NORTHERN PACIFIC CHEAP R. R. and FREE GOVERNMENT LANDS

Millions of Acres in Minnesota, North Dakota, Oregon, Idaho, Washington and Montana. Publications, with Maps, describing fine farming, fruit, stock, and other lands. Mailed FREE. P. B. GROUT, General Emigration Agent, 11th and Main Sts., St. Paul, Minn.

### A. M. LEGG & CO. PATENTS

515 Third St., N. W., Washington, D. C. ATTORNEYS FOR INVENTORS. Prepare and prosecute all cases in all classes of Inventions. Employ agents everywhere and pay BIG SALARIES. Correspondence from inventors and live agents solicited.

### \$12 to \$35 A WEEK

Can be made working for us. Parties preferred who can furnish a horse and travel through the country; a team, though, is not necessary. A few vacancies in towns and cities. Men and women of good character will find this an exceptional opportunity for profitable employment. Spare hours may be used to good advantage. R. F. JOHNSON & CO., 11th and Main Sts., Richmond, Va.

### COAKED UDDER AND GARGET

is positively cured by the use of SCOTT'S ARABIAN PASTE. GUARANTEED. Will not scabber or reduce the flow of milk. Sent by mail on receipt of price. 1/2 lb. 50c; 1 lb. \$1.00. SCOTT'S BILLY'S SCAB AND HEAL, Price \$1.00. Scott's Hoof Paste Co., Rochester, N. Y.

### BEECHAM'S PILLS

(Vegetable)

### What They Are For

- Biliousness indigestion sallow skin
- dyspepsia bad taste in the mouth pimples
- sick headache foul breath torpid liver
- bilious headache loss of appetite depression of spirits

when these conditions are caused by constipation; and constipation is the most frequent cause of all of them. One of the most important things for everybody to learn is that constipation causes more than half the sickness in the world; and it can all be prevented. Go by the book. Write to B. F. Allen Company, 365 Canal street, New York, for the little book on CONSTIPATION (its causes consequences and correction); sent free. If you are not within reach of a druggist, the pills will be sent by mail, 25 cents.



### COLCHESTER SPADING BOOTS

ARE THE BEST.

Especially for Farmers, Miners, R. R. Hands and others. Double sole extending down to the heel. EXTRA WEARING QUALITY. Thousands of YOUR Boot wearers testify this is the BEST they ever had. ASK Rubber DEALER FOR THEM and don't be persuaded into an inferior article.

### "A Good Tale Will Bear Telling Twice." Use Sapolio!

### SAPOLIO

January	2	12 per cent.
February	15	10 "
March	15	10 "
TOTAL		65 per cent.

We have paid to our customers in 75 days. Profit paid twice each month. Money can be withdrawn any time. \$20 to \$100 can be invested. Write for information. FISHER & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 18 and 20 Broadway, New York.

### PATENTS—THOMAS F. SIMPSON

Washington, D. C. No attorney until Patent obtained. Write for Inventor's Guide

### Can You Lose the Grip?

Losing one kind of grip is worse than taking another, and when thousands are in training for the field sports of summer months, it is well to be advised by those who know all about it.

Mr. F. C. Ferguson, 1638 Atlantic Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes to the point March 1, 1893. He says: "I would like to add my testimony to your already long list. While playing ball I sprained my arm at the elbow and shoulder. It interfered with my playing considerably and lost me many good chances professionally. I tried everything I could think of, but I could get no relief. A doctor advised that the only thing to be done was to give the arm a long rest. A friend, however, recommended St. Jacobs Oil, which I tried with the result that I was completely cured and have since pitched a great deal with no signs of my former trouble, which, by the way, retires many a professional player."

GERMANY has \$1,155,000,000 invested in the banking business.

Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, N. Y.

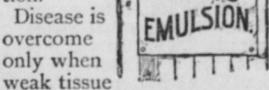
FRENCH capital invested in trade is estimated at \$1,555,000,000.

### Catarth Cannot Be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarth is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarth Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarth Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarth. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHERRY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

### Signs of Health.

You don't have to look twice to detect them—bright eyes, bright color, bright smiles, bright in every action. Disease is overcome only when weak tissue is replaced by the healthy kind. Scott's Emulsion of cod liver oil effects cure by building up sound flesh. It is agreeable to taste and easy of assimilation.



Prepared by Scott & Borne, N. Y. All Druggists.

### SCOTT'S EMULSION

Prepared by Scott & Borne, N. Y. All Druggists.

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### THE SOLDIERS OF THE SUN.

Along the margin of the world They march with their bright banners furled, In line of battle drawn, They reach the boundaries of dawn.

They cross the seas and rivers deep, They climb the mountains high and steep, And hurry on until in sight Of their black enemy—the Night.

Then madly rush into the fray These armies of the Night and Day, Swiftly the shining arrows go, While bugling Winds their warnings blow.

Strive as He will, the Night is pressed Farther and farther down the west. With golden spear and gleaming lance The cohorts of the Day advance.

Thus, daily, is the battle won By the brave soldiers of the Sun! —Frank D. Sherman, in Harper's Weekly.

### MISS TIMBROOK'S OPENING.

It wasn't the first time by any means Miss Timbrook had read her niece's letter; nor was it the first time that Miss Cynthia Stone had, figuratively speaking, stabbed her stout, gentle old friend by remarking, oracularly, "Ingratitude is the crying sin of the age!"

The crying sin of the age was a movable quantity with Miss Cynthia. Last week, when the butcher's boy had unintentionally given her the wrong change, it had been dishonesty; and the week before, when a child had timidly walked into the little millinery shop and begged a few snippings of velvet for her dolly, it had been boldness. On all other occasions it was whatever happened to cross Miss Cynthia's fixed ideas of the fitness of things.

Miss Timbrook gave a little sigh, and returned to the bonnet she was trimming. As she tried to fasten a pink rose in what she hoped was a perfectly correct fashion against some very green bow, she said, with a great effort at cheerfulness: "Pink an' green is fit for the queen."

"Humph!" said Miss Cynthia, scornfully. Miss Cynthia was Miss Timbrook's old-time friend, companion and assistant, and was the spice of her placid life.

"Sybilla Tim, you amaze me!" declared Miss Cynthia, sternly. "Why don't you show some spirit? Tell that girl to pause before it's too late. Remind her how you've brought her up, and even high-schooled her there in New York for three mortal years, boarding her out afterward to a high-priced woman on account of her being one of them high-titty milliners, as to have her pick up ideas, and you all the time hoping that when 'twas all over she'd come back here and be the prop of your old age and build up the business."

Miss Cynthia stopped only long enough to draw a full breath and then went on again: "And it's time 'twas built up. Look at them bonnets, Sybilla Tim."

Miss Timbrook looked as she was told, and beheld four bonnets perched upon frames in the little shop window. They drooped dejectedly, and seemed to shrink from the gaze of the passers-by. And well they might.

Miss Timbrook quailed visibly at the sight of her own handiwork. "I know it, Cynthia," she said, apologetically. "They aren't just what they ought to be. They're old-style, like ourselves. And I know the trade's failing. But dearly as I love to fuss with the ribbons and the artificials, I'll shunt up the shop before I'll say a word to hinder Ruthy from following her own bent."

"Fudge!" said Miss Cynthia, sharply. "She feels a drawing-ain't that what the letter says?—to be an artist. And now that some of her pa's kin has left her a legacy, she thinks that instead of coming home for good, she'll just make us a little visit, and then go back to New York and study what she calls art. She thinks it's more uplifting than making bonnets. Land! I don't like making bonnets myself, but I don't intend being drawn away from my 'lotted duty by something that looks more alluring. She says it's an 'opening' to a higher life! Fudge! I say."

"Speaking of openings," ventured Miss Timbrook, timidly, "there's that Boston woman that's just set up a fine shop on Plum street. They tell me she's sent out cards to announce her spring millinery opening, and is going to serve tea to folks; she really is. Suppose we have an opening, Cynthia?"

At this rash suggestion, Miss Cynthia burst out: "Are you crazy, Sybilla Tim? And what, for the land's sake, would you open?"

Giving a seathing glance at the four limp bonnets in the window and bestowing a final glare on her friend, Miss Cynthia flounced out of the room.

Miss Cynthia might storm and scold, but she only used her temper to cloak the sympathy and love which she was ashamed to show. Ruthy's unexpected desertion was a bitter disappointment to her, first on account of the sorrow of her friend, Sybilla, and secondly on her own account.

Bonnets to her did not represent any form of the ideal, as they did to good Miss Timbrook, but as she had said to herself over and over again through the long winter, "Since it must be bonnets, I'd like 'em to be tasty, such as Ruthy'll know how to fix." And now Ruthy wasn't coming!

When Miss Timbrook's niece really did come for her little visit, it seemed to the two old-fashioned, unsuccessful women that all the world must

stand still and admire; as for them, the world must truly stand still when she left them.

"What is it that is troubling Aunty Tim?" asked Ruthy, the second night after her arrival. Miss Timbrook had retired, and Miss Cynthia had Ruby all to herself. She therefore snatched at the opportunity of freeing her mind.

"You!" said Miss Cynthia, solemnly. "Sybilla Tim's just counted on you for comfort, to say nothing of helping with the bonnets. And her spirit is broke now she knows you ain't to be depended upon."

"Why, how so?" asked Ruthy, astonished at this personal criticism.

"How so!" echoed Miss Cynthia. "You can see for yourself that the business has all gone to pieces. Why, the Kingsburys and the Lennoxes and the Fairfields haven't ordered a bonnet from us for an age! Old Judge Peters's widow is the only one of the old customers that has stood by us. And I presume it's sheer pity that makes her. Besides, it ain't possible to make a mourning bonnet homelier than it naturally is. Well, I guess to shut up shop is about all that's left for Sybilla Tim and me."

Miss Cynthia sighed and then vanished, hoping her remarks would make Ruthy unhappy.

The young girl sat still awhile, trying to reconcile the desire of her heart with a growing sense of disagreeable duty. She was rather stunned by the fact that Aunty Tim's need of her and longing for her had never occurred to her before. The stiff, old-fashioned letters which had been received from her aunt with pathetic regularity had conveyed to her no idea of the yearning of the loving heart; and Aunty Tim had permitted the hope of years to be dashed to the ground without a murmur.

Ruthy went to bed very soberly. Her darling ambition was far from quenched, although she was deeply touched by her aunt's selfishness.

On other nights she had lain awake picturing to herself the aesthetic side of a life devoted to art. There were lively dreams of the "cute" little apartment in the tall Studio Building in New York which she was to share with Miss Dilloway, an elderly artist friend, who was a successful illustrator of magazines.

Ruthy meant to work like a Trojan, of course, but when one was not working that a joy to inhabit such charming rooms with their gay artist trappings, where there was such a darling of a tea-table with fairylike cups and saucers, to say nothing of a brass kettle ready at any moment to brew a real Bohemian cup of tea! And a couch with such tremendous pillows, and the funniest closets where all sorts of things were artfully tucked away! Makeshifts there might be, but the odious ugliness of uncultured poverty would, happily, be always missing.

But to-night these fascinating dreams were extinguished by the homely details of Aunty Tim's forlorn bonnet shop, and by that awful gap in "the business" which she knew could only be filled by herself.

That she was a born milliner she was at that moment too painfully aware. Her artistic instincts would serve her in the making of a bonnet as well as in the painting of a picture. But how could she give up her heart's desire, which was the "open door" to her of all things beautiful, just to add a touch of beauty to two homely old lives!

Ruthy turned restlessly on her pillow. The "open door" which an artistic career seemed to offer her was persistently flung back in her mind by Charles Kingsley's imaginary old lady, "Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by," who had evidently come to stay until matters were adjusted more to her liking.

At last, Ruthy could endure "Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by's" society no longer, and with an impatient sigh she jumped out of bed and carefully felt her way to the chamber across the hall. A second later, Miss Cynthia's blood ran cold as she was roused from peaceful dreams by a sharp shake of her shoulders.

"Lawful sakes!" chattered the good lady. "Is the house afire, or has the dam given away?"

"Sh! no. It's I," said Ruthy, softly. "I want to talk to you—"

"Aint the days long enough?" interrupted Miss Cynthia, crossly.

"Listen!" and Ruthy put her rosy mouth to Miss Cynthia's wrinkled ear and whispered mysteriously.

"You do beat all!" said Miss Cynthia, admiringly, when she at last mastered the situation, and was capable of doing some whispering on her own account. Then, like two conspirators, they exchanged vows of secrecy, and Ruthy stole back to her bed.

Next morning Miss Cynthia seemed a trifle more acid than usual, and the minute she had swallowed her breakfast she delivered herself of the following:

"Seems to me, Sybilla Tim, you haven't done your duty by 'Rastus's' folks. Here's 'Rastus' been dead four months, an' 'Rastus's' widow probably worn to a shadow through mournin' an' hard work, and that youngst' child having fits, and you, own cousin to 'Rastus,' have never been to Pembroke Corners to see his folks since the funeral."

"Why, Cynthia! You know," began Miss Timbrook, fixing her eyes reproachfully on her friend. Then she stopped from sheer astonishment. Hadn't she urged the making of that very visit ever since 'Rastus' died? But Miss Cynthia had invariably floundered into a rage at the mention of it, saying that in her state of health it was the foolishest piece of business that she had ever heard of. "Just because 'Rastus' had died, was no reason why a feeble woman need go tramping round the country, when she couldn't mend matters," Miss Cynthia had said.

But it seemed that Miss Cynthia was on the other side of the fence. So, after much persuasion, and the assurance that Ruthy would extend her visit, Miss Timbrook limply resigned herself to be made ready for an eight days' sojourn at Pembroke Corners.

No sooner had she set forth on her travels than Ruthy took a train for New York, a journey of several hours' duration. The fourth day she reappeared just at nightfall. An expressman followed her bearing several mysterious boxes.

All of this kept the neighbors in a feverish state of curiosity, but when the next day they beheld the blinds tightly closed, and a huge placard announcing a Grand Millinery Opening" on Saturday, then indeed they were richly furnished with a subject for gossip. In addition to this, cards were sent out to the select few whom Ruthy designated as the "F. F.'s."

Behind the blinds Ruthy and Miss Cynthia worked like bees. The money which Ruthy had previously consecrated to art had been expended in millinery goods. She had visited the leading shops in New York, and her quick eyes had taken in every new wrinkle and fold.

The rugs, lace curtains, and a few other trinkets she had been hoarding for the adornment of that artistic apartment in New York now transformed the ugly little shop into an attractive bower where bonnets budged and bloomed as if by magic under Ruthy's skillful fingers.

Saturday morning, bright and early, Miss Timbrook was driven in from Pembroke Corners by a neighbor of "Rastus's" widow, who was a milk peddler. The cans jingled merrily as they drove up to the door.

"Good land!" exclaimed Miss Timbrook, fearfully. "The shutters are shut!" and she cast a tragic look at the wooden blinds that had never remained up after seven o'clock in the morning since she had been in the business. And now it was quite eight. What could have happened!

Just then Ruthy rushed out and dragged the bewildered old lady into the little shop where she sat down, her knees "all of a shake," as she expressed it, too astonished to speak.

"You see," explained Ruthy, "we were determined that nobody should get a peep at the 'Opening' until you did, yourself. I've given up painting, you know, and invested my capital in millinery. How do you like your new partner, Aunty Tim?"

"Bless you, child!" quavered the old lady, tenderly. "You're the Bible Ruthy over again—'easy to be entreated'; though I didn't mean you should know how hard it was to give up. But I expect an old woman's eyes are full of entreaty, and though it isn't mentioned in the Beatitudes, still I believe that those that see and yield to the yearnings of old folks shall some day be truly blessed."

Then she dried her eyes and took another delighted look around. Such shapes, such curious combinations of color and material, such dazzling, indescribable millinery—well, the like of it she had never even dreamed of before!

The "Opening" was a great success. Miss Timbrook's little shop soon acquired a fame which traveled far and wide, and everybody who was anybody, according to Miss Cynthia, "bought bonnets of Sybilla Tim."

As for Ruthy, her heart's desire died hard. She would never paint a picture, maybe, but she had touched with glowing colors the grayness of two human lives.

And she would sometimes say to herself, whimsically: "Have I not routed 'Mrs. Do-as-you-would-be-done-by,' and made it quite impossible for that less amiable person, 'Mrs. Be-done-by-as-you-did,' even to show her face? Besides, it must be higher art to trim a bonnet beautifully than to paint a poor picture, which I—might have done."—Youth's Companion.

### Gigantic Leaves.

What trees bear the largest leaves? An English botanist tells us that it is those that belong to the palm family. First must be mentioned the Inaja palm, of the banks of the Amazons, the leaves of which are no less than fifty feet in length by ten to twelve in width. Certain leaves of the Ceylon palm attain a length of twenty feet and the remarkable width of sixteen. The natives use them for making tents. Afterward comes the cocconut palm, the usual length of whose leaves is about thirty feet. The umbrella magnolia, of Ceylon, bears leaves that are so large that a single one may sometimes serve as a shelter for fifteen or twenty persons. One of these leaves carried to England as a specimen was nearly thirty-six feet in width. The plant whose leaves attain the greatest dimensions in our temperate climate is the Victoria regia. A specimen of this truly magnificent plant exists in the garden of the Royal Botanical Society of Edinburgh. Its leaf, which is about seven feet in diameter, is capable of supporting a weight of 395 pounds.—Scientific American.

### Yell County His Monument.

Yell County, Arkansas, bears the name of a hero. It was named after Archibald Yell, who was once a Federal Judge in the Territory of Arkansas, says the Arkansas Gazette, and was elected to Congress the year the Territory was admitted into the Union as a State. The year James H. Berry was born Yell was inaugurated Governor of Arkansas. When Berry was learning in Alabama how to speak that sweet Southern accented language, Yell was again elected to Congress. After serving one year of this term in Congress he resigned to fight for his country in its war with Mexico. He led the First Arkansas Cavalry at the battle of Buena Vista, and while engaged in a charge at the head of his column he was killed.

### NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

The Infanta Eulalie is in Paris with her children.

A woman's glee club of sixteen has been organized at Chicago University. Of a total of 2531 students in the universities of Switzerland 242 are women.

Antoine Guizot, of Paris, has perfected an electrical apparatus to make dimples in flat cheeks.

The French Society for the Amelioration of the Position of Women resolved to grant an annuity to girls of slender means desiring to qualify for the career of druggist.

A corps of women militia is the latest step in the emancipation of England. The ladies expect to fulfill all the War Office conditions of efficiency and promise to be ready to take the field should war break out.

Miss Mildred Howells, daughter of William D. Howells, the novelist, has developed a decided talent for drawing. It was first made public by her illustrations of a collection of verses and sketches for children several years ago.

Two thousand women in California have petitioned the San Francisco newspapers to elevate the moral tone of their columns and furnish papers free from the evils they deplore, sensationalism, personalities, vicious and debasing news, etc.

Fraulein Windscheid, the daughter of Professor Windscheid, the famous authority on Roman law, has taken the degree of Ph. D. from the University of Heidelberg. She is the first woman granted such a privilege by the famous old college.

A New Hampshire farmer advertises for a strong, reliable, healthy girl, who can milk, scrub, bake, husk corn, wash and iron, mend clothes, make bonnets, and who is not averse to a little outdoor work. For this he offers a good home "with board."

There is somewhat of a swelling note discernible in the lines in which Mrs. Jex-Blake, M. D., announced that, after twenty-four years' struggle, the contest for the medical education of women in Edinburgh had been brought to a successful issue.

The Empress Frederick, of Germany, possesses a unique tea-service. The tea-tray has been beaten out of an old Prussian halfpenny. The teapot is made out of a German farthing and the tiny cups are made from coins of different German Principalities.

The Harvard Annex (Radcliffe College) now has in productive yielding funds from \$210,000 to \$220,000. Ten years ago Wellesley College had less than half that amount; to-day it has a fund of not more than \$200,000. Mount Holyoke Seminary has about \$270,000.

Laselle Seminary, Auburndale, Mass., is forming a boat club on unique conditions. Every young woman joining must be able to swim, to tread water while she removes heavy clothing and shoes, and to bring a mate from the bottom of the tank to its edge.

There is an old lady of Glenlyon, near Crieff, in Scotland, Mrs. Kippen by name, who is in the position of being able to say: "Rise, daughter, and go to your daughter, and ask her to go to her daughter's daughter"—in other words, she is a great-great-grandmother, and what is more remarkable, all the five generations are alive.

A movement is in progress to erect a statue to Miss Palestrolo, of Lisbon, Portugal. She was the daughter of a famous navigator and a part of her marriage dowry was a valuable collection of charts and memoranda of her father's trips. She was, besides, an intrepid and enthusiastic traveler. In 1470 she became Mrs. Christopher Columbus.

### The Skill and Knowledge

Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all druggists.

### Shiloh's Cure

Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incontinent Consumption; it is the Best Cough Cure; 25c., 50c., \$1. If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c. per bottle. Only in boxes.

### RADWAY'S PILLS,

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous System.

### LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, DIZZY FEELINGS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA.

PERFECT DIRECTION will be accompanied by taking Radway's Pills. By their ANTI-BILIOUS properties they stimulate the liver in the secretion of the bile and its discharge through the biliary ducts. These pills in doses from two to four will quickly regulate the action of the liver and free the patient from these disorders. One or two of Radway's Pills, taken daily by those subject to bilious pains and torpidity of the liver, will keep the system regular and secure healthy digestion.

Price, 25c. per Box. Sold by ALL DRUGGISTS. RADWAY & CO., NEW YORK.