Triennial Session International Sunday School Association, Atlanta, Ga., April 26th to 29th.

The first class rate from Washington to Atlanta and return will be $17.50. Tickets on sale April 25, 26 and 27. Final limit, May 3.

The only line operating through Pullman Cars and Dining Car Service to Atlanta.

Pullman double berth rate New York to Atlanta, $6.00. Washington to Atlanta, $4.00. If berth is occupied only for the night, rate will be $2.00.

The Southern Railway is arranging for a personally conducted party from New York and the East to Atlanta for this occasion—the arrangement for and comfort of the party to be looked after by a representative of this Company.

For full particulars, tickets and reservation of Pullman space, address Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Pass. Agt., 271 Broadway, New York.

The average life of a ship is twenty-six years.

Coughs Lead to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

Russia exports more than 1,500,000,000 eggs every year.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

The number of cities in Massachusetts has doubled in twenty-five years.

"Love and a Cough Cannot be Hid."

It is this fact that makes the lover and his sweetheart happy, and sends the sufferer from a cough to his doctor. But there are hidden ills lurking in impure blood. "The liver is wrong," it is thought, "or the kidneys." Did it ever occur to you that the trouble is in your blood?

Purify this river of life with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Then illness will be banished, and strong, vigorous health will result. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best known, best endorsed and most natural of all blood purifiers.

Catarrh — "I suffered from childhood with catarrh. Was entirely deaf in one ear. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me and restored my hearing." MRS. W. STOKES, Midland, Tex.

Sore Eyes—"Humor in the blood made my daughter's eyes sore, so that we feared blindness, until Hood's Sarsaparilla made her well." E. B. GIBSON, Henniker, N. H.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; non-irritating and the only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A Prophecy.

It is said that one day, when Cromwell was but a mere lad, as he was lying on his bed in a melancholy mood, a gigantic spectre appeared to him and said, "Thou shalt be the greatest man in England!" Heath says it was a dream; Lord Clarendon and Sir Philip Warwick speak of it as a vision. But whether dream or vision, it made a profound impression on the youth, so much so that his father requested Dr. Beard—Oliver's schoolmaster—to flog him severely for "persisting in the wickedness of such an assertion." The flogging only deepened the impression. He told his uncle Stuart of the prophecy, and was warned that it "was traitorous to relate it." But when he had seated himself upon the throne of England he frequently spoke of the occurrence, and was fully persuaded in his own mind of its prophetic and supernatural character.—Amelia Barr, in Harper's Magazine.

Stands by in Need.

Every living thing has pains and aches sometimes, and the aches and pains of humankind have a friend in St. Jacobs Oil, which stands by in need to cure.

A man in New York City boasts that he has the addresses of 20,000 red-haired women.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

There is a new telegraph system capable of transmitting 4000 words a minute.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!

Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. Children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but is made from pure grains; the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee. 15c. and 25c. per package. Sold by all grocers.

The Bible was not circulated in Cuba until 1882.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. (SEAL)
A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The next Congress of German Naturalists will be held at Munich in September.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

There are 9000 cells in a square foot of honeycomb.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. $1 All druggists.

Chicago is about to spend $11,000,000 on street improvements.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. BUCHMUELLER, Lexington, Mo., February 24, 1894.

Suicides in Italy have increased fifty per cent. during the past ten years.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Of every hundred Portuguese peasants only twenty can read and write.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

The Chinese Woman's Dress.

It seems that there are changes of fashion in the dress of Chinese women, but they are confined chiefly to the change of length of the tunic and the wearing or leaving off of a skirt. The usual garments are trousers, a skirt and two or three little coats. The Chinese woman making an afternoon visit takes off her skirt, when an American woman would remove her wrap. If it is very warm, she may take off one or possibly two of the little coats. The trousers are really the most gorgeous part of the costume, being sometimes of rose-colored satin worked with gold. Blue cotton is generally used for everyday wear. Chinese women wear no corsets; they have almost no hips, so they tie the waist cords of their trousers and skirts very tight to keep them from slipping off.

The Indian population of the United States is 325,464, a decrease in fifty years of only 62,765.

PREPARE for the turn of life. It is a critical period. As indications of the change appear be sure your physical condition is good. The experience is a wonderful one and under some circumstances full of menace. Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., will give you her advice without charge.

TALKS WITH WOMAN OF MIDDLE AGE

She has done so much for women, surely you can trust her. Read this letter from MRS. M. C. GRIFFING, of Georgeville, Mo.:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—The doctor called my trouble ulceration of womb and change of life. I was troubled with profuse flowing and became very weak. When I wrote to you I was down in bed, had not sat up for six months; was under a doctor's treatment all the time, but it did me no good. I had almost given up in despair, but your Vegetable Compound has made me feel like a new woman. I cannot thank you enough. I would advise any woman who is afflicted as I have been to write to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., and get her advice and be cured as I have been."

MRS. F. H. ALLEN, 419 Nebraska Ave., Toledo, Ohio, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Change of life was working on me. My kidneys and bladder were affected. I had been confined to the house all summer, not able to stand on my feet for any length of time. Terrible pains when urinating and an itching that nearly drove me wild. I had tried many remedies. I told my husband I had great faith in yours and he got me a bottle; am now on my fourth bottle. I feel that I am entirely cured. I can work all day. I can hardly realize that such a wonderful cure is possible. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the best medicine for women."

Don't wait until you are prostrated with the mysterious condition known as "Change of Life." Get Mrs. Pinkham's advice and learn how other women got through.

"The More You Say the Less People Remember." One Word With You,

SAPOLIO

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "The Acidities of Life"—The Cup of Vinegar Which Christ Took is Typical of Life's Bitterness—This is the Lot of the Distressed.

TEXT: "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar."—John xix., 30.

The brigands of Jerusalem had done their work. It was almost sundown, and Jesus was dying. Persons in crucifixion often lingered on from day to day, crying, begging, cursing, but Christ had been exhausted by years of maltreatment. Pillowless, poorly fed, flogged—as bent over and tied to a low post His bare back was inflamed with the scourges intersticed with pieces of lead and bone—and now for whole hours the weight of His body hung on delicate tendons, and, according to custom, a violent stroke under the armpits had been given by the executioner. Dizzy, nauseated, feverish—a world of agony is compressed in the two words, "I thirst!" O skies of Judæa, let a drop of rain strike on His burning tongue! O world, with rolling rivers and sparkling lakes and spraying fountains, give Jesus something to drink! If there be any pity in earth or heaven or hell, let it now be demonstrated in behalf of this royal sufferer.

The wealthy women of Jerusalem used to have a fund of money with which they provided wine for those people who died in crucifixion, a powerful opiate to deaden the pain, but Christ would not take it. He wanted to die sober, and so He refused the wine. But afterward they go to a cup of vinegar and soak a sponge in it and put it on a stick of hyssop and then press it against the hot lips of Christ. You say the wine was an anæsthetic and intended to relieve or deaden the pain. But the vinegar was an insult.

In some lives the saccharine seems to predominate. Life is sunshine on a bank of flowers. A thousand hands to clap approval. In December or in January, looking across their table, they see all their family present. Health rubicund. Skies flamboyant. Days resilient. But in a great many cases there are not so many sugars as acids. The annoyances and the vexations and the disappointments of life overpower the successes. There is a gravel in almost every shoe. An Arabian legend says that there was a worm in Solomon's staff, gnawing its strength away, and there is a weak spot in every earthly support that a man leans on. King George of England forgot all the grandeurs of his throne because one day, in an interview, Beau Brummel called him by his first name and addressed him as a servant, crying, "George, ring the bell!" Miss Langdon, honored all the world over for her poetic genius, is so worried over the evil reports set afloat regarding her that she is found dead, with an empty bottle of prussic acid in her hand. Goldsmith said that his life was a wretched being and that all that want and contempt could bring to it had been brought and cries out: "What, then, is there formidable in a jail?" Correggio's fine painting is hung up for a tavern sign. Hogarth cannot sell his best painting except through a raffle. Andre del Sarto makes the great fresco in the Church of the Annunciata at Florence and gets for pay a sack of corn, and there are annoyances and vexations in high places as well as in low places, showing that in a great many lives are the sours greater than the sweets. "When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar!"

It is absurd to suppose that a man who has always been well can sympathize with those who are sick, or that one who has always been honored can appreciate the sorrow of those who are despised, or that one who has been born to a great fortune can understand the distress and the straits of those who are destitute. The fact that Christ Himself took the vinegar makes Him able to sympathize to-day and forever with the sharp acids of this life. He took the vinegar.

In the first place, there was the sourness of betrayal. The treachery of Judas hurt Christ's feelings more than all the friendship of His disciples did Him good. You have had many friends, but there was one friend upon whom you put especial stress. You feasted him. You loaned him money. You befriended him in the dark passes of life, when he especially needed a friend. Afterward he turned upon you, and he took advantage of your former intimacies. He wrote against you. He talked against you. He microscopized your faults. He flung contempt at you, when you ought to have received nothing but gratitude. At first, you could not sleep at nights. Then you went about with a sense of having been stung. That difficulty will never be healed, for, though mutual friends may arbitrate in the matter until you shall shake hands, the old cordiality will never come back. Now I commend to all such the sympathy of a betrayed Christ. Why, they sold Him for less than our $20! They all forsook Him and fled. They cut Him to the quick. He drank that cup to the dregs. He took the vinegar.

There is also the sourness of pain. There are some of you who have not seen a well day for many years. By keeping out of drafts and by carefully studying dietetics you continue to this time, but, oh, the headaches, and the side aches, and the back aches, and the heartaches which have been your accompaniment all the way through! You have struggled under a heavy mortgage of physical disabilities, and instead of the placidity that once characterized you it is now only with great effort that you keep away from irritability and sharp retort. Difficulties of respiration, of digestion, of locomotion, make up the great obstacle in your life, and you tug and sweat along the pathway and wonder when the exhaustion will end. My friends, the brightest crowns in heaven will not be given to those who in stirrups dashed to the cavalry charge, while the General applauded and the sound of clashing sabers rang through the land, but the brightest crowns in heaven, I believe, will be given to those who trudged on amid chronic ailments which unnerved their strength, yet all the time maintaining their faith in God. It is comparatively easy to fight in a regiment of a thousand men, charging up the parapets to the sound of martial music, but it is not so easy to endure when no one but the nurse and the doctor are the witnesses of the Christian fortitude. All the pangs of all the nations of all the ages compressed into one sour cup. He took the vinegar!

There is also the sourness of poverty. Your income does not meet your outgoings, and that always gives an honest man anxiety. There is no sign of destitution about you—pleasant appearance and a cheerful home for you—but God only knows what a time you have had to manage your private finances. Just as the bills run up the wages seem to run down. You may say nothing, but life to you is a hard push, and when you sit down with your wife and talk over the expenses you both rise up discouraged. You abridge here, and you abridge there, and you get things snug for smooth sailing, and, lo, suddenly there is a large doctor's bill to pay, or you have lost your pocketbook, or some debtor has failed, and you are thrown abeam end. Well, brother, you are in glorious company. Christ owned not the house in which He stopped, or the colt on which He rode, or the boat in which He sailed. He lived in a borrowed house. He was buried in a borrowed grave. Exposed to all kinds of weather, yet He had only one suit of clothes. He breakfasted in the morning, and no one could possibly tell where He could get anything to eat before night. He would have been pronounced a financial failure. He had to perform a miracle to get money to pay a tax bill. Not a dollar did He own. Privation of domesticity; privation of nutritious food; privation of a comfortable couch on which to sleep; privation of all worldly resources! The kings of the earth had chased chalices out of which to drink, but Christ had nothing but a plain cup set before Him, and it was very sharp, and it was very sour. He took the vinegar.

There were years that passed along before your family circle was invaded by death, but the moment the charmed circle was broken everything seemed to dissolve. Hardly have you put the black apparel in the wardrobe before you have again to take it out. Great and rapid changes in your family record. You got the house and rejoiced in it, but the charm was gone as soon as the crape hung on the doorbell. The one upon whom you most depended was taken away from you. A cold marble slab lies on your heart to-day. Once, as the children romped through the house, you put your hand over your aching head and said, "Oh, if I could only have it still!" Oh, it is too still now. You lost your patience when the tops and the strings and the shells were left amid floor; but, oh, you would be willing to have the trinkets scattered all over the floor again if they were scattered by the same hands.

With what a ruthless plowshare bereavement rips up the heart! But Jesus knows all about that. You cannot tell Him anything now in regard to bereavement. He had only a few friends, and when He lost one it brought tears to His eyes. Lazarus had often entertained Him at his house. Now Lazarus is dead and buried, and Christ breaks down with emotion, the convulsion of grief shuddering through all the ages of bereavement. Christ knows what it is to go through the house missing a familiar inmate. Christ knows what it is to see an unoccupied place at the table. Were there not four of them—Mary and Martha and Christ and Lazarus? Four of them. But where is Lazarus? Lonely and afflicted Christ, His great loving eyes filled with tears! Oh, yes, yes! He knows all about the loneliness and the heartbreak. He took the vinegar!

Then there is the sourness of the death hour. Whatever else we may escape, that acid sponge will be pressed to our lips. I sometimes have a curiosity to know how I will behave when I come to die. Whether I will be calm or excited, whether I will be filled with reminiscence or with anticipation. I cannot say. But come to the point I must and you must. An officer from the future world will knock at the door of our hearts and serve on us the writ of ejectment, and we will have to surrender. And we will wake up after these autumnal and wintry and vernal and summery glories have vanished from our vision. We will wake up into a realm which has only one season, and that the season of everlasting love.

But you say: "I don't want to break out from my present associations. It is so chilly and so damp to go down the stairs of that vault. I don't want anything drawn so tightly over my eyes. If there were only some way of breaking through the partition between worlds without tearing this body all to shreds! I wonder if the surgeons and the doctors cannot compound a mixture by which this body and soul can all the time be kept together. Is there no escape from this separation?" None, absolutely none. A great many men tumble through the gates of the future, as it were, and we do not know where they have gone, and they only add gloom and mystery to the passage, but Jesus Christ so mightily stormed the gates of that future world that they have never since been closely shut. Christ knows what it is to leave this world, of the beauty of which He was more appreciative than we ever could be. He knows the exquisiteness of the phosphorescence of the sea; He trod it. He knows the glories of the midnight heavens, for they were the spangled canopy of His wilderness pillow. He knows about the lilies; He twisted them into His sermon. He knows about the fowls of the air; they whirred they way through His discourse. He knows about the sorrows of leaving this beautiful world. Not a taper was kindled in the darkness. He died physicianless. He died in cold sweat and dizziness and hemmorhage and agony, that have put Him in sympathy with all the dying. He goes through Christendom and gathers up the stings out of all the death pillows, and He puts them under His own neck and head.

To all those to whom life has been an acerbity—a dose they could not swallow, a draft that set their teeth on edge and a rasping—I preach the omnipotent sympathy of Jesus Christ. The sister of Herschell, the astronomer, used to spend much of her time polishing the telescopes through which he brought the distant worlds nigh, and it is my ambition now this hour to clear the lens of your spiritual vision so that, looking through the dark night of your earthly troubles you may behold the glorious constellation of a Saviour's mercy and a Saviour's love. Oh, my friends, do not try to carry all your ills alone! Do not put your poor shoulder under the Apennines when the Almighty Christ is ready to lift up all your burdens. When you have a trouble of any kind, you rush this way and that way, and you wonder what this man will say about it and what that man will say about it, and you try this prescription and that prescription and the other prescription. Oh, why do you not go straight to the heart of Christ, knowing that for our own sinning and suffering race He took the vinegar?

There was a vessel that had been tossed on the seas for a great many weeks and been disabled, and the supply of water gave out, and the crew were dying of thirst. After many days they saw a sail against the sky. They signaled it. When the vessel came nearer, the people on the suffering ship cried to the captain of the other vessel: "Send us some water! We are dying for lack of water!" And the captain on the vessel that was hailed responded: "Dip your buckets where you are. You are in the mouth of the Amazon, and there are scores of miles of fresh water all around about you and hundreds of feet deep!" And then they dropped their buckets over the side of the vessel and brought up the clear, bright, fresh water and put out the fire of their thirst. So I hail you to-day, after a long and perilous voyage, thirsting as you are for pardon, and thirsting for comfort, and thirsting for eternal life, and I ask you what is the use of your going in that death-struck state, while all around you is the deep, clear, wide, sparkling flood of God's sympathetic mercy? Oh, dip your buckets and drink and live forever! "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely."

Yet there are people who refuse this divine sympathy, and they try to fight their own battles, and drink their own vinegar, and carry their own burdens, and their life, instead of being a triumphal march from victory to victory, will be a hobbling on from defeat to defeat until they make final surrender to retributive disaster. Oh, I wish I could to-day gather up in my arms all the woes of men and women, all their heartaches, all their disappointments, all their chagrins, and just take them right to the feet of a sympathizing Jesus! He took the vinegar. Nana Sahib, after he had lost his last battle in India, fell back into the jungles of Iheri—jungles so full of malaria that no mortal can live there. He carried with him also a ruby of great lustre and of great value. He died in those jungles. His body was never found, and the ruby has never yet been recovered. And I fear that to-day there are some who will fall back from this subject into the sickening, killing jungles of their sin, carrying a gem of infinite value—a priceless soul to be lost forever. Oh, that that ruby might flash in the eternal coronation! But, no. There are some, I fear, who turn away from this offered mercy and comfort and divine sympathy notwithstanding that Christ, for all who accept His grace, trudged the long way, and suffered the lacerating thongs, and received in His face the expectorations of the filthy mob, and for the guilty, and the discouraged, and the discomforted of the race took the vinegar. May God Almighty break the infatuation and lead you out into the strong hope, and the good cheer, and the glorious sunshine of this triumphal gospel!

Every farmer who makes a specialty of fancy stock takes pride in exhibiting the finest product of his farm. To show to best advantage, the natural colors of the wool or hair must be brought out; the white in particular must be snowy white and not tinged with dirty brown or yellow.

A BREEDER SAYS OF THE IVORY SOAP:

"I have used it for many years and find it for all practical purposes superior to anything I have ever used. . . . It leaves the skin soft and clear, furnishes life to the coat, produces a beautiful growth . . . and leaves it smooth, glossy and free from harshness. I use it with luke-warm rain water, which I find is the best. This forms a rich, oily lather, and helps loosen all stubborn scales and blotches of the skin.

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To Make Corn Popular Abroad.

Thirty years ago American corn—or maize, as the English still call it—was almost unknown in the Eastern countries of Europe except as a food for cattle. It is true that cornmeal was eaten by the peasants of Italy in the mixture they called polenta, but that the demand was small was shown by the fact that it was almost wholly supplied by corn grown on Italian soil. Attempts were made at the expositions held in Paris in 1867 and 1889 to teach Europeans the value of cornmeal as food, but it is only recently that these efforts seem to have borne fruit.

While our exports of corn to continental Europe have increased with wonderful rapidity during the last five or six years, there is opportunity for a still greater sale of this cereal if the people of Europe can be taught to comprehend its excellence.

At the Paris Exposition that is to be held in 1900 further attempts to popularize Illinois' great product will be made, and it is to be hoped that no pains and no reasonable expense will be spared to increase the demand for cornmeal, or cereal flour. It is a well-recognized fact that when the farmer is prosperous all his fellow-countrymen are prosperous also. Consequently if we succeed in finding purchasers for a large additional quantity of farm produce we have done much to bring prosperity to all our people.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Tender Flesh.

The more tender the flesh, the blacker the bruise. The sooner you use St. Jacobs Oil, the quicker will be the cure of any bruise, and any bruise will disappear promptly under its treatment.

The Sahara desert is three times as large as the Mediterranean.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Of the 34,000,000 people in South America 30,000,000 have never seen a Bible.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The Roman Catholics have the best equipped college in Ceylon.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

The Southern Baptist Church contributed $110,000 for State mission work last year.

Dr. Seth Arnold's Cough Killer is a wonderful medicine for Weak Lungs.—IDA BARROWS, Deer Grove, Ill., March 21, 1898

The first American flag was made in Philadelphia.

There is No Telling.

Be sure not to let rheumatism stay in the system longer than you can get a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil to cure it. There is no telling what part it may strike or how much misery it may give.

In Austria fourteen is the legal age for marriage for both men and women.

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PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first Cascaret I have had no trouble with this ailment. We cannot speak too highly of Cascarets." FRED WARTMAN, 5708 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

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REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
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CARTER'S INK
Is the *best* that can be made. It costs you no more than the poorest.
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FOR 14 CENTS

We wish to gain this year 200,000 new customers, and hence offer

	1 Pkg. 13 Day Radish,	10c
1 Pkg.	Early Ripe Cabbage,	10c
1 "	Earliest Red Beet,	10c
1 "	Long Lightn'g Cucumber	10c
1 "	Salzer's Best Lettuce,	15c
1 "	California Fig Tomato,	20c
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Worth $1.40, for 14 cents,		$1.00

Above 10 pkgs. worth $1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Plant and Seed Catalogue upon receipt of this notice & 14c postage. We invite your trade and know when you once try Salzer's seeds you will never get along without them. Union Seed 65c. and up a lb. Potatoes at $1.20 a Bbl. Catalog alone 5c. No. 1C
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EARN a BICYCLE by helping us advertise our superb line of 500 models. We give one Rider Agent in each town **FREE USE** of sample wheel to introduce them. Write at once for our special offer.
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The greatest remedy for
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DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box D, Atlanta, Ga.

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