Fight Your Liver

If you want to. But look out, or it will get the start of you. If it does, you will have dyspepsia, indigestion, biliousness, sick headache, poor blood, constipation.

Perhaps you have these already. Then take one of Ayer's Pills at bedtime. These pills gently and surely master the liver; they are an easy and safe laxative for the whole family; they give prompt relief and make a permanent cure. Always keep a box of them in the house.

25 cents a box.

If your druggist cannot supply you, we will mail you a box direct from this office upon receipt of the price, 25 cents. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup safest, surest cure for all throat and lung troubles. People praise it. Doctors prescribe it. Quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes. Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Not So Far Gone.

The last letter he received from wifey conveyed the intelligence that she was quite sick, and of course he was considerably worried. But he was comforted by the fact that she was with her mother. He wrote her an affectionate letter, and told her to be sure and let him know if she grew worse. The next lettr conveyed the intelligence that she was a little worse, though the doctor said it was nothing serious. But he worried a great deal.

Yesterday afternoon a Western Union boy sauntered into his office with the usual nonchalance of a messenger boy conveying a "rush" message, and shoved the book under hubby's nose.

"Is dis Mr. Black?" asked the boy.

"Yes," gasped hubby, cold chills chasing up and down his spine.

"Message for you. Sign here. De charges is 60 cents."

Hubby grabbed the fateful manila envelope and hastily tore it open. What he suffered while tremblingly unfolding the bit of yellow paper can be imagined, but not described. He was almost afraid to read it, but finally he nerved himself for the worst. This is what he read:

"Turn off the water and don't forget to give the bird plenty of seed."

THE ANOA.

Dwarf Cattle of Celebes Are No Longer Than Ordinary Sheep.

Celebes has the distinction of being the home of the smallest living representative of the wild cattle, or, indeed, of the wild cattle of any period of the earth's history, for no group appears to be known to science. An idea of three extremely diminutive proportions of the anoa, or sapi-utan, as the animal in question is respectively called by the inhabitants of Celebes and the Malays, may be gained when it is stated that its height at the shoulder is only about 3 feet 3 inches, whereas that of the great Indian wild ox, or gaur, is at least 6 feet 4 inches, and may, according to some writers, reach as much as 7 feet. In fact, the anoa is really not much, if at all, larger than a well-grown South Down sheep and scarcely exceeds in this respect the little domesticated Bramini cattle shown a few years ago at the Indian exhibition held at Earl's Court. The anoa has many of the characters of the large Indian buffalo, but its horns are relatively shorter, less curved and more upright. In this, as well as in certain other respects, it is more like the young than the adult of the last-named species, and as young animals frequently are gradually lost as maturity is approached it would be a natural supposition that the anoa is a primitive type of buffalo. —From Knowledge.

Grammar by Rule.

The master who gives his pupils "simple rules" for determining questions which confront them, and particularly grammatical questions, is apt to find that such rules frequently disastrously fail to fit all cases.

Once an examiner was questioning the pupils of a country school. He wrote on the blackboard the sentence: "The fly has wings," and asked a class what part of speech each word was.

They parsed the "the" without any trouble.

"What part of speech is 'fly'?"

"Adverb," shouted all the class in unison. "What! Fly an adverb?"

"Yessir!" shouted the boys with great positiveness.

"What makes you think it is an adverb?"

"'Cause the master told us last week that all words that end in 'ly' are adverbs."

Foolish Woman.

A woman in Connecticut wants a divorce simply because her husband, who is an expert shot, keeps in practice by shooting at glass balls on her head. Women are so unreasonable.—Baltimore American.

A CRY FOR HELP.

Result of a Prompt Reply.—Two Letters from Mrs. Watson, Published by Special Permission.—For Women's Eyes Only.

March 15, 1899.

To MRS. PINKHAM, LYNN, MASS.:

"DEAR MADAM:—I am suffering from inflammation of the ovaries and womb, and have been for eighteen months. I have a continual pain and soreness in my back and side. I am only free from pain when lying down, or sitting in an easy chair. When I stand I suffer with severe pain in my side and back. I believe my troubles were caused by over work and lifting some years ago.

"Life is a drag to me, and I sometimes feel like giving up ever being a well woman; have become careless and unconcerned about everything. I am in bed now. I have had several doctors, but they did me but little good.

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been recommended to me by a friend, and I have made up my mind to give it a fair trial.

"I write this letter with the hope of hearing from you in regard to my case."—MRS. S. J. WATSON, Hampton, Va.

November 27, 1899.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I feel it my duty to acknowledge to you the benefit that your advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have done for me.

"I had been suffering with female troubles for some time, could walk but a short distance, had terrible bearing down pains in lower part of my bowels, backache, and pain in ovary. I used your medicine for four months and was so much better that I could walk three times the distance that I could before.

"I am to-day in better health than I have been for more than two years, and I know it is all due to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I recommend your advice and medicine to all women who suffer."—MRS. S. J. WATSON, Hampton, Va.

This is positive proof that Mrs. Pinkham is more competent to advise sick women than any other person. Write her. It costs you nothing.

$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, $5000, which will be paid to any person who can find that the above testimonial letters are not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

WITH SILKEN CORDS.

Dr. Talmage Says So Should the Fishers of Men Mend Their Nets.

Christians Warned Against Harsh Criticism—Gospel Strife Deplored—World's Heart Is Bursting With Trouble.

[Copyright 1901.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage describes the gospel net and how it is to be repaired after being damaged; text, Matthew iv. 21, "James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother, in a ship with Zebedee, their father, mending their nets."

"I go a-fishing!" cried Simon Peter to his comrades, and the most of the apostles had hands hard from fishing tackle. The fisheries of the world have always attracted attention. In the third century the Queen of Egypt had for pin money $470,000 received from the fisheries of Lake Moeris. And, if the time should ever come when the immensity of the world's population could not be fed by the vegetables and meats of the land, the sea has an amount of animal life that would feed all the populations of the earth and fatten them with a food that by its phosphorus would make a generation brainy and intellectual beyond anything that the world has ever imagined. My text takes us among the Galilean fishermen. One day Walter Scott, while hunting in an old drawer, found among some old fishing tackle the manuscript of his immortal book, "Waverley," which he had put away there as of no worth, and who knows but that to-day we may find some unknown wealth of thought while looking at the fishing tackle in the text.

It is not a good day for fishing, and three men are in the boat repairing the broken fishing nets. If you are fishing with a hook and line, and the fish will not bite, it is a good time to put the angler's apparatus into better condition. Perhaps the last fish you hauled in was so large that something snapped. Or, if you were fishing with a net, there was a mighty floundering of the scales or an exposed nail on the side of the boat which broke some of the threads and let part or all of the captives of the deep escape into their natural element. And hardly anything is more provoking than to nearly land a score or a hundred of trophies from the deep, and when you are in the full glee of hauling in the spotted treasures, through some imperfection of the net they splash back into the waves. That is too much of a trial of patience for most fishermen to endure, and many a man ordinarily correct of speech in such circumstances comes to an intensity of utterance unjustifiable. Therefore no good fisherman considers the time wasted that is spent in mending his net. Now, the Bible again and again represents Christian workers as fishers of men, and we are all sweeping through the sea of humanity some kind of net. Indeed there have been enough nets out and enough fishermen busy to have landed the whole human race in the kingdom of God long before this. What is the matter? The gospel is all right, and it has been a good time for catching souls for thousands of years. Why, then, the failures? The trouble is with the nets, and most of them need to be mended. I propose to show you what is the matter with most of the nets and how to mend them. In the text old Zebedee and his two boys, James and John, were doing a good thing when they sat in their boats mending their nets.

The trouble with many of our nets is that the meshes are too large. If a fish can get his gills and half his body through the network, he tears and rends and works his way out, and leaves the place through which he squirmed a tangle of broken threads. In our desire to make everything so easy we relax, we loosen, we widen. We let men after they are once in the gospel net escape into the world, and go into indulgences and swim all around Gallilee, from north side to south side, and from east side to west side, expecting that they will come back again. We ought to make it easy for them to get into the kingdom of God, and, as far as we can, make it impossible for them to get out. The poor advice nowadays to many is: "Go and do just as you did before you were captured for God and heaven. The net was not intended to be any restraint or any hindrance. What you did before you were a Christian do now. Go to all styles of amusement, read all the styles of books, engage in all the styles of behavior as before you were converted." And so, through these meshes of permission and laxity they wriggle out, through this opening and that opening, tearing the net as they go, and soon all the souls that we expected to land in heaven before we know it are back in the deep sea of the world. Oh, when we go a-gospel fishing, let us make it as easy as possible for souls to get in and as hard as possible to get out.

Is the Bible language an unmeaning verbiage when it talks about self denial, and keeping the body under, and about walking the narrow way, and entering the straight gate, and about carrying the cross? Is there to be no way of telling whether a man is a Christian except by his taking the communion chalice on sacramental day? May a man be as reckless about his thoughts, about his words, about his temper, about his amusements, after conversion as before? Alas, the words of Christ are so little heeded when He said, "Whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after Me cannot be My disciple." The church is fast becoming as bad as the world, and when it gets as bad as the world it will be worse than the world by so much, as it will add hypocrisy of a most appalling kind to its other defects.

Furthermore, many of our nets are torn to pieces by being entangled with other nets. It is a sad sight to see fishermen, fighting about sea room, and pulling in opposite directions each to get his net, both nets damaged by the struggle and losing all the fish. In this land, where there are more than 70,000,000 people, there are at least 30,000,000 not in the Sunday schools and churches. In such an Atlantic Ocean of opportunity there is room for all the nets and all the boats and all the fishermen and for millions more. There should be no rivalry between churches. Each one does a work peculiar to itself. But there are cities in this country where there is now going on an awful ripping and rending and tearing of fishing nets. Indeed, all over Christendom at this time there is a great war going on between fishermen, ministers against ministers.

Now, I have noticed a man cannot fish and fight at the same time. He either neglects his net or his musket. It is amazing how much time some of the fishermen have to look after other fishermen. It is more than I can do to take care of my own net. You see the wind is just right, and it is such a good time for fishing, and the fish are coming in so rapidly, that I have to keep my eye and hand busy. There are about 200,000,000 souls wanting to get into the kingdom of God, and it will require all the nets and all the fishermen of Christendom to safely land them. Oh, brethren of the ministry, let us spend our time in fishing instead of fighting. But if I angrily jerk my net across your net, an you jerk your net angrily across mine, we will soon have two broken nets and no fish. The French revolution nearly destroyed the French fisheries, and ecclesiastical war is the worst thing possible while hauling souls into the kingdom. My friends, I notice in the text that James, the son of Zebedee, and John, his brother, were busy not mending somebody else's nets, but mending their own nets, and I rather think that we who are engaged in Christian work in this opening century will require all our spare time to mend our own nets. God help us in the important duty!

In this work of repair we need to put into the nets more threads of common sense. When we can present religion as a great practicality we will catch a hundred souls where we now catch one. Present religion as an intellectuality, and we will fail. Out in the fisheries there are set across the waters what are called gill nets, and the fish put their heads through the meshes and they cannot withdraw them, because they are caught by the gills. But gill nets cannot be of any service in religious work. Men are never caught for the truth by their heads; it is by the heart or not at all. No argument ever saved a man, and no keen analysis ever brought a man into the kingdom of God. Heart work, not head work. Away with your gill nets! Sympathy, helpfulness, consolation, love, are the names of some of the threads that we need to weave in our gospel nets when we are mending them.

Do you know that the world's heart is bursting with trouble, and if you could make that world believe that the religion of Jesus Christ is soothing omnipotence the whole world would surrender to-morrow—yea, would surrender this hour. The day before James A. Garfield was inaugurated as President I was in the cars going from Richmond to Washington. A gentleman seated near to me in the cars knew me, and we were soon in familiar conversation. It was just after a bereavement, and I was speaking to him from an overburdened heart about the sorrow I was suffering. Looking at his cheerful face I said: "I guess you have escaped all trouble. I should judge from your countenance that you have come through free from all misfortune." Then he looked at me with a look I shall never forget and whispered in my ear: "Sir, you know nothing about trouble. My wife has been in an insane asylum for fifteen years." And then he turned and looked out of the window and into the night with a silence I was too overpowered to break. That was another illustration of the fact that no one escapes trouble.

Why, that man seated next to you in church has on his soul a weight compared with which a mountain is a feather. That woman seated next to you in church has a grief the recital of which would make your body, mind and soul shudder.

When you are mending your net for this wide, deep sea of humanity, take out that wire thread of criticism and that horsehair thread of harshness and put in a soft silken thread of Christian sympathy. Yea, when you are mending your nets tear out those old threads of gruffness and weave in a few threads of politeness and geniality. In the house of God let all Christian faces beam with a look that means welcome. Say "Good morning" to the stranger as he enters your pew, and at the close shake hands with him and say, "How did you like the music?" Why, you would be to that man a panel of the door of heaven; you would be to him a note of the doxology that seraphs sing when a new soul enters heaven. I have in other days entered a pew in church and the woman at the other end of the pew looked at me as much as to say, "How dare you? This is my pew and I pay the rent for it!" Well, I crouched in the other corner and made myself as small as possible and felt as though I had been stealing something.

So there are people who have a sharp edge to their religion, and they act as though they thought most people had been elected to be damned, and they were glad of it. Oh, let us brighten up our manner and appear in gentlemanliness or ladyhood.

The object in fly fishing is to throw the fly far out, and then let it drop gently down and keep it gently rising and falling with the waters, and not plunge it like a man-of-war's anchor, and abruptness and harshness of manner must be avoided in our attempt at usefulness.

I know a man in New York who is more sunshiny and genial when he has dyspepsia than when he is not suffering from that depressing trouble. I have found out his secret. When he starts out in the morning with such depression he asks for special grace to keep from snapping up anybody that day, and puts forth additional determination to be kindly and genial, and by the help of God he accomplishes it.

Many of our nets need to be mended in those respects, the black threads and the rough threads taken out, and the bright threads and the golden threads of Christian geniality woven in.

In addition to this we need to mend our nets with more threads of patience. It is no rare thing for a fisherman to spend one whole day before he can take a St. Lawrence pike, or an Ohio salmon, or a Long Island pickerel, or a Cayuga black bass, or a Delaware catfish, and he does that day after day without any particular discouragement. But what a lack of patience if we do not immediately succeed in soul catching. We are apt to give it up and say, "I will never try again."

These dear brethren of all denominations, afflicted with theological fidgets, had better go to mending nets instead of breaking them. Before they break up the old religions let them go through some great sacrifice for God that will prove them worthy of such a work, taking the advice of Tallcyrand to a man who wanted to upset the religion of Jesus Christ and start a new one, when he said, "Go and be crucified and then raise yourself from the grave the third day!"

Those who propose to mend their nets by secular and skeptical books are like a man who has just one week for fishing and six of the days he spends in reading Izaak Walton's "Complete Angler," and Wheatley's "Rod and Line," and Scott's "Fishing in Northern Waters," and Putnam's "Vade Mecum of Fly Fishing for Trout," and then on Saturday morning, his last day out, goes to the river to ply his art; but that day the fish will not bite, and late on Saturday night he goes to his home with empty basket!

Alas! alas! If, when the Saturday night of our life drops on us, it shall be found that we have spent our time in the libraries of worldly philosophy trying to mend our nets, and we have only a few souls to report as brought to God through our instrumentality, while some humble gospel fisherman, his library made up of a Bible and an almanac, shall come home laden with the results, his trophies all the souls within fifteen miles of his log cabin meeting-house.

In the time of the great disturbance in Naples in 1649, Massaniello, a barefooted fishing boy, dropped his fishing rod, and by strange magnetism took command of that city of 600,000 souls. He took off his fishing jacket and put on a robe of gold in the presence of howling mobs. He put his hand on his lips as a signal and they were silent. He waved his hand away from him and they retired to their homes. Armies passed in review before him. He became the nation's idol. The rapid rise and complete supremacy of that young fisherman, Massaniello, have no parallel in all history. But something equal to that and better than that is an everyday occurrence in heaven. God takes some of those who in this world were fishers of men and who toiled very humbly, but because of the way they mended their nets and employed their nets after they were mended, He suddenly hoists them and robes them, and scepters them and crowns them and makes them rulers over many cities, and He marches armies of saved ones before them in review—Massaniellos unhonored on earth, but radiated in heaven. The fisher boy of Naples soon lost his power, but those people of God who have kept their nets mended and rightly swung them shall never lose their exalted place, but shall reign forever and ever and ever. Keep that reward in sight.

Look Toward the Goal.

Christ was not of A. D. 30; no more should you. Christ's follower, be of A. D. 1901. Christ's foundations have stood because they were pushed upward and not sunk downward. He refused at any point to anchor Himself to the world He had made. While helping it most He was most divorced from it. While looking with most loving practical sympathy upon the sore bodies and sorer hearts of mortal men, there shone clearest in His eyes the far-away look, the look John followed when he saw that there is to be no more pain, no more tears.

For though a kingdom on the earth, it is to be a new earth and a new heaven, and we are to bring it in by living for it, and not for the old earth where the Klondikes are, and the stock exchanges, and the latest fashions from Paris. If you wish to see plainly in the present, look beyond the present. If you wish to win the world, win the next world. If you wish to help men here, help them toward the hereafter. In shooting, men do not look at the musket, but at the mark; in living, the wise man will look less at the earth than at heaven.—Amos R. Wells, in Christian Endeavor World.

For the land whither thou goest in to possess it is a land which the Lord thy God careth for: the eyes of the Lord are ever upon it, from the beginning of the year even unto the end of the year.

Not a Suitable Reference.

"Of course, you quite understand that I shall call upon Mrs. Whiffler for your character," remarked Mrs. Taggetly to the girl she had just engaged.

"Certainly, m'm," replied the girl, "although I would rather you didn't, for Mrs. Whiffler is so eccentric that she is not always to be relied upon."

"In what way is she eccentric?"

"She insists that her husband is quite a model father and husband, and that her children have never caused her a moment's anxiety."

"H'm, not much in that."

"Then she says that she is perfectly content with one new dress and one new hat each season."

"H'm, she is eccentric, then!"

"And, finally, she has never attended a bargain sale, and says that the only things sold at them are the women who buy!"

"Oh, the woman's mad! I shan't trouble her for your character, you can come in when you like!"

Rabbits and Diphtheria.

A recent epidemic of black diphtheria, which caused a large number of deaths among children in the vicinity of Grafton, Ill., has been traced by local physicians to wild rabbits caught and eaten by the afflicted families. For several weeks hunters found large numbers of rabbits dead in the woods and hills around Grafton. Some of the dead animals were brought to the village, and an examination by physicians revealed the fact that the animals had died from diphtheria. The discovery was not made, however, until several days after the epidemic had got a good foot-hold in the village, and all the efforts to get it under control proved futile. The authorities now think the epidemic was spread in Grafton by people eating the rabbits brought into the market. While they were apparently healthy, they had evidently been inoculated with the diphtheria by the dead animals.

Called His Papa Down.

Little Willie is a bright boy and a saucy boy. His apt answers have often turned away wrath and often turned it upon him stronger. The other day his father was reprimanding him for some misdeed and Willy was answering very saucily.

The father became very angry, and seizing the youngster by the collar, said: "See here, young man, you mustn't talk like that to me. I never gave my father impudence when I was a boy."

Willie was not feazed at all. With a cherubic smile he looked into papa's eyes and said: "But, papa, maybe your father didn't need it." 'Twas all off. Willy escaped punishment, while papa retired to another room.

Now a Telegraph Ray.

A nobleman once insisted on his head gardener taking as an apprentice a young lad in whom he was interested. The lad was very lazy, and the gardener was not at all pleased at having such a youth thrust upon him.

Some time after his lordship, walking in the garden, came upon his gardener and said:

"Well, John, how is my young friend getting on with you?"

"Oh, he's doin' fine!" replied the gardener, with a smile. "He's workin' away there at the very job that suits him; 'E's a-chasing of the snails off the walks!"

THIS WILL INTEREST MANY.

To quickly introduce the famous blood purifier, B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm) into new homes, we will give away 10,000 treatments. B. B. B. will positively cure all blood and skin troubles—ulcers, scrofula, eczema, eating sores, itching humors, swellings, pimples, boils, carbuncles, bone pains, rheumatism, catarrh, blood poison, affecting throat, bones or mucous patches, cancer, swellings, persistent pimple or wart. B. B. B. makes the blood pure and rich, heals every sore or eruption, and stops all aches and pains. Druggists, $1. For free treatment, address Blood Balm Co., 1 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble, and free medical advice given until cured. B. B. B. cures old, deep-seated cases that refuse to heal under patent medicines or doctors' treatment. It costs nothing to try B. B. B. Medicine sent at once prepaid. Write today.

As many as 111,000,000 bottles of champagne are stored in the vaults of French producers. They represent a cost of £10,000,000.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn 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 known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on 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 F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

About 25,000 persons are employed by theatrical managers in Great Britain, the average weekly salary being ten dollars.

Best For the Bowels.

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

There is still believed to be plenty of gold in Alaska. The estimated output for 1901 is put at $15,000,000.

Comforting

Nothing so surely breaks up the enjoyments of winter as attacks of

Rheumatism

Nothing so surely cures the trouble as

St. Jacobs Oil

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

NERVOUS WOMEN CURED BY Dr. Greene's NERVURA.

THE ceaseless drudgery of household cares is more than the strongest man could endure, and it is no wonder that women show the effects of work and worry.

Thousands of women in offices, shops, and factories break down in health under the strain and become weak, tired, nervous, and debilitated, tortured with female complaints, or racked by headache, neuralgia, backache, and kidney trouble.

Here lies the great strain upon the nervous systems of women. They have little or no rest; their life is one continual round of work, duties here, duties there, duties without number. What wonder that such women go to bed at night fatigued, and wake tired and unrefreshed in the morning!

What women need is that great strengthener and invigorator of womankind, Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy—that remedy which rebuilds health and strength, purifies and enriches the blood, gives strength and vigor to the nerves, and the strong vitality and energy to the system which will enable women to do their work and yet keep strong and well. It is this great medicine they need. Nothing else in the world can do its work.

Dr. Greene's NERVURA FOR THE BLOOD AND NERVES.

MRS. M. D. PERKINS, of 100 G St., So. Boston, Mass., says:

"I was completely run down and could not eat, for the sight of food made me sick. I did not sleep at night and was as tired in the morning as when I retired at night. My head and back ached all the time. I was completely exhausted if I tried to do my housework, and could not walk without being dizzy. I was excessively nervous and very weak.

"Then I began to take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and I cannot say enough in its praise. I have not felt so well for years as I do at the present time, thanks to this splendid remedy.

"I can now eat and sleep soundly, waking mornings strong and refreshed. I do my housework, which is now a pleasure instead of a burden as formerly. My weight has increased about twelve pounds in the last two months. I would recommend any one afflicted as I have been to use this wonderful remedy."

Dr. Greene Will Advise You Without Charge.

The benefit of Dr. Greene's special advice is at the disposal of every sickly woman, and it is well to write for it or call and see Dr. Greene at his office, 35 W. 14th St., New York City. Doing so may shorten the time required for recovery of full strength, and give information which will guide aright in the future. Absolute confidence is observed in all consultations, and no charge is made.

During the year just closed the Baldwin locomotive works built 1217 engines, and the average number of men employed was 8208.

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.

The French Minister of War proposes giving shorthand lessons to soldiers in all the French garrisons.

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYE colors more goods than any other dye and colors them better too. Sold by all druggists.

A new hotel, to cost over £20,000, is, it is reported, shortly to be erected in Salisbury, Rhodesia.

Governor Blackburn

Always said that Crab Orchard Water would cure more diseases than any one remedy that he had ever used.

Craig-y-Nos, the name of Mme. Adelina Patti's castle in Wales, means rock of the night.

A Colonel in the British South African army says that Adams' Tutti Frutti was a blessing to his men while marching.

The estimated cost of the war in South Africa is more than £69,323,000.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Great Britain still has 340 muzzle-loading guns in her army.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

In the State of Montana there are about 30,000,000 acres of unoccupied public lands.

Hoxsie's Croup Cure.

The life saver of children. Cures and prevents Membranous Croup, Pneumonia and Diphtheria. 50 cts. A. P. Hoxsie, Buffalo, N.Y.

Great Britain's public income for the fiscal year since last March has increased $14,000,000; expenditure has increased $236,000,000.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

St. Petersburg is soon to have a home for self-supporting working women.

DYSPEPSIA need not be endured a day longer if you use

CRAB ORCHARD WATER

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