Won-

derful, exclaimed a druggist, how the people stick to Hood's Sarsaparilla. They all want

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills cure all Liver ills. 25 cents.

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

Trilby has already reached its 230th performance in London.

Buy $1.00 worth Dobbins Floating-Borax Soap of your grocer, send wrappers to Dobbins Soap Mf'g Co., Philadelphia, Pa. They will send you free of charge, postage paid, a Worcester Pocket Dictionary, 298 pages, bound in cloth, profusely illustrated. Offer good until August 1st only.

Most of Queen Victoria's subjects are Hindoos.

J. S. Parker, Fredonia, N. Y., says: "Shall not call on you for the $100 reward, for I believe Hall's Catarrh Cure will cure any case of catarrh. Was very bad." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

An Apology.

A man who has a reputation for being very careless as to his toilet was elected town clerk in one of the small towns in this State some time ago, and the local paper thought it would be a good joke to announce that

"Mr. Makeup will wash himself before he assumes the office of town clerk."

On reading the notice Mr. Makeup was furious, and demanded a retraction, which the paper accordingly made the following day, in this fashion:

"Mr. Makeup requests us to deny that he will wash himself before he assumes the office of town clerk."

And still Mr. Makeup was not pleased. How hard it is to satisfy some people!—Our Boys and Girls.

There is so much distress in the world that we can't cry over all of it.

DOMESTIC MARTYRS.

Lots of women suffer constantly, and seldom utter complaint.

Good men rarely know the pain endured by the women of their own household, or the efforts they make to appear cheerful and happy when they ought to be in bed, their suffering is really so great.

Our habits of life and dress tell sadly upon women's delicate organizations.

They ought to be told just where the danger lies, for their whole future may depend upon that knowledge, and how to overcome it.

There is no need of our describing the experiences of such women here, they are too well known by those who have suffered, but we will impress upon every one that these are the never-failing symptoms of serious womb trouble, and unless relieved at once, a life will be forfeited.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound never fails to relieve the distressing troubles above referred to: it has held the faith of the women of America for twenty years.

It gives tone to the womb, strengthens the muscles, banishes backache and relieves all pains incident to women's diseases.

"S. H. & M. or Nothing!"

That's the stand to take with your dealer on the

S·H·& M· REGISTERED TRADE MARK

BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDING

question.

If he will not supply you we will.

"Home Dressmaking Made Easy," a new book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, sent for 25c., postage paid.

S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

P N U 25 96

The coolness is refreshing; the roots and herbs invigorating; the two together animating. You get the right combination in HIRES Rootbeer.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 5c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 years in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

REV. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE.

Subject: "The Bitter Attila."

TEXT: "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamb, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of water, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."—Revelation viii., 10, 11.

Many commentators, like Patrick and Lowth, Thomas Scott, Matthew Henry and Albert Barnes agree in saying that the star Wormwood, mentioned in Revelation, was Attila, king of the Huns. He was so called because he was brilliant as a star, and, like Wormwood, he embittered everything he touched. We have studied the star of Bethlehem, and the Morning Star of the Revelation, and the Star of Peace, but my present subject calls us to gaze at the star Wormwood, and my theme might be called Brilliant Bitterness.

A more extraordinary character history does not furnish than this man thus referred to, Attila, the king of the Huns. One day a wounded heifer came limping along through the fields, and a herdsman followed its bloody track on the grass to see where the heifer was wounded, and went on back further and further, until he came to a sword fast in the earth, the point downward, as though is had dropped from the heavens and against the edges of this sword the heifer had been cut. The herdsman pulled up that sword and presented it to Attila. Attila said the sword must have dropped from the heavens from the grasp of the god Mars and its being given to him meant that Attila should conquer and govern the whole earth.

Other mighty men have been delighted at being called liberators, or the merciful or the good, but Attila called himself, and demanded that others call him the Scourge of God. At the head of 700,000 troops, mounted on Cappadocian horses, he swept everything from the Adriatic to the Black Sea. He put his iron heel on Macedonia and Greece and Thrace. He made Milan and Pavia and Padua and Verona beg for mercy, which he bestowed not. The Byzantine castles, to meet his ruinous levy, put up at auction massive silver tables and vases of solid gold. A city captured by him, the inhabitants were brought out and divided into three classes—the first class, those who could bear arms, who must immediately enlist under Attila or be butchered; the second class, the beautiful women, who were made captives to the Huns; the third class, the aged men and women, who were robbed of everything and let go back to the city to pay heavy tax.

It was a common saying that the grass never grew again where the hoof of Attila's horse had trod. His armies reddened the waters of the Seine, and the Moselle, and the Rhine with carnage and fought on the Catalonian plains the fiercest battle since the world stood—300,000 dead left on the field. On and on until those who could not oppose him with arms lay prostrate on their faces in prayer, and, a cloud of dust seen in the distance, a bishop cried, "It is the aid of God!" and all the people took up the cry, "It is the aid of God!" As the cloud of dust was blown aside the banners of re-enforcing armies marched in to help against Attila, the Scourge of God. The most unimportant occurrences he used as a supernatural resource, and after three months of failure to capture the city of Aquileia, and his army had given up the siege the flight of a stork and her young from the tower of the city was taken by him as a sign that he was to capture the city, and his army, inspired by the same occurrence, resumed the siege and took the walls at a point from which the stork had emerged. So brilliant was the conquerer in attire that his enemies could not look at him, but shaded their eyes or turned their heads.

Slain on the evening of his marriage by his bride, Ildico, who was hired for the assassination, his followers bewailed him, not only with tears, but with blood, cutting themselves with knives and lances. He was put into three coffins, the first of iron, the second of silver and the third of gold. He was buried by night, and into his grave were poured the most valuable coin and precious stones, amounting to the wealth of a kingdom. The gravediggers and all those who assisted in the burial were massacred, so that it would never be known where so much wealth was entombed. The Roman empire conquered the world, but Attila conquered the Roman empire. He was right in calling himself a scourge, but instead of being the Scourge of God he was the scourge of hell. Because of his brilliance and bitterness the commentators were right in believing him to be the star Wormwood. As the regions he devastated were parts most opulent with fountains and streams and rivers, you see how graphic is this reference in Revelation. "There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood."

Have you ever thought how many imbittered lives there are all about us, misanthropic, morbid, acrid, saturnine? The European plant from which wormwood is extracted, Artemisia absinthium, is a perennial plant, and all the year round it is ready to exude its oil. And in many human lives there is a perennial distillation of acrid experiences. Yea, there are some whose whole work is to shed a baleful influence on others. There are Attilas of the home, or Attilas of the social circle, or Attilas of the church, or Attilas of the state, and one-third of the waters of all the world, if not two-thirds the waters, are poisoned by the falling of the star Wormwood. It is not complimentary to human nature that most men, as soon as they get greater power, become overbearing. The more power men have the better if their power be used for good. The less power men have the better if they use it for evil.

Birds circle round and round and round before they swoop upon that which they are aiming for. And if my discourse so far has been swinging round and round this moment it drops straight on your heart and asks the question, Is your life a benediction to others or an imbitterment, a blessing or a curse, a balsam or wormwood?

Some of you I know are morning stars, and you are making the dawning life of your children bright with gracious influences, and you are beaming upon all the opening enterprises of philanthropic and Christian endeavor, and you are heralds of that day of gospelization which will yet flood all the mountains and valleys of our sin cursed earth. Hail, morning star! Keep on shining with encouragement and Christian hope!

Some of you are evening stars, and you are cheering the last days of old people, and though a cloud sometimes comes over you through the querulousness or unreasonableness of your old father and mother it is only for a moment, and the star soon comes out clear again and is seen from all the balconies of the neighborhood. The old people will forgive your occasional shortcomings, for they themselves several times lost their patience when you were young and slapped you when you did not deserve it. Hail, evening star! Hang on the darkening sky your diamond coronet!

But are any of you the star Wormwood? Do you scold and growl from the thrones paternal or maternal? Are your children everlastingly pecked at? Are you always crying "Hush!" to the merry voices and swift feet, and their laughter, which occasionally trickles through at the wrong times and is suppressed by them until they can hold it no longer, and all the barriers burst into unlimited guffaw and cachinnation, as in high weather the water has trickled through a slight opening in the milldam, but afterward makes wider and wider breach until it carries all before it with irresistible freshet? Do not be too much offended at the noise your children now make. It will be still enough when one of them is dead. Then you would give your right hand to hear one shout from their silent voices or one step from the still feet. You will not any of you have to wait very long before your house is stiller than you want it. Alas, that there are so many homes not known to Society For the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, where children are put on the limits and whacked and cuffed and ear pulled and senselessly called to order and answer sharp and suppressed until it is a wonder that under such processes they do not all turn out Modocs and Nana Sahibs.

What is your influence upon the neighborhood, the town or the city of your residence? I will suppose that you are a star of wit. What kind of rays do you shoot forth? Do you use that splendid faculty to irradiate the world or to rankle it? I bless all the apostolic college of humorists. The man that makes me laugh is my benefactor. I do not thank anybody to make me cry? I can do that without any assistance. We all cry enough, and have enough to cry about. God bless all skillful punsters, all repartceists, all propounders of ingenious conundrums, all those who mirthfully surprise us with unusual juxtaposition of words. Thomas Hood and Charles Lamb and Sidney Smith had a divine mission, and so have their successors in these times. They stir into the acid beverage of life the saccharine. They make the cup of earthly existence, which is sometimes stale, effervesce and bubble. They placate animosities. They foster longevity. They slay follies and absurdities which all the sermons of all the pulpits cannot reach.

They have for examples Elijah, who made fun of the Baalites when they called down fire, and it did not come, suggesting that their heathen god had gone hunting, or was off on a journey, or was asleep, and nothing but vociferation could wake him, saying, "Cry aloud for he is a god. Either he is talking or pursuing or peradventure he sleepeth and must be awaked." They have an example in Christ, who with healthful sarcasm showed up the lying, hypocritical Pharisees by suggesting that such perfect people like themselves needed no improvements, saying, "The whole need not a physician but they that are sick."

But what use are you making of your wit? Is it besmirched with profanity and uncleanness? Do you employ it in amusement at physical defects for which the victims are not responsible? Are your powers of mimicry used to put religion in contempt? Is it a bunch of nettlesome invective? Is it a bolt of unjust scorn? Is it fun at other's misfortune? Is it glee at their disappointment and defeat? Is it bitterness put drop by drop into a cup? Is it like the squeezing of Artemisia absinthium into a draught already pungant? Then you are the star Wormwood. Yours is the fun of a rattlesnake trying how well it can sting. It is the fun of a hawk trying how quickly it can strike out the eye of a dove.

But I will change this and suppose you are a star of Worldly Prosperity. Then you have large opportunity. You can encourage that artist by buying his picture. You can improve the fields, the stables, the highway, by introducing higher style of fowl and horse and cow and sheep. You can bless the world with pomological achievement in the orchards. You can advance arboriculture and arrest this deathful iconoclasm of the American forests. You can put a piece of sculpture into the niche of that public academy. You can endow a college. You can stocking a thousand bare feet from the winter frost. You can build a church. You can put a missionary of Christ on that foreign shore. You can help ransom a world. A rich man with his heart right—can you tell me how much good a James Lenox or a George Peabody or a Peter Cooper or a William E. Dodge did while living, or is doing now that he is dead? There is not a city, town or neighborhood that has not glorious specimens of consecrated wealth.

But suppose you grind the face of the poor. Suppose when a man's wages are due you make him wait for them because he cannot help himself. Suppose that, because his family is sick and he has had extra expenses, he should politely ask you to raise his wages for this year and you roughly tell him if he wants a better place to go and get it. Suppose by your manner you act as though he were nothing and you were everything. Suppose you are selfish and overbearing and arrogant. Your first name ought to be Attila and your last name Attila, because you are the star Wormwood, and you have imbittered [illegible] that roll past your employes and operatives and dependents and associates, and the long line of carriages which the undertaker orders for your funeral, in order to make the occasion respectable, will be filled with twice as many dry, tearless eyes as there are persons occupying them.

There is an erroneous idea abroad that there are only a few geniuses. There are millions of them—that is, men and women who have especial adaptation and quickness for some one thing. It may be great; it may be small. The circle may be like the circumference of the earth or no larger than a thimble. There are thousands of geniuses, and in some one thing you are a star. What kind of a star are you? You will be in this world but a few minutes. As compared with eternity the stay of the longest life on earth is not more than a minute. What are we doing with that minute? Are we imbittering the domestic or social or political fountains, or are we like Moses, who, when the Israelites in the wilderness complained that the waters of Lake Marah were bitter and they could not drink them, cut off the branch of a certain tree and threw that branch into the water, and it became sweet and slaked the thirst of the suffering host? Are we with a branch of the Tree of Life sweetening all the brackish fountains that we can touch?

Dear Lord, send us all out on that mission. All around us imbittered lives—imbittered by prosecution, imbittered by hypercriticism, imbittered by poverty, imbittered by pain, imbittered by injustice, imbittered by sin. Why not go forth and sweeten them by smile, by inspiring words, by benefactions, by hearty counsel, by prayer, by gospelized behavior? Let us remember that if we are wormwood to others we are wormwood to ourselves, and our life will be bitter and our eternity bitterer. The gospel of Jesus Christ is the only sweetening power that is sufficient. It sweetens the disposition. It sweetens the manners. It sweetens life. It sweetens mysterious providences. It sweetens afflictions. It sweetens death. It sweetens everything. I have heard people asked in social company, "If you could have three wishes gratified what would your three wishes be?" If I could have three wishes met this morning, I tell you what they would be: 1. More of the grace of God. 2. More of the grace of God. 3. More of the grace of God. In the dooryard of my brother John, missionary in Amoy, China, there was a tree called the emperor tree, the two characteristics of which are that it always grows higher than its surroundings, and its leaves take the form of a crown. If this emperor tree be planted by a rosebush, it grows a little higher than the bush and spreads out above it a crown. If it be planted by the side of another tree, it grows a little higher than that tree and spreads above it a crown. Would God that this religion of Christ, a more wonderful emperor tree, might overshadow all your lives! Are you lowly in ambition or circumstance, putting over you its crown? Are you high in talent and position, putting over you its crown? Oh, for more of the saccharine in our lives and less of the wormwood!

What is true of individuals is true of nations. God sets them up to revolve as stars, but they may fall wormwood.

Tyre, the atmosphere of the desert, fragrant with spices, coming in caravans to her fairs, all seas cleft into foam by the keels of her laden merchantmen, her markets rich with horses and camels from Togarmah, her bazaars filled with upholstery from Dedan, with emerald and coral and agate from Syria, with wines from Heibon, with embroidered work from Ashur and Chilmad. Where now the gleam of her towers, where the roar of her chariots, where the masts of her ships? Let the fishermen who dry their nets where once she stood, let the sea that rushes upon the barrenness where once she challenged the admiration of all nations, let the barbarians who set their rude tents where once her palaces glittered, answer the question. She was a star, but by her own sin turned to wormwood and has fallen.

Hundred gated Thebes, for all time to be the study of the antiquarian and meroglyphist, her stupendous ruins spread over 27 miles, her sculptures presenting in figures of warrior and chariot the victories with which the now forgotten kings of Egypt shook the nations, her obelisks and columns, Carnac and Luxor, the stupendous temples of her pride! Who can imagine the greatness of Thebes in those days when the hippodrome rang with her sports and foreign royalty bowed at her shrine and her avenues roared with the wheels of processions in the wake of returning conquerors? What dashed down the vision of chariots and temples and thrones? What hands pulled upon the columns of her glory? What ruthlessness defaced her sculptured wall and broke obelisks and left her indescribable temples great skeletons of granite? What spirit of destruction spread the hair of wild beasts in her royal sepulchers, and taught the miserable cottagers of to-day to build huts in the courts of her temples, and sent desolation and ruin skulking behind the obelisks, and dodging among the sarcophagi, and leaning against the columns, and stooping under the arches, and weeping in the waters which go mournfully by as though they were carrying the tears of all ages? Let the mummies break their long silence and come up to shiver in the desolation and point to fallen gates and shattered statues and defaced sculpture, responding: "Thebes built not one temple of God. Thebes hated righteousness and loved sin. Thebes was a star, but she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

Babylon, with her 250 towers and her brazen gates and her embattled walls, the splendor of the earth gathered within her palaces, her hanging gardens built by Nebuchadnezzar to please his bride, Amytis, who had been brought up in a mountainous country and could not endure the flat country round Babylon—these hanging gardens built, terrace above terrace, till at the height of 400 feet there were woods waving and fountains playing, the verdure, the foliage, the glory looking as if a mountain were on the wing. On the tiptop a king walking with his queen, among statues snowy white, looking up at birds brought from distant lands, and drinking out of tankards of solid gold or looking off over rivers and lakes upon nations subdued and tributary, crying, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?"

What battering ram smote the walls? What plowshare unarmed the gardens? What army shattered the brazen gates? What long, fierce blast of storm put out this light which illumined the world? What crash of discord drove down the music that poured from palace window and garden grove and called the banqueters to their revel and the dancers to their feet? I walk upon the scene of desolation to find an answer and pick up pieces of bitumen and brick and broken pottery, the remains of Babylon, and as in the silence of the night I hear the surging of that billow of desolation which rolls over the scene, I hear the wild waves saying "Babylon was proud. Babylon was impure. Babylon was a star, but be sin she turned to wormwood and has fallen."

From the persecutions of the pilgrim fathers and the Huguenots in other lands God set upon these shores a nation. The council fires of the aborigines went out in the greater light of a free government. The sound of the warwhoop was exchanged for the thousand wassels of enterprise and progress. The wild waters, the fruitful summers, the healthful skies, charmed from other lands a race of hardy men who loved God and wanted to be free. Before the woodman's ax forests fell and rose again into ships' masts and churches' pillars. Cities on the banks of lakes begin to rival cities by the sea. The land sparkles with the rush of the rail car and the waters are churned white with the steamer's wheel. Fabulous bushels of western wheat meet on the way the wheatstacks of eastern coal. Fur-fr om the north past on the river fronts from the south. And trading in the same market is Maine lumberman and South Carolina rice merchant and Ohio farmer and Alaska fur dealer. And churches and schools and asylums scatter light and love and mercy and salvation upon 60,000,000 of people.

I pray that our nation may not copy the crimes of the nations that have perished and our cup of blessing turn to wormwood, and like them we go down. [illegible] by nature and by grace an o[illegible] that this [illegible] Christ [illegible] Our only [illegible] is in righteousness toward God and justice toward man. If we forget the goodness of the Lord to this land, and break His Sabbaths, and impose not by the dire disasters that have again and again come to us as a nation, and we learn saving lesson neither from civil war nor razing epidemic nor drought nor mildew nor scourge of locust and grasshopper nor cyclone nor earthquake, if the political corruption which has poisoned the fountains of public virtue and besmirched the high places of authority, making free government at times a blessing and a by-word in all the earth, if the drunkenness and licentiousness that stagger and blaspheme in the streets of our great cities as though they were reveling after the fame of a Corinth and a Sodom are not repented of, we will yet see the smoke of our nation's ruin, the pillars of our national and state capitols will fall more disastrously than when Samson pulled down Dagon, and future historians will record upon the page bedewed with generous tears the story that the free nation of the west arose in splendor which made the world stare. It had magnificent possibilities. It forgot God. It hated justice. It flagged its crimes. It halted on its high march. It reeled under the blow of calamity. It fell. And as it was going down all the despotisms of earth from the top of bloody thrones began to shout, "Aha, so would we have it!" while struggling and oppressed people looked out from dungeon bars with tears and groans and cries of untold agony, the scorn of those and the woe of these uniting in the exclamation: "Look yonder! There fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers and upon the fountains of waters, and the name of the star is called Wormwood!"

AN AMERICAN PLANT IN RUSSIA.

Locomotive Works to Be Established at Nijni Novgorod.

The proposed establishment of an extensive locomotive building works at Nijni Novgorod, Russia, by American capitalists was announced a few days ago. Contracts for the machinery for the plant, amounting to $500,000, have already been awarded, the bulk of the orders coming to Philadelphia firms.

For several years the project of establishing an American locomotive plant in Russia has been under consideration by capitalists in this country. The firm of Edmund D. Smith & Co., of Philadelphia, and Walter F. Dixon, who was formerly connected with the Rogers Locomotive Works, in Paterson, N. J., became interested in the matter, and as a result of their visit to Russia a company of American capitalists has been incorporated under the title of the Russian-American Manufacturing Company which will build the works.

The plant is to be built in connection with the Sormova Works, an extensive establishment in Nijni Novgorod, manufacturing cars, steamboats, steam boilers, etc., and employing 5000 hands. Engineer Dixon will have entire charge of the locomotive works, which will be controlled jointly by the Russian and American companies. The locomotive plant will have a capacity of 200 engines a year, and will employ 1000 hands. It is understood that the Czar's Government has given valuable encouragement to the enterprise.

A Warning to Travelers.

European travelers are warned by United States Consul-General Judd, at Vienna, to obey the railroad regulations excluding certain articles from baggage, under severe penalties. He cites the case of a young American, who was fined 312 florins for having some cartridges in his trunk and says that Servia, Bulgaria, Roumania, Turkey and Russia have railway regulations similar to Austria in this respect.

Reports from Texas state that charbon or anthrax is affecting and killing all kinds of domestic stock from hens to horses.

Asthma Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes. Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMSON, 324 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, '94.

Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

RIPANS TABULES

"Some time ago," said Clifton Arnsparger (of Paris, Ky.), County Attorney of Bourbon Co., Ky., "I saw the advertisements of Ripans Tabules in the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and believing it was the remedy I needed, I determined to get some of the Tabules. There was no name attached to the advertisement, so I wrote to the publishers of the *Courier-Journal*, and was referred to the Ripans Chemical Co., 10 Spruce st., New York, from whom I obtained a box for 50 cents. I had been greatly troubled with sick headache, but since I secured Ripans Tabules, whenever I begin to feel symptoms of sick headache or sour stomach, I take one or two Tabules and escape all the terrors of a splitting headache. One taken after eating has aided my digestion and made me feel like a different person. I find I now can get the Tabules from a local druggist. (Signed), CLIFTON ARNSPARGER, September 13th, 1895."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to the Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure. we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Box 120, Detroit, Mich.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

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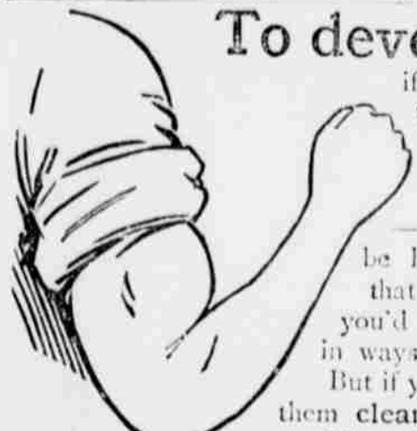
P N U 25

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS. 25 CTS.

To develop muscle,



if that is what you're doing the washing for, perhaps the old way of washing with soap—rubbing the clothes up and down over a board—may be pretty good. It can't be healthy, though, to breathe that tainted, fetid steam, and you'd better take your exercise in ways that are pleasanter.

But if you're washing clothes to get them clean, and want to do this disagreeable work easily, quickly, and safely—do it with Pearline. And one of the strongest points about Pearline's favor is its saving—its economy.

Millions NOW USE Pearline

"Cleanliness is Nae Pride, Dirt's Nae Honesty." Common Sense Dictates the Use of

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