Only

Think what a long train of diseases arise from impure blood. Then keep the blood pure with

Hood's

Sarsaparilla

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

Hood's Pills are always reliable. 25 cents.

The Queen's Avenue.

Queen Elizabeth not only seemed to have all the prerogatives of power, but excited in her subjects a chivalry which would no doubt surprise a monarch of the present day quite as much as it might delight him. One of the most gallant services ever rendered her, almost as flattering as the offer of Sir Walter Raleigh's cloak to save her feet from the mud, is connected with Hampden House, the home of the great English patriot.

The Hampdens were a great family for many centuries, and a stanza quoted in "Ivanhoe" is typical of their importance:

"Bring, Wing and Ivinghoe,
Three churches all of a row;
These three Hampden did foregoe
For striking of the Black Prince a blow,
And glad he did escape soe."

Hampden House stands on the summit of the Chiltern Hills, and is about three miles from Princes Risborough, which was the residence of the Black Prince. It is not unlikely that, during some altercation between subject and prince, high words may have been used; that the lordly Hampden of that earlier day could not restrain himself, and in the heat of dispute thoughtlessly struck the Prince; but of this there is no authentic record.

But the most interesting tale is told in an open glade or avenue in front of Hampden. It is said that Queen Elizabeth, on her visit to the grandfather of the patriot, was shown to her room in Mr. Hampden. On looking from the window, she was struck with the grandeur of the timber and beauty of the landscape, and asked:

"Do you not think, Mr. Hampden, that if you had an avenue opening down that hill it would be an improvement?"

Next morning she looked out again and there on the hillside lay the scores of noble trees which had obstructed her view. The "Queen's Avenue" had been made.

There isn't anything against love, if people wouldn't fool with it when there are other things they should be doing.

ANNA IVOR'S REQUEST.

Personal letters reach Mrs. Pinkham from thousands; some asking advice, and others, like the following, telling of how Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done and will ever continue to do in eradicating those fearful

female complaints so little understood by physicians.

"Womb and ovarian troubles, irregularities, whites, bearing-down pains, displacements, tendency to cancer and tumor are cured permanently. I feel as if I owed my life to your Vegetable Compound. After the birth of my babe I was very miserable. I had a drawing pain in the lower part of my bowels, no strength, and a terrible backache. Every day I failed. My husband said if I would try a bottle of Vegetable Compound, he would get it for me. The change was wonderful. After I had taken the first bottle I began to have great faith. When I had taken three bottles, I was well and growing stout. It is a pure pleasure for me to write this to you. I ask women in any way afflicted with female troubles to try it."—Mrs. Anna Ivor, Pittsford Mills, Rutland Co., Vt.

PNU 27 96

Duxbak

Name

S·H·&M·

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDING

Is rainproof and sheds water. It looks like the other S. H. & M.'s and will not turn gray like the cheap kinds. Ask your traveling and sea-side gowns

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Samples, wearing labels and materials mailed free. "Dressmaking Made Easy," a new 72 page book by Miss Emma M. Hooper, of the Ladies' Home Journal, giving valuable points, mailed for 2c. S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, N. Y. City.

When you come in hot and thirsty,—HIRES Root-

The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

REV. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE.

Subject: "God in Everything."

TEXT: "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? And one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father."—Matthew x., 29.

You see the Bible will not be limited in the choice of symbols. There is hardly a beast or bird or insect which has not been called to illustrate some divine truth—the ox's patience, the ant's industry, the spider's skill, the hind's surefootedness, the eagle's speed, the dove's gentleness, and even the sparrow's meanness and insignificance. In oriental countries none but the poorest people buy the sparrow and eat it—so very little meat is there on the bones, and so very poor is it what there is of it. The comfortable population would not think of touching it any more than you would think of eating a bat or a lamprey. Now, says Jesus, if God takes such good care of a poor bird that is not worth a cent, will He not care for you, an immortal?

We associate God with revolutions. We can see a divine purpose in the discovery of America, in the invention of the art of printing, in the exposure of the gunpowder plot, in the contrivance of the needle gun, in the ruin of an Austrian or Napoleonic despotism; but how hard it is to see God in the minute personal affairs of our lives! We think of God as making a record of the starry host, but cannot realize the Bible truth that he knows how many hairs are on our head. It seems a grand thing that God provided food for hundreds of thousands of Israelites in the desert; but we cannot appreciate the truth that, when a sparrow is hungry, God stoops down and opens its mouth and puts the seed in. We are struck with the idea that God fills the universe with his presence, but cannot understand how he encamps in the crystal palace of a dew drop, or finds room to stand between the alabaster pillars of the pond lily. We can see God in the clouds. Can we see God in these flowers at our feet?

We are apt to place God on some great stage—or to try to do it—expecting Him there to act our His stupendous projects, but we forget that the life of a Cromwell, an Alexander or a Washington or an archangel is not more under divine inspection than your life or mine. Pompey thought there must be a mist over the eyes of God because He so much favored Cæsar. But there is no such mist. He sees everything. We say God's path is in the great waters. True enough; but no more certainly than He is in the water in the glass on the table. We say God guides the stars in their courses. Magnificent truth! But no more certain truth than that He decides which road or street you shall take in coming to church. Understand that God does not sit upon an indifferent or unsympathetic throne, but that He sits down beside you to-day, and stands beside me to-day, and no affair of our lives is so insignificant but that it is of importance to God.

In the first place, God chooses our occupation for us. I am amazed to see how many people there are dissatisfied with the work they have to do. I think three-fourths wish they were in some other occupation, and they spend a great deal of time in regretting that they got in the wrong trade or profession. I want to tell you that God put into operation all the influences which led you to that particular choice. Many of you are not in the business that you expected to be in. You started for the ministry and learned merchandise; you started for the law and you are a physician; you preferred agriculture and you became a mechanic. You thought one way; God thought another. But you ought not to sit down and mourn over the past. You are to remember that God arranged all these circumstances by which you were made what you are.

Hugh Miller says, "I will be a stonemason;" God says, "You shall be a geologist." David goes out to attend his father's sheep; God calls him to govern a nation. Saul goes out to hunt his father's asses, and before he gets back finds the crown of regal dominion. How much happier would we be if we were content with the places God gave us! God saw your temperament and all the circumstances by which you were surrounded, and I believe nine-tenths of you are in the work you are best fitted for. I hear a great racket in my watch, and I find that the hands, and the wheels, and the spring are getting out of their places. I send it down to the jeweler's and say, "Overhaul that watch and teach the wheels, and the spring, and the hands to mind their own business." You know a man having a large estate. He gathers his working hands in the morning, and says to one, "You go and trim that vine;" to another, "You go and weed those flowers;" to another, "You plow that tough glebe;" and each one goes to his particular work. The owner of the estate points the man to what he knows he can do best, and so it is with the Lord.

I remark further that God has arranged the place of our dwelling. What particular city or town, street or house you shall live in seems to be a mere matter of accident. You go out to hunt for a house, and you happen to pass up a certain street, and happen to see a sign, and you select that house. Was it all happening so? Oh, no! God guided you in every step. He foresaw the future. He knew all your circumstances, and He selected just that one house as better for you than any of the 10,000 habitations in the city. Our house, however humble the roof and however lowly the portals, is as near God's heart as an Alhambra or a Kremlin. Prove it, you say. Proverbs iii., 33, "He blesseth the habitation of the just."

I remark further that God arranges all our friendships. You were driven to the wall. You found a man just at that crisis who sympathized with you and helped you. You say, "How lucky I was!" There was no luck about it. God sent that friend just as certainly as He sent the angel to strengthen Christ. Your domestic friends, your business friends, your Christian friends, God sent them to bless you, and if any of them have proved traitorous, it is only to bring out the value of those who remain. If some die, it is only that they may stand at the outposts of heaven to greet you at your coming.

You always will have friends, warm hearted friends, magnanimous friends, and when sickness comes to your dwelling there will be watchers. When trouble comes to your heart, there will be sympathizers. When death comes there will be gentle fingers to close the eyes and fold the hands and gentle lips to tell of a resurrection. Oh, we are compassed by a bodyguard of friends! Every man, if he has behaved himself well, is surrounded by three circles of friends—those of the outer circle wishing him well; those in the next circle willing to help him; while close up to his heart are a few who would die for him. God pity the wretch who has not any friends!

I remark again, that God puts down the limit to our temporal prosperity. The world of finance seems to have no God in it. You cannot tell where a man will land. The affluent fall; the poor rise. The ingenious fail; the ignorant succeed. An enterprise opening grandly, shuts in bankruptcy, while out of the peat dug up from some New England marsh the millionaire builds his fortune. The poor man thinks it is chance that keeps him down; the rich man thinks it is chance which hoists him; and they are both wrong. It is so hard to realize that God rules the money market, and has a hook in the nose of the stock gambler, and that all the commercial revolutions of the world shall result in the very best for God's dear children.

My brethren, do not kick against the divine allotments. God knows just how much money it is best for you to lose. You never gain unless it is best for you to gain. You go up when it is best for you to go up and go down when it is best for you to go down. Prove it, you say. I will. Romans viii., 28, "All things work together for good to them that love God." You go into a factory and you see 20 or 30 wheels, and they are going in different directions. This band is rolling off this way and another band another way; one down and another up. You say, "What confusion in a factory!" Oh, no! all these different bands are only different parts of the machinery. So I go into your life and see strange things. Here is one providence pulling you one way and another in another way. But these are different parts of one machinery by which He will advance your everlasting and present well being.

Now you know that a second mortgage, and a third and fourth mortgage are often worth nothing. It is the first mortgage that is a good investment. I have to tell you that every Christian man has a first mortgage on every trial, and on every disaster, and it must make a payment of eternal advantage to his soul. How many worriments it would take out of your heart if you believed that fully. You buy goods and hope the price will go up, but you are in a fret and a frown for fear the price will go down. You do not buy the goods using your best discretion in the matter, and then say: "Oh, Lord, I have done the best I could! I commit this whole transaction into Thy hands!" That is what religion is good for or it is good for nothing.

There are two things, says an old proverb, you ought not to fret about—first, things that you can help, and second, things which you cannot help. If you can help them, why do you not apply the remedy? If you cannot help them, you might as well surrender first as last. My dear brethren, do not sit any longer moping about your ledger. Do not sit looking so despondingly upon your stock of unsalable goods. Do you think that God is going to allow you, a Christian man, to do business alone? God is the controlling partner in every firm, and although your debtors may abscond, although your securities may fail, although your store may burn, God will, out of an infinity of results, choose for you the very best results.

Do not have any idea that you can overstep the limit that God has laid down for your prosperity. You will never get one inch beyond it. God has decided how much prosperity you can stand honorably and employ usefully and control righteously, and at the end of the year you will have just so many dollars and cents, just so much wardrobe, just so much furniture, just so many bonds and mortgages, and nothing more. I will give you $100 for every penny you get beyond that. God has looked over your life. He knows what is best for you, and he is going to bless you in time, and bless you for eternity; and He will do it in the best way. Your little child says: "Papa, I wish you would let me have that knife." "No," you say, "it is a sharp knife and you will cut yourself." He says, "I must have it." "But you cannot have it," you reply. He gets angry and red in the face, and says he will have it; but you say he shall not have it. Are you not kind in keeping it from him? So God treats His children. I say, "I wish, Heavenly Father, to get that." God says, "No, my child." I say, "I must have it." God says, "You cannot have it." I get angry and say, "I will have it." God says, "You shall not have it;" and I do not get it. Is He not kind and loving and the best of Fathers? Do you tell me there is no rule and regulation in these things? Tell that to the men who believe in no God and no Bible. Tell it not to me!

A man of large business concludes to go out of his store, leaving much of his investments in the business, and he says to his sons: "Now, I am going to leave this business in your hands. Perhaps I may come back in a little while, and perhaps not. While I am gone you will please to look after affairs." After awhile the father comes back and finds everything at loose ends, and the whole business seems to be going wrong. He says: "I am going to take possession of this business—you know I never fully surrendered it—and henceforth consider yourselves subordinates." Is he not right in doing it? He saves the business. The Lord seems to let us go on in life, guided by our own skill, and we make miserable work of it. God comes down to our shop, or our store, and says: "Things are going wrong. I come to take charge. I am Master and I know what is best, and I proclaim my authority." We are merely subordinates. It is like a boy at school with a long sum that he cannot do. He has been working at it for hours, making figures here and rubbing out figures there, and it is all mixed up, and the teacher, looking over the boy's shoulder, knows that he cannot get out of it, and cleaning the slate, says, "Begin again." Just so God does to us. Our affairs get into an inextricable entanglement, and He rubs everything out and says, "Begin again!" Is He not wise and loving in so doing?

I think the trouble is that there is so large a difference between the divine and the human estimate as to what is enough. I have heard of people striving for that which is enough, but I never heard of any one who had enough. What God calls enough for man man call too little. What man calls enough God says is too much. The difference between a poor man and a rich man is only the difference in banks. The rich man puts his money in the Washington bank, or the Central bank, or the Metropolitan bank, or some other bank of that character, while the poor man comes up and makes his investments in the bank of Him who runs all the quarries, all the mines, all the gold, all the earth, all heaven. Do you think a man can fail when he is backed up like that?

You may have seen a map on which is described, with red ink, the travels of the children of Israel through the desert to the promised land. You see how they took this and that direction, crossed that river and went through the sea. Do you know God has made a map of your life with paths leading up to this river and across that sea? But, blessed be God, the path always comes out at the promised land. Mark that! Mark that!

There is a man who says, "That doctrine cannot be true, because things do go so very wrong." I reply it is no inconsistency on the part of God, but a lack of understanding on our part. I hear that men are making very fine shawls in some factory. I go in on the first floor and see only the raw materials, and I ask, "Are these the shawls I have heard about?" "No," says the manufacturer. "Go up to the next floor," and I go up, and there I begin to see the design. But the man says: "Do not stop here. Go up to the top floor of the factory and you will see the idea fully carried out." I do so, and having come to the top, see the complete pattern of an exquisite shawl. So in our life, standing down on a low level of Christian experience we do not understand God's dealings. He tells us to go up higher and higher until we begin to understand the divine meaning with respect to us, and we advance until we stand at the very gate of heaven, and there see God's idea all wrought out—a perfect idea of mercy, of love, of kindness. And we say, "Just and true are all my ways." It is all right at the top. Remember there is no inconsistency on the part of God, but it is only our mental and spiritual incapacity.

Some of you may be disappointed this summer—vacations are apt to be disappointments—but whatever your perplexities and worriments, know that "Man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." Ask these aged men in this church if it is not so. It has been so in my own life. One summer I started for the Adirondacks, but my plans were so changed that I landed in Liverpool. I studied law and I got into the ministry. I resolved to go as a missionary to China, and staid in the United States. I thought I would like to be in the east, and I went to the west. All the circumstances of life, all my work, different from that which I expected. "A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps."

So, my dear friends, this day take home this subject. Be content with such things as you have. From every grass blade under your feet learn the lesson of divine care, and never let the smallest bird flit across your path without thinking of the truth that two sparrows are sold for a farthing, and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Blessed be His glorious name forever. Amen.

Fatal Collapse of a Reservoir.

By the collapse of the Goodrich reservoir near Baker City, Oregon, R. French, his wife and five children were drowned.

HEALTH IN OLD AGE.

AN OLD LADY FINDS THE TRUE SOURCE OF VITALITY.

A Reporter's Interesting Interview With a Lady of Seventy-two Years, Who Tells a Marvelous Story.

From the Union, Port Jervis, N. Y.

But a short time ago, in a distant part of the country, we heard of a cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which seemed almost marvelous, and more recently another substantial evidence of their value reached our ears. Being of an inquiring turn of mind, and wishing to know just how much there was in the story, a reporter was sent to interview the person said to be thus benefited. If the narrative as it had reached our ears was true, it was only simple justice to let it be known—if it proved untrue, it would be well to know it.

The person alluded to above as having been thus greatly benefited by the use of Pink Pills is Mrs. Jane Hotalen, of Hainesville, N. J., a pleasant hamlet in Sussex County, about fifteen miles from this office. The reporter had no difficulty in finding Mrs. Hotalen. It was nearly noon when we reached her pleasant home, a double house, one part of which is occupied by her son. She is a pleasant-faced old lady, looking to be about sixty-five, but is in reality seventy-two years of age. After a few preliminary remarks in explanation of the call, she was asked if she had any objection to giving us the details of the case and how she came to try this now famous remedy.

"Not at all," said she, "if my experience can be of any good to others I am sure they are welcome to it—it can do no harm."

"When were you taken sick and what was the nature of the malady?" was asked.

"It was about two years ago. The trouble was rheumatic in character—sciatica, they called it—and it was very painful indeed. The difficulty began in my hip and extended the whole length of the limb, crippling me completely. I suffered intensely from it and the ordinary treatment gave me not the slightest alleviation. I was under treatment about a month as stated, but grew worse instead of better, and was fast becoming discouraged."

"What brought Pink Pills to your notice?"

"My son called my attention to an article in a paper in which it was stated that a Mr. Struble, of Branchville, a village in this county, had been greatly benefited by their use, and suggested that it would be a good plan to try them. But I was skeptical in regard to their value—in fact, I had no confidence in their efficacy and father laughed at the suggestion. But the trouble increased and I was badly crippled. A few days later my son was about to visit a neighboring town and suggested again that it might be well to try this much-talked-of remedy, and I then consented. He bought me a box of them and I began taking them at once. At the end of a week I noted a marked improvement, and by the time I had taken the first box I was able to walk without a cane. I continued their use, taking several boxes, and am, as you see, in a very comfortable state of health."

"Have you had any return of the trouble?"

"Not as yet, though at my time of life, seventy-two, it would not be surprising if I should have. If it comes, I should at once begin the use of the pills. I suppose I inherit a tendency to troubles of this kind—my mother died from them."

"Did you ever note any ill effects from the use of Pink Pills?"

"None whatever. They never disturbed my stomach in any way or caused me any annoyance. Neither did I find it necessary to increase the dose, as the directions say may be desirable. I am able, as you see, to attend to my own work."

The reporter thanked Mrs. Hotalen for her courtesy and bade her good day. It is not often that one can witness such a complete recovery from such a pertinacious trouble at such an advanced age, and such instances cannot fail to produce a profound impression. Readers of the *Union* may rely on the absolute accuracy of all the statements here given—nothing has been exaggerated, nothing withheld.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contains, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Not Ready to Swear to It.

Wiggles—What church does your family attend?

Waggles—The Ninth Unitarian.

Wiggles—That is the one out 13th street, isn't it?

Waggles (hesitatingly)—I believe so.—Somerville Journal.

A Good Idea.

"If you could have your choice of names, which one would you choose?"

"Either Smith or Jones."

"Why such a common one?"

"So my country relations couldn't find me so easily in the city directory."—Detroit Free Press.

Observant.

Counsel—Did you observe anything particular about the prisoner?

Witness—Yes; his whiskers.

Counsel—What did you observe with reference to his whiskers?

Witness—That he had none.—Tid-Bits.

Heart 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.

A Pasteur Institute has been established at Athens.

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, 256 pages, bound in cloth, profusely illustrated. Offer good until August 1st only.

The McKinley headquarters will remain in Cleveland, it is said.

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.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

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

E. B. Walthall & Co., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." Sold by druggists, 75c.

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.

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.

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

PNU 27

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

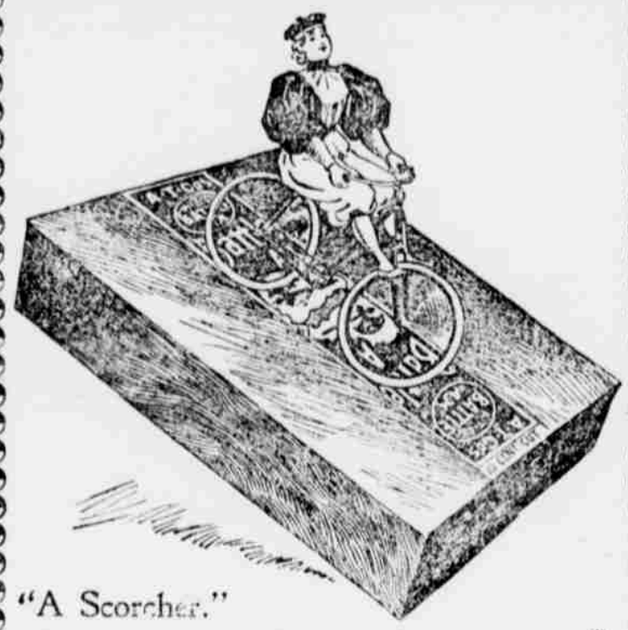
RIPANS TABULES

Mr. A. W. Burch, an attache of the Rome, N. Y., *Sentinel*, writes September 5th, 1895: "In conversation with one of our merchants a few days ago, I learned that his wife, who had been in very poor health, was regaining her health and strength, and that she attributed her recovery to Ripans Tabules. I requested an interview, which was granted, and the lady cheerfully gave me the inclosed testimonial: 'For a long time I have been interested in the advertisements of Ripans Tabules, which I have seen in the Rome *Sentinel* and the leading magazines. The advertisements seemed to be honest and I grew to believe them. I tried to obtain some of the Tabules, but found that none of the druggists in this city kept them. I was determined to give them a trial, and at last procured a box by sending to Utica. I had suffered from indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn and distress in my stomach after eating. I began by taking a Tabule after my breakfast and supper and experienced immediate relief, and in a few days the distressing symptoms had entirely disappeared. Now when I eat anything that usually disagrees with me I take one Tabule and avoid unpleasant consequences. I have also found in them a very agreeable relief for constipation. (Signed), MRS. C. H. RUPP, 429 Liberty St., Rome, N. Y.'"

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; we start you; all can do it; 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. D. T. MORGAN, Manager, Box 13, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

OPIUM and WHISKY habit cured. Book sent FREE. Dr. B. M. WOOLLEY, Atlanta, Ga.



"A Scorcher."

Battle Ax PLUG

Tobacco Dealers say, that "BATTLE AX" is a "scorcher" because it sells so fast. Tobacco Chewers say, it is a "scorcher" because 5 cents' worth goes so far. It's as good as can be made regardless of cost. The 5 cent piece is almost as large as the other fellows' 10 cent piece.

Washing windows

is another one of the things that Pearline (use without soap) does best. With that, the glass is never cloudy—is always clear and bright. Washing it is less trouble, of course—but that is the case with everything that is washed with Pearline.

And about the sashes and the frames; remember that Pearline, when it takes the dirt off, leaves the paint on. Haven't you noticed that certain imitations are not so particular about this? 497

Millions NOW USE Pearline

"Brevity is the Soul of Wit." Good Wife, You Need

SAPOLIO