Save

the expense of doctors' bills. Keep your blood pure, your digestion good and your system regular at this season by taking a course of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Nicknames Only.

Half a century ago, in the rural portions of England, it was no uncommon thing for people to grow up, live and die without ever being called by their family names. Their neighbors, and even their own children, knew them only by some nickname. This was especially true in fishing hamlets on the Lancashire coast. Kendall Perry vouches for the following story:

Wishing to secure the services of a boat-builder known to be living in Little Haws, Mr. Thomas Rigby visited over a dozen of the fishermen's cottages, inquiring for Mr. Richard Wright, boatbuilder. After being told repeatedly, with many a solemn shake of the head, accompanied by gaping grins and incredulous looks, "that nobuddy o' that name bides 'ere or ever did sin wa coom 'ere," the discouraged man spied a new rowboat, bottom side up, glistening with paint, before a cottage.

"Here's a boat, anyway," he exclaimed, "so the builder cannot be very far away," and hastened to the cottage.

His brisk knock brought a trim little woman of middle age, dressed in the usual fisherwife's kersey and linsey petticoat; but to the oft-repated inquiry, "Does Mr. Richard Wright, boatbuilder, live here?" she shook her head decidedly, and said, "Noa, he does na."

"I want to get a boat built. Can you tell me where he does live? It is in this place somewhere."

"Happen he is a newcomer to these parts. There is but one boat-builder thouts, an'——"

At this point of the conversation a little gray-headed man arose from the chimney-corner and came forward, pipe in hand, to the open door, at sight of whom the baffled searcher cried out:

"I've been hunting for thee all over Little Haws, and no one knew where ta lived!"

"Ah," chuckled the little old man "tha should 'ave axed for Aud Bossie, an' ta 'ad'a' coom eet to tha place."

The funniest part of all was, the old wife stood by, peering over her specs, and slowly ejaculated in adding tones, "An' is thy name Mr. Richard Wright?"

We may as well add that Mr. Rigby found that Mr. Wright had three brothers. Their names, according to their respective ages, were Kessie, Bossie, Tummie and Buss.

Don't hold a man responsible for his kin; you may have troubles of that kind of your own.

"WORN OUT."

A COMMON EXPRESSION USED BY AMERICAN WOMEN.

Many do not Realize the Full Significance of Those Two Words.

When a woman is nervous and irritable, head and back ache, feels tired all the time, loses sleep and appetite, has pains in groins, bearing-down sensation, whites and irregularities, she is not "worn out," but feels as if she were.

Such symptoms tell her that a womb trouble is imminent, and she cannot act too promptly if she values her future comfort and happiness.

The experience and testimony of one of the most noted women of America, go to prove beyond a question that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will correct all such trouble at once by removing the cause and restoring the organs to a healthy and normal condition. If in doubt, write Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., as thousands of women do.

Here is a lady who says:—

"Let me add my name to your list of testimonials. For years I suffered with such a weakness of the back I could not stand straight. I had terrible pains in my womb. The doctor said an operation must be performed, as there was no other way to be cured. I was afraid to have the operation performed, and kept using the medicines that I saw advertised. At last I tried yours. After taking three bottles I felt like a new woman. I recommend it to every woman, and cannot praise it enough, for it saved me from the surgeon's knife."—Mrs. Mark Buch, Rogeville, N. Y.

F N U 51 96

REV. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE.

Subject: "The Mask of Deceit."

TEXT: "Why feignest thou thyself to be another?"—I Kings xiv., 6.

In the palace of wicked Jeroboam there is a sick child—a very sick child. Medicines have failed; skill is exhausted. Young Abijah, the prince, has lived long enough to become very popular, and yet he must die unless some supernatural aid be afforded. Death comes up the broad stairs of the palace and swings back the door of the sickroom of royalty and stands looking at the dying prince with the dart uplifted. Wicked Jeroboam knows that he has no right to ask anything of the Lord in the way of kindness. He knows that his prayers would not be answered, and so he sends his wife on the delicate and tender mission to the prophet of the Lord in Shiloh. Putting aside her royal attire, she puts on the garb of a peasant woman and starts on the road. Instead of carrying gold and gems as she might have carried from the palace she carries only those gifts which seem to indicate that she belongs to the peasantry—a few loaves of bread and a few cracknels and a cruse of honey. Yonder she goes, hooded and veiled, the greatest lady in all the kingdom, yet passing unobserved. No one that meets her on the highway has any idea that she is the first lady in all the land. She is a queen in disguise.

The fact is that Peter the Great working in the dry docks of Saardam, the sailor's hat and the shipwright's ax gave him no more thorough disguise than the garb of the peasant woman gave to the queen of Tirzah. But the prophet of the Lord saw the deceit. Although his physical eyesight had failed, he was divinely illumined, and at one glance looked through the imposition, and he cried out: "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam! Why feignest thou thyself to be another? I have evil tidings for thee. Get thee back to thy house, and when thy feet touch the gate of the city the child shall die." She had a right to ask for the recovery of her son; she had no right to practice an imposition. Broken hearted now, she started on the way, the tears falling on the dust of the road all the way from Shiloh to Tirzah. Broken hearted now, she is not careful any more to hide her queenly gait and manner. True to the prophecy, the moment her feet touch the gate of the city the child dies. As she goes in the soul of the child goes out. The cry in the city palace is joined by the lamentation of a nation, and as they carry good Abijah to his grave the air is filled with the voice of eulogy for the departed youth and the groan of an afflicted kingdom.

It is for no insignificant purpose that I present you the thrilling story of the text. In the first place I learn that wickedness involves others, trying to make them its dupes, its allies and its scapegoats. Jeroboam proposed to hoodwink the Lord's prophet. How did he do it? Did he go and do the work himself? No. He sent his wife to do it. Hers the peril of exposure, hers the fatigue of the way, hers the execution of the plot, his nothing. Iniquity is a brag, but it is a great coward. It lays the plan and gets some one else to execute it; puts down the gunpowder train and gets some one else to touch it off; contrives mischief and gets some one else to work it; starts a lie and gets some one else to circulate it. In nearly all the great crimes of the world it is found out that those who planned the arson, the murder, the theft, the fraud go free, while those who were decoyed and cheated and hoodwinked into the conspiracy clank the chain and mount the gallows.

Aaron Burr, with heart filled with imparity and ambition, plots for the overthrow of the United States Government and gets off with a few threats and a little censure, while Blennerhassett, the learned Blennerhassett, the sweet tempered Blennerhassett, is decoyed by him from the orchards and the laboratories and the gardens and the home on the banks of the Ohio River, and his fortunes are scattered, and he is thrown into prison, and his family, brought up in luxury, is turned out to die. Abominable Aaron Burr has it comparatively easy. Sweet tempered Blennerhassett has it hard. Benedict Arnold proposed to sell out the forts of the United States; to surrender the Revolutionary army and to destroy the United States Government. He gets off with his pockets full of pounds sterling, while Major Andre, the brave and the brilliant, is decoyed into the conspiracy and suffers on the gibbet on the banks of the Hudson; so that even the literature—the marble tablature that commemorated that event—has been blasted by midnight desperadoes. Benedict Arnold has it easy. Major Andre has it hard. I have noticed that nine-tenths of those who suffer for crimes are merely the satellites of some great villains. Ignominious fraud is a juggler which by sleight of hand and legerdemain makes the gold that it stole appear in somebody else's pocket. Jeroboam plots the lie, contrives the imposition, and gets his wife to execute it. Stand off from all imposition and chicanery. Do not consent to be anybody's dupe, anybody's ally in wickedness, anybody's scapegoat.

The story of the text also impresses me with the fact that royalty sometimes passes in disguise. The frock, the veil, the hood of the peasant woman hid the queenly character of this woman of Tirzah. Nobody suspected that she was a queen or a princess as she passed by, but she was just as much a queen as though she stood in the palace, her robes incrusted with diamonds. And so all around about us there are princesses and queens whom the world does not recognize. They sit on no throne of royalty, they ride in no chariot, they elicit no huzza, they make no pretense, but by the grace of God they are princesses and they are queens; sometimes in their poverty, sometimes in their self-denial, sometimes in their hard struggles of Christian service—God knows they are queens. The world does not recognize them.

Royalty passing in disguise, kings without the crown, conquerors without the palm, empresses without the jewel. You saw her yesterday on the street. You saw nothing important in her appearance, but she is regnant over a vast realm of virture and goodness—a realm vaster than Jeroboam ever looked at. You went down into the house of destitution and want and suffering. You saw the story of trial written on the wasted hand of the mother, on the pale cheeks of the children, on the empty bread tray, on the fireless hearth, on the broken chair. You would not have given a dollar for all the furniture in the house. But by the grace of God she is a princess. The overseers of the poor come there and discuss the cause and say, "It's a pauper." They do not realize that God has burnished for her a crown, and that after she has got through the fatiguing journey from Tirzah to Shiloh and from Shiloh back to Tirzah there will be a throne of royalty on which she shall rest forever, Glory veiled. Affluence hidden. Eternal raptures hushed up. A queen in mask. A princess in disguise.

When you think of a queen you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or Maria Theresa of Germany, or Mary, queen of Scots. When you think of a queen, you think of a plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table or walked with him down the path of life arm in arm, sometimes to the Thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always side by side, soothing your little sorrows and adjusting your little quarrels, listening to your evening prayer, toiling with the needle or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights tucking you up snug and warm. And then on that dark day when she lay a-dying, putting those thin hands that had toiled for you so long, putting them together in a dying prayer commending you to that God in whom she had taught you to trust. Oh, she was the queen, she was the queen! You cannot think of her now without having the deepest emotions of your soul stirred, and you feel as if you could cry as though you were now sitting in infancy on her lap, and if you call her back to speak your name with the tenderness with which she once spoke you would be willing now to throw yourself on the sod that covers her grave, crying, "Mother, mother!" Ah, she was the queen! Your father knew it. You knew it. She was the queen, but the queen in disguise. The world did not recognize it.

But there was a grander disguising. The favorite of a great house looked out of the window of His palace, and He saw that the people were carrying heavy burdens, and that some of them were hobbling on crutches, and He saw some lying at the gate exhibiting their sores, and then He heard their lamentations, and He said: "I will just put on the clothes of those poor people, and I will go down and see what their sorrows are, and I will sympathize with them, and I will be one of them, and I will help them." Well, the day came for Him to start. The lords of the land came to see Him off. All who could sing joined in the parting song, which shook the hills and woke up the shepherds. The first few nights He has been sleeping with the hostlers and the camel drivers, for no one knew there was a King in town. He went among the doctors of the law, astounding them, for without any doctor's gown He knew more law than any doctors. He fished with the fishermen. He smote with His own hammer in the carpenter's shop. He ate raw corn out of the field. He fried fish on the banks of Gennesaret. He was howled at by crazy people in the tombs. He was splashed of the surf of the sea. A pilgrim without any pillow. A sick man without any medicament. A mourner with no sympathetic bosom in which He could pour His tears. Disguise complete. I know that occasionally His divine loyalty flashed out as when in the storm on Galilee, as in the red wine at the wedding banquet, as when He freed the shackled demoniac of Gadara, as when He turned a whole school of fish into the net of the discouraged boatman, as when He throbbed life into the shriveled arm of the paralytic, but for the most part He was in disguise. No one saw the King's jewels in His sandal. No one saw the royal robe in His plain coat. No one knew that that shelterless Christ owned all the mansions in which the hierarchs of heaven had their habitation. None knew that that hungered Christ owned all the olive groves and all the harvests which shook their gold on the hills of Palestine. No one knew that He who said "I thirst!" poured the Euphrates out of His own chalice. No one knew that the ocean lay in the palm of His hand like a dewdrop in the vase of a lily. No one knew that the stars and moons and suns and galaxies and constellations that marched on age after age were, as compared with His lifetime, the sparkle of a firefly on a summer night. No one knew that the sun in midheaven was only the shadow of His throne. No one knew that His crown of universal dominion was covered up with a bunch of thorns. Omniscience sheath in a human body. Omniscience hidden in a human eye. Infinite love beating in a human heart. Everlasting harmonies subdued into a human voice. Royalty en masque. Grandeurs of heaven in earthly disguise.

My subject also impresses me with how people put on masks and how the Lord tears them off. It was a terrible moment in the history of this woman of Tirzah when the prophet accosted her, practically saying: "I know who you are. You cannot cheat me. You cannot impose upon me. Why feignest thou thyself to be another?" She had a right to ask for the restoration of her son; she had no right to practice that falsehood. It is never right to do wrong. Sometimes you may be able to conceal an affair. It is not necessary to tell everything. There is a natural pressure to the lips which seems to indicate that silence sometimes is right, but for double-dealing, for moral shuffling, for counterfeit and for sham God has nothing but anathema and exposure. He will tear off the lie. He will rip up the empiricism. He will scatter the ambuscade. There are people who are just ready to be duped. They seem to be waiting to be deceived. They believe in ghosts. They saw one themselves once. They heard something strange in an uninhabited house. Going along the road one night, something approached them in white and crossed the road. They would think it very disastrous to count the number of carriages at a funeral. They heard in a neighbor's house something that portended death in the family. They say it is a sure sign of evil if a bat fly into the room on a summer night or they see the moon over the left shoulder. They would not for the world undertake any enterprise on Friday, forgetful of the fact that if they look over the calendar of the world they will see that Friday has been the most fortunate day in all the history of the world.

As near as I can tell, looking over the calendar of the world's history, more grand, bright, beautiful things have happened on Friday than any other day of the week. They would not begin anything on Friday. They would not for the world go back to the house for anything after they had once started. Such people are ready to be duped. Ignorance comes along, perhaps in the disguise of medical science, and carries them captive, for there are always some men who have found some strange and mysterious weed in some strange place and plucked it in the moonshine, and their money over the heart fences with the advertisements of "elixir" and "panaceas" and "Indian mixtures" and "ineffable cataplasms" and "unfailing disinfectants" and "lightning salves" and "instantaneous ointments," enough to stun and scarify and poultice and kill half the race. They are all ready to be wrought upon by such impositions. Ah, my friends, do not be among such dupes! Do not act the part of such persons as I have been describing. Stand back from all chicanery, from all imposition. They who practice such imposition shall be exposed in the day of God's investigation. They may rear great fortunes, but their dapple grays will be arrested on the road some day, as was the ass by the angel of God with drawn sword. The light of the last day will shine through all such subterfuges and with a voice louder than that which accosted this imposition of the text: "Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam. Why feignest thou thyself to be another?" With a voice louder than that God will thunder down into midnight darkness and doom and death all two faced men, and all charlatans, and all knaves, and all jockeys, and all swindlers. Behold how the people put on the masks, and behold how the Lord tears them off!

I am no fatalist, but I should be completely wretched if I did not feel that all the affairs of my life are in God's hand and all that pertains to me and mine, just as certainly as all the affairs of this woman of the text, as this child of the text, as this king of the text, were in God's hand. You may ask me a hundred questions I cannot answer, but I shall until the day of my death believe that I am under the unerring care of God, and the heavens may fall, and the world may burn, and the judgment may thunder, and eternal ages may roll, but not a hair shall fall from my head, not a shadow shall drop on my path, not a sorrow shall transfix my heart without being divinely arranged—arranged by a living, sympathetic Father. He bottles our tears, He catches our sorrows, and to the orphan He will be a Father, and to the widow He will be a husband, and to the outcast He will be a home, and to the most miserable wretch that this day crawls up out of the ditch of his abomination crying for mercy He will be an all pardoning God. The rocks shall turn gray with age, and the forests shall be unmoored in the last hurricane, and the sun shall shut its fiery eyelid, and the stars shall drop like blasted figs, and the continents shall go down like anchors in the deep, and the ocean shall heave its last groan and lash itself with expiring agony, and the world shall wrap itself in a winding sheet of flame and leap on the funeral pyre of the judgment day; but God's love shall not die. It will kindle its suns after all other lights have gone out. It will be a billowy sea after the last ocean has swept itself away. It will warm itself by the fire of a consuming world. It will sing while the archangel's trumpet is pealing forth and the air is filled with the crash of broken sepulchers and the rush of the wings of the rising dead. Oh, may God comfort all this people with this Christian sentiment!

The Poetic Muse

Sleep and Grief.

Ah, if oblivion of sleep would last
Through one short hour of wakefulness, that so
The heart might rest a little while and know
That it was resting! But however fast

We may awaken, pain has still the start,
And sits beside the bed, and overhangs
The opening eyes, that it may sink its fangs
In the first stirring of the tortured heart!

—Charles Buxton Going, in Century.

The Young and the Old.

The young year wove her crocus silk
And trimmed her daisy frills,
And fashioned with a fairy hand
The cups of her daffodils;
She curtained chambers for the birds,
And sang as young things may—
Youth and gladness rule the world
And summer will last alway.

The old year sits in the whispering wood
And dyes her faded gown,
And dreams of days in the fragrant fields
When she wove love's coherent crown;
The asters shake in her chilly breath
As she croons an old-folks rayne—
Since summer is o'er we must make the best
Of the snow-cold winter time.

—Mary F. Butts, in Youth's Companion.

Homeward Ho!

No blade nor flower nor leaf
You carry or remember;
The apple, nut, and sheaf
Are all your sign, November;
And homeward ho! where autumns go
Your barns and bins will sing
From Hallowmas till spring—
Oh homeward, homeward ho!
Where fires of welcome burn,
Where joy is feast and love is priest,
God speed the glad return!

The frost-foot on the lea
Has stalled the stubble plowing;
The wind has chased the bee
From off the clover rowen;
And Nature, queen that ruled the green
Will house herself and spin,
And call her children in.
Sing homeward, homeward ho!

Armed winter, with his chills,
Encamped since April mornings,
Lies snoring in the hills
'Till the next mountide's warnings;
We'll heed not yet his windy threat
While seven sunshines stay
To temper his flakes away.
So homeward, homeward ho!

For but with thatch of straws
And bait with reef of cedar
Hold high Thanksgiving mass
And pray to the Heavenly Feeder,
Where kindled lights at household shrines,
And the last days of fall,
Sum up the joy of all,
Then homeward, homeward ho!
Where fires of welcome burn,
Where joy is feast and love is priest,
God speed the glad return!

—Thereon Brown, in Harper's Bazar.

There Are Others.

If you ever make a little joke that's really something worth,
So that people when they hear it will explode in helpless mirth,
Don't you think that you're the only wit that ever walked the earth.
There are others!

If you ever make a fearful break that covers you with shame,
You really need not mind it, though your cheeks begin to flame,
You're not the only idiot that ever did the same.
There are others!

If she says she'll be a sister, but she cannot further go,
Don't get an melancholy, with your spirits fen below—
She's not the only female in this weary world of woe.
There are others!

Are you e'en compelled to listen to a singer who will roar
A song of moldy ecstasies and old jokes oft heard before,
Till you note each verse will be the last, and finally ends the door?
But there are others!

A youth with parted locks and a lofty collar you will find,
With a seat that's tightly buttoned and a very vacant mind,
Alas! he's not the only silly creature of the kind.
There are others!

Now, if you do not like this song, and say it falls quite flat,
And the moonstruck man who wrote it was a maniac, and all that,
Why, you're not compelled to sing it, though you're talking through your hat,
There are others!

—Philadelphia Press.

Judging Oysters by Smell.

"The best oyster experts that I know of," said the captain of an oyster boat, "judge an oyster by the smell, instead of by the taste. There is something about the smell of an oyster that indicates its condition to me much plainer than does the taste. People buy them and eat them probably on account of their taste. So also do they buy tea, coffee and the various grades of whisky and brandy for their taste, but all experts on those things pass upon them entirely by their smell. The professional tea taster or whisky taster, so called, never tastes them, but simply arrives at their taste by their peculiarities of flavor, or, to speak plainly, smell.

"I can tell what price a load of oysters will be rated at when they arrive at the wharf here by opening up the hold of the boat and smelling. In eight cases out of ten I am right. It strikes oystermen as strange when they see persons going about from boat to boat, as they lie at the wharf, tasting oysters before they conclude to buy. Taste is all right, but if they don't smell right they will never taste right."—Washington Star.

Pyramid of Cheops.

The great Pyramid of Cheops is the largest structure ever erected by the hand of man. Its original dimensions at the base were 764 feet square, and its perpendicular height at the highest point, 448 feet. It covers four acres one rood, and twenty-two rods of ground, and has been estimated by an eminent English architect to have cost not less than $165,000,000.

White Skies.

An astronomer says that the sky is whiter over the cultivated than over the uncultivated portions of the earth's surface, because a good deal of coarse dust is present in the atmosphere in the former instance, with the result that a larger proportion of white light is diffused.

Climate and Comfort.

Either way, whether we are to have a prolonged winter of extreme cold or a mild one, through the dampness and chill neuralgia will find its victims, and a great many imprudent people will find neuralgia. In either case, when it does come, with its racking torture, let's look about us for the best that can be done. We need not go far. The reputation of St. Jacobs Oil as a certain cure for neuralgia has gone before it, and it is an established fact that it cures surely, soothes and restores the troubled nerves. To enjoy, therefore, a comfortable winter, whether it is cold or mild, bear in mind that for this complaint one should have the great remedy for pain ready for use. It is by putting off that the ailment grows worse, and the worst cases grow less as soon as it is used.

A COLD SNAP,

Like an Invading Army, Brings Suffering and Death and a Host of Ills.

Few people realize what a calamity the ordinary blizzard is. The sudden lowering of the temperature finds many people unprepared to meet the change. Here and there a victim is singled out who succumbs quickly to some acute malady, the direct result of cold. An unnumbered multitude, however, survive, who have acquired some catarrhal affections more or less severe. A common cold is acute catarrh, which quickly becomes chronic catarrh if allowed to remain. Every cold snap leaves in its trail thousands of cases of catarrh, many of whom, for want of an effective remedy, will suffer from this disease the rest of their lives. Is there anything that can be done to prevent all this?

In the first place, Peruna used at the proper time will prevent taking cold. In the second place, Peruna will cure a cold in from two to five days. Again, Peruna will cure catarrh quickly in the first stages, and finally, Peruna will cure also chronic catarrh, if used properly and persistently. Peruna kept in the house and properly used will, therefore, not only act as a safeguard against the ailments which result from sudden cold waves, but will also prove a sure remedy for this class of ailments.

Any one desiring an instructive, 64 page illustrated book on catarrh and catarrhal diseases can obtain one free by sending name and address to The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio. This book was recently written by Dr. Hartman, the well-known author and specialist on catarrhal diseases.

Scarlet flowers stands drought better than any others.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and test-monials.

Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

—The manufacture of silk began in England in the year 1600.

If you are doubtful as to the use of Dobbins' Electric Soap, and cannot accept the experience of millions who use it, after the 20 years it has been on the market, one trial will convince you. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imitation.

—The Lincoln, England, Cathedral is 482 feet long and 204 feet high.

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

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Allie Douglass, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bott and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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.

Address Winston M'f'g Co., Winston, N. C.

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OPIUM HABIT AND **DRUNKENNESS** Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

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P N U 51

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

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

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As follows:

4 First Prizes, each of $100 Cash	- -	$ 400.00
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40 Third " " " $ 25 Gold Watches	-	1,000.00
Cash and Prizes given each month	- -	$3,400.00
		12
Total given during 12 mos. 1897,		$40,800.00

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HOW TO OBTAIN THEM.

Competitors to save as many SUNLIGHT SOAP Wrappers as they can collect. Cut off the top portion of each wrapper, that portion containing the heading "SUNLIGHT SOAP." These (called "Coupons") are to be sent, postage fully paid, enclosed with a sheet of paper stating Competitor's full name and address and the number of Coupons sent in, to Lever Bros., Ltd., New York, marked on outside Wrapper (top left hand corner) with NUMBER of the DISTRICT Competitor lives in.

No. of District	NAME OF DISTRICT.
1	New York City, Brooklyn, Long and Staten Islands, New Jersey.
2	New York State (outside of N. Y. City, Brooklyn, Long and Staten Islands).
3	Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia and District of Columbia.
4	The New England States.

*The Bicycles are the celebrated Pierce Special, 1897 Pattern, as Ridden by Geo. N. Pierce & Co., of Buffalo, Boston and New York. Fitted with Hartford Tires, First Class Nickle Lamps, New Departure Bell, Standard Cyclometer, and Hunt Lace Saddle.

RULES.

1. Every month during 1897 in each of the 4 districts prizes will be awarded as follows:

The 1 Competitor who sends in the Largest Number of coupons from the district in which he or she resides will receive $100 Cash.

The 2 Competitors who send in the Next Largest Numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside will Each receive, at winner's option a lady's or gentleman's Pierce Special bicycle, price $100.

The 10 Competitors who send in the Next Largest Numbers of coupons from the district in which they reside will Each receive, at winner's option a lady's or gentleman's Gold Watch, price $25.

2. The Competitions will Close the Last Day of Each Month during 1897. Coupons received too late for one month's competition will be put into the next.

3. Competitors who obtain wrappers from unsold soap in doubt as to which will be distributed. Employees of Lever Brothers, Ltd., and their families, are debarred from competing.

4. A printed list of Winners in Competitor's district will be forwarded to Competitors in about 21 days after each competition closes.

5. Lever Brothers, Ltd., will endeavor to award the prizes fairly to the best of their ability and judgment, but it is understood that all who compete agree to accept the award of Lever Brothers, Ltd., as final.

LEVER BROS., Ltd., New York.

What Brings Release From Dirt and Grease? Why, Don't You Know?

SAPOLIO