g is the only animal that is not afraid make bite. The fat of the hog will le" the poison and prevent its getting rains, and then the hog turns around ills the snake and eats him up after-but a frost-bite even hogs will respect, is a different kind of a bite altogether. Is a different kind of a bite altogether. ame like a burn, cripples the feet with ames, causes fever and burning, and of a frost-bite is to treat it reament of a restrict a burn. The part in the way we treat a burn. The mat creates and this fewer and heat in at affected should be drawn out. St. soil applied to the swollen parts will soil applied to the swollen parts will out the cold, allay, the fever, stop the g and tendercess and cures the frest-inest magically. In very cold, windy set, the bite of the frest may be sudden ery meaplected, especially to the cars, and hands. A vigorous rubbing with scobe oil will overcome the cold by and the cure is complete, leaving no

Never sicken, weaken or gripe; 10c.

lady readers will be delighted to know e Gilbert Manufacturing Co., of New who have gained such enviable repuroughout the country on their Gil-nes, have now turned their attenthe manufacture of Dress Goods, peen Fabries, comprising Organdies, es and Grenadines in a beau ifut line as and colors as sheer and dainty as ners. These goods, like their linings, made from combed yarns and long on, which gives them great strength eains their shape much better than makes their shape index better than makes, while the prices are only about if those of the imported. They are, not, the most beautiful fabries made seton. The line also includes a Fast Henrietta, which will neither crock de, and is not affected by air, sun or and the state of t nad ne. Dimity or Henrietta. For the non of the consumer these goods are in m sik p pers like silks bearing the ran Queen labels.

der One Hundred Dollars Reward for Catarrh Cure.

J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
neunders gned, have known F. J. Chethe last Is years, and believe him perhanorable in all business transactions
annually able to carry out any obligaair by their firm.

TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo,

NO. KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesalo got, Rissas & Marts, Variesas regists, Toleslo, Ohio, s Catarrh Cure is taken internally, act-ectly upon the blood and mucous sur-the system. Price, 75c, per bottle: Soid Druggists, Testimonials free. Family Pills are the best.

man most in need of mercy is the one ill have no mercy on himself.

400.03) cured. Why not let No-To-Bac e or remove your desire for tobacco? some, makes health and manhood, puranteed. 50 cents and \$1.00, at all

would ever want to sleep.

Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children

#### crofula Sores

cted My Wifefor I 5 Years s in places were one solid scab. Her e very bad and her eyes were affectdecided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla her skin is smooth; she is cured of

-M. E. STEVENS, Charlotte Center,

ood's Sarsaparilla

st-in fact the OneTrue Blood Purifier.

and artistic wall-conting

h by mixing in cold water. DY PAINT DEALERS EVERYWHERE. A Tint Card showing 12 desirable tints, also Alahast ne Souvenir Rock sent free to any one mentioning this paper. STINE CO., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH

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to be a suning syrpes office, will be entitied to I unummatic, double setting, S. 4. W. NSTON AIFG. CO., Winston, N. C.

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H Vegetable Cancer Remady cures ers and Tumors at your home. Perfect pahMedicine Co., Saratoga Springs, N. Y

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SO'S CURE FOR

URES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.

Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Uso
In time. Sold by druggists. ONSUMPTION

A Bad Case Quickly Cared.

From the Commercial, Bangor, Me. We publish the letter of Mr. H. J. Cran diemire in full, just as it came in, as it is in

Dear Sirs :- "I send this solely that other may know what Dr. Williams' Pink Pile

may know what Dr. Williams' Pink Pils did for me and my kidneys, and to make it of more effect I send it in affidavit form:

State of Maine,
County of Washington.

H. C. Crandlemire, of Vanceboro, Maine, being duly sworn deposes and says:

"Two years or more ago, I was attacked with kidney trouble which gave me violeni pain, and necessitated my urinating every few minutes. Then I had times of no control over my water, and this made things unbearable. The pain at these times was in describable, and nothing gave me any relies until I was led to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first box helped me, and by the time I had taken my second I was absolutely and completely cured. This was two years ago, and since then I have had no return of the trouble, and I have no hesitation or doubt in expressing that I owe my recovery to Pink Pills.

(Signed)

"H. J. Crandlemire."

(Signed) "H. J. CRANDLEMIRE."
Personally appeared before me this 13th day of August, 1836, H. J. Crandlemire, and made oath that the above statement

was true,

ELISHA T. HOLDROOR, Notary Public,
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they affect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 5) cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

WHEN billous or costive, eat a Cascaret, candy cathartic; cure guarantee i; 10c., 25c.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day suse of Dr. Kiene's Great Nærvæ Restonen. Free Strial bottle and treat-ise. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phils., Pa.

Piso's Cure for Consumption removes the most obstinate coughs. Rev. D. Buchmuri-ter, Lexington, Mo., Feb 24, 79.

Just try a 16c, bux of Cascarets, candy catharde, finest liver and bowel regulator made.

Cotton Production.

The Charleston News and Courier has made a calculation which shows that the State of South Carolina raises more cotton to the square mile than any State in the country. The production in that State is put at 25 bales to the square mile; in Georgia the production is 18 bales; in Mississippi, 21 2-3 bales; in Alabama, 12 3-5 bales; in Louisiana, 101/2 bales, and in Texas, 7 1-6 bales. The table shows nothing of considerable importance, probably,

seven times already, and if he has to do it again it will probably be to a cem-

etery .- Boston Courier.

quotes the saying of a man who is dis turbed about the future of his native

Mr. Banner-The foreigners are getting an awful hold in this country. Crosby-They are, indeed. Why, I

read over a list of men naturalized by the court yesterday, and every one of them was a foreigner.

The largest iron bridge is over the Frith of Tay, Scotland. It is 18,612 feet in length and has eighty-five spans.

#### A LETTER TO WOMEN.

A few words from Mrs. Smith, of Philadelphia, will certainly corroborate the claim that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is woman's ever reliable friend.

"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly,

"For nine weeks I was in bed suffer ing with inflammation and congestion of the cyaries. I had a discharge all the time. Whenlying down all the time, I felt quite comfort-

able; but as soon as I would put my feet on the floor, the pains would

come Back. "Every one thought it was impossible for me to get well. I was paying \$1 per day for doctor's visits and 75 cents a day for medicine. I made up my mind to try Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has effected a complete cure for me, and I have all the faith in the world in it. What a blessing to woman it is!"-MRS. JENNIE L. SMITH, NO. 324 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.

NDY CATHARTIC DRUGGISTS are the ideal Laxa-iresults. Sam

### REY. TALAMBE'S SUNDAY SERMON

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE. Subject: "A Shatteged Faith."

TEXT: "And some on broken pieces of the

TEXT: "And some on broken pieces of the ship."—Acts xxvii. 44.

Never off Goodwin sands or the Skerries or Cape Hatteras was a ship in worse predicament than, in the Mediterranean hurricane, was the grain ship on which 276 passengers were driven on the coast of Malta, five miles from the metropolis of that island, called Clitta Veschia. After a two weeks' tempest, when the ship was entirely disabled and captain and crew had become completely demoralized, an old missionary took command of the vessel. He was small, crooked-backei and sore-eyed; according to tradition. It was Paul, the only unscared man aboard. He was no more atraid of a Euroclydon tossing the Mediterranean sea, now up to the gates of heaven and now sinking it to the gates of heaven and now sinking it to the gates of heaven and now sinking it to the gates of heaven and now sinking it to the gates of heaven more alraid of a kitten playing with a string. He ordered them all down to take their rations, first asking for them a blessing. Then he insured all their lives, telling them they would be rescued, and, so far from losing their heads, they would not lose so much of their hair as you could cut off with one of the scissors—nsy, not a thread of whether it were gray with age or go with youth, "There shall not a hair from the head of any of you."

Knowing that they can never get to the restrict heads, they make the sea on the four-teenth night black with overthrown cargo, so that when the ship strikes it will not strike so heavily. At daybreak they saw a creek and in their exigency resolved to make for it. And so they cut the cables, took in the two paddies they had on those old boats and hoisted the mainsail so that they might come with such force as to be driven high up on the beach by some fortunate billow. There she goes, tumbling towards the rocks, now prow foremost, now stern foremost, now over to the larboard; now a wave dashes clear over the deck, and it seems as if the old craft has gone forever. But up she comes again. Paul's arms around a seashore and had learned to swim, and with their chins just above the waves and by the strokes of both arms and propulsion of both feet they put out for the beach and reached it. But also for those others! They have never learned to swim, or they were wounded by the falling of the mast, or the nervous shock was too great for them. And others had been weakened by long seasiek-

On, what will become of them? "Take that piece of a rudder," says Paul to one, "Take that fragment of a spar," says Paul to another, "Take that image of Castor and Pollux," "Take that plank from the liteboat." "Take anything and head for the beach." What a struggle for life in the

I believe in both the Heldelberg and Westminster catechisms, and I wish you all did, but you may believe in nothing they contain

out of the Kingdom of God because they cannot believe everything.

I am talking with a man thoughtful about his soul who has lately traveled through New England and passed the night at Andover. He says to me, "I cannot believe that in this life the destiny is irrevocably fixed; I think there will be another opportunity of repealance after death," I say to him: "My brother, what has that to do with you? Don't you realize that the man who waits for another chance after death when he has a good chance before death when he had for shore rather than wait for a plank that may by invisible hands be thrown to you after you are dead? Do as you please, but as for myself, with pardon for all my sims offered me now, and all the joys of time and eternity offered me now. I instantly take them, rather than run the risk of such other chance as wise men think they can peel off or twist out of a Seripture passage that his for all the Christian centuries been interpreted another way." You say, "I do not like Princeton theology, or New Haven theology, or Andover theology. I do not ask you on board either of these great men-of-war, their portholes filled with the great slege guns of ecclesinstical battle, but I do ask you to take the one plank of the gospel that you do believe in and strike out for the pearl strong beach of heaven."

Says some other man, "I would attend to

gospel that you do believe in and strike out for the pearl strung beach of heaven."

Says some other man, "I would attend to religion if I was quite sure about the doctrine of election and free agency, but that mixes me all up." Those things used to bother me, but I have no more perplexity about them, for I say to myself, "It I love Christ and live a good, nonest, useful life, I I am elected to be saved, and if I do not love Christ and live a bad life I will be damned, and all the theological seminaries of the universe cannot make it any different." I floundered a long while in the sea of sin and doubt, and it was as rough as the Mediterranean on the fourteenth night, when they threw the grain querboard, but I saw there was mercy for a sinner, and that plank I took, and I have been warming myself by the bright fire on the shore ever sluce.

the shore ever sluce.

While I am taiking to another man about his soul he tells me, "I do not become a Christian because I do not believe there is any hell at all." Ah, don't you? Do all the people of all beliefs and no belief at all, of good morals and bad morals go straight to a happy heaven? Do the holy and the debauched have the same destination? At midnight. In a hallway, the owner of a bauched have the same destination? At midnight, in a hallway, the owner of a house and a burglar meet. They both fire, and both are wounded, but the burglar dies is five minutes, and the owner of the house lives a week after. Will the burglar be at the gate of heaven, waiting, when the house owner comes in? Will the debauchee and the libertine go right in among the families of heaven? I wonder if Herod is playing on the banks of the river of life with the children he massacred. I wonder if Charies Guiteau and John Wilkes Both are up there shooting at a mark. I do not now controvert it, although I must vestiving ran the blockade of Charleston (S. C.) Harbor by Admiral Bunce's feet.

have no admiration. But the Bible does no say, "Believe in perdition and be saved." Because all are saved, according to your theory, that ought not to keep you from loving and serving Christ. Do not refuse to come ashore because all the others, according to your theory, are going to get shore. You may have a different theory about chemistry, about astronomy, about the atmosphere from that which others adopt, but you are not therefore hindered from action.

Because your theory of light is different from others do not refuse to open your eyes. Because your theory of air is different you do not refuse to breathe. Because your theory about the stellar system is different you do not refuse to acknowledge the north star. Why should the fact that your theological theories are different hinder you from acting upon what you know? If you have not a whole ship fastened in the theological drydocks to bring you to wharfare, you have at least a plant. "Some on broken elecca

not a whole ship fastened in the theological drydocks to bring you to wharfage, you have at least a plank. "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

"But I don't believe in revivals!" Then go to your room, and all alone, with your door locked, give your heart to God, and join some church where the thermometer never gots higher than fifty in the shade.
"But I do not believe in baptism!" Come in without it and settle that matter after-

never gets higher than fifty in the shade.

"But I do not believe in baptism?" Come in without it and settle that matter afterward, "But there are so many inconsistent Christians". Then come in and show them by a good example how professors should act. "But I don't believe in the Old Testament." Then come in on the New, "But I don't like the book of Romans." Then come in on Matthe or Luke. Refusing to come to Christ, whom you admit to be the Saviour of the lost, because you cannot admit other things, you are like a man out there in that Meditorranean tempest and tossed in the Melita breakers, refusing to come ashore until he can mend the places of the broken ship. I hear him say: "I won't go in on any of these planks until I know in what part of the ship they belong. When I can get the windlass in the right place, and the sails set, and that floor timber right, and the ropes untangied, I will go a shore. I am an old sailor, and know all about ships for forty years, and as soon as I can get the vessel adoat in good shape I will come in. 'A man drifting by on a piece of wood overnears him and says: "You will drown before you get that ship reconstructed. Better do as I am doing. I know nothing about ships, and never saw one before I came on board this, and I cannot swim a stroke, but I am going ashore on this shivered timber." The man in the not swim a stroke, but I am going ashere on this shivered timber." The man in the offling, while trying to mend his ship, goes offing, while trying to mend his ship, goes down. The man who trusted to the plank is saved. Oh, my brother, let your semashed up system of theology go to the bottom, while you come in on a spinitered spar! "Some on broken pieces of the ship."

If you can believe nothing else, you certainly believe in vicarrous suffering, for you see it almost every day in some shape. The steamship Knickerboeger, of the Cromwell line, running between New Orleans and New York, was in great storms, and the captain and erew saw the schoon r Mary D. Cran-

and crew saw the school r Mary D. Cran-mer, of Palindelphia, in distress. The weather cold, the ways mountain high, the first officer of the steamship and four men put out in a lifeboat to save the erew of the schooner, and reached the vessel and towed it out of dancer, the wind shifting so that the schooner was sived. But the five men of the steamship coming bask, their boat ca sized, yet righted again and came on, the sailors coated with ies. The boat capsized again, and three times upset and was righted, and a line was thrown the poor fellows, but their hands were frozen so they could not green. Foliax." "Take that plank from the lite boat." "Take anything and head for the boat." "Take anything and head for the beach." What a struggle for life in the boat. "Take anything and head for the beach." What a struggle for life in the boat. "Take anything and head for the beach." What a struggle for life in the boat. "Take anything and head for the beach." What a struggle for life in the brakers! Oh, the merciles waters now they sweep over the heads of may men and children! Hold on there almost ashore. Keep up your courage, her crop would be nearly 7,000,000 bales.

More than Estimated.

Pryer—I notice that young Frayman is still paying his attentions to the daughter of old Senator Coffers.

Dyer—I believe he still persists in that direction.

Pryer—I am told he's a relative of hers—a cousin twice removed.

Dyer—Twice! Say, the old man told me himself that he'd removed him seven times already, and if he has to do it again it will probably be to a cemetery.—Boston Courier.

All Foreigners.

The Philadelphia North American quotes the saying of a man who is disquotes th

on are, and all the redeemed prodigats of heaven are on the beach with new white robes to clothe all those who come in on

robes to clothe an object of the ship.
broken pieces of the ship.
broken pieces at hies are for such all the but you may believe in nothing they contain except the one idea, that Christ came to save sinners, and that you are one of them, and you are instantly rescued. If you can come in on the grand old ship, I would rathes have you get aboard, but if you can only find a piece of wood as long as the human body, or a piece as wide as the outspread human arms, and either of them is a piece of the cross, come in on that piece. Tens of thousands of people are to-day kept out of the Kingdom of God because they cannot believe everything.

I am talking with a man thoughtful about his soul who has lately traveled through discussed the controverted points of theology in thirty years, and during the rest of my life I do not propose to discuss them for thirty seconds.

I would rather in a mud seew try to weather the worst cyclone that ever swept up from the Caribbean, than risk my immor-tal soul in useless and perilous discussions in which some of my brethren in the ministry are indulging. They remind me of a company of sailers standing on the Ramsgate pier head, from which the lifeboats are usually launched, and coolly discussing the different styles of oarlocks and how deep a boat ought to set in the water while a deep a boat ought to set in the water while a hurricane is in full blast and there are three steamers crowded with passengers going to pieces in the offing. An old tar, the muscles of his face working with nervous excitement, cries out: "This is no time to discuss such things. Man the lifeboat! Who will volun-teer? Out with her into the surf! Pull, my lads; pull for the wreck! Ha, ha! Now lads; pull for the wreck! Ha, ha! Now we have them. Lift them in and lay them down on the bottom of the boat. Jack, you try to bring them to. Put these flannels around their heads and feet, and I will pull for the snore. God help me! There! Landed! Huzza!" When there are so many struggling in the waves of sin and sorrow and wretch-edness, let all else go but salvation for time and salvation forwer. and salvation forever

You admit you are all broken up, one de-cade of your life gone by, two decades, three decades, four decades, a half century, perhaps three-quarters of a century, gone. The hour hand and the minute hand of your clock of life are almost parallel, and soon it will be 12 and your day ended. Clear dis-couraged, are you? I admit it is a sad thing couraged, are you? I admit it is a sad thing to give all of our lives that are worth anything to sin and the devil and then at last make God a present of a first rate corpse. But the past you cannot recover, Get on board that old ship you never will. Have you only one more year left, one more month, one more week, one more day, one more hour—come in on that. Perhaps if you get to heaven God may let you go out on some great mission to some other world, where you can atone for your lack of service in this. vice in this.

From many a deathbed I have seen the hands thrown up in deploration something like this: "My life has been wasted. I had good mental faculties and fine social position and great opporand fine social position and great oppor-tunity, but through worldliness and neg-lect all has gone to waste save these lew remaining hours. I now accept of Christ and shall enter heaver through His mercy, but also, also, that when I might have entered the haven of eternal rest with a full cargo, and been greeted by the wav-ing hands of a multitude in whose salvation I had borne a biessed part, I must confess I now enter the harbor of heaven on broken pleecs of the ship."

# A Cougher's Coffers

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may not be so full as he wishes, but if he is wise he will neglect his coffers awhile and attend to his cough. A man's coffers may be so secure that no one can take them away from him. But a little cough has taken many a man away from his coffere. The "slight cough" is somewhat like the small pebble that lies on the mountain side, and appears utterly insignificant. A fluttering bird, perhaps, starts the pebble rolling, and the rolling pebble begets an avalanche that buries a town. Many fatal diseases begin with a slight cough. But any cough, taken in time, can be cured by the use of

## Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

More particulars about Pectoral in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages.



A lady from North Carolina says: "My sister has used

# RIPANS TABULES

and speaks in the highest terms of them, and says they cannot be excelled in keeping the system well regulated. She was a sufferer from dyspepsia and in ligestion for reveral years."

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For the last 20 years we have kept Piso's Cure for Consumption in stock, and would sooner think a groceryman could get along without sugar in his store than we could without Piso's Cure. It is a sure seller.—RAVEN & CO., Druggists, Ceresco, Michigan, September 2, 1896.