by a weasel should hate a rat is strange, s only an elongated rat bimself. Rats gice love hidden places, and a weasel is ett the only living toning tonic can find cut. Aches and pains are like rats and a They seek out the hidden places of the ans system and gnaw and ravage the cles and nerves. St. Jacobs Oil, like a seek knows how to go for them. It will breaks up its habitation and drives it lists and mice shun the corners where I has and mice shun the corners where ease has been, and pains and aches once by driven out by St. Jacobs Oil are persently care i and seldom come back to reid haunts. There must be patience a the treatment; some chronic forms are born and resist, but the great remedy and give health conduct and give health. finally conquer and give health and agh to the afflicted parts.

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of by Druggists, Fac.

the P. Cuddy, a farmer of Baltimore att, Maryland, died on March 19th, in his year. Mr. Cuddy made the first trip on a Couper's locometive over the B. & O. on 1983 28th, ISM. He was also present when Issay Morse sent the first telegraphic sage over the B. & O. wires between Baltigand Washington.

ach salmon produces about 20,000,000

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. or 40000 cured. Why not let No-To-Bac late or remove your desire for tobaccof money, makes health and manhood, guaranteed. 50 cents and \$1.00, at all

ttoads are sold at 8 pence apiece in

so's Cure for Consumption is an A. No. 1 lma medicine. - W. R. WILLIAMS, Autioch, April 11, 1894.

ascants stimulate liver, kidneys and els. Never steken, weaken or gripe; 10c.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Shake Into Your Shoes
et's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It
espaintil, swotten, smarting feet, and inpily takes the sting out of corns and burilly the agreetest comfort discovery of
age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-firga new shoot feet easy. It is a certain
for sweating, callous and hot, tired, achfeet, Try II to-lay. Sold by all druggists
lease store. By mail for Try. in stamps,
alpackage FREE. Address, Allen S. OlimLe Roy, N. Y.

Life and Health

Hoof's Sarsaparitla makes pure b ood. is the time to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, se the blood is now loaded with impuwhich must be promptly expelled or th will be in danger. Remember.

ood's sarsahe best-in fact the One True Blood Purifier.

d by all druggists. \$1, six for \$5.

od's Pills act barmonious's with



is composed of the very ingredients the system requires. Alding the digestion, soothing the nerves, purifying the blood. A temper-ance drink for temper-ance people. ance people.

A partage makes 5 gallons, Sold everywhere,

The Charles E. Hifes Co., Phila.

ENSIONS, PATENTS, CLAIMS

JOHN W. MORRIS, WASHINGTON, D. G. Late Principal Examiner V. S. Pension Bureau 3 yrs. in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty. since ET RIGH quickly: send for "300 Inventions Wanted EDGAR TATE & Co., 245 B'way, N.Y. THE CURE OF DIABITES.

ofully Treated County, N. Y. From the Press, Utica, A

On the recommendation of Ar. William Woodman, of South Hamilton, New York, that Mr. Amos Jaquays, a resident of Columbus Centre, New York, be interflewed regarding his extraordinary recovery from advanced kidney trouble, embracing diabetes in its worst form, Mr. Jaquays was visited and willingly made the a companying state

"I am fifty years of age, and fiveyears ago began to suffer with pains in the back and weakness in the region of the kidneys, and I had a tremendous flow of urine. Strange to weakness in the region of the kidmys, and I had a tremendous flow of urine. Strange to say, my appetite increased to an estraordinary degree, but instead of giving mestrength my food seemed to make me weaker and thinner, and I was terribly constipated. My mouth was pasty, I had continuous heartburn and pain across the lower part of my stomach and frequent vomiting. Indeed, all, or nearly all, my functions became impaired, my sight was dim, memory deserted me, and life became irksome. I consulted the best medical talent in the county, and they all diagnosed my case as sugar diabetes in its most aggravated form, but gave me no relief whatever. At last I was in such a desperate condition that a council of physicians was called, but their good offices did me no good, and I looked forward to death with satisfaction as the only relief I could expect.

"My old friend, William Woodman, about

expect.
"My old friend, William Woodman, about "My old friend, William Woodman, about this time came to visit me, and from him I first heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which he declared had cured him of rhetimatism, with which he had suffered all his life, and he believed they would do me good, as he had rend of a case of diabetes being cured by their use. I believe it was next day after Mr. Woodman's visit that Mr. F. Hyde, of South Hamilton, New York, called on me. South Hamilton, New York, called on me, and I was told by him that Pink Pills had saved his life and neadvised me by all means

"This settled the question, and I at once began a course of home treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Within a week the medicine began to do its work, the constipumedicine began to do its work, the constipa-tion was relieved, my skin, which had been dry and hard, assumed its normal feel and appearance. I no longer had that insuffer-ably bad taste in my mouth, and though still weak and almost helpiess, the pair, in my back and kidneys began to abate and the flow of urine decreased. But I was far from health, and built very few hopes on perman-ent cure, though I continued to take the tills constantly for the next year and a half, constantly for the next year and a half, growing slowly but surely during that time better and better. Then I began to reduce the daily dose, and kept mending antil six months ago, when I discontinued them, and I was entirely cured.

"I am atill subter to cold, which there

"I am still subject to cold, which is apt to ram still subject to cold, which is apt to settle in my ktineys, and always keep Pink Pills by me, as they bring me round very quickly. In all, I have, I believel taken tifty boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and shall never be without them as long as I have baif a dollar. I have recommended them to all my suffering friends, and they see n to be good for any disorder of the system, as they have never failed to do their work in any case that I know of, and some were

"I certify the above statement to be true in every particular, and if I commanded stronger language, I would use it in projeting stronger language, 1 Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, "Amos Jaqua" ","

Mr. Jaquays is a highly respectable and well-to-to farmer and builder, and connected in Madison County.

The proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pina Pills

state that they are not a patent medicine, but a prescription used for many years by an ema prescription used for many years by an eminent practitioner, who produced the first wonderful results with them, curing all firms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two truitful causes of almost every lil to which head is heir. The pills are also a specific for the procedure results to condex, solicas to the procedure results to condex, solicas to the case of men will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. They are entirely harmless and can be given to weak and sickly children with the greatest good and without the slightest danger. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schengerstay, N. V. i), by addressing Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O: Ask your grocer to-day to show you a package of Grain-O, the new lood drink that takes

the place of coffee. The children may drink the place of collect. The canaria may drive it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it like it. Grain-O has that rich seal brown of Motha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. Ods-quarter the price of coffee. 15 cts. and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers. sold by all grocers.

The Paltimore Chamber of Commerce has decided to charge an inspection fee of 2½ cents per 100 bushels for the inspection of grain arriving at Baltimore. This charge heretofore has been 5 cents per 100 bushels.

FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dn. KLINE'S GHEAT NERVE RESTORER, Free \$2 trial bottle and treat-ise. Send to Dr. Kline, 531 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs, Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colle, 25c. a bottle.

Just try a 10c. box of Cascarets, the finest liver and bowet regulator ever made.

Best Fire-Proof Doors.

Numerous experiments to determine the best fire-resisting materials for the construction of doors have proved that wood covered with tin resists fire better than an iron door.

It is no affair of ours. But is it not? Does not the man or woman who fails to speak the needed word at the right moment, to give the inspiration of sympathy or of counsel, become morally accountable for the failure?

0000**0000000000000000** Pistols and Pestles.

The duelling pistol now occupies its proper place, in the museum of the collector of relics of barbarism. The pistol ought to have beside it the pestle that turned out pills like bullets, to be shot like bullets at the target of the liver. But the pestle is still in evidence, and will be, probably, until everybody has tested the virtue of Ayer's sugar coated pills. They treat the liver as a friend, not as an enemy. Instead of driving it, they coax it. They are compounded on the theory that the liver does its work thoroughly and faithfully under obstructing conditions, and if the obstructions are removed, the liver will do its daily duty. When your liver wants help, get "the pill that will,"

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

REV. TALMAGE'S SUNDAY SERMOI

AN ELOQUENT DISCOURSE.

Subject: "The Triumph of Sadness

TEXT: "Then went I up in the aight by the brook and viewed the wall, and turned back, and entered by the gate of the vailey, and so returned."—Nehemiah ii., 15.

A dead city is more suggestive than a liv-ing city—past Rome than present Rome— ruins rather than newly freecoed cathedral. But the best time to visit a ruin is by moon-light. The Coliseum is far more lascinating You may stand by daylight amid the monas-tic ruins of Melrose abbey, and study shafted oriel and resetted stone and mul-lion, but they throw their strongest witchery by moonlight. Some of you remember what the enchanter of Scotland said in the "Lay of the Last Minstrel:"

"Wouldst thou view fair Melrose aright? Go visit it by the pale moonlight.

Washington Irving describes the Andalusian moonlight upon the Albambra ruins sian morollight upon the Alhambra ruins as amounting to an enchantment. My text presents you Jerusalem in ruins. The tower down. The gates down. The walls down. Everything down. Nehemiah on horseback, by morollight looking upon the ruins. While he rides there are some friends on foot going with him, for they do not want the many horses to disturb the suspicions of the people. These people do not know the secret of Nehemiah's heart, but they are going as a sort of bodyguard.

I hear the clicking hoofs of the horse on which Nehemiah rides, as he guides it this way and that, into this gate and out of that, winding through that gate amid the debris

winding through that gate amid the debris of once great Jerusalem. Now the horse comes to dead hait at the tumbled masonry where he cannot pass. Now he shies off at the charred timbers. Now he comes along where the water under the moonlight flashes from the mouth of the brazen dragon after which the gate was named. Heavy hearted Nehemiah, riding in and out, now by his old home desolated, now by the defaced temple, now amid the sears of the city that had gone down under battering raman i conflagration!
The escorting party knows not what Nehemiah means. Is he getting crazy? Have his own personal sorrows, added to the sorrows of the nation, unbalanced his intellect? Still the midnight exploration goes on. Nehemiah on horseback rides through the fish gate, by the tower of the furnaces, by the king's pool, by the dragon well, in and out, until the minight ride is completed. and Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, and to the amazed and confounded and incredulous bodygnard, declares the dead secret of his heart when he says, "Come, now, let us build Jerusalem." "What, Nehemiah, have you any money?" "No." "Have you any kingly authority?" "No." "Have you any eloquence?" "No." Yet that midnight, moonlight ride of Nehemiah resulted in the giorious rebuilding of the city of Jerusalem. The people knew not how the thing was to be done, but with great enthusiasm they Nehemiah dismounts from his horse, be done, but with great enthusiasm they cried out, "Let us rise up now and build the eity," Some people laughed and said it could not be done. Some people were in-furiate and offered physical violence, saying the thing should not be done. But the work-men went right on, standing on the wall, rowel in one hand, sword in the other, un til the work was gloriously completed. At that very time in Greece, Xenophon was writing a history, and Plato was making philosophy, and Demosthenes was rattling his rhetorical thunder. But all of them together did not do so much for the world as this midnight, moonlight ride of pray-ing, courageous, homesick, close mouthed Nehemiah.

My subject first impresses me with the idea My subject first impresses me with the idea what an intense thing is church affection. Scine the bridle of that horse and stop, Nehemiah. Why are you risking your life here in the night? Your horse will stumble over these ruins and fail on you. Stop this useless exposure of your life. No; Nehemiah will not stop. He at last tells us the whole story. He lets us know he was an exile in a far distant land, and he was a servant, a cupbearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Louigmanus, and one day, while he was handing the bearer in the palace of Artaxerxes Louigmanus, and one day, while he was handing the cup of wine to the king, the king said to him: "What is the matter with you? You are not siek. I know you must have some great trouble. What is the matter with you? Then he told the king how that beloved Jerusaiem was broken down, how that his father's tomb had been desserated, how that the temple had been dishonored and defaced, how that the walls were scattered and broken. "Weil," says King Artaxerxes, "what do you want?" Well," said the cupbearer, Nohemiah, "I want to go home. I want to fix up the grave of my father. I want to restore the beauty of the temple. I want to robuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides, I want beauty of the temple. I want to rebuild the masonry of the city wall. Besides, I want passports so that I shall not be hindered in my journey, and besides that," as you will find in the context, "I want an order on the man who keeps your forest for just so much timber as I may need for the rebuilding of the city." "How long shall you be gone?" said the king. The time of absence is arranged. In hot haste this seeming adventurer comes to Jerusalem, and in my text we find him on horseback, in the midnight, ridfind him on horseback, in the midnight, rid-ing around the ruins. It is through the spectacles of this scene that we discover the ardent attachment of Nehemiah for sacred Jerusalem, which in all ages has been the type of the church of God, our Jerusalem, which we love just as much as Nehemiah loved his Jerusalem. The fact is that you love the church of God so much that there is no spot on earth so sacred unless it be your own dreside. The church has been to you so much comfort and illumination that there is

nothing that makes you so itate as to have it talked against. If taked against.

If there have been times when you have been carried into captivity by stekness, you longed for the church, our holy Jerusalem, just as much as Nehemiah longed for his Jerusalem, and the first day you came out you came to the house of the Lord. When the temple was in ruins, like Nehemiah, you walked around and looked at it, and in the mocalight you stood listening if you could walked around and looked at it, and in the moonlight you stood listening if you could not hear the voice of the dead organ, the psaim of the expired Sabtaths. What Jerusalem was to Nehemiah the church of God is to you. Skepties and infidels may scoff at the church as an obsolete affair, as a relic of the dark ages, as a convention of goody goody people, but all the impression they have ever made on your mind against the church of God is absolutely nothing. You would make more sacrifices for it to-day than any other institution, and if it were needful would make more sacrifices for it to-day than any other institution, and if it were needful you would die in its defense. You can take the words of the kingly poet as he said, "if I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning," You understand in your own experience the pathos, the homesickness, the courage, the holy enthusiasm of Nehemiah in his midnight ride around the ruins of his beloved Jerusalem.

Again, my text impresses me with the fact

the ruins of his beloved Jerusalem.

Again, my text impresses me with the fact that, before reconstruction, there must be an exploration of ruins. Why was not Nehemiah asteep under the covers? Why was not his horse stabled in the midnight? Let the police of the city arrest this midnight rider, out on some muschief. No. Nehemiah is going to rebuild the city, and he is making the preliminary exploration. In this gate, out that gate, east, west, north, south. All

out that gate, east, west, north, south. All through the ruins. The ruins must be explored before the work of reconstruction can begin.

The reason that so many people in this day The reason that so many people in this day apparently do not stay converted is because they did not first explore the ruins of their own heart. The reason that there are so many professed Christians who in this day lie and forge and steal and commit abominations and go to the penitentiary is because they first do not learn the ruin of their own heart. They have not found out that "the heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." They had an id-a that they were almost right, and they built religion as a sort of extension, as an ornamental suppola, There was a superstructure of religion.

gion built on a substratum of unrepented sina. The trouble with a good deal of modern theology is that instead of building on the right foundation it builds on the debris of an unregenerated nature. They attempt to rebuild Jerusalem before, in the midnight of conviction, they have seen the ghastimess of the ruin. They have such a poor foundation for their religion that the first northeast storm of temptation blows them down. I have no faith in a man's conversion if he is not converted in the old fashioned way—John Bunyan's way, John Wesley's way, John Calvin's way, Paul's way, Christ's way, God's way.

God's way.

A man comes to me to talk about religion. The first question I ask him is, "Do you feel yourself to be a sinner?" If he says, "Well, I—yes," the hesitancy makes me feel that the man wants a ride on Nehemiah's horse by midnight through the ruins—in by his will—and before he has got through with that midnight ride he will drop the reins on the horse's neck and will take his right hand the horse's neck and will take his right hand and smite on his heart and say, "God, be merelful to me, a sinner," and before he has stabled his horse he will take his feet out of the stirrups, and he will slide down on the ground, and he will kneel crying: "Have merey on me, O God, according to Thy loving kindness, according unto the multitude of Thy tender mereics." Biot out my transgressions, for I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sins are ever before

Thee,"

Again, my subject gives me a specimen of busy and triumphant sadness. If there was any man in the world who had a right to mope and give up everything as lost, it was Nehemiah. You say, "He was a cupbearer in the palace of Shushan, and it was a grand place." So it was. The hall of that palace was 200 feet square, and the roof hovered over thirty-six marble pillars, each pillar sixty feet high, and the intense blue of the sky and the deep green of the forest foliage, and the white of the driven snow, all hung trembling in the upholstery. But, my friends, you know very well that the architecture will not put down homesickness. Yet Nehemiah did not give up. Then, when you saw him going among these desolated streets and by these dismantlest towers and by the torn up grave of his father, you would suppose that he would have been disheartened and that he would have dismounted from his horse and gone to his room and sail? "Woe is mal, Wy father's grave is tare up. "We horse and gone to his room and said: "Woe is me! My father's grave is torn up. The temple is dishonored. The walls are broken down. I have no money with which to re-build. I wish I had never been born. I wish I were dead." Not so says Nehemiah. Although he had a grief so intense that it excited the commentary of his king, yet that nenntless, expatriate! Kehemiah rouses himself up to rebuild the city. He gets his permission of absence. He gets his passports. He hasters wave to learning the city. He hastens away to Jerusalem. By night on horseback he rides through the rules. He overcomes the most ferocious opposition. He arouses the piety and patriotism of the people, and in less than two months. namely, fifty-two days—Jerusalem was re-built. That's what I call busy and triumphant sadness.

At 3 o'clock every Sabbath afternoon, for years, in a beautiful parior in Philadelphia—a parlor pictured and statuettei—there were from ten to twenty destitute children of the street. Those destitute children received street. Those destitute children received religious instruction, concluding with cakes and sandwiches. How do I know that that was going on for sixteen years? I know it in this way. That was the first home in Pailadelphia where I was called to comfort a great sorrow. They had a splendid boy, and he had been drowned at Long Branch. The lather and mother almost idolized the boy, and the sob and shriek of that father and mother as they bung over the coffin resound in my ears to-day. There seemed to be no use of praying, for when I knell down to pray the outery in the room drowned out all the prayer. But the Lord comforted that sorrow. They did not forget their trouble. It you should go any afternoon into Laurel Hill, you would flud a monument with the word "Walter" inscribed upon it and a wreath of fresh flowers around the name. I think there was not an hour in I think there was not an hour in twenty years, winter or summer, when there was not a wreath of frosh flowers around Waiter's name. But the Christian mother who sent those flowers there, having no child left, Sabbath afternoons- mothered ten or twenty of the lost ones of the street. That is beautiful. That is what I call busy and triumphant sadness. Here is a man who has lost his property. He does not go to bard drinking. He does not destroy his own life. He comes and says: "Harness me for Christian work. My money's gone. I have no treasures on earth. I want treasures in heaven. I have a voice and a heart to serve God." You say that that man has failed. He has not failed, but has triumphed! is beautiful. That is what I call busy and

God. You say that that man has failed. He has not failed—he has triumphed!

Oh, I wish I could persuade all the people who have any kind of trouble never to give up. I wish they would look at the midnight rider of the text and that the four hoofs of that beast on which Nebeniah rode might cut to pieces all their discouragements and hardships and trials. Give up! Who is going to give up when on the bosom of God he can have all his troubles husbeit! Give up! Never think of giving up. Are you forme down with poverty? A little child was found holding her dead mother's hand in the darknoiding her dead mother's hand in the derk-ness of a tenement house, and some one con-ing in the little girl looked up whits holding her dead mother's hand, and said, "Oh, I do wish that God had made mere light for poor folks," My dear, God will be your light, God will be your shelter, God will be your home. Are you borne down with the bernyements of life? Is the the beconsements Hife? the bereavements of the first is the house lonely now that the child is gone? Do not give up. Think of what the old sexton said when the minister asked him why he put so much care on the little graves in the cemetery—so much more care than on the larger graves—and the old sexton said, "Sir, you know that of such is the kingdom of heaven," and I think the Saviour is pleased when he sees so much white clover growing around these little graves." But growing around these little graves." But when the minister pressed the old sexton for a more satisfactory answer the old sex-ton said, "Sir, about these larger graves, I don't know who are the Lord's saints and who are not, but you know, sir, it is clean different with the bairns." Oh, if you have had that keen, tender, indescribable sorrow that comes from the loss of a child, do not give up. The old sexton was dely. It is give up. The old sexton was right. It is all well with the bairns. Or, if you have sinned, if you have sinned grievously— sinned until you have been cast out by the church, sinned until you have been cast out by society—to not give up. Perhaps there may be in this house one that could truthfully utter the lamentation of another:

Once I was pure as the snow, but I fell-Fell like a snowlake, from heaven to hell— Fell to be trampled as fifth in the street— Feil to be scoffed at, split on and beat, Praying, cursing, wishing to die, Selling my soul to whoever would buy, Dealing in shame for a morsel of breat

Hating the living and fearing the dead.

Hating the living and fearing the dead.

Do not give up! One like note the Son of Go I comes to you to-day, saying, "Go and sin no more," while he cries out to your assailants, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone at her." Oh, there is no reason why any one in this house by reason of any trouble or sin should give up. Are you a foreigner, and in a strange land? Nehemiah was no exile. Are you penniless? Nehemiah was poor. Are you homesick? Nehemiah was nonesick. Are you broken hearted? Nehemiah was homesick. Are you broken hearted? Nehemiah was broken hearted. But just see him in the text, riding along the sasrileged grave of his father, and by the dragon well, and through the fish gate, and by the king's pool, in and out, in and out, the moonlight falling on the broken masonry, which throws a lorg shadow, at which the horse shies, and at the same time that moonlight kindling up the features of this man till you see not only the mark of sad reminiseence, but the courage and hope, the entinysame

THREE HAPPY WOMEN.

Each Relieved of Periodic Pain and Backache. A Trio of Fervent Letters.

Before using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health was gradually being undermined. I suffered untold agony from painful menstruation, backache, pain on top of my head and ovarian trouble. I concluded to try Mrs. Pinkham's Compound, and found that it was all any woman needs who suffers with painful monthly periods. It entirely MRS. GEORGIE WASS.

923 Bank St., Cincinnati, O.

For years I had suffered with painful menstruction every month. At the beginning of menstruation it was impossible for me to stand up for more than five minutes. I felt so miserable. One day a little book of Mrs. Pinkham's was thrown into my house, and I sat right down and read it. of Lydia E. Pinicham's Vegetable Com-I then got some Pills. I can heartily say that to-day I pound and Liver woman; my monthly suffering is a thing feel like a new ? shall always praise the Vegetable Compound of the past. I for what it has / done for me. MRS. MARGARET ANDERSON, 363 Lisbon St., Lewiston, Me.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has cured me of painful menstruction and backache. The pain in my back was dreadful, and the agony I suffered during menstruation nearly drove me wild.

Now this is all over, thunks to Mrs. Pinkham's medicine and advice. - Mas. CARRIE V. WILLIAMS, South Mills, N. C.

The great volume of testimony proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkliam's

Vegetable Compound is a safe, sure and almost infallible remedy in cases of trregularity, suppressed, excessive or painful monthly periods.

FREE! We direct special atten-



Dear Madame;
Yours to hand I recommend the Moore treatment because I have tried it, and know it to be just what he says it is. I was cured by it, and have remained so eight years; have known of many others being cured of the very worst cases. By all means get it. Yours truly, W. E. PENN, EURERA SPIONUS, AIR, The above is a letter written by the late Rey, W. E. Penn, the noted Evange list, to Mrs. W. H. Walson, New Albion, N. Y. Dear Madame :

Restored His Hearing in 5 Minutes.

My age is 63. I s My age is 63. I suf-fered from Calarrh 19 years Had intense head-ache, continual rearing and-singting in ears, took cold easily. My hearing began to fall, and for three years was almost entirely deaf, and con-tinually grew worse. entirely deaf, and continually grew worse. Everything I had tried falled. In despair I commenced to use Aerial Medication in 1885, and the effect of the first application was simply wonderful. In less than dve minutes my hearing was fully restored, and has been perfect ever since, and in a few months was entirely cursed of Cataria. a few months was entirely curved of Catarrh Et. Bnows, Jacksbore, Tenn

Whereas I was deaf, now I hear.



At the age of 69, after having suffered from Catarrhal Deafaces twenty years, am truly thankful to state that I am entirely cured by Aerial Medication; my hearing, which had become so bad that I could not hear a watch tick, or 'conversation, is fully restored. I will verify this statement.

WM. Ret. His.

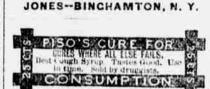
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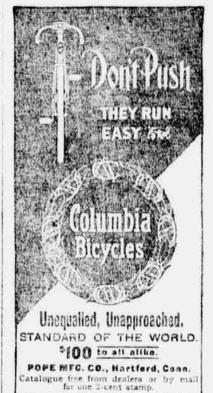
Medicine for 3 Months' Treatment Free

To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that Aerial Medication will cure Dearness, Catarra, Throat and Ling Diseases, I will, for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free, Address, J. H. Moore, M. D., Dept. K. 7, Cincinnati, O.

JONES SCALE CUARANTEED Accuracy-Durability,

LOWEST PRICES.





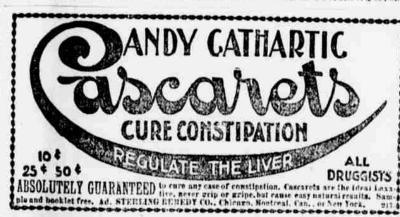
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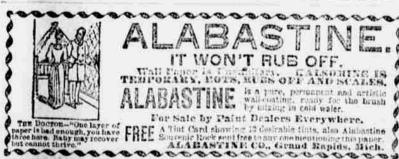
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