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We Ship this Buffet, freight prepaid to the Mississippi

Polts were on small basis. Buffet is of quarter steel, oak, hand carved, highly polished, well finished, levelled edge interior, 30 by 18 inches. It is 48 inches long, 24 inches deep, 20 inches high. Retail price, \$40.00—\$20.25 saved in buying of the market.

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Our Free Liberator! Book about the famous Warrenton Carriers, with Photo, Engraving, Sewing Machine, Blinders, Combs, Framed Pictures, and specialties in Upholstery Furniture in real colors, and from this book you know in advance exactly how the goods look. Carriage sold free, being furnished without charge, and freight paid on the delivery.

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WRITER CORRESPONDENTS or REPORTERS

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WANTED SEVERAL PERSONS OF CHARACTER and good reputation in each state (one in this country required) to represent and advertise our established, wealthy business house of solid financial standing. Salary \$15.00 weekly with expenses additional, all payable in cash each Wednesday afternoon from local office. Horse and carriage furnished, when necessary. References. Inquire, self addressed stamped envelope. Manager, 416 Canton Building, Chicago. 9-12-16.

Have you a sense of fullness in the region of your stomach after eating? If so you will be benefited by using Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They also cure belching and sour stomach. They regulate the bowels too. Price, 25 cents. Sold by Middleburg Drug Co.

An Eye-Opener.

"I wish a position," curtly began the young man who imagined the world waited on a corner for him.

"What can you do?" queried the cement-headed commercial bondholder.

"Oh, everything," said the young man, blippantly.

"Indeed!" marveled the business man. "To give you that job I should have to discharge my 3,000 employees, and, to be frank, I doubt the propriety of such a step. Good day."—Ohio State Journal.

What It Was.

"I am not expecting any package," said the lady of the house.

"This is the number," persisted the driver of the delivery wagon, looking at his book again. "Name's Higgins, ain't it?"

"Yes."

"No, 74?"

"That's our number."

"Then it's for you."

"I think not. It must be a case of mistaken identity."

"No, mum. It's a case of beer."—Tit-Bits.

Accounting for It Chemically.

"It may be merely fancy," remarked Mrs. Sellidom-Holme, "but since my husband began drinking the water from that iron spring he has seemed to be ten times as obstinate as he used to be."

"Perhaps," suggested Mrs. Nextdore, "the water is tinctured with pig iron."—Chicago Tribune.

A Mystery Solved.

Bessie and her father were sitting out on the lawn looking at the stars.

"That very red one," said her father, "is Mars, named after the god of war."

"The god of war?" cried Bessie. "Oh, papa, I wonder if that isn't where the shooting stars come from?"—Detroit Free Press.

A Bar to Marriage.

Daughter (coaxing)—Papa, do have a little mercy, and let Charles and me be happy together.

Papa (mathematical professor)—What? You want to think of marriage when you don't even know where to find the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle?—N. Y. Times.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you are ill or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. For, in the state of violent physical or mental distress, the bowels are constipated, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC

Paracetol

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. In the shape of a little pill, or a box of 10 pills. The most reliable, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

HOME, SWEET HOME.

Dr. Talmage Extols It as a Field of Usefulness.

A Sermon for the Encouragement of Wives and Mothers—The Spheres of Man and Woman Entirely Different.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Kloppsch, N. Y.) Washington, Aug. 18.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage extols home as a field of usefulness, and especially encourages wives and mothers; text, Genesis 1:27: "Male and female created He them."

In other words, God, who can make no mistake, made man and woman for a specific work and to move in particular spheres—man to be regnant in his realm, woman to be dominant in hers. The boundary line between Italy and Switzerland, between England and Scotland, is not more thoroughly marked than this distinction between the empire masculine and the empire feminine. So entirely dissimilar are the fields to which God called them that you can no more compare them than you can oxygen and hydrogen, water and grass, trees and stars. All this talk about the superiority of one sex to the other is an everlasting waste of ink and speech. A jeweler may have a scale so delicate that he can weigh the dust of diamonds, but where are the scales so delicate that you can weigh in them affection, sentiment against sentiment, thought against thought, soul against soul, a man's word against a woman's word?

You come out with your stereotyped remark that man is superior to woman in intellect, and then I open up my desk the swarthy, iron-tipped, thunder-bolted writings of Harriet Martineau and Elizabeth Browning and George Eliot. You come out with your stereotyped remark about woman's superiority to man in the item of affection, but I ask you where was there more capacity to love than in John the disciple, and Robert McCheyne, the Scotchman, and John Sumnerfield, the Methodist, and Henry Martyn, the missionary? The heart of those men was so large that after you had rolled into it the hemispheres there was room still left to marshal the hosts of Heaven and set up the throne of the eternal Jehovah. I deny to man the throne intellectual. I deny to woman the throne affectional. No human phraseology will ever define the spheres while there is an intuition by which we know when a man is in his realm and when a woman is in her realm and when neither of them is out of it. No bungling legislature ought to attempt to make a definition or to say: "This is the line, and that is the line."

My theory is that if woman wants to vote she ought to vote, and that if a man wants to embroider and keep house he ought to be allowed to embroider and keep house. There are masculine women, and there are effeminate men. My theory is that you have no right to interfere with anyone's doing anything that is righteous. Albany and Washington might as well decree by legislation how high a brown thrasher should fly or how deep a trout should plunge as to try to seek out the height or the depth of woman's duty. The question of capacity will settle finally the whole question, the whole subject. When a woman is prepared to preach she will preach, and neither conference nor presbytery can hinder her. When a woman is prepared to move in highest commercial spheres she will have great influence on the exchange, and no boards of trade can hinder her. I want woman to understand that heart and brain can overflow any barrier that politicians may set up, and that nothing can keep her back or keep her down but the question of capacity.

I know there are women of most undesirable nature who wander up and down the country, having no homes of their own or forsaking their own homes, talking about their rights, and we know very well that they themselves are fit neither to vote nor fit to keep house. Their mission seems to be to humiliate the two sexes at the thought of what any one of us might become. No one would want to live under the laws that such women would enact, or to have cast upon society the children that such women would raise. But I will show you that the best rights that woman can own she already has in her possession; that her position in this country at this time is not one of commiseration, but one of congratulation; that the grandeur and power of her realm have never yet been appreciated; that she sits to-day on a throne so high that all the thrones of earth piled on top of each other would not make for her a footstool. Here is the platform on which she stands. Away down below it are the ballot box and the congressional assemblage and the legislative hall.

Woman always has voted and always will vote. Our great-grandfathers thought they were by their votes putting Washington into the presidential chair. No. His mother, by the habits she inculcated, made him president. It was a Christian mother's hand dropping the ballot when Lord Bacon wrote, and Newton philosophized, and Alfred the Great governed, and Jonathan Edwards thundered of judgment to come. How many men there have been in high political station who would have been insufficient to stand the test to which their moral principle was put had it not been for a wife's voice that encouraged them to do right and a wife's prayer that sounded louder than the clamor of partisanship! Why, my friends, the right of suffrage, as we men exercise it, seems to be a feeble thing. You, a Christian man, come up to the ballot box and drop your vote. Right after you comes a libertine or a sot, the off-

scouring of the street, and he drops his vote, and his vote counteracts yours. But if in the quiet of home life a daughter by her Christian demeanor, a wife by her industry, a mother by her faithfulness, casts a vote in the right direction, then nothing can resist it, and the influence of that vote will throbb through the eternities.

My chief anxiety, then, is not that woman have other rights accorded her, but that she, by the grace of God, rise up to the appreciation of the glorious rights she already possesses. I shall only have time to speak of one grand and all absorbing right that every woman has, and that is to make home happy. That realm no one has ever disputed with her. Men may come home at noon or at night, and they tarry a comparatively little while, but she all day long governs it, beautifies it, sanctifies it. It is within her power to make it the most attractive place on earth. It is the only calm harbor in this world. You know as well as I do that this outside world and the business world is a long scene of jostle and contention. The man who has a dollar struggles to keep it; the man who has it not struggles to get it. Prices up. Prices down. Losses. Gains. Misrepresentations. Gongsings. Under-selling. Buyers depreciating; salesmen exaggerating. Tenants seeking less rent; landlords demanding more. Gold fidgety. Struggles about office. Men who are in trying to keep in; men out trying to get in. Slips. Tumbles. Defalcations. Panics. Catastrophes. O woman, thank God you have a home, and that you may be queen in it. Better be there than wear a queen's coronet. Better be there than carry the purse of a princess. Your abode may be humble, but you can be by your faith in God and your cheerfulness of demeanor gild it with splendors such as an upholsterer's hand never yet kindled.

There are abodes in the city—humble, two stories, four plain, unpapered rooms; undesirable neighborhood, and yet there is a man here to-day who would die on the threshold rather than surrender it. Why? It is home. Whenever he thinks of it he sees angels of God hovering around it. The ladders of Heaven are let down to this house. Over the child's rough crib there are the chantings of angels, as those that sounded over Bethlehem. It is home. These children may come up after awhile, and they may win high position, and they may have an affluent residence, but they will not until their dying day forget that humble roof under which their father rested and their mother sang and their sisters played. Oh, if you would gather up all tender memories, all the lights and shades of the heart, all banquetings and reunions, all filial, fraternal, paternal and conjugal affections, and you had only just four letters to spell out that height and depth and length and breadth and magnitude and eternity of meaning, you would, with streaming eyes and trembling voice and agitated hand, write it out in those four living capitals, H-O-M-E.

What right does woman want that is grander than to be queen in such a realm? Why, the eagles of heaven cannot fly across that dominion. Horses, panting and with lathered flanks, are not swift enough to run to the outpost of that realm. They say that the sun never sets upon the English empire, but I have to tell you that on this realm of woman's influence eternity never marks any bound. Isabella fled from the Spanish throne pursued by the nation's anathema, but she who is queen in a home will never lose her throne, and death itself will only be the annexation of heavenly principalities.

When you want to get your grandest idea of a queen, you do not think of Catherine of Russia, or of Anne of England, or Maria Theresa of Austria, but when you want to get your grandest idea of a queen you think of the plain woman who sat opposite your father at the table, or walked with him arm in arm down life's pathway, sometimes to the thanksgiving banquet, sometimes to the grave, but always together—soothing your petty griefs, correcting your childish waywardness, joining in your infantile sports, listening to your evening prayers, toiling for you with needle, or at the spinning wheel, and on cold nights wrapping you up snug and warm. And then at last, on that day when she lay in the back room dying, and you saw her take those thin hands with which she toiled for you so long and put them together in a dying prayer that commended you to God, whom she had taught you to trust—oh, she was the queen! The chariots of God came down to fetch her, and as she went in all Heaven rose up. You cannot think of her now without a rush of tenderness that stirs the deep foundations of your soul, and you feel as much a child again as when you cried on her lap, and if you could bring her back again to speak just once more your name as tenderly as she used to speak it you would be willing to throw yourself on the ground and kiss the sod that covers her, crying: "Mother, mother!" Ah, she was the queen—she was the queen!

Now, can you tell me how many thousand miles a woman like that would have to travel down before she got to the ballot box? Compared with this work of training kings and queens for God and eternity, how insignificant seems all this work of voting for aldermen and common councilmen and sheriffs and constables and mayors and presidents. To make one such grand woman as I have described how many thousand would you want of those people who go in the rout of godlessness and fashion and dissipation, distorting

their body and going so far toward disgraceful apparel as they dare go so as not to be arrested of the police, their behavior a sorrow to the good and a caricature of the vicious and an insult to that God who made them women and not gorgons, and tramping on, down through a frivolous and dissipated life, to temporal and eternal destruction. Oh, woman, with the lightning of your soul strike dead at your feet all these allurements to dissipation and to fashion. Your immortal soul cannot be fed upon such garbage. God calls you up to empire and dominion. Will you have it? Oh, give to God your heart, give to God your best energies, give to God all your culture, give to God all your refinement, give yourself to Him for this world and the next. Soon all these bright eyes will be quenched and these voices will be hushed. For the last time you will look upon this fair earth; father's hand, mother's hand, sister's hand, child's hand, will be no more in yours. It will be night, and there will come up a cold wind from the Jordan, and you must start. Will it be a lone woman on a trackless moor? Ah, no, Jesus will come up in that hour and offer His hand, and He will say: "You stood by me when you were well; now I will not desert you when you are sick." One wave of His hand, and the storm will drop, and another wave of His hand and midnight shall break into noon, and another wave of His hand and the chamberlains of God will come down from the treasure houses of Heaven with robes lustrous, blood washed and heaven gilded, in which you will array yourself for the marriage supper of the Lamb. And then with Miriam, who struck the timber by the Red Sea, and with Deborah, who led the Lord's host into the fight, and with Hannah, who gave her Samuel to the Lord, and with Mary, who rocked Jesus to sleep while there were angels singing in the air, and with Florence Nightingale, who bound up the battle wounds of the Crimea, you will, from the chalice of God, drink to the soul's eternal rescue.

One twilight, after I had been playing with the children for some time, I lay down on the lounge to rest, and half asleep and half awake, I seemed to dream this dream: It seemed to me that I was in a far distant land—not Persia, although more than oriental luxuriance crowned the cities; nor the tropics, although more than fruitfulness filled the gardens; nor Italy, although more than Italian softness filled the air. And I wandered around looking for thorns and nettles, but I found none of them grew there. And I walked forth, and I saw the sun rise, and I said: "When will it set again?" and the sun sank not. And I saw all the people in holiday apparel, and I said: "When will they put on working-men's garb again and delve in the mine and sweater at the forge?" But neither the garments nor the robes did they put off. And I wandered in the suburbs, and I said: "Where do they bury the dead of this great city?" And I looked along by the hills where it would be most beautiful for the dead to sleep, and I saw castles and towers and battlements, but not a mausoleum, nor monument, nor white slab could I see. And I went into the great chapel of the town, and I said: "Where do the poor worship? Where are the benches on which they sit?" And a voice answered: "We have no poor in this great city." And I wandered out seeking to find the place where were the hovels of the destitute, and I found mansions of amber and ivory and gold, but no tear did I see or sigh hear. I was bewildered, and I sat under the shadow of a great tree, and I said: "What am I and whence comes all this?" And at that moment there came from among the leaves, skipping up the flowery paths and across the sparkling waters, a very bright and sparkling group, and when I saw their step I knew it, and when I heard their voices I thought I knew them, but their apparel was so different from anything I had ever seen I bowed, a stranger to strangers. But after awhile, when they clapped their hands and shouted: "Welcome! Welcome!" the mystery was solved, and I saw that time had passed and that eternity had come, and that God had gathered us up into a higher home, and I said: "Are all here?" and the voices of innumerable generations answered: "All here." And while tears of gladness were raining down our cheeks and the branches of the Lebanon cedars were clapping their hands and the towers of the great city were chiming their welcome, we began to laugh and sing and leap and shout: "Home! Home! Home!"

Mosquitoes on a Rampage.

Word comes from Crisfield, Md., of the death of one man from an attack made by mosquitoes while he was passing through a wood. Another report from Austin, Tex., tells of an attack made upon oil operators in the region of Sabine, Tex., in which mosquitoes came from the salt marshes in great clouds that darkened the sun and forced the workmen to flee for their lives. Many head of cattle and horses were reported killed in this last attack. As the government has lately expressed an intention to exterminate mosquitoes and suggested the use of kerosene oil on ponds and stagnant water, this fierce and aggressive attack by the enemy must have been to seize the base of supplies.

Defining by Ear.

A teacher requested each scholar to give a sentence containing the word "toward." One boy, of nine years, evolved: "I toared my pants!"—Ledger Monthly.

Golden Texts.

Lesson I.—In the beginning God created the Heaven and the earth.—Gen. 1:1.

Lesson II.—Where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.—Rom. 5:20.

Lesson III.—Noah found grace in the eyes of the Lord.—Gen. 6:8.

Lesson IV.—I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing.—Gen. 12:2.

Lesson V.—Whatever ye would that men should do to you, do even so to them.—Matt. 7:12.

Lesson VI.—I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward.—Gen. 15:1.

Lesson VII.—The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.—Jas. 5:16.

Lesson VIII.—By faith Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac.—Heb. 11:17.

Lesson IX.—Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.—Matt. 5:9.

Lesson X.—Surely the Lord is in this place.—Gen. 28:16.

Lesson XI.—Men ought always to pray and not to faint.—Luke 18:1.

Lesson XII.—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Prov. 20:1.

Gold Dust

When in doubt, don't.

The love of the law leads to liberty in it.

Self is the shortest and the deepest definition of sin.

Love's softest words often have the loudest echoes.

Sympathy and sincerity are the sister keys to all hearts.

Don't make the man with the crooked eye the compass-man of your church.

You cannot make your heart a cesspool without giving your life an ill odor.

Some people cannot even trust God with their cares without keeping a memorandum of them.—Ram's Horn.

Women in British Industries.

Gas is the only British trade which in 1899 employed no women. There were seven at work in electrical works.

There is no recreation in desecration.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for September 29, 1901—Quarterly Review.

Golden Text—The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him.—Psa. 103:17.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Below is presented a brief chronology of the period covered by the past quarter's lesson:

- 4004 B. C.—The creation... Adam and Eve created in Eden and their fall... Birth of Cain and Abel near Eden.
- 3757 B. C.—Murder of Abel, and consequent banishment of Cain.
- 2574 B. C.—Birth of Seth.
- 2074 B. C.—Death of Adam.
- 2007 B. C.—Translation of Enoch.
- 2948 B. C.—Birth of Noah.
- 2948 B. C.—The flood.
- 2247-8 B. C.—Covenant with Noah in Ararat.
- 2247 B. C.—Confusion of tongues, in Babylonia.
- 1998 B. C.—Death of Noah, in Arabia.
- 1904 B. C.—Birth of Abram at Ur, Chaldaea.
- 1928 B. C.—Abram moves from Ur to Haran in Mesopotamia.
- 1821 B. C.—Call of Abram... Abram and Lot move to Canaan.
- 1818 B. C.—Abram and Lot separate; Lot goes to Sodom and Abram settles in Hebron.
- 1813 B. C.—Lot carried away captive by Chedorlosomer, and rescued by Abram.
- 1812 B. C.—God's covenant with Abram.
- 1810 B. C.—Birth of Ishmael.
- 1807 B. C.—The covenant renewed... Abram's name changed to Abraham, and Sarah's to Sarah... Abraham entertains three angels, and intercedes for Sodom... Lot flees from doomed city... Sodom destroyed.
- 1806 B. C.—Birth of Isaac, in Moab.
- 1804 B. C.—Hagar and Ishmael sent away.
- 1871 B. C.—Abram offers to sacrifice Isaac on Mt. Moriah in Jerusalem.
- 1860 B. C.—Death of Sarah, in Hebron.
- 1857 B. C.—Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca.
- 1847 B. C.—Birth of Jacob and Esau.
- 1832 B. C.—Death of Abraham at Beersheba.
- 1804 B. C.—Esau sells birthright for mess of pottage... The covenant confirmed.
- 1700 B. C.—Jacob steals Esau's blessing and starts for Padan-Aram... His vision at Bethel.
- 1523 B. C.—Jacob marries Leah and Rachel.
- 1522-30 B. C.—Jacob's children, excepting Benjamin, born... He returns to Canaan... Wrestles with angel at Peniel... His name changed to Israel.

The above table is valuable only for comparisons, and getting at the intervals between the more notable events. The dates are those found in the margins of our Bibles, but are not accurate. They were estimated by Archbishop Usher in the eighteenth century. He had at his command only the dates given in the Bible text, without the helps that have come to more recent scholars from other sources.

One corrective to the dates of the common chronology is furnished by the study of geology. The fossils in the rocks, the arrangement of the strata of soil, the signs of channels worn by rivers, all show the great age of the world. Some students have talked about millions of years as included in the world's history, but conservative geologists believe that present processes have been going on for from 30,000 to 50,000 years, and that there have been men in the world for not less than 10,000 years.

The monuments of ancient peoples also prove that the date assigned to the deluge by the Bible margin is many hundreds, if not thousands, of years too late. Some high authorities on the history of Egypt place the earliest known events in that history as early as B. C. 5800. Others cut the date down a thousands years or more, but all agree that records dating earlier than B. C. 3000 exist in Egypt. The records of Assyria certainly begin as early as B. C. 2800. It would manifestly be impossible for two nations, surrounded by other peoples, to be formed and organized in regions so far apart as Assyria and Egypt in much less than 500 years after a sweeping catastrophe like the deluge. The date of the deluge is to be considered, therefore, as not later than B. C. 3500, and very likely as early as B. C. 6000.

The date of Abraham's life is generally believed to have been not far from the period indicated by the Bible margin, the time fixed by various authorities ranging from B. C. 2100 to B. C. 1750.

THE GOLDEN TEXTS.

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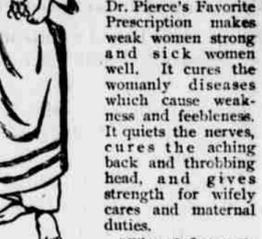
Women in British Industries.

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OVERBURDENED.

The Egyptian woman looks greatly overburdened, and yet the physical burdens she carries will not compare with the burdens borne by many an American woman. There is no burden like the burden of disease. The woman who suffers from inflammation or ulceration, bearing-down pains, weak back and nervousness, bears a burden which crushes her very life.



Every woman should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well. It cures the womanly diseases which cause weakness and feebleness. It cures the nerves, cures the aching back and throbbing head, and gives strength for wily cares and maternal duties.

"When I first wrote to you I was in a bad condition, and had almost given up," says Mrs. Bella Snider, of Wilkesville, Clinton Co., Ohio. "I was suffering from female trouble of the worst kind; I couldn't eat anything without suffering great distress; throat hurt me by spells; was nervous and weak. Had numb hands and arms, heart trouble, pains all through my body and aching head and neck. It seemed that I could not work at all. I got Dr. Pierce's medicine and took it as directed, and the first week it began to help me. I took three bottles and an glad to say that it did me more good than all the other medicine I ever took. I feel better than I have for years."

Dr. Pierce's Medical Advertiser, in paper covers, is sent free on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only, or if cloth bound volume is desired, send 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

An Acknowledgment.

"A great many men owe their success in life to their wives."

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton complacently. "If there were more women like Henrietta in the world, there would be more kind and obedient husbands."—Washington Star.

Two Views of It.

Much depends upon whether the point of view is feminine or masculine.

"Will she have him?" he idly asked as they noticed the devoted couple on the beach.

"Can she get him?" was her more pointed query.—Chicago Post.

On the Verge of Collapse.

"I say, boss, have pity on me," said the tramp, accosting a gentleman on the street; "let me have a dollar, will yer, I haven't drawn anything but a sober breath for a week."—Yonkers Statesman.

He Attracted Attention.

He—An' did yo' say dat I 'tracted de 'tention ob Miss Snowflake?

She—Oh, yes! She says she don't understand 'how yo' kin pay fo' de clothes."—Puck.

Old as the Hills.

Wife—I see some Canadian has invented a buttonless shirt.

Husband (sarcastically)—That's nothing new. I wear them regularly.—Tit-Bits.

In That Case.

She—When one is really thirsty, there is nothing so good as pure cold water.

He—I guess I have never been really thirsty.—Brooklyn Life.

It Would Seem So.

Some men work all night long, and some from sun to sun; but the bill collector has a snap—His work is always done.—Chicago Daily News.

COMPARISON.

"Miss May, I do not know any better way to describe my embarrassment in your presence than to say that I feel as if I were about to be examined at school."—Bombe.

The Cynic's Misfortune.

This world's a piece, when all is done, by fond illusions ruled; That man cannot have any fun Who never can be fooled.—Washington Star.

A Chance for Trouble.

"Throwing an old shoe after a bride and groom means that all ill-feeling is thus thrown away."

"Yes, but suppose the old shoe should happen to hit the bride?"—Detroit Free Press.

'Twas Ever Thus.

"Oh, yes, he adores me. I've known it for a fortnight."

"Then what's b-thering you?"

"What's b-thering me? Why, I've got to wait for him to find it out!"—Brooklyn Life.

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