

Feed

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The nerves upon pure blood, and they will be your faithful servants and not tyrannical masters; you will not be nervous, but strong, cheerful and happy. To have pure blood, and to keep it pure, take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

Earliest Vegetables Always Pay.

That's so, the editor hears Mr. Market Gardiner say. Well, why don't you have them? Simply because you don't plant Salzer's Northern grown seeds. His vegetables are bred to earliness and they never disappoint you. Salzer is the largest grower of vegetables, farm seeds, grasses, clovers, potatoes, etc.

It goes well out this out and send it to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., with 10c. postage, you will get sample packages of Early Bird Radish (ready in 16 days) and their great catalogue. Catalogue alone, 5c. postage. (A.)

Educate men without religion and you make them clever devils.

FIT'S STOPPED FREE BY DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORANT. No fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 531 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Syrup of Figs

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Hundreds of ladies write us that they can't find good bindings in our town.

It's easy enough if you insist on having

S. H. & M.

BIAS VELVETEEN SKIRT BINDING.

Look for "S. H. & M." on the label and take no other.

If your dealer will not supply you we will.

Send for samples, showing labels and material, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 699, New York City.

COLE'S COFFEE BERRY.

BETTER THAN A GOLD MINE.

Make your own coffee at less than 1 cent a pound. Let high tariff coffee go. The poor man's friend and rich man's delight. Matures North or South in four months. Plant says time up to the 20th of June. 50,000 farmers supplied and every one praises it. Has produced over sixty bushels per acre. Some prefer it to store coffee. Produces two crops a year in the South. Large packet postpaid 25 cents, or enough to plant 50 hills, 50 cents or stamps. Will make 500 pots of most delicious coffee, good enough for a king. It superseded store coffee as fast as the merits became known. Large catalogues of fifty new varieties of seeds and testimonials from patrons all over the Union sent free with each order by

C. E. COLE, SEEDSMAN.
BUCKNER, Mo.

Special wholesale prices to farmers and merchants, who clear from \$50 to \$100 per month selling this wonderful seed during the winter. Free Sample and Large Catalogue for 3 cts. in Stamps.

A SONG OF LIBERTY.

Across the land from strand to strand
Loud ring the bugle notes,
And Freedom's smile from isle to isle
Like Freedom's banner floats!

The velvet vales ring "Liberty!"
To answering skies serene;
The mountains sloping to the sea
Wave all their flags of green!

The rivers dashing to the deep
The joyous notes prolong,
And all their waves in glory leap
To one immortal song!

One song of Liberty and life,
That was, and is to be,
Ere tyrant flags are trampled flags
And all the world is free!

One song! the nations hail the notes
From sounding sea to sea,
And answer from their thrilling throats
That song of Liberty.

They answer, and an echo comes
From chained and troubled isles
And roars like ocean's thunder-drum
Where brave Columbia smiles.

Where crowned and great she sits in state
Beneath her flag of stars,
Her heroes blood the sacred foorl
That crimsoned all its bars!

Hail to our country! strong she stands,
Nor fears the war-drum's beat;
The sword of Freedom in her hands—
The tyrant at her feet!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

THE PHANTOM BELLS.

HE ladies of the Chateau Frontenac had invited their brother's fiancée to make them a visit in order to explain to her the strange shadow which hung over their house for nearly a hundred years, and to whose baneful influence she must become habituated, when a member of the family.

When they first saw Clotilde, she was so young and timid they made up their minds to wait until Gaspard himself came, but one night as they sat around the great hall-fire—there was a great jingle of sleighbells and the sound of swift runners on the crisp snow outside, and then that musical clish at the door which announced the stopping of the turnout, and the arrival of guests.

Surely there was nothing uncommon in this, the coming of a party of merry people to a country house, and on a magnificent moonlight night when the whole landscape was as light as day! Yet instead of looking pleased or surprised, the ladies sank back in their chairs, and covering their faces with their hands, murmured a prayer.

Clotilde, the little one, clapped her hands, and asked earnestly:
"Might it be, my friends, that it is Gaspard, who has come with a surprise?"

"No, no, Clotilde, it will not be our Gaspard. Mon Dieu, how then shall we tell her? Child, how you not to the door? Those sleighbells you hear are not of the flesh and blood—I mean the driver is not—"

But the little Clotilde had run joyously to the great hall door, and though no servant stood there to open it, she swung it wide on its massive hinges. A bitter blast of cold air rushed in with a dreary, wailing sound, and no sleigh stood outside, but even as the startled girl watched, a clash of musical bells and the swift sound of the steel-shod runners filled the area of snow. She turned whiter than a lily in the somber moonlight, and flung the door to, affrighted.

"Come to the fire, little one; you have seen, then, our skeleton in the closet?"

"I saw not any skeleton—nothing—nothing, but I heard the bells—oh, what does it mean?"

"You tell her, Agatha," said the younger sister.

"I would greatly prefer that she should hear it from your lips, Cecile," answered the other.

"I am not afraid," said the girl proudly. The color was coming back to her lips and cheeks, and her eyes sparkled. It could not be worse than the legends of the Loup-Garon which her uncle had told her since she was a child—not so very long ago that—but now she was a woman and would not show fear.

"You will now know why our Gaspard has dark spells when not even his sweetheart can comfort him, why the shadow is never lifted from our lives, and we cannot be quite like other people. Perhaps you will not then like to marry our brother, who is the best and dearest in the world, but like us, under the ban."

"It is the more I would love him if I might, when he has the trouble; but tell me, please, is it that some wicked souls come back because that they cannot rest?"

"We know not, petite, but the story is like this: So long ago, maybe, that not our oldest relation can remember, there was another Gaspard de Frontenac, a brave, good man like this one, but hot-headed and fiery. And you know, the steep hills that shut us in—so high with the big ravine—the precipice on either side?—in the winter there was always snow, and the people went coasting and sleigh-riding with swift horses down those long hills, but never could two meet, for the road was just the width for one sleigh, and the people all knew this, and they waited at the plateau on the top, and each took his turn.

"It was my great uncle's pleasure to take his young wife and go out on these steep hills and drive her like the wind with a swift flying horse, and she loved the sport and wrapp'd in furs, with her curls floating in the

wind, a fine picture the country folk thought her; and that Gaspard was much admired, too, for so the story has come to us, and their pictures are in the salon, though some think us not of the right mind to keep them there.

"It comes soon now, petite, the tragedy of those two. One night, just such a night as this, they were riding in the so gay spirits, and going up hill for the second or third time what should they see but another sleigh coming down! It was coming fast, and my great uncle knew it was death for one side or the other, since pass they could not. And he shouted to the other driver to halt!

"Ah, it was, too fast. On, on, came the other sleigh, fast like the wind, and my great uncle Gaspard saw that it would into him crash, and he quickly drew a pistol, and fired to kill the horse, before it was too late. And his own horse, he got such a fright he plunged over the side, throwing him out, but taking his bride down to death!

"He lived, but like a man in a dream, till some one tell him the truth that on that night there was no other sleigh but his own, and that he saw the shadow was of his own, in some way I know not the exact, the moonlight make that effect by what you call projecting the shadow, and when he knew that, he take again the pistol and with it end his misery and his life."

A long silence succeeded this weird tale and then Clotilde asked in a broken voice:
"Is it then that the sleigh is a ghost?"

"Yes, petite, a—what you call phantom."

"I am not afraid. I accept, and will pray to give the poor ghosts peace."

It was not like the Loup-Garon, not to the mind of Clotilde half as dreadful, but she was not really afraid of these because her old uncle had much sense, and he did not believe one of these stories, although tell them he did, and most graphically.

Again on the following evening came the sound of bells, and this time Clotilde went not near the door, but sat moving her sweet lips in prayer. Then the door was flung violently open and a brusque, cheery voice called:
"Hello, there, Victor, Alphonse, you varlets, where are you hiding?"

Certainly this was no ghost, and the three women who cling about his neck gave frantic evidence of joy at his coming. Clotilde was not one of the three. A big old man in a fox-skin coat had taken her in his arms, and was talking to her in gentle burr, the old uncle who told her the dreadful stories, and then she slipped one small hand into her lover's and looked at him with shy, happy eyes.

"It was so good of you to come instead of the ghosts," she said, when later they sat cooling in a corner, while the uncle, who was a great favorite with the young Gaspard, was making himself agreeable to the ladies.

"Then you know, dear little one?" said the young man. "And you are not afraid to make your home in the Chateau Frontenac?"

"Not with my Gaspard," came the soft answer, "but I like it better if the ghosts came not, and your sisters, they are sorry, too. But afraid—no!"

"What of this so much being afraid?" asked a gruff voice, and the old uncle of Clotilde hobbled over to the corner where snatches of their conversation located the two lovers.

Then he was told the story of the ghostly sleigh, and looked wide and thoughtful for the rest of the evening. The shrewd French Canadian was filled with marvelous stories of ghosts which he loved to relate, but none of which he believed, not even his stock fright-story, the legendary Loup-Garon.

The next morning Uncle Pierre was missing from the chateau, but no one was disturbed, he had taken his gun, and would return when he pleased, which was at nightfall, and simultaneously with his coming rang out the jangling, invisible bells.

He found the family shivering around the great fire as if they were stricken with deadly cold. Even Gaspard looked troubled and the little Clotilde was trying to assure him that she was not—"Oh, no, not the least afraid!"

"Fine is the night," he said in salutation, "and the air is the clear, so you hear—r-r, oh, so far! Heard you not, my Clotilde, the sleighbells that come me with?"

"Oh, oh," cried the ladies of the chateau in a faint chorus; "the bells do make our hearts to shake," and they said an audible prayer.

"What you make afraid? Not the bells of echo, that the wind do bring to your door for the too sweet music? Pah! Ghost is it, not at all, but the r-r-ravine, and the hills, they do make of the bells of the seighing company, the echo which for the min-to stop at your door; 'tis echo always this so many years that you think it the ghosts!"

Uncle Pierre was compelled to escape from the room when the family had accepted his scientific explanation, which he further elaborated in their native tongue, he was so overwhelmed with thanks and praises.

So the shadow was lifted forever from the house of Frontenac, and the story which had so sad an ending and was accountable for the ghost, is no longer related as the cause of such a dreary effect, and it is now the pleasure of the ladies of the chateau, as it once was the abhorrence, to ask visitors to listen to the "so strange echo," and out of the materials of a tragedy they have really evolved a comedy.—Detroit Free Press.

A Chesterville, Maine, couple recently celebrated their golden wedding in the very house into which they moved on their wedding day, fifty years ago.

WIND VOICES.

Wind, that art wailing through the night
With the voice of a soul in pain!
Thou hast waked the waves that slept on the shore!
I hear them rise, and dash once more
Against the sullen, fixed, and changeless rock,
Which has stood unmoved through many a shock
Of the raging storm, and the breaker's white
That must sweep to the sea again.

Wind, that art wailing through the night,
With the voice of a soul in pain!
Thou hast waked the passion of wild regret,
Which slumbered so long—to rage and fret
Against the pitiless, fixed decrees of life;
As well may the waves with the rock hold strife!

Back—to the tide of the Infinite,
Poor heart, that hast cried in vain!

Wind, that art wailing through the night,
With the voice of a soul in pain!
Thou hast gathered up each cry of earth
That from mortal anguish ever had birth,
At the door of the living to enter in,
Weeping for sorrow and death and sin;
Yet heart, make answer, "God's will is right."
And rest in His peace again.
—Mary Gorges, in Chambers's Journal.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"She has married the man she wanted." "That's nothing to marrying the man some other girl wants."—Life.

"Every time I see you I am reminded of Herr Bummel." "How so?" "He owes me \$20."—Fliegende Blätter.

"You never told me Miss Fairgirl was an athlete." "Well, is she?" "Yes; she has thrown me over."—Tit-Bits.

There is a difference between a cold and the grip, but you will not realize it until you receive the doctor's bill.—Truth.

Nell—"Jack Softleigh doesn't know his own mind." Belle—"I never knew he was as ignorant as all that."—Philadelphia Record.

"I tell you what, Sharp, marrying an heiress has its drawbacks." "Yes; but think of the greenbacks." Bond.—Harper's Bazar.

Westumbler on the gifts we prize
All other things above,
For ever since the world began,
We've fallen into love.
—New York Recorder.

Scene: A schoolroom in the year 1900. Teacher (to new boy)—"Hans, have you got your certificate of vaccination against smallpox?"—New York Sun.

Fussy Old Lady—"Now, don't forget, conductor, I want the Bank of England." Conductor—"All right, muna. (Aside.) She don't want much, dq she, mate?"—Punch.

"If you will give your hand to me, I'll tell your fortune true."
"No doubt, dear count," the maid replied, "and you would spend it, too."
—New York Recorder.

"The world owes me a living," he said bitterly. "Of course," replied the other sarcastically. "But I don't seem to get it." "Well, you never were much good as a collector."—Chicago Post.

Sie—"So there are the Alps at last!" He—"Must be. You don't suppose a first class tourist company like this would work off any substitutions or imitations on its patrons?"—Household Words.

Mr. Goodheart—"My income is \$2200 a year. Don't you think your daughter could live on that?" Mrs. Spendwell—"She probably could, with economy; but how would you live."—New York Weekly.

The safe flew open, and there inside a receipt was laid out.
"Tas' battel burglar" shook his head.
"I've come a little late," he said, "and he mournfully turned away."
—Chicago Tribune.

Thoughtfulness: Magistrate—"If you broke into the house with honorable intention, as you say you did, why did you take off your boots in the hall?" Burglar—"I was told by my mate that the master was lying ill in bed." "Six months."—Dorfbarber.

Fully Explained: First Detective—"Strange that I didn't recognize him! I thought I'd know him in any disguise." Second Detective—"But when he was caught he had no disguise." First Detective—"Oh! that accounts for it."—Pack.

New Use for Corn-cobs.

Frank Shafer took to Lacon, Ill., recently, a sample of sirup which a number of experts pronounced genuine maple sirup. It was nothing more nor less than corn-cob sirup, made as follows: Twelve clean cobs were put in a gallon of water and boiled until soft. Then the juice was strained off and a gallon of dark brown sugar solution added. This is boiled a little while, resulting in a fine quality of sirup, hardly distinguishable from the maple product.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Bargain at Ten Cents.

A horse was sold by the Sheriff at public auction in front of the court house and was bought by Flint Hendrix, the only bidder, at ten cents. The horse was the property of B. H. Morris, and was sold to satisfy a mortgage, amounting to about \$65. Mr. Hendrix afterward refused an offer of \$2.50 for his bargain, if such it might be considered.—Aiken (S. C.) Journal and Review.

A Foxy Fox.

The fox's reputation for smartness was well sustained by member of the tribe near Falmouth, Me., the other day. A couple of hounds and a hunter were after it, and the fox led the hounds to a frozen pond, and out on ice so thin that it just supported the fox, which escaped, while the hounds went through and were drowned.—New York Sun.

Returning to Old Customs.

California has gone back to mule teams for the transportation of freight just as in the old days before railroads were built. A regular line of big wagons, with six-mule teams, between Stockton and Fresno, has just been started, and it will connect at Stockton with steamers to and from San Francisco. The line has been started in opposition to the Southern Pacific railway, with the object of forcing down the rates. The experiment was made once before and successfully. The mule teams, in connection with the steamers can carry sugar, for instance, from San Francisco to Fresno for \$3 a ton less than the railway charges, and it is believed that a similar saving can be made on other freight. The merchants in the valley towns are interested in the project, and say that it is an everthing for their interests whether the railroad cuts down its rates or their freight is in future hauled by mule teams.

A Missionary Ship.

About a year ago a party of Seventh Day Adventists chartered the brigantine Pitcairn and started out with her from San Francisco on a missionary expedition in the South seas. Word of the vessel has just been received from Nukulofa, Aonga. The party had visited Tahiti, Rarotonga, Rurutu, Pitcairn and many other islands, stopping long enough at each one to distribute tracts and pamphlets and Bibles and to do missionary work in various ways. The vessel took to Pitcairn a number of the islanders who had been visiting San Francisco.

The Absence of It.

If there is any truth in the saying that happiness is the absence of all pain, mental and physical, the enjoyment of it can only be found in heaven. But so far as the physical is concerned, it is within easy reach at least measurably so, as far as a cure will go. The sum of human misery in this line is made up of greater or less degrees of physical suffering. The minor aches and pains which afflict mankind are easy to reach and as easily cured. There are none in the whole category, which, if taken in time, cannot be cured. They must in some form afflict the nerves, the bones, the muscles and joints of the human body. They are all more or less hurtful and wasteful to the system. St. Jacobs Oil is made to cure them, to search out hidden pin points, and to cure promptly in a true remedial and lasting way. Very many have not known happiness for years till they used it, and very many are putting off cure and happiness because they don't use it.

To be happy is of far less consequence to the worshippers of fashion than to appear so.

Hurray for Pennsylvania.

The farmers of Pennsylvania are to be congratulated. M. M. Luther, East Troy, Pa., grew over 200 bushels Salzer's Silver Mine Oats on one measured acre. Think of it! Now there are thirty thousand farmers going to try and beat Mr. Luther and win \$200 in gold! and they'll do it, in New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania and the east. Will you be one of them?

Then there is Silver King Barley, cropped on poor soil 116 bus. per acre in 1895. Isn't that wonderful—and corn 233 bus. and potatoes and grasses and clovers, fodder plants, etc., etc. Freight is cheap to New York and the east.

If you will cut this out and send it with 10c. postage to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue and ten packages grains and grasses, including above oats, free. (A.)

When the State is most corrupt, then the laws are most multiplied.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the real partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH GUERRE Sworn to before me and subscribed to in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1895.

A. W. GLASSCOCK,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A crowd always thinks with its sympathy never with its reason.

SINGERS AND ARTISTS GENERALLY are users of "Pearline's Bronchial Trochiscs" for Hoarseness and Throat Troubles. They afford instant relief.

Prodigality is the vice of a weak nature, an aversion is of a strong one.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Pearline's Cure for Consumption.—LOUISA LINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '94.

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

He who has health has hope, and he who has hope has everything.

Dr. Kilmor's SWAMP-ROOT cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and consultation free. Laboratory Birmingham, N.Y.

Fear nothing so much as sin and your moral heroism is complete.

A lesson in Cooking.

Two Cupfuls of Hecker's Self-Raising Buckwheat,
Two Cupfuls of Cold Water,
Stir a few times,
Bake on a hot griddle.

Takes about a Minute.

Hecker's BUCKWHEAT.

Millions now use Pearline

"Thrift is a Good Revenue." Great Saving Results From Cleanliness and

SAPOLIO

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR W. L. DOUGLAS'S \$3. SHOE BEGINS IN THE WORLD \$3.

If you pay \$4 to \$6 for shoes, examine the W. L. Douglas Shoe, and see what a good shoe you can buy for

OVER 100 STYLES AND WIDTHS, CONGRESS, BUTTON, and LACE, made in all kinds of the best selected leather by skilled workmen. We make and set more \$3 Shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. None genuine unless name and price is stamped on the bottom.

Ask your dealer for our \$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$3.00, \$2.50 shoes; \$2.00, \$1.50 and \$1.75 for boys.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to factory, enclosing price and 3 cents to pay carriage. State kind, style, color, toe (cap or plain), size and width. Our Custom Dept. will fill your order. Send for new illustrated Catalogue to Box R.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

LINEAL COLLAR

Reversible Collar Company, 10 Franklin St., New York, 8 Kilby St., Boston.

A Simple Collar and Pair of Cuffs by mail for 50c. Name, style and size. Address.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR COMPANY, 10 Franklin St., New York, 8 Kilby St., Boston.

THE AEROMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1.5 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than elsewhere. It makes pumping and hoisting, steel, galvanneal-steel, Compaqum Windmills, Tilted and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Huzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Drives. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish totally free of cost at 1/2 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

FREE 10c. trial package FLAG SALT. Safe, sure cure for HEADACHE, ALLERGIAS FLAG SALT CO., Savannah, N. Y.

OPIMUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 Days. Best cough Syrup, Tincture Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

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RIPANS TABULES

Mr. Wm. J. Carlton, of Elizabeth, N. J., says: "I consulted a physician in the country this summer where I was spending my vacation, about a chronic dyspepsia, with which I have been a good deal troubled. It takes the form of indigestion, the food I take not becoming assimilated. After prescribing for me I would have to be treated for several months with a mild laxative and corrective—something that would gradually bring back my normal condition without the violent action of drastic remedies. I recently sent to the Doctor (Dr. Thomas Cole, of Nazareth, Pa.) a box of Ripans Tablets, and wrote him what I understood the ingredients to be—rhubarb, ipecac, peppermint, aloes, and various salts. He writes back: 'I think the formula a very good one, and will no doubt just suit you.'"

Ripans Tablets are sold by druggists, or by mail at the price 50 cents a box, is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 13 Spruce St., New York, Sample Vial, 10 cents.

\$3 A DAY SURE. SEND your name and address to the publisher of this paper, and we will show you how to make \$3 a day, absolutely sure, no matter how much you work, and you will learn the business fully, remember, we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work, absolutely sure, write at once, D. T. BISHOP, Manager, Box 10, HARTFORD, BRITAIN.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Successor to PROSECUTES CLAIMS. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. Write for last year's adjudicating cases, 40c. sent.

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