A Very Common Want.

"Out of sorts," "distrait," "the blues," these are familiar appellatives for uncomfortable, undefinable sensations, accompanied with lassitude, nervousness, indigestion. Poverty of the blood, to remedy which an effective stomachic persistently used is the paramount need, is conclusive evidence that the system is insufficiently nourished because—and for no other cause where organic disease does not exist—the food is not assimilated. Re enforce the flagging energies of the stomach, reform an irregular condition of the bowels, keep up a healthful secretion of the bile with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. For over thirty years this popular medicine has supplied the common want of the nervous invalid, the dyspeptic and of persons deficient in vitality, an efficient tonic. To its power of imparting strength is attributable its efficacy as a preventive of malaria and is grippe. Thoroughly effective is it, too, for rheumatism, kidney complaint and neuralgia.

Greek as She Is Spoke.

In a letter to the Times "On Greek at the Universities," Sir George Bowen says: "I would venture to conclude with an appropriate anecdote which may help to enliven this somewhat dry subject. The late Bishop Wilberforce was wont to relate that at one of his ordinations he once had a candidate who was the son of an English merchant settled in Greece. When examined in the Greek Testament this gentleman pronounced in the Greek manner, which seemed strange to the Bishop, who exclaimed: 'Oh, Mr. ——, where did you learn Greek?' The trembling candidate faltered out, 'At Athens, my lord!' The Bishop added, 'I passed him without further question.'"—Toronto Globe.

PLEASANT, WHOLESOME, SPEEDY. Three adjectives that apply to HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS Cure in one Minute.

IT is figured that 37,000,000 babies are born each year in the world. This means about seventy each minute. A line of cradles containing them would stretch around the world.

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Something is lost when you use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's Catarrh. The worst cases yield to its mild, soothing, cleansing, and healing properties. No matter how bad your case, or of how long standing, you can be cured. Incurable cases are rare. It's worth $500 to you, if you have one. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Remedy are looking for them. They'll pay you that amount in cash, if they can't cure you. It's a plain square offer from a responsible business house, and they *mean* it. It seems too one-sided, too much of a risk. It would be—with any other medicine behind it. It only goes to prove what's been said: incurable cases are *rare*—with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

Other so-called remedies may *palliate* for a time; this *cures* for all time. By its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, it conquers the worst cases. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, smell or hearing, watering or weak eyes, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are.

Remedy sold by druggists, only 50 cents.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP-ROOT

TRADE MARK

Kidney, Liver and Bladder Cure.

The Great Specific for "Bright's disease," urinary troubles, kidney difficulties, and impure blood.

IF YOU have sediment in urine like brick dust, frequent calls or retention;

IF YOU have gravel, catarrh of the bladder, excessive desire, dribbling or stoppage of urine.

IF YOU have torpid liver, malaria, dropsy, fever and ague, gall stone, or gout;

IF YOU feel irritable, rheumatic, stitch in the back, tired or sleepless and all unstrung;

SWAMP-ROOT builds up quickly a run-down constitution, and makes the weak strong.

Guarantee- Use contents of One Bottle, if you are not benefited, Druggist will refund to you the price paid.

At Druggists, 50c. Size, $1.00 Size.

"Invalids' Guide to Health" sent free-Consultation free

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

1 CENT THE GREAT SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE. COUGH CURE. A DOSE.

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00. Travelers convenient pocket size 25c. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Price, 25c.

Common Soap

Rots Clothes and Chaps Hands.

IVORY SOAP

DOES NOT.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

HIS EXPERIENCE AT CHRIST'S BIRTHPLACE.

Immortal Masterpieces of Art Which Portray the Scenes of the Nativity—Mission of Children in the Scriptures—The Shepherds and Other Heroes.

Bethlehem Days.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's text was Luke ii, 16, "And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger."

The black window shutters of a December night were thrown open, and some of the best singers of a world where they all sing stood there, and putting back the drapery of cloud, chanted a peace anthem, until the echoes of hill and valley applauded and encored the Hallelujah chorus. Come, let us go into that Christmas scene as though we had never before worshipped at the manger. There is a Madonna worth looking at. I wonder not that the most frequent name in all lands and in all Christian centuries is Mary. And there are Marys in palaces and Marys in cabins, and though German and French and Italian and Spanish and English pronounce it differently, they are all namesakes of the one whom we find on a bed of straw, with her pale face against the soft cheek of Christ in the night of the Nativity. All the great painters have tried on canvas to present Mary and her child and the incidents of that most famous night of the world's history. Raphael, in three different masterpieces, celebrated them. Tintoretto and Ghirlandajo surpassed themselves in the adoration of the Magi. Correggio needed to do nothing more than his Madonna to become immortal. The Madonna of the Lily, by Leonardo da Vinci, will kindle the admiration of all ages. But all the galleries of Dresden are forgotten when I think of the small room of that gallery containing Sistine Madonna. Yet all of them were copies of St. Matthew's Madonna and Luke's Madonna, the inspired Madonna of the Old Book, which we had put into our hands when we were infants, and that we hope to have under our heads when we die.

Behold, in the first place, that on the first night of Christ's life God honored the brute creation. You cannot get into that Bethlehem barn without going past the camels, the mules, the dogs, the oxen. The brutes of that stable heard the first cry of the infant Lord. Some of the old painters represent the oxen and camels kneeling that night before the newborn babe. And well might they kneel! Have you ever thought that Christ came among other things to alleviate the sufferings of the brute creation? Was it not appropriate that He should during the first few days and nights of His life on earth, be surrounded by the dumb beasts, whose moan and plaint and bellowing have for ages been a prayer to God for the arresting of their tortures and the righting of their wrongs? It did not merely "happen so" that the unintelligent creatures of God should have been that night in close neighborhood.

Not a kennel in all the centuries, not a bird's nest, not a wornout horse on towpath, not a herd freezing in the poorly built cow pen, not a freight car in the summer time bringing the beeves to market without water through a thousand miles of agony, not a surgeon's room witnessing the struggles of fox or rabbit or pigeon or dog in the horrors of vivisection but has an interest in the fact that Christ was born in a stable, surrounded by brutes. He remembers that night, and the prayer He heard in their pitiful moan He will answer in the punishment of those who maltreat the dumb brutes. They surely have as much right in this world as we have. In the first chapter of Genesis you may see that they were placed on the earth before man was, the fish and fowl created the fifth day, and the quadrupeds the morning of the sixth day, and man not until the afternoon of that day. The whale, the eagle, the lion, and all the lesser creatures of their kind were predecessors of the human family. They have the world by right of possession. They have also paid rent for the places they occupied. What an army of defense all over the land are the faithful watchdogs. And who can tell what the world owes to the horse and camel and ox for transportation? And robin and lark have, by the cantatas with which they have filled orchard and forest, more than paid for the few grains they have picked up for their sustenance. When you abuse any creature of God you strike its Creator and you insult the Christ who, though He might have been welcomed into life by princes and taken His first infantile slumber amid Tyrian plush and canopied couches and rippling waters from royal aqueducts dripping into basins of ivory and pearl, chose to be born on the level with a cow's horn, or a camel's hoof, or a dog's nostril, that He might be the alleviation of animal suffering as well as the redeemer of man.

Standing, then, as I imagine now I do in that Bethlehem night, with an infant Christ on the one side and the speechless creatures of God on the other, I cry look out how you strike the rowel into that horse's side. Take off that curbed bit from that bleeding mouth. Remove that saddle from that raw back. Shoot not for fun that bird that is too small for food. Forget not to put water into the cage of that canary. Throw out some crumbs to those birds caught too far north in the winter's inclemency. Arrest that man who is making that one horse draw a load heavy enough for three. Rush in upon that scene where boys are torturing a cat or transfixing butterfly and grasshopper. Drive not off that old robin, for her nest is a mother's cradle, and under her wing there may be three or four musicians of the sky in training. In your families and in your schools teach the coming generation more mercy than the present generation has ever shown, and in this marvelous Bible picture of the Nativity, while you point out to them the angel, show them also the camel, and while they hear the celestial chant let them also hear the cow's moan. No more did Christ show interest in the botanical world when He said, "Consider the lilies," than He showed sympathy for the ornithological when He said, "Behold the fowls of the air," and the quadrupedal world when He allowed Himself to be called in one place a lion and in another place a lamb. Meanwhile may the Christ of the Bethlehem cattle pen have mercy on the suffering stockyards that are preparing diseased and fevered meat for our American households.

Behold, also, in this Bible scene, how on that Christmas night God honored childhood. Christ might have made His first visit to our world in a cloud, as He will descend on His next visit in a cloud. In what a chariot of illumined vapor He might have rolled down the sky, escorted by mounted cavalry, with lightning for drawn sword. Elijah had a carriage of fire to take him up; why not Jesus a carriage of fire to fetch Him down? Or over the arched bridge of a rainbow the Lord might have descended. Or Christ might have had His mortality built up on earth out of the dust of a garden, as was Adam, in full manhood at the start, without the introductory feebleness of infancy. No, no! Childhood was to be honored by that event. He must have a child's light limbs, and a child's dimpled hand, and a child's beaming eye, and a child's flaxen hair, and babyhood was to be honored for all time to come, and a cradle was to mean more than a grave. Mighty God! May the reflection of that one child's face be seen in all infantile faces.

Enough have all those fathers and mothers on hand if they have a child in the house. A throne, a crown, a scepter, a kingdom under charge. Be careful how you strike him across the head, jarring the brain. What you say to him will be centennial and millennial, and a hundred years and a thousand years will not stop the echo and re-echo. Do not say, "It is only a child." Rather say, "It is only an immortal." It is only a masterpiece of Jehovah. It is only a being that shall outlive sun and moon and star and ages quadrillennial. God has infinite resources, and He can give presents of great value, but when He wants to give the richest possible gift to a household He looks around all the worlds and all the universe and then gives a child. The greatest present that God ever gave our world He gave about eighteen hundred and ninety-one years ago, and He gave it on a Christmas night, and it was of such value that Heaven adjourned for a recess and came down and broke through the clouds to look at it. Yea, in all ages God has honored childhood. He makes almost every picture a failure unless there be a child either playing on the floor, or looking through the window, or seated on the lap, gazing into the face of the mother.

It was a child in Naaman's kitchen that told the great Syrian warrior where he might go and get cured of the leprosy, which at his seventh plunge in the Jordan was left at the bottom of the river. It was to the cradle of leaves, in which a child was laid, rocked by the Nile, that God called the attention of history. It was a sick child that evoked Christ's curative sympathies. It was a child that Christ set in the midst of the squabbling disciples to teach the lesson of humility. We are informed that wolf and leopard and lion shall be yet so domesticated that a little child shall lead them. A child decided Waterloo, showing the army of Blucher how they could take a short cut through the fields, when, if the old road had been followed, the Prussian general would have come up too late to save the destinies of Europe. It was a child that decided Gettysburg, he having overheard two Confederate generals in a conversation, in which they decided to march for Gettysburg, instead of Harrisburg, and this reported to Gov. Curtin, the Federal forces started to meet their opponents at Gettysburg. And to-day the child is to decide all the great battles, make all the laws, settle all the destinies and usher in the world's salvation or destruction. Men, women, nations, all earth and all Heaven, behold the child! Is there any velvet so soft as a child's cheek? If there any sky so blue as a child's eye? Is there any music so sweet as the child's voice? Is there any plume so wavy as a child hair?

Notice also that in this Bible night scene God honored science. Who are the three wise men kneeling before the Divine Infant? Not boors, not ignoramuses, but Caspar, Belthasar and Melchior, men who knew all that was to be known. They were the Isaac Newtons and Herschels and Faradays of their time. Their alchemy was the forerunner of our sublime chemistry, their astrology the mother of our magnificent astronomy. They had studied stars, studied metals, studied physiology, studied everything. And when I see these scientists bowing before the beautiful babe, I see the prophecy of the time when all the telescopes and microscopes and all the Leyden jars and all the electric batteries and all the observatories and all the universities shall bow to Jesus. It is much that way already. Where is the college that does not have morning prayers, thus bowing at the manger? Who have been the greatest physicians?

Omitting the names of the living lest we should be invidious, have we not had among them Christian men like our own Joseph C. Hutchinson and Rush and Valentine Mott and Abercrombie and Abernethy? Who have been our greatest scientists? Joseph Henry, who lived and died in the faith of the Gospels, and Agassiz, who, standing with his students among the hills, took off his hat and said, "Young gentlemen, before we study these rocks let us pray for wisdom to the God who made the rocks." To-day the greatest doctors and lawyers of Brooklyn and New York and of this land and of all the lands revere the Christian religion, and are not ashamed to say so before juries and legislatures and senates. All geology will yet bow before the Rock of Ages. All botany will yet worship the Rose of Sharon. All astronomy will yet recognize the Star of Bethlehem. And physiology and anatomy will join hands and say, "We must, by the help of God, get the human race up to the perfect nerve and perfect muscle and perfect brain and perfect form of that perfect child, before whom, nigh twenty hundred years ago, the wise men bent their tired knees in worship.

Behold also in that first Christmas night that God honored the fields. Come in, shepherd boys, to Bethlehem and see the child. "No," they say, we are not dressed good enough to come in." "Yes you are; come in." Sure enough, the storms and the night dew and the brambles have made rough work with their apparel, but none have a better right to come in. They were the first to hear the music of that Chrismas night. The first announcement of a Saviour's birth was made to those men in the fields. They were wiseacres that night in Bethlehem and Jerusalem snoring in deep sleep, and there were salaried officers of Government, who, hearing of it afterward, may have thought that they ought to have had the first news of such a great event, some one dismounting from a swift camel at their door and knocking till, at some sentinel's question, "Who comes there?" the great ones of the palace might have been told of the celestial arrival. No; the shepherds heard the first two bars of the music, the first in the major key and the last in the subdued minor. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Ah, yes; the fields were honored.

The old shepherds with plaid and crook have for the most part vanished, but we have grazing—our United States pasture, fields and prairie, about forty-five million sheep—and all their keepers ought to follow the shepherds of my text and all those who toil in fields, all vine dressers, all orchardists, all husbandmen. Not only that Christmas night, but all up and down the world's history God had been honoring the fields. Nearly all the messiahs of reform and literature and eloquence and law and benevolence have come from the fields. Washington from the fields. Jefferson from the fields. The presidential martyrs, Garfield and Lincoln, from the fields. Henry Clay from the fields. Daniel Webster from the fields. Martin Luther from the fields. Before this world is right the overflowing populations of our crowed cities will have to take to the fields.

Instead of ten merchants in rivalry as to who shall sell that one apple we want at least eight of them to go out and raise apples. Instead of ten merchants desiring to sell that one bushel of wheat we want at least eight of them to go out and raise wheat. The world wants now more hard hands, more bronzed cheeks, more muscular arms. To the fields! God honored them when He woke up the shepherds by the midnight anthem, and He will while the world lasts continue to honor the fields. When the shepherd's crook was that famous night stood against the wall of the Bethlehem khan, it was a prophecy of the time when the thasher's flail and farmer's plow and woodman's ax and ox's yoke and sheaf-binder's rake shall surrender to the God Who made the country, as man made the town

Behold, also, that on that Christmas night God honored motherhood. Two angels on their wings might have brought an infant Saviour to Bethlehem without Mary's being there at all. When the villagers, on the morning of December 26, awoke, by divine arrangement and in some unexplained way, the child Jesus might have been found in some comfortable cradle of the village. But no, no! Motherhood for all time was to be consecrated, and one of the tenderest relations to be the maternal relation, and one of the sweetest words "mother." In all ages God has honored good motherhood. John Wesley had a good mother, St. Bernard had a good mother, Samuel Budgett a good mother, Doddridge a good mother, Walter Scott a good mother, Benjamin West a good mother.

In a great audience, most of whom were Christians, I asked that all those who had been blessed of Christian mothers arise, and almost the entire assembly stood up. Don't you see how important it is that all motherhood be consecrated? Why did Titian, the Italian artist, when he sketched the Madonna, make it an Italian face? Why did Rubens, the German artist, in his Madonna, make it a German face? Why did Joshua Rynolds, the English artist, in his Madonna make it an English face? Why did Murillo, the Spanish artist, in his Madonna, make it a Spanish face? I never heard but I think they took their own mothers as the type of Mary, the mother of Christ? When you hear some one, in sermon or oration, speak in the abstract of a good, faithful, honest mother, your eyes fill up with tears while you say to yourself, "That was my mother."

The first word a child utters is apt to be "Mother," and the old man in his dying dream calls "Mother! mother!" It matters not whether she was brought up in the surroundings of a city, and in affluent home, and was dressed appropriately with reference to the demands of modern life, or whether she wore the old time cap and great round spectacles, and apron of her own make, and knit your socks with her own needles, seated by the broad fireplace, with great black logs ablaze on a winter night. It matters not how many wrinkles crossed and re-crossed her face, or how much her shoulders stooped with the burdens of a long life, if you painted a Madonna, hers would be the face. What a gentle hand she had when we were sick, and what a voice to sooth pain, and was there any one who could so fill up a room with peace and purity and light? And what sad day that was when we came home and she could greet us not, for her lips were forever still.

Come back, mother, this Christmas day and take your old place, and as ten or twenty or fifty years ago come and open the old Bible as you used to; read and kneel in the same place where you used to pray, and look upon us as of old, when you wished us a merry Christmas or a happy New Year. But no! That would not be fair to call you back. You had troubles enough and aches enough and bereavements enough while you were here. Tarry by the throne, mother, till we join you there, your prayers all answered, and in the eternal homestead of our God we shall again keep Christmas jubilee together. But speak from your thrones, all you glorified mothers, and say to all these, your sons and daughters, words of love, words of warning, words of cheer. They need your voice, for they have traveled far and with many a heartbreak since you left them, and you do well to call from the heights of Heaven to the valleys of earth: Hail, enthroned ancestry! We are coming. Keep a place right beside you at the banquet.

Slow footed years! More swiftly run
Into the gold of that unsetting sun;
Homesick we are for thee,
Calm land beyond the sea.

Girl Slaves in 'Frisco.

Slavery in the strongest and most literal sense of the word exists in the Californian metropolis, said a San Francisco man recently in an interview. The Federal Government knows it, but makes not the slightest effort to eradicate the evil. I refer to the hideous traffic in Chinese women. There are thousands of these women in San Francisco and, except the wives of a few of the higher-grade Chinamen, there is none who is not bought and paid for.

These slaves are brought into the United States on fraudulent certificates and several Americans holding official positions have at various times been arrested for complicity in the forgeries, but in every instance the matter has been hushed up. The girls are all young when brought over, ranging in age from ten to sixteen years.

The San Francisco slave-dealers have agents in China, who purchase the girls, paying from $500 to $1,000 each, according to the degree of attractiveness. Most of them are contracted for before arriving in this country, yet they will often be put up at auction in some secret den in the Chinese quarter and knocked down to the highest bidder.

All this would be bad enough if the girls were simply sold into slavery, but it is a fact that they are sold to masters who compel them to lead lives of shame in order that their gains may be increased. The awful truths of Chinatown depravity may some time be told.

A Nailless Horseshoe.

The latest form of the nailless horseshoe can be secured firmly to the hoof without either nails or screws. It is provided with slipping plates or fingers, which project upward at an inclination from the base of the shoe, which latter is open at the back, the opening being bridged by a clamping screw. The shoe is applied to the hoof, and the flanges are dressed down upon it. The screw at the back is then operated to bind the shoe firmly to the hoof. Split or cracked hoofs are thus done away with. The shoes can be put on in the morning and taken off at night, thereby resting and cooling the hoofs.

Too Slow.

Monsieur Calino was ordered by his physician to take a drive of an hour each day, and having no horse of his own, he called a cabman for the purpose.

One day he signalled a cabman, and got in for his daily drive. The horse started up at a painfully slow gait.

"Hold on!" said Calino to the driver. "I must get another cab. It would take me all day to ride an hour with such a slow plug as that!"

Where to Find It.

Experiments in London show that the atmosphere is the purest about thirty or forty feet above the street.

Not Wholly Complimentary.

A certain Mrs. Malaprop, who lives in a large Eastern city, is noted for her skill in unconsciously embarrassing other people, while she herself remains perfectly at ease. Not long ago she was introduced to two sisters, young ladies who had long been known to her by name, though she had never met them.

"Now, my dears," she said, addressing them collectively, with her usual bland smile, and regarding them earnestly through her glasses, "I have often heard of the bright and the handsome Miss Ratcliffe. Now, I am so glad to meet you both, and I want you to tell me at once which of you is the bright and which the handsome one!"

On another occasion she was dining with her nephew and his young wife, who had just set up housekeeping. The dinner did not go off quite so smoothly as the young couple had hoped, and the cooking was by no means perfect. The hostess unwisely began to murmur apologies, and her husband joined in, half-laughing, with references to his wife's youth and inexperience.

"Don't say another word, my dear children," interrupted their kind-hearted guest. "I can assure you I've eaten a great deal worse dinners than this in the course of my life; a great deal worse. Yes," she added, meditatively, "I've eaten some pretty bad dinners, you may be sure!"

No Mean Foot.

A reporter saw a shoe at the store of the Cowles Mercantile Company this morning, made for a member of the fair sex, that for size caps the climax. The shoe is No. 23 and measures sixteen inches in length. Now, kind reader, don't jump at the conclusion that this is merely a ballroom slipper belonging to some Butler young lady. It isn't. Neither was it manufactured for Sam Oldham's best girl—in fact, for none of the fair daughters of our favored city. The shoe was made for the famed Miss Ella Ewing of Fairmount, Mo., who is only 18 years old and whose weight is 325 pounds. Her height is 7 feet and 10 inches, and she is said to be a robust sample of our Missouri maidens.—Rich Hill (Mo.) Review.

The Last Division.

Teacher—If your mother should wish to give each one an equal amount of meat, and there should be eight in the family, how many pieces would she cut.

Class—Eight.

Teacher—Correct. Now each piece would be one-eighth of the whole, remember that.

Class—Yes'm.

Teacher—Suppose each piece were cut again, what would result?

Smart Boy—Sixteenths.

Teacher—Correct. And if cut again?

Boy—Thirty-seconds.

Teacher—Correct. Now suppose we should cut each of the thirty-two pieces again, what would result?

Little Girl—Hash.—Street & Smith's Good News.

Deafness Can't Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed, you have a rumbling sound, or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Slight Mistake.

A noted English bishop had for years nursed the fear that he would some day become paralyzed. On one occasion, at a dinner, he suddenly interrupted the guests at table by exclaiming that his worst fears had been realized at last; that he was paralysed in his right leg; that he had been pinching his thigh for some moments, and was unable to detect the slightest feeling. A lady sitting next to him assured him that he was mistaken, for it was her leg he had been pinching instead of his, the silk of the lady's dress being difficult to detect from the silk of the bishop's robe. He was cured.

A Prominent G. A. R. Man.

Ever since I came out of the Army in '63 I had been in poor health, suffering from Kidney and Liver Complaint. Swamp-Root did me more good than all the medicines I had ever taken. At present am feeling better than for years.

It is the best medicine on earth.

W. SPENCER, 30th Ind. Inf., Elkhart, Ind.

Mrs. Scrimp's Gardening.

Old Friend—Did you have much of a garden this year?

Mrs. Scrimp (of Scrimpville)—No, it didn't amount to much. In the spring I gave a grand garden digging tournament, the young man who dug the most to have the pick of the girls for the evening, and it worked very well, but it cost me 'most two dollars for refreshments. Then I had a planting bee, and that wasn't so expensive, only the planting wasn't half done. Later on I tried to get up a weeding festival, but somehow the young folks sort o' lost interest, and I gave up gardening in disgust. — New York Weekly.

THROAT DISEASES commence with a Cough, Cold or Sore Throat. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

THE price asked of the Southeastern railway for a strip of land in Bermondsey, England, sixteen feet deep, comprising an area of 4,000 feet, was at the rate of $65,000,000 an acre. The railway people couldn't see it.

DON'T fool with indigestion nor with a disordered liver, but take Beecham's Pills for immediate relief. 25 cents a box.

GEAUGA COUNTY is the only county in Ohio in which there is no place where intoxicating liquor is sold as a beverage.

An hour glass is made smallest in the middle. It shows the waist of time.

SOME of the actresses do not draw, but all of them paint.

Special Care

Should be taken in the winter not to allow the blood to become depleted or impure, as it it does attacks of

Rheumatism

or neuralgia are likely to follow exposure to cold or wet weather. Hood's Sarsaparilla is an excellent preventive of these troubles, as it makes the blood rich and pure, and keeps the kidneys and liver from congestion, so liable at this season. If you are subject to rheumatic troubles, take Hood's Sarsaparilla as a safeguard, and we believe you will be perfectly satisfied with its effects.

"For chronic rheumatism

Hood's Sarsaparilla

did me more good than anything else I have ever taken." F. MILLER, Limerick Centre, Pa.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

Why continue the use of remedies that only relieve, when Ely's Cream Balm, pleasant of application and a sure cure for Catarrh and cold in the head, can be had.

I had a severe attack of catarrh and became so deaf I could not hear common conversation. I suffered terribly from roaring in my head. I procured a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, and in three weeks could hear as well as ever, and now I can say to all who are afflicted with the worst of diseases, catarrh, take Ely's Cream Balm and be cured. It is worth $1,000 to any man, woman, or child suffering from catarrh.—A. E. Newman, Grayling, Mich.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is Quickly Absorbed. **Gives Relief at once.** Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

PROF. HUXLEY'S food table tells how many grains per day each average man of 154-pound weight should consume of solid food. Of lean beefsteak he should have 5,000 grains; bread, 6,000 grains; milk, 7,000 grains; potatoes, 3,000 grains; butter, 600 grains, and water, 22,000 grains. A man of the weight mentioned above will have 68 pounds of muscles and and their appurtenances; his bones will weigh 24 pounds; skin, 10½ pounds; fat, 28 pounds; brain, 3 pounds; thoracic viscera, 3½ pounds; abdominal viscera, 11 pounds; blood, 7 pounds.

The Magnetic Mineral Mud Baths,

Given at the Indiana Mineral Springs, Warren County, Indiana, on the Wabash Line, attract more attention to-day than any other health resort in this country.

Hundreds of people suffering from rheumatism, kidney trouble, and skin diseases, have been cured within the last year by the wonderful magnetic mud and mineral water baths. If you are suffering with any of these diseases, investigate this, nature's own remedy, at once. The sanitarium buildings, bath-house, water works, and electric light plant, costing over $150,000, just completed, open all the year round.

Write at once for beautiful illustrated printed matter, containing complete information and reduced railroad rates. Address F. Chandler, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis Mo., or H. L. Kramer, General Manager of Indiana Mineral Springs, Indiana.

TURNER valued one of the pictures painted by him so highly that he always declared that he would be wrapped in it when he was buried. One day, he asked Chantrey, the sculptor, if, as his executor, he would carry out his wishes on that point. "No doubt," he bluntly answered, "I shall bury you rolled up in your picture, if it is one of the conditions of your will; and take you up the next day and unroll you."

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word?

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true of each new one appearing each week from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word, and they will return you BOOK, BEAUTIFULL LITHOGRAPHS, OR SAMPLES FREE.

THE tomato was originally supposed to have a peculiar effect upon the spleen—to make sour people of lovely disposition—and for this reason it was known to the ancient Spaniards as the love apple, by which name it is still known in many English speaking countries. The word tomato is derived from the original Latin word amo, to love, although we use it now as a Spanish derivative, tomato being a Spanish expression.

HOW ABOUT THE PRUDENCE of allowing a Cough to run on, rasping the Pulmonary and Bronchial organs, when that approved and speedy remedy, Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, can be obtained from any Apothecary.

"DO YOU want some nice pork, sir?" said a butcher to an Irishman, who was intently regarding a side of a hog, which hung outside the door. "No, sorr! Oi was only woondherin' whin ye was goin' to kill the other half o' that pig."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

THE name Bridget is from the Celtic, meaning strength. The name is found in the French, Spanish, and Italian, as well as the English language, though varying from the common Irish form.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebrity, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities, and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5.

Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

THE SMALLEST PILL IN THE WORLD!

TUTT'S TINY LIVER PILLS

have all the virtues of the larger ones; equally effective; purely vegetable. Exact size shown in this border.

PILES ANAKESIS gives instant relief, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Price, $1; at druggists or by mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, NEW YORK CITY.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

PATENTS! 50-page book free. W. T. FITZGERALD, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PILES INSTANT RELIEF. Cure in 15 days. Never returns. No purge. No Salve. No suppository. REMEDY MAILED FREE. Address J. H. REEVES, Box 2836, New York City, N.Y.

"August Flower"

What Is It For? This is the query perpetually on your little boy's lips. And he is no worse than the bigger, older, balder-headed boys. Life is an interrogation point. "What is it for?" we continually cry from the cradle to the grave. So with this little introductory sermon we turn and ask: "What is AUGUST FLOWER FOR?" As easily answered as asked: It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver. Nothing more than this; but this brimful. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. Twenty years ago it started in a small country town. To-day it has an honored place in every city and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country and sells everywhere. Why is this? The reason is as simple as a child's thought. It is honest, does one thing, and does it right along—it cures Dyspepsia.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC

TRADE MARK

THE ONLY TRUE

Will purify BLOOD, regulate KIDNEYS, remove LIVER disorder, build strength, restore appetite, restore health and vigor of youth. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, that tired feeling absolutely eradicated. Mind brightened, brain power increased, bones, nerves, muscles, receive new force.

LADIES suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex, using it, find a safe, speedy cure. Returns rose bloom on cheeks, beautifies Complexion.

Sold everywhere. All genuine goods bear "Crescent." Send us 2 cent stamp for 32-page pamphlet.

DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, the most noted physician of England, says that more than half of all diseases come from errors in diet.

Send for Free Sample of Garfield Tea to 319 West 45th Street, New York City.

GARFIELD TEA Overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores Complexion; cures Constipation.

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ONE DAY WILL ALREADY HAVE SHOWN THEIR EFFECTIVENESS

RHEUMATIC AND GOUT PILLS. A SURE CURE

For the more obstinate cases of Rheumatism, Gout and Neuralgia. For sale by all druggists. Sent by Mail, Price, 50 cts. CEANOTHINE M'f'g Co., Wooster, Ohio.

GRIND YOUR OWN Bone, Meat, Oyster Shells, Graham Flour and Corn, in the $5 HAND MILL (Patent), 100 per cent. more made in keeping Poultry. Also POWER MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS. Circulars and testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS., EASTON, PA.

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Mrs. Alice Maple, Oregon, Mo., writes: "My weight was 320 pounds, now it is 156, a reduction of 164 lbs." For circulars address, with 6c. Dr. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

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Dr. Wilson's Pastils, used by eminent physicians. Write for Circular Free. Sample box, 50 cents.

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