



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

RIPANS TABULES

Mrs. Margaret Treadwell, of Millburn, Long Island, in an interview had with her on the 24th day of May, 1895, said: "Two years ago I had the Grippe, and since then I have never been real smart. Nothing that I ate seemed to set well on my stomach. I ain't been much of a hand for doctoring, but I tried different kinds of herb teas, but they didn't seem to do much good—Catnip was the best, but I got kind of set against that. One day a lady asked me if I would try some of her medicine—Ripans Tabules she called them. They seemed harmless-like, and Richard he took some too, and whatever they are made of I don't know, but they beat all the herb teas, and we ain't felt so well in years. We work on the farm all day now and eat our three regular meals, and all kinds of victuals seems to agree with us. My advice is, don't bother with herb teas when you can get these Ripans Tabules, and don't hesitate, as I did, about taking them. They won't hurt you."

(Signed)

"MRS. MARGT TREADWELL."

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (50 cents a box) is sent to the Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York. Sample mail 10 cents.

DENISON JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U. S. Patent Bureau. Syrup that war, to adjudicating claims, city since

SORE EYES Dr. ISAAC THOMPSON'S EYE WATER

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

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief for ASTHMA. by mail. Stowell & Co., Lancaster, Mass.

C. N. U. No. 4-96

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper.

Absolutely Pure-Delicious-Nutritious.

The Breakfast Cocoa
MADE BY
WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED
DORCHESTER, MASS.

COSTS LESS THAN ONE CENT A CUP.
NO CHEMICALS.

ALWAYS ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
WALTER BAKER & CO'S. BREAKFAST COCOA
MADE AT DORCHESTER, MASS. IT BEARS
THEIR TRADE MARK *LA BELLE CHOCOLATIERE*
ON EVERY CAN.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

Your
Neighbor's
Wife
Likes
SANTA CLAUS SOAP
Says it saves time—saves money—makes overwork unnecessary. Tell your wife about it. Your grocer sells it.
Made only by
The N. K. Fairbank Company, Chicago.

How's This!
We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We the undersigned have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transaction, and financially able to carry out any obligation he made by WEST & TRUAN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARYN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Certain thoughts are thoughts. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.—Hugo.

"Rock Island" Playing Cards.

These popular cards are again for sale at 10 cents per pack, and thousands are buying them. They are the slickest card you ever handled, and 10 cents in stamps or coin per pack will secure one or more packs.

If money order, draft or stamps for five packs is received (viz., 50 cents) we will send them by express, charges paid. Orders for single packs are sent by mail, postpaid.

If you want each pack to contain an elegant engraved whilst rules, remit with your order 2 cents extra per pack. Address JNO. SEBASTIAN, G. P. A., Chicago.

A Trip to the Garden Spots of the South.

On January 28, February 11 and March 10, tickets will be sold from principal cities, towns and villages of the North, to all points on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Florida and a portion of Kentucky, at one single fare for the round trip. Tickets will be good to return within thirty days and will allow stop-over at any points on the south-bound trip. Ask your ticket agent about it, and if he cannot sell you excursion tickets write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or J. K. Ridgely, N. W. P. A., Chicago, Ill.

Three through sleeping car lines to Florida daily via the Queen and Crescent Route.

The sugar maples of the United States yielded in 1893 3,220,000 pounds.

As the name indicates, Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is a renewer of the hair, including its growth, health, youthful color and beauty. It will please you.

The New Orleans Limited, via the Queen and Crescent Route, makes the trip Cincinnati to New Orleans in 24 hours, 90 miles shortest line.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the best medicine for that disease I have ever used.—L. C. Johnston, Iola, Texas, June 24th, 1891.

The cochineal insects furnish the gorgeous carmine, crimson, scarlet, orange and purple lakes.

The Queen and Crescent is the only line operating a through sleeper to Florida via Asheville, N. C. Three car lines daily to Florida. Unequalled service.

In nine cases out of ten, the man who has riches pays too much for them.

Throat Troubles. To allay the irritation that induces coughing, use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." A simple and safe remedy.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to one-half. It manufactures houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than any other. It is made of Cast Iron, Cast and Gared, Steel, Galvanized-iron, Competition Windmills, Tilting Windmills, First Steel, Steel, Cast Iron, Frame, Saws, Feed Cutters, and Food Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st, 1894, for \$1.00. It is a good investment. Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

\$50 A WEEK AGENTS
Local or traveling. Ladies, gentle, and
National. **JOHN W. MORRIS**, Washington,
D. C. **Successively Prosecutes Claims.**
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Patent Bureau.
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ALONE IN LIFE.

Some of Us Must Be Content to Be Helpers.

A visitor to a woolen mill in a manufacturing town was impressed by the order with which the great bodies of men and women were drilled to perform their separate tasks. There was no jarring or confusion. Each class fulfilled its especial duty. The owner of the mill named each division of workers to his guest, and the wages paid to them.

Presently the stranger saw a woman standing apart, idle but watchful. A boy at the bobbins held up his hand. She hurried to him, and took his place while he went out. When he came back she stood again, watching. A weaver at a hand loom tangled his thread. She patiently unravelled the knot. She kept tally for a clerk who was counting packages of finished work. She tied a broken thread here, or picked out a flaw there.

"What is that woman?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, only a supply," was the careless answer. "She is general helper. The looms must not stop. She is ready to help any worker who needs help."

"But she has nothing to show as her work on Saturday night?"

"No. But she is paid her wages. She earns them," said the owner of the mill, significantly.

The stranger, when he had left the great mill, thought that the world in these later days was not unlike such an establishment. A great deal of good work is done in it, and done usually by drilled workers, who move together. Every profession and trade has its organization; there are countless busy guilds and clubs, artistic, charitable and religious.

But here and there is a lonely woman, who has not even family ties. She is an invalid, or poor and single. Possibly she is the grandmother, whose companions have died and left her stranded in a young, gay world. Or she is the maiden aunt, who is asked to make long visits in the houses of her kinsfolk, and who nurses, or cooks, or sews for them without wages, and sometimes without thanks.

Or she is the elder sister, who still feels herself young, but who is at home when picnics or parties are given. These women will never, perhaps, belong to any large class of workers. They always will be "supplies." They are ordered to give a helpful touch here, or a word there, that the looms may not stop. They will have nothing, perhaps, to show as their own work at the end.

But they will have earned their wages, and will be paid them by him who "came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give His life a ransom for many."—Youth's Companion.

An Editor's Life.

One of the beauties and charms of an editor's life is in his dead-heading it on all occasions. No one who has ever tasted of the sweets of that bliss can begin to take in its glory and its happiness. He does \$200 worth of advertising for a railroad, gets a "pass" for a year; rides \$25 worth; and then he is looked upon as dead-head or half-blown dead-beat. He "puffs" a concert troupe \$10 worth and gets \$1 in "compliments," and is thus passed "free." If the hall is crowded he is begrimed by the room he occupies, for if his complimentaries were paying tickets the troupe would be so much in pocket. He blows and puffs a church festival free, to any desired extent, and does the poster printing at half rates, and rarely gets a "thank you" for it. It goes as part of his duty as an editor. He does more work gratuitously for the town and community than all the rest of the population put together, and gets cursed for it all, while in many instances a man who donates a few dollars to a Fourth of July, baseball club, or a church, is gratefully remembered. Oh, it is a sweet thing to be an editor; he passes "free," you know.—Texas Siftings.

No More Bleached Oysters.

There has been no recurrence this season of the fad for white oysters which prevailed last fall and winter in New York City. The bivalves, bleached to a silvery whiteness, presented a very pleasing picture, but it leaked out that in order to produce this effect the oysters were thrown into fresh water, where they sickened and died. It was also said that a weak solution of sulphuric acid accelerated the bleaching process.

Fulton market wholesalers, jealous of the good name of New York oysters, set themselves against the bleaching process and declared that such oysters should be classed as diseased and should be confiscated wherever found by the officers of the health department. Uptown dealers, in the face of this opposition, have returned to the service of blue points in their natural dark hues.—New York World.

In Burmah.

Destitution is almost unknown in Burmah, the wants of life in the temperate climate of that country being more easily satisfied than in the colder countries of Northern Europe. A young Burmese couple can start life with a knife and a cooking-pot. The universal bamboo supplies materials for building the house, lighting the fire, carrying the water from the well, and may even help to compose the dinner itself. The wife is usually prepared to take a share in supporting the household, and thus she has gradually acquired a position of independence not always enjoyed by married women elsewhere.

Hungry to Celebrate.

Hungry is to celebrate next year the millennium of its existence as a State. A thousand years of national existence is what few countries can boast.

HE WAS A "JINER."

Peculiar Ground Advanced to Secure a Divorce.

"Anon" sends the following story to the Republican accompanied by a sworn statement to the effect that it is a true narrative. The characters are, of course, unknown to us, and the moral ditto, the story being presented for the light it throws upon a queer phase of modern life that is not unknown in this city. We proceed with the manuscript of "Anon."

She was about forty-five years old, well dressed, had black hair, rather thin and tinged with gray, and eyes in which gleamed the fires of a determination not easily balked. She walked into the office of a well-known law firm in Court Square Theater Building and requested a private audience with Mr. C. H. Haynes obtained it and satisfied herself that the law students were not listening at the keyhole, she said slowly, solemnly and impressively:

"I want a divorce!"

"What for? I supposed you had one of the best of husbands," said Mr. C.

"I suppose that's what everybody thinks, but if they knew what I have suffered for many years, they'd wonder I hadn't scalded him long ago. I ought to, but for the sake of the young ones I've borne it and said nothing. I've told him, though, what he might depend on, and now the time's come. I won't stand it, young ones or no young ones. I'll have a divorce, and if the neighbors want to blab themselves hoarse about it they can, for I won't stand it another day."

"But what's the matter? Doesn't your husband provide for you? Doesn't he treat you kindly?" pursued Mr. C.

"We got victuals enough, and I don't know but he's as true and kind as men in general, and he's never knocked any of us down. I wish he had; then I'd get him into jail and know where he was nights," retorted the woman.

"Then what is your complaint against him?"

"Well, if you must know, he's one of them plaguey jiners."

"A jiner—one of them pesky fools that's always jining something. There can't be nothing come along that's dark and sly and hidden but he jines it. If anybody should get up a society to burn my house down, he'd jine it just as soon as he could get in; and if he had to pay for it, he'd go all the sudden."—Springfield Republican.

Did Not Do a Thing to Hutch.

One of the biggest corners Hutch engineered, in the fall of 1888, was partly the result of an accident. He was on the board, trading in his rough and ready style, and soon found he was getting well loaded with wheat. On leaving the room he heard his name mentioned and caught a sentence to this effect:

"And then we won't do a thing to Hutch."

There were two men in the conversation and Hutch noted them and passed on.

Hutch then started in to buy all the wheat in sight. He explained to a friend afterward he was actuated simply by a desire to "force those two men to make good." He kept quietly at work until five days before the end of the month. Then he pushed wheat up 5 cents. The next day he jumped it 20 cents. Most of the crowd who were in the scheme to "do" him settled at this figure. The next day there was no material change, but the fourth day there was another boost, and wheat reached 160. Hutch sent word to those of the opposition who were left that they could settle at that price, but the two he was after were left to be the victims of the final stab, when wheat reached the \$2 mark.

Thus history was made because two men chanced to think and say that they could run down B. P. Hutchinson.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Lunch Astray.

At Middlesborough recently two boys were playing in the street late at night, when there came from the farther side a voice calling "Willie, Willie, quick come." One of the boys, thinking it was some one who knew him, crossed over, when, from out of the darkness, came two hands, thrusting into his something soft, hot and very uncomfortable to touch. "Good-bye, kiss me," said a voice. A pretty face was put forward, a scream and down the area steps disappeared a cook. Going to the next lamp, Willie opened the mysterious packet. It was a pile of delicious-looking pancakes. How Willie used to laugh when he told us how that poor policeman lost his supper that night!—London Telegraph.

Made His Father Disgore.

General Skobeleff, the famous Russian soldier was a notorious son. His father happened to be a general also. Skobeleff Sr. took care of his wordy goods, while Skobeleff Jr. had no regard for money—that is, when he had any. So long as the son's superior in rank things went all right for the father, but when the son was promoted over the father's head there came a sad change. Whenever his mortal progenitor refused to give him money Skobeleff Jr. threatened to order the poor old man under arrest, and sometimes did not hesitate to execute his threat, despite the prayers and tears of the unlucky parent. He always had money henceforth.

"But you surely owe something to your fellow man," said the genial citizen to the person who sneers at holidays. "I know it," was the reply. "But I won't be able to tell just how much till the bills for my wife's Christmas shopping come in!"—Washington Star.

Watts—Statesman Witts says he never pays any attention to the papers, Potts—So? I wonder how he gets hold of all his jokes?—Indianapolis Journal.

Don't allow yourself to trifle with a Cold, and so encourage the development of some latent Pulmonary and Bronchial disease, which often ends fatally. You had better cure your Cold or Cold by promptly resorting to Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, an old-time remedy for all Coughs, Lung and Throat affections.

The chateau of Amboise, one of the properties of the Comte de Paris, sold recently, was purchased by the Duke d'Aumale for the purpose of making it a asylum for old soldiers.

The Florida Limited, of the Queen and Crescent Route, leaves Cincinnati to-morrow at 8 a. m. gets to Jacksonville to-morrow morning at same hour. It is a solid vestibule train, 103 miles shortest line.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle free. To Dr. Kline, 361 Arch St., Philadelphia.

Mrs. Wins