

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

The surgeon from the Canadian sturgeon fisheries is exported to Europe to be made into caviare.

Five Cents.
Everybody knows that Dobbin's Electric Soap is the best in the world, and for 33 years it has sold at the highest price. Its price is now 5 cents, same as common brown soap. Bars full of suds and quality. Order of grocer. Ad.

The desert of Sahara is as large as all that portion of the United States lying west of the Mississippi.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The entire collection of coins and medals in the British Museum consists of nearly 230,000 specimens.

Conductor E. D. Loomis, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The exports of gold from British Guiana have risen from 250 ounces in 1884 to 137,000 ounces in 1897.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

In 1890 the United States had only sixteen cement factories, while there are now thirty.

"I'm So Tired!"
As tired in the morning as when I go to bed! Why? Simply because your blood is in such a poor, thin, sluggish condition it does not keep up your strength and you do not get the benefit of your sleep. To feel strong and keep strong try the tonic and purifying effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Our word for it, 'I will do you good.'

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is America's Greatest Medicine.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.

The bombardment of Atlanta.
When Sherman bombarded Atlanta for forty days and fired hundreds of shells into the city, comparatively few citizens were killed. The fortifications of the city were common earthworks of red clay, and it is said they were about as good after the siege as they were before the first gun was fired. The shot and shell poured into these banks of dirt seemed to make them bigger and more indestructible. The first shell fell in Atlanta July 20, 1864, and killed a little child. During the first few days the shells terrified the people, but after a week or so even the women became accustomed to them. A number of casualties followed, one shell exploding in a funeral procession, scattering four coffins and dispersing the mourners; another burst in the market-house, but did not injure any of the thirty people present. During the bombardment hundreds of stores kept open all the time, the newspapers came out as usual, and the streets were crowded with people; yet in the entire six weeks there were less than one hundred persons killed in the city.—San Francisco Argonaut.

THEY WANT TO TELL
These Grateful Women Who Have Been Helped by Mrs. Pinkham.

Women who have suffered severely and been relieved of their ills by Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine are constantly urging publication of their statements for the benefit of other women. Here are two such letters:

Mrs. LIZZIE BEVERLY, 258 Merrimac St., Lowell, Mass., writes:
"It affords me great pleasure to tell all suffering women of the benefit I have received from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I can hardly find words to express my gratitude for what she has done for me. My trouble was ulceration of the womb. I was under the doctor's care. Upon examination he found fifteen very large ulcers, but he failed to do me good. I took several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, also used the Sanative Wash, and am cured. Mrs. Pinkham's medicine saved my life, and I would recommend it to all suffering women."
Mrs. AMOS TROMBLEY, Ellenburgh Ctr., N. Y., writes:
"I took cold at the time my baby was born, causing me to have milk legs, and was sick in bed for eight weeks. Doctors did me no good. I surely thought I would die. I was all so troubled with falling of the womb. I could not eat, had faint spells as often as ten times a day. One day a lady came to see me and told me of the benefit she had derived from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's medicine, and advised me to try it. I did so, and had taken only half a bottle before I was able to sit in a chair. After taking three bottles I could do my own work. I am now in perfect health."

PILES
"I suffered the tortures of the damned with protruding piles brought on by constipation which which I was afflicted for twenty years. I ran across your CASCARETS in the town of Newell, Ia., and never found anything to equal them. To-day I am entirely free from piles and feel like a new man."
C. H. KERR, Hill Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 50c. 25c. 10c.

CURE CONSTIPATION.
Selling Everywhere, Chicago, Boston, New York, 233 Broadway.

NO-TO-BAC guaranteed by all druggists to cure tobacco habit.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.
SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "Woman Wronged"—Lessons Drawn From the Conduct of Yashti, the Veiled—The Glory of Those Who Staunch the Battle Wounds, As Florence Nightingale Did.

Text: "Bring Yashti, the queen, before he king with the crown royal, to show the people and the princes her beauty: for she was fair to look upon. But the queen Yashti refused to come."—Esther 1, 11, 12.

We stand amid the palaces of Shushan, the pinnacles are aflame with the morning light. The columns rise festooned and wreathed; the wealth of empires flashing from the groves; the ceilings adorned with images of bird and beast, and scenes of prowess and conquest. The walls are hung with shields, and emblazoned until it seems that the whole round of splendors is exhausted. Each arch is a mighty leaf of architecture, achievement. Golden stars shining down on glowing arabesque hangings of embroidered work in which mingle the blueness of the sky, the greenness of the grass and the whiteness of the sea-foam. Tapestries hung on silver rings, wedding together the pillars of marble. Pavilions reaching out in every direction. These for repose, filled with luxuriant couches, in which weary limbs sink until all fatigue is submerged. Those for carousal where kings drink down a kingdom at one swallow. Amazing spectacle! Lichs of silver dipping down over stairs of ivory, on shields of gold. Floors of stained marble, sunset red and night black, and inlaid with gleaming pearl. In connection with this palace there is a garden, where the mighty men of foreign lands are seated at a banquet. Under the spread of oak and linden and acacia the tables are arranged. The breath of honeysuckle and frankincense fills the air. Fountains leap up into the light, the spray struck through with rainbows falling into crystalline baptism upon lowering shrubs—then rolling down through channels of marble, and widening out here and there into pools swirling with the finny tribes of foreign aquaria, bordered with scarlet anemones, hypericums, and many-colored ranunculi. Meats of rarest birds and beasts, smoking amid wreaths of aromatics. The vessels filled with apricots and almonds. The baskets piled up with apricots and figs and oranges and pomegranates. Melons tastefully twined with leaves of acacia. The banquet table is laden with the fruits and dainties of the world, and the wine is dropping outside the rim in flashing beads amid the traseries. Wine from the royal rats of Ispahan and Shiraz, in bottles of linged shell, and lily-shaped cups of silver, and fagons and tankards of solid gold. The music rises higher and the revelry breaks out into wild transport, and the wine has flushed the cheek and touched the brain, and louder than all other voices are the hicough of the inebriates, the gabble of fools, and the song of the drunkards.

In another part of the palace Queen Yashti is entertaining the Princess of Persia at a banquet. Drunken Ahasuerus says to his servants: "You go and fetch Yashti from that banquet with the women, and bring her to this banquet with the men, and let me display her beauty." The servants immediately start to obey the king's command; but there was a rule in Oriental society that no woman might appear in public without having her face veiled. Yet here was a mandate that no one dare dispute, demanding that Yashti come unveiled before the multitude. However, there was in Yashti's soul a principle more regal than Ahasuerus, more brilliant than the gold of Shushan, more wealth than the realm of Persia, which commanded her to obey this order of the king; and so all the righteousness and holiness and modesty of her nature rise up into one sublime refusal. She says: "I will not go into the banquet unveiled." Ahasuerus was infuriated; and Yashti, robbed of her position and her estate, is driven forth in poverty and ruin to suffer the scorn of a nation, and yet to receive the applause of another generation, who shall rise up to admire this martyr to kingly insolence. Well, the last vestige of that feast is gone; the last garland has faded; the last arch has fallen; the last tankard has been destroyed; and the world stands there with its millions of men and women, familiar with the Bible, who will come into this picture gallery of Yashti the queen, Yashti the veiled, Yashti the sacrificed, Yashti the silent.

In the first place, I want you to look upon Yashti the queen. A blue ribbon, rayed with white, drawn around her forehead, indicated her queenly position. It was no small honor to be queen in such a realm as that; Hark to the rustle of her robes! See the blaze of her jewels! Let it be not necessary to have place and regal robe in order to be queenly. When I see a woman with stout faith in God, putting her foot upon all meanness and selfishness and goddess display, going in the name of Christ and in the name of a grand and glorious service, I say: "That woman is a queen," and the ranks of Heaven look over the battlements upon the coronation; and whether she comes up from the shanty on the commons or the mansion of the fashionable square, I greet her with the shout, "All hail, Queen Yashti!"

What glory was there on the brow of Mary of Scotland, or Elizabeth of England, or Margaret of France, or Catherine of Russia, compared with the worth of some of our Christian mothers, many of them gone into glory? or that woman mentioned in the Scriptures, who put her all into the Lord's treasury? or of Jephthah's daughter, who made a demonstration of unselfish patriotism? or of Abigail, who rescued the herds and flocks of her husband? or of Ruth, who toiled under a tropical sun for poor, old, homeless Naomi? or of Florence Nightingale, who went at midnight to staunch the battle wounds of the Crimea? or Mrs. Adoniram Judson, who kindled the lights of salvation amid the darkness of Burmah? or Mrs. Hemans, who poured out her holy soul in words which will forever be associated with hunter's horn, and captive's chain, and bridal hour, and lute's throbb, and curfew's knell at the dying day? and scores and hundreds of women, unknown on earth, who have given water to the thirsty, and bread to the hungry, and medicine to the sick, and smiles to the discouraged—their footsteps heard along dark lanes and in government hospital, and in farmhouse corridor, and by prison gates? There may be no royal robe—there may be no palace surroundings. She does not need them; for all charitable men will unite with the crackling lips of fever-struck hospital and plague-blotched lazaretto, in greeting her as she passes: "Hail! Hail! Queen Yashti!"

Again, I want you to consider Yashti the veiled. Had she appeared before Ahasuerus and his court on that day with her face uncovered she would have shrank at the delicacies of Oriental society, and the very men who in their intoxication demanded that she come, in their sober moments would have despised her. As some flowers seem to thrive best in the dark lane and in the shadow, and where the sun does not seem to reach them, so God appoints to most womanly natures a retiring and unobtrusive spirit. God once in a while does call an Isabella to a throne, a Miriam to strike the timbrel at the front of a host, or a Marie Antoinette to quell a French mob, or a Deborah to stand at the front of an armed battalion, crying out, "Up! Up! This is the day in which the Lord will deliver Sisera into thy hands." And when the women are called to such outdoor work and to such heroic postures, God prepares them for it; and they have love in their soul, and lightning in their eye, and whirlwinds in their breath, and the borrowed strength of the Lord omnipotent in their right arm. They walk through far-

naces as though they were hedges of wild flowers, and cross seas as though they were shimmering sapphires; and all the harpies of hell down to their dungeon at the stamp of womanly indignation.

But these are the exceptions. Generally, Ahasuerus would rather make a garment for the poor than buy a robe of honor; and the trough of the camel; Hannah would rather make a coat for Samuel; the Hebrew maid would rather give a prescription for Naaman's leprosy; the woman of Sarepta would rather gather a few sticks to cook a meal for the famished Elijah; Elshah would rather carry a letter for the inspired apostle; Mother Lois would rather educate Timothy in the Scriptures. When I see a woman going about her daily duty, with cheerful dignity presiding at the table, with kind and gentle but firm discipline presiding in the nursery, going out into the world without any blast of trumpets, following in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good—I say: "This is Yashti with a veil on."

When I see a woman of unshaking boldness, loud voiced, with a tongue of infinite clatter-clatter, with arrogant look, passing through the streets with the step of a walking-beam, gayly arrayed in a very hurricane of millinery, I cry out: "Yashti has lost her veil!" When I see a woman going for political pretreatment—trying to force her way on up to conspicuity, amid the masculine demagogues, who stand with swollen flaps and bloodshot eyes and pestiferous breath, to guard the polls—wanting to go through the loom and the loom of popular sovereignty, who crawl up from the saloons greasy and foul and vermin-covered, to decide questions of justice and order and civilization—when I see a woman, I say, who wants to press through all that horrible seam to get to public place and power, I say: "Ah, what a pity! Yashti has lost her veil!"

When I see a woman of comely features, and of adroitness of intellect, and endowed with all the schools can do for her, and of high social position, yet moving in society with a superciliousness and a disdain, though she would have people know their place, and with an undefined combination of giggle and strut and rhodomontade, endowed with allopathic quantities of talk, but only homoeopathic infinitesimals of sense, the terror of dry-goods clerks and the terror of the popular sovereigns, who crawl up from the saloons greasy and foul and vermin-covered, to decide questions of justice and order and civilization—when I see a woman, I say, who wants to press through all that horrible seam to get to public place and power, I say: "Ah, what a pity! Yashti has lost her veil!"

Again, I want you this morning to consider Yashti the sacrificed. Who is this that is so called Yashti? The palace gate of Shushan? It seems to me that I have seen her before. She comes homeless, houseless, friendless, trudging along with a broken heart. Who is she? It is Yashti the sacrifice. Oh! what a change it is from the regal position to the wretchedness of a street! A child, approved and sought for now, none so poor as to acknowledge her acquaintanceship. Yashti the sacrifice!

Ah! you and I have seen it many a time. Here is a home enlaced with beauty. All that refinement and books and wealth and the glow of the hearth, and the smile of Ahasuerus, the husband and the father, is taking hold on paths of sin. He is gradually going down. After awhile he will flounder and struggle like a wild beast in the hunter's net—further away from God, further away from the path of duty, and the bright apparel of the children will turn to rags; soon the household song will become the sobbing of a broken heart. The old story over again. Brutal Centaurs breaking up the marriage feast of Lapithe. The house full of strange and cruelly and abominable, while ruiding forth from the palace gate are Yashti and her children. There are homes in all parts of this land that are in danger of such breaking up. Oh, Ahasuerus! that you should stand in a home, by a disappate life, destroying the peace of the household, and the path of duty, and that your children should ever have to wring their hands, and have people point their finger at them as they pass down the street, and say: "There goes a drunkard's child." God forbid that the little feet should ever tread the path of poverty and wretchedness! God forbid that any evil spirit born of the wine-cup or the brandy-glass should come forth and uproot that garden, and with a lasting, blistering, all-consuming curse, shut forever the palace gate against Yashti and the children.

One night during our Civil War I went to Hagerston to look at the army, and I stood on a hill-top and looked down upon them. I saw the camp-fires all through the valleys and all over the hills. It was a weird spectacle, those camp-fires, and I stood and watched them; and the soldiers who were gathered around them were, no doubt, talking of their homes, and of the long march they had taken, and of the battles they were to fight; but after awhile I saw them on the hills begin to lower, and they continued to lower, until they were all gone out, and the army slept. It was imposing when I saw the camp-fires; it was imposing in the darkness when I thought of the great host asleep. Well, God looks down from Heaven and sees all things, and He sees the children of the loved ones gathered around these firesides. There are the camp-fires there we warm ourselves at the close of day, and talk over the battles of life we have fought and the battles that are yet to come. God grant when at last the night begins to close out, and we continue to lower until finally they are extinguished, and the ashes of consumed hope strew the hearth of the old home-stead, it may be because we have

Gone to sleep that last sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

Now we are an army on the march of life. Then we shall be an army bivouacked in the tent of the grave.

Once more: I want you to look at Yashti the silent. You do not hear any outcry from this woman as she goes forth from the palace gate. From the very dignity of her nature, you know there will be no vociferation. Sometimes in life it is necessary to make a retort; sometimes in life it is necessary to resist; but there are crises when the most important thing to do is to keep silence. The philosopher, confident in his newly discovered principle, waiting for the coming of more intelligent generations, willing that men should laugh at the lightning rod and cotton-gin and steamboat and telegraph—waiting for long years through the scoffing of philosophical school, in grand and magnificent silence.

Galileo, condemned by mathematicians, and monks, and cardinals, caricatured everywhere, yet waiting and watching with his telescope to see the coming up of stellar reinforcements, when the stars in their courses would fight for the Copernican system; then sitting down in complete blindness and deafness to wait for the coming of the generations who would build his monument and bow at his grave.

The reformer, execrated by his contemporaries, fastened in a pillory, the slow fires of public contempt, burning under him ground under the cylinders of the printing-press, yet calmly waiting for the day when purity of soul and heroism of character will get the sanction of earth and the plaudits of Heaven. Affliction coming without any complaint, the abnegation of the pang, and the violence of the storm, and the belt of the chain, and the darkness of the night—waiting until a divine hand shall be put forth to soothe the pang, and hush the storm, and release the captive.

A wife abused, persecuted, and a perpetual exile from every earthly comfort—waiting, waiting, until the Lord shall gather up his dear children in a Heavenly home, and no poor Yashti will ever be thrust out from the palace gate. Jesus, in silence and without being noticed, drinking the gall, and bearing the Cross, in prospect of the rapturous consummation which angels thronged His chariot wheel.

And bore Him to His throne;
Then swept their golden harps and sung,
"The glorious work is done!"

Where Coal is Dearest and Cheapest.
Coal is dearest in South Africa than in any other part of the world; it is cheapest in China.

The Campfire.
"Men build fires in various places to cook their coffee by or to make themselves warm or for company's sake," said a Civil War veteran, "and any fire is likely to be more or less a gathering point, but I suppose that the fire to which the name of campfire properly belongs, the campfire of song and story, is the cook's fire at the end of the company street; built on the ground, under a pole supported at the ends by crooked sticks driven in the earth, and from which the camp kettles are suspended. This was the gathering point of the company."

"Men did not always stand about the campfire, it depended upon circumstances and on the weather. They met here, of course, at meal times, and there were times when men would stand around the fire and smoke and talk. And then it might be that the men would keep their tents, playing cards, or smoking there, or mending their clothes, or polishing up their accoutrements. So that there were times when the fire was quite deserted, or when, perhaps, there might be seen there a solitary figure, a man who had come to light his pipe."

"But though it might be deserted the fire still burned. Sometimes on cold and windy nights the wind would blow it about and scatter it, and sometimes, when it was no longer attended, the rain would put it out, black, but there was usually a living fire there by day and a bed of embers by night, and here was the soldier's hearthstone.—New York Sun.

A Strange Stream.
One of the strangest streams in the world is in East Africa. It flows in the direction of the sea, but never reaches it. Just north of the equator, and when only a few miles from the Indian Ocean, it flows into a desert, where it suddenly and completely disappears.

Her Name Won't Be Mud.
A Missouri belle named Mudd is to marry a man named Clay. That shows she is progressive, anyhow.

A Startled Mother.
From the Freeport (Ill.) Bulletin.
While busy at work in her home, Mrs. William Shay, corner of Taylor and Hancock Avenues, Freeport, Ill., was startled by hearing a noise just behind her.

Turning quickly she saw a four-year-old daughter, Beatrice, who had moved over the floor with an effort, but seemed filled with joy at finding her mother. The rest of the evening she was told in her mother's own words. She said: "On the 28th of Sept., 1896, while in the room of health, Beatrice was suddenly and severely afflicted with spinal meningitis. Strong and vigorous before, in five weeks she became feeble and suffered from a paralytic stroke which twisted her head back to the side and made it impossible for her to move a limb. Her speech, however, was not affected. We called in our best doctor, one of the most experienced and successful practitioners in the city. He considered the case a very grave one. Before long little Beatrice was compelled to wear a plaster paris jacket. Prominent physicians were consulted, electric batteries were applied, but no benefit was obtained. I had written Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I had written Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all druggists.

There is such a variety of climate in Costa Rica that one can have anything he likes by going a few miles north or south from a given point.

Beauty Is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

It is computed that a hundredweight of lead is fired for every man killed in battle.

Reduced Rates to Atlanta, Ga., via Southern Railway.
For occasion Confederate Veterans' Reunion, Atlanta, Ga., the Southern Railway announces greatly reduced round trip rates. Tickets from Washington, D. C. to Atlanta, Ga., and return, July 1st to 19th, inclusive, with a time limit July 31st, at rate of \$12.50 for round trip.

The only line operating through Sleeping and Dining Car Service New York to Atlanta, Ga., from leave from Pennsylvania R. R., 23d Street station, New York, daily, at 6:30 p. m., and 12:30 midnight; from Corlandt and Desbrosses St. stations 10 minutes later.

For through tickets, Pullman reservations and full information call on or address ALEX. C. BURWELL, Eastern Passenger Agent, 371 Broadway, N. Y.

Texas will have no timber in fifteen years if the present rate of cutting 1,000,000,000 feet a year continues.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—REV. D. BURMISTON, Lexington, Mo. c. February 24, 1894.

Aberdeen terriers are driving out all other fashionable pet dogs in London.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets, Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

A silk factory in which only women are employed has been opened in a suburb of London.

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

Jaipur is a state with an area of 14,465 square miles, and a population of over 2,500,000, chiefly Hindus.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

In February, 1895, cranberries sold at wholesale in New York at \$49 per barrel.

Radway's Pills
Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and beneficial regularity. For the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases.

LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, DIZZY FEELINGS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking Radway's Pills. By their ANTI-BILIOUS properties they stimulate the liver in the secretion of the bile and its discharge through the biliary ducts. These pills in doses from two to four will quickly regulate the action of the liver and free the patient from these disorders. One or two of Radway's Pills, taken daily by those subject to biliousness and torpidity of the liver, will keep the system regular and secure healthy digestion.

Price 25c. per Box. Sold by all Druggists.

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN REPLYING TO ADVT'S. NYNU-28.

FISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

STOPPED FREE
Permanently Cured
Incurably Proven by
DR. KLINE'S GREAT
NERVE RESTORER

Positive cure for all Nervous Prostration, Paralysis, Epilepsy, St. Vitus's Dance, Fits or Hysteria, after first day's use. Treatise and 25¢ bottle free to 75¢ patient, by sending coupon to Dr. J. C. Kline, 152 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS
Successfully Proves his Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau. 3 years last war, 15 adjudicating claims, 4000 cases.

LIQUID PINKETOL
50c. ACTUAL SIZE

PROTECTION OR FUN.

SHOOTS AMMONIA, WATER, COLOGNE, OR OTHER LIQUID.

It is a weapon which protects bicyclists against vicious dogs and foot-peddlers and toughs; homes against thieves and tramp, and is adapted to many uses. It does not kill or injure; it is perfectly safe to handle; makes no noise; creates no leading vapors, as does the water pistol. It simply and easily gives undivided attention to himself for awhile instead of to the dog or the tramp. It is the only real weapon which protects and also makes fun. Use once, but many times without reloading; and will protect by its action loaded only with liquid. It does not get out of order; is durable; neat; boxed and post paid by mail with full directions how to use. Post-office Money Order, or Express Money Order.

As to our reliability, refer to R. G. Dunn's or Druggists' testimonials.

NEW YORK UNION SAFETY CO.

Bear in Mind That "The Gods Selves." Self Help Shot.

SAP

Maybe the grocer is "just out of Ivory Soap but has another just as good." No other soap is just as good. Insist that he get Ivory Soap for you.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be "just as good as the Ivory"; they ARE NOT, but like all counterfeits, lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for "Ivory" Soap and insist upon getting it.

Copyright, 1896, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.

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FISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

PAINT YOUR WALLS & CEILINGS
OWN MURALO WATER COLOR PAINTS
FOR DECORATING WALLS AND CEILINGS. Purchase package of MURALO paint dealer and do your own decorating. This material is a HARD FINISH to be applied with a brush and becomes as hard as Cement. Milled in twenty-four tints and works equally as well with cold or hot water.

SEND FOR SAMPLE COLOR CARDS and if you cannot purchase this material from your local dealer let us know and we will put you in the way of obtaining it.

THE MURALO CO., NEW BRIGHTON, S. I., NEW YORK.

LIQUID PINKETOL
50c. ACTUAL SIZE

PROTECTION OR FUN.

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It is a weapon which protects bicyclists against vicious dogs and foot-peddlers and toughs; homes against thieves and tramp, and is adapted to many uses. It does not kill or injure; it is perfectly safe to handle; makes no noise; creates no leading vapors, as does the water pistol. It simply and easily gives undivided attention to himself for awhile instead of to the dog or the tramp. It is the only real weapon which protects and also makes fun. Use once, but many times without reloading; and will protect by its action loaded only with liquid. It does not get out of order; is durable; neat; boxed and post paid by mail with full directions how to use. Post-office Money Order, or Express Money Order.

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