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.

During the month of March there were 199 accidents on the railways of Germany, involving the loss of forty-eight lives; of the killed, twenty-eight were officials, and only three passengers.

Bicyclists and Dogs.

It frequently happens that a bicyclist would like to drive off an annoying dog, but doesn't want to kill the beast, run the risk of a bullet hitting a bystander, nor attract the attention which a cartridge explosion is certain to do. The dog is consequently encouraged to try his trick on the next rider. A soundless pistol, shooting water, ammonia or other liquid, is now mailed postpaid for 50 cts. in stamps by the Union Supply Co., 135 Leonard St., N. Y. City. One of these will drive off the most vicious animal, and still not really injure it. A few drops of ammonia in the eyes, nose or mouth of any animal give it something to think of other than bothering a cyclist. It is a boon to wheelmen and wheelwomen.

The largest dwelling house in the world is the Freihaus, in a suburb of Vienna, containing in all between 1200 and 1300 rooms, divided into upward of 400 separate apartments.

To Cure Constipation Forever.

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

In battle only one ball out of eighty-five takes effect.

When Hot

Don't sweat and fret, but keep cool and take Hood's Sarsaparilla. This is good advice, as you will find if you follow it. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a first-class summer medicine, because it is so good for the stomach, so cooling to the blood, so helpful to the whole body. Make no mistake, but get only

Hood's Sarsaparilla

America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate.

"We" Gave Them Fits.

A small Canadian boy whose loyalty to the British flag has got him into no end of scraps with patriotic American youths of equally tender years came up to his father shortly after the battle of Manila was fought, and with a woebegone expression said:

"Say, father, didn't the English ever lick any other boats without losing a man?" The father was forced to confess that they had not.

"Well," said the youngster, "I guess the Americans aren't so bad, after all, are they?"

On the Fourth of July when young America was celebrating the naval victory at Santiago the youthful upholder of Great Britain was in the midst of a band of ultra-patriotic boys setting off fire crackers and cheering with the best of them.

"Here, boy! What are you cheering for?" asked his father.

"Cheering for? Oh, say, father, didn't we give those Spaniards fits!"—New York Commercial Advertiser.

RELIEF FROM PAIN.

Women Everywhere Express their Gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. T. A. WALDEN, Gibson, Ga., writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Before taking your medicine, life was a burden to me. I never saw a well day. At my monthly period I suffered untold misery, and a great deal of the time I was troubled with a severe pain in my side. Before finishing the first bottle of your Vegetable Compound I could tell it was doing me good. I continued its use, also used the Liver Pills and Sanative Wash, and have been greatly helped. I would like to have you use my letter for the benefit of others."

Mrs. FLORENCE A. WOLFE, 515 Mulberry St., Lancaster, Ohio, writes:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—For two years I was troubled with what the local physicians told me was inflammation of the womb. Every month I suffered terribly. I had taken enough medicine from the doctors to cure anyone, but obtained relief for a short time only. At last I concluded to write to you in regard to my case, and can say that by following your advice I am now pefectly well."

Mrs. W. R. BATES, Mansfield, La., writes:

"Before writing to you I suffered dreadfully from painful menstruation, leucorrhœa and sore feeling in the lower part of the bowels. Now my friends want to know what makes me look so well. I do not hesitate one minute in telling them what has brought about this great change. I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough. It is the greatest remedy of the age."

INSOMNIA

"I have ... Insomnia, ... over twe... have gi... dy I h... me... r...

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

"Silence in Heaven," the Subject—The Mighty Import of the Cessation Described in Revelations—Half Hours Which Have Determined Destinies.

TEXT: "There was silence in heaven about the space of half an hour."—Revelations, viii., 1.

"Take this watch and keep it," said a dying Christian as he picked it up from the stand at his pillow, "I have no more need of it. I am going where time shall be no longer." But it seems from my text that heaven was at least once measured by an earthly time-piece.

The busiest place in the universe is heaven. It is the center from which all good influences start; it is the goal at which all good results arrive. The Bible represents it as active, with wheels and wings and orchestras and processions, mounted or charioted. But my text describes a space when the wheels ceased to roll and the trumpets to sound and the voices to chant. The riders on the white horses reined in their chargers. The doxologies were hushed and the processions halted. The hand of arrest was put upon all the splendors. "Stop, Heaven!" cried an omnipotent voice, and it stopped. For thirty minutes everything celestial stood still. "There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

From all we can learn it is the only time heaven ever stopped. It does not stop, as other cities, for the night, for there is no night there. It does not stop for a plague, for the inhabitant never says, "I am sick." It does not stop for bankruptcies, for its inhabitants never fail. It does not stop for impassable streets, for there are no fallen snows or sweeping freshets. What, then, stopped it for thirty minutes? Grotius and Professor Stuart think it was at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem. Mr. Lord thinks it was in the year 311, near the close of the Diocletian persecution and the beginning of the wars by which Constantine gained the throne. But that was all a guess, though a learned and brilliant guess. I do not know when it was, and I do not care when it was, but of the fact that such an interregnum of sound took place I am certain. "There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

And, first of all, we may learn that God and all heaven then honored silence. The full power of silence many of us have yet to learn. We are told that when Christ was arraigned "He answered not a word." That silence was louder than any thunder that ever shook the world. Ofttimes, when we are assailed and misrepresented, the mightiest thing to say is to say nothing, and the mightiest thing to do is to do nothing. Those people who are always rushing into print to get themselves set right, accomplish nothing but their own chagrin. Silence! Do right and leave the results with God. Among the grandest lessons the world has ever learned are the lessons of patience taught by those who endured uncomplainingly personal or domestic or political injustice. Oh, the power of patient silence! Eschylus, the immortal poet, was condemned to death for writing something that offended the people. All the pleas in his behalf were of no avail, until his brother uncovered the arm of the prisoner and showed that his wrist had been sacrificed for his country at the battle of Salamis. That silent plea liberated him. The loudest thing on earth is silence if it be of the right kind and at the right time. There was a quaint old hymn, spelled in the old style, once sung in the churches:

The race is not forever get
By him who fastest runs,
Nor the Battel by those peopell
That shoot with the longest gun.

My friends, the tossing sea of Galilee seemed more to offend Christ by the amount of noise it made, for He said to it: "Be still!" Heaven has been crowning Kings and Queens unto God for many centuries, yet heaven never stopped a moment for any such occurrence, but it stopped thirty minutes for the coronation of Silence. "There was silence in heaven for the space of half an hour."

Learn also from my text that heaven must be an eventful and active place, from the fact that it could afford only thirty minutes of recess. There have been events on earth and in heaven that seemed to demand a whole day or whole week or whole year for celestial consideration. If Grotius was right and this silence occurred at the time of the destruction of Jerusalem, that scene was so awful and so prolonged that the inhabitants of heaven could not have done justice to it in many weeks. After fearful besiegement of the two fortresses of Jerusalem—Antonio and Hippicus—had been going on for a long while, a Roman soldier mounted on the shoulder of another soldier hurled into the window of the temple a firebrand, and the temple was all aflame, and after covering many sacrifices to the holiness of God, the building itself became a sacrifice to the rage of man. The hunger of the people in that city during the besiegement was so great that as some outlaws were passing a doorway and inhaled the odors of food they burst open the door, threatening the mother of the household with death unless she gave them some food, and she took them aside and showed them that it was her own child she was cooking for the ghastly repast. Six hundred priests were destroyed on Mount Zion because, the temple being gone, there was nothing for them to do. Six thousand people in one cloister were consumed. There were 1,100,000 dead, according to Josephus. Grotius thinks that this was the cause of silence in heaven for half an hour. If Mr. Lord was right, and this silence was during the Diocletian persecutions, by which 844,000 Christians suffered death from sword and fire, and banishment and exposure, why did not heaven listen throughout at least one of those awful years? No! Thirty minutes! The fact is that the celestial programme is so crowded with spectacle that it can afford only one recess in all eternity, and that for a short space. While there are great choruses in which all heaven can join, each soul there has a story of divine mercy peculiar to itself, and it must be a solo. How can heaven get through with all its solos, as well as all its recitatives, with all its cantatas, with all its grand marches, with all its victories? Eternity is too short to utter all the praises. Then all the triumphs of the past ...icture' but all the triumphs ...t we now know of ...eper, a ... of Him after ... big ... If my text ... heaven for ...n startled ...tes thir... talk to ... many ...eatly "just ... see; ...arth ...ing ...alk ...od ...es ... be no ... busy we ... to us the ...orld never ...fever and ...flying from ... who faced ...he railroad ...laces in or... they them... ...wn through ... miner, who, ... the bottom of ...ife waters rush ... the rope would ..., put a blind ... to his sick child ... the rope for him ... "Tell them the ... are probably ... at the other end of the gallery," and then giving the command to the other miners till they digged themselves so near out that the people from the outside could come to their rescue. The multitudes of men and women who got no crown on earth, we will want to see when they get their crown in heaven. I tell you heaven will have no more half hours to spare.

Besides that, heaven is full of children. They are in the vast majority. No child on earth who amounts to anything can be kept quiet half an hour, and how are you going to keep 500,000,000 of them quiet half an hour. You know heaven is much more of a place than it was when that recess of thirty minutes occurred. Its population has quadrupled, sextupled, centupled. Heaven has more on hand, more of rapture, more of knowledge, more of intercommunication, more of worship. There is not so much difference between Washington, a mudhole seventy years ago, and Washington now, the most beautiful city on earth; not so much difference between New York when Canal street was far uptown, and when Canal street is far downtown, as there is difference between what heaven was when my text was written and what heaven is now. The most thrilling place we have ever been in is stupid compared with that, and if we now have no time to spare, we will then have no eternity to spare. Silence in heaven only half an hour! My subject also impresses me with the immortality of a half hour. That half hour mentioned in my text is more widely known than any other period in the calendar of heaven. None of the whole hours of heaven are measured off, none of the years, none of the centuries. Of the millions of ages past, and the millions of ages to come, not one is especially measured off in the Bible. The half hour of my text is made immortal. The only part of eternity that was ever measured by earthly timepiece was measured by the minute hand of my text. Oh, the half hours! They decide everything. I am not asking what you will do with the years or months or days of your life, but what of the half hours. Tell me the history of your half hours, and I will tell you the story of your whole life on earth and the story of your whole life in eternity. The right or wrong things you can think in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can say in thirty minutes, the right or wrong things you can do in thirty minutes are glorious or baleful, inspiring or desperate.

Look out for the fragments of time. They are pieces of eternity. It was the half hours between shoeing horses that made Elihu Burritt the learned blacksmith; the half hours between professional calls as a physical that made Abercromble the Christian philosopher; the half hours between his duties as school master that made Salmon P. Chase Chief Justice; the half hours between shoe lasts that made Henry Wilson Vice-President of the United States; the half hours between canal boats that made James A. Garfield President. The half hour a day for good books or bad books; the half hour a day for prayer or indolence; the half hour a day for helping others or blasting others; the half hour before you go to business, and the half hour after your return from business; that makes the difference between the scholar and the ignoramus, between the Christian and the infidel, between the saint and the demon, between triumph and catastrophe, between heaven and hell. The most tremendous things of your life and mine were certain half hours.

Remember, we are mortal yet, and cannot endure the full roll of heavenly harmonies, and cannot endure even the silent heaven for more than half an hour. Hark! the clock in the tower of heaven begins to strike, and the half hour is ended. Descend! Come back! Come down! till your work is done. Shoulder a little longer your battles. Weep a little longer your griefs. And then take heaven not in its fullest half hour, but in its mightiest pomp and instead of taking it for thirty minutes, take it world without end.

But how will you spend the first half hour of your heavenly citizenship after you have gone in to stay? After your prostration before the throne in worship of Him who made it possible for you to get there at all, I think the rest of your first half hour in heaven will be passed in receiving your reward if you have been faithful. I have a strangely beautiful book, containing the pictures of the medals struck by the English Government in honor of great battles; these medals pinned over the heart of the returned heroes of the army, on great occasions, the royal family present, and the royal bands playing—the Crimean medal, the Legion of Honor, the Victoria Cross, the Waterloo medal. In your first half hour in heaven in some way you will be honored for the earthly struggles in which you won the day. Stand up before all the royal house of heaven and receive the insignia while you are announced as victor over political misfortune, as victor over the droughts and freshets of the farm field, victor over the temptations of the stock exchange, victor over domestic infelicities, victor over mechanic's shop, victor over professional allurements, victor over the storehouse, victor over home worriments, victor over physical distress, victor over hereditary depressions, victor over sin and death and hell. Take the badge that celebrates those victories through our Lord Jesus Christ. Take it in the presence of all the galleries, saintly, angelic, and divine, while all heaven chants: "These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

If heaven is all this while halted, what will it be when on the march? If heaven is all this while silent, what will it be when in full triumph? Many years ago, at the Crystal Palace, in New York, Julian gave a great concert, 3000 voices and 3000 players, upon instruments. He controlled that great harmony, beating time with hand and foot, and to myself, who had never before heard music on a grand scale, it was overpowering. But oh, when they shall come from the north and the south, and the east and the west, and sit down in the temple of God and the Lamb, and Christ shall rise, and all heaven shall rise with Him, He shall control that harmony with once wounded hand and once wounded foot, and it will be like the voice of many waters and the voice of mighty thunderings. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive blessing and riches and honor and glory and power. Amen and amen!

A NORWEGIAN'S PRAISE OF US.

Captain Gade, of the Royal Navy, Compliments the American Gunners.

Captain Gustav Gade, of the Royal Norwegian Navy, has returned to Washington from Santiago, where he witnessed the destruction of Cervera's fleet. He was sent by his Government to study the war. He said: "I think the battle at Santiago was the grandest sight that has ever been witnessed. Your gunners are wonderful marksmen, and the work of your navy has set at rest forever any doubt in the minds of such nations who may have been so deluded that Americans do not know how to fight.

"Your army is a fine body of men. Your regulars are without a doubt as well drilled as any European army, and they appear to me physically and intellectually far above the average of European soldiers."

Pensions For Our New War.

Owing to the number of applications for pensions being received as a result of the war with Spain, Commissioner H. Clay Evans, of the Pension Bureau, Washington, has established the "Division of '98." To this all applications originating through service in the present war will be referred. Medical officers of the Pension Bureau estimate that at least two-thirds of the men who have been sent to Cuba and Porto Rico will eventually become pensioners.

Miles Tracked by a War Chest.

For several days preceding the time that General Miles finally left for Cuba there was much speculation about the headquarters of the army in the Department building about the date of his departure. Inquiries were made of the General himself, and he is generally accommodating to men of the newspaper profession, but these inquiries were of no avail. Then resort was had to General Alger, the Secretary of War, but he, also, vouchsafed no satisfactory or definite reply.

With this state af affairs it was necessary to resort to strategy, and strategy successfully solved the problem. It was said by one of the old and observing employes that on the day General Miles departed from Washington a war chest, which is always located near the door that leads into his own office when he is in town, would be taken away. This chest—what it contains is not generally known—accompanies him on all his travels.

Therefore, for two or three days many eyes were watching the war chest, a square box bound with iron bands and painted a dark gray. At last, on the morning of the day that the General really did leave for Santiago the war chest was not in its accustomed place. The newspaper men at the Department took the risk to announce that the General would depart for Cuba that evening, and it was printed in the afternoon newspapers, and sure enough it turned out that General Miles did follow the war chest, starting on the journey that took him to the headquarters tent of General Shafter.

Crows Chase a Cat.

"Caw! caw! caw!" shrieked a couple of crows in the "nurseries" near Chamounix drive in the West Park recently. Park guard No. 88, who happened to be on the drive at the time, cocked up his ears. "Something wrong with those crows," said he to a cyclist who had stopped near by to rest; "never heard them caw that way unless there was something up." The incessant cawing grew louder and closer each moment. Suddenly out from a bunch of small trees dashed a big black and white tomcat, running as fast as he could. Two infuriated crows were hovering him, taking turns at swooping down upon him and pecking him viciously with their sharp beaks. At each attack the cat accelerated his speed, and, with bristling tail, simply flew over the ground. The crows pounced upon him unmercifully, until finally, when the chase had almost reached the two surprised spectators, the cat took refuge in a culvert which runs under the drive at that point. One of the crows alighted on the edge of the culvert, and then, catching sight of the two spectators, turned and flew back to some tall pines back of the nurseries. "Well, what do you think of that?" exclaimed the guard. "Did you ever see a crow chase a cat before? Never? Why, a cat can lick any kind of a bird. That cat must have been robbing their nest."—Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

A Turkish Admiral.

An Admiral of the Turkish fleet, seasick in a storm, was disturbed by a grating noise. He inquired whence it proceeded, and, on being told it was the rudder of the ship, he desired it might be immediately taken off.—Tit-Bits.

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., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

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

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

It has been demonstrated that African elephants can be domesticated. They make valuable beasts of burden, as they climb mountains with remarkable ease, are sure footed and can swim swollen streams.

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.

In Germany and Holland girls are chosen in preference to young men in all occupations where they can be advantageously employed.

Five Cents.

Everybody knows that Dobbins' 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 size and quality. Order of grocer. Adv.

At Whatcom, Wash., a woman working for an evaporating company peeled 15,491 potatoes in twenty days and earned $20.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

It is only in France that the French population does not increase, as in Canada, Algeria and Tunis it increases rapidly.

To Cure A Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

In Switzerland the citizens are compelled to insure themselves against accident and sickness.

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

Hamburg's (Germany) improved apparatus for burning garbage does the work for about nine cents per 1000 pounds.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 5, 1894.

The vocabulary of an ordinarily intelligent educated person includes only about 4000 words.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.

Guaranteed tobacco habit cure. Makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

In proportion to its size, a flea can ... ten times as fast as a horse can ...

Some persons say they are never influenced by an advertisement.

It is not expected that any one will buy Ivory Soap solely because it is suggested by an advertisement.

If you have never used Ivory Soap, you may be induced to ask some friend about it; should you find—as you probably will—that she is enthusiastic in its praise, then you may try it.

Millions of people use Ivory Soap; they use it because they like it. You too will like it. There is a difference in soaps.

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Radway's Pills

Purely vegetable, mild and reliable. Cause Perfect Digestion, complete absorption and healthful 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 bilious pains and torpidity of the liver, will keep the system regular and secure healthy digestion.

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

RADWAY & CO. New York.

MENTION THIS PAPER WHEN REPLYING TO ADVTS. NYNU—32

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

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

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LIQUID PISTOL

SHOOTS WATER, AMMONIA, OR OTHER LIQUID

50 CTS.

50c.

FUN NOT A TOY

PROTECTION AGAINST DOGS OR MEN, WITHOUT KILLING OR MAIMING. LOTS OF FUN TO BE HAD WITH IT.

It is a weapon which protects bicyclists against vicious dogs and foot-pads; travelers against robbers and toughs; homes against thieves and tramps, and is adapted to many other situations.

It does not kill or injure; it is perfectly safe to handle; makes no noise or smoke; breaks no law and creates no lasting regrets, as does the bullet pistol. It simply and amply protects, by compelling the foe to give undivided attention to himself for awhile instead of to the intended victim.

It is the only real weapon which protects and also makes run, laugh lots of it; it shoots, not once, but many times without reloading. It protects by its appearance in time of danger, although loaded only. It does not get out of order; is durable, handsome, and nickel finished. Sent boxed and post-paid by mail with full directions how to use, in 50c. Postage Stamps, Post-office Money Order, or Express. For our reliability, refer to R. G. Dun's or Bradstreet's Mercantile Agencies.

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