St. Jacobs Oil cures Rheumatism.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Neuralgia.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Lumbago.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sciatica.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Sprains.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Bruises.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Soreness.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Stiffness.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Backache.
St. Jacobs Oil cures Muscular aches.

Australian rabbitskins are being converted into sealskins for the American market.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure. 50c, $1. All druggists.

The first envelope ever made is in the possession of the British Museum.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. Dieter, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 4, 1894.

In all Spanish-America the Indians form the great mass of the population.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The marriage of minors in this country are six per cent.

No specific for local skin ailments can cope in popular favor with Glenn's Sulphur Soap. Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50c

Plate glass was first made in 1688, at Picardy, France.

Fall Medicine

Is Fully as Important and Beneficial as Spring Medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine to keep the blood rich and pure, create an appetite, give good digestion and tone and strengthen the great vital organs. It wards off malaria, fevers and other forms of illness which so readily overcome a weak and debilitated system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is America's Greatest Medicine.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion. 25 cents.

Uncle Sam's Sweet Tooth.

America's sweet tooth is said to be abnormally developed. The consumption of sugar reaches the astonishing total of 2,500,000,000 pounds; but only one-eighth of this is raised at home. Last year nearly a third of the supply came from Germany, and eight per cent. more from the rest of Europe. The West Indies sent twenty-four per cent. and the East Indies fourteen per cent. Fully half the sugar imported came from countries no better able to produce it than is the United States herself. Last year we raised 125,000,000 pounds of beet sugar. There are those who prophesy that in another decade the entire amount of sugar needed for home consumption will be produced within our own borders. The present average is about seventy-three pounds a year each, or a pound a day per family of five.

The nicknames of some of the new States: South Dakota, Swing Cat State; Washington, Chinook State; North Dakota, Flicker-tale State; Montana, Stub-toe State; Nebraska, Blackwater State; Nevada, Silver State.

There have been 300,000 volumes published in America and England in the last sixty-three years.

YOUNG AT SIXTY.

Serene comfort and happiness in advanced years are realized by comparatively few women.

Their hard lives, their liability to serious troubles on account of their peculiar organism and their profound ignorance concerning themselves, all combine to shorten the period of usefulness and fill their later years with suffering.

Mrs. Pinkham has done much to make women strong. She has given advice to many that has shown them how to guard against disease and retain vigorous health in old age. From every corner of the earth there is constantly coming the most convincing statements from women, showing the efficacy of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in overcoming female ills. Here is a letter from Mrs. J. C. Orms, of 220 Horner St., Johnstown, Pa., which is earnest and straight to the point:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I feel it my duty to tell all suffering women that I think your remedies are wonderful. I had trouble with my head, dizzy spells and hot flashes. Feet and hands were cold, was very nervous, could not sleep well, had kidney trouble, pain in ovaries and congestion of the womb. Since taking your remedies I am better every way My head trouble is all gone, have no pain in ovaries, and am cured of womb trouble. I can eat and sleep well and am gaining in flesh. I consider your medicine the best to be had for female troubles."

The present Mrs. Pinkham's experience in treating female ills is unparallelled, for years she worked side by side with Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, and for sometime past has had sole charge of the correspondence department of her great business, treating by letter as many as a hundred thousand ailing women during a single year.

Try Grain-O!
Try Grain-O!

Ask you Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee.

The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. ¼ the price of coffee.

15 cents and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

Tastes like Coffee
Looks like Coffee
Insist that your grocer gives you GRAIN-O
Accept no imitation.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: "The Hounded Reindeer"—Let Those Who Are Pursued by the Hounds of Persecution Run to the Glorious Lake of Divine Solace.

Text: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."—Psa. xlii., 1.

David, who must some time have seen a a deer-hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal called in my text the hart is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roetuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In Central Syria, in Bible times, there were whole pasture-fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says, "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers jutted from long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's tract" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the dews, the showers, the lakes washed them as clean as the sky. When Isaac, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying, "The lame shall leap as the hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter who having shot a deer is too lazy to cook it, saying, "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

But one day David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor startles him, and he says to himself: "I wonder what those dogs are after." Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend the leaves of the ticket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize the creature plunges into a pool or lake or river to cool its thirst, and at the same time by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming to get away from the foaming harriers. David says to himself: Aha, that is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me; I am chased; their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there," says David to himself. "That reindeer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes its leathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! 'As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God.'"

The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Talking one summer with a hunter, I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the track of a deer, I said to one of the hunters in rough corduroy: "Do the deer always make for water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh, yes, Mister; you see they are a hot and thirty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their antlers and sniff the breeze and start for the Raquet or Loon or Saranac; and we get into our cedar shell-boat or stand by the 'runaway' with rifle loaded and ready to blaze away."

My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much—its allusions are so true to nature. Its partridges are real partridges, its ostriches real ostriches, and its reindeer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antlered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle and his cheek glow and his respiration quicken. To say nothing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game, its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioned into bow-strings, its antlers putting handles on cutlery, and the shavings of its horn used as a pungent restorative, the name taken from the hart and called hartshorn. But putting aside its usefulness, this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at sunset! The horns, a coronal branching into every possible curve, and after it seems complete ascending into other projections of exquisiteness, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride, or swung down for awful combat. The hart is velocity embodied. Timidity, impersonated. The enchantment of the woods. Its eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death. The splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscle, and bone, and color, and attitude, and locomotion, whether couched in the grass among the shadows, or a living bolt shot through the forest, or turning at bay to attack the hounds, or rearing for its last fall under the buckshot of the trapper. It is a splendid appearance that the painter's pencil fails to sketch, and only a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When, twenty miles from any settlement, it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge to drink among the lily pods and, with its sharp-edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long Lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and lolling tongue and eyes swimming in death the stag leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac, can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles, and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words of the text: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

Well, now, let all those who have coming after them the lean hounds of poverty, or the black hounds of persecution, or the spotted hounds of vicissitude, or the pale hounds of death, or who are in any wise pursued, run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happened to know at different times, if not now, have had trouble after them, sharp-muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all-devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them; they depreciated you, you depreciated them; or they overreached you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them; or you have had a bereavement, and, instead of being submissive, you are fighting that bereavement; you charge on the doctors who failed to effect a cure; or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred; or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret, and worry, and scold, and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily blame the neuralgia, or the laryngitis, or the ague, or the sick headache.

I saw whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see thirty, and there are said to be over eight hundred in the great wilderness of New York. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of God's Word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes; each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full to the top of the green banks, and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying: "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God;" "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of Thy pleasures;" "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river

But many of you have turned your back on that supply, and confront your trouble, and you are soured with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn around and lower your head, and it is simply antler against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The Rabbinical writers allude to this resignation of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises, he has hung it on the stag's horns; and a proverb in the far East tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and find where the deer sheds her horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers, be as wise as, next spring, will be all the deer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns.

But very many of you who are wronged of the world—and if in any assembly between here and Golden Gate, San Francisco, it were asked that all those that had been sometimes badly treated should raise both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present—I say many of you would declare: "We have always done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignment, or invalidism, or mishap, is inscrutable." Why, do you know the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it. Had the roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait, the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the scent, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with antlers lifted in mighty challenge to earth and sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it had been smoothed by invisible hands, and the fat sides enclose the richest pasture that could be nibbled from the banks of rills so clear they seem to have dropped out of Heaven, and the stamp of its foot defies the jack-shooting lantern and the rifle, the horn and the hound, that deer they will have if they must needs break their neck in the rapids. So if there were no noble stuff in your make up, if you were a bifurcated nothing, if you were a forlorn failure, you would be allowed to go undisturbed; but the fact that the whole pack is in full cry after you is proof positive that you are splendid game and worth capturing.

Yes, for some people in this world there seems no let-up. They are pursued from youth to manhood, and from manhood to old age. Very distinguished are Lord Stafford's hounds, the Earl of Yarborough's hounds, and Queen Victoria pays eight thousand five hundred dollars per year to her Master of Buckhounds. But all of them put together do not equal in number or speed, or power to hunt down, the great kennel of hounds of which Sin and Trouble are owner and master.

But what is a relief for all this pursuit of trouble, and annoyance, and pain, and bereavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a chariot if you would triumph, or a throne if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst—yes, a chain of three lakes—G-O-D, the One for whom David longed, and the One whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which, after its sixth mile of running at the topmost speed through thicket and gorge, and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Scroon Lake, and try to cool its projecting and blistered tongue with a drop of dew from a blade of glass, as to attempt to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin, with anything less deep, and high, and broad, and immense, and infinite, and eternal than God. His comfort, why it embosoms all distress. His arm, it wrenches off all bondage. His hand, it wipes away all tears. His Christly atonement, it makes us all right with the past, and all right with the future; all right with God, all right with man, and all right forever. Lamartine tells us that King Nimrod said to his three sons, "Here are three vases, and one is of clay, another of amber, and another of gold. Choose now which you will have." The eldest son, having first choice, chose the vase of gold, on which was written the word "Empire," and when opened it was found to contain human blood. The second son, making the next choice, chose the vase of amber, inscribed with the word "Glory," and when opened it contained the ashes of those who were once called great. The third son took the vase of clay, and, opening it, found it empty, but on the bottom of it was inscribed the name of God. King Nimrod asked his courtiers which vase they thought weighed the most. The avaricious men of his court said the vase of gold. The poets said the one of amber. But the wisest men said the empty vase, because one letter of the name of God outweighed a universe.

For Him I thirst; for His grace I beg; on His promise I build my all. Without Him I cannot be happy. I have tried the world, and it does well enough as far it goes, but it is too uncertain a world, too evanescent a world. I am not a prejudiced witness. I have nothing against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate, or to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men—blessed in my parents, blessed in the place of my nativity, blessed in my health, blessed in my field of work, blessed in my natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in a comfortable livelihood, blessed in the hope that my soul will go to Heaven through the pardoning mercy of God, and my body, unless it be lost at sea or cremated in some conflagration, will lie down in the gardens of Greenwood among my kindred and friends, some already gone and others to come after me. Life to many has been a disappointment, but to me it has been a pleasant surprise, and yet I declare that if I did not feel that God was now my Friend and ever-present help, I should be wretched and terror-stricken. But I want more of Him. I have thought over this text and preached this sermon to myself until with all the aroused energies of my body, mind and soul, I can cry out, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

Oh, when some of you get there it will be like what a hunter tells of when pushing his canoe far up North in the winter and amid the ice-floes, and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human beings! He was startled one day as he heard a stepping on the ice, and he cocked his rifle ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his canoe and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him and found out where he had lived, and took him to his home, and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for the lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him; and, as had been agreed at his first appearance, bells were rung, and guns were fired, and banquets spread, and the rescuer loaded with presents. Well, when some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn and sometimes lost amid the icebergs, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorified, and your friends rush out to give you welcoming kiss, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the caterers of Heaven to spread the banquet and the bell-men to lay hold of the rope in the tower, and while the chalices click at the feast, and the bells clang from the turrets, it will be a scene so uplifting I pray God I may be there to take part in the celestial merriment. "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

A Japanese admiral receives, by a recent ordinance, 6,00 silver dollars a year; a vice-admiral 4000, while first and second-class [illegible] respectively.

Five Dollars Postage For Letters.

W. F. Bailey contributes an article to the Century on "The Pony Express," from St. Joseph, Mo., to San Francisco. Mr. Bailey says: The letters, before being placed in the pockets, were wrapped in oiled silk to preserve them from moisture. The maximum weight of any one mail was twenty pounds; but this was rarely reached. The charges were originally $5 for each letter of one-half ounce or less; but afterward this was reduced to $2.50 for each letter not exceeding one-half ounce, this being in addition to the regular United States postage. Specially made light-weight paper was generally used to reduce the expense. Special editions of the Eastern newspapers were printed on tissue-paper to enable them to reach subscribers on the Pacific coast. This, however, was more as an advertisement, there being little demand for them at their necessarily large price.

The King of Bells.

The two biggest bells in the world are the one in Moscow and the one at Mengoon, Upper Burmah. The former is the bigger, but it is cracked, while the latter is in working order. The weight of this huge bell is about ninety-eight tons, the circumference at the base being fifty-one and one-half feet, and at the top twenty-six feet.

It averages over a foot in thickness and is over twelve feet high. The bell was cast about the beginning of the century by King Bodawpayn as an accompaniment to the huge brick pagoda which he never finished. It is said to have been cast on an island and rafted across. No proper means yet exist for striking the bell, but when hit with a heavy piece of wood it gives out a deep vibrating boom.

The Inoffensive Burglar.

Householders, particularly they of the weaker sex, who live in perpetual terror of burglars, will be pleased to read a reassuring statement in the September Pall Mall Magazine, to the effect that only in one instance out of every 336 burglaries is violence offered to the inmates of a burgled house. Moreover, as more than one-third of all convicted burglars are youths between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, the average burglar may not be so formidable a person as he may be pictured by the startled imagination of a householder who is preparing to "go downstairs" at three o'clock a. m.

The Meaning of the Letters.

Harry and Ethel, twins, aged five, reside in Cincinnati, and are descendants of a soldier grandfather. During the recent Grand Army encampment held there a banner with the letters G. A. R. was displayed on the house opposite their home.

"I wonder what those letters stand for?" asked Ethel.

"Why," replied Harry, "it means that gran'pa's all right."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

His Subscription.

One morning a gentleman called upon Douglas Jerrold to solicit a subscription on behalf of a mutual friend in want of money.

"Well," said Jerrold, "how much does Smith want this time?"

"Why, just four and two naughts will, I think, put him straight."

"Very well," answered Jerrold, "put me down for one of the naughts this time."—San Francisco Argonaut.

A Town of Churches.

The town in England best provided with places of worship is the ancient one of Rochdale, where there are 145 churches and chapels. Fifty belong to the Church of England and ninety-five to the Non Conformists.

A Giant Phonograph.

A phonograph is being made for use at the Paris Exhibition of 1900 which is expected to be of sufficient dimensions to be heard by 10,000 persons.

A Domestic Incident.

From the Observer, Flushing, Mich.

"Early in November, 1894," says Frank Long, who lives near Lennon, Mich., "on starting to get up from the dinner table, I was taken with a pain in my back. The pain increased and I was obliged to take to my bed. The physician who was summoned pronounced my case muscular rheumatism accompanied by lumbago. He gave me remedies and injected morphine into my arm to ease the pain.

"My disease gradually became worse until I thought that death would be welcome release from my sufferings. Besides my regular physician I also consulted another, but he gave me no encouragement.

On Getting Up From the Table.

"I was finally induced through reading some accounts in the newspapers regarding the wonderful cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, to try them. I took the pills according to directions and soon began to notice an improvement in my condition. Before the first box was used I could get about the house, and after using five boxes was entirely cured.

"Since that time I have felt no return of the rheumatic pains. I am confident that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and I try to induce my friends who are sick to try the same remedy. I will gladly answer inquiries concerning my sickness and wonderful cure, provided stamp is enclosed for reply. Frank Long."

Sworn to before me at Venice, Mich., this 15th day of April, 1898.

G. B. Goldsmith, *Justice of the Peace.*

The Eternal Cycle.

A friend hands in the following, calling it "Perpetual Motion." The more you read it and think of it, the more there seems in it:

"The duck eats the worm,
The man eats the duck,
The worm eats the man,
The duck eats the worm."
—Akron Beacon Journal.

The skeleton of a man was unearthed recently near Elkwood, Ind., with an Indian arrow imbedded in the jawbone.

Follow It Up.

Sit down and cool off suddenly, and then regret it, for stiffness and soreness is bound to follow. Follow it up with St. Jacobs Oil and you will have nothing to regret from a prompt cure.

The Wyoming wool clip this year weighed 14,000,000 pounds.

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.

Germany imported $22,500,000 worth of petroleum last year.

Deafness Cannot 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 cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

There are about 350 female blacksmiths in Great Britain.

Special Rates South.

The Southern Railway announces special low rates to Asheville, N. C., account of Medical Association Mississippi Valley, Nashville, Tenn., October 11th to 14th; Christian Church Convention, October 13th to 21st. For full particulars call on or address, Alex. S. Thweatt, Eastern Passenger Agent, 271 Broadway, New York.

Bailey's Mistake is the name of a post office in Maine.

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

The loftiest cliff on the coast of England is Beachy Head, height 564 feet.

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

Great Britain spends on tobacco and pipes about $70,000,000 every year.

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

No particular form of religion receives official recognition in Japan.

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

Teeth are stained in various colors among the Malays.

TAPE WORMS

"A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two CASCARETS. This I am sure has caused my bad health for the past three years. I am still taking Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of notice by sensible people."
Geo. W. Bowles, Baird, Mass.

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant. Palatable. Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c.
... CURE CONSTIPATION. ...
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 318

NO-TO-BAC Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

Seems to Get Ripe.

One complaint seems to get ripe in autumn, and that is neuralgia. To soothe the pain, strengthen the nerves and rid the system of it, use St. Jacobs Oil, the best known cure.

The maximum annual rainfall at Manila is 102 inches, the minimum 82.

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 parchment of the best banjos is made of wolfskin.

SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED IN QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the California Fig Syrup Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

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SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.
LOUISVILLE, Ky. NEW YORK, N. Y.

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THEY CURE. — NO MERCURY.
THE HAPPY MEDICINE CO.,
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DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Atlanta, Ga.

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