An automobile club has been formed in

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.

'War Cry" is to be printed in Java in the Malay language.

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. Chenney & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, hava known F. J. Chency 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 Dräggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Ohio.
Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale
Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, actng directly upon the blood and mucous surlaces of the system. Testimonials sent free,
Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

New South Wales contains more flower-ing plants than all Europe.

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

Danish lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves during a storm.

Ever Have a Dog Bother You

Ever Have a Dog Bother You
When riding a wheel, making you wonder
for a few minutes whether or not you are to
get a fall and a broken neck? Wouldn't you
have given a small farm just then for some
means of driving off the beast? A few drops
of ammonia shot from a Liquid Pistol would
lo it effectually and still not permanently
injure the animal. Such pistols sent postpaid
for fifty cents in stamps by New York Union
Supply Co., 125 Leonard St., New York City,
Every bicyclist at times wishes he had one.

Twenty-eight varieties of the lemon grow

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

Music boxes for bleyeles are new manu factured by a firm in Hamburg, Germany

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

There are ,24,000 Gaelic-speaking Highlanders in the city of Glasgow.

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

One-third of the population of the world speaks the Chinese language.

"Honor is Purchased

by Deeds We Do."

Deeds, not words, count in battles of peace as well as in war. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. It has won many remarkable victories over the arch enemy of mankind - impure blood. Be sure to get only Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

Herbert Oxlev, a Norristown young man, has a talking crow which is a very remarkable bird, indeed. He plucked the creature in its infancy from a plumb tree overhanging the Perkiomen, and for over a year he has spent two or three pleasant hours every evening in educating it. .The crow can swear in the following languages: Italian, German, Spanish, French, Greek and Chinese. Its star feat is performed on a small upright pole. It climbs to the top of the pole and balances itself there on its beak as an acrobat would balance himself on his head. Then it begins to fan the air with its wings and to revolve slowly. The beak bites deep into the wood, the wings whir faster, and soon the inverted crow is twirling round and round with the rapidity of a whirling Dervish. It keeps this up until exhausted, when it falls off the pole in a dazed condition into the waiting hands of its master. There are many crows that can talk—they learn easily if their tongues are split -but very few can spin around on their beaks .- Philadelphia Record.

[LETTER TO MES. PINKHAM NO. 93,284] "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM-Fer some time I have thought of writing to you

Mrs. Johnson Saved from Insanity by

to let you know of the great benefit I have received from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Soon after the Mrs. Pinkham birth cfmy first child, I com-

menced to have spells with my spine. Every month I grew worse and at last became so bad that I found I was gradually losing my mind.

"The doctors treated me for female troubles, but I got no better. One doctor told me that I would be insane. I was advised by a friend to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial, and before I had taken all of the first bottle my neighbors noticed the

change in me. "I have now taken five bottles and cannot find words sufficient to praise it. I advise every woman who is suffering from any female weakness to give it a fair trial. I thank you for your good medicine."-Mas. GERTRUDZ M. JOHNson, Joneshoho, Texas.

Mrs. Perkins' Letter.

"I had female trouble of all kinds, had three doctors, but only grew worse. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills and used the Sanative Wash, and cannot praise your remedies enough."-MRS. EFFIE PERKINS. PRANT LA.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED

Subject: The Glories of Heaven-Christ's Attractiveness Painted in Glowing Colors-From Ivory Palaces to the Agony of the Crncifixion.

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.) Washington, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. almage sets forth the glories of the world to come and the attractiveness of the Christ, who opens the way; text, Psaims, xiv., 8, "All Thy garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory pal-

Among the grand adornments of the city of Paris is the Church of Notre Dame, with great towers and elaborate rose windows and sculpturing of the last judgment, with the trumpeting angels and rising dead; its battlements of quatre foil; its sacristy, with ribbed ceilings and statues of saints. But there was nothing in all that build-ing which more vividity appealed to my plain republican tastes than the costly vestments which lay in oaken presses —robes that had been embroidered with gold and been worn by Popes and archidahops on great occasions. There was archbishops on great occasions. There was a robe that had been worn by Pius VII, at the crowning of the first Napoleon. There was also a vestment that had been worn at the baptism of Napoleon II. As our guide opened the oaken presses and brought out these vestments of fabulous cost and lifted them up the fragrance of the pungent aromatics in which they had been preserved filled the place with a sweetness that was almost oppressive. Nothing that had been done in stone more vividly impressed me than these things that had been done in cloth and embroidery and perfume. But to-day I open the drawer of this text, and I look upon the kingly robes of Christ, and as I lift them, flashing with eternal jewels, the whole house is filled with the aroma of these garments, which "smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory pal-

aces."
In my text the King steps forth. His robes rustle and blaze as He advances. pomp and power and glory overmaster the spectator. More brilliant is He than Queen Vashti moving amid the Persian princes; than Marie Antoinette on the day Louis XVI, put upon her the necklace of 800 diamonds; than Aune Boleyn the day when Henry VIII. welcomed her to his palace-all beauty and all pomp forgotten while we stand in the presence of this Imperial glory, King of Zion, King of the earth, King of heaven, King forever! Her garments not worn out, not dust bedraggled but radiant and jeweled and redoient. It seems as if they must have been pressed 100 years amid the flowers of heaven. The wardrobes from which they have been taken must have been sweet with clusters of camphor and frankincense and all manner of precious wood. you not inhale the odors? Aye, aye, 'They smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia

out of the ivory palaces."
Your first curiosity is to know why the robes of Christ are odorous with myrrh. This was a bright leafed Abyssinian plant. It was trifoliated. The Greeks, Egyptians, Romans and Jews bought and sold it at a high price. The first present that was ever given to Christ was a sprig of myrrh thrown on His infantile bed in Bethlehem, and the last gift that Christ ever had was myrrh pressed into the cup of His cruci-fixion. The natives would take a stone and bruise the tree, and then it would exude a gum that would saturate all the ground beneath. This gum was used for the purposes of merchandise. One piece of it no larger than a chestnut would whelm a whole room with odors. It was put in closets, in chests, in drawers, in rooms, and its perfume adhered almost interminably to anything that was anywhere near it. So when in my text I read that Christ's garments smell of myrrh I immediately conclude the exquisite sweetness

Would that you all knew His sweetness! How soon you would turn from all other attractions! If the philosopher leaped out of his bath in a frenzy of joy and clapped his hands and rushed through the streets mathematical problem, how will you feel leaping from the fountain of a Saviour's mercy and pardon, washed clean and made white as snow, when the question has been solved, "How can my soul be saved?" Naked, frostbitten, storm-lashed soul, let Jesus this hour throw around thee the "garments that smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palace."

Your second curiosity is to know why the robes of Jesus are odorous with aloes. There is some difference of opinion about where these aloes grow, what is the color of the flower, what is the particular appearance of the herb. Suffice it for you and me to know that aloes mean bitterness the world over, and when Christ comes with garments bearing that particular odor they suggest to me the bitterness of a Saviour's sufferings. Were there ever such nights as Jesus lived through—nights on the mountains, nights on the sea, nights in the desert? Who eyer had such a hard re-ception as Jesus had? A hostelry the first, an unjust trial in oyer and terminer another, a foul mouthed, yelling mob the last. Was there a space on His back as wide as your two fingers where He was not whipped? Was there a space on His brow an inch square where He was not cut of the briers? When the spike struck at the instep, did it not go d'ar through to the hollow of the Oh, long, deep, bitter pilgrimage!

Aloes! Aloes! John leaned his head on Christ, but who did Christ lean on? Five thousand men fed by the Saviour; who fed Jesus? The sympathy of a Saviour's heart going out to the leper and the adultress; but who soothed Christ? He had a fit place neither to be born nor to die. A poor babe! A poor lad! A poor young man! Not so much as a taper to cheer His dying hours. Even the candle of the sun snuffed out. Was it not all aloes? Our sins, sorrows, rereavements, losses and all the agonies of earth and heli picked up as in one cluster and squeezed into one cup, and that pressed to Hislips until the acrid, nausent-ing, bitter draft was swallowed with a distorted countenance and a shudder from head to foot and a gurgling strangulation. Aloes, aloes! Nothing but aloes. All this for Himself? All this to get the fame in the world of being a martyr? All this in a spirit of stubbornness, because He did not like Cessar? No, no! All this because He wanted to pluck me and you from hell. Because He wanted to raise me and you to heaven. Because we were lost and He wanted us found. Because we were blind, and He wanted us to see. Because we were serfs, and He wanted us manumitted. oh, ye in whose cup of life the saccharin has predominated; oh, ye who have had bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward Him who in your stead and to purchase your disenthraliment, took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes?

where they knew but little about pharmacy, cassia was used to arrest many forms of disease. So, when in my text we find Christ coming with garments that smell of cassia, it suggests to me the healing and curative power of the Son of God. "Oh," you say, "now you have a superfluous ideal We mre not sick. Why do we want cassia? We are athletic. Our respiration is perfect. Our limbs are lithe, and on bright cool days we feel we could bound like a

I have to tell you that you are "full of wounds and bruises and putrefying sores which have not been bound up or mollified with ointment." The marasmus of sin is on us—the palsy, the dropsy, the leprosy. The man that is expiring to-night in the next street—the allopathic and homeo pathic doctors have given him up and hi pantic doctors have given him up and his friends now standing around to take his last words—is no more certainly dying as to his body than you and I are dying uniess we have taken the medicine from God's apothecary. All the leaves of this Bible are only so many prescriptions from the Divine Physician, written, not in Latin, like the prescription of particular in the prescription of the physician of the property of the prescription of the like the prescriptions of earthly physicians, but written in plain English, so that a "man, though a fool, need not err therein." Thank God that the Saviour's garments

smell of cassin! Suppose a man were sick, and there was a phial on his mantelplece with medicine he knew would cure him, and he refused to take it, what would you say of him?
He is a suicide. And what do you say of
that man who, sick in sin, has the healing
medicine of God's grace offered him and
refuses to take it? If he dies, he is a suicide. People talk as though God took a
man and led him out to deskness and man and led him out to darkness and death, as though He brought him up to the cilffs and then pushed him off. Ob, no When a man is lost, it is not because God pushes him off; it is because he jumps off. In ciden times a suicide was buried at the crossroads, and the people were accustomed to throw stones upon his grave. So it seems to me there may be at this time a man who is destroying his soul, and as though the angels of God were here to bury him at the point where the roads of life and death cross each other, throwing upon the grave the broken law and a great plie of misimproved privileges, so that those going by may look at the fearful mound and learn what a suicide it is when an immortal soul, for which Jesus died, put itself out of the way. According to my text, He comes "out of

the ivory palaces." You know, or if you do not know I will tell you now, that some of the palaces of olden time were adorned with ivory. Ahab and Solomon had their homes furnished with it. The tusks of African and Asiatic elephants were twisted into all manner of shapes, and there were stairs of ivory, and chairs of ivory, and tables of ivory, and floors of ivory, and pillars of ivory, and windows of ivory, and fountains that dropped into basins of lvory, and rooms that had cellings of ivory. Oh, white and overmastering beau-ty! Green tree branches sweeping the white curbs. Tapestry trailing the snowy floors. Brackets of light flashing on the lustrous surroundings. Silvery music rip-pling on the beach of the arches. The mere thought of it almost stuns my brain, and you say: "Oh, if I could only have walked over such floors! If I could have thrown myself in such a chair! If I could have heard the drip and dash of those fountains!" You shall have something better than that if you only let Carist intro-duce you. From that place He came, and to that place He proposes to transport you, for His "garments smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces." What a place heaven must be! The Tulleries of the French, the Windsor Castle of the English, the Spanish Albambra, the Russian Kremiln, are mere dungeons compared with it! Not so many castles on either side the Rhine as on both sides of the river of God
—the ivory palaces! One for the angels,
insufferably bright, winged, fire eyed, tempest charioted; one for the martyrs, with blood red robes from under the altar; one for the King, the steps of His palace the crown of the church militant; one for the singers, who lead the 144,000; one for you, ransomed from sin; one for me, plucked from the burning. Oh, the ivory palaces!

of those palaces were illumined for some great victory, and I look and see, climbing the stairs of ivory and walking on floors of ivory, some whom we knew and loved on Yes, I know them. There are father and mother, not eighty-two years and seventy-nine years, as when they left us, but blithe and young as when on their marriage day. And there are brothers and sisters, merrier than when we used to romp across the meadows together. cough gone. The cancer cured. The erysipelas healed. The heart break over. Oh, how fair they are in the ivory palaces! out from you-Christ did not let one of them drop as He lifted them. He did not wrench one of them from you. No they went as from one they loved well to one whom they loved better. If I to one whom they loved better. If I should take your little child and press its soft face against my rough cheek, I might keep it a little while, but when you, the mother, came along, it would struggle to go with you. And so you stood holding your dying child when Jesus passed by in the room, and the little one sprang out to greet Him. That is all. Your Christian dead did not go down into the dust and the gravel and the mud. Though it rained all that funeral day, and the water came up to the wheel's hub as you drove out to the cemetery, it made no difference to them, for they stepped from the home here to the home there, right into the ivory palaces. All is well with them. All

To-day it seems to me as if the windows

It is not a dead weight that you ilft when you carry a Christian out. Jesus makes the bed up soft with velvet promises, and He says: "Put her down here very gently, Put that head which will never ache again on this pillow of hallelujahs. Send up word that the procession is coming. Ring the bells. Ring! Open your gates, ye ivory palaces!" And so your loved ones are there. They are just as certainly there, having died in Christ, as that you are here, There is only one thing more they want. Indeed, there is one thing in heaven they have not got. They want it. What is it? Your company. But, oh, my brother, unless you change your tack you cannot reach that harbor. You might as well take the Southern Pacific Railroad, expecting in that direction to reach Toronto, as to go on in the way some of you are going, and yet expect to reach the ivory palaces. Your loved ones are looking out of the

windows of heaven now, and yet you seem to turn your back upon them. When I think of that place and think of my entering it, I feel awkward. I feel as sometimes when I have been exposed to the weather, and my shoes have been be-mired, and my coat is solled, and my hair is disheveled, and I stop in front of some fine residence where I have an errand. I feel not fit to go in as I am and sit among the guests. So some of us feel about heaven. We need to be washed; we need to be rehabilitated before we go into the ivory places. Eternal God, let the surges of Thy pardoning mercy roll over us. I want not only to wash my hands and my feet; but, like some skilled diver, standing on the pier head, who lears into the wave and comes up at a far distant point from where he went in, so I want to go down, and so I want to come up. O Jesus, wash me in the waves of Thy salvation!

bright and sparkling beverages, how do you feel toward Him who in your stead and to purchase your disenthraliment, took the aloes, the unsavory aloes, the bitter aloes?

Your third curiosity is to know why these garments of Christ are odorous with cassia. This was a plant which grew in India, and the adjoining islands. You do not care to hear what kind of a flower it had or what kind of a stalk. It is enough for me to tell you that it was used medicinally. In that land and in that age, where they knew but little about pharmacy, first thousand million years in beaven to study out that problem; mean-while and now taking it as the tenderest, mightlest of all facts that Christ did come, that He came with spikes christ did come, that He came with spikes in His feet, came with thorns in His brow, came with spears in His heart, to save you and to save me. "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotton Son, that whosoever telleveth in Him should not perish, but have sverlasting life." O, Christ, whelm all our souls with Thy conroe." I beg to differ, my brother, from christ, whelm all our souls with Thy compount of you can be better in physical health than I am, and yot I grain with the harvesting sickle of Thy must say we are all sick. I have taken the diagnosis of your case and have examined Thy garments smelling for myrch antaloes

HYDROPHOBI.

It has been asserted by many friends of animals, who rightly object to the annual torture and slaughter of dogs, and even by some physicians, that there is no such disease as hydrophobia, or rables, as it is more correctly called.

Those who have studied the subject carefully, however, are certain that there is a disease of dogs, which is communicable by one suffering from it to other animais and to man. But this disease is very rare, and probably not one person in a thousand bitten by dogs is in any danger of it, and not one dog killed among five hundred supposed mad dogs is really mad.

The word hydrophobia is a misnomer, for a mad dog has no fear of water, and will run through a shallow pool without the slightest hesitation; the fear is that of drinking water or of swallowing anything, either fluid or solid, as the attempt is almost certain to throw the sufferer, man or beast, into spasms.

Another popular error concerning rables is that it is a disease peculiar to "dog-days." Vital statistics almost everywhere show that as many cases of the disease in the human being occur during the winter and spring as in summer and autumn.

The only way of transmitting hydrophobia is by inoculation; that is, by the introduction of the virus into the body through a wound of the skin or the mucous membrane. The most usual way for this rare event to occur is, of course, the igh the bite of a rabid dog, cat or other animal. In Russia and some parts of Europe peasants sometimes contract rabies from bites of mad wolves, and this is said to be the most rapidly fatal form of the

But not every bite, even of a genuinely mad dog, is followed by hydrophobia. If the animal's teeth, for instance, have passed through a man's trouser leg or boot, the saliva, which contains the virus, may be wiped from the teeth. In the same way a mad dos that bites a flock of sheep usually infects but one or two, the wool for the most part removing the poisonou, saliva before the jaws close on the

Rabies was formerly always fatal but thanks to the discoveries of Pasteur, this result may now be prevent ed through a course of "anti-rabic" inoculations, provided this is begun within a few days after the bite is re-

Many people who cannot bathe in the sea are greatly benefited by the sea air and by taking sponge-baths, or even tub-baths, in salt water in their own rooms every morning, this being followed by brisk rubbing with the rough bath-towel. The tonic effect of this procedure is marked.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—Low Lindaman, Bethany, Mo., January 8, 1894. One hundred and nine thousand locomotives are at present running in various

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

Germany has about 25,000 physicians and

What does it do? It causes the oil glands in the skin to become more active, making the hair soft and glossy, precisely as nature intended.

It cleanses the scalp from dandruff and thus removes one of the great causes of baldness.

It makes a better circulation in the scalp and stops the hair from coming out.

II Prevents and it **Cures Baldness**

Ayer's Hair Vigor will surely make hair grow on bald heads, provided only there is any life remaining in the hair bulbs.

It restores color to gray or white hair. It does not do this in a moment, as will a hair dye; but in a short time the gray color of age gradually disappears and the darker color of youth takes its place.

Would you like a copy of our book on the Hair and Scalp? It is free. If you do not obtain all the banefits you expected from the use of the Vigor write the Dector about it.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER.
LOTell, Mass.



A tasteful appearance in dress often comes as much from good laundering as from the quality of the clothing. Good laundering requires good soap and Ivory Soap is the best.

The fading of delicate shades is frequently the ruination of an expensive garment. Any color that will stand the free application of water can be washed with Ivery Soap. COPYRIGHT 1808 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE GO. CINCINNATI

M'KINLEY'S NEW BARBER.

President McKinley shaves every morning with punctual regularity That he wields the razor himself is not generally known. It is rare that a barber performs the duty for the president. He cannot cut his hair, however, nor can he keep his razors in that condition which his heavy beard requires. Thus he is not independent of the barber. Up to two weeks ago Charles Lemas, a colored man, who has tonsored every president including and since President Johnson's day, trimmed President McKinley's hair, and occasionally shaved him. But Lemas died. Then the president looked about for a new barber. He remembered the colored man whose chair he always sought in the Ebbitt House shop when he was a member of congress This barber was in his mind when Mr. McKinley first came to Washington, but not desiring to disturb any of the established institutions at the white house, he continued Lemas as his predecessors had done.

The new man is Henry Wilson, colored man, 48 years of age, who was employed at the Ebbitt House barber shop for twenty years, and who for the last six years has been the proprietor of his own shop. He has already cut the president's hair and removed the presidential whiskers, and is elated at the honor of serving the president of the United States. He has performed similar services for a great many pub lic men. He was a favorite with Vice President Wneeler. He made the ac-



HENRY WILSON. quaintance of Mr. McKinley while the latter was a guest at the Ebbitt during his years as a member of the house.

The president has fifteen or more razors, which are cared for by his barber. They compose the finest set in Washington, all being of the best make. The steward of the white house notifies the barber when he is wanted. The president sits in a common chair, and chats with the barber while the latter works over him. The president is not fussy, and is the delight of barbers because he is so easily satisfied. He never complains that the razors burt his face nor criticises.

Louvre Pictures. No picture is hung on the walls of the Louvre in Paris until the artist has been dead ten years

ARTERSINK Is what Uncle Sam uses.

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SAPOLIO

Lazy Liver "I have been troubled a great deal with a torpid liver, which produces constipation. I found CASCARETS to be all you claim for them, and secured such relief the first trial, that I purchased another supply and was completely cured. I shall only be too glad to recommend Cascarets whenever the opportunity is presented." J. A. SMITH. 2020 Susquehanna Ave., Philadelphia, Pa



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Ready Relief will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effects a permanent

A CURE FOR ALL Summer Complaints, DYSENTERY, DIARRHEA. CHOLERA MORBUS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a finned saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach or bowels, will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure. INTERNALLY—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Crampe, Spasus, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency and all internal pains.

Malaria in Its Various Forms Cured and Prevented. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and agoe and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers, aided by TADWAY'S PILLS, so quickly as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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Greatest medicine on earth for chills, fever, ague, and all forms of mularial poisoning.

Recommended and prescribed by physicians of the highest standing. Fir 25 years sold only to physicians; now placed on sale to the public. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials attest their worth. 25c. a package. Send for testimonials, circulary, etc. monials, circulars, etc.

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Permanently Cured insanity Prevented by DR. KLINE'S SREAT NERVE RESTRICTS NERVE RESTORER

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