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Leave the Drummer Alone.

The American drummer has been a subject of discussion in the House of Commons recently, and the suggestion was made that all commercial travelers doing business in the United Kingdom should be taxed. The President of the British Board of Trade, however, thought it would be impracticable as well as impolitic to do this. It certainly would have been. We now permit the representatives of foreign industries to do business in our States without contributing to the expenses of their Government. American manufacturers are taxed upon the value of their land, buildings and factories, besides which they pay much higher wages to their employes. The foreigner, on the other hand, while paying lower wages contributes nothing to our State or municipal Government, and would, if the free traders could only have their way, be allowed to sell his goods in our markets without paying any customs duties. It would certainly not be politic for the British Government to tax American drummers.

TRIED TO WRECK A TRAIN.

Engineer and Fireman Hurt and a Disaster Narrowly Avoided.

News of an attempt to wreck the northbound Washington-Chattanooga vestibule train on the Southern Railway, near Goldevan junction, fifteen miles from Chattanooga, Tenn., has just reached Chattanooga. Some miscreant laid a spike on the rail, and the train came along running at a rapid rate of speed. The front trucks of the engine were thrown from the track. The engineer shut off steam and applied brakes, and he and the fireman jumped. The train ran a distance of four hundred yards, and came to a halt within twenty feet of a trestle seventy-five feet high. The engineer was slightly injured, while the fireman was seriously injured, and is suffering intense agony. The train was filled with passengers, and had it fallen over the embankment the loss of life would have been great. The country is now being scoured for the criminal who placed the spike.

Astounding Presumption.

"Prince John" Van Buren was once before a jury as opponent to Daniel Lord Junior—as his name was invariably spoken and written. In the course of his address, Mr. Lord told the jury that "only a miracle or divine interposition could prevent on the facts a verdict for my client." "Divine interposition! forsooth," ironically exclaimed Mr. Van Buren in reply; "does the gentleman use the Junior after his name boastfully as being closely related to the Senior Lord of the universe?"

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HOGS PRODUCTS—shlds.	$ @ $	7½
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Skim Cheese	4 @	5
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EGGS—State	$ 11½ @ $	12
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TOBACCO—Md. Infer's	$ 1 50 @ $	2 50
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SHEEP	1 50 @	2 50
Hogs	3 85 @	6 00
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MUSKRAT	$ 10 @ $	11
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Opossum	22 @	28
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NEW YORK.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 10 @ $	4 20
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	71⅝ @	70¾
RYE—Western	68 @	70
CORN—No. 2	48¾ @	49¾
OATS—No. 2	29½ @	29
BUTTER—State	12 @	18
EGGS—State	13 @	13½
CHEESE—State	6 @	8

PHILADELPHIA.

FLOUR—Southern	$ 3 60 @ $	4 00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red	69¾ @	69½
CORN—No. 3	49¾ @	49½
OATS—N. 2	31½ @	32
BUTTER—State	15 @	19
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REV. DR. TALMAGE

The Eminent New York Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Plain People."

TEXT: "Salute Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia."—Romans xvi., 14, 15.

Matthew Henry, Albert Barnes, Adam Clark, Thomas Scott and all the commentators pass by these verses without any especial remark. The other twenty people mentioned in the chapter were distinguished for something and were therefore discussed by the illustrious expositors, but nothing is said about Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia. Where were they born? No one knows. Where did they die? There is no record of their decease. For what were they distinguished? Absolutely for nothing, or the trait of character would have been brought out by the apostle. If they had been very intrepid or opulent or virtuous or musical of cadence or crass of style or in anywise anomalous, that feature would have been caught by the apostolic camera. But they were good people, because Paul sent to them his high Christian regards. They were ordinary people, moving in ordinary sphere, attending to ordinary duty and needing ordinary responsibilities.

What the world wants is a religion for ordinary people. If there be in the United States 65,000,000 people, there are certainly not more than 1,000,000 extraordinary, and then there are 64,000,000 ordinary, and we do well to turn our backs for a little while upon the distinguished and conspicuous people of the Bible and consider in our text the seven in twisting garlands for remarkables and building thrones for magnates and sculpturing warriors and apotheosizing philanthropists. The rank and file of the Lord's soldiery need especial help.

The vast majority of people to whom this sermon comes will never lead an army, will never write a State constitution, will never electrify a Senate, will never make an important invention, will never introduce a new philosophy, will never decide the fate of a Nation. You do not expect to; you do not want to. You will not be a Moses to lead a Nation out of bondage. You will not be a Joshua to prolong the daylight until you can shut five kings in a cavern. You will not be a St. John to unroll an apocalypse. You will not be a Paul to preside over an apostolic college. You will not be a Mary to mother a Christ. You will more probably be Asyncritus or Phlegon or Hermas or Patrobas or Hermes or Philologus or Julia.

Many of you are women at the head of households. This morning you launched the family for Sabbath observance. Your brain decided the apparel, and your judgment was final on all questions of personal attire. Every morning you plan for the day. The culinary department of your household is in your dominion. You decide all questions of diet. All the sanitary regulations of your house are under your supervision. To regulate the food, and the apparel, and the habits and decide the thousand questions of home life is a tax upon your brain and nerve and general health absolutely appalling if there be no divine alleviation.

It does not help you much to be told that Elizabeth Fry did wonderful things mid the criminals of Newgate. It does not help you much to be told that Mrs. Judson was very brave among the Bornesian cannibals. It does not help you much to be told that Florence Nightingale was very kind to the wounded in the Crimea. It would be better for me to tell you that the Divine Friend of Mary and Martha is your friend, and that He sees all the annoyances and disappointments and abrasions and exasperations of an ordinary housekeeper from morn till night, and from the first day of the year to the last day of the year and at your call He is ready with help and re-enforcements.

They who provide the food of the world decide the health of the world. One of the greatest battles of this century was lost because the commander that morning had a fit of indigestion. You have only to go on some errand amid the taverns and the hotels of United States and Great Britain to appreciate the fact that a vast multitude of the human race are slaughtered by incompetent cookery. Though a young woman may have taken lessons in music and may have taken lessons in painting and lessons in astronomy, she is not well educated unless she has taken lessons in dough. They who decide the apparel of the world and the food of the world decide the endurance of the world.

An unthinking man may consider it a matter of little importance—the cares of the household and the economies of domestic life—but I tell you the earth is strewn with the martyrs of kitchen and nursery. The health shattered womanhood of America cries out for a God who can help ordinary women in the ordinary duties of housekeeping. The wearing, grinding, unappreciated work goes on, but the same Christ who stood on the bank of Galilee in the early morning and kindled the fire and broiled the fish already cleaned and broiling when the sportsmen surged ashore after their hungry, will help every woman in Christian breakfast, whether by her own hand or the hand of her hired help.

The God who made in Lustrouble eulogy of Hannah, who made a coat for Samuel, herson, and carried it to the temple every year, will help every woman in preparing the family wardrobe. The God who opens the Bible with the story of Abraham's entertainment of the three angels on the plains of Mamre will help every woman to provide hospitality, however rare of embarrassing. It is high time that some of the attention we have been giving to the remarkable women of the Bible—remarkable for their virtue or want of it or remarkable for their deeds—Deborah and Jezebel and Hero ia and Athaliah and Dorcas and the Marys, excellent and abandoned—it is high time some of the attention we have been giving to these conspicuous women of the Bible be given to Julia of the text, an ordinary woman amid ordinary circumstances, attending to ordinary duties and meeting ordinary responsibilities.

Then there are the ordinary business men. They need divine and Christian help. When we begin to talk about business life, we shoot right off and talk about men who did business on a large scale, and who sold millions of dollars of goods a year, but the vast majority of business men do not sell a million dollars of goods, nor half a million, nor a quarter of a million, nor the eighth part of a million. Put all the business men of our cities, towns, villages and neighborhoods side by side, and you will find that they sell less than $50,000 worth of goods. All these men in ordinary business life want divine help. You see how the wrinkles are printing on the countenance the story of worriment and care. You cannot tell how old a business man is by looking at him. Gray hairs at thirty. A man at forty-five with the stoop of a nonagenarian. No time to attend to improved dentistry, the grinders cease because they are few. Actually dying of old age at forty or fifty when they ought to be at the meridian.

Many of these business men have to lies like a neglected clock to which you come, and you wind it up, and it begins to buzz and roar, and then the hands start around very rapidly, and then the clock strikes five or ten, or forty, and strikes without any sense, and then suddenly stops. So is the body of that wornout business man. It is a neglected clock, and though by some sunnac recreation it may be wound up, still the machinery is all out of gear. The hands turn around with a velocity that excites the astonishment of the world. Men cannot understand the wonderful activity, and there is a roar, and a buzz, and a rattle about these disordered lives, and they strike ten when they ought to strike five, and they strike twelve when they ought to strike six, and they strike forty when they ought to strike nothing, and suddenly they stop. Post mortem examination reveal the fact that all the springs and pivots and weights and balance wheels of health are completely deranged. The human clock has simply run down. And at the time when the steady hand ought to be pointing to the industrious hours on a clear and sunlit dial the whole machinary of body, mind and earthly capacity stops forever. The cemeteries have thousands of business men who died of old age at thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five.

Now, what is wanted is grace—living grace for ordinary business men, men who are harnessed from till night and all the days of their life—harnassed in business. Not grace to lose $190,000, but grace to lose $10. Not grace to supervise 250 employes in a factory, but grace to supervise the bookkeeper and two salesmen and the small boy that sweeps out the store. Grace to invest not the $80,000 of net profit, but the $250 of clear gain. Grace not to endure the loss of a whole shipload of spices from the Indies, but grace to endure the loss of a paper of collars from the leakage of a displaced shingle on a poor roof.

Grace not to endure the tardiness of the American Congress in passing a necessary law, but grace to endure the tardiness of an errand boy stopping to play marbles when he ought to deliver the goods; such a grace as thousands of business men have to-day, keeping them tranquil whether goods sell or do not sell, whether customers pay or do not pay, whether the tariff is up or tariff is down, whether the crops are luxuriant or a dead failure, calm in all circumstances and amid all vissicitudes—that is the kind of grace we want. Millions of men want it, and they may have it for the asking. Some hero or heroine comes to town, and as the procession passes through the street the business men come out and stand on tiptoe on their store steps and look at some one who in arctic climate in ocean storm or in day of battle or in hospital agonies did the brave thing, not realizing that they, the enthusiastic spectators, have gone through trials in business life that are just as great before God. There are men who have gone through freezing arctics and burning torrids and awful Maranges of experience without moving five miles from their doorsteps. Now, what ordinary business men need is to realize that they have the friendship of that Christ who looked after the religious interests of Matthew, the custom house clerk, and helped Lydia of Thyatira to sell the dry goods, and who opened a bakery and fish market in the wilderness of Asia Minor to feed the 5000 who had come out on a religious picnic, and who counts the hairs of your head with as much particularity as though they were the plumes of a coronation, and who took the trouble to stoop down with His finger writing on the ground, although the first shuffle of feet obliterated the divine caligraphy, and who knows just how many locusts there were in the Egyptian plague and knew just how many ravens were necessary to supply Elijah's pantry by the brook Cherith, and who as floral commander leads forth all the regiments of primroses, foxgloves, daffodils, hyacinths and lilies which pitch their tents of beauty and kindle their camp fires of color all around the hemisphere; that that Christ and that God know the most minute affairs of your business life, and, however inconsiderable, understanding all the affairs of that woman who keeps a thread and needle store as well as all the affairs of a Rothschild and a Stewart;

Then there are all the ordinary farmers. We talk about agricultural life, and we immediately shoot off to talk about Cincinnatus, the patrician, who went from the plow to a high position, and after he got through the dictatorship in twenty-one days went back again to the plow. What encouragement is that to ordinary farmers? The vast majority of them, none of them, will be patricians. Perhaps none of them will be Senators. If any of them have dictatorships, it will be over forty or fifty or 100 acres of the old homestead. What those men want is grace to keep their patience while plowing with balky oxen and to keep cheerful amid the drought that destroys the corn crop and that enables them to restore the garden the day after the neighbor's cattle have broken in and trampled out the strawberry bed and gone through the lima bean patch and eaten up the sweet corn in such large quantities that they must be kept from the water lest they swell up and die; grace in catching weather that enables them without imprecation to spread out the hay the third time, although again and again and again it has been almost ready for the mow; a grace to doctor the sow with a hollow horn, and the sheep with the footrot, and the horse with the distemper, and to compel the unwilling acres to yield a livelihood for the family, and schooling for the children, and little extras to help the oldschool in business, and something for the daughter's wedding outfit, and a little surplus for the time when the ankles will get stiff with age and the breath will be a little short, and the swinging of the cradle through the hot harvest field will bring on the old man's vertigo. Better close up about Cincinnatus. I know 500 farmers just as noble as he was.

What they want is to know that they have the friendship of that Christ who often drove His similes from the farmer's life, as when He said, "A sower went forth to sow," as when He built His best parables out of the scenes of a farmer's boyhood and manhood, from his wanderings, and the old farmhouse shook that night with rural jubilee, and it who compared Himself to a lamb in the pasture field, and who said the eternal God is a farmer, declaring, "My Father is the husbandman."

Those 40 messages of Christ sent to hear about Christopher Wren, the architect, who built St. Paul's cathedral. It would be better to tell them how to carry the hod of brick up the ladder without slipping, and how on a cold morning with the trowel to smooth off the mortar and keep cheerful, and how to be thankful to God for the plain food taken from the pail by the roadside. Carpenters standing amid the adz, and the bit, and the plane, and the broadax need to be told that Christ was a carpenter, with His own hand wielding saw and hammer. Oh, this is a tired world, and it is an overworked world, and it is an underfed world, and it is a wrung out world, and men and women need to know that there is rest and recuperation in God and in that religion which was not so much intended for extraordinary people as for ordinary people, because there are more of them.

The healing profession has had its Abercrombies and its Abernethys and its Valentine Motts and its Tolliat Parkers, but the ordinary physicians do the most of the world's medicining, and they need to understand that while taking diagnosis or prescriptions or writing prescription or compounding medicament or holding the delicate pulse of a dying child they may have the presence and the dictation of the almighty doctor who took the case of the madman, and after he had torn off his garments in roaming dementia clothed him again, body and mind and who lifted up the woman who for eighteen years had been bent almost double with the rheumatism into graceful stature, and who turned the seas of leprosy into rubicund complexion, and who rubbed the numbness out of paralysis, and who swung wide open the closed windows of hereditary or accidental blindness until the morning light came streaming through the fleshly casements, and who knows all the diseases and all the remedies and all the herbs and all the catholicons, and is monarch of pharmacy and therapeutics, and who has sent out 10,000 doctors of whom the world makes no record, but to prove that they are angels of mercy I invoke the thousands of men whose ailments have been assuaged and the thousands of women to whom in crises of pain they have been next to God in benefaction.

Come, now, let us have a religion for ordinary people in professions, in occupations, in agriculture, in the household, in merchandise, in everything. I salute across the centuries Asyncritus, Phlegon, Hermas, Patrobas, Hermes, Philologus and Julia.

First of all, if you feel that you are ordinary, thank God that you are not extraordinary. I am tired and sick and bored almost to death with extraordinary people. They take all their time to tell us how very extraordinary they really are. You know as well as I do, my brother and sister, that the most of the useful work of the world is done by unpretentious people who toil right on, by people who do not get much approval, and no one seems to say, "That is well done." Phenomena are of but little use. Things that are exceptional cannot be depended on. Better trust the smallest plant that swings on its orbit than ten comets shooting this way and that, imperiling the longevity of worlds attending to their own business. For steady illumination better is a lamp than a rocket. Then, if you feel that you are ordinary, remember that your position invites the less attack.

Conspicuous people—how they have to take it! How they are misrepresented an I abused and shot at! The higher the horns of a rosback the easier to track him down. What a delicious thing it must be to be a candidate for President of the United States! It must be so soothing to the nerves! It must pour into the soul of a candidate such a sense of serenity when he reads the blessed newspapers!

I came into possession of the abusive cartoons in the time of Napoleon I, printed while he was yet alive. The retreat of the army from Moscow, that army buried in the snows of Russia, one of the most awful tragedies of the centuries, represents under the figure of a monster called General Frost shaving the French Emperor with a razor of icicle. As Satyr and Beelzebub he is represented page after page, page after page, England cursing him, Spain cursing him, Germany cursing him, Russia cursing him, Europe cursing him, North and South America cursing him, the most remarkable man of his day and the most abused man. All those men in history who now have a halo around their name on earth wore a crown of thorns.

Take the few extraordinary railroad men of our time and see what abuse comes upon them while thousands of schoolboys escape. All the world took after Thomas Scott, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, abused him until he got under the ground. Thousands of stockholders in that company. All the blame on one man. The Central Pacific Railroad. Two or three men get all the blame if anything goes wrong. There are 10,000 in that company.

I mention these things to prove it is extraordinary people who get abused while the ordinary escape. The weather of life is not so severe on the plain as it is on the high peaks. The world never forgives a man who knows or gains or does more than it can know or gain or do. Parents sometimes give confectionery to the children as an inducement to take bitter medicine, and the world's sugar plum precedes the world's aqua fortis. The mob cried in regard to Christ, "Crucify Him, crucify Him!" and they had to say it twice to be understood, for they were so hoarse, and they got their hoarseness by crying a little while before at the top of their voice, "Hosanna!" The river Rhone is foul when it enters Lake Leman, but crystalline when it comes out on the other side. But there are men who have entered the bright lake of worldly prosperity crystalline and came out terribly riled. If, therefore, you feel that you are ordinary, thank God for the defense and the tranquility of your position.

Then remember, if you have only what is called an ordinary home, that the great deliverers of the world have all come from such a home. And there may be seated reading at your evening stand a child who shall be potent for the ages. Just unroll the scroll of men mighty in church and state, and you will find they nearly all come from log cabin or poor homes. Genius almost always runs out in the third or fourth generation. You cannot find in all history an instance where the fourth generation of extraordinary people amount to anything. Columbus from a weaver's loft, Demosthenes from a cutler's cellar, Bloomfield and Missionary Carey from a shoemaker's bench, Arkwright from a barber's shop, and He whose name is high over all in earth and air and sky from a manger.

Let us all be content with such things as we have. God is just as good in what He keeps away from us as in what He gives us. Even a knot may be useful if it is at the end of a thread.

At an anniversary of a deaf and dumb asylum one of the children wrote upon the blackboard words as sublime as the "Iliad," the "Odyssey" and the "Divina Commedia" all compressed in one paragraph. The examiner, in signs of the mute language, asked her, "Who made the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." The examiner asked her, "For what purpose did Christ come into the world?" The deaf and dumb girl wrote upon the blackboard, "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." The examiner said to her, "Why were you born deaf and dumb while I hear and speak?" She wrote upon the blackboard, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." Oh, that we might be baptized with a contented spirit! The spider draws poison out of a flower; the bee gets honey out of a thistle, but happiness is a heavenly elixir, and the contented spirit extracts it not from the shadeless days of the hills, but from the lily of the valley.

For Families of Their Comrades.

The sailors of the Spanish fleet have agreed to contribute a day's pay to the relief of the families of the men lost on the cruiser Reina Regente.

Lesson From Eggs and Hay.

The free trade editors are not the only people who want to look further backward than 1894 to compare the workings of the Gorman and McKinley tariffs. Farmers have been looking backward and asking us to investigate the tariff question as affecting their eggs and hay. We have done so.

Taking the first eight months of each tariff period, the McKinley act from October, 1890, to the end of May, 1891, and the Gorman act from September, 1894, to the end of April, 1895, we have the quantities and values of our imports of eggs for each eight months, as follows:

QUANTITIES OF IMPORTS OF EGGS.

	For eight months—October 1, 1890—May 31, 1891. McKinley tariff.	For eight months—September 1, 1894—April 30, 1895. Gorman tariff.
Eggs dozen	1,628,305	2,129,947

Average McKinley price, 15½ cents per doz.

VALUES OF IMPORTS OF EGGS.

	For eight months—October 1, 1890—May 31, 1891. McKinley tariff.	For eight months—September 1, 1894—April 30, 1895. Gorman tariff.
Eggs	$257,341	$278,931

Average Gorman price, 13 cents per dozen.

This shows that during the first eight months of the Gorman tariff, our imports of foreign eggs increased by nearly 500,000 dozen. The amount of money that was sent abroad for Gorman tariff eggs was only $20,000 more than in the McKinley period, because the larger importations of Gorman eggs reduced the average price from fifteen and a half to thirteen cents per dozen, a fact that our farmers will not forget.

Turning next to the hay crop we find that during the first eight months of the Gorman tariff we imported 114,000 tons more hay than during the first eight months of the McKinley tariff period, nearly $30,000 more money being sent out of the country to pay for foreign hay than under protection. These details are:

QUANTITIES OF IMPORTS OF HAY.

	For eight months—October 1, 1890—May 31, 1891. McKinley tariff.	For eight months—September 1, 1894—April 30, 1895. Gorman tariff.
	Tons.	Tons.
Hay	25,420	139,157

Average McKinley price, $7.30 per ton.

VALUES OF IMPORTS OF HAY.

	For eight months—October 1, 1890—May 31, 1891. McKinley tariff.	For eight months—September 1, 1894—April 30, 1895. Gorman tariff.
Hay	$182,330	$776,974

Average Gorman price, $7 per ton.

The new fifteen-story hotel in New York is likely to become popular. There are many people who are obliged to remain there for varying lengths of time who will be glad to get fifteen stories away from the city occasionally.

He Will Not Drown Himself.

(From the Troy, N. Y., Times.)

R. W. Edwards, of Lansingburgh, was prostrated by sunstroke during the war and it has entailed on him peculiar and serious consequences. At the present writing Mr. E. is a prominent officer of Post Lyon, G. A. R., Cohoes, and a past aid de camp on the staff of the commander-in-chief of Albany Co. In the interview with a reporter he said:

"I was wounded and sent to the hospital at Winchester. They sent me, together with others, to Washington—a ride of about 160 miles. Having no room in the box cars we were placed face up on the bottom of flat cars. The sun beat down upon our unprotected heads. When I reached Washington I was insensible and was unconscious for ten days while in the hospital. An abscess gathered in my ear and broke; it has been gathering and breaking ever since. The result of this 100 mile ride and sunstroke was heart disease, nervous prostration, insomnia and rheumatism; a completely shattered system which gave me no rest night or day. As a last resort I took some Pink Pills and they helped me to a wonderful degree. My rheumatism is gone, my heart failure, dyspepsia and constipation are almost gone, and the abscess in my ear has stopped discharging and my head feels as clear as a bell, when before it felt as though it would burst, and my once shattered nervous system is now nearly sound. Look at those fingers," Mr. Edwards said, "do they look as if there was any rheumatism there?" He moved his fingers rapidly and freely and strode across the room like a young boy. "A year ago those fingers were gnarled at the joints and so stiff that I could not hold a pen. My knees would swell up and I could not straighten my legs out. My joints would squeak when I moved them. That is the living truth.

"When I came to think that I was going to be crippled with rheumatism, together with the rest of my ailments, I tell you life seemed not worth living. I suffered from despondency. I cannot begin to tell you," said Mr. Edwards, as he drew a long breath, "what my feeling is at present. I think if you lifted ten years right off my life and left me prime and vigorous at forty-seven, I could feel no better. I was an old man and could only drag myself painfully about the house. Now I can walk off without any trouble. That is itself," continued Mr. Edwards, "would be sufficient to give me cause for rejoicing, but when you come to consider that I am no longer what you might call nervous, and that my heart is apparently nearly healthy, and that I can sleep nights, you may realize why I may appear to speak in extravagant praise of Pink Pills. These pills quiet my nerves, take that awful depression from my head and at the same time enrich my blood. There seemed to be no circulation in my lower limbs a year ago, my legs being cold and clammy at times. Now the circulation there is as full and as brisk as at any other part of my body. I used to be so light-headed and dizzy from my nervous disorder that I frequently fell while crossing the floor of my house. Spring is coming and I never felt better in my life, and I am looking forward to a busy season of work."

Even in house cleaning, when a woman passes a mirror, she "fixes" herself a little.

The Ladies.
The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

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