When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Company.

No man ever criticises his wife's cooking until they have been married some time.

To convince a fool against his will is on a par with arguing with a mule not to kick.

Heart Disease Relieved in 30 Minutes

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you. It will save your life.

A man gets so that an alarm clock has no more effect on him than his conscience.

That

Extreme tired feeling afflicts nearly everybody at this season. The hustlers cease to push, the tireless grow weary, the energetic become enervated. You know just what we mean. Some men and women endeavor temporarily to overcome that

Tired

feeling by great force of will. But this is unsafe, as it pulls powerfully upon the nervous system, which will not long stand such strain. Too many people "work on their nerves," and the result is seen in unfortunate wrecks marked "nervous prostration," in every direction. That tired

Feel-

ing is a positive proof of thin, weak, impure blood; for if the blood is rich, red, vitalized and vigorous, it imparts life and energy to every nerve, organ and tissue of the body. The necessity of taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for that tired feeling is, therefore, apparent to everyone, and the good it will do you is equally beyond question. Remember that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1 Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. 25 cents.

Frank T. Redwood is interested in the increase of wild fowl in this country, and has an idea that Chinese quail may be successfully introduced. A friend brought him six of these birds a year ago. They were liberated in Talbot County, and flew off in the woods as naturally as though in China. But that was the last ever seen of them. They have disappeared entirely, so far as Mr. Redwood or his friends have been able to discover. Mr. Redwood is still firm in his faith that this species of bird will flourish in America, and to this end has arranged to have twenty pair brought over from China and let loose in the woods of Maryland. —Baltimore American.

Rats!

A hungry rat, after searching Endres Bros.' shoe store on High street, Hamilton, Ohio, in vain for something to eat, gnawed a hole in the lead water pipe on the second floor, flooding the

BACKACHE.

A Very Significant Indication of Organic Derangement.

The back, "the mainspring of woman's organism," quickly calls attention to trouble by aching. It tells with other symptoms, such as nervousness, headache, pains in loins, and weight in lower part of body, blues and "all gone" feeling, that nature requires assistance, and at once. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for twenty years has been the one and only effective remedy in such cases. It speedily removes the cause and effectually restores the organs to a healthy and normal condition. Mrs. Pinkham cheerfully answers all letters from ailing women who require advice, without charge. Thousands of cases like this are recorded.



"I have taken one-half dozen bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it has relieved me from all pain. I cannot tell you the agony I endured for years; pains in my back (Oh, the backache was dreadful!) and bearing-down pains in the abdomen extending down into my limbs; headache and nausea, and very painful menstruations. I had grown very thin, a mere shadow of my former self. Now I am without a single pain and am gaining in flesh rapidly."—MATTIE GLENN, 1561 Dudley St., Cincinnati,

A quarter spent in HIRES Rootbeer does you dollars' worth of good.

Made only by The Charles E. Hires Co., Philadelphia. A 25c. package makes 5 gallons. Sold everywhere.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Causes of Failures in Life."

TEXT: "Men shall clap their hands at him and shall hiss him out of his place." —Job xxvii., 23.

This allusion seems to be dramatic. The Bible more than once makes such allusions. Paul says: "We are made a theatre or spectacle to angels and to men." It is evident from the text that some of the habits of theatregoers were known in Job's time, because he describes an actor hissed off the stage. The impersonator comes on the boards and, either through lack of study of the part he is to take or inaptness or other incapacity, the audience is offended and expresses its disapprobation and disgust by hissing. "Men shall clap their hands at him and shall hiss him out of his place."

My text suggests that each one of us is put on the stage of this world to take some part. What hardship and suffering and discipline great actors have undergone year after year that they might be perfected in their parts you have often read. But we, put on the stage of this life to represent charity and faith and humility and helpfulness—what little preparation we have made, although we have three galleries of spectators, earth and heaven and hell! Have we not been more attentive to the part taken by others than to the part taken by ourselves, and, while we needed to be looking at home and concentrating on our own duty, we have been criticising the other performers, and saying, "that was too high," or "too low," or "too feeble," or "too extravagant," or "too tame," or "too demonstrative," while we ourselves were making a dead failure and preparing to be ignominiously hissed off the stage? Each one is assigned a place, no supernumeraries hanging around the drama of life to take this or that or the other part, as they may be called upon. No one can take our place. We can take no other place. Neither can we put off our character; no change of apparel can make us any one else than that which we eternally are.

Many make a failure of their part in the drama of life through dissipation. They have enough intellectual equipment and good address and geniality unbounded. But they have a wine closet that contains all the forces for their social and business and moral overthrow. So far back as the year 959, King Edgar of England made a law that the drinking cups should have pins fastened at a certain point in the side, so that the indulger might be reminded to stop before he got to the bottom. But there are no pins projecting from the sides of the modern wine cup or beer mug, and the first point at which millions stop is at the gravity bottom of their own grave. Dr. Sax, of France, has discovered something which all drinkers ought to know. He has found out that alcohol in every shape, whether of wine or brandy or beer, contains parasitic life called bacillus potumaniæ. By a powerful microscope these living things are discovered, and when you take strong drink you take them into the stomach and then into your blood, and getting into the crimson canals of life, they go into every tissue of your body, and your entire organism is taken possession of by these noxious infinitesimals. When in delirium tremens, a man sees every form of reptilian life, it seems it is only these parasites of the brain in exaggerated size. It is not a hallucination that the victim is suffering from. He only sees in the room what is actually crawling and rioting in his own brain. Every time you take strong drink you swallow these maggots, and every time the imbiber of alcohol in any shape feels vertigo or rheumatism or nausea it is only the jubilee of these maggots. Efforts are being made for the discovery of some germicide that can kill the parasites of alcoholism, but the only thing that will ever extirpate them is abstinence from alcohol and teetotal abstinence, to which I would before God swear all these young men and old.

America is a fruitful country, and we raise large crops of wheat and corn and oats, but the largest crop we raise in this country is the crop of drunkards. With sickle made out of the sharp edges of the broken glass of bottle and demijohn they are cut down, and there are whole swathes of them, whole windrows of them, and it takes all the hospitals and penitentiaries and graveyards and cemeteries to hold this harvest of hell. Some of you are going down under this evil, and the never dying worm of alcoholism has wound around you one of its coils, and by next New Year's Day it will have another coil around you, and it will after awhile put a coil around your tongue, and a coil around your brain, and a coil around your lung, and a coil around your foot, and a coil around your heart, and some day this never dying worm will, with one spring, tighten all the coils at once, and in the last twist of that awful convolution you will cry out, "Oh, my God!" and be gone. The greatest of dramatists in the tragedy of "The Tempest" sends staggering across the stage Stephano, the drunken butler; but across the stage of human life strong drink sends kingly and queenly and princely natures staggering forward against the footlights of conspicuity and then staggering back into failure till the world is impatient for their disappearance, and human and diabolic voices join in hissing them off the stage.

Others fail in the drama of life through demonstrated selfishness. They make all the rivers empty into their sea, all the roads of emolument end at their door, and they gather all the plumes of honor for their brow. They help no one, encourage no one, rescue no one. "How big a pile of money can I get?" and "How much of the world can I absorb?" are the chief questions. They feel about the common people as the Turks felt toward the Asapi, or common soldiers, considering them of no use except to fill up the ditches with their dead bodies while the other troops walked over them to take the fort. After awhile this prince of worldly success is sick. The only interest society has in his illness is the effect that his possible decease may have on the money markets. After awhile he dies. Great newspaper capitals announce now he started with nothing and ended with everything. Although for sake of appearance some people put handkerchiefs to the eye, there is not one genuine tear shed. The heirs sit up all night when he lies in state, discussing what the old fellow has probably done with his money. It takes all the livery stables within two miles to furnish funeral equipages, and all the mourning stores are kept busy in selling weeds of grief. The stone cutters send in proposals for a monument. The minister at the obsequies reads of the resurrection, which makes the hearers fear that if the unscrupulous financier does come up in the general rising he will try to get a "corner" on tombstones and graveyard fences. All good men are glad that the moral nuisance has been removed. The Wall street speculators are glad because there is more room for themselves. The heirs are glad because they get possession of the long delayed inheritance. Dropping every feather of all his plumes, every certificate of all his stock, every bond of all his investments, every dollar of all his fortune, he departs, and all the rolling of "Dead March" in "Saul," and all the pageantry of his interment, and all the exquiteness of sarcophagus, and all the extravagance of epitaphology, cannot hide the fact that my text has come again to tremendous fulfillment, "Men shall clap their hands at him and shall hiss him out of his place."

You see the clapping come before the hiss. The world cheers before it damns. So it is said the deadly asp tickles before its stings. Going up, is he? Hurrah! Stand back and let his galloping horses dash by, a whirlwind of plated harness and tinkling headgear and arched neck. Drink deep of his madeira and cognac. Boast of how well you know him. All hats off as he passes. Bask for days and years in the sunlight of his prosperity. Going down, is he? Pretend to be nearsighted so that you cannot see him as he walks past. When men ask you if you know him, halt and hesitate as though you were trying to call up a dim memory and say, "Well, y-e-s, yes, I believe I once did know him, but have not seen him for a long while." Cross a different ferry from the one where you used to meet him lest he ask for financial help. When you started life, he spoke a good word for you at the bank. Talk down his credit now that his fortunes are collapsing. He put his name on two of your notes. Tell him that you have changed your mind about such things, and that you never indorse. After awhile his matters come to a dead halt, and an assignment or suspension or sheriff's sale takes place. You say: "He ought to have stopped sooner. Just as I expected. He made too big a splash in the world. Glad the balloon has burst. Ha, ha!" Applause when he went up, sibilant derision when he came down. "Men shall clap their hands at him and hiss him out of his place." So, high up amid the crags, the eagle flutters dust into the eyes of the roebuck, which then, with eyes blinded, goes tumbling over the precipice, the great antlers crashing on the rocks.

Now, compare some of these goings out of life with the departure of men and women who in the drama of life take the part that God assigned them and then went away honored of men and applauded of the Lord Almighty. It is about fifty years ago that in a comparatively small apartment of the city a newly married pair set up a home. The first guest invited to that residence was the Lord Jesus Christ, and the Bible given the bride on the day of her espousal was the guide of that household. Days of sunshine were followed by days of shadow. Did you ever know a home that for fifty years had no vicissitude? The young woman who left her father's house for her young husband's home started out with a parental benediction and good advice she will never forget. Her mother said to her the day before the marriage, "Now, my child, you are going away from us. Of course, as long as your father and I live you will feel that you can come to us at any time. But your home will be elsewhere. From long experience I find it is best to serve God. It is very bright with you now, my child, and you may think you can get along without religion, but the day will come when you will want God, and my advice is, establish a family altar, and, if need be, conduct the worship yourself." The counsel was taken, and that young wife consecrated every room in the house to God.

Years passed on and there were in that home hilarities, but they were good and healthful, and sorrows, but they were comforted. Marriages as bright as orange blossoms could make them, and burials in which all hearts were riven. They have a family lot in the cemetery, but all the place is illuminated with stories of resurrection and reunion. The children of the household that lived have grown up, and they are all Christians, the father and mother leading the way and the children following. What care the mother took of wardrobe and education, character and manners! How hard she sometimes worked! When the head of the household was unfortunate in business, she sewed until her fingers were numb and bleeding at the tips. And what close calculation of economies, and what ingenuity in refitting the garments of the elder children for the younger, and only God kept account of that mother's sideaches and headaches and heartaches and the tremulous prayers by the side of the sick child's cradle and by the couch of this one fully grown. The neighbors often noticed how tired she looked, and old acquaintances hardly knew her in the street. But without complaint she waited and toiled and endured and accomplished all these years. The children are out in the world—an honor to themselves and their parents. After awhile the mother's last sickness comes. Children and grandchildren, summoned from afar, come softly into the room one by one, for she is too weak to see more than one at a time. She runs her dying fingers lovingly through their hair and tells them not to cry, and that she is going now, but they will meet again in a little while in a better world, and then kisses them goodby and says to each, "God bless and keep you, my dear child." The day of the obsequies comes, and the officiating clergyman tells the story of wifely and motherly endurance, and many hearts on earth and in heaven echo the sentiment, and as she is carried off the stage of this mortal life there are cries of "Faithful unto death," "She hath done what she could," while overpowering all the voices of earth and heaven is the plaudit of the God who watched her from first to last, saying, "Well done, good and faithful servant: thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

But what became of the father of that household? He started as a young man in business and had a small income, and having got a little ahead sickness in the family swept it all away. He went through all the business panics of forty years, met many losses, and suffered many betrayals, but kept right on trusting in God, whether business was good or poor, setting his children a good example, and giving them the best of counsel, and never a prayer did he offer for all those years but they were mentioned in it. He is old now and realizes it cannot be long before he must quit all these scenes. But he is going to leave his children an inheritance of prayer and Christian principles which all the defalcations of earth can never touch, and as he goes out of the world the church of God blesses him and the poor ring his doorbell to see if he is any better, and his grave is surrounded by a multitude who went on foot and stood there before the procession of carriages came up, and some say, "There will be no one to take his place," and others say, "Who will pity me now?" and others remark, "He shall be held in everlasting remembrance." And as the drama of his life closes, all the vociferation and bravos and encores that ever shook the amphitheaters of earthly spectacle were tame and feable compared with the long, loud thunders of approval that shall break from the cloud of witnesses in the piled up gallery of the heavens. Choose ye between the life that shall close by being hissed off the stage and the life that shall close amid acclamations supernal and archangelic.

Oh, men and women on the stage of life many of you in the first act of the drama, and others in the second, and some of you in the third, and a few in the fourth, and here and there one in the fifth, but all of you between entrance and exit, I quote to you as the peroration of this sermon the most suggestive passage that Shakespeare ever wrote, although you never heard it recited. The author has often been claimed as infidel and atheistic, so the quotation shall be not only religiously helpful to ourselves, but grandly vindictory of the great dramatist. I quote from his last will and testament:

"In the name of God, Amen. I, William Shakespeare of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, in perfect health and memory (God be praised), do make this my last will and testament, in manner and form following: First, I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting."

Wyoming for Free Silver.

The Wyoming Democratic Convention held at Laramie adopted without discussion a platform of but one plank, as follows: "Whereas, the paramount issue before the American people is the currency question; therefore be it resolved, that we, the Democracy of Wyoming, in convention assembled, demand the free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold into primary redemption money at the ratio of 16 to 1 without waiting for action or approval of any other Government." No choice of candidates for the Presidential nomination was expressed by the convention.

Justice Snodgrass Not Guilty.

The jury in the case tried at Chattanooga of the State vs. Chief Justice of the Tennessee Supreme Court, David J. Snodgrass, charged with shooting John C. Beasley, returned a verdict of not guilty.

FALLING WALLS.

People Killed and Hurt by a Building Collapsing.

BIG BUILDING TUMBLES.

The Wall Crashes Down on a Barber Shop, in Which Were a Number of Barbers.—One of the Barbers Killed.

A despatch from Buffalo, N. Y., says: The Seneca street side of the Brown Building, formerly occupied by the Western Union Telegraph Company, collapsed, killing four and injuring twelve other persons. The building was filled with offices, almost all of which were occupied. The Western Union left the building a few weeks ago, and the owners of the block began the work of remodelling and strengthening it. On the Seneca street side workmen were engaged in putting in place new iron columns and beams when the walls of a section of the building fell in. Iron columns were twisted like wires, heavy wooden beams were torn to pieces like paper, pillars of brick crumbled and a huge cloud of dust arose, shutting out the wrecked buildings for some moments.

The immediate cause of the collapse of the building is supposed to have been the removal of too many supporting columns before the new ones were placed in position.

Immediately east of the wrecked building was the barbershop of George Sehnart. At the time of the collapse there were several customers and ten workmen in Sehnart's shop. The heavy walls of the Brown building crashed into the shop, burying every one therein.

The building is the property of the estate of one of the Brown brothers of London, England, and was by him willed to two of his daughters.

DISASTERS AND CASUALTIES.

By the explosion of a sawmill boiler at Hoffman, N. C., three colored employes were instantly killed.

Two men were killed and two fatally injured by the explosion of a saw mill boiler on Rocky Fork Creek, W. Va

E. Mohr and his son, Charles, aged 15, were killed in Tipton, Ohio, by the explosion of a boiler in Mohr's tile factory.

Two brick business buildings were wrecked, one man was killed and a number of others more or less injured by a natural gas explosion at Coffeyville, Kan.

Richard Kelly and Martin Gilday were drowned in New York harbor. They were sailing in a catboat and were knocked overboard by the boom when the boat jibed.

Six more of the persons injured in the tornado at Sherman, Texas, are dead. The death list at that place alone now reaches 105. Fully 700 people were left destitute in the city and county.

An exhaust steam pipe in the Appleton Mills, at Lowell, Mass., fell from the ceiling of the weave room. Laura La Plante, aged 17, was killed and a number of the other employes were terribly scalded

A freight train on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul's Railroad was derailed by unknown wreckers near Waldo, Wis., as a result of which three men—two trainmen and a tramp—were killed.

By a tornado at Reserve, Kan., four people were killed, 20 wounded, twelve of them severely, and almost a clean sweep was made of the buildings of the town. Only three buildings were left standing.

A Port Townsend despatch says that the brig Blakely, which left there for Six Mile, Cook's Inlet, weeks ago, carrying passengers, stock and freight, is long overdue She is alleged to have been greatly overloaded.

Five sailors were drowned in Lake Michigan, off Grosse Point, by the sinking of the schooner Mary D. Ayer, which was in tow of steamer City of Duluth. The schooner had been in collision, several hours previously, with the steamer Onoko.

At Air Line Junction, O., as a fast freight on the Lake Shore was pulling out, the air hose broke, setting the front brakes. An empty stock car in the middle of the train was crushed like a paper box, [and of seven men who were riding in it one was killed and five more or less severely injured

A despatch from St. Joseph, Mich., says that Irving Jones and Edward Westfall, aged 19 and 21 years respectively, rowed out into Lake Michigan to lift fish nets, set about four miles off shore. A heavy squall came up and it is believed the boat was capsized and both young men drowned, as they have been missing since.

PLUNGED THROUGH A BRIDGE.

Nineteen Passengers in a Street Car Drowned at Victoria.

A terrible accident occurred at Victoria, B. C., by a bridge giving way, carrying a crowded street car with it. A sham fight and review was to take place at Macaulay's Point, near Esquimault. All the tram cars were packed. Two cars left Government street with upwards of a hundred people.

The first got over Point Ellic bridge, which crosses at Victoria Arm, safely, but when the other was about half way over, the middle span of the bridge, about 150 feet in length, gave way and the car plunged into the water, 100 feet below.

The car was completely submerged and all on board were drowned, with the exception of some of those on the platforms, who managed to save themselves by swimming ashore.

So far as at present known the dead number nineteen.

When the bridge broke there were several carriages on the bridge, and these also were precipitated into the water. Superintendent Wilson was driving one of these and had his five children with him. He succeeded in saving himself and four of the children, the fifth, a little boy, was wedged between the iron bars and was drowned.

As soon as the news of the accident reached Macaulay Point the review was brought to a speedy termination, as under the circumstances it was impossible, and the sham fight was abandoned.

GENERAL TRADE DULL.

Small Distribution in the Central West—Exports of Wheat.

Bradstreet's says: The reactionary tendency in prices, shrinkage in railroad earnings, the falling off in bank clearings and the fact that the present constitutes the beginning of the between-seasons period, include the most conspicuous features of the general business situation. On the other hand business failures have fallen off shortly.

General trade throughout the central West has not met anticipations. Clothing orders have dropped off two weeks earlier than usual at Chicago, and the run of orders for dry goods there is light. A relatively more favorable report comes from St. Louis that dry goods, clothing, hardware and groceries are being sold in increasing quantities for fall delivery. Detroit and Milwaukee business interests are suffering from strikes.

The most favorable report comes from Kansas City, where the movement of merchandise continues relatively quite active, mercantile collections are fair and trade prospects were never better Improvement is also noted on the Pacific coast, due to the weather, which has rendered the crop outlook more favorable and stimulated purchases in staple lines.

Exports of wheat, flour included as wheat, from both coasts of the United States this week amount to 1,906,000 bushels, as compared with 1,903,000 bushels last week, 2,754,000 bushels in the week one year ago 2,310,000 bushels two years ago and 3,106,000 bushels three years ago.

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

The trouble with cute children is they soon outgrow it and become impudent.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

When two discourse, if one's anger rise, the man who lets the contest fall is wise.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists sell at 25c per bottle.

There is no more dangerous disease than wanting to get rich in a hurry.

Take Care of Your Watch.

The mechanism of the human body reminds one very much of the mechanical construction of a fine watch, the wheels, cogs and screws answering to the muscles, and the delicate springs are what may be likened to the nerves. One cannot move without the other, and yet the action of each is separate and distinct. So it is with the nerves and muscles of the human body. The ailments of the muscles are distinct from the ailments of the nerves, and, like the mechanism of a watch, if exposed to sudden change of heat and cold, they get out of order and for the time are useless. Especially is this so at this season of the year, when from exposure, negligence or want of care, the nerves are attacked and neuralgia in its worst form sets in. But like oil to the works of a watch so is St. Jacobs Oil to the nerves thus deranged. It is acknowledged by thousands to be the best and most permanent cure for this most dreaded disease; hence it is well to look after the human watch as well as the one in the pocket.

Wit, like cutlery, needs whetting occasionally.

Catarrh and Colds Relieved in 10 to 60 Minutes.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this Powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves instantly and permanently cures Catarrh, Hay Fever, Colds, Headache, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis and Deafness. If your druggist has n't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

Some people marry bad luck and others inherit it.

More diseases are produced by using brown soap than by anything else. Why run such terrible risks when you know that Dobbins' Floating-Borax Soap is absolutely pure? Your grocer has it or will get it for you. In red wrappers only.

The man who never kicks is pretty sure to be kicked.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FERREL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1894.

The best memory is the one that knows how to forget judiciously.

We will give $100 reward for any case of catarrh that annot be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

No man likes to hear his wife talk of what she will do after he is dead.

The Blue and the Gray.

Both men and women are apt to feel a little blue, when the gray hairs begin to show. It's a very natural feeling. In the normal condition of things gray hairs belong to advanced age. They have no business whitening the head of man or woman, who has not begun to go down the slope of life. As a matter of fact, the hair turns gray regardless of age, or of life's seasons; sometimes it is whitened by sickness, but more often from lack of care. When the hair fades or turns gray there's no need to resort to hair dyes. The normal color of the hair is restored and retained by the use of

Ayer's Hair Vigor.

Ayer's Curebook, "a story of cures told by the cured." 100 pages, free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

RIPANS TABULES

Mr. A. W. Burch, an attache of the Rome, N. Y., *Sentinel*, writes September 5th, 1895: "In conversation with one of our merchants a few days ago, I learned that his wife, who had been in very poor health, was regaining her health and strength, and that she attributed her recovery to Ripans Tabules. I requested an interview, which was granted, and the lady cheerfully gave me the inclosed testimonial: 'For a long time I have been interested in the advertisements of Ripans Tabules, which I have seen in the Rome *Sentinel* and the leading magazines. The advertisements seemed to be honest and I grew to believe them. I tried to obtain some of the Tabules, but found that none of the druggists in this city kept them. I was determined to give them a trial, and at last procured a box by sending to Utica. I had suffered from indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn and distress in my stomach after eating. I began by taking a Tabule after my breakfast and supper and experienced immediate relief, and in a few days the distressing symptoms had entirely disappeared. Now when I eat anything that usually disagrees with me I take one Tabule and avoid unpleasant consequences. I have also found in them a very agreeable relief for constipation. (Signed), MRS. C. H. RUDD, 429 Liberty St., Rome, N. Y.'"

Ripans Tabules are sold by druggists, or by mail if the price (5 cents a box) is sent to The Ripans Chemical Company, No. 10 Spruce st., New York. Sample vial, 10 cents.

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"Contains More Flesh Forming Matter Than Beef."

That is what an eminent physician says of good cocoa. The Cocoa made by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., is the best.

See that Imitations are not palmed off on you.