Out-Door Sports.

The hardy, strong, athletic man, after months of out-door life and sports, feels all the better, although he may have suffered, as many do, from serious sprains and bruises. If sports were stopped on that account, we would have no more of the great baseball games, sports of field and turf, of oar and gun, of rod and racquet, but all sportsmen and athletes take sprains and bruises as an accompaniament with composure, because they know how easy and certain it is to use St. Jacobs Oil and get rid of permanently the worst forms of any such accidents. There may be some, indeed, many, not quite up to date in being prepared for the season's enjoyment, and such should undoubtedly have a supply of this great remedy for pain.

Most troubles will run when we look them squarely in the face.

Is it *probable* that what a million women say after daily trial is a mistake? *They* say they *know* by test that Dobbins' Electric is *most economical*, purest and best. They have had 31 years to try it. *You give it one trial.*

It is hard to find a poorer man than the rich man who never gives.

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

When sin runs to hide, it forgets that it cannot cover up its tracks.

X-Rays

Test and trial prove Hood's Sarsaparilla to be unequalled for purifying the blood because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

is One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills. 25 cents.

AGED INVENTOR KILLED.

Run From a Steam Bicycle Which He Had Invented.

H. Roper, of Roxbury, Mass., a mechanical engineer, while pacing Tom Butler, the professional bicycle rider, with a steam bicycle which Roper had invented, was killed at the Charles River Park track. Roper's machine became unmanageable, and he was thrown, striking upon his head. He died a few moments later. Roper, who was seventy years of age, had been at work on his motor twenty-five years.

There were thirty-seven deaths from cholera Monday in Cairo. At Alexandria there were nineteen deaths. Serious cholera riots have occurred in Cairo, and an American missionary and his wife were injured during the disturbance.

Captain Plumer's force has met a big native regiment of Matabeles which he defeated with heavy loss. One trooper was killed.

MELANCHOLY WOMEN.

DREAD SOMETHING DREADFUL IS GOING TO HAPPEN.

How a Little Baby Girl Rolled the Clouds Away.



Of course a woman will naturally see the dark side of everything when tortured by some form of female disease, which her doctor cannot or does not relieve. No wonder she is melancholy when head and back ache, pains run through the whole body and loins, nerves are weak, stomach out of order, digestion poor, sense of illness and bearing-down, poor sleep and appetite, always weak and tired, irregular menstruation, whites, etc.

She probably is not so fortunate as to know that all female ailments are indicated by these never failing symptoms, and are controlled by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; all female weaknesses quickly disappear from its use. It has been the thinking woman's safeguard for twenty years, and all druggists sell large quantities of it because it can be relied upon.

Still another woman speaks:

"I wish you would publish my name with your testimonials. I want every one to know that your Vegetable Compound has made me well and strong. I sing its praises all the time. When I was first married I was very weak and had female troubles badly; Oh, I was weary, sick and melancholy, but the Vegetable Compound built me up, and now I have a dear baby girl, and I am happy. No home is complete without a dear little baby and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to roll the clouds away."—MRS. GEO. CLAUS, 25 Danforth St., Buffalo, N. Y.

If you accept a substitute, you must not fuss because its not as good as genuine HIRES Rootbeer.

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

AGENTS WANTED to handle high-grade bicycles. Big discounts; exclusive territory. Shipped anywhere for examination. Particulars of Bicycle Headquarters Co., Baltimore.

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

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "War."

TEXT: "The tower of David builded for an armory, whereon there hung a thousand bucklers, all shields of mighty men."—Solomon's Song iv., 4.

The church is here compared to an armory, the walls hung with trophies of dead heroes. Walk all about this tower of David and see the dented shields, and the twisted swords and the rusted hemlets of terrible battle. So at this season, a month earlier at the south, a month later at the north, the American churches are turned into armories adorned with memories of departed braves. Blossom and bloom, O walls, with stories of self sacrifice and patriotism and prowess!

By unanimous decree of the people of the United States of America the graves of all the northern and southern dead are every year decorated. All acerbity and bitterness have gone out of the national solemnity, and as the men and women of the south one month ago floralized the cemeteries and graveyards so yesterday we, the men and women of the north, put upon the tombs of our dead the kiss of patriotic affection. Bravery always appreciates bravery, though it fight on the other side, and if a soldier of the Federal army had been a month ago at Savannah he would not have been ashamed to march in the floral processions to the cemetery. And if yesterday a Confederate soldier was at Arlington he was glad to put a sprig of heartsease on the silent heart of our dead.

In a battle during our last war the Confederates were driving back the Federals, who were in swift retreat, when a Federal officer dropped wounded. One of his men stopped at the risk of his life and put his arms around the officer to carry him from the field. Fifty Confederate muskets were aimed at the young man who was picking up the officer. But the Confederate captain shouted, "Hold! Don't fire! That fellow is too brave to shoot." And as the Federal officer, held up by his private soldier, went limping slowly off the field the Confederate soldiers gave three cheers for the brave private, and just before the two disappeared behind a barn both the wounded officer and the brave private lifted their caps in gratitude to the Confederate captain.

Shall the gospel be less generous than the world? We stack arms, the bayonet of our northern gun facing this way, the bayonet of the southern gun facing the other way, and as the gray of the morning melts into the blue of noon, so the typical gray and blue of old war times have blended at last, and they quote in the language of King James's translation without any revision, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Now, what do we mean by this great observance?

First, we mean instruction to one whole generation. Substract 1865, when the war ended, from our 1896, and you will realize what a vast number of people were born since the war, or were so young as to have no vivid appreciation. No one under forty-one years of age has any adequate memory of that prolonged horror. Do you remember it? "Well," you say, "I only remember that mother swooned away while she was reading the newspaper, and that they brought my father home wrapped in the flag, and that a good many people came in the house to pray, and mother faded away after that until again there were many people in the house and they told me she was dead."

There are others who cannot remember the roll of a drum or the tramp of a regiment or a sigh or a tear of that tornado of woe that swept the nation again and again until there was one dead in each house. Now, it is the religious duty of those who do remember it to tell those who do not. My young friends, there were such partings at rail car windows and steamboat wharfs, and at front doors of comfortable homes as I pray God you may never witness. Oh, what a time it was when fathers and mothers gave up their sons, never expecting to see them again and never did see them again until they came back mutilated and crushed and dead!

Four years of blood. Four years of hostile experiences. Four years of ghastliness. Four years of gravedigging. Four years of funerals, coffins, shrouds, hearses, dirges. Mourning! mourning! mourning! It was hell let loose. What a time of waiting for news! Morning paper and evening paper scrutinized for intelligence from the boys at the front. First, announcement that the battle must occur the next day. Then the news of the battle's going on. On the following day still going on. Then the news of 30,000 slain, and of the names of the great generals who had fallen, but no news about the private soldiers. Waiting for news! After many days a load of wounded going through the town or city, but no news from our boy. Then a long list of wounded and a long list of the dead, and a long list of the missing, and among the last list our boy.

When missing? How missing? Who saw him last? Missing, missing! Was he in the woods or by the stream? How was he hurt? Missing, missing! What burning prayers that he may yet be heard from! In that awful waiting for news many a life perished. The strain of anxiety was too great. That wife's brain gave way that first week after the battle, and ever and anon she walks the floor of the asylum or looks out of the window as though she expected some one to come along the path and up the steps as she soliloquizes, "Missing, missing!"

What made matters worse, all this might have been avoided. There was no more need of that war than at this moment I should plunge a dagger through your heart. There were a few Christian philanthropists in those days, scoffed at both by north and south, who had the right of it. If they had been heard on both sides, we should have had no war and no slavery. It was advised by those Christian philanthropists, "Let the north pay in money for the slaves as property and set them free." The north said, "We cannot afford to pay." The south said, "We will not sell the slaves anyhow." But the north did pay in war expenses enough to purchase the slaves, and the south was compelled to give up slavery anyhow. Might not the north better have paid the money and saved the lives of 500,000 brave men, and might not the south better have sold out slavery and saved her 500,000 brave men? I swear you by the graves of your fathers and brothers and sons to a new hatred for the champion curse of the universe—war!

O Lord God, with the hottest bolt of Thine omnipotent indignation strike that monster down forever and ever! Imprison it in the deepest dungeon of the eternal penitentiary. Bolt it in with all the iron ever forged in cannon or moulded into howitzers. Cleave it with all the sabers that ever glittered in battle and wring its soul with all the pangs which it ever caused. Let it feel all the conflagrations of the homesteads it ever destroyed. Deeper down let it fall and in fiercer flame let it burn, till it has gathered into its heart all the suffering of eternity as well as time. In the name of the millions of graves of its victims, I denounce it. The nations need more the spirit of treaty and less of the spirit of war.

War is more ghastly now than once, not only because of the greater destructiveness of its weaponry, because now it takes down the best men, whereas once it chiefly took down the worst. Bruce, in 1717, in his "Institutions of Military Law," said of the European armies of his day, "If all infamous persons and such as have committed capital crimes, heretics, atheists and all dastardly effeminate men were weeded out of the army, it would soon be reduced to a pretty moderate number." Flogging and mean pay made them still more ignoble. Officers were appointed to see that each soldier drank his ration of a pint of spirits a day. There were noble men in battle, but the moral character of the army was then ninety-five per cent. lower than the moral character of an army to-day. By so much is war now the more detestable because it destroys the picked men of the nations.

Again, by this national ceremony we mean to honor courage. Many of these departed soldiers were volunteers, not conscripts, and many of those who were drafted might have provided a substitute or got off on furlough or have deserted. The fact that they lie in their graves is proof of their bravery. Brave at the front, brave at the cannon's mouth, brave on lonely picket duty, brave in cavalry charge, brave before the surgeon, brave in the dying message to the home circle. We yesterday put a garland on the brow of courage. The world wants more of it.

The church of God is in woeful need of men who can stand under fire. The lion of worldly derision roars and the sheep tremble. In great reformatory movements at the first shot how many fall back! The great obstacle to the church's advancement is the inanity, the vacuity, the soft prettiness, the mamby pabyism of professed Christians. Great on a parade, cowards in battle. Afraid of getting their plumes ruffled, they carry a parasol over their helmet. They go into battle not with warrior's gauntlet, but with kid gloves, not clutching the sword hilt too tight less the gloves split at the back.

In all our reformatory and Christian work the great want is more backbone, more mettle, more daring, more prowess. We would in all our churches like to trade off a hundred do nothings for one do everything. "Quit yourselves like men; be strong."

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

Again, we mean by this national observance to honor self sacrifice for others. To all these departed men home and kindred were as dear as our home and kindred are to us. Do you know how they felt? Just as you and I would feel starting out to-morrow morning with nine chances out of ten against our returning alive, for the intelligent soldier sees not only battle ahead, but malarial sickness and exhaustion. Had these men chosen they could have spent last night in their homes and to-day have been seated where you are. They chose the camp not because they liked it better than their own house, and followed the drum and fife not because they were better music than the voices of the domestic circle. South Mountain and Murfreesboro and the swamps of Chickahominy were not playgrounds.

These heroes risked and lost all for others. There is no higher sublimity than that. To keep three-quarters for ourselves and give one-quarter to others is honorable. To divide even with others is generous. To keep nothing for ourselves and give all for others is magnanimity Christlike. Put a a girdle around your body and then measure the girdle and see if you are fifty or sixty inches round. And is that the circle of your sympathies?—the size of yourself? Or, to measure you around the heart, would it take a girdle large enough to encircle the land and encircle the world? You want to know what we dry theologians mean when we talk of vicarious suffering. Look at the soldiers' graves and find out. Vicarious—pangs for others, wounds for others, homesickness for others, blood for others, sepulcher for others.

Those who visited the national cemeteries at Arlington Heights and at Richmond and Gettysburg saw one inscription on soldiers' tombs oftener repeated than any other—"Unknown." When, about twenty-one years ago, I was called to deliver the oration at Arlington Heights, Washington, I was not so much impressed with the minute guns that shook the earth or with the attendance of president and cabinet and foreign ministers and generals of the army and commodores of the navy as with the pathetic and overwhelming suggestiveness of that epitaph on so many graves at my feet, "Unknown!" "Unknown!" It seems to me that the time must come when the government of the United States shall take off that epitaph. They are no more unknown! We have found them out at last. They are the beloved sons of the republic.

If foreign foe should come, we want men like those of 1812 and like those of 1862 to meet them. We want them all up and down the coast, Pulaski and Fort Sumter in the same chorus of thunder as Fort Lafayette and Fort Hamilton—men who will not only know how to fight, but how to die. When such a time comes, if it ever does come, the generation on the stage of action will say: "My country will care for my family as they did in the soldiers' asylum for the orphans in the Civil War, and my country will honor my dust as it honored those who preceded me in patriotic sacrifice, and once a year at any rate, on Decoration Day, I shall be resurrected into the remembrance of those for whom I died. Here I go for God and my country! Huzza!"

If foreign foe should come, the old sectional animosities would have no power. Here go our regiments into the battlefield—Fifteenth New York volunteers, Tenth Alabama cavalry, Fourteenth Pennsylvania riflemen, Tenth Massachusetts artillery, Seventh South Carolina sharpshoopers. I do not know but it may require the attack of some foreign foe to make us forget our absurd sectional wrangling. I have no faith in the cry, "No north, no south, no east, no west!" Let all four sections keep their peculiarities and their preferences, each doing its own work and not interfering with each other, each of the four carrying its part in the great harmony—the bass, the alto, the tenor, the soprano—in the grand march of Union.

Once more, this great national ceremony means the beautification of the tombs, whether of those who fell in battle or accident, or who have expired in their beds, or in our arms, or on our laps. I suppose you have noticed that many of the families take this season as the time for the adornment of their family plots. This national observance has secured the arboriculture and floriculture of the cemeteries, the straightening up of many a slab planted 30 or 40 years ago, and has swung the scythe through the long grass and has brought the stonecutter to call out the half obliterated epitaph. This day is the benediction of the resting place of father, mother, son, daughter, brother, sister.

It is all that we can do for them now. Make their resting places attractive, not absurd with costly outlay, but in quiet remembrance. You know how. If you can afford only one flower, that will do. It shows what you would do if you could. One blossom from you may mean more than the Duke of Wellington catafalque. Oh, we cannot afford to forget them. They were so lovely to us. We miss them so much. We will never get over it. Blessed Lord Jesus, comfort our broken hearts. From every bank of flowers breathes promise of resurrection.

In olden times the Hebrews, returning from their burial place, used to pluck the grass from the field three or four times, then throw it over their heads, suggestive of the resurrection. We pick not the grass, but the flowers, and instead of throwing them over our heads we place them before our eyes, right down over the silent heart that once beat with warmest love toward us, or over the still feet that ran to service, or over the lips from which we took the kiss at the anguish of the last parting.

But stop! We are not infidels. Our bodies will soon join the bodies of our departed in the tomb and our spirits shall join their spirits in the land of the rising sun. We cannot long be separated. Instead of crying with Jacob or Joseph, "I will go down into the grave unto my son, mourning," let us cry with David, "I shall go to him."

On one of the gates of Greenwood is the quaint inscription, "A night's lodging on the way to the city of New Jerusalem." Comfort one another with these words. May the hand of Him who shall wipe away all tears from all eyes wipe your cheek with its softest tenderness. The Christ of Mary and Martha and Lazarus will infold you in His arms. The white robed angel who sat at the tomb of Jesus will yet roll the stone from the door of your dead in radiant resurrection. The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout and the voice of the archangel. So the "Dead March" in "Saul" shall become the "Hallelujah Chorus."

Congress passed a bill abolishing the post of Chaplain and Professor at the West Point Military Academy, and providing that a regularly ordained clergyman shall be appointed to serve as chaplain, in a civilian capacity for a term of four years.

ST. LOUIS DAMAGE.

Ten Thousand Houses Practically Destroyed.

TANGLE IN CITY COUNCILS.

The Appropriation of $100,000 Hangs Fire Because of the Provisions of the City Charter Forbids the Grant.

A dispatch from St. Louis says:—There is still great variance of opinion as to the amount of damage done by the cyclone. Estimates all the way from $1,000,000 to $5,000,000 have been advanced, but until the report of the building commissioner is made next week the actual figures will not be known.

It will be impossible to draw the line between buildings totally, and those only partially destroyed, as many are standing now that will have to be torn down. Some property owners will prefer to rebuild entirely, while others will reconstruct their damaged property. Building permits are not being issued at the rapid rate, as the department is not requiring those who are repairing to take out permits.

However, sixteen were applied for and issued Monday. Assistant Charles R. Graves, when seen, said that probably the actual damage would never be known.

"Our inspectors will not report for a week," said he, "but from what they say around the office I would say that the total number of houses totally destroyed would number 10,000. The damage, it can safely be said, will average around $1500 to each building. This, I think, will cover the entire loss on buildings."

The Municipal Assembly is having a hard time appropriating $100,000 for the tornado sufferers. The House of Delegates after being warned that they would go to jail if they passed the proposed $100,000 relief bill, deliberately passed it, and thereby violated the city charter.

Section 11, of Article 16 of said charter, provides that any member or officer of either house of the Assembly and any officer of the city who shall knowingly vote for the disbursement of any money belonging to the city for any other than the specific use or purpose for which the money shall have been authorized by law shall, upon conviction thereof, be punished by imprisonment or fine or both.

Section 33, of Article 3 of the charter, is in these words: "Section 33—The Assembly shall not appropriate any money for charitable purposes, except such as shall be subject to its own supervision and administration, under a system of suitable arrangement to be established, whereby the partakers of the charity shall respectively earn what they receive to the extent of their ability."

The Council, the other branch, declined to take favorable action upon the relief bill reported by the House, considering such a step in violation of both the letter and spirit of the city charter. However, the Council drafted another bill appropriating $100,000 to be expended by the street department. In this way it is hoped to evade the city charter, and at the same time grant relief desired.

FIFTY-FOURTH CONGRESS.

HOUSE.

135th DAY.— In the House the Johnson-Stokes contested election case, from the seventh South Carolina district, was discussed at length, but not decided.

135TH DAY. The House of Representatives spent the entire day debating the Johnston-Stokes contested election case from the Seventh South Carolina district.

137TH DAY.—In the House the Johnson-Stokes election contest from the seventh district of South Carolina were settled by the adoption of a substitute for the committee's report declaring there had been no election and that the seat was vacant. The Phillips bill for an industrial commission was also passed.

138th DAY.—The House passed the river and harbor bill over the President's veto, and unseated John J. Walsh, the democratic member from the eighth New York district, whose place will be filled by John Murray Mitchell, republican. There was a full attendance to vote on the river and harbor bill. It was passed by 220 to 60, many more votes than the two-thirds necessary to overrule a veto, and without debate.

139TH DAY—In the House a partial conference report on the General Deficiency bill was agreed to, and the bill sent back to further conference. The Murray-Elliott contested case from the First South Carolina district was debated for four hours. The majority report favors the seating of the contestant, who is a colored man and who was seated by the Fifty-first House in place of Elliott.

SENATE.

135th DAY.—In the Senate the Butler bond bill was further discussed. Senator Daniel's plea for silver evoked an enthusiastic demonstration.

135TH DAY.—The Senate reached an agreement to take a final vote on the bill to prohibit the issue of bonds on Tuesday next. Mr. Butler, author of the bill, spoke in support of it. The Senate passed the bills repealing the law relating to rebates on alcohol used in the arts, and amending the law concerning the distilling of brandy from fruits.

137TH DAY.—Most of the session of the Senate was given to the debate on the Butler bill. Mr. Cullom spoke against it as a step toward repudiation. Mr. Brown, of Utah, spoke in favor of the bill, or of a resolution offered by him declaring that bonds under any future issue would be illegal and void.

138th DAY.—The Senate, after several hours' debate, passed the Butler bill prohibiting the issue of bonds without the authority of Congress. The discussion was at times very animated. The vote on the adoption of the bill resulted as follows: Yeas 32, nays 25.

139TH DAY.—The Senate passed the River and Harbor bill over the President's veto by a vote of 56 to 5. The opposition to the veto was expressed by Senators Vest, Sherman, Pettigrew, Hawley and Butler, while the veto was defended by Senators Vilas, Hill and Pate. When a partial conference report was presented on the Naval Appropriation bill, Mr. Quay moved that the Senate recede from its amendment reducing the number of battleships from four to two. This was debated at length.

Tobacco manufacturers of Havana have protested against the suspension of the prohibitive tobacco export order declaring that all the tobacco in Cuba is needed to keep the factories going.

A GLOOMY JOURNEY THAT LASTED TWO YEARS.

A Turn in the Lane at Last Brings Health and Gladness---An Interesting Narrative With a Happy Ending.

From the Gazette, Baldwinsville, N. Y.

The *Gazette* recently called attention in these columns to the case of Herbert Spencer, in this village, and his release from suffering after long bondage. Interested in all things pertaining to the betterment of the moral and physical welfare of our community, we had no sooner given to the readers of this paper one article for their perusal and thought when we sought information regarding more such. Our south side druggists, Gardner & Davis, reported that Mr. Frank Williams, of Warner, N. Y., a flourishing hamlet four miles south of this village, had been greatly benefited by the use of that widely-known and highly-regarded medicinal preparation known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. To fully set forth the facts concerning the case at Warner, we drove to that village one pleasant July evening. Mr. Williams was not at his pleasant little home in the suburbs of the village on our arrival, but we found him just entering the store of George Burr, in the center of the town, near the N. Y. C. tracks. Mr. Williams is a tall, pleasant looking man, six feet and one-half inch in height, with a face which at once impresses you with a belief in his candor and honesty. In response to our inquiry as to whether he had ever used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and his willingness to publish abroad his opinion of this medicine, Mr. Williams said:

"I am glad of the opportunity to let my friends and the public generally know of the results of my taking this widely-advertised remedy. I want people to know there is an escape from the evils of some diseases, at least, and that there is reliability and virtue in one of the many advertised remedies now before the people."

We stepped over to a show case nearby where we could write with ease and Mr. Williams continued:

"I have resided in Warner and vicinity for twenty-one years. Am forty-six years of age, and by occupation a carpenter and general utility man, finding employment nearly, if not quite all of the time. In January, 1891, I was attacked with a severe nervous trouble, which greatly weakened me and continued to grow gradually worse, with pains everywhere, sometimes in my fingers, again in my toes, but mostly in the heart region. For a year and a half I was unable to do a full day's work. For over three years I tried the skill of the physicians and grew worse under their care. Also tried some well-known proprietary medicines, and while, perhaps relieved for a time, yet the nervous twitching continued, and for two years I felt that there was no help for me. One day I read in a newspaper a testimonial from a man whose case seemed to resemble mine, and he claimed to have been cured by a medicine advertised under the name of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Before I forget it, I desire to say that there was no shaky trouble in my hands, only a quivering of the muscles, sometimes showing in my face. I resolved to try these pills and first purchased a box at the drug store of Gardner & Davis, in Baldwinsville. I felt so much better at once that I continued their use until I had taken eighteen boxes, when I felt entirely well again, and have never had a return of the disease, excepting after a period of severe, hard labor, when I feel a bit of the old nervous twitching, but no pain, and when these come on, which is very seldom. I take a few pills and I am all right again. I might also add that my daughter was troubled with palpitation of the heart, and used two boxes, which gave her instant relief. Regarding my present condition I am able to work every day, and my neighbors attribute my cure to something akin to the miraculous."

Mr. Williams was more than willing to make affidavit of the truth of his statements, and we drove to the residence of Justice of the Peace Charles T. Fowler, where the following acknowledgment was recorded:

FRANK S. WILLIAMS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of July, 1895.

CHARLES T. FOWLER,
Justice of the Peace.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness, either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk, or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

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

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

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 hasn't it in stock, ask him to procure it for you.

It is hard to please people who never know what they want.

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.

The right cross for us is the first one we come to.

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

Overcoming a difficulty changes it into a blessing.

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.

It is impossible to live any higher than we look.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

A temptation resisted is a lion slain.



Gladness Comes

With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of sickness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact, that it is the one remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is therefore all important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to note when you purchase, that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, and sold by all reputable druggists.

If in the enjoyment of good health, and the system is regular, then laxatives or other remedies are not needed. If afflicted with any actual disease, one may be commended to the most skillful physicians, but if in need of a laxative, then one should have the best, and with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

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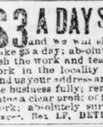
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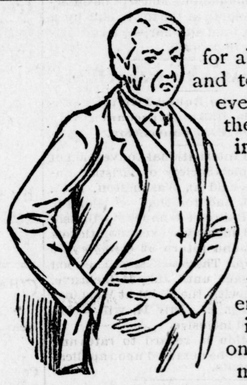
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