# Feed

ur nerves upon rich, red blood and you will t be nervous. Blood is made rich and pure by

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

**Hood's Pills** are always reliable. 25 cents.


## MARYLAND STATE NEWS.

The Latest Happenings in Various Parts of the State.

Alfred Henry Harrison died at St. Michael's, aged seventy-three years. He was a shipbuilder and farmer, and successful in both pursuits. His farming operations during an earlier period of his life were carried on in Talbot and Caroline counties. He learned the craft of the shipbuilder under the mastership of the late Edward Willey at a time when that business was a great industry in St. Michael's, and continued actively engaged in it until two years ago, when he retired from business. His wife, who was Miss Louisa Hambleton, died seven years ago. They left one child, James H. Harrison, who is married and has a family and resided with his father.

A bold act of highway robbery was committed on West High street, near Singerly avenue, in the resident portion of Elkton. Mrs. Edward Draper, of Wilmington, Del., on a visit to relatives in Elkton, was accompanied by a child on High street about half-past 9 o'clock, and when opposite the residence of Edward Taylor was attacked by a colored man, who without a word, grabbed the woman and taking her pocketbook started to run. Mrs. Draper made a plucky fight, but the man overpowered her and escaped. The residents were aroused by her cry for help and many went to her assistance. The citizens made every effort to locate the man, but without success. Mrs. Draper was somewhat bruised about the wrist. The pocketbook contained about ten dollars. This is the second highway robbery to occur on this street within a month.

Joseph Albaugh was found by the police in his saloon, in Cumberland, lying in a pool of blood in an unconscious condition. He was badly cut across the nose and face. A Baltimorean, whose name cannot be ascertained, who was with him early in the morning, is thought to have committed the assault, but he cannot be found. Albaugh is so badly hurt as to be unable to throw any light on the matter.

## SLAIN BY TURKISH TROOPS.

ighty Helpless Macedonians Said to Have Been Killed.

The Turkish troops are reported to have assacred eighty old men, women and children in the villages of Trambuno and Komno, Macedonia.

The remainder of the inhabitants escaped to the mountains. The troops carried off the crops and burned both villages.


## WOMEN WANT TO KNOW

TO WHOM CAN THEY TELL THEIR TROUBLES?

**A Woman Answers "To Me"—Anxious Inquirers Intelligently Answered—Thousands of Grateful Letters.**

Women regard it as a blessing that they can talk to a woman who fully understands their every ailment, and thus avoid the examinations, experiments and theories of incompetent physicians, whose sex deprives them of knowing by experience. The endless confidence placed in Mrs. Pinkham by American women, prompts them to seek her advice constantly.

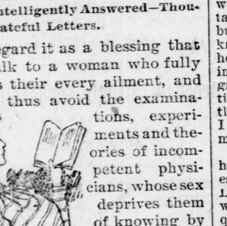


Female diseases yield to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once. Inflammation, ulceration, falling and displacement of the womb, ovarian troubles, spinal weakness and kidney complaints, all have their symptoms, and should be "nipped in the bud." Bearing-down pains, backache, headache, nervousness, pains in groins, lassitude, whites, irregularities, dread of impending evil, blues, sleeplessness, faintness, etc.

Here is testimony right to the point:

"The doctors told me that unless I went to the hospital and had an operation performed, I could not live. I had falling, enlargement and ulceration of the womb.

"I was in constant misery all the time; my back ached; I was always tired. It was impossible for me to walk far or stand long at a time. I was surely a wreck. I decided that I would give your Compound and Sanative Wash a trial.



"I took three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and used two packages of Sanative Wash, and I am now almost well. I am stouter and healthier than I have ever been in my life. My friends and neighbors and the doctors are surprised at my rapid improvement. I have told them all what I have been taking."—MRS. ANNETTA BICKMEIER, Bellaire, Belmont Co., O.


## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

### The Eminent Washington Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Great Trial."

TEXT: "We have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."—I John ii., 1.

Standing in a court room, you say to yourself: "At this bar crime has often been arraigned; at this witness stand the oath has often been taken; at this jurors' bench the verdict has been rendered; at this judge's desk sentence has been pronounced." But I have to tell you to-day of a trial higher than any Oyer and Terminer or Circuit or Supreme or Chancery. It is the trial of every Christian man for the life of his soul. This trial is different from any other in the fact that it is both civil and criminal.

The issues at stake are tremendous, and I shall in my sermon show you, first, what are the grounds of complaint; then, who are the witnesses in the cause, and lastly, who are the advocates.

When a trial is called on the first thing is to have the indictment read. Stand up then, O Christian man, and hear the indictment of the court of high heaven against thy soul. It is an indictment of ten counts, for thou hast directly or indirectly broken all the ten commandments. You know how it thundered on Sinai and when God came down how the mountain rocked and the smoke ascended as from a smoldering furnace, and the darkness gathered thick, and the loud, deep trumpet uttered the words: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die!" Are you guilty, or not guilty? Do not put in a negative plea too quick, for I have to announce that "all have sinned and come short of the glory of God. There is none that doeth good; no, not one. Whosoever shall keep the whole law, yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all." Do not therefore, be too hasty in pronouncing yourself not guilty.

The lawsuit before us also charges you with the breaking of a solemn contract. Many a time did we promise to be the Lord's. We got down on our knees and said: "O, Lord, I am Thine now and forever." Did you keep the promise? Have you stood up to the contract? Have you not sometimes faltered when you ought to have been true? Have you not been proud when you ought to have been humble? Have you not played the coward when you ought to have been the hero? I charge it upon you and I charge it upon myself—we have broken the contract.

Still further; this lawsuit claims damages at your hands. The greatest slander on the Christian religion is an inconsistent professor. The Bible says religion is one thing; we, by our inconsistency, say religion is some other thing, and what is more deplorable about it is that people can see faults in others while they can not see any in themselves. If you shall at any time find some miserable old gossip, with imperfections from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, a perfect blotch of sin herself, she will go tattling, tattling, tattling, all the years of her life about the inconsistencies of others, having no idea that she is inconsistent herself. God save the world from the gossip, female and male! I think the males are the worst!

Now you have heard the indictment read. Are you ready to plead guilty or not guilty? Perhaps you are not ready yet to plead. Then the trial will go on. The witnesses will be called, and we shall have the matter decided. In the name of God I now make proclamation: Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Whoever hath anything to offer in this trial in which God is the plaintiff and the Christian soul the defendant, let him now step forth and give testimony in this solemn trial.

The first witness I call upon the stand in behalf of the prosecution is the world—all critical and observant of Christian character. You know that there are people around you who perpetually banquet on the frailties of God's children. You may know, if you have lived in the country, that a crow cares for nothing so much as carrion. There are those who imagine that out of the faults of Christians they can make a bridge of boats across the stream of death, and they are going to try it; but, alas for the mistake! When they get mid-stream away will go the bridge and down will go their souls to perdition. O world of the greedy eye and the hard heart, come on the stand now and testify in behalf of the prosecution against this Christian soul on trial. What do you know about this Christian man? "Oh," says the world, "I know a great deal about him. He talks about putting his treasures in heaven, but he is the sharpest man in a trade I ever knew. He seems to want us to believe that he is a child of God, but he is just full of imperfections. I do not know but I am a great deal better than he is now. Oftentimes he is very earthly, and he talks so little about Christ and so much about himself. I am very glad to testify that this is a bad man."

Stop, O World, with the greedy eye and hard heart. I fear you are too much interested in this trial to give impartial evidence. Let all those who hear the testimony of this witness know that there is an old family quarrel between these two parties. There always has been a variance between the World and the Church, and while the World on the witness stand to-day has told a great deal of truth about this Christian man, you must take it all with much allowance, remembering that they still keep the old grudge good. O, World of the greedy and the hard heart, that will do; you must sit down.

The second witness I call in this case is Conscience. Who art thou, O Conscience? What is your business? Where were you born? What are you doing here? "Oh," says Conscience, "I was born in heaven. I came down to befriend this man. I have lived with him. I have instructed him. I have warned him. I showed him the right and the wrong, advising him to take the one and eschew the other. I have kindled a great light in his soul. With a whip of scorpion I have scourged his wickedness, and I have tried to cheer him when doing right; and yet I am compelled to testify on the stand to-day that he has sometimes rejected my mission. Oh, how many cups of life have I pressed to his lips that he dashed down, and how often has he stood with his hard heel on the bleeding heart of the Son of God! It pains me very much that I have to testify against this Christian man, and yet I must, in behalf of Him who will in no wise clear the guilty, say that this Christian man has done wrong. He has been worldly. He has been neglectful. He has done a thousand things he ought not to have done, and left undone a thousand things he ought to have done." That will do, Conscience. You can sit down.

The third witness I call in the case is an angel of God. Bright and shining one, what do'st thou here? What hast thou to say against this man on trial? "Oh," says the angel, "I have been a messenger to him. I have guarded him. I have washed him. With this wing I have defended him, and oftentimes, when he knew it not, I led him into green pastures and beside still waters. I snatched from him the poisoned chalice. When bad spirits came upon him to destroy him, I fought them back with infinite fierceness, and yet I have to testify to-day that he has rejected my mission. He has not done as he ought to have done. Though I came from the sky, he drove me back. Though with this wing I defended him, and though with this voice I wooed him, I have to announce his multiplied imperfections. I dare not keep back the testimony, for then I should not dare to appear again amongst the sinless ones before the great white Throne."

There is only one more witness to be called on behalf of the prosecution, and that is the great, the holy, the august, the omnipotent spirit of God. We bow down before Him. Holy Spirit, knowest Thou this man? "Oh, yes," says the holy one, "I know him. I have striven with him ten thousand times, and though sometimes he did seem to repent, he fell back again as often from his first estate. Ten thousand times ten thousand has he grieved Me, although the Bible warned him, saying: 'Grieve not the Holy Ghost. Quench not the Spirit.' Yes, he has driven Me back. Though I am the Third Person of the Trinity, he has trampled on My Mission, and the blood of the Atonement that I brought with which to cleanse his soul, he sometimes despised. I came from the throne of God to convert, and comfort and sanctify, and yet look at that man and see what he is compared with what, unresisted, I would have made him."

The evidence on the part of the prosecution has closed. Now let the defense bring on the rebuttal testimony. What have you, O Christian soul, to bring in reply to this evidence of the world, of the conscience, of the angel and of the Holy Ghost? No evidence? Are all these things true? "Yes. Unclean, unclean," says every Christian soul. What? Do you not begin to tremble at the thought of condemnation?

We have now come to the most interesting part of this great trial. The evidence all in. The advocates speak. The profession of an advocate is full of responsibility. In England and the United States there have arisen men who in this calling have been honored by their race and thrown contempt upon those who in the profession have been guilty of a great many meannesses. That profession will be honorable as long as it has attached to it such names as Mansfield, and Marshall, and Story, and Kent, and Southard, and William Wirt. The court room has sometimes been the scene of very marvelous and thrilling things. Some of you remember the famous Girard will case, where one of our advocates pleaded the cause of the Bible and Christianity in masterly Anglo-Saxon, every paragraph a thunderbolt.

But I turn from the recital of this memorable occasion to a grander trial, and I have to tell you that in this trial of the Christian, for the life of his soul the advocates are mightier, wiser and more eloquent. The evidence all being in, severe and stern Justice rises on behalf of the prosecution to make his plea. With the Bible open in his hand, he reads the law, stern and inflexible, and the penalty: "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." Then he says: "O, Thou Judge and Lawgiver, this is Thine own statute, and all the evidence in earth and heaven agree that the man has sinned against these enactments. Now let the sword leap from its scabbard. Shall a man go through the very flames of Sinai unsinged? Let the law be executed. Let judgment be pronounced. Let him die. I demand that he die!"

O, Christian, does it not look very dark for thee? Who will plead on thy side in so forlorn a cause? Sometimes a man will be brought into a court of law, and he will have no friends and no money, and the Judge will look over the bar and say: "Is there any one who will volunteer to take this man's case and defend him?" And some young man rises up and says: "I will be his counsel;" perhaps starting on from that very point to a great and brilliant career. Now, in this matter of the soul, as you have nothing to pay for counsel, do you think that any one will volunteer? Yes, yes: I see One rising. He is a young man, only thirty-three years of age. I see His countenance suffused with tears and covered with blood, and all the galleries of heaven are thrilled with the spectacle. Thanks be unto God, "we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

Oh, Christian soul, your case begins to look better. I think, perhaps, after all, you may not have to die. The best Advocate in the universe has taken your side. No one was ever so qualified to defend you. He knows all the law, all its demands, all its penalties. He is always ready. No new turn of the case can surprise Him, and He will plead for you for nothing as earnestly as though you brought a world of treasure to His feet. Besides that, He has undertaken the case of thousands who were as forlorn as you, and He has never lost a case. Courage, O Christian soul! I think that, after all, there may be some chance for you, for the great Advocate rises to make His plea. He says: "I admit all that has been proved against My client. I admit all these sins, ay, more; but look at that wounded hand of Mine and look at that other wounded hand, and at My right foot and at My left foot. By all these wounds I plead for his clearance. Count all the drops of My tears. Count all the drops of My blood. By the humiliation of Bethlehem, by the sweat of Gethsemane, by the sufferings of the cross, I demand that he go free. On this arm he hath leaned; to this heart he hath flown; in My tears he hath washed; on My righteousness he hath depended. Let him go free. I am the ransom. Let him escape the lash; I took the scourgings. Let the cup pass from him; I drank it to the dregs. Put on him the crown of life, for I have worn the crown of thorns. Over against my throne of shame set his throne of triumph!"

Well, the counsel on both sides have spoken, and there is only one more thing now remaining, and that is the awarding of the judgment. If you have ever been in a court room you know the silence and solemnity when the verdict is about to be rendered, or the judgment about to be given. About this soul on trial—shall it be saved or shall it be lost? Attention! above, around, beneath. All the universe cries: "Hear! hear!"

The Judge rises and gives this decision, never to be changed, never to be revoked: "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus."

But, my friends, there is coming a day of trial in which not only the saint but the sinner must appear. That day of trial will come very suddenly. The farmer will be at the plow, the merchant will be in the counting room, the woodman will be ringing his ax on the hickories, the weaver will have his foot on the treadle, the manufacturer will be walking amid the buzz of looms and the clacking of flying machinery, the counsel may be at the bar pleading the law, the minister may be in the pulpit pleading the gospel, the drunkard may be reeling amid his cups and the blasphemer with the oath caught between his teeth.

Lo! The sun hides. Night comes down at mid noon. The stars appear at noon today. The earth shudders and throbs. There an earthquake opens and a city sinks as a crocodile would crunch a child. Mountains roll in their sockets and send down their granite cliffs in avalanche of rock. Rivers pause in their chase for the sea, and ocean, uprearing, cries to the flying Alps and Himalaya. Beasts bellow and moan and snuff up the darkness. Clouds fly like flocks of swift eagles. Great thunders beat and boom and burst. Stars shoot and fall. The Almighty rising on His throne, declares that time shall be no longer, and the archangels trump repeats it till all the living hear, and the continents of dead spring to their feet, crying: "Time shall be no longer!" Oh, on on that day will you be ready?

I have shown you how well the Christian will get off in his trial. Will you get off as well in your trial? Will Christ plead on your side or against you? Oh, what will you do in the last great assize, if your conscience is against you, and the world is against you, and the angels of heaven are against you, and the Holy Spirit is against you, and the Lord God Almighty is against you? Better this day secure an Advocate.

## TORCH 100 FEET HIGH.

**Flaming Gas and Oil Well Makes a Grand Spectacle.**

The Ogden (W. Va.) oil fields was the scene a few nights ago of the most brilliant spectacle ever witnessed in the country. The famous Newbanks oil well, which is also a strong producer of gas, took fire through accident, burning the derrick and several thousand barrels of oil. When the pressure was reduced at the mouth of the well the gas broke the spouting oil into sprays, throwing it into the air more than one hundred feet. The flame was in the shape of a huge torch, the spraying oil forming into glistening drops in the air and dropping in a dazzling shower, while the smoke, densely black, ascended way above the mountain. The hills for miles around were covered by sightseers, who had come from all over the region. The loss to the owners is enormous, as the well was producing 200 barrels a day. There was no way to put out the fire, as the gas and oil pressure were constant and the roaring heat of the flames terrific.

## CABLE SPARKS.

Hon. W. D. Balfour, provincial secretary of Ontario, died in Toronto.

Prof. A. H. Green, the well-known geologist, died in London at the age of sixty-four years.

Fire at the Montpelier Industrial Exposition, in France, destroyed many of the most valuable pictures.

The insurgents in Cuba captured and destroyed a military train after a severe fight with the Spaniards.

Secretary Herbert arrived at Southampton, Eng., and was saluted with twenty-one guns by the cruiser Minneapolis.

It is stated that Eugenie, ex-Empress of the French, has made the daughter of Princess Beatrice, of England, her heir.

The Madrid Heraldo says an attempt was recently made by anarchists to blow up the Chateau Grenje, where the Infanta Isabella is residing.

The Fram, Dr. Nansen's arctic vessel, which he abandoned in the spring of 1895, has arrived at Skjervo, Norway, with all well on board.

A dispatch to the London Daily News from Tarbreez says that the Shah's eldest son has been installed with great pomp as heir apparent of Persia.

Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian explorer, says he will perhaps organize a sledging party to make a dash from Franz Josef Land north in the direction of the pole.

The Prince of Naples, heir apparent of the King of Italy, is betrothed to the Princess Helene, of Montenegro, daughter of the reigning Prince of Montenegro.

Senor Estchanese, who was minister of war in 1873 under the Spanish Republic, has been placed in prison in Barcelona as a result of the recent political trouble there.

Dr. Snyder, an American missionary, in the employ of the Southern Presbyterian missionary board, claims to have discovered a new lake in the Congo regions of Africa.

A telegram from Larissa, Greece, says that the Turkish troops have massacred eighty old men, women and children in the villages of Trambuno and Komino, Macedoni.

## WRECKED NEAR PITTSBURG.

**An Express on the Pittsburg and Western Runs Into a Work Train—Fifteen Injured.**

The through Chicago mail train, No. 14, on the Pittsburg and Western Railroad, Which is due in Alleghany at 12 35 P. M., was wrecked at Valencia Station, 22 miles from Pittsburg.

The wreck was a double one. The work train first ran into a freight train and the grade being heavy, several cars of the work train ran back, colliding with the passenger train. The collision threw the cars over a steep embankment, and a number of passengers were caught in the wreck and seriously hurt.

Winifred Dickson, a women surgeon, has been appointed examiner in surgery in the College of Dublin.

## MARKETS.

BALTIMORE.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| **GRAIN ETC.** | | | |
| FLOUR—Balto. Best Pat. | | @ | 4 15 |
| High Grade Extra | | | 3 75 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | 60¾ | | 61 |
| CORN—No. 2 White | 24¼ | | 24½ |
| Oats—Southern & Penn | 22 | | 23 |
| RYE—No. 2 | 35½ | | 36 |
| HAY—Choice Timothy | 16 00 | | 16 50 |
| Good to Prime | 15 00 | | 16 00 |
| STRAW—Rye in car lds | 10 00 | | 10 50 |
| Wheat Blocks | 7 00 | | 8 00 |
| Oat Blocks | 8 50 | | 9 00 |
| **CANNED GOODS.** | | | |
| TOMATOES—Stnd. No. 3 | | @ | 65 |
| No. 2 | | | 50 |
| PEAS—Standards | 90 | | 1 25 |
| Seconds | | | 85 |
| CORN—Dry Pack | | | 70 |
| Moist | | | 50 |
| **HIDES.** | | | |
| CITY STEERS | 5½ | @ | 6 |
| City Cows | 4½ | | 5 |
| Southern No. 2 | 4½ | | 5 |
| **POTATOES AND VEGETABLES.** | | | |
| POTATOES—Burbanks | 1 25 | @ | 1 50 |
| ONIONS | 1 00 | | 1 15 |
| **PROVISIONS.** | | | |
| HOGS PRODUCTS—shls. | 6 | @ | 6½ |
| Clear ribsides | 5 | | 6 |
| Hams | 11 | | 12 |
| Mess Pork, per bar | | | 9 00 |
| LARD—Crude | | | 4 |
| Best refined | | | 5 |
| **BUTTER.** | | | |
| BUTTER—Fine Crmy | 17 | @ | 17½ |
| Under Fine | 15 | | 16 |
| Creamery Rolls | 16 | | 17 |
| **CHEESE.** | | | |
| CHEESE—N. Y. Fancy | 9 | @ | 9¼ |
| N. Y. Flats | 9¼ | | 9½ |
| Skim Cheese | 3 | | 5 |
| **EGGS.** | | | |
| EGGS—State | 12 | @ | 13 |
| North Carolina | 10 | | 11 |
| **LIVE POULTRY.** | | | |
| CHICKENS—Hens | 9½ | @ | 10 |
| Ducks, per lb | 9 | | 9½ |
| **TOBACCO.** | | | |
| TOBACCO—Md. Infer's | 1 50 | @ | 2 50 |
| Sound common | 3 00 | | 4 00 |
| Middling | 6 00 | | 7 00 |
| Fancy | 10 00 | | 12 00 |
| **LIVE STOCK.** | | | |
| BEEF—Best Beeves | 4 30 | @ | 4 50 |
| SHEEP | 2 00 | | 3 50 |
| Hogs | 3 70 | | 3 80 |
| **FURS AND SKINS.** | | | |
| MUSKRAT | 10 | @ | 11 |
| Raccoon | 40 | | 45 |
| Red Fox | — | | 1 00 |
| Skunk Black | — | | 80 |
| Opossum | 22 | | 23 |
| Mink | — | | 80 |
| Otter | — | | 6 00 |

NEW YORK

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| FLOUR—Southern | 3 60 | @ | 4 20 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | 64½ | | 67¾ |
| RYE—Western | 36 | | 37 |
| CORN—No. 2 | 28¾ | | 29¾ |
| OATS—No. 3 | 22¼ | | 22½ |
| BUTTER—State | 10 | | 15 |
| EGGS—State | 15 | | 15½ |
| CHEESE—State | 5 | | 8½ |

PHILADELPHIA.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| FLOUR—Southern | 3 60 | @ | 2 60 |
| WHEAT—No. 2 Red | 61¼ | | 61¾ |
| CORN—No. 3 | 28¾ | | 29 |
| OATS—No. 2 | 24 | | 25 |
| BUTTER—State | 15 | | 19 |
| EGGS—Penna. ft | 12 | | 13 |


**A Towel of Blotting Paper.**

The most curious use to which paper is to be put is that suggested by the recent patenting of a blotting paper towel. It is a new style of bath towel, consisting of a full suit of heavy blotting paper. A person upon stepping out of his morning tub has only to array himself in one of these suits, and in a second he will be as dry as a bone.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886. SEAL

A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.


Give what you have. To Some it may be better than you dare to think.—Longfellow


**Are You Satisfied With What You Know,**

Or would you gladly improve your stock of knowledge? You may not have $50 or $60 you can spare for a 10-volume encyclopædia, but you can afford to pay fifty cents for a Hand Book of General Information. You won't want to pay even this unless you are desirous of improving your mind and believe that a five-hundred-page book, filled with a condensed mass of valuable knowledge, will be read by you. This valuable Encyclopædia will be sent postpaid for fifty cents in stamps by the Book Publishing House, 134 Leonard St., N. Y. City. Every person who has not a large encyclopædia should take advantage of this great offer at once and store his mind with the valuable facts collated in this book.


Idleness is only the refuge of weak minds, and the holiday of fools.—Chesterfield.


"Penny wise and pound foolish" are those who think it *economy* to use cheap soda and rosin soaps, instead of the good old Dobbins' Electric Soap; for sale by all grocers since 1865. Try it once. Be sure, buy genuine.


He who goes no further than bare justice stops at the beginning of virtue.—Blair.


FITS stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. Free $2 trial bottle and treatise. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

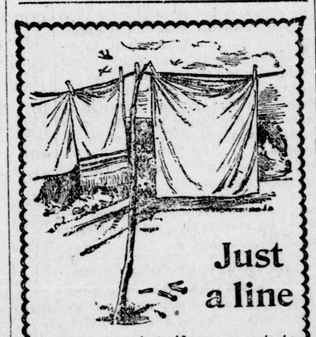

The law is without depth to those who, without heed, do plunge into it.—Shakespeare.


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


The most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man.—Washington.


After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH ERIEG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1895.


Laughter may not improperly be called the chorus of conversation.—Steele.

# Just a line

to tell you that if you want to do your washing easily, in the "up to date" way, the **Sunlight** way, without rubbing your clothes all to pieces (and your hands too) you must

USE **Sunlight Soap**

Cleanses clothes and most everything else—with less labor and greater comfort.

Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson & Harrison Sts., N. Y.






# 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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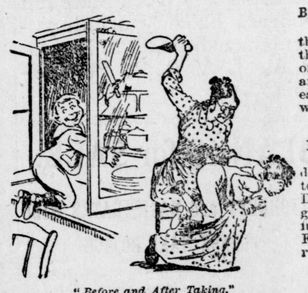

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