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1893.

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NAMES OF JOURNALS.	Club Prices, for the Two.	Regular prices for the Two.
American Agriculturist	$2 25	$2 50
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An Invigorating Tonic for strengthening the weak, purifying the blood, clearing the complexion and imparting the rosy bloom of health to the cheek. Pleasant to the taste and a favorite with ladies. $1.00 per bottle.

Dr. J. H. McLean's Almanac for 1893 with Storm Calendar and Weather Forecasts by Rev. Irl R. Hicks will be ready Sept. 1, 1892. Furnished free to all dealers who sell our medicines. Ask your druggist for one or send a two-cent stamp to

The Dr. J. H. McLean Med. Co., St. Louis, Mo

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles, 50 cents and $1.00.

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and $1.00 a package. If you cannot get it, send your address for free sample. Lane's Family Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary. Address,

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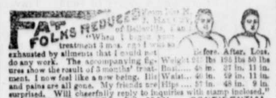

exhausted by sickness that I could not do any work. The accompanying figures show the result of 3 months' treatment. I now feel like a new being. Flesh, Weight and Measurement. Before, After, Loss. Weight 195 lbs 155 lbs 40 lbs. Waist 46 in. 37 in. 11 in. Hips 47 in. 38 in. 9 in. Will cheerfully reply to inquiries with stamp inclosed. PATIENTS TREATED BY MAIL. CONFIDENTIAL. Harmless. No Starving. Send 6 cents in stamps for particulars to DR. O. W. F. SNYDER, McVICKER'S THEATER, CHICAGO, ILL.

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AT SCHOOL BOARD PRICES.

☞ Headquarters for everything used in the school-room. We cordially invite you.

Aug. 25, 1892. M. A. TOULSON.

A TALK BY TALMAGE.

HE IS ON A PREACHING TOUR OF TEN DAYS IN THE SOUTH.

At Atlanta He Preaches on the Great Circles of God's Providence and the Moral Government of the World—Recurring Cycles of History.

ATLANTA, Jan. 15.—Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now making a ten days' tour of the southern cities, preached here today. The throngs in and around the audience hall were beyond estimate. The subject chosen was "The Circle of the Earth," the text being Isaiah xl, 22, "It is he that sitteth upon the circle of the earth."

While yet people thought that the world was flat, and thousands of years before they found out that it was round, Isaiah, in my text, intimated the shape of it—God sitting upon the circle of the earth. The most beautiful figure in all geometry is the circle. God made the universe on the plan of a circle. There are in the natural world straight lines, angles, parallelograms, diagonals, quadrangles, but these evidently are not God's favorites. Almost everywhere where you will find him geometrizing you find the circle dominant, and if not the circle, then the curve, which is a circle that died young. If it had lived long enough it would have been a full orb—a periphery. An ellipse is a circle pressed only a little too hard at the sides.

Giant's Causeway, in Ireland, shows what God thinks of mathematics. There are over 35,000 columns of rocks—octagonal, hexagonal, pentagonal. These rocks seem to have been made by rule and by compass. Every artist has his molding room, where he may make fifty shapes, but he chooses one shape as preferable to all others. I will not say that the Giant's Causeway was the world's molding room, but I do say out of a great many figures God seems to have selected the circle as the best. "It is he that sitteth on the circle of the earth." The stars in a circle, the moon in a circle, the sun in a circle, the universe in a circle, the throne of God the center of that circle.

When men build churches they ought to imitate the idea of the Great Architect and put the audience in a circle, knowing that the tides of emotion roll more easily that way than in straight lines. Six thousand years ago God flung this world out of his right hand, but he did not throw it out in a straight line, but curvilinear, with a leash of love holding it so as to bring it back again. The world started from his hand pure and Edenic. It has been rolling on through regions of moral ice and distemper. How long it will roll God only knows, but it will in due time make complete circuit and come back to the place whence it started—the hand of God—pure and Edenic.

THE DIVINE PLAN RESUMED.

The history of the world goes in a circle. Why is it that the shipping in our day is improving so rapidly? It is because men are imitating the old model of Noah's ark. A ship carpenter gives that as his opinion. Although so much derided by small wits, that ship of Noah's time beat the Majestic and the Etruria and the City of Paris, of which we boast so much. Where is the ship on the sea today that could outride a deluge in which the heaven and the earth were wrecked, landing all the passengers in safety—two of each kind of living creatures, thousands of species?

Pomology will go on with its achievements until after many centuries the world will have plums and pears equal to the paradisaical. The art of gardening will grow for centuries, and after the Downings and Mitchells of the world have done their best in the far future the art of gardening will come up to the arborescence of the year 1. If the makers of colored glass go on improving they may in some centuries be able to make something equal to the east window of York minster, which was built in 1290. We are six centuries behind those artists, but the world must keep on toiling until it shall make the complete circuit and come up to the skill of those very men.

If the world continues to improve in masonry we shall have after awhile, perhaps after the advance of centuries, mortar equal to that which I saw last summer in the wall of an exhumed English city, built in the time of the Romans, 1,600 years ago—that mortar today as good as the day in which it was made, having outlasted the brick and the stone. I say, after hundreds of years, masonry may advance to that point. If the world stands long enough we may have a city as large as they had in old times—Babylon five times the size of London.

You go into the potteries in England and you find them making cups and vases after the style of the cups and vases exhumed from Pompeii. The world is not going back. Oh, no; but it is swinging in a circle and will come back to the styles of pottery known so long ago as the days of Pompeii. The world must keep on progressing until it makes the complete circuit. The curve is in the right direction; the curve will keep on until it becomes the circle.

THE EVER REVOLVING WHEEL.

Well, now, my friends, what is true in the material universe is true in God's moral government and spiritual arrangement. That is the meaning of Ezekiel's wheel. All commentators agree in saying that the wheel means God's providence. But a wheel is of no use unless it turn, and if it turn it turns around, and if it turn around it moves in a circle. What then? Are we parts of a great iron machine whirled around whether we will or not, the victims of inexorable fate? No! So far from that, I shall show you that we ourselves start the circle of good or bad actions and that it will surely come around again to us unless by divine intervention it be hindered. Those bad or good actions may make the circuit of many years, but come back to us they will as certainly as that God sits on the circle of the earth.

Jezebel, the worst woman of the Bible, slew Naboth because she wanted his vineyard. While the dogs were eating the body of Naboth, Elisha the prophet put down his compass and marked a circle from the dogs clear around to the dogs that should eat the body of Jezebel the murderess. "Impossible!" the people said; "that will never happen." Who is that being flung out of the palace window? Jezebel. A few hours after they came around hoping to bury her. They find only the palms of her hands and the skull. The dogs that devoured Jezebel and the dogs that devoured Naboth! Oh, what a swift, what an awful circuit!

A RETURN TO THEOCRACY.

But it is sometimes the case that this circle sweeps through a century or through many centuries. The world started with a theocracy for government—that is, God was the president and emperor of the world. People got tired of a theocracy. They said, "We don't want God directly interfering with the affairs of the world; give us a monarchy." The world had a monarchy. From a monarchy it is going to have a limited monarchy. After awhile the limited monarchy will be given up, and the republican form of government will be everywhere dominant and recognized. Then the world will get tired of the republican form of government, and it will have an anarchy, which is no government at all. And then all nations, finding out that man is not capable of righteously governing man, will cry out for a theocracy and say, "Let God come back and conduct the affairs of the world."

Every step—monarchy, limited monarchy, republicanism, anarchy—only different steps between the first theocracy and the last theocracy, or segments of the great circle of the earth on which God sits. But do not become impatient because you cannot see the curve of events, and therefore conclude that God's government is going to break down. History tells us that in the making of the pyramids it took 2,000 men two years to drag one great stone from the quarry and put it into the pyramids.

Well, now, if men short lived can afford to work so slowly as that, cannot God in the building of the eternities afford to wait? What though God should take 10,000 years to draw a circle? Shall we take our little watch, which we have to wind up every night lest it run down, and hold it up beside the clock of eternal ages? If, according to the Bible, a thousand years are in God's sight as one day, then, according to that calculation, the 6,000 years of the world's existence have been only to God as from Monday to Saturday.

GOOD RETURNS AFTER MANY DAYS.

But it is often the case that the rebound is quicker and the circle is sooner completed. You resolve that you will do what good you can. In one week you put a word of counsel in the heart of a Sabbath school child. During that same week you give a letter of introduction to a young man struggling in business. During the same week you make an exhortation in a prayer meeting. It is all gone, you will never hear of it, perhaps, you think.

A few years after a man comes up to you and says, "You don't know me, do you?" You say, "No, I don't remember ever to have seen you." "Why," he says, "I was in the Sabbath school class over which you were the teacher. One Sunday you invited me to Christ. I accepted the offer. You see that church with two towers yonder?" "Yes," you say. He says, "That is where I preach;" or, "Do you see that governor's house? That is where I live." One day a man comes to you and says, "Good morning." You look at him and say, "Why, you have the advantage of me; I cannot place you." He says, "Don't you remember thirty years ago giving a letter of introduction to a young man, a letter of introduction to Moses H. Grinnell?" "Yes, yes, I do." He says: "I am the man; that was my first step toward a fortune, but I have retired from business now and am giving my time to philanthropies and public interests. Come up and see me."

Or a man comes to you and says: "I want to introduce myself to you. I went into a prayer meeting in Atlanta some years ago; I sat back by the door; you arose to make an exhortation; that talk changed the course of my life, and if ever I get to heaven, under God I will owe my salvation to you." In only ten, twenty or thirty years the circle swept out and swept back again to your own grateful heart.

But sometimes it is a wider circle and does not return for a great while. I saw a bill of expenses for burning Latimer and Ridley. The bill of expenses says:

One load of fir fagots	3s. 4d.
Cartage for four loads of wood	2s.
Item, a post	1s. 4d.
Item, two chains	3s. 4d.
Item, two staples	6d.
Item, four laborers	2s. 8d.

That was cheap fire, considering all the circumstances, but it kindled a light that shone all around the world and aroused the martyr spirit, and out from that burning of Latimer and Ridley rolled the circle wider and wider, starting other circles, convoluting, overrunning, circumscribing, overarching all heaven—a circle.

CIRCLE OF EVIL SPEAKING.

But what is true of the good is just as true of the bad. You utter a slander against your neighbor. It has gone forth from your teeth, it will never come back, you think. You have done the man all the mischief you can. You rejoice to see him wince. You say, "Didn't I give it to him!" That word has gone out, that slanderous word, on its poisonous and blasted way. You think it will never do you any harm. But I am watching that word, and I see it beginning to curve, and it curves around, and it is aiming at your heart. You had better dodge it. You cannot dodge it. It rolls into your bosom and after it rolls in a word of an old book, which says, "With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

You maltreat an aged parent. You begrudged him the room in your house. You are impatient of his whimsicalities and garrulity. It makes you mad to hear him tell the same story twice. You give him food he cannot masticate. You wish he was away. You wonder if he is going to live forever. He will be gone very soon. His steps are shorter and shorter. He is going to stop. But God has an account to settle with you on that subject. After awhile your eye will be dim, and your gait will halt, and the sound of the grinding will be low, and you will tell the same story twice, and your children will wonder if you are going to live forever and wonder if you will never be taken away.

They called you "father" once; now they call you the "old man." If you live a few years longer they will call you the "old chap!" What are those rough words with which your children are accosting you? They are the echo of the very words you used in the ear of your old father forty years ago. What is that which you are trying to chew, but find it unmasticable, and your jaws ache, and you surrender the attempt? Perhaps it may be the gristle which you gave to your father for his breakfast forty years ago.

A gentleman passing along the street saw a son dragging his father into the street by the hair of the head. The gentleman, outraged at this brutal conduct, was about to punish the offender when the old man arose and said, "Don't hurt him: it's all right; forty years ago this morning I dragged out my father by the hair of his head!" It is a circle. My father lived into the eighties, and he had a very wide experience, and he said that maltreatment of parents was always punished in this world. Other sins may be adjourned to the next world, but maltreatment of parents is punished in this world.

THEY CIRCLE AROUND TO THE JUDGMENT DAY.

The circle turns quickly, very quickly. Oh, what a stupendous thought that the good and the evil we start come back to us! Do you know that the Judgment Day will be only the points at which the circles join, the good and the bad we have done coming back to us, unless divine intervention hinder—coming back to us with welcome of delight or curse of condemnation.

Oh, I would like to see Paul, the invalid missionary, at the moment when his influence comes to full orb—his influence rolling out through Antioch, through Cyprus, through Lystra, through Corinth, through Athens, through Asia, through Europe, through America, through the First century, through five centuries, through twenty centuries, through all the succeeding centuries, through earth, through heaven, and at last, the wave of influence having made full circuit, strikes his great soul. Oh, then I would like to see him! No one can tell the wide sweep of the circle of his influence save the one who is seated on the circle of the earth.

I should not want to see the countenance of Voltaire when his influence comes to full orb. When the fatal hemorrhage seized him at eighty-three years of age his influence did not cease. The most brilliant man of his century, he had used all his faculties for assaulting Christianity, his bad influence widening through France, widening out through Germany, widening through all Europe, widening through America, widening through the 115 years that have gone by since he died, widening through earth, widening through hell, until at last the accumulated influence of his bad life in fiery surge of omnipotent wrath will beat against his destroyed spirit, and at that moment it will be enough to make the black hair of eternal darkness turn white with the horror. No one can tell how that bad man's influence girdled the earth save the one who is seated on the circle of the earth—the Lord Almighty.

"Well, now," say people in this audience, "this in some respects is a very glad theory and in others a very sad one; we would like to have all the good we have ever done come back to us, but the thought that all the sins we have ever committed will come back to us fills us with affright." My brother, I have to tell you God can break that circle and will do so at your call. I can bring twenty passages of Scripture to prove that when God for Christ's sake forgives a man the sins of his past life never come back.

The wheel may roll on and roll on, but you take your position behind the cross, and the wheel strikes the cross and is shattered forever. The sins fly off from the circle into the perpendicular, falling at right angles with complete oblivion. Forgiven! Forgiven! The meanest thing a man can do is, after some difficulty has been settled, to bring it up again, and God will not be so mean as that. God's memory is mighty enough to hold all the events of the ages, but there is one thing that is sure to slip his memory, one thing he is sure to forget, and that is pardoned transgression. How do I know it? I will prove it. "Their sins and their iniquities will I remember no more." Come into that state this morning, my dear brother, my dear sister. "Blessed is the one whose transgressions are forgiven."

THE CIRCLE OF GLORY.

But do not make the mistake of thinking that this doctrine of the circle stops with this life; it rolls on through heaven. You might quote in opposition to me what St. John says about the city of heaven. He says it "lieth four square." That does seem to militate against this idea, but you know there is many a square house that has a family circle facing each other, and in a circle moving, and I can prove that this is so in regard to heaven. St. John says, "I heard the voice of many angels round about the throne, and the beasts, and the elders."

Again he says, "There was a rainbow round about the throne." The former two instance a circle; the last either a circle or a semicircle. The seats facing each other, the angels facing each other, the men facing each other. Heaven an amphitheater of glory. Circumference of patriarch and prophet and apostle. Circumference of Scotch Covenanters and Theban legion and Albigenses. Circumference of the good of all ages. Periphery of splendor unimagined and indescribable. A circle! A circle!

But every circumference must have a center, and what is the center of this heavenly circumference? Christ. His all the glory. His all the praise. His all the crowns. All heaven wreathed into a garland round about him. Take off the imperial sandal from his foot and behold the scar of the spike. Lift the coronet of dominion from his brow and see where was the laceration of the briers. Come closer, all heaven. Narrow the circle around his great heart. O Christ, the Saviour! O Christ, the man! O Christ, the God! Keep thy throne forever, seated on the circle of the earth, seated on the circle of the heaven!

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

A Pigeon with a Memory.

It seems really impossible to extinguish the homing instinct in a good pigeon. A wonderful story is told by a pigeon fancying journal of a French carrier pigeon which was captured by the German soldiers during the siege of Paris in 1870.

The bird was being carried in a balloon from Paris to some point in the country, whence it was expected to return to Paris with a message. It was taken to the German headquarters and presented to the commander, Prince Frederick Charles, who sent it to his mother in Germany.

Here it was placed in a splendid and roomy aviary, and carefully fed and nourished; but although it was kept here, living in the lap of royal luxury for four years, the French pigeon did not forget its fatherland.

At the end of that time the door of the aviary was left open one day. The pigeon flew out, mounted high in the air, flew about for a moment, as if to find the points of the compass, and took flight in a straight line for Paris.

On the next day but one it beat its wings against the entrance to its old loft in the Boulevard de Clichy. There it was recognized, and its case being brought to public attention it was honored as a patriot returned from foreign captivity. It remained at the Paris Jardin d'Acclimatation until it died in 1878.

A Brave Little Girl.

"I had an experience at Sedalia the other day that gives me a cold chill whenever I think of it," said Frank Hardcastle as he joined a group of story tellers in the corridors of the Lindell. "My wife and five-year-old daughter accompanied me on my last trip. We Sundayed at Sedalia, and during the afternoon drove out to the cemetery. Naturally our conversation drifted to a little daughter we lost a year ago. One of the first things to attract our attention after we entered the cemetery was an open grave, dug for a child. We walked up to it and stood for some moments looking at it. The memories it evoked were painful indeed, and my wife broke down and cried bitterly.

"Little May took me by the hand and led me out of earshot of her mother; then she said, while her chin quivered and her eyes filled with tears, 'Papa, why don't you put me in, cover me up and take mamma home?' I was astounded. I bent down to kiss her, and she whispered, 'Tell mamma goodby for me; I can't do it.' The child actually thought that we had come to the cemetery to bury her and that she was standing beside her open grave. It was the most magnificent exhibition of nerve I ever witnessed."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Shorthand Speech.

"How many words can you write a minute?" is a question time and again asked of stenographers. The general answer is, "I don't know exactly." This is literally true, so a friend of mine, who is familiar with the pothooks and circles, tells me. No shorthand writer is able to estimate exactly how fast he can write, for his speed varies with circumstances and depends largely upon the state of his health. If he is feeling bright and energetic and runs up against some dark horse, so to speak, he can often astonish himself by his bursts of speed. On the other hand, if he is oppressed by that tired feeling his hand seems unwilling to obey the command of the brain, it loses its positiveness of action, and the characters are evolved with difficulty and uncertainty. Of course half the battle is in getting a good speaker to report. One comparatively rapid talker will be an easier man to take than a slower speaker, who lacks the necessary qualities of a good orator.—Brooklyn Eagle.

English and American Women.

"English women," says an Englishman, "don't club together so much as Americans. They go in less for women as women, and don't expect the men to admire them every instant as American women do. I think that is one reason they are a much greater power in our politics than American women are in this country."—New York Tribune.

An Innovation.

A south Georgia schoolma'am has introduced a new feature in her school. When one of the girls misses a word the boy who spells it gets permission to kiss her. As a result the girls are becoming very poor spellers, while the boys are improving.—Atlanta Constitution.

A REMARKABLE ROBBERY.

A Daring Theft of a Pair of Diamond Earrings on a Public Street.

As bold a highway robbery as ever occurred in the city was committed on Euclid avenue early last evening. It is doubtful if the annals of the police can show a case parallel to it. A party of four ladies were walking on Euclid avenue on the way home from a shopping expedition. They were Mrs. H. A. Griffin, Mrs. F. A. Arter, Miss Griffin and Miss Arter. At 5:30 o'clock they were in front of the residence of Colonel John Hay, on Euclid avenue, opposite Huron street. It was dark, but many persons were passing on their way home. The ladies were interested in conversation and gave no attention to the stealthy approach behind them of a tall, spare young man, attired in a light colored overcoat. He stepped behind Mrs. Arter and placed one hand on each side of her head. He pressed them against either cheek and then turned and fled. His action was so unexpected and the ladies so startled that they failed for a moment to understand it. Then Mrs. Arter raised her hands to her head and learned that she had been robbed of her diamond earrings.

"Oh, dear, my earrings are gone!" she exclaimed.

A cry for assistance was at once raised by all of the ladies. Calls were made for the police. A large crowd gathered in a few moments, but too late to be of service. The thief after securing his plunder started at a rapid gait along the driveway between the residences of Colonel Hay and General James J. Tracy. A man left his buggy to chase him, but the fugitive easily eluded him in the darkness. He had probably ascertained the lay of the land in advance and knew exactly the best course to pursue.

The highwayman gained possession of the earrings by opening the clasps and slipping them out of the ears. Mrs. Arter escaped injury and only learned the absence of the earrings when she instinctively reached for them and found them gone. Each of them contained a large solitaire diamond, and she prized them highly. The value of the gems is about $400.

"It is the only case of the kind of which I have ever heard," said Captain Humphrey, of the detectives. "There are a few cases in which earrings have been torn from the ears, but I do not believe that any other highwayman has had the nerve to open the clasps and remove the earrings just as the owner would have done. Everything conspired in favor of the thief. When Mrs. Arter felt the man's hands pressed against her cheeks from behind, she supposed that it was her husband, and that he had overtaken her and proposed to give her a surprise. The first thought of the other ladies in the party was that Mrs. Arter was receiving a singular greeting from some relative whom they did not know. Of course it was all over in a moment, and then they discovered their mistake."—Cleveland Leader.

A Charitable Clearing House.

It has come to be fully recognized that the less red tape there is about a charitable scheme the quicker and most efficiently are the two parties—the needy and the helper—brought together. The Needlework guild is a superb example of simple benevolence, and a plan recently proposed by a London man to aid the destitute of that city may be the inception of another equally vast and unobstructed philanthropy.

It is proposed that every person who is willing to undertake to contribute to the need of some needy family during the coming winter shall send his or her name in to a committee.

This committee acts simply as a clearing house, and the plan is known as the clearing house plan, forwarding the name to the clergyman or recognized head of some district where help is needed, who in return responds with the address of the family to be assisted. That is all, the gifts going directly from the reliever to the relieved without intermediaries or circumlocution.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Keeping Up with the Procession.

"I was a bearer at a funeral in Peekskill," said Chauncey M. Depew. "The procession to the cemetery, which is three miles out of town, had been moving in the usual orderly and proper way, when suddenly we were surprised at the accelerated motion of the carriage. Pretty soon it came near upsetting. Looking out we found that we had run through the bars into a plowed field and were going furiously across it, making for a ditch. The driver meanwhile was standing up and plying the whip with both hands. I cried, 'Sam, are your horses running away?' 'No, sir,' was the reply. 'Well, what are you driving us across lots for?' 'Well, sir, the horses attached to the hearse have run away, and up in this country it is the custom for the bearers to follow the hearse."—New York World.

Pity for the Profession.

Judge—Prisoner at the bar, have you anything to say for yourself?

Prisoner—Yes, m'lud; I admits I'm a vagabon and a thief, but yer oughter be werry thankful I'm here and let me orf lightly.

Judge—How do you make that out?

Prisoner—Well, suppose we blokes went on strike and turned honest, what would yer ludship and sich as you do fur a livin?

Judge (severely)—Um—five years' penal servitude.—London Tit-Bits.

Water for the Fair.

Owing to the difficulty of supplying Chicago with pure drinking water a company called the Waukesha Hygenia company has had a pipe line constructed from the springs at Waukesha, 104 miles distant, to the city, and the company has extended its pipe line for twenty-five miles through the grounds and buildings of the World's fair. The water will be dispensed at over 200 fountains and booths. The ownership of the spring, which is said to yield 500,000 gallons daily, is obviously most valuable.

Electricity in Medicine.

Dr. Newman Lawrence, in writing concerning the many ways in which disrepute is brought on the application of electricity in medicine, points out that a considerable number of medical men who use electricity in treatment simply order a nurse or assistant to make the application, taking little or no trouble to ascertain how far such nurse or assistant is competent, and giving only the vaguest instructions. This, however, does not alter the fact that there is a section of the profession—and happily it is increasing—that can be relied on for careful, conscientious and intelligent application of the most wonderful of modern curative agents.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood that cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. Arctic explorers would do well to make a note of this.

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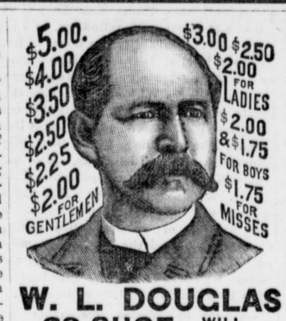

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