Barnacles on Ocean Cables.

The recent investigations for cable laying in the Pacific Ocean have revealed the interesting fact, that if not upon rock bottom, they gradually become encrusted with barnacles and seaweed, heavy enough to break them. This is like dyspepsia, which, if it is not checked, grows until it breaks down the health. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will prevent as well as cure indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, liver and kidney troubles. It makes weak stomachs strong. All druggists sell it.

Silent neighbors make a desirable neighborhood.—Chicago Daily News.

"Shallow Brooks Are Often Noisy."

You have headache, backache, eruptions or kidney troubles, or "that tired feeling." These are the shallow brooks with their noise. Seek the source of the brook and it is deep and quiet. The source of illness is impure blood. America's Greatest Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla, is Nature's own means of cleansing the entire system. It has no superior, no equal, only imitators.

Debility—*"My system was all run down. I had blackheads and that tired feeling. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and have gained ten pounds in weight and feel like a new man." William J. Knight, 821 Bluff Street, Pittsburg, Pa.*

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

LITERARY REWARDS.

Wrestling Match Between Writers, in Which the Truth is Badly Strained.

"Well, if a man goes into literature he must expect his pay in something besides dollars and cents," remarked a Chicago novelist as he stroked his blond imperial.

"Yes, that's so," said a second, a big man who writes western stories and delights to have himself photographed in a picturesque felt hat and an overcoat with a cape to it.

"Now, for my 'Prairie Yarns' the best I could do was $25,000, and they haggled over that as if it had been an amateurish performance."

"They treat me the same way," said the little blond man, who has a trick of holding his head on one side. "Now for my 'Skyscraper'—magnificent piece of Chicago color, with Mrs. Seymour-Seymour in it, and the Snobs murder case, and all that, West side and North side and all that—what do you suppose I got for that? A beggarly $35,000, and I was silly enough to take it down and let the royalty go."

They looked at each other narrowly. The man who writes "Prairie Yarns" said he must be going. As the elevator descended with him swiftly he muttered:

"You never can tell one so big that that prig won't go you one better."

The little blond man laid his throbbing forehead in his hand and mused: "It takes something more than the author of 'Prairie Yarns' to feaze me."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The eccentricity of genius is one thing; the foolishness of mediocrity quite another. It is one thing to have your farm muddy now and then; another to have it all swamp.—Hudor Genone.

FOR MIDDLE-AGED WOMEN.

Two Letters from Women Helped Through the "Change of Life" by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—When I first wrote to you I was in a very bad condition. I was passing through the change of life, and the doctors said I had bladder and liver trouble. I had suffered for nine years. Doctors failed to do me any good. Since I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, my health has improved very much. I will gladly recommend your medicine to others and am sure that it will prove as great a blessing to them as it has to me."—MRS. GEO. H. JUNE, 901 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Relief Came Promptly

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I had been under treatment with the doctors for four years, and seemed to get no better. I thought I would try your medicine. My trouble was change of life, and I must say that I never had anything help me so much as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Relief came almost immediately. I have better health now than I ever had. I feel like a new woman, perfectly strong. I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound all the credit, and would not do without her medicine for anything. I have recommended it to several of my friends. There is no need of women suffering so much for Mrs. Pinkham's remedies are a sure cure."—MAHALA BUTLER, Bridgewater, Ill.

Another Woman Helped

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound during change of life and derived great benefit from its use."—MARY E. JAMES, 136 Coydon St., Bradford, Pa.

SALZER'S 3 EARED CORN

This new, earliest, corn will revolutionize corn growing, yielding in 1899, in Minnesota, 400 bus. per acre.

BIG FOUR OATS. yields 240 bus. per acre. Beat you can beat that!

SPELTZ 200 bus. per acre. Greatest grain and hay food thistle of the years!

BARLEY, BEARDLESS, yields 120 bus. in N.Y. Wonderful!

RAPE 25c. A TON Gives rich, green food for cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, etc., at 25c. a ton. We sell also—tons of the Rape seed used in the U. S.

BROMUS INERMUS Greatest grass on earth. Grows to perfection in America everywhere. Salzer warrants it!

THE MILLION DOLLAR potato is the most talked of potato on earth, and Salzer SEE Weekly both will make you rich. Largest grower of Potatoes and Farm Seeds in the world.

VEGETABLE SEEDS Largest, choicest list in U. S. Onion Seed, 80c. lb. Everything warranted to grow. 35 pkgs early best vegetables, postpaid, $1.00.

FOR 10c. STAMPS and this notice, we mail great Seed Catalog and 10 pkgs Farm Seed Novelties. Catalog alone, 5c. postage. [K]

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO. LA CROSSE WIS.

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Send your name and address on a postal, and we will send you our 156-page illustrated catalogue free.

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DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

SAFE — SURE

Cures a Cough or Cold at once. Conquers Croup without fail. Is the best for Bronchitis, Grippe, Hoarseness, Whooping-Cough, and for the care of Consumption. Mothers praise it. Doctors prescribe it. Small doses; quick, sure results.

FOR ALL LUNG TROUBLE

LIVING IN CHRIST.

Dr. Talmage Speaks of the Benefits of a Religious Existence.

How It Makes Its Devotees Happier—Practical Religion the Friend of Longevity—Gospel of Everyday Life.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.)

Washington, .

This sermon of Dr. Talmage presents a gospel for this life as well as the next and shows what religion does for the prolongation of earthly existence; text, Psalm xci., 16: "With long life will I satisfy him."

Through the mistake of its friends religion has been chiefly associated with sickbeds and graveyards. The whole subject to many people is odorous with chlorine and carbolic acid. There are people who cannot pronounce the word religion without hearing in it the clipping chisel of the tombstone cutter. It is high time that this thing were changed and that religion instead of being represented as a hearse to carry out the dead should be represented as a chariot in which the living are to triumph.

Religion, so far from subtracting from one's vitality, is a glorious addition. It is sanitive, curative, hygienic. It is good for the eyes, good for the ears, good for the spleen, good for the digestion, good for the nerves, good for the muscles. When David, in another part of the Psalms, prays that religion may be dominant, he does not speak of it as a mild sickness or an emancipation or an attack of moral and spiritual cramp. He speaks of it as "the saving health of all nations," while God in the text promises longevity to the pious, saying: "With long life will I satisfy him."

The fact is that men and women die too soon. It is high time that religion joined the hand of medical science in attempting to improve human longevity. Adam lived 930 years. Methuselah lived 969 years. As late in the history of the world as Vespasian there were at one time in his empire 45 people 135 years old. So far down as the sixteenth century Peter Zartan died at 185 years of age. I do not say that religion will ever take the race back to antediluvian longevity, but I do say that the length of human life will be greatly improved.

It is said in Isaiah lxv., 20: "The child shall die a hundred years old." Now, if, according to Scripture, the child is to be a hundred years old, may not the men and women reach to 300 and 400 and 500? The fact is that we are mere dwarfs and skeletons compared with some of the generations that are to come. Take the African race. They have been under bondage for centuries. Give them a chance and they develop a Toussaint l'Ouverture. And if the white race shall be brought out from the serfdom of sin what shall be the body? What shall be the soul? Religion has only just touched our world. Give it full power for a few centuries, and who can tell what will be the strength of man and the beauty of woman and the longevity of all?

My design is to show that practical religion is the friend of longevity; I prove it, first, from the fact that it makes the care of your health a positive Christian duty. Whether we shall keep early or late hours, whether we shall take food digestible or indigestible, whether there shall be thorough or incomplete mastication, are questions very often referred to the realm of whimsicality, but the Christian man lifts this whole problem of health into the accountable and the divine. He says: "God has given me this body, and he has called it the temple of the Holy Ghost, and to deface its altars or mar its walls or crumble its pillars is a God-defying sacrilege." He sees God's caligraphy in every page—anatomical and physiological. He says: "God has given me a wonderful body for noble purposes." That arm with 32 curious bones wielded by 46 curious muscles, and all under the brain's telegraphy—350 pounds of blood rushing through the heart every hour—the heart in 24 hours beating 100,000 times, during the same time the lungs taking in 57 hogsheads of air, and all this mechanism not more mighty than delicate and easily disturbed and demolished.

The Christian man says to himself: "If I hurt my nerves, if I hurt my brain, if I hurt any of my physical faculties, I insult God and call for dire retribution." Why did God tell the Levites not to offer to Him in sacrifice animals imperfect and diseased? He meant to tell us in all the ages that we are to offer to God our very best physical condition, and a man who through irregular or gluttonous eating ruins his health, is not offering to God such a sacrifice. Why did Paul write for his cloak at Troas? Why should such a great man as Paul be anxious about a thing so insignificant as an overcoat? It was because he knew that with pneumonia and rheumatism he would not be worth half as much to God and the church as with respiration easy and foot free.

An intelligent Christian man would consider it an absurdity to kneel down at night and pray and ask God's protection while at the same time he kept the windows of his bedroom tight shut against fresh air. He would just as soon think of going to the top of his house and leaping off and then praying to God to keep him from getting hurt. Just as long as you refer this whole subject of physical health to the realm of whimsicality, or to the pastry cook, or to the butcher, or to the baker, or to the apothecary, or to the clothier, you are not acting like a Christian. Take care of all your physical forces—nervous, muscular, bone, brain, cellular tissue—for all you must be brought to judgment.

Smoking your nervous system into fidgets, burning out the coating of your stomach with wine logwooded and strychnined, walking with thin shoes to make your feet look delicate, pinched at the waist until you are nigh cut in two, and neither part worth anything, groaning about sick headache and palpitation of the heart, which you think came from God, when they came from your own folly.

What right has any man or woman to deface the temple of the Holy Ghost? What is the ear? Why, it is the whispering gallery of the human soul. What is the eye? It is the observatory God constructed, its telescope sweeping the heavens. So wonderful are these bodies that God names his own attributes after different parts of them. His omniscience—it is God's eye. His omnipresence—it is God's ear. His omnipotence—it is God's arm. The upholstery of the midnight heavens—it is the work of God's fingers. His life-giving power—it is the breath of the Almighty. His dominion—"the government shall be upon his shoulder." A body so divinely honored and so divinely constructed—let us be careful not to abuse it.

When it becomes a Christian duty to take care of your health, is not the whole tendency toward longevity? If I toss my watch about recklessly and drop it on the pavement and wind it up any time of day or night I happen to think of it and often let it run down while you are careful with your watch and never abuse it and wind it up just at the same hour every night and put it in a place where it will not suffer from the violent changes of atmosphere, which watch will last the longer? Common sense answers. Now, the human body is God's watch. You see the face of the watch, but the beating of the heart is the ticking of the watch. Oh, be careful and do not let it run down!

Again, I remark that practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it is a protest against dissipations which injure and destroy the health. Bad men and women live a very short life. Their sins kill them. I know hundreds of good old men, but I do not know half a dozen bad old men. Why? They did not get old. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi at 36 years of age, himself his own Mazeppa, his unbridled passions the horse that dashed with him into the desert. Edgar A. Poe died at Baltimore at 38 years of age. The black raven that alighted on the bust above his chamber door was delirium tremens.

Only this and nothing more.

Napoleon Bonaparte lived only just beyond midlife, then died at St. Helena, and one of his doctors said that his disease was induced by excessive snuffing. The hero of Austerlitz, the man who by one step of his foot in the center of Europe shook the earth, killed by a snuff box! Oh, how many people we have known who have not lived out half their days because of their dissipations and indulgences! Now, practical religion is a protest against all dissipation of any kind.

"But," you say, "professors of religion have fallen, professors of religion have got drunk, professors of religion have misappropriated trust funds, professors of religion have absconded." Yes, but they threw away their religion before they did their morality. If a man on a White Star line steamer bound for Liverpool, in mid-Atlantic jumps overboard and is drowned, is that anything against the White Star line's capacity to take the man across the ocean? And if a man jumps over the gunwale of his religion and goes down never to rise, is that any reason for your believing that religion has no capacity to take the man clear through? In the one case if he had kept to the steamer his body would have been saved; in the other case if he had kept to his religion his morals would have been saved.

There are aged people who would have been dead 25 years ago but for the defenses and the equipoise of religion. You have no more natural resistance than hundreds of people who lie in the cemeteries to-day, slain by their own vices. The doctors made their case as kind and pleasant as they could, and it was called congestion of the brain or something else, but the snakes and the blue flies that seemed to crawl over the pillow in the sight of the delirious patient showed what was the matter with him. You, the aged Christian man, walked along by that unhappy one until you came to the golden pillar of the Christian life. You went to the right; he went to the left. That is all the difference between you. Oh, if this religion is a protest against all forms of dissipation, then it is an illustrious friend of longevity. "With long life will I satisfy him.

Again, religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it takes the worry out of our temporalities. It is not work that kills men, it is worry. When a man becomes a genuine Christian, he makes over to God not only his affections, but his family, his business, his reputation, his body, his mind, his soul—everything. Industrious he will be, but never worrying, because God is managing his affairs. How can he worry about business when in answer to his prayers God tells him when to buy and when to sell, and if he gain that is best and if he lose that is best?

Suppose you had a supernatural neighbor who came in and said: "Sir, I want you to call on me in every exigency. I am your fast friend; I could fall back on $20,000,000; I can foresee a panic ten years; I hold the controlling stock in 30 of the best monetary institutions of this country; whenever you are in any trouble call on me and I will help you; you can have my money and you can have my influence; here is my hand in pledge of it." How much would you worry about business? Why, you would say: "I'll do the best I can, and then I'll depend on my friend's generosity for the rest."

Now more than that is promised to every Christian business man. God says to him: "I own New York and London and St. Petersburg and Peking and Australia and California are mine; I can foresee a panic a thousand years; I have all the resources of the universe; and I am your fast friend; when you get in business trouble or any other trouble, call on me and I will help you; here is my hand in pledge of omnipotent deliverance." How much should that man worry? Not much. What lion will dare to put his paw on that Daniel? Is there not rest in this? Is there not an eternal vacation in this?

"Oh," you say, "here is a man who asked God for a blessing in a certain enterprise, and he lost $5,000 in it. Explain that." I will. Yonder is a factory, and one wheel is going north, and the other wheel is going south, and one wheel plays laterally, and the other plays vertically. I go to the manufacturer, and I say: "O manufacturer, your machinery is a contradiction. Why do you not make all the wheels go one way?" "Well," he says, "I make them to go in opposite directions on purpose, and they produce the right result. You go downstairs and examine the carpets we are turning out in this establishment, and you will see." I go down on the other floor, and I see the carpets, and I am obliged to confess that, though the wheels in that factory go in opposite directions, they turn out a beautiful result, and while I am standing there looking at the exquisite fabric an old Scripture passage comes into my mind: "All things work together for good to them who love God." Is there not rest in that? Is there not tonic in that? Is there not longevity in that?

Suppose a man is all the time worried about his reputation. One man says he lies, another says he is stupid, another says he is dishonest, and half a dozen printing establishments attack him, and he is in a great state of excitement and worry and fume and cannot sleep. But religion comes to him and says: "Man, God is on your side. He will take care of your reputation. If God be with you, who can be against you?" How much should that man worry about his reputation? Not much. If that broker who some years ago in Wall street, after he had lost money, sat down and wrote a farewell letter to his wife before he blew his brains out—if, instead of taking out of his pocket a pistol, he had taken out a well-read New Testament, there would have been one less suicide. O nervous and feverish people of the world, try this Almighty sedative. You will live 25 years longer under its soothing power. It is not choral that you want or morphine that you want. It is the Gospel of Jesus Christ. "With long life will I satisfy him."

Again, practical religion is a friend of longevity in the fact that it removes all corroding care about a future existence. Every man wants to know what is to become of him. If you get on board a rail train, you want to know at what depot it is going to stop. If you get on board a ship, you want to know into what harbor it is going to run, and if you should tell me you have no interest in what is to be your future destiny I would in as polite a way as I know tell you I did not believe you. Before I had this matter settled with reference to my future existence the question almost worried me into ruined health. The anxieties men have upon this subject put together would make a martyrdom. This is a state of awful unhealthiness. There are people who fret themselves to death for fear of dying.

I want to take the strain off your nerves and the depression off your soul, and I make two or three experiments. Experiment the first: When you go out of this world, it does not make any difference whether you have been good or bad, or whether you believed truth or error, you will go straight to glory. "Impossible," you say. "My common sense as well as my religion teaches that the bad and the good cannot live together forever. You give me no comfort in that experiment." Experiment the second: When you leave this world, you will go into an intermediate state where you can get converted and prepared for Heaven. "Impossible," you say; "as the tree falleth, so it must lie, and I cannot postpone to an intermediate state that reformation which ought to have been effected in this state." Experiment the third: There is no future world. When a man dies, that is the last of him. Do not worry about what you are to do in a future state of being; you will not do anything. "Impossible," you say. "There is something that tells me that death is not the appendix, but the preface; there is something that tells me that on this side of the grave I only get started and that I shall go on forever. My power to think says forever, my affections say forever, my capacity to enjoy or suffer forever."

Well, you defeat me in my three experiments. I have only one more to make, and if you defeat me in that I am exhausted. A mighty one on a knoll back of Jerusalem one day, the skies filled with forked lightnings and the earth filled with volcanic disturbances, turned His pale and agonized face toward the Heavens and said: "I take the sins and sorrows of the ages into my own heart. I am the expiation. Witness earth and Heaven and hell, I am the expiation." And the hammer struck Him and the spears punctured him, and Heaven thundered, "The wages of sin is death!" "The soul that sinneth it shall die!" "I will by no means clear the guilty!" Then there was silence for half an hour, and the lightnings were drawn back into the scabbard of the sky and the earth ceased to quiver and all the colors of the sky began to shift themselves into a rainbow woven out of the falling tears of Jesus, and there was red as of the bloodshedding and there was blue as of the bruising and there was green as of the Heavenly foliage and there was orange as of the day dawn. And along the line of the blue I saw the words, "I was bruised for their iniquities." And along the line of the red I saw the words, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." And along the line of the green I saw the words, "The leaves of the tree of life for the healing of the nations." And along the line of the orange I saw the words, "The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

And then I saw the storm was over, and the rainbow rose higher and higher until it seemed retreating to another Heaven, and planting one column of its colors on one side the eternal hill and planting the other column of its colors on the other side the eternal hill it rose upward and upward, and, behold, there was a rainbow about the throne.

Accept that sacrifice and quit worrying. Take the tonic, the inspiration, the longevity, of this truth. Religion is sunshine; that is health. Religion is fresh air and pure water; they are healthy. Religion is warmth; that is healthy. Ask all the doctors, and they will tell you that a quiet conscience and pleasant anticipations are hygienic. I offer you perfect peace now and hereafter.

What do you want in the future world? Tell me, and you shall have it. Orchards? There are the trees with 12 manner of fruits, yielding fruit every month. Water scenery? There is the river of life, from under the throne of God, clear as crystal, and the sea of glass mingled with fire. Do you want music? There are the oratorio of the "Creation," led on by Adam, and the oratorio of the "Red Sea," led on by Moses, and the oratorio of the Messiah," led on by St. Paul, while the archangel with swinging baton, controls the 144,000 who make up the orchestra.

Do you want reunion? There are your dead children waiting to kiss you, waiting to embrace you, waiting to twist garlands in your hair. You have been accustomed to open the door on this side the sepulcher; I open the door on the other side of the sepulcher. You have been accustomed to walk in the wet grass on the top of the grave; I show you the underside of the grave. The bottom has fallen out, and the long ropes with which the pallbearers let down your dead let them clear through into Heaven. Glory be to God for this robust, healthy, religion! It will have a tendency to make you live long in this world, and in the world to come you will have eternal life. "With long life will I satisfy him."

DEWEY POSES AS A MODEL.

New York Sculptor Who Is Making a Life-Sized Bust of the Hero of Manila Bay.

Part of Admiral Dewey's mornings while in New York recently were spent in the studio of James E. Kelly, sculptor at 318 West Fifty-seventh street. He sat there for hours while Sculptor Kelly punched, gouged and coaxed a big mass of clay that, some day, is to be a life-sized bust of the hero of Manila. Mrs. Dewey sat patiently with the admiral and offered, from time to time, many hints to both artist and model.

Dewey's bust when completed will be in bronze and will go to Col. Jerome B. Wheeler, of Manitou, Col.

Mr. Wheeler has ordered 40 bronze portrait tablets and busts of men celebrated in the nation's history from Sculptor Kelly, who has been engaged on the work for several years.

NICE OLD QUAKER LADY Cured of Catarrh By Peruna After 20 Years' Suffering.

MRS. POLLY EVANS, A LIFE-LONG FRIEND OF PERUNA.

"My wife (Polly J. Evans) says she feels entirely cured of systemic catarrh of twenty years' standing. She took nearly six bottles of thy excellent medicine, Peruna, as directed, and we feel very thankful to the for thy kindness and advice. She did not expect to be so well as she is now. Twelve years ago it cured her of la grippe. I want to tell thee there has been a great deal of Peruna used here last winter. Peruna does not need praising. It tells for itself. We can and do recommend it to anyone that is afflicted with catarrh."

As ever, thy friend, *John Evans, South Wabash, Ind.*

When catarrh has reached the chronic stage, of course it has gone beyond the reach of all local remedies. Nothing but a systemic remedy can reach it. Peruna is the only remedy yet devised to meet such cases. Peruna eradicates catarrh from the system. It does its work quietly, but surely. It cleanses the mucous membranes of the whole body. It produces regular functions. Peruna restores perfect health in a natural way.

No one should neglect to procure one of Dr. Hartman's free books on catarrh, sent to any address by The Peruna Medicine Company, Columbus, Ohio.

Two Trains a Day to Texas.

The Cotton Belt Route, via Memphis, offers you two daily trains to Texas: One leaves at 9.10 a. m., the other at 8.00 p. m. The trains from all principal points arrive in Memphis morning and evening in plenty of time to make this connection.

The Cotton Belt offers you the quickest and shortest route to Texas, without change of cars or ferry transfer. Both day and night trains are equipped with comfortable Coaches and Free Reclining Chair Cars; also Parlor Cafe Cars by day and Pullman Sleepers at night.

Write and tell us where you are going and when you will leave, and we will tell you what your ticket will cost and what train to take to make the best time and connections. We will also send you an interesting little booklet, "A Trip to Texas."

FRED. H. JONES, D. P. A., Memphis, Tenn. W. C. PEELER, T. P. A., Memphis, Tenn.
W. G. ADAMS, T. P. A., Nashville, Tenn.
E. W. LaBEAUME, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

Did Not Know.

Recently a rosy-cheeked German girl applied for a position as domestic in a well-known family. The girl learned to speak the English language in a remarkably short time, but many of the expressions did not appeal to her in the proper sense.

The telephone had a peculiar charm for the girl, and at times she would loiter about near the instrument in order to answer a call. One day there came a ring and she hastened to the 'phone and put the receiver to her ear.

"Hello," she cried.

"Hello," came back over the 'phone, "who is this?"

"How do I know?" innocently inquired the German maid, and to this day she wonders why the man at the other end laughed until he rang off.—Chicago Chronicle.

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 of Hall's Catarrh Cure. FRANK J. CHENEY.

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

(Seal)

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.

Hit His Pocketbook.

Hixon (at the reception)—That's a stunning gown your wife has on.

Dixon—Yes; it almost knocked me centless.—Chicago Evening News.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write *to-day* to Allen S. Olmsted, Leroy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures clubbing, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes New or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists and shoestores sell it. 25c.

Penetration.

Edgar—Carolyn, I'm neither contrary nor obstinate.

Carolyn—No, Edgar; you are just a natural-born kicker.—Indianapolis Journal.

An All-Year Resort.

The Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Ark., opens March 1, 1900. A most desirable, attractive and convenient resort for health and pleasure seekers. Ideal climate, pure sparkling water, best accommodations. Through Sleepers via Frisco Line. Write for particulars to Manager Hotel or to any representative of Frisco Line.

A Strange Animal.

Terrified City Milkman—Good gracious! What's that? Mary, bring the gun, quick. There's a wild beast in the yard.

Mary (who was once in the country)—Why, you old silly, that's a cow.

"You don't say so?"—Tit-Bits.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price, 50c.

Why can't somebody give us a list of things which everybody thinks and nobody says, and another list of things that everybody says and nobody thinks?—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

$20 Per Week.

We pay $20 per week and expenses for man with rig to introduce our Poultry Mixture. Send stamp for terms. Excelsior Mfg. Co., Parsons, Kans.

No word is oftener on the lips of men than "friendship," and, indeed, no thought is more familiar to their aspirations. All men are dreaming of it. It is the secret of the universe.—Thoreau.

A Dose in Time Saves Nine of Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar for Colds.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Ignorance is a blank sheet on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one on which we must first erase.—Colton.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. Allie Douglass, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, '94.

You never meet some men that they do not ask you to take a chance in a raffle.—Atchison Globe.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

A man is seldom sidetracked to success.—Chicago Dispatch.

Sweat and fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

Some people enjoy any weather but the kind prevailing.—Chicago Dispatch.

A California Cure For Malaria and Chills and Fever.

One of the most insidious and debilitating of all germ diseases is Malaria. The germs find lodgment in the blood, and as the blood is the life of the body, its corruption by malarial germs affects the whole system. The presence of malarial poison is manifested by a feeling of languor, weariness and general debility. The appetite is poor, liver torpid, bowels constipated or the reverse, digestion bad, tongue coated and breath bad. Ague, chills and fever, swamp fever, malarial fever and typhoid malaria are merely different forms of malarial poisoning. Malaria can only be cured by a remedy that will neutralize the malarial poison and eliminate it from the system, and which will at the same time enrich and vitalize the blood.

Casca Ferrine, California's famous non-secret remedy, combines most happily all the requirements of a perfect remedy for the cure of all forms of malaria, and it has never been known to fail in effecting a cure in the most obstinate cases of chronic malarial poisoning. The tonic properties of Casca Ferrine are supplied by Pure California Sherry Wine, Cinchona, Iron and Malt Extract. Cinchona is regarded as a specific in all types and forms of fevers, especially malaria and chills and fevers. The iron is a powerful blood tonic. It is, in fact, what the blood feeds on, and furnishes the latter with an abundance of red corpuscles. Malt Extract is a splendid nutrient tonic, and is prescribed by physicians in all debilitated conditions and in convalescence from diseases. But to cure malarial poisoning, tonics are not alone necessary. It is imperative that the liver should be kept active and the bowels open, so that the poisonous germs can be eliminated from the blood and cast out of the system through these natural channels.

Casca Ferrine contains, in addition to the tonics recognized as invaluable in all malarial diseases, the famous Cascara Sagrada. The latter, which grows only in California, is an incomparable laxative, and by its tonic action on the bowels and liver enables them to cleanse the blood of the malarial poison, while at the same time the tonic properties of this remedy are building up strength and restoring vitality to the weak and debilitated body.

It will be readily seen that a more perfect combination of medicines could not be effected for the cure of malarial diseases, and a trial will speedily convince any one who is a victim of malaria or chills and fever of the vast superiority of Casca Ferrine over any of the legion of so-called "chill tonics" on the market. It not only gives quick relief, but will promptly effect a permanent cure. **If your druggist does not carry CASCA FERRINE in stock, write us.**

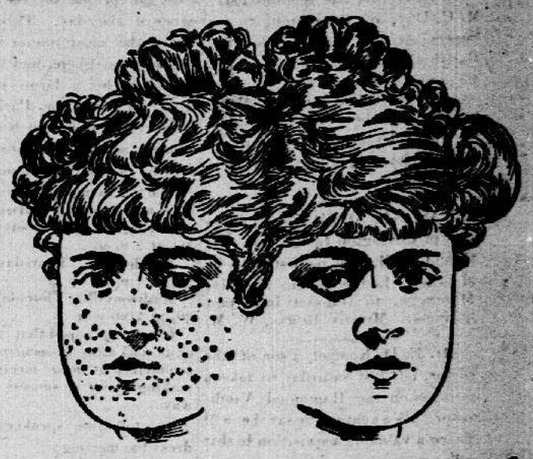
CASCA FERRINE,

Prepared in San Francisco, Cal., in the Laboratory of

THE SIERRA PHARMACEUTICAL CO.,

Main Office, St. Louis, Mo.

FACE HUMORS



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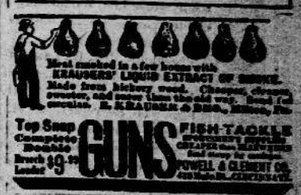

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