A FABLE FOR WOMEN.

From Which They May Derive a Suggestion as to the Mismanagement of Husbands.

There was once a woman who felt that her husband stayed out too late at night. She therefore devised a plan to cure him of this. Her plan was to rise early in order to insure his retiring early, writes Josephine Dashman, in Century.

"Only in this way will he be able to get enough sleep," she said.

Her husband, who usually endeavored to please her, rose without complaint at six o'clock, but continued to stay out late. Perceiving that her purpose was not accomplished, the woman changed the hour to five o'clock.

"The morning hours are the best for work," she said, "and I understand that the morning air possesses great virtues."

Her husband objected, but rose at five, as she wished.

Still he continued to come in late. Then the woman fixed the hour at 4:30.

"I have always enjoyed seeing the sun rise," she said.

"In that case," said her husband, decidedly, "I shall not go to bed at all, since it would not be worth my while. I will stay up all night and take my sleep at my office in the afternoon. So we will have breakfast at three o'clock, if you like."

This teaches us that the early worm will turn.

Casey's Case.

A Canadian gentleman, named Casey, was appointed to a government place which technically had to be occupied by a lawyer, which Mr. Casey was not. The benchers of the Law society, however, undertook to deviate the technicality, and appointed one of their number to examine him as to his knowledge of the law.

"Well, Casey," said the examiner, "what do you know about the law, anyway?"

"Well, to tell the truth," said Casey, modestly, "I don't know a single thing."

"I have examined Mr. Casey as to his knowledge of the law," the examiner stated in his affidavit, "and to the best of my knowledge and belief he answered all the questions entirely correctly."—Law Notes.

Gold! Gold! Gold!

The latest El Dorado is reported to be on Nome City Beach, Alaska. Thousands of people are hastening there, many of whom return broken in health. Of what avail is gold when health is gone? Guard your health with the best of all medicines, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It will regulate the bowels, stir up the liver, invigorate the kidneys, and absolutely cure indigestion, constipation, malaria, chills and fever. It's a good medicine to keep on hand.

Not Afraid of Kidnapers.

"Geordie," said the motherly old soul, "aren't you afraid to be so far from home at as late an hour as this?"

"Afraid of what?"

"Of kidnapers."

"Naw!" exclaimed Geordie. "I'm a good little boy, and the Lord will take care of me. "Sides," he added, contemptuously, "my papa ain't got any money."—Chicago Tribune.

How to Make Home Happy.

A recent purchase of a two-dollar palm, sickly and frail, carried in its train a demand for a seven-dollar jardiniere and a three-dollar taburette. The fire must now be kept up nights for it, and every time the owner's husband passes the palm he shakes a fist at it.—Atchison Globe.

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.

He Knew.

The politician's wife was startled by a sound below stairs.

"John," she cried, "there's a robber in the house."

"The house," replied John. "What's the matter with the senate? That's worse."—Philadelphia Press.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb 17, 1900.

Force of Habit.

Husband (returning from his first ascent in a balloon)—Just think of it, Alice, I ascended 25,000 feet in the air.

Young Wife—And you brought back nothing for me!—Fliegende Blaetter.

A Colonel in the British South African Army says that Adams' Tutti Frutti was a blessing to his men while marching.

Encouraged.

Jane—It is always a surprise to me what a lot of homely women get married.

Bertha—No doubt it is a reflection that gives you a great deal of encouragement, dear.—Boston Transcript.

Explosions of Coughing are stopped by Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar.

Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Considering the way a woman will deceive herself, a man has very little right to complain if she deceives him too.—N. Y. Herald.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES are fast to sunlight, washing and rubbing. Sold by all druggists.

A boaster is next door neighbor to a liar.—Chicago Daily News.

THE DUTY OF MOTHERS.

What suffering frequently results from a mother's ignorance; or more frequently from a mother's neglect to properly instruct her daughter!

Tradition says "woman must suffer," and young women are so taught. There is a little truth and a great deal of exaggeration in this. If a young woman suffers severely she needs treatment, and her mother should see that she gets it.

Many mothers hesitate to take their daughters to a physician for examination; but no mother need hesitate to write freely about her daughter or herself to Mrs. Pinkham and secure the most efficient advice without charge. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

Mrs. August Pfalzgraf, of South Byron, Wis., mother of the young lady whose portrait we here publish, wrote Mrs. Pinkham in January, 1899, saying her daughter had suffered for two years with irregular menstruation—had headache all the time, and pain in her side, feet swell, and was generally miserable. Mrs. Pinkham promptly replied with advice, and under date of March, 1899, the mother writes again that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cured her daughter of all pains and irregularity.

Nothing in the world equals Mrs. Pinkham's great medicine for regulating woman's peculiar monthly troubles.

PILES Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the Itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Prepared for Piles and Itching of the private parts. At druggists or by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and $1.00. WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Props., CLEVELAND, OHIO

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

OPIUM WHISKY and other drug habits cured in 10 days. Painless treatment. Book and particulars FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

DOOR OPEN FOR ALL.

There Is Not Monopoly in the Christian Religion.

Dr. Talmage's Timely Discourse on Occasion of the Twentieth Anniversary of the Bowery Mission in New York.

[Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch.] New York.

On the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of the Bowery mission, January 13, Dr. Talmage preached to a vast audience at the New York Academy of Music. Ministers of all denominations were present. The text was, John 10:16: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

There is no monopoly in religion. The grace of God is not a little property that we can fence off and have all to ourselves. It is not a king's park, at which we look through a barred gateway, wishing that we might go in and see the statuary and the deer and the royal conservatory. No; it is a Father's orchard, and everywhere there are bars that we may let down and gates that we may swing open.

In my boyhood, next to the country schoolhouse there was an orchard of apples owned by a very lame man, who, although there were apples in the place perpetually decaying and by scores and scores of bushels, never would allow any of us to touch the fruit. Sometimes the lads of the school in the sinfulness of a nature inherited from our first parents, who were ruined by the same temptation, invaded that orchard, but they soon retreated, for the man came after them at a speed reckless of making his lameness worse and cried out: "Boys, drop those apples, or I will set the dog on you."

Well, my friends, there are Christian men who have the church under severe guard. There is fruit in this orchard for the whole world, but they have a rough and unsympathetic way of accosting outsiders, as though they had no business there, though the Lord wants to come and take the choicest and the ripest fruit on the premises. Have you an idea that because you were baptized at eight months of age, and because you have all your life been under hallowed influences, you therefore have a right to one whole side of the Lord's table, spreading yourself out and taking up the entire room? I tell you no. You will have to haul in your elbows, for we will place on either side of you those whom you never expected would sit there, for, as Christ said to His people long ago, so He says to you and to me: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

McDonald, the Scotchman, has thousands of head of sheep. Some of them are browsing on the heather, some of them are lying down under the trees, some are strolling over the mountains, some of them are in his yard. They are scattered all around in many places. Cameron, his neighbor, comes over and says "I see you have 36 sheep. I have just counted them." "No," says McDonald, "I have a great many more sheep than you found in this yard. Some are here, and some are elsewhere. I have 4,000 or 5,000 in my flocks. 'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold.'" So Christ says to us. Here is a knot of Christians and there a knot of Christians, but they make up a small part of the flock. Here is the Episcopal fold, the Methodist fold, the Lutheran fold, the Congregational fold, the Presbyterian fold, the Baptist and the Pedo-Baptist fold, the only difference between these last two being the way in which they wash the sheep, and so they are scattered all over. And we come with our statistics and say there are so many thousand of the Lord's sheep, but Christ responds: "No, no; you have not seen more than one out of a thousand of my flock. They are scattered all over the earth. 'Other sheep I have which are not of this fold.'"

Of all the merciful institutions which bless this city not one more thoroughly enters into the spirit of the text than does the Bowery mission, whose twentieth anniversary we to-day celebrate. During the past year 3,000 souls have been saved through its instrumentality, and during its existence it has put its temporal and spiritual benediction upon hundreds of thousands of the poor and suffering and lost. With the bread of this life in one hand and the bread of eternal life in the other it is doing a stupendous work, and to all of its patrons Christ is saying: "I was hungry, and ye fed me, naked, and ye clothed me, sick and in prison, and ye visited me. Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it to me." It is through this Gospel that New York is to be taken for God, and America for God, and the world for God. There are two classes of hearers in this audience whom I especially address, the friends of this institution who have come out to show their interest in the work, and the other class made up of those who are astray, but want to get back, have fallen, but want to rise.

We need as churches to get into sympathy with the great outside world and let them know that none are so broken-hearted or hard beset that they will not be welcomed. "No," says some fastidious Christian, "I do not like to be crowded in church. Do not put anyone in my pew." My brother, what will you do in Heaven when a great multitude that no man can number assembles? They will put 50 in your pew. What are the people assembled in Christian churches compared with the mightier millions outside? Some churches are like a hospital, that should advertise that its patients must have nothing worse than toothache or run-rounds, but no broken heads, no crushed ankles or fractured limbs. Bring there for treatment moderate sinners, velvet coated sinners and sinners with a gloss on. It is as if a man had a farm of 3,000 acres and put all his work on one acre. He might raise never so large ears of corn, never so big heads of wheat, still he would remain poor. The church of God has bestowed its chief care on one acre and has raised splendid men and women in that small inclosure. But the field is the world. That means Europe, Asia, Africa, North and South America and all the islands of the sea.

I have to remark that the Heavenly shepherd will find many sheep amid the nonchurchgoers. There are congregations where they are all Christians, and they seem to be completely finished, and they remind one of the skeleton leaves which by chemical preparation have had all the greenness and verdure taken off them and are left cold and white and delicate, nothing wanting but a glass case to put over them. The minister of Christ has nothing to do with such Christians but to come once a week and with ostrich feather dust off the accumulation of the last six days, leaving them bright and crystalline as before. But the other kind of church is an armory, with perpetual sound of drum and fife, gathering recruits for the Lord of Hosts and saying to every applicant: "Do you want to be on God's side, the safe side and the happy side? If so, come in the armory and get equipped. Here is a bath in which to be cleansed. Here are sandals to put on your feet. Here is a helmet for your brow. Here is a breastplate for your heart. Here is a sword for your right arm, and yonder is the battlefield. Quit yourselves like men."

I remark again the Heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many of his sheep among those who are now rejecters of Christianity. Some of the mightiest advocates of the Gospel were once skeptics. Thomas Chalmers once a skeptic. Robert Hall a skeptic. Christmas Evans a skeptic. Charles G. Finney a skeptic. Paul, the apostle, once a skeptic. But when once with strong hand they laid hold of the Gospel chariot they rolled it on with what momentum! I do not know how you came to reject Christianity. It may have been through the infidel talk of some young man in the store or shop or factory. It may have been through the trickery of some professed Christian man who disgusted you with religion. It may be that 30 years ago you lost all faith by what happened in an oil company which was formed amid the petroleum excitement. The company owned no land, or if they did there was no sign of oil produced. But the president of the company was a Presbyterian elder and the treasurer an Episcopalian vetryman, and one director was a Methodist class leader and the other officers prominent members of Baptist and Congregational churches. Circulars were got out telling what fabulous prospects opened before this company. The circular had all the hues of earth and sea and sky. The letters flamed with all the beauty of gold and jasper and amethyst. Innocent men and women who had a little money to invest, and that little their all, said: "I do not know anything about this company, but so many good men are at the head of it that it must be excellent and taking stock in it must be almost as good as joining the church." So they bought their stock and perhaps received one dividend to keep them still. But after awhile they found that the company had reorganized and had a different president, a different treasurer and different directors. Other engagements or an overcoming modesty had caused the former officers of the company, with many regrets, to resign, and all that the subscribers for the stock had to show for their investment was a beautifully ornamented certificate. Sometimes that man, looking over his old papers comes across that certificate, and it is so suggestive that he vows he wants none of the religion that the president and directors of that oil company professed.

Or you may have become skeptical from the fact that you grew up in a home where religion was overdone. Sunday was the most awful day in the week. You had religion driven into you with a trip hammer. You were surfeited with prayer meetings. You were stuffed and choked with catechisms. You were often told that you were the worst boy your parents ever knew because you liked to ride down hill better than to read Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." Whenever your father and mother talked religion they drew down the corners of their mouths and rolled up their eyes. If any one thing will send a boy to ruin sooner than another, that is it.

But I do not stop now to know how you came into rejection of Christianity. You frankly tell me that you do reject it. You do not believe that Christ is a Divine being, although you admit that He was a very good man. You do not believe that the Bible was inspired of God, although you think there are some very fine things in it. You believe that the Scriptural description of Eden was only an allegory. There are 50 things that I believe that you do not believe, and yet you are an accommodating man. Everybody that knows you says that of you. If I should ask you to do a kindness for me or if anyone else should ask of you a kindness, you would do it. If, when you are ill, I should come to you with a vial of medicine and say: "This kind of medicine cured 50 people who were just as badly off as you are; take it," and you replied: "I do not want to take it; I have no confidence in it," I would say: "Take it to oblige me," and you would say: "Well, if it will accommodate you I will take it." Now, you have found that this world is insufficient and you are sick of sin. I come to you with a Gospel medicine. It has cured hundreds and thousands and millions. Will you take it? "No," you say, "I have no confidence in it." Take it, then, to oblige me. I tell you of a Physician who has cured more blind eyes, and bound up more broken hearts, and healed more ghastly wounds than all the doctors since the time of Esculapius. Be obliging and just make the experiment. If you are not acquainted with the ordinary modes of prayer, say in substance: "O Lord Jesus, this is a strange thing for me to do. I know nothing about the formulas of religion. These Christian people have been talking so long about what thou canst do for me I am ready to do whatever thou commandest me. If there be any power in religion, as these people say, let me have the advantage of it." Will you not try that experiment?

I do not now say there is anything in religion. Do not take my counsel or the counsel of any clergyman, for you may dislike clergymen. Perhaps we may talk professionally. Perhaps we may be prejudiced in the matter. Perhaps our advice is not worth taking. Then take the counsel of some very respectable layman, as John Milton, the poet; as William Wilberforce, the emancipator; as Isaac Newton, the astronomer; as Robert Boyle, the philosopher; as Locke, the metaphysician; as Morse, the telegrapher; as Washington, the statesman. They never preached or pretended to preach, yet, putting down one his telescope and another his parliamentarian's scroll and another his electrician's wire, came forth and commended the religion of Christ as the best thing for the cure of the world's woes. If you will not take the recommendation of ministers of the Gospel, take the recommendation of highly respectable laymen.

Oh, men, skeptical and struck through with unrest! I beg you to come off that great Sahara desert of doubt into the bright and luxuriant land of Gospel hope and peace. You do not want your children to come up in that skepticism. If you do not believe in anything else, you believe in love—a father's love, a mother's love, a wife's love, a child's love. Then let me tell you that God loves you more than all these together. The great heart of Christ aches to have you come in, and He looks into your eyes this moment, saying: "Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

Again, I remark that the Heavenly Shepherd is going to find a great many of the sheep among those who have been full of evil habit. They were all cheated into sin. The spider does not say to the fly: "Come into the web where I kill insects." Oh, no. The spider says: "Dearest fly, come and talk a morning walk with me on this suspension bridge of gossamer glittering with diamonds of dew." Do not be hard on those gone astray. It makes me sad to see Christian people give up a prodigal as lost. There are those who talk as though the grace of God were a chain of 40 or 50 links and that when they had run out there was nothing left to touch a bad case. If they were hunting and got off the track of the deer, they would look longer among the brakes and bushes for the lost game than they would look for that lost soul.

People tell us that if a man has delirium tremens twice he cannot be reclaimed, that if a woman has sacrificed her integrity she cannot be restored. The Bible has distinctly intimated that the Lord Almighty is ready to pardon four hundred and ninety times. Why do I say four hundred and ninety times? Because the Bible says "seventy times seven." Now figure that out. You do not think a man can fall four times, eight times, ten times, twenty times, one hundred times, four hundred times and yet be saved. Four hundred and ninety times! There are men before the throne of God who have wallowed in every kind of sin, but saved by the grace of Christ and washed in His blood they stand there radiant now. There are those who plunged into the very lowest depths of the slums and who have for hundreds of times been lifted up, and finally, by the grace of God, they stand in Heaven, gloriously rescued by the grace promised to the chief of sinners.

I want to tell you that God loves to take hold of a very bad case. When the church casts you off, and when the clubroom casts you off, and when society casts you off, and when business associates cast you off, and when father casts you off, and when mother casts you off, and when everybody casts you off, your first cry for help will bend the eternal God clear down into the ditch of your suffering and shame. The Good Templars cannot save you, although they are a grand institution. The Sons of Temperance cannot save you, although they are mighty for good. Signing the temperance pledge cannot save you, although I believe in it. Nothing but the grace of the eternal God can save you, and that will if you will throw yourself on it.

They talk about the catacombs of Naples and the catacombs of Rome and the catacombs of Egypt, the great burial places under the city where is the dust of many generations passed on, but I tell you New York has its catacombs and Washington its catacombs and all our cities their catacombs. They are underground liquor dives, full of dead men's bones and all uncleanliness. There is no need of going into the art gallery to see in skillful sculpture that wonderful representation of a man and his sons wound round with serpents. There are families represented here to-day that are wrapped in the martyrdom of fang and scale and venom, a living Laocoon of ghastliness and horror.

There is only one class of persons about whom I am disheartened, and they are the Gospel hardened. They have been faithful in attendance at churches for 20, 30 and 40 years, yet never have surrendered themselves to God. As Christ says: "Publicans and harlots go into the kingdom of heaven before them." They have resisted all the importunity of divine mercy and have gone through most powerful earthquakes of religious feeling, and they are farther away from God than ever. After awhile they will lie down sick, and some day it will be told that they are dead. No hope!

But I turn to outsiders with an expectation that thrills through me, body and soul. "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold." You are not Gospel hardened. You have not heard many sermons during the last few years. You feel the Holy Ghost this moment in your heart. You do not weep, but the tear is not far off. You sigh, and you have noticed that there is always a sigh in the wind before the rain falls. There are those here who would give anything if they could find relief in tears. They say: "Oh, my wasted life! Oh, the bitter past! Oh, the graves over which I have stumbled! Whither shall I fly? Alas, for the future! Everything is so dark, so very dark! God help me! God pity me!" Thank the Lord for that last utterance. You have begun to pray, and when a man begins to petition, God steps in and beats back the hounds of temptation to their kennel and round about the poor wounded soul puts the covert of his pardoning mercy. Hark! I hear something fall. What was that? It is the bars of the fence around the sheepfold. The Shepherd lets down the bars, and the hunted sheep of the mountain bound in, some of them their fleece torn with brambles, some of them their feet lamed with the dogs, but bounding in. Thank God! "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold."

SALT ELIXIR HELPS OLD MEN

Beerman and Raney, at New York City, Show Marked Signs of Improvement.

Henry W. Beerman and John Raney, the aged men seeking restoration of strength through glycero-phosphate-of-sodium treatment, at New York the other day showed marked signs of improvement. Both took advantage of the pleasant weather to take a stroll, and life took on added interest for each of them.

This double test of the treatment by which Dr. Robin so greatly aided former Mayor Abram S. Hewitt is attracting much attention every day from physicians who are familiar with the experiment. The fact that Beerman is 83 years old and that Raney is nearly the alloted three score and ten has increased the interest of all in the cases.

Not Like a Woman.

"I want to return this dog to the gent what owns him. I seen his 'ad' in the paper," said a rough-looking man at the door.

"How do you guess it was a 'gent' that put the 'ad' in?" asked the woman.

"'Cause it said: 'No questions asked.'"—Boston Globe.

An Incentive to Harmony.

"I'm sure we shall be on good terms," said the man who had just moved into the neighborhood to the grocer at the corner.

"No doubt of it, sir. Especially," he added, as an afterthought, "if the terms are cash."—Tit-Bits.

Medical Success.

Friend—Oh, by the way, I have been curious to know whether you were successful with that strange patient you were treating last winter.

Doctor—I was, partially. He paid almost half of his bill.—Tit-Bits.

EPIDEMIC OF GRIP WORST EVER KNOWN.

GRIP BACILLUS EVERYWHERE—IN THE AIR WE BREATHE, IN THE WATER WE DRINK, IN THE FOOD WE EAT.

Bacillus of Grip.

Magnified 16,000 times.

Hundreds of car loads of Peruna are shipped in all directions to meet the extraordinary demand of the grip epidemic.

Everybody laying in a stock of this valuable remedy in time to meet the terrible enemy, the Grip.

The extensive facilities of the manufacturers taxed to their utmost to meet the urgent demand for Peruna.

Almost everybody has the grip. Almost everybody must have Peruna.

Taken at the appearance of the first symptoms of the grip, not only is Peruna a prompt cure for the grip but it prevents those disastrous after-effects so characteristic of this dread disease.

Peruna not only cures the grip but prevents it.

Taken in time thousands of lives will be saved in this present epidemic.

Every family should take the precaution to secure a supply of Peruna at once, for the retail and wholesale stock of the remedy may be exhausted by the enormous demand for it.

It is wisdom to have Peruna in the house even before the grip attacks the household.

It has been ascertained by a reporter that the following people of national reputation have given public endorsement and testimonials to Peruna as a remedy for la grippe:

Congressman Howard, of Alabama, says: "I have taken Peruna for the grip and recommend it as an excellent remedy to all fellow-sufferers."

Congressman White, of North Carolina, says: "I find Peruna to be an excellent remedy for the grip. I have used it in my family and they all join me in recommending it."

Miss Frances M. Anderson, of Washington, D. C., daughter of Judge Anderson, of Virginia, says: "I was taken very ill with the grip. I took Peruna and was able to leave my bed in a week."

Mrs. Harriette A. S. Marsh, President of the Woman's Benevolent Association, of Chicago, writes: "I suffered with grip seven weeks. Nothing helped me. Tried Peruna and within three weeks I was fully restored. Shall never be without it again."

At the appearance of the first symptoms of grip people should stay indoors and take Peruna in small doses (teaspoonful every hour) until the symptoms disappear. This will prevent a long, disastrous sickness and perhaps fatal results.

SHARES PUBLIC SCHOOLS' HONORS.

Excellent Geographical Exhibit at Paris Largely Due to Union Pacific.

The Passenger Department of the Union Pacific Railway is in receipt of a letter from Superintendent C. G. Pearse inviting it to share in the honors bestowed upon the Omaha public schools at the Paris exposition. As is well known, the Omaha schools were awarded a gold medal for the excellence of the showing made by their methods of teaching geography. The most important part of the exhibit consisted of a set of illustrated publications and maps showing the sources from which geographical material and information are obtained. Superintendent Pearse acknowledges that great credit is due to the Union Pacific Passenger Department, which furnished many of the publications and maps for the Paris exhibit.—Omaha "Bee," Dec. 11th, 1900.

His Conscience Was Clear.

"My friends," said the condemned as he stepped forward for a few last words before the noose was adjusted, "I ain't no speechmaker, and I ain't got much to say. I've stole horses and drunk whisky and played keerds and bin a tuff man, and if I'd lived a year longer I should probably hev bin sent to congress. Thank the Lord that I've escaped sich a fate and kin still look you all in the face, and now, Jim, you kin go on with the hangin' and be durned to you."—Washington Post.

Inopportune.

"See here!" exclaimed the shopper, excitedly, "there's a man just dropped dead in that bargain crush!"

"How inopportune!" cried the floor walker. "We have not yet opened our undertaking department."—Philadelphia Press.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

"What intoxicating charms!" "Isn't she a bird, though?" "Bird and bottle in one, you might say!"—Detroit Journal.

The third day after a man has put an article on sale, he becomes something of a cynic on friendship.—Atchison Globe.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

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

When a man is found brave enough to rebuke gossip it means that he has already heard it.—Atchison Globe.

A man can sometimes correct almost any bad impression by simply paying his debts.—Atchison Globe.

The best is the cheapest. Carter's Ink is the best, yet it costs no more than the poorest.

The amateur camera fellow may have a hard time of it, but he also has a snap.—Indianapolis News.

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.—Pope.

A bad conscience burns.—Ram's Horn.

The young man who thinks that he is having a game with a girl is like many another gambler, and loses all he has before he has properly learned the game.—Ally Sloper.

An Exception.—He—"Some men can't keep their eyes off the ladies." She—"Unless those men happen to be sitting in a street car, while the ladies are standing."—Philadelphia Press.

Easy.—"Jinks has no faculty for keeping money!" "Lets it go to whoever asks him for it, I believe!" "Why, I'm told that even his wife can get money from him, if he has it!"—Detroit Journal.

"I understand she loved him at first." "Yes, that was before." "Before what?" "Before she had found out that she had mistaken him for his rich cousin."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bent—"I have no use for a girl who is a jilt." Kent—"I have—for one. She jilted the other fellow after I met her, and married me."—Sommerville Journal.

"I see so much in the newspapers about subsidies. What does a subsidy mean, John?" "A subsidy, Mary, is where I give you $20 for going to see your mother instead of having her come to see you."—Denver News.

He (feeling his way)—"What do you think of a man who leaves his friends and goes off to the north pole?" She (artlessly)—"It depends upon the kind of man you mean, you know. You don't mean to say that you think of going, Mr. Bluffer? Well, I hope you will have an enjoyable trip."—Boston Transcript.

Carrying Out the Rule.—"Some editor who has been giving advice to people on how to live to be old says that one of the main rules to follow is to go away from the table at each meal feeling as if you could eat more." "Well, say! if that's right, every fellow at our boarding-house ought to live to be 100!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

SHE DECLINED.

Gave the Suitor to Understand That She Was Not in the Patching Business.

Few American youth have careers made for them. Those who deplore this fact and shun the stings of self-effort may find tonic in the reply of a western girl to an offer of marriage, says Youth's Companion.

A young man of more book-learning than force of character lost the young wife who had toiled to support him, returned to his native town for consolation, and found it. Some months later she, too, passed away, and the sad youth soon appealed to a well-known clergyman for assistance in finding a helpmate.

The minister introduced him to a western girl of health and energy, who the next day received a plaintive note from the widower. He declared that the Lord had made great inroads upon his marital affections, and it now seemed to be His will that she should repair the breaches of his life.

The reply, which the clergyman keeps today as one of the choicest specimens of a varied collection, reads simply:

"Mend your own breeches."

One Coming.

"Could you tell me the meaning of the word 'cataclysm?'" he asked of the street car passenger who was folding up his newspaper.

"Are you going to ride two or three blocks farther?" was queried in reply.

"Yes, sir."

"Then you'll see one. The conductor has carried that sharp-nosed woman two streets past where she wanted to get off already, and she'll wake up soon and start a cataclysm that'll probably jump the car right off the track!"—Washington Post.

"This wireless telegraphy reminds me of a groundless quarrel." "What possible connection is there between the two?" "It's practically having words over nothing."—Philadelphia Times.

Jack—"Don't you think that woman, as a rule, prefers a man who is her master?" Ethel—"Not at all. She prefers one who thinks he is."—Smart Set.

One of the great advantages of going to Texas via the Cotton Belt is, that you avoid the annoyances and discomforts of changing cars, necessary on other routes.

The Cotton Belt trains are the only ones that run through from Memphis to Texas without change.

These trains carry Pullman Sleepers at night, Parlor Cafe Cars during the day, and Through Coaches and Free Reclining Chair Cars both day and night. The service compares favorably with that of any road in the country. 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 trains to take to make best time and connections. We will also send you an interesting little book, "A Trip to Texas."

F. M. JONES, G.P.A., Memphis, Tenn. E. C. FOSTER, T.P.A., Memphis, Tenn. E. C. ADAMS, T.P.A., Nashville, Tenn. E. E. WHITT, T.P.A., Cincinnati, Ohio. E. E. SUTTON, T.P.A., Chattanooga, Tenn.

E. W. LeBEAUME, G. P. and T. A., St. Louis, Mo.

SMITH'S SURE KIDNEY CURE

.... CURES ....

This remedy will keep the Kidneys in a healthy condition, purify the Blood and give proper action to the Liver. Stands pre-eminently superior for the cure of Rheumatism peculiar to women. If you are troubled with kidney and bladder troubles, such as Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Catarrh, Gravel of the Bladder, Albuminuria in Urine and unhealthy deposits or too frequent discharge of the urine, pain in the back and bladder, dropsical swelling of the foot and legs, etc., we claim that by using SMITH'S SURE KIDNEY CURE a complete cure will be effected.

READ THESE TESTIMONIALS

From those who have used Smith's Sure Kidney Cure:

I have used three bottles of your SURE KIDNEY CURE, and it has made a permanent cure. Mrs. Wm. Pulyman, Jonesboro, Ark.

Inclosed find postoffice money order for Smith's SURE KIDNEY CURE. I have taken one bottle, and it is the only medicine that has done me any good. There are several soldiers here affected the same as I, and we cannot obtain the medicine here. John H. Kelly, Cottage I, State Soldiers' and Sailors' Home, Dayton, O.

I had female trouble for over a year, and was confined to the bed for six months. I was recommended by a very prominent physician without any benefit, and he told me the only hope for me was an operation. I saw your advertisement in the paper, and thought I would try it for one month. I did so, and the doctor who had attended me before the last treated me now pronounced me well. Mrs. J. B. Fayne, Atlanta, Ga.

For Sale by Druggists; Price 50 Cents. Prepared only by

SMITH MEDICAL COMPANY, St. Louis, Mo.

Every cotton planter should write for our valuable illustrated pamphlet, "Cotton Culture." It is sent free.

Send name and address to GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., N. Y.

"AMONG THE OZARKS."

The Land of Big Red Apples is the title of an attractive and highly interesting book recently issued. This book is handsomely illustrated with views of South Missouri scenery, including the famous Olden fruit farm of 3,000 acres in Howell County. It pertains entirely to fruit raising in that great fruit belt of America, the southern slope of the Ozarks, and will prove of great value, not only to fruit growers, but to every farmer and homeseeker in other States looking for a farm and a home. This book will be mailed free. Address J. E. LOCKWOOD, Kansas City, Mo. SAME THIS PAPER every time you write.

GREGORY SEEDS Forty years of fair dealing. New catalogue free. J. J. H. Gregory & Son, Marblehead, Mass.

CHEW AND SMOKE Tobacco

PILES Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment

Use CERTAIN CURE.

A. N. K.—F 1849

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please state that you saw the Advertisement in this paper.

APPENDICITIS

that dreadful fiend that threatens the life of rich and poor, can attack and kill only those whose bowels are not kept thoroughly cleaned out, purified and disinfected the year round. One whose liver is dead, whose bowels and stomach are full of half decayed food, whose whole body is unclean inside, is a quick and ready victim of appendicitis.

If you want to be safe against the scourge, keep in good health all the time, KEEP CLEAN INSIDE! Use the only tonic laxative, that will make your bowels strong and healthy, and keep them pure and clean, protected against appendicitis and ALL EPIDEMIC DISEASES. It's CASCARETS, that will keep and save you. Take them regularly and you will find that all diseases are absolutely

PREVENTED BY

Cascarets

LIVER TONIC

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

10c. 25c. 50c.

ALL DRUGGISTS.

NEVER SOLD IN BULK.

CURE all bowel troubles, appendicitis, biliousness, bad breath, bad blood, wind on the stomach, bloated bowels, foul mouth, headache, indigestion, pimples, pains after eating, liver trouble, sallow complexion and dizziness. When your bowels don't move regularly you are getting sick. Constipation kills more people than all other diseases together. It is a starter for the chronic ailments and long years of suffering that come afterwards. No matter what ails you, start taking CASCARETS to-day, for you will never get well and be well all the time until you put your bowels right. Take our advice; start with CASCARETS to-day, under an absolute guarantee to cure or money refunded.

GUARANTEED TO CURE: Five million people use CASCARETS yearly. This is absolute proof of their merit. Our guarantee is: Take one tablet on the first night, and one tablet the next night, and one tablet the third night, and one tablet the fourth night, and one tablet the fifth night, and one tablet the sixth night, and one tablet the seventh night, and one tablet the eighth night, and one tablet the ninth night, and one tablet the tenth night, and one tablet the eleventh night, and one tablet the twelfth night, and one tablet the thirteenth night, and one tablet the fourteenth night, and one tablet the fifteenth night, and one tablet the sixteen