

TO GOSSIP IS A SIN.

Dr. Talmage Denounces the Practice of Whispering of Evil.

Classes It Among the World's Greatest Villanies—More Harmful Than Open Slander—A Destroyer of Good Names.

(Copyright, 1896, by Louis Klopsch.) Washington, July 2.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage vigorously arraigns one of the great evils that have cursed the world and urges generous interpretation of the characters of others; text, Romans 1:29, "Full of envy, murder, debate, deceit, malignity—whisperers."

Paul was here calling the long roll of the world's villainy, and he puts in the midst of this roll those persons known in all cities and communities and places as whisperers. They are so called because they generally speak under voice and in a confidential way, their hand to the side of their mouth acting as a funnel to keep the precious information from wandering into the wrong ear.

They speak softly not because they have lack of lung force or because they are overpowered with the spirit of gentleness, but because they want to escape the consequences of defamation. If no one hears but the person who spread upon, and the offender be arraigned, he can deny the whole thing, for whisperers are always first-class liars!

Some people whisper because they are hoarse from a cold or because they wish to convey some useful information without disturbing others, but the creatures photographed by the apostle in my text give muffled utterance from sinister and depraved motive, and sometimes you can only hear the sibilant sound as the letter "w" drops from the tongue into the listening ear, the brief hiss of the serpent as it projects its venom.

Whisperers are masculine and feminine, with a tendency to majority on the side of those who are called "the lords of creation." Whisperers are heard at every window of bank cashier and are heard in all countingrooms as well as in sewing societies and at meetings of asylum directors and managers. They are the worst foes of society; responsible for miseries innumerable; they are the scavengers of the world, driving their cart through every community, and to-day I hold up for your holy anathema and execration these whisperers.

From the frequency with which Paul speaks of them under different titles, we conclude that he must have suffered somewhat from them. His personal presence was very defective, and that made him perhaps the target of their ridicule, and besides that he was a bachelor, persisting in his celibacy down into the sixties—indeed, all the way through—and, some having failed in their conjugal designs upon him, the little missionary was put under the raking fire of these whisperers. He was no doubt a rare morsel for their scandalizing, and he cannot keep his patience any longer, and he lays hold of these miscreants of the tongue and gives them a very hard setting down in my text among the scoundrelly and desecrating miscreants of the tongue.

The law of libel makes quick and stout grip of open slander. If I should in a plain way, calling you by name, charge you with fraud or theft or murder or uncleanness, to-morrow morning I might have pre-emptory documents served on me, and I would have to pay in dollars and cents for the damage I had done your character. But these creatures spoken of in my text are so small that they escape the fine tooth comb of the law. They go on, and they go on, escaping the judges and the juries and the penitentiaries. The district attorney cannot find them, the sheriff cannot find them, the grand jury cannot find them. Shut them off from one route of perjury, and they start on another. You cannot by the force of moral sentiment persuade them to desist. You might as well read the Ten Commandments to a flock of crows, expecting them to retreat under the force of moral sentiment. They are to be found everywhere, these whisperers. I think their paradise is a country village of about 1,000 or 2,000 people where everybody knows everybody, but they also are to be found in large quantities in all our cities.

They have a prying disposition. They look into the basement windows at the tables of their neighbors and can tell just what they have morning and night to eat. They can see as far through a keyhole as other people can see with a door wide open. They can hear conversation on the opposite side of the room. Indeed, they can hear a whispering gallery. They always put the worst construction on everything.

Some morning a wife descends into the street, her eyes damp with tears, and that is a stimulus to the tattler and is enough to set up a business for three or four weeks. "I guess that husband and wife don't live happily together. I wonder if he hasn't been abusing her? It's outrageous! He ought to be disciplined. He ought to be brought up before the church. I'll go right over to my neighbor's and I'll let them know about this matter." She rushes in all out of breath to a neighbor's house and says: "Oh, Mrs. Ahear, have you heard the dreadful news? Why, our neighbor, poor thing, came down off the steps in a flood of tears. That brute of a husband has been abusing her. Well, it's just as I expected. I saw him the other afternoon very smiling and very gracious to some one who smiles back, and I thought then I would just go up to him and tell him he had better go home and look after his wife and family, who probably at that very time were upstairs crying their eyes out. Oh, Mrs. Ahear, do you have your husband go over and put an end to this trouble! It's simply outrageous that our neighborhood should be disturbed in this way! It's awful!"

The fact is that one man or woman set on fire of this hellish spirit will keep a whole neighborhood a-boil. It does not require any very great brain. The chief requisition is that the woman have a small family or no family at all, because if she have a large family then she would have to stay at home and look after them. It is very important that she be single or have no children at all, and then she can attend to all the secrets of the neighborhood all the time. A woman with a large family makes a very poor whisperer.

It is astonishing how these whisperers gather up everything. They know everything that happens. There are telephone and telegraph wires reaching from their ears to all the houses in the neighborhood. They have no taste for healthy news, but for the scraps and peelings thrown out of the scullery into the back yard they have great avidity. On the day when there is a new scandal in the newspapers they have no time to go abroad. On the day when there are four or five columns of delightful private letters published in a divorce case she stays at home and reads and reads and reads. No time for her Bible that day, but toward night, perhaps, she may find time to run out a little while and see whether there are any new developments.

Satan does not have to keep a very sharp lookout for his evil dominion in that neighborhood. He has let out to her the whole contract. She gets husbands and wives into a quarrel and brothers and sisters into antagonism, and she disgusts the pastor with the flock and the flock with the pastor, and she makes neighbors who before were kindly disposed toward each other over-suspicious and critical, so when one of the neighbors passes by in a carriage they hiss through their teeth and say: "Ah, we could all keep carriages if we never paid our debts!"

When two or three whisperers get together they stir a caldron of trouble, which makes me think of the three witches of "Macbeth" dancing around a boiling caldron in a dark cave: Double, double, toil and trouble, Fire burn and caldron bubble, Speck of toad, and blind worm's sting, Eye of newt and toe of frog, Wool of bat and tongue of dog, Adder's fork and blind worm's sting, Lizard's leg and owl's wing For a charm of powerful trouble, Like a hell-bell both hot and bubble, Fire burn and caldron bubble, Scale of dragon, tooth of wolf, Witch's mummy, maw and gulf Of the ravind said sea shark, Make the gumeel thick and sturk; Add thereto a tiger's chaudron For the hair of our caldron, Double, double, toil and trouble, Fire burn and caldron bubble; Boil it with a baboon's blood, Then the charm is firm and good.

I would only change Shakespeare in this, that where he puts the word "witch" I should put the word "whisperer." Ah, what a caldron! Did you ever get a taste of it? I have more respect for poor wif of the street that goes down under the gallows with no home and no God—for she deceives no one as to what she is—than I have for these bags of respectable society who cover up their tiger claws with a fine shawl and bolt the hell of their heart with a diamond breastpin.

The work of masculine whisperers is chiefly seen in the embarrassment of business. Now, I suppose there are hundreds of men here who at some time have been in business trouble. I will undertake to say that in nine cases out of ten it was the result of some whisperer's work. The whisperer uttered some suspicion in regard to your credit. You sold your horse and carriage because you had no use for them, and the whisperer said: "Sold his horse and carriage because he had to sell them. The fact that he sold his horse and carriage shows he is going down in business."

One of your friends gets embarrassed, and you are a little involved with him. The whisperer says: "I wonder if he can stand under all this pressure? I think he is going down. I think he will have to give up." You borrow money out of a bank, and the director whispers outside about it; and after awhile the suspicion gets fairly started, and it leaps from one whisperer's lips to another whisperer's lips until all the people you owe want their money and want it right away, and the business circles come around you like a pack of wolves, and, though you had assets four times more than were necessary to meet your liabilities, crash went everything. Whisperers! Oh, how much business men have suffered!

Sometimes in the circles of elegy-men we discuss why it is that a great many merchants do not go to church. I will tell you why they do not go to church. By the time Saturday night comes they are worn out with the annoyances of business life. They have had enough meanness practiced upon them to set their whole nervous system a-twitch. I think among the worst of the whisperers are those who gather up all the harsh things that have been said about you and bring them to you—all the things said against you, or against your family, or against your style of business. They gather them all up, and they bring them to you; they bring them to you in the very worst shape; they bring them to you without any of the mitigating circumstances, and after they have made your feelings all raw, very raw, they take this bribe, this turpentine, this aqua fortis, and rub it in with a coarse towel, and rub it in until it sinks to the bone. They make you the pincushion in which they thrust all the sharp things they have ever heard about you. "Now, don't bring me into the scrape. Now, don't let anybody I told you. Let it be between you and me. Don't involve me in it at all." They aggravate you to the point of profanity, and then they wonder you cannot sing psalm tunes! They turn you on a spit before a hot fire and wonder why you are not absorbed in gratitude to them because they turn you on a spit. Peddlers of night shade! Peddlers of Canada thistle! Peddlers of nuxvomica! Sometimes they get you in a corner when you cannot very well escape without being rude, and then they tell you all about this one and all about that one, and all about the other one, and they talk, talk, talk, talk, talk, and after awhile they go away, leaving the place looking like a barnyard after the foxes and the weasels have been around; here a wig, and there a claw, and yonder an eye, and there a crop. How they do make the feathers fly!

Rather than the defamation of good names it seems to me it would be almost as honorable and useful if you just took a box of matches in your pocket and a razor in your hand and go through the streets and see how many houses you can burn down and how many throats you can cut. That is not a much worse business. The destruction of a man's name is worse than the destruction of his life. A woman came in confessional to a priest and told him that she had been slandering her neighbors. The priest promised her absolution on condition of her performing a penance. He gave her a thistle top and said: "You can take that thistle and scatter the seeds all over the field." She went and did so and came back. "Now," said the

priest, "gather up all those seeds." She said: "I can't." "Ah," he said, "I know you can't. Neither can you gather up the evil words you spoke about your neighbors." All good men and all good women have sometimes had detractors after them. John Wesley's wife whispered about him, whispered all over England, kept on whispering about that good man—as good a man as ever lived—and kept on whispering until the conjugal relation was dissolved. Jesus Christ had these whisperers after him, and they charged him with drinking too much and keeping bad company. "A wine bibber and the friend of publicans and sinners." You take the last man that ever lived and put a detective on his track for ten years, watching where he goes and when he comes and with a determination to misconstrue everything and to think he goes here for a bad purpose and there for a bad purpose, with that determination of destroying him, at the end of the ten years he will be held despisable in the sight of a great many people.

If it is an outrageous thing to despoil a man's character, how much worse is it to damage a woman's reputation? Yet that evil grows from century to century, and it is all done by whisperers. A suspicion is started. The next whisperer who gets hold of it states the suspicion as a proven fact, and many a good woman, as honorable as your wife or your mother, has been whispered out of all kindly associations, and whispered into the grave. Some people say there is no hell, but if there be no hell for such a despoiler of womanly character it is high time that some philanthropist build one! But there is such a place established, and what a time they get down when all the whisperers get down there together rehearsing things! Everlasting caldron of mud. Were it not for the uncomfortable surroundings I might suppose they would be glad to get there. In that region where there are all bad what opportunities for exploitation by these whisperers. On earth, to despoil their neighbors sometimes they had to lie about them, but down there they can say the worst things possible about their neighbors and tell the truth. Jubilee of whisperers. Semblance of scandal mongers stopping their gabbles about their diabolical neighbors only long enough to go up to the iron gate and ask some newcomer from the earth: "What is the last gossip in the city on earth where we used to live?"

Now, how are we to war against this iniquity which curses every community on earth? First, by refusing to listen to or believe a whisper. Every court of the land has for a law and all decent communities have for a law that you must hold people innocent until they are proved guilty. There is only one person worse than the whisperer, and that is the man or woman who listens without protest. The trouble is, you hold the sack while they fill it. The receiver of the stolen goods is just as guilty as the thief. An ancient writer declares that a slanderer and a man who receives the slander ought both to be hanged—the one by the tongue and the other by the ear—and I agree with him.

When you hear something bad about your neighbors, do not go all over and ask about it, whether it is true, and scatter it and spread it. You might as well go to a smallpox hospital and take a patient and carry him all through the community, asking people if they really thought it a case of smallpox. That would be very bad for the patient and for all the neighbors. Do not retail slanders and whisperings. Do not make yourself the inspector of warts, and the commissioner of carbuncles, and the holder of stakes for a dog fight. Can it be that you, an immortal man, can find no better business than to become a gutter inspector?

SELFISH MAN PUNISHED.

A Little Train Incident That Gave Justice-Loving Passengers Much Joy.

Passengers on an Atlantic City train a few evenings ago were treated to a spectacle of retributive justice that tickled them immensely. The car was crowded, and as the dust was flying pretty thickly, all the passengers gave up their windows down. This unpleasant exception was a disgruntled, looking party, with a plentiful growth of weedy-looking whiskers, and these he allowed to sway in and out of the window with the gusty zephyrs. Of course, he got none of the dust and cinders, for these always blow in the seat directly behind. Two nicely dressed women occupied these unfortunate quarters, and, after suffering martyrdom for about 20 minutes, one of them asked the "open-window" fellow, "If you would mind putting the window down, 'No!' he replied, gruffly. 'It's too warm. If you don't like it change your seat.'"

In front of the man sat a traveling man, who took in the situation at a glance. Quick as a flash he raised his window, and instantly the flowing legal appendages of the man behind began to fly, and the dust and cinders of gratings. The dust speckled them, and the wind twisted them. Their owner, after a few moments of such violence, got red in the face and put his window back down. A few moments later he leaned over and asked the other passengers to shut off the draught in a similar manner, but, to the intense amusement and gratification of a very great number of men have suddenly become wealthy through this means; that is, I don't suppose that a large number of very rich people have left fortunes to men who had been at one time or another polite to them, but I don't doubt, either, that there have been just such cases, and don't for a moment doubt that substantial advantages have often accrued to men through their consistent civility.

As a matter of fact, I don't suppose that a very great number of men have suddenly become wealthy through this means; that is, I don't suppose that a large number of very rich people have left fortunes to men who had been at one time or another polite to them, but I don't doubt, either, that there have been just such cases, and don't for a moment doubt that substantial advantages have often accrued to men through their consistent civility.

ORDINARY CIVILITY.

The Advantages and Pleasures of It as Enunciated by Mr. Gobbieby.

"I should recommend as an investment," said Mr. Gobbieby, "the practice of civility. As a matter of fact, I don't suppose that a very great number of men have suddenly become wealthy through this means; that is, I don't suppose that a large number of very rich people have left fortunes to men who had been at one time or another polite to them, but I don't doubt, either, that there have been just such cases, and don't for a moment doubt that substantial advantages have often accrued to men through their consistent civility.

TRADE OF SANTIAGO.

Shows a Most Surprising Growth Under the Administration of the American Governor.

The trade of Santiago is already showing a surprising growth under American administration. Gen. Wood has submitted a report to the war department in which he states that the policy of non-discriminatory intercourse extended to the vessels of all nations in Santiago province has greatly facilitated the re-establishment of commercial relations, and has been one of the chief features in the restoration of comparative prosperity in commerce, industry and agriculture.

Misjudged His Audience.

A story is told of a conjurer who was performing before a rough-and-ready audience in Kentucky. "I am now about to undertake a feat," he said, "in which I shall require the temporary loan of a pint flask of whisky."

What a Little Faith Did FOR MRS. ROCKWELL.

[LETTER TO MRS. PINKHAM NO. 69,881.] "I was a great sufferer from female weakness and had no strength. It was impossible for me to attend to my household duties. I had tried everything and many doctors, but found no relief. My sister advised me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I did; before using all of one bottle I felt better. I kept on with it and to my great surprise I am cured. All who suffer from female complaints should give it a trial."—MRS. ROCKWELL, 1309 N. DIVISION ST., GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

From a Grateful Newark Woman.

"When I wrote to you I was very sick, had not been well for two years. The doctors did not seem to help me, and one said I could not live three months. I had womb trouble, falling, ulcers, kidney and bladder trouble. There seemed to be such a drawing and burning pain in my bowels that I could not rest anywhere. After using Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Sanative Wash and following your advice, I feel well again and stronger than ever. My bowels feel as if they had been made over new. With many thanks for your help, I remain, L. G., 74 ADE ST., NEWARK, N. J."

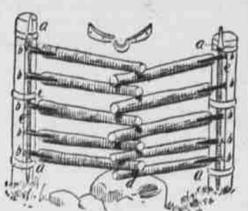


A GOOD FLOOD GATE.

It Was Constructed Three Years Ago and is Still Reported in Excellent Condition.

The flood fence or gate shown here, with its as good a one for ordinary creeks as can be built. One I constructed three years ago on a particularly vicious little creek in an good condition as when first built.

Two good-sized posts will be needed, the length depending on the nature of the bottom. If sandy or gravelly six feet is none too deep to set them. If the bottom is soapstone or shale, very hard, four feet will be deep enough if care is taken to prevent the swirl of water from cutting the posts out. I dig the holes in hard places by using dynamite. Bore or drill a hole within



FLOOD GATE IN POSITION.

a foot of the depth post hole is wanted, charge with 1/2 pounds of 40 per cent dynamite. If you do not understand using dynamite, get some one who does to shoot for you, as this will make the hole under water without any trouble, and much quicker than one can dig it in soft soil with a spade.

The holes around the posts should be filled with bowlders tamped in solidly, using large ones on top. Have your blacksmith make four irons as shown in the upper part of illustration and at a, from old wagon tires. For rods I used old buggy axles, the shoulders holding them in place nicely. I find six poles make a good height for the gate and are about all one can get on the axel without having it made longer.

I have seen this gate made by boring holes in the poles to slip over axel, but I prefer having the smith make clevises, b, h, etc., from old buggy tires long enough to reach up on poles a foot with holes for spikes; give generous room between end of pole and rod so the end of the top poles will be put on the ground at d without cramping. Space the poles with wooden pump piping or blocks of wood bored—these must be put on before spiking the stirrups fast, or use wire (c), as shown in cut.—Orange Judd Farmer.

HOT WEATHER SERMON.

Ninety Per Cent of Summer Discomfort is Due Directly to One's Imagination.

A great deal of discomfort that comes with hot weather is in reality imaginary. We worry about the hot wave and think about the burning temperature so much that we imagine it is much more uncomfortable than it really is.

To begin with, we should eat according to the weather. Cereal foods and fruit for breakfast and vegetables eggs and milk make a good variety from which summer foods may be selected. The man who fills up on steak or roast beef or meat of any kind is only building a fire by which he himself is roasted. The drinking of ice water is another way to make the weather seem hotter. Drink lemonade, if you will, or root beer, or mildly acid drinks of any kind that are wholesome, but do not drink ice water if you would be comfortable while working in the sun, and preserve good health.

When the weather is extremely hot and you have become very warm from work, about the best way to get cool quickly and safely is to dip the hands and arms half way to the elbow in a pail of water fresh from the well. The hands should not be held in the water constantly, but dipped in and out, leaving them in about half a minute at a time. A delightful sense of coolness soon comes over the body and such a cool hand and wrist bath is very refreshing.

The best way to combat hot weather is to accept the fact that it is hot and take it calmly. We must endure it whether we worry or not, and if we must be in the sunshine it will not cool the air a bit to get into a stew over the heat. Daily baths, plenty of sleep, not too much meat and little thinking about how uncomfortable we may be will help amazingly.—Farmers' Voice.

A Hint for Dairymen.

It is generally agreed that there is an overproduction of most dairy products, though this is less obvious now than it was two or three years ago, when more people were out of work and therefore were forced to economize. We all the time hear advice to increase production of dairy products by improving breeds of cows and feeding them better. But unless the number of cows is reduced this will make the price of dairy products so low that the farmer will make no more than before. The remedy would seem to be that as better cows were bred, two of the poorer cows which often do not pay their way should be turned off to the butcher. That will lessen expenses and increase the profit.—American Cultivator.

Pine Yarn for Insects.

By distilling pine knots a very promising insecticide has been secured. The Alabama experiment station has tested it for leaf-eating insects and finds that it both kills and repels them. It has a slight burning effect upon the foliage, but Mr. Koch, who introduces it, hopes to succeed in overcoming this another season. It mixes quite readily with water and its slightly gummy and sticky properties make it more enduring than the ordinary insecticide. The undiluted material has been used on young elms and found excellent for repelling borers and insects by smearing it over the trunk. For this purpose the fact that it washes off easily during wet weather is an objection.

Wise Men.

A duck which had faithfully stuck to business during the summer and laid several dozens of large fawn-colored eggs complained that she wasn't appreciated. "See that hen over there," said the duck, "she hasn't laid as many eggs as I have, nor as big, but she has books written about her and verses composed in her honor, while nobody is saying a word about me. 'The trouble with you is,' said a wise rooster that was standing near, 'that you don't tell the public what you have done. You lay an egg and waddle off without saying a word, but that sater of mine never lays one without letting everybody in the neighborhood know it. If you want to cut any ice in this community you must learn to advertise.'—Boyc's Humor.

A Left-Handed Admission.

Three citizens—one a lawyer, one a doctor and one a newspaper man—sat in a back room recently in the gray light of the early dawn. On the table were many empty bottles and a couple of packs of cards. As they sat in silence a rat scurried across the hearth into the darkness beyond. The three men shifted their feet and looked at each other greatly. After a long pause the lawyer spoke. "I know what you fellows are thinking," he said; "you think I thought I saw a rat, but I didn't!"—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

An Idea.

Fenderson has got an idea. He says he knows now why salt codfish is salt. Because it comes from the salt water. It is more than he can understand, however, why all other salt water fish are not salt.—Boston Transcript.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes itchy feet feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen Feet, Calluses, Sores, and Sore Feet. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Logic.

"You are wanted around the corner," exclaimed the citizen, confidently. "The policeman laughed aloud. 'I know better,' he replied. 'When I am wanted I can't be here. Since I have been wanted, I can't possibly be here any more. Here we see how important after all it is to understand something of the formal or scholastic logic which has become the fashion of modern science to sneer at.'—Detroit Journal.

Lane's Family Medicine.

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25c and 50c.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken Internally. Price 75c. The only time a boy will carry a big basket without a protest is when it contains pie and cake for a picnic lunch.—Athenian Globe.

THE MARKETS.

Table listing market prices for various commodities like flour, wheat, corn, etc., with columns for item names and prices.

CRITICAL PERIODS

In Woman's Life Are Made Dangerous by Pelvic Catarrh.

When the weather is extremely hot and you have become very warm from work, about the best way to get cool quickly and safely is to dip the hands and arms half way to the elbow in a pail of water fresh from the well. The hands should not be held in the water constantly, but dipped in and out, leaving them in about half a minute at a time. A delightful sense of coolness soon comes over the body and such a cool hand and wrist bath is very refreshing.

What's the Matter

With Kansas? and for information about home-owners' excursion tickets via Santa Fe Route.

The Benefits

of an accurate and correctly made CATARRH CURE can not be measured. Many who were weary with a chronic catarrh, when for 1.00 they tried a box of PEACOCK Catarrh Cure, found relief. It is a powerful purgative of the bowels and cleanses the system. Send for a free book written by Dr. Hartman, entitled "Health and Beauty." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

EDUCATIONAL.

BUCHTEL COLLEGE, ARRON, O.

NEW HAMPSHIRE MILITARY ACADEMY

READERS OF THIS PAPER DESIRING TO BUY ANYTHING ADVERTISED IN ITS COLUMNS SHOULD INSET UPON HAVING WHAT THEY ASK FOR. RETURNING ALL SUBSTITUTES OR IMITATIONS.

CIDER MACHINERY.

WHEAT WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

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CIDER MACHINERY.

WHEAT WRITING TO ADVERTISERS.

Advertisement for PILLOUS-NESS, featuring a large illustration of a person and text describing the product's benefits for various ailments.

Advertisement for Ager's PILLS, highlighting its effectiveness for digestive issues and general health improvement.

Advertisement for Ager's Sarsaparilla, emphasizing its role in purifying the blood and strengthening the nervous system.

Advertisement for BAD BLOOD, a treatment for various skin and blood-related conditions.

Advertisement for Candy Cathartic, a laxative product designed to regulate the liver and relieve constipation.

Advertisement for Kansas in the Philippines, promoting the state's products and services in the new territory.

Advertisement for The Benefits of Peacock Catarrh Cure, detailing its medical efficacy and availability.

Advertisement for CIDER MACHINERY, showcasing various models and their features for agricultural use.

Advertisement for EDUCATIONAL institutions, including BUCHTEL COLLEGE and NEW HAMPSHIRE MILITARY ACADEMY.