



SYRUP OF FIGS

NEVER IMITATED QUALITY.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not grip or nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

W. H. BARNES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections. Office next door to Red Front.

A. C. Taylor,
Attorney at Law,
Hartford, Kentucky.

WILL practice his profession in Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections. Office next door to Red Front.

Jno. B. Wilson,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND SURVEYOR,
HARTFORD, KY.

SPECIAL attention given to collections and all kinds of surveying, including streets, etc. Also Notary Public. Office next door to Red Front.

M. L. HEAVRIN,
Attorney at Law,
HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention to collections.

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WILL PRACTICE his profession in Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Office with County Attorney.

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WILL PRACTICE his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Office with T. I. Smith & Co., Market Street.

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HARTFORD, KY.

WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Collections carefully and promptly attended to. Office with T. I. Smith & Co., Market Street.

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WILL practice his profession in Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to collections. Office in Commercial Hotel.

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WILL practice his profession in Ohio and adjoining counties. Special attention given to all business entrusted to his care. Office next door to the Republic office.

SHELBY TAYLOR,
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HARTFORD, KENTUCKY.

WILL practice his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to collections.

E. P. NEAL,
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WILL PRACTICE in all the Courts of Kentucky. Special attention given to collections, settlements of decedent estates, road cases and criminal practice. Office upstairs next to Griffin's drug store.

GLENN & WEDDING,
LAWYERS
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL PRACTICE their profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. Special attention given to criminal practice and collections. Also Notary Public for Ohio county.

O. M. Barnett,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HARTFORD, KY.

WILL PRACTICE his profession in all the courts of Ohio and adjoining counties. Careful attention will be given to all business entrusted to his care. Collections a specialty. Office over Ohio County Bank.

RICH IN RESOURCES.

A SKETCH OF HARTFORD AND OHIO COUNTY, KY.

An Exceptionally Fine Country, Lacking only Capital and Energy for Development.

WHAT CO-OPERATION WOULD BRING.

Hartford is an old town, located on the southern bank of Rough river and north of Muddy creek, and almost surrounded by bottom lands. When the season is dry or when the drainage is sufficient and with proper cultivation, the crops are enormous, corn yielding from fifty to one hundred bushels per acre. Wheat has made twenty-five bushels per acre, tobacco from 1,000 to 1,500 pounds per acre, grass from 1 1/2 to 2 tons per acre. Until the last few years these bottom lands have been considered worthless, but late experience has proved them to be as rich and productive as any lands in the Blue Grass region of Kentucky, or the Ohio or Mississippi bottom lands, or in fact, any lands in the world.

Much is needed, however, to get these lands in a high state of cultivation, for the fact that the greater part of said lands are covered with the virgin forest, which cannot be excelled for its great variety of hard-woods, as well as its softer kinds.

There now seems to be a perfect mania existing among the people for timber. There is hardly a day passes that some strange man is not seen here looking after timber, besides the regular dealers.

It looks as though our timber market soon pass away. Then the next best thing to do is to ditch and tile these lands and instead of being worth from \$10 to \$20 per acre, they will in a short time be worth from \$50 to \$100 per acre. Almost every foot of land in Ohio county is underlain by the finest of coal. No. 9 coal is worked at Hamilton, Williams, Meigs, Echols and Taylor Mines, in this county, and on the I. C. railroad. All together these mines have a capacity to ship from 100 to 150 cars of coal per day.

Beginning at a point on Rough river, 2 1/2 miles below Hartford, from thence a little south of Beaver Dam, to a point on Green river, about one mile below Cromwell, and all territory south and west of said line, underlain with twelve beds of coal, having a united or aggregate thickness of forty feet. I should not forget to state that a number of mines are now being worked in the Bens Lick hills, just below Hartford, for the home market, belonging to the No. 9 coal previously spoken of. Inside of territory spoken of and just below Centertown is a bed of coal worked in several places measuring 25 feet. I am told that on the old Igleheart place it measures 10 and 11 feet in thickness. Iron ore in same hills is as thick as the coal and of good quality, as proof of which would refer you to the State Geological report of Western Kentucky by Prof. C. J. Norwood.

Thick beds of shale clays are also contained in the same hills, several feet in thickness and of very fine quality. On the north side of Rough river, about 2 miles on an air line from Hartford, on the Eldy Ward farm of 160 acres, a well was sunk for stock water a short time ago by Mr. J. B. Rogers, of Beaver Dam, and at a depth of 95 feet below the surface, (as I am informed by Mr. Ashford Mills, who is well known in that section), a vein of coal was struck, after passing through very hard blue rocks, that was carefully measured and found to be 12 feet thick, 10 feet of hard, solid coal and 2 feet of soft coal. At Deaneville and Fordville, coal is mined and shipped extensively, besides in many other places it is worked for local use. Not far from the line of Rough river there is a line of uplift, where the rocks have been raised from great depths below and brought to the surface, which is known by the appearance of the Chester and St. Louis limestones which underlie the productive coal measures. Where such disturbances of rocks are found it creates reservoirs for the storage of gas, oil, and salt water. This is verified to a certain extent by a boring put down to a depth of over 1,300 feet on the John R. Phillips farm 1 1/2 miles from Hartford, where the salt water and gas continually flow from said well, with a slight showing of oil. If the salt water was exhausted, gas and oil would be found almost without doubt in good quantity.

ROMANCE OF THE WAR.

Long They Lived Apart—Were Married only to be Immediately Separated.

The three volleys fired over Corporal Leonard's grave sounded the knell of his widow's life romance. Long they had lived. The war united them; death tore them apart.

Mrs. Harriet Augusta Leonard is the daughter of Capt. Hudson, who was left for dead on the field of Gettysburg. From their parents Mrs. Leonard and her brother each inherited about \$50,000 and grew up in charge of their aunt. They lived at Haledon, near Paterson. There lived Ernest Rudolph Leonard, an expert chemist and one of the Paterson Parbom Company. A child he and Hattie Hudson knew each other. They fell in love; Leonard asked her to be his wife, but her aunt refused her consent. Hattie was too young to marry, she said.

SWEEPSTAKES SEPARATED.

Again, after two years, the constant Leonard sought to marry Miss Hudson. Her aunt still strenuously opposed the match, declaring her niece did not know her own mind. Miss Hudson was sent abroad for two years, and forbidden to write to her sweetheart. She obeyed. Just before she returned to Haledon young Leonard went abroad to represent his firm. He was away six years. When he returned last fall Miss Hudson met him as a stranger. She had devoted herself to charitable work; the gossip predicted she would die an old maid.

The war with Spain began. Leonard promptly volunteered. He was asked which company of the Second New Jersey Regiment he preferred to join.

"The company that is first ordered to the front," he answered.

"His regiment was ordered to Camp Cuba Libre, in Jacksonville. In a few weeks Corp. Leonard was sent back to New Jersey to take recruits to Florida. He visited Haledon; he met Miss Hudson. The sight of her old sweetheart in his uniform, the remembrance of his answering love for her, her own fond inclination, determined her to disobey her aunt at last—to marry him. They went at once to the parsonage of the Rev. T. W. Twigg, of St. Mary's Church. Unluckily the clergyman was not at home.

BRIDE BECOMES A WIDOW.

Next day Leonard returned to the camp at Sea Girt. His sweetheart had an interview with the Rev. Mr. Twigg and easily persuaded him to go to Sea Girt with her. Her brother, William Hudson, who had always favored Leonard's suit, went with them. In her presence a score of soldiers of his company, in a hotel at Manassas, the two married whose love had been tried and proved.

The very next day Leonard and the recruits were ordered to Camp Cuba Libre. Mrs. Leonard went to Boston. A fortnight ago Leonard, strong, young, as he was, succumbed to typhoid fever. His bride of two months was about to hurry to him when a telegram told her he was dead. Her grief overwhelmed her. She was so suffering in mind and body that she was unable to send the order of a public funeral or even to attend to the funeral. In her own mind she would have ordered a funeral at Laurel Grove cemetery, near Paterson, and there they fired three volleys over Leonard's grave.

An Arizona rancher has posted the following notice on a cottonwood tree near his place: "My wife Sarah has left my ranch when I didn't do a thing for her and I want it distinctly understood that any man as takes her in and keeps for her on my account will get himself pumped up at midnight. But a squad of soldiers were ordered to Laurel Grove cemetery, near Paterson, and there they fired three volleys over Leonard's grave."

A Burial at Midnight.

One of the most remarkable funerals that has ever been reported, probably occurred at Brookville last Sunday night. Mr. R. H. Ware, an undertaker of that city, died Friday or Saturday, and in accordance with his wishes, expressed in the closing hours of his life, his remains were interred at midnight. At the hour of 12 his body was gently lowered into his last resting place. "Nearer, My God, to Thee" was sung by Miss Stanton, and the impressive service closed with a few remarks and a prayer by the minister. When making the strange request, Mr. Ware gave as a reason that he had seen so much injustice and vain display at funerals that he wanted his to be as quiet as possible. The weird scene will hardly ever be forgotten by any who witnessed it.

Died in Church by Request.

(New York World.)

Deeply religious, firm in the faith of his father, Simon Brenner wished to end his days in the house of prayer where he had so long worshipped. The pious old gentleman died on Monday afternoon in the synagogue Beth Israel, "The House of Israel," on State street, Brooklyn. Sunday was the anniversary of his mother's death and, dying though he was, Mr. Brenner stood in the synagogue and repeated a prayer in her memory.

Simon Brenner was seventy-eight years old, the father of Police Magistrate Brenner, of Brooklyn. He had lived in Brooklyn forty-three years, and his life there was an exemplification of the Mosaic law. One of the most orthodox of Jews, learned in the rabbinical law, he would not compromise with those who were more liberal in their ideas of religious duty. His son, the Magistrate, attached himself to a

KLONDIKE EXPERIENCE.

ADVENTURES OF A TRAVELER IN THE COUNTRY OF GOLD.

Tells of the Perils and Hardships of a Trip which He will Never Forget.

DAWSON CITY AND WHAT IT BOASTS.

The following interesting letter from Mr. Sydney K. Smith, of Louisville, Ky., who is now in the heart of the Klondike country, was received by his mother:

DAWSON CITY, N. W. TERR., July 31, 1898.—My Dear Mother: We arrived here last Monday night from White Horse Rapids. Our intention was to stop at Stewart's river, about eighty miles below here, but we found no chance there, all the claims being taken up, and the reports of that section greatly exaggerated; so concluded to come on here, where we could post ourselves more fully as to the situation and determine best what to do.

This is a city of tents, with here and there a log cabin, presenting the appearance of an army encampment. The population of the place is estimated at about 35,000, including the environment, and I would say this is not an overestimate. Every nationality is represented, and all grades and classes of people. It is the dirtiest, nastiest place I ever saw, without any exception. There is only one street in the town (it is called a street), and that is the dumping-ground for all the filth and garbage of the place. Situated at the base of a mountain in a deep valley, almost on a level with the river (the Yukon), it is without drainage, and cannot be drained. The great majority of the population, like the town, have a dirty, greasy, lousy look, and it is impossible to judge anybody by appearance.

The cleanest, best-dressed and most important people in the place are the gamblers and saloon-keepers. It is a veritable duplicate of Sodom and Gomorrah, and yet strange to say, a more orderly place I was never in. I have been here now a week, and have not seen a single fight or a drunken man. Burglaries and robberies, I am told, are almost unheard of, and there is comparatively little sickness.

If I should live to be a hundred years old I never would forget that trip over Chitoot Pass, the lakes and rapids. The reports of its perils and hardships have not been exaggerated. If the people in the States knew the exact truth about the difficulties and dangers to be encountered in this far-away country, I am convinced few could be induced to come here for all the gold therein in it. I can only give you a brief outline, and leave you to imagine the rest. At one point on the Pass we had to climb about 1,500 feet almost at a perpendicular, over places where a slip of the foot would have precipitated us several hundred feet below, with nothing but rocks and bushes to cling to. Moreover, the ground in places was covered with snow and ice, making it very slippery and difficult of ascent, and we had each to carry on our backs about fifty pounds. When we reached the summit it was covered with a fog so dense we could not see more than ten feet ahead of us, and a cold wind was blowing at a furious rate, making it almost impossible for us to keep on our feet, and chilling us through and through.

The descent, though less arduous, was equally difficult and hazardous. The way was strewn all along with the carcasses of dead horses, and, but for the temperature, the stench would have been intolerable. At Lake Lindeman we took passage in a boat with a party from California, and went with them as far as White Horse Rapids. On Lake Bennett we were caught in a storm, driven by the wind onto an island, and came near losing everything we had. We had to remain there about a week repairing our boat and drying our goods, many of which were thoroughly drenched. By jumping into the water (which was up to our waist and cold as ice), Mr. Morris and I succeeded in getting out of our clothing without damage and all our provisions, except the rice, sugar and potatoes, which were lost. At White Horse Rapids we left the Californians and took passage with a party from Texas. This is the most dangerous place on the entire route. The rapids are about two miles long, very narrow and filled with immense rocks, and the water moves with a velocity of about thirty miles an hour. For a boat to strike one of these rocks means certain destruction, and nothing short of the most skillful piloting can steer clear of them.

As we made the passage I expected every moment to be dashed to pieces, but we went through without an accident. Women and children are not permitted to go through, and few persons attempt it; and when they do, only with the most skillful pilots. But the Texans, Kentuckians and Louisianians were not to be daunted, and preferred to take the chances rather than be imposed on by the enormous cost of piloting. Mr. Morris acted as our pilot, and when we came through safely, the people on the shore looked on in wonder and admiration, and cheer after cheer went up. As we came along the lakes and rivers we saw wrecks everywhere. At Lake English I was told by an English captain-house officer that the loss of life was far beyond what was reported.

This place is full of disappointed people, many of whom lost everything coming in, and would gladly get away if they could. Supplies here are abundant, and there is no danger of starvation the

WORLD'S HARVEST.

The annual estimate of the world's harvest, made by the Minister of Agriculture of Hungary, states that the shortage in corn will probably be from 13,800,000 to 15,100,000 metric centners. Importing countries will need from 115,400,000 to 123,800,000 more than their output.

Exporting countries will be able to send from 13,800,000 to 15,100,000 centners. The exports are estimated: From the United States, 50,000,000 centners; from Russia, 25,000,000 to 28,000,000; from Argentina, 9,500,000 to 10,000,000; from Romania, 7,000,000 to 8,000,000; from Hungary, 7,000,000 to 8,000,000; from India, 6,000,000 to 7,500,000. England's shortage is 52,000,000 centners. Austria's 14,000,000, and Germany's 13,000,000.

AN Astonished Editor.

(Lexington Leader.)

The most surprised man in Ponce, Porto Rico, after the surrender was the publisher of the daily paper, who was told by Gen. Wilson that his presence would not be confiscated. Out of pure gratitude he told the Americans that he would confine his news of the day to rumors, society and police court items, and wouldn't say word about the capture of the city. When informed that he could handle out his reports and write up a story of the surrender if he felt so disposed, he almost dropped over in paroxysms of joy, and offered to send Gen. Wilson the proofs of the first edition. "Don't want to see your proof. Go ahead and tell the story just as it is. We don't censor our newspapers, and we believe in a free press." This unheard-of liberty so completely upset the editor that in the first edition he abused the Spaniards in the purest Castilian, and expressed his sympathy for the new cause.

Getting the Range.

One of the most interesting things in connection with the naval battles of this war, and one of the things that has caused the most comment here and in Europe, is the fact of the superior marksmanship of the American gunner, which has been typical in the saying, "The Man Behind the Gun."

It is interesting to hear from commanders and officers in command of guns on our different ships the reason for this. The method on our ships when approaching the enemy is to fire a small caliber gun, and, as with the use of telescopes, the direction can always be obtained at once, the only difficulty is to find the elevation. This is obtained by first firing short of the subject, and then, as the shot strikes the water, gradually raising the gun until the enemy is struck. With the small caliber, rapid-fire gun, this is a matter of only two or three shots, and the range is obtained in less than a minute.

The moment any one firing one of the small guns scores the range, it is telegraphed or telephoned to every gun on the ship, and with the magnificent machinery for firing the large guns, it is only a few seconds when every weapon on different sides on board the ship which can be aimed at the object, is sending shot and shell of all descriptions straight at the mark, with the consequent result that it is practically impossible for the gunners on the enemy's ship to stay at their guns.

As a result our ships were seldom hit. Nevertheless, when they were once struck, the frightful execution done by the shells shows what might have happened to our fine battleships if the good American behind the gun had not known and done his work so well.

When wear begins to exceed repair in your body, you are going to fall sick. The signs of it are: loss of flesh, pale, weakness, nervousness, etc. The repair needed is food. You think you eat enough, and yet you feel that you wear out more time, energy, nerve-power, and strength every day for you. The difficulty is that you do not digest enough. And this is so serious it is worth sitting down seriously to think about. If you can't digest what you eat, take a few doses of Shaker Digestive Cordial. The effect of it will be to increase your flesh and make you feel stronger. You won't fall sick. Proof that it is in control of your repair apparatus. It's easy enough to test this for yourself. Take a few bottles of Shaker Digestive Cordial.

Sold by druggists at 10 cents to \$1.00 per bottle.

HONORS OF THE WAR.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

Wife (sighs)—Henry, where did you get that appetite?

Returned Soldier (ravenous eating away)—That appetite, Jane, was presented to me by the War Department for gallant and meritorious service in the field.

The Only Remedy for Algierism.

(St. Louis Republic.)

Algier is responsible for the sickness and mortality in our army. But who is responsible for Algier? Back of all the scandals that have come out of the war secretary's maladministration looms the vicious and debauching system of favorites and bargain which made it possible for such a man to be appointed to one of the highest and most vital trusts in the public service. Removing Algier will not cure the disease. That would be only doctoring a symptom. The remedy lies in reforming from authority the party responsible for the power he has exerted to inflict so much suffering and harm upon the country.

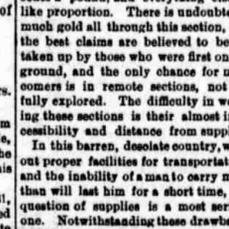
Don't Use Paris Green.

(The Week.)

The use of Paris green to kill tobacco worms should be abolished by the Kentucky tobacco growers. The fact that your neighbor has condemned the use of the poison and several States passed laws against its use, should be evidence enough of its injury to the use of tobacco after it has been "doctored" with such. It has come to the point where, if the Kentucky planter does not keep the use of Paris green, the manufacturers will boycott the Kentucky product, as the chewer of tobacco has

ROYAL BAKING POWDER.

Royal makes the food pure, wholesome and delicious.



coming winter (except to those without the means of securing them), but prices, though lower than formerly, are still enormous. Flour sells at \$6 a hundred, sugar at thirty cents, coffee at fifty cents and bacon twenty-five cents a pound, and everything else in like proportion. There is undoubtedly much gold all through this section, but the best claims are believed to be all taken up by those who were first on the ground, and the only chance for newcomers is in remote sections, not yet fully explored. The difficulty in working these sections is their almost inaccessibility and distance from supplies.

In this barren, desolate country, without proper facilities for transportation, and the inability of a man to carry more than will last him for a short time, the question of supplies is a most serious one. Notwithstanding these drawbacks and difficulties, I feel hopeful, having with me a most valuable and resourceful man in Mr. Morris. Our purpose is to stake a claim if possible before winter, build a cabin, go into winter quarters, and work the claim for all there is in it. If we can not do this, then to secure employment in one of the mining camps during the winter, and start out prospecting in the unexplored sections early as possible in the spring. Mr. Morris is now out of the Bonanza creek in his and my interest, and I am keeping house. I expect him back Saturday. This is a most healthful, invigorating climate, and I never looked or felt better in my life. My beard has grown out about an inch, and I have tanned and freshened so you would scarcely recognize me.

SYDNEY K. SMITH.

We give no reward, an offer of this kind is the essence of deception. Our plan is to give every one a chance to try the merit of Ely's Cream Balm—the original Balm for the cure of Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in the Head, by mailing for 10 cents a trial size to test its curative powers. We mail the 50 cent size and you are sure to continue the treatment. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

To Fumigate a Poultry House.

(Fancier's Review.)

Remove everything; nest, perches, and all. Put a pound of sulphur in an iron kettle, set it in the middle of the house, put a shovelful of hot coals into it, close the house up tight and don't open it for two or three hours. Burn all the old straw, paint the nest boxes inside and out with hot coal tar and also the roosts. Whitewash thoroughly inside and outside. When these pests get a start, only heroic measures will rid a place of them. When the house is once clean it is easy to keep clean if the property is attended to when necessary.

Women Barred Out.

The new discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, issued from the Press of the Methodist Publishing Company, contains the following far-reaching decision from the College of Bishops, touching the right of women to preach:

"The discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, does not recognize the employment of women as preachers of the word, with authority to occupy the pulpit in reading holy scriptures, and as presiding at the same as ministers of the Lord Jesus Christ; nor does it authorize a pastor in charge of a station, circuit and mission of said church to invite a woman claiming to be a preacher of the word, or such invitations so given and services so rendered offend against the authority and order of said church."

Honors of the War.

(From the Chicago Tribune.)

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Little Pimples Turn to Cancer.

Cancer often results from an impurity in the blood, inherited from generations back. Few people are entirely free from some taint in the blood, and it is impossible to tell when it will break out in the form of dreaded Cancer. What has appeared to be a mere pimple or scratch has developed into the most malignant Cancer.

"I had a severe Cancer which was at first only a few blotches, that I thought would root itself away. I was treated by several able physicians, but in spite of their efforts the Cancer grew steadily until my condition became alarming. After many months of treatment and growing steadily worse, I decided to try S. S. S., which was so strongly recommended to me. It produced an immediate improvement, and in four months the last lot of medicine was used. Ten years have elapsed and not a sign of the disease is to be seen."

R. F. WILLIAMS, M. D.

S.S.S. For the Blood

(Swift's Specific) is the only blood remedy guaranteed Purely Vegetable. All others contain potash and mercury, the most dangerous of minerals. Books on Cancer and blood diseases mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Prevents the hair from falling out, and restores it to its natural color and growth. It is the only hair restorer that does not contain any mercury or other poisonous ingredients.

THE NEW WAY.

WOMEN used to think "female diseases" could be cured by "local examinations" by physicians. Dread of such treatment kept thousands of modest women silent about their suffering. The introduction of Wine of Cardui has now demonstrated that nine-tenths of all the cases of menstrual disorders do not require a physician's attention at all. The simple, pure

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