*Do Not Burn the Candle At Both Ends."*

*Don't think you can go on drawing vitality from the blood for nerves, stomach, skin and muscles, without doing something to replace it. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives nervous, mental and digestive strength by enriching and vitalizing the blood. Thus helps overworked and tired people.*

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**
Never Disappoints

**Donald's Christmas Present.**

From Brooklyn Life: Ruth—Did you get anything from Santa Claus, Donald? Cousin Donald—You bet I did. I got a good lickin' fer callin' me pa an' pullin' his beard off!

**Keeping on Safe Ground.**

Kansas City Independent: Dasher—He's all the time harping about dynamite. Flasherly—Well, that's the only name over there in the Transvaal that he knows how to pronounce.

**Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP**
Cures all Throat and Lung Affections. Get the genuine. Refuse substitutes.
**IS SURE**
Bull's Pills cure Dyspepsia. Trial, 10 for 5c.

**A Story of Twins.**

Lloyd Lowndes and Richard Lowndes, sons of Governor Lowndes of Maryland, are twins and look very much alike. According to a story going the rounds, Richard was traveling through Ohio a year ago, when a man came through the cars and slapped him on the back. "Hello, Lloyd," he said, "stop over and spend the night with me at Chillicothe." Richard said he wasn't Lloyd, but the man wouldn't believe him, so he stopped over. Among the people he met was Miss Mary Quinn. She liked him and he liked her, but Richard had been married for several years. So he told his brother Lloyd about her, and in process of time Lloyd went to see her, fell in love, proposed, and was married last week. When he told his fiancee that he was not the Lloyd she first met, but that the first Lloyd was a cousin, Lloyd and really Richard, he had a hard time convincing her he was speaking the truth.

**THE NERVES OF WOMEN**

**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Relieves the Suffering from Overwrought Nerves.**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am so grateful for the benefit derived from the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I wish you to publish this testimonial that others may know the value of your medicine. I was suffering such tortures from nervous prostration that life was a burden. I could not sleep at all and was too weak to walk across the floor without aid. The disease had reached a condition where my heart was affected by it, so that often I could not lie down at all without almost suffocating. I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it worked like magic. I feel that your medicine has been of inestimable benefit to me."—MISS ADELE WILLIAMS, 106 N. Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.

**Thin, Sallow and Nervous**

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I was thin, sallow and nervous. I had not had my menses for over a year and a half. Before I had with several physicians in vain and one specialist, but did not get any better. I finally decided to try your medicine, and wrote to you. After I had taken three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and three of Blood Purifier, my menses returned, and I feel as well and strong as I ever did, and am gaining flesh."—MISS LENA GAINES, Visalia, Tulare Co., Cal.

**TAPE WORMS**
A tape worm eighteen feet long at least came on the scene after my taking two bottles of Cascarets. This I am sure has caused my health for the past three years. I am still using Cascarets, the only cathartic worthy of the name by sensible people."
GEO. W. BOWLES, Baird, Mass.

CANDY CATHARTIC
**Cascarets**
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER
Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c
CURE CONSTIPATION.
Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 313

**NO-TO-BAC** Sold and guaranteed by all druggists to CURE Tobacco Habit.

**FOR 14 CENTS**
We wish to gain this year 200,000 new customers, and hence offer:
1 Pkg. Cory Garden Beet, 15c
1 Pkg. Early Emerald Cucumber, 15c
" Lettuce Market Lettuce, 15c
" Strawberry Melon, 15c
" 17 Day Radish, 10c
" Early Ruby Cabbage, 10c
" Early Dinger Onion, 10c
" Brilliant Flower Seeds, 15c
Worth $1.00, for 14 cents. $1.00
Above 16 Pkgs. worth $1.00, we will mail you free, together with our great Catalog, telling all about SALZER'S MILLION DOLLAR POTATO upon receipt of this notice & 10c. stamps. We invite your trade, and know when you once try Salzer's seeds you will never do without them. Earliest Tomato Giant on earth. A C—
SALZER SEED CO., LA CROSSE, WIS.

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**ARTER'S INK**
is made to give satisfaction—and it does. Have you used it?

**PSY** NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Send for book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. DR. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

## THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

**Subject: The Wonders of the Human Hand—Our Physical Structure Proof of Divine Wisdom—The Extended Hand the Symbol of Infinite Mercy.**

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1900.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The discourse of Dr. Talmage is a lesson of gratitude for that which none of us fully appreciate and shows the Divine meaning in our physical structure; text, I Corinthians xii., 21, "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

These words suggest that some time two very important parts of the human body got into controversy, and the eye became insolent and full of braggadocio and said: "I am an independent part of the human system. How far I can see, taking in spring morning and midnight aurora! Compared with myself what an insignificant thing is the human hand! I look down upon it. There it hangs, swinging at the side, a clump of muscles and nerves, and it cannot see an inch either way. It has no luster compared with that which I beam forth." "What senseless talk," responds the hand. "You, the eye, would have been put out long ago but for me. Without the food I have earned you would have been sightless and starved to death years ago. You cannot do without me any better than I can do without you." At this part of the disputation Paul of my text breaks in and ends the controversy by declaring, "The eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee."

Fourteen hundred and thirty-three times, as nearly as I can count by aid of concordance, does the Bible speak of the human hand. We are all familiar with the hand, but the man has yet to be born who can fully understand this wondrous instrument. Sir Charles Bell, the English surgeon, came home from the battlefield of Waterloo, where he had been amputating limbs and binding up gunshot fractures, and wrote a book entitled "The Hand: Its Mechanism and Vital Endowments as Evidencing Design." But it is so profound a book that only a scientist who is familiar with the technicalities of anatomy and physiology can understand it.

So we are all going on opening and shutting this divinely constructed instrument, the hand, ignorant of much of the revelation it was intended to make of the wisdom and goodness of God. You can see by their structure that shoulder and elbow and forearm are getting ready for the culmination in the hand. There is your wrist, with its eight bones and their ligaments in two rows. That wrist, with its bands of fibres and its hinged joint and turning on two axes—on the larger axis moving backward and forward and on the smaller axis turning nearly around. And there is the palm of your hand, with its five bones, each having a shaft and two terminations. There are the fingers of that hand, with fourteen bones, each finger with its curiously wrought tendons, five of the bones with ending roughened for the lodgment of the nails. There is the thumb, coming from opposite direction to meet the fingers, so that in conjunction they may clasp and hold fast that which you desire to take. There are the long nerves running from the armpit to the forty-six muscles, so that all are under mastery. The whole anatomy of your hand as complex, as intricate, as symmetrical, as useful, as God could make it. What can it not do? It can climb, it can lift, it can push, it can repel, it can menace, it can cluch, it can deny, it can affirm, it can extend, it can weave, it can bathe, it can smite, it can humble, it can exalt, it can soothe, it can throw, it can defy, it can wave, it can imprecate, it can pray.

A skeleton of the hand traced on blackboard or unrolled in diagram or hung in medical museum is mightily illustrative of the Divine wisdom and goodness, but how much more pleasing when in living action all its nerves and muscles and bones and tendons and tissues and phalanges display what God invented when He invented the human hand! Two specimens of it we carry at our side from the time when in infancy we open them to take a toy till in the last hour of a long life we extend them in bitter farewell.

With the Divine help I shall speak of the hand as the chief executive officer of the soul, whether lifted for defense, or extended for help, or busied in the arts, or offered in salutation, or wrung in despair, or spread abroad in benediction. God evidently intended all the lower order of living beings should have weapons of defense, and hence the elephant's tusk, and the horse's hoof, and the cow's horn, and the lion's tooth, and the insect's sting. Having given weapons of defense to the lower orders of living beings, of course He would not leave man, the highest order of living beings on earth, defenseless and at the mercy of brutal or ruffian attack. The right—yea, the duty—of self defense is so evident it needs no argumentation. The hand is the Divinely fashioned weapon of defense. We may seldom have to use it for such purposes, but the fact that we are equipped insures safety. The hand is a weapon sooner loaded than any gun, sooner drawn than any sword. Its fingers bent into the palm, it becomes a bolt of demolition.

What a defense it is against accident! There have been times in all our experiences when we have with the hand warded off something that would have extinguished our eyesight or broken the skull or crippled us for a lifetime. While the eye has discovered the approaching peril the hand has beaten it back or struck it down or disarmed it. Every day thank God for your right hand, and if you want to hear its eulogy ask him who in swift revolution of machinery has had it crushed or at Chapultepec or South Mountain or San Juan Hill or Sedan lost it.

And in passing let me say that he who has the weapon of the hand uninjured and in full use needs no other. You cowards who walk with sword cane or carry a pistol in your hip pocket had better lay aside your deadly weapon. At the frontier or in barbarous lands or as an officer of the law about to make an arrest such arming may be necessary, but no citizen moving in these civilized regions needs such reinforcement. If you are afraid to go down these streets or along these country roads without dagger or firearms, better ask your grandmother to go with you armed with scissors and knitting needle. What cowards, if not what intended murderers, uselessly to carry weapons of death! In our two hands God gave us all the weapons we need to carry.

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul for affording help. Just see how that hand is constructed! How easily you can lower it to raise the fallen! How easily it is extended to feel the invalid's pulse, or gently wipe away the tear of orphanage, or contribute alms, or smooth the excited brow, or beckon into safety! Oh, the helping hands! There are hundreds of thousands of them, and the world wants at least 1,000,000,000 of them. Hands to bless others, hands to rescue others, hands to save others. What are all these schools and churches and asylums of mercy? Outstretched hands. What are all those hands distributing tracts and carrying medicines and trying to cure blind eyes and deaf ears and broken bones and disordered intellects and wayward souls? Helping hands. Let each one of us add to that number, if we have two, or if through casualty only one add that one. If these hands which we have so long kept thrust into pockets through indolence or folded in indifference or employed in writing wrong things or doing mean things or heaving up obstacles in the way of righteous progress might from this hour be consecrated to helping others out and up and on, they would be hands worth being raised on the resurrection morn and worth clapping in eternal gladness over a world redeemed.

The great artists of the ages—Raphael and Leonardo de Vinci and Quentin Matsys and Rembrandt and Albert Durer and Titian—have done their best in picturing the face of Christ, but none except Ary Scheffer seems to have put much stress upon the hand of Christ. Indeed, the mercy of that hand, the gentleness of that hand, is beyond all artistic portrayal. Some of His miracles He performed by word of mouth and without touching the subject before Him, but most of them He performed through the hand. Was the dead damsel to be raised to life? "He took her by the hand." Was the blind man to have optic nerve restored? "He took him by the hand." Was the demon to be exorcised from a suffering man? "He took him by the hand." The people saw this and besought Him to put His hand upon their afflicted ones.

His own hands free, see how the Lord sympathized with the man who had lost the use of his hand. It was a case of atrophy, a wasting away until the arm and hand had been reduced in size beyond any medical or surgical restoration. Moreover, it was his right hand, the most important of the two, for the left side in all its parts is weaker than the right side, and we involuntarily in any exigency put out the right hand because we know it is the best hand. So that poor man had lost more than half of his physical armament. It would not have been so bad if it had been the left hand. But Christ looked at that shriveled up right hand dangling uselessly at the man's side and then cried out with a voice that had omnipotence in it, "Stretch forth thy hand," and the record is, "He stretched it forth whole as the other." The blood rushed through the shrunken veins, and the shortened muscles lengthened, and the dead nerves thrilled, and the lifeless fingers tingled with resumed circulation, and the restored man held up in the presence of the skeptical Pharisees one of Jehovah's masterpieces, a perfect hand. No wonder that story is put three times in the Bible, so that if a sailor were cast away on a barren island or a soldier's New Testament got mutilated in battle and whole pages are destroyed the shipwrecked or wounded man in hospital would probably have at least one of those three radiant stories of what Christ thought of the human hand.

How often has the hand decided a destiny! Mary, Queen of Scots, was escaping from imprisonment at Lochlever in the dress of a laundress and had her face thickly veiled. When a boatman attempted to remove the veil, she put up her hand to defend it and so revealed the white and fair hand of a queen, and so the boatman took her back to captivity. Again and again it has been demonstrated that the hand hath a language as certainly as the mouth. Palmistry, or the science by which character and destiny are read in the lines of the hand, is yet crude and uncertain and unsatisfactory, but as astrology was the mother of astronomy and alchemy was the mother of chemistry it may be that palmistry will result in a science yet to be born.

Again, as the chief executive officer of the soul, behold the hand busy in the arts! What a comparatively dull place this world would be without pictures, without statuary, without music, without architecture! Have you ever realized what fifty seeming miracles are in the five minutes' fingering of piano or harp or flute? Who but the eternal God could make a hand capable of that swift sweep of the keys or that quick feeling of the pulses of a flute or the twirl of the fingers amid the strings of the harp? All the composers of music who dreamed out the oratorios and the cantatas of the ages would have had their work dropped flat and useless but for the translations of the hand. Under the deft fingers of the performer what cavalries gallop and what batteries boom and what birds carol and what tempests march and what oceans billow! The great architects of the earth might have thought out the Alhambras and the Parthenons and the St. Sophias and the Taj Mahals, but all those visions would have vanished had it not been for the hand on hammer, on plummet, on trowel, on wall, on arch, on pillar, on stairs, on dome.

In two discourses, one concerning the ear and the other concerning the eye, I spoke from the potent text in the Psalms, "He that planted the ear, shall He not hear?" and "He that formed the eye, shall He not see?" but what use in the eye and what use in the ear if the hand had not been strung with all its nerves and moved with all its muscles and reticulated with all its joints and strengthened with all its bones and contrived with all its ingenuities! The hand hath forwarded all the arts and tunneled the mountains through which the rail train thunders and launched all the shipping and fought all the battles and built all the temples and swung all the cables under the sea as well as lifted to midair the wire tracks on which whole trains of thought rush across the continents and built all the cities and hoisted the pyramids.

Do not eulogize the eye and ear at the expense of the hand, for the eye may be blotted out, as in the case of Milton, and yet his hand writes a "Paradise Lost" or a "Samson Agonistes;" as in the case of William H. Prescott, and yet his hand may write the enchanting "Conquest of Peru." Or the ear may be silenced forever, as in the case of Beethoven, and yet his hand may put into immortal cadences the "Ninth Symphony." Oh, the hand! The God fashioned hand! The triumphant hand! It is an open Bible of Divine revelation, and the five fingers are the Isaiah and the Ezekiel and the David and the Micah and the Paul of that almighty inspiration.

A pastor in his sermon told how a little child appreciated the value of his hand when he was told that on the morrow it must be amputated in order to save his life. Hearing that, he went to a quiet place and prayed that God would spare his hand. The surgeon, coming the next day to do his work, found the hand so much better that amputation was postponed, and the hand got well. The pastor, telling of this in a sermon, concluded by holding up his hand and saying, "That is the very hand that was spared in answer to prayer, and I hold it up, a monument of Divine mercy."

Again, the hand is the chief executive officer of the soul when wrung in agony. Tears of relief are sometimes denied to trouble. The eyelids at such time are as hot and parched and burning as the brow. At such time even the voice is suppressed, and there is no sob or outcry. Then the wringing of the hand tells the story. At the close of a life wasted in sin sometimes comes that expression of the twisted fingers—the memory of years that will never return, of opportunities the like of which will never again occur, and conscience in its wrath pouncing upon the soul, and all the past a horror, only to be surpassed by the approaching horror. So a man wrings his hands over the casket of a dead wife whom he has cruelly treated. So a man wrings his hands at the fate of sons and daughters whose prospects have been ruined by his inebriety and neglect and depravity. So the sinner wrings his hands when, after a life full of offers of pardon and peace and heaven, he dies without hope. When there are sorrows too poignant for lamentation on the lip and too hot for the tear glands to write in letters of crystal on the cheek, the hand recites the tragedy with more emphasis than anything in "Macbeth" and "King Lear."

But it is not always in such glad greeting that we can employ our right hand. Alas that so often we have to employ the hand in farewell salutation! If your right hand retained some impress of all such uses, it would be a volume of bereavements. Oh, the goodbys in which your right hand has participated! Goodby at the steamboat wharf. Goodby at the rail train window. Goodby before the opening of the battle. Goodby at the dying pillow. We all needed grace for such handshakings, though our hand was strong and their hand was weak, and we will need grace for the coming goodbys, and that grace we had better seek while amid the felicities of health and homes unbroken. Thank God there will be no goodby in heaven!

**Overworked "Very."**

Writers should save the time of readers by abandoning "very" and giving an overworked word a rest of a few years. It has earned that rest. That word, as an adverb, is found less than twenty times in the King James translation of the Bible. The rarity of its use makes it count for all the more when utilized. When it is said that "the man Moses was very meek," one understands that he was meek beyond the custom of the Israelites of his day. When St. James says "the Lord is very pitiful" the "very" is full of significance. But if the good and the bad deeds, the cruel and the heroic acts recorded in the Bible were to be described by most writers of the day there would be a "very" in almost every line.—Chicago Tribune.

**Who Pays?**

Friend—Why are you reducing the wages of your employes? Philanthropic Manufacturer—I need the money just now. This is the time of year I make my annual gifts to charity.—Judge.

## AN INVENTIVE HERMIT.

**His Machine Will Not Make Much Stir in the World.**

For eighty-two years Charles Howard was the mystery of Okefinokee swamp, and his death a few days ago recalled to mind some stories of his life. The old man was a hermit, living all alone in a small and dilapidated log hut in the swamp. His eccentricities were many, though he did not annoy people. The old man was a pauper, dependent on the county for support during the past thirty years. In his secluded life he toiled on with the problem of perpetual motion, employing an old spinning wheel as a machine, with two large rats as power. The rats were so fastened on the rim of the wheel that they could not get away, and kept the wheel revolving rapidly night and day. Once the wheel got in motion, the rats kept running on the rim till they expired from sheer exhaustion. So intent was the old hermit on solving the problem that he hardly ever took his eyes off the wheel, excepting, of course, in his slumber. The life of the rats did not exceed a week after he put them to work on the wheel. When one team of rats expired, another team was put in harness. The old man would hunt rats in such ruins as he found in the vicinity of the swamp, and it is estimated that his perpetual motion wheel consumed over a hundred rats per year. When asked why he attempted perpetual motion the old hermit replied: "I hain't a losin' er gainin' up nuthin' by passin' off the time wi' my wheel an' rats, an' if I hit on perpetyul motion yit hit hain't ner wuss'n a lot er yer edicated folks is done in ther way an' failed. Hit's mighty purty a seein' uf my rats er chasin' one anuther on my spinnin' wheel, an' I thinks as how I'll git a way to feed 'em atter awhile so as ter keep 'em a runnin' durin' the'r nacherl lives. Then I'd be nearer perpetyul motion than some people whut knows mo'n I do is. An' hit hain't cost enything yit sperimentin" as the rats can't eat an' run at the same time. I thinks I'll git things a workin' fer perpetyul motion atter I gits a way to feed the rats while they is a runnin'. An' if I do, I'll jus' rake in a million dollars as easy as fallin' off a log."

**Household Hints.**

If there is one thing on which the housewife prides herself, it is that of having her laundering done nicely, so that the wearing apparel may be the admiration of all. The washing is a small matter, anyone almost can do that, but to have the linens present that flexible and glossy appearance after being ironed requires a fine quality of starch.

J. C. Hubinger's new laundry starch, "Red Cross" and "Hubinger's Best" brands are his latest inventions and the finest starch ever placed on the market; not a new starch made by a new manufacturer, but a new starch by the leading and only manufacturer of fine laundry starch in the United States.

His new method of introducing this starch with the Endless Chain Starch Book enables you to get one large 10c. package of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c. package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two beautiful Shakespeare panels, or one Twentieth Century Girl calendar, all for 5c. Ask your grocer.

**A Sly Dig.**

Mrs. Henpeck—No doubt the ancients were considered wise because there were fewer temptations in those days. Mr. Henpeck—Why, my dear, the proportion of women in the world must have been about the same.—Life.

**Beauty Is Blood Deep.**

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets,—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

The spoon is an insignificant little utensil, yet it creates a stir in every household.

**$100 Reward. $100.**

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The thermometer enables the weather to become warmer or colder by degrees.

**Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.**

To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

When a person is lost in thought it is probably owing to his wandering mind.

VITALITY low, debilitated or exhausted cured by Dr. Kline's Invigorating Tonic. FREE $1. trial bottle for 2 week's treatment. Dr. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia. Founded 1871.

The picture dealer should always be in an excellent frame of mind.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. ALLEN, 393 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

When a woman gives her reason a man might as well cease to argue.

**How Are Your Kidneys?**

Dr. Hobbs' Sparagus Pills cure all kidney ills. Sample free. Add. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N. Y.

In the alphabet of egotism there is but one letter.

As a rule the silent partner has a good deal to say.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYE produces the fastest and brightest colors of any known dye stuff. Sold by all druggists.

Thomas A. Edison's first large earnings were $40,000. This he got from a telegraph company for the model of the now famous "ticker" for which he had intended to ask $5,000.

**Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.**

Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c, 25c. If C. C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

The clerk in a pharmacy is no good as a farm assistant.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reducing inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Every time an angler loses a fish he is entitled to a re-bait.

**To Cure Constipation Forever.**

Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

Some candidates bitterly contest the will of the people.

## SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

**The Baronet Tells How He Slept, a Beggar, in City Hall Park.**

"And the poor fellows I met those nights that I slept in city hall park. Unfortunate as I was, I'd give something to know what became of them afterward—whether God was as good to them afterward as he has been to me, and whether they are the better for the lesson of adversity." These are the words of Millionaire Sir Thomas Lipton in Leslie's Weekly. "Those days in New York were hard—hard in a way that you could scarcely imagine. Many and many a night did I stand outside the windows of the Fifth Avenue, wondering what the rooms inside were like, and whether I'd ever have money enough to be able to afford to sleep in one for just a night. Yet through all the storm of trouble and sorrow I never lost courage. There was something in my bones that seemed to tell me that I should get there at last. It was a kind of instinct, I suppose, or a touch of the bulldog—goodness only knows. I don't know that I ever felt so cut to the heart as in that morning when, nervous and trembling—I'd eaten nothing for nearly two days—I entered the office of a banker—rich then and richer now—in search of a situation. I've never forgotten how he looked up, glared at me over his glasses, growled, 'Turn that fellow out!' and walked away. I met that man at a dinner the other night—thirty years older, but the same, boys, always the same. That kind of animal never changes except for hair and wrinkles. He came up smiling, silky, obsequious. I remembered his name. I knew him again. He began to stammer a clumsy apology, and his apology was more unendurable than the original affront." "Yet those days in New York were not without their results," remarked one of the group.

*Half a Bottle Cured Me*

"About thirty years ago I bought a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop my hair from falling out. One-half a bottle cured me. A few days ago my hair began to fall out again. I went to the medicine shelf and found the old bottle of Hair Vigor just as good as when I bought it."—J. C. Baxter, Braidwood, Ill., Sept. 27, 1899.

*Keeps Thirty Years*

Ayer's Hair Vigor is certainly the most economical preparation of its kind on the market. A little of it goes a long way. And then, what you don't need now you can use some other time just as well.

It doesn't take much of it to stop falling of the hair, restore color to gray hair, cure dandruff, and keep the hair soft and glossy. There's a great deal of good and an immense amount of satisfaction in every bottle of it.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

*Write the Doctor*

If you do not obtain all the benefits you desire from the use of the Vigor, write the Doctor about it. Address,
DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

**CHOICE Vegetables** will always find a ready market—but only that farmer can raise them who has studied the great secret how to obtain both quality and quantity by the judicious use of well-balanced fertilizers. No fertilizer for Vegetables can produce a large yield unless it contains at least 8% Potash. Send for our books, which furnish full information. We send them free of charge.

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THE LATEST SCIENTIFIC HOME TREATMENT FOR ALL
**FEMALE DISEASES.**
30 Days Treatment $1.00. Sample 10cts. Write us Confidentially.
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