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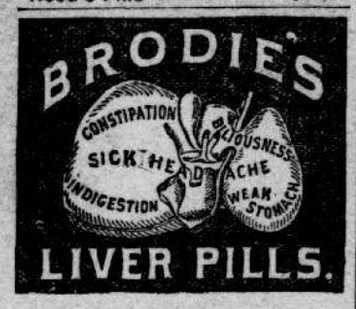

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TESTIMONY.

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Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common Pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Read the Label. Send for Book.

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Cures Scrofula

Mrs. E. J. Rowell, Medford, Mass., says her mother has been cured of Scrofula by the use of four bottles of S.S.S. after having had much other treatment, and being reduced to quite a low condition of health, as it was thought she could not live.

INHERITED SCROFULA.

S.S.S. Cured my little boy of hereditary Scrofula, which appeared all over his face. For a year I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use S.S.S. A few bottles cured him, and no symptoms of the disease remain. MRS. T. L. MATHEWS, Matherville, Miss.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Nineteen Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of Christ.

The Brooklyn Preacher Proposes a Grand Celebration in Which All Christendom Shall Take Part—Proposed Features.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage delivered the following interesting discourse, or, rather, proposition, in the Brooklyn tabernacle on a recent Sabbath, taking for his text:

To us a child is born.—Isaiah ix., 6.

That is a tremendous hour in the history of any family when an immortal spirit is incarnated. Out of a very dark cloud there descends a very bright morning. One life spared and another given. All the bells of gladness ring over the cradle. I know not why anyone should doubt that of old a star pointed down to the Saviour's birthplace, for a star of joy points down to every honorable nativity. A new eternity dates from that hour, that minute. Beautiful and appropriate is the custom of celebrating the anniversary of such an event, and clear on into the eighties and the nineties, the recurrence of that day of the year in an old man's life causes recognition and more or less congratulation. So, also, nations are accustomed to celebrate the anniversary of their birth and the anniversary of the birth of their great heroes or deliverers or benefactors. The 22d of February and the 4th of July are never allowed to pass in our land without banquet and oration, and bell ringing and cannonade. But all other birthday anniversaries are tame compared with the Christmas festivity, which celebrates the birthday described in my text. Protestant and Catholic and Greek churches, with all the power of music and garland and procession and doxology, put the words of my text into national and continental and hemispheric chorus: "To us a child is born." On the 25th of December each year that is the theme in St. Paul's and St. Peter's and St. Mark's and St. Isaac's and all the dedicated cathedrals, chapels, meeting-houses and churches clear round the world. We shall soon reach the nineteen hundredth anniversary of that happiest event of all time. This century is dying. Only seven more pulsations and its heart will cease to beat. The fingers of many of you will write at the head of your letters and the foot of your important documents, "1900." It will be a physical and moral sensation unlike anything else you have before experienced. Not one hand that wrote "1801" at the induction of this century will have cunning left to write "1901" at the induction of another. The death of one century and the birth of another century will be sublime and suggestive and stupendous beyond all estimate. To stand by the grave of one century and by the cradle of another will be an opportunity such as whole generations of the world's inhabitants never experienced. I pray God that there may be no sickness or casualty to hinder your arrival at that goal, or to hinder your taking part in the valedictory of the departing century and the salutation of the new. But as that season will be the nineteen hundredth anniversary of a Saviour's birth, I now nominate that a great international jubilee or exposition be opened in this cluster of cities by the seacoast on Christmas day, the 25th of December, 1900, to be continued for at least one month into the year 1901. This century, closing December 31, 1900, and the new century, beginning January 1, 1901, will it not be time for all nations to turn aside for a few weeks or months from everything else and emphasize the birth of the greatest being who ever touched our planet; and could there be a more appropriate time for such commemoration than this culmination of the centuries which are dated from His nativity? You know that all history dates either from before Christ or after Christ, from B. C. or A. D. It will be the year of our Lord 1900 passing into the year 1901. We have had the Centennial at Philadelphia, celebrative of the one hundredth anniversary of our nation's birth. We have had the magnificent expositions of New Orleans, and Atlanta, and Augusta, and St. Louis. We have the present World's exposition at Chicago, celebrative of the four hundredth anniversary of this continent's emergence, and there are at least two other great celebrations promised for this country, and other countries will have their historic events to commemorate, but the one event that has most to do with the welfare of all nations is the arrival of Jesus Christ on the planet, and all the enthusiasm ever witnessed at London or Vienna or Paris or any of our American cities would be eclipsed by the enthusiasm that would celebrate the ransom of all nations, the first step towards the accomplishing of it being taken by an infantile foot one winter's night, about five miles from Jerusalem, when the clouds dropped the angelic cantata: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will to men."

The three or four questions that would be asked me concerning this nomination of time and place, I proceed to answer. What practical use would come of such international celebration? Answer: The biggest stride the world ever took toward the evangelization of all nations. That is a grand and wonderful convocation, the Religious congress at Chicago. It will put intelligently before the world the nature of false religions which have been brutalizing the nations, trampling womanhood into the dust, enacting the horrors of infanticide, kindling funeral pyres for shrieking victims, and rolling juggernauts across the mangled bodies of their worshipers. But no one supposes that anyone will be converted to Christ by hearing Confucianism or Buddhism, or any form of heathenism eulogized. That is to be done afterward. And how can it so well be done as by a celebration of many weeks of the birth and character and achievements of the wondrous and unprecedented Christ? To such an exposition the kings and queens of the earth would not send their representatives; they would come themselves. The story of a Saviour's advent could not be told without telling the story of His mission. All the world would say: Why this ado, this universal demonstration? What a vivid presentation it would be, when, at such a convocation, the physicans of the world should tell what Christ had done for hospitals and the assuagement of pain, and when Christian lawyers declare what Christ had done for the establishment of good laws, and Christian conquerors should tell what Christ had done in the conquest of nations, and Christian rulers of the earth would tell what Christ had done in the government of earthly dominions. Thirty days of such celebrations would do more to tell the world who Christ is than any thirty years. Not a land on earth but would hear of it and discusss it. Not an eye so dimmed by the superstition of ages but would see the illumination. The difference of Christ's religion from all others is that its one way of dissemination is by a simple "telling," not argument, not skillful exegesis, polemics or the science of theological fisticuffs, but "telling." "Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy King cometh." "Go quickly and tell His disciples that He has risen from the dead." "Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee." "When He is come He will tell us all things." A religion of "telling." And in what way could all nations so well be told that Christ had come as by such an international emphasizing of His nativity? All India would cry out about such an affair, for you know they have their railroads and telegraphs: "What is going on in America?" All China would cry out: "What is that great excitement in America?" All the islands of the sea would come down to the gang plank of the arriving ships, and ask: "What is it that they are celebrating in America? It would be the mightiest missionary movement the world has ever seen. It would be the turning point in the world's destiny. It would waken the slumbering nations with one touch.

Question the second: How would you have such an international jubilee conducted? Answer: All arts should be marshaled, and art in its most attractive and impressive shape. First, architecture. While all academies of music and all churches and all great halls would be needed, there should be one great auditorium erected to hold such an audience as has never been seen on any sacred occasion in America. If Scribonius Curio, at the cost of a kingdom, could build the first two vast amphitheaters, placing them back to back, holding great audiences for dramatic representation, and then by wonderful machinery could turn them round with all their audience in them, making the two auditoriums one ampitheater, to witness a gladiatorial contest, and Vespasian could construct the Colosseum, with its eighty columns and its triumphs in three orders of Greek architecture, and a capacity to hold eighty-seven thousand people seated and fifteen thousand standing, and all all for purposes of cruelty and sin, can not our glorious Christianity rear in honor of our glorious Christ a structure large enough to hold fifty thousand of its worshipers? If we go groping now among the ruined amphitheaters of Verona, and Pompeii, and Capua, and Puzzuoli, and Tarraco, and then stand transfixed with amazement at their immense sweep that held from fifty thousand to one hundred thousand spectators gathered for carousal and moral degradation, could not Christianity afford one architectual achievement that would hold and enthrall its fifty thousand Christian disciples? Do you say no human voice could be heard throughout such a building? Ah! then you were not present when, at the Boston peace jubilee, Parepa easily, with her voice, enchanted fifty thousand auditors. And the time is near at hand when theological seminaries, where our young men are being trained for the ministry, the voice will be developed, and instead of the mumbling ministers, who speak with so low a tone you can not hear unless you lean forward, and hold your hand behind your ear, and then you are able to guess the general drift of the subject, and decide quite well whether it is about Moses or Paul or some one else—instead of that you will have coming from the theological seminaries all over the land young ministers with voice enough to command the attention of an audience of fifty thousand people. That is the reason that the Lord gives us two lungs instead of one. It is the Divine way of saying physiologically: "Be heard!" That is the reason that the New Testament in beginning the account of Christ's sermon on the mount, describes our Lord's plain articulation and resound of utterance by saying: "He opened His mouth." In that mighty concert hall and preaching place which I suggest for this nineteen hundredth anniversary, let music crown our Lord. Bring all the orchestras, all the oratorios, all the philharmonic and Handel and Hadyn societies. Then give us Haydn's oratorio of the Creation, for our Lord took part in universe building, and "without Him," says John, "was not anything made that was made," and Handel's "Messiah." And Bethoven's "Symphonies," and Mendelssohn's "Elijah," the prophet that typified Christ, and the grandest compositions of German and English and American masters, living or dead. All instruments that can hum or roll or whistle or harp or flute or clap or trumpet or thunder the praises of the Lord, joined to all voices that can chant or warble or precentor multitudinous worshipers. What an arousing when fifty thousand join in Antioch or Coronation or Ariel, rising into hallelujah or subsiding into an almost supernatural Amen!

Yea, let sculpture stand on pedestals all around that building, the forms of apostles and martyrs, men and women, who spoke or wrought, or suffered by headsman's ax or fire. Where is my favorite of all arts, this art of sculpture, that it is not busier for Christ or that its work is not better appreciated? Let it come forth at that World's jubilee of the nativity. We want a second Phidias to do for that new temple what the the first Phidias did for the Parthenon. Let the marble of Carrara come to resurrection to celebrate our Lord's resurrection. Let sculptors set up in that auditorium of Christ's celebration bas-relief and intaglio descriptive of the battles won for our holy religion. Where are the Canovas of the nineteenth century? Where are the American Thorwaldsens and Chantreys? Hidden somewhere, I warrant you. Let sculpture turn that place into another Acropolis, but more glorious by as much as our Christ is stronger than their Hercules, and has more to do with the sea than their Neptune, and raises greater harvests than their Ceres, and rouses more music in the heart of the world than their Apollo. "The gods of the heathen are nothing but dumb idols, but our Lord made the heavens." In marble pure as snow celebrate Him, who came to make us "whiter than snow." Let the chisel as well as pencil and pen be put down at the feet of Jesus.

Yea, let painting do its best. The foreign galleries will loan for such a jubilee their Madonnas, their Angelos, their Rubens, their Raphaels, their "Christ at the Jordan," or "Christ at the Last Supper," or "Christ Coming to Judgment," or "Christ on the Throne of Universal Dominion," and our own Morans will put their pencils into the nineteen hundredth anniversary, and our Bierstadts, from sketching "The Domes of the Yosemite," will come to present the domes of the world conquered for Emmanuel.

Added to all this I would have a floral decoration on a scale never equaled. The fields and open gardens could not furnish it, for it will be winter, and that season appropriately chosen, for it was into the frosts and desolations of winter that Christ immigrated when He came to our world. But while the fields will be bare, the conservatories and hot houses within two hundred miles would gladly keep the sacred Collesseum radiant and aromatic during all the convocations.

Added to all, let there be banquets, not like the drunken bout at the Metropolitan opera house, New York, celebrating the centennial of Washington's inauguration, where the rivers of wine drowned the sobriety of so many senators and governors and generals, but a banquet for the poor, the feeding of scores of thousands of people of a world in which the majority of the inhabitants have never yet had enough to eat; not a banquet at which a few favored men and women of social or political fortune shall sit, but such a banquet as Christ ordered when He told His servants to "go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." Let the mayors of cities and the governors of states and the president of the United States proclaim a whole week of legal holiday, at least from Christmas day to New Year's day.

Added to this let there be at that international and religious exposition a mammoth distribution of sacred literature. Let the leading ministers of religion from England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Germany, and the world, take the pulpits of all these cities, and tell what they know of Him whose birth we celebrate. At those convocations let vast sums of money be raised for churches, for asylums, for schools, for colleges, all of which institutions were born in the heart of Christ. On that day and in that season when Christ gave Himself to the world let the world give itself to Him.

Why do I propose America as the country for this convocation? Because most other lands have a state religion, and while all forms of religion may be tolerated in many lands, America is the only country on earth where all evangelical denominations stand on an equal footing, and all would have equal hearing in such an international exposition. Why do I select this cluster of seacoast cities? Answer: By that time, December 25, 1900, these four cities of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Hoboken, by bridges and tunnels, will be practically one, and with an aggregate population of about four millions. Consequently no other part of America will have such immensity of population.

Why do I now make this nomination of time and place? Answer: Because such a stupendous movement can not be extemporized. It will take seven years to get ready for such an overtowering celebration, and the work ought to begin speedily in churches, in colleges, in legislatures, in congresses, in parliaments, in all styles of national assemblages, and we have no time to ose. It would take three years to make a programme worthy of such a coming together.

Before the crossing of time on the midnight between December 31, 1900, and the 1st of January, 1901, many of us will be gone. Some of you will hear the clock strike twelve of one century and an hour after it hear it strike one of another century, but many of you will not that midnight hear either the stroke of the city clock or of the old timepiece in the hallway of the homestead. Seven years cut a wide swath through churches and communities and nations. But those who cross from world to world before Old Time in this world crosses that midnight from century to century, will talk among the thrones of the coming earthy jubilee, and on the river bank and in the house of many mansions, until all Heaven will know of the coming of that celebration that will fill the earthly nations with joy and help augment the nations of Heaven. But, whether here or there, we will take part in the music and the banqueting, if we have made the Lord our portion. Oh, how I would like to stand at my front door some morning or noon or night and see the sky part and the blessed Lord descend in person, not as He will come in the last judgment, with fire, and hail and earthquake, but in sweet tenderness, to pardon all sins and heal all wounds, and wipe away all tears, and feed all hunger, and right all wrongs, and illumine all darkness, and break all bondage, and harmonize all discords. Some think He will thus come, but about that coming I have no prophecy, for I am not enough learned in the Scriptures as some of my friends are to announce a very positive opinion. But this I do know, that it would be well for us to have an internatonal and an inter-world celebration of the anniversary of His birthday about the time of the birth of the new century, and that it will be wise beyond all others' wisdom for us to take Him as our present and everlasting coadjutor, and if that Darling of earth and Heaven will only accept you and me, after all our lifetime of unworthiness and sin, we can never pay Him what we owe, though, through all the eternity to come, we had every hour a new song and every moment a new ascription of homage and praise. For you see we were far out among the lost sheep that the Gospel hymn so pathetically describes:

Out in the desert He heard its cry,
Sick and helpless and ready to die;
But all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rises a cry to the gate of Heaven:
"Rejoice, I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echo round the throne:
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

—Eras of great culture and material prosperity have a very seamy side—as the highest mountain throws the longest shadow.

—No one is much benefited by a religion that goes no deeper than his head.

NOTES OF THE MODES.

Feminine Fancies in the Department of Dress.

It is one of the greatest mistakes of people of moderate means to make their little girls up into young ladies before they are half grown. Childhood and girlhood are too desirable to fritter away in a medley of clothes, fussiness, ceremony and worry about personal appearance. The time spent on such things is much better used if given to study, the improvement of the mind and the care of the body with exercise and amusement to keep them in healthy condition.

There is a time in the life of every girl and boy when they seem to be all arms and legs, hands and feet, and are as sprawling and ungraceful as one could imagine. At this time much may be done by judicious dressing to modify their short-comings, and it is well to bring them through this period of embarrassment as early as possible.

Girls of fifteen when of medium height and figure have the dresses just above the instep. When they are very tall and mature-looking they are worn longer; but when they are small and rather childish, the dresses need not be so long. This is, however, often a matter of taste with those who have charge of their wardrobes.

A very stylish hat for a girl is of chip. The brim is rather wider than that of the average sailor and is rolled up at the back and slightly pinched in at the sides. The trimming is of loops of wide ribbon with a few daises, some black-eyed susans of plain soft birdwings.

A comfortable and appropriate dress for a child is a striped gingham with narrow ruffles at the hem, full sleeves with narrow cuffs, a full waist with turned over collar and a short Zouave jacket with some pointed trimming or with gimp edged with little drops.

A pretty English dress for a girl of fourteen is of cashmere in the color most becoming. It is made with straight skirt and round waist with leg-o'-mutton sleeves. A yoke and shoulder ruffles with shirred belt are of soft bengaline, surah or ottoman silk.

The new colors in duck and pique make very desirable dresses for girls of all ages. The come in tan, blue and white and various mixtures. White is among the favorites, but is usually reserved for more dressy wear.

The people who are able to buy the best goods, those of them at least who are considered as entitled to the designation of leaders of society, dress their girls in the plainest fashion.

There is nothing more becoming to a growing girl, who may be somewhat angular and possibly a trifle awkward in her movements, than the soft blouse and jacket.

Girls of twelve and thirteen years wear chally, gingham and similar cotton goods, and for traveling or mountain wear, flannel, serge or medium-weight camels'-hair.

Skirts of medium-weight wool material with shirred waists of cheviot or blouses of surah or any of the pretty cambrics are much liked.

Tiny girls may be picturesque and fluffy-looking, but it is much better for growing girls to be dressed in the simplest fashion.

Girls wear hair-ribbons matching the leading color in the dress. It is also well to have the ribbon on the hat to match.

Growing girls, quite as much as their grown-up sisters, need have special attention paid to harmony in color.

Quill-feathers, wings and small birds are among the most popular hat and bonnet trimmings.

Browns of all shades and blue and green in the darker hues are preferred for street wear for girls.—N. Y. Ledger.

World's Fair.

Parties contemplating visiting the World's Fair should take the Wabash Line, making direct connection at Englewood Station with the electric street railway, landing passengers at the Sixtieth street entrance (Woman's Building) and Sixty fourth street entrance (Administration Building) 15 minutes to one hour in advance of all other lines, and right in the vicinity of all the hotels near the World's Fair Grounds. The Columbian Banner train leaves St. Louis Union Depot daily at 9 a. m., arriving at Englewood 4:45 p. m., Chicago 5:10 p. m. The Columbian Banner limited leaves St. Louis at 8:30 p. m. daily, arriving at Englewood 7 a. m., Chicago 7:30 a. m. Baggage checked to Englewood and delivered by special transfer. Ticket offices, southeast corner Broadway and Olive street and Union Depot, St. Louis.

WAITER—"Will you have French fried potatoes, sir?" Herr von Wachstetter (half rising from his chair in his indignation)—"V-a-t?"—Boston Courier.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

"AT least I can go down with colors flying," said the calciminer when his foot slipped.—Washington Star.

THE physician of "twenty years' standing" should have a chance to sit down and rest awhile.

A BURNING QUESTION—"Was there any insurance?"

THE peculiarity of a crank is that he always thinks it is his turn.

JAGSON says the eater of the early apple catches the worm.—Elmira Gazette.

APOTHECARIES are always ready with a retort.

THE steam bicycle will make the pneumatic tired.

AS SOON as a thing is fashionable it somehow becomes comfortable.

LIFE to the bunko man is earnest—he feels that he must do all that he can.—Elmira Gazette.

A WORM will turn, but he can't get paid for it like a politician.—Truth.

APPROPRIATELY enough in many cases the husbands of grass widows are straw men.—Philadelphia Times.

A TRUNK differs from a man in that it can be completely strapped without becoming broke.—Buffalo Courier.

THE reason a person sees stars when he is struck on the head must be because it makes him sore aloft.

THE man who takes the cake thinks he is only receiving his dessert.—Boston Transcript.

OLD FARMER (tending threshing machine, to applicant for a job)—"Ever done any thrashing?" Applicant (modestly)—"I am the father of seventeen children, sir."

MRS. MCCARTHY—"Yer wages is twinty cints short this wake, Moike." Mr. McCarthy—"Yis, Mary Ann. We had an explosion on Toosday, an' th' foorman docked me for the time O' wuz in th' air."

DESPERATE PASSENGER (for the eleventh time)—"Captain, there isn't any danger of the vessel going to the bottom, is there?" Captain (exasperated)—"I am afraid not, sir."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

SLEEPY CITIZEN—"What do you want in my house?" Burglar (presenting gun)—"I want money." Sleepy Citizen—"Good Lord! Give us your hand—so do I!"—Cleveland Plaindealer.

CASE (annoyed)—"Don't you know that a fool can ask questions?" Bass—"I had heard so; now I know it."—Boston Transcript.

30 YEARS A BOOK-KEEPER.

Now Teaching What He Learned in Counting-Rooms and Banks.

R. W. Jennings, the head of Jennings' Business College, Nashville, Tenn., has had more than 30 years' actual experience as Teller and Book-keeper in Banks and as partner and Book-keeper in large mercantile houses in New York and Nashville. His College is considered the most practical school of its kind in the world—nine out of ten of its graduates get good positions. Write for Catalogue.

CLOSEFIST—"I hear your son is great at contracting debts." Hanks—"Base fabrication, I assure you; he is an expander."—Kate Field's Washington.

Lost—An Appetite!

If you have lost your appetite it will return to you if you apply to a druggist or general dealer who sells Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. When you are in possession of this helpful tonic, you have a restorer of appetite which is unfailing and prompt. Moreover, it restores digestion as well as appetite, and regulates the bowels, liver and kidneys, and protects you from malaria and rheumatism.

"HE'S a very modest young man, isn't he?" "Modest as a burglar; he doesn't even want the credit of his own work."—Philadelphia Record.

HOW MY THROAT HURTS!—Why don't you use Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar? Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

AN ESCAPE

—is made from all the diseases that come from tainted blood if the liver is roused to vigorous action, the blood purified and the system braced up with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Languor and loss of appetite, with or without indigestion, warn you that graver ills are close behind. The "Discovery" will sharpen the appetite, improve digestion and restore health. A positive cure for "Liver Complaint," Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and Biliousness.

J. P. MCADAMS, ESQ.

MR. J. P. MCADAMS, of *Elon College, N. C.*, writes: "A few of my symptoms were, Heart-burn and fullness after eating, sometimes pain in my bowels, headache, poor appetite and bad taste in my mouth. At night I was feverish, with hot flushes over skin. After taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I was relieved of all these symptoms and I feel perfectly well to-day."

PIERCE'S Guaranteed CURE.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies —OR— Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of **W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa** *which is absolutely pure and soluble.* It has *more than three times the strength of* Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

BECHAM'S PILLS will, in future, for the United States, be covered with a quickly soluble, pleasant coating. 25 cents a box.

WE are told that the quadrille is going out of fashion. For all its reverses the waltz will now have its turn at the top.—Philadelphia Times.

ALBERT BURCH, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists. 75c.

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