

The T. G. C. Y.
If we take up a modern atlas and look over the map of the United States, we see the traceries of rivers and railroads so intertwined as to be confusing. But main stems and main streams are plainly lined. It is very much like a chart of the human system, with nerves and arteries well defined. Particularly do we see the G. S. N. (great Sensitive nerve) main stem, which can carry to the square inch more pain than some railroads carry in freight. A prominent business man in a big city was attacked by Sciatica. The pain was awful. He hurried home in fear that he would be crippled by it. In half an hour he was cured by St. Jacobs Oil. He now takes big stock in that famous remedy, and travels on the T. G. C. Y. (take good care of yourself) plan, keeping a bottle of the great pain cure always at hand.

The only bird that sings while flying is the lark.

In Olden Times
People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Berlin has a population of 1,615,085, according to the census just taken.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,
as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from a regular physician. As the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. By using Hall's Catarrh Cure you are sure to get the genuine article, and it is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co., Testimonials in French. Sold by Druggists, price five cents per bottle.

Alaska gold fields paid fairly well last summer, but the fur season was poor.

Dr. Kilmer's SANSAPARILLA cures all kidney and bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation Free. Laboratory, Binghamton, N. Y.

The Atlanta Exposition Jury of Awards held its final session in Washington.

Pico's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CARP, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

There is good sailing in some of the back parishes of the province of Quebec, Canada.

It is More Than Wonderful how patiently people suffer with corneas. Get comfort by removing them with Hindercoorn's.

"The plague of insect"—Fly-paper.

Gastric Dyspepsia
And constipation troubled me for over a year. I grew worse and could hardly perform my household duties. I had severe pains in my stomach, especially at night. I treated with our physician six months without avail. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and having taken six bottles I am free from all distress in my stomach and am no longer troubled with dyspepsia." Mrs. MARGARET FENNER, Indian Falls, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the Only True Blood Purifier
Prominently in the public eye. \$1; 6 for \$5.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.
KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,
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 testimonials of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send for the full and complete book. 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. Read the label. If the stomach is full or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first. No change of diet necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

If in visiting
ATLANTA
you do not find in the Manufacturers Building that large portion of the
EXPOSITION
DEVOTED TO
The EVERETT PIANO.

PRE-EMINENT IN ARTISTIC TONE QUALITY.
Or anyway, if you think of buying a piano, write to either
THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
CHICAGO. NEW YORK. CINCINNATI.
OR
THE EVERETT PIANO CO.
BOSTON.

And you will get valuable information.

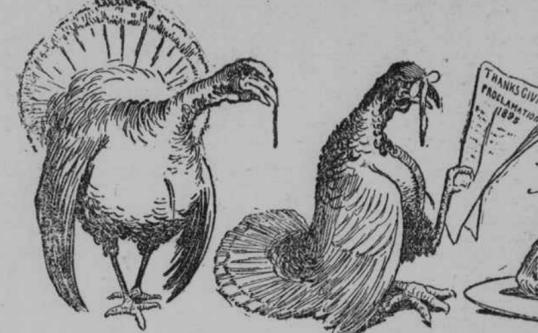
PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Prevents the hair from falling out. Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures itching Scalp. Sold by all Druggists. Price, 50c and \$1.00 per bottle.

\$3 A DAY SURE. SEND your address and we will show you how to make \$3 a day, absolutely sure, by our work in the locality where you live. Send your name and address to us, and we will send you a full and complete book, and a list of our agents in your locality. A list of our agents in your locality. A list of our agents in your locality. A list of our agents in your locality.

HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN CATTLE
Unsurpassed for milk, butter, beef and beauty. F. O. S. A. L. E. N. Y. J. W. MORRIS, Haverstraw, N. Y.

ASTHMA
POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC
Gives relief in five minutes. Send for FREE TRIAL package. Sold by Druggists. One Box sent postpaid on receipt of 10c. Write to J. W. MORRIS, Haverstraw, N. Y.

THE TURKEY'S DAY OF DOOM.



A THANKSGIVING DUEL.

I was Thanksgiving Day and, this is the story as it was told by Miss Pepper, the fine needle worker, at the woman's boarding house. You see, my dears, said Miss Pepper, who was like a sweet, faded old rose in the group of eager young women about her, the trouble with Jack Brice was this: He was heels over head in love with my cousin, Margery Lee, but he was too poor to marry. He lived with his uncle, Tom Brice, of the Mansion House—old Squire Brice, as all the country called him, though he wasn't more than fifty; and naturally when they both came courting Margery, her father favored the squire's suit most. But Margery favored Jack's, and showed it openly. A man may be as rich as Croesus, but when he's choleric and up in years—none too good in the bargain—he needn't expect to make much headway with a lovelorn girl of twenty. Long-legged Jack's good looks outweighed the squire's gold, but when her father found out which way the wind was blowing, he forbade Margy to see him again. She said nothing, for she was not a girl to talk. But every night she wrote him a long letter, that she would hide in a hollow tree stump, and that Jack would come and take away.

Sometimes, too, in the early morning, hardly daylight, she would jump on her bay mare Hornet and dash two miles down the river to the ford, where Jack would be waiting, and would swim his horse over from the other side, just to have five minutes' talk with her. Ah, but they were in love, I can tell you. And I never saw a better matched pair—both so good looking, both so full of life! Whether my uncle ever heard of their goings on I don't know. But he stopped talking against Jack and urging the squire's suit. He only told me—Margy and me both, for I lived with them—that old Tom had him in his power and could ruin him, and now that she wouldn't marry him, he was going to take his revenge.

Then he fell sick and seemed likely to die, and my poor cousin was in a terrible quandary. She loved Jack, but she loved her father, too. And she felt it was worry that was killing him. One terrible night, when we were almost expecting my uncle to breathe his last, Margy fell on her knees and promised she'd marry the squire, and he at once began to get better with astonishing quickness. She wrote Jack one letter, one curt, cold letter, that she sat two days over; and that he tore in half and sent back to her, and then left the county on top of it. It was Thanksgiving night, a festival not in favor in the South in those days, and we were going to the Man-

ion House to a family dinner. The wedding was only three days off now, and the squire had taken a fancy to keep it in honor of his coming happiness. When we rolled up to the open doorway there he was, magnificent in a rosebud satin waistcoat and with a flower in his buttonhole; for all the world like a bearded old turkey cock! "Welcome to the Mansion House," he said, gayly, as I bundled up the stairs first. And then to Margy, though quite loud enough for me to hear: "In three short days!"—meaning, of course, the marriage that was to leave her in his home forever. She winced as if he had struck her, her face as white as her muslin frock, and I verily believe that if he hadn't

walked her into the dining room on his arm, she would have fallen. Uncle and I were on each side, and Margy was at the foot in the place of honor; where, three times a day, she was soon to face old Tom, until death should mercifully take one or the other of them out of the world. None of us talked much, none, even my uncle, who was emptying goblet after goblet of wine to drown his thoughts. And when the squire stood up suddenly, with his glass, to toast the bride—a frozen bride, that looked ready for the tomb—I almost welcomed the interruption that followed.

"To the bride!" repeated the squire, glass high in air, and "was echoed by a dreadful laugh. "To Satan, you mean; to Satan, you old villain!" said a voice. "He gave you money to buy a wife, so toast him deep!" And there, in the middle of the floor, landed by a jump through the flung up window, was Jack, his clothes covered with mud and Satan in his eyes. True love, poisoned by wounded vanity, you see, my dears, may sleep drugged for awhile, but the

only made them all the more determined to kill each other. And directly in the pitch dark, after a moment's groping—groping that sent an icy chill to the roots of my hair—their swords clashed and we knew that the duel was not yet over. Margy fell in a faint across my lap and my uncle began to pray. All I could think of was to hope that Jack would beat, and with my heart in my mouth I sat staring at the sparks that flew from their swords and waiting for the end. At last, after an eternity of time, a time made up of appalling silences and mad, blind loomings together—and again that hideous groping—there was a cry, a fall, and when the frightened butler made a light again there was the squire, pinned by Jack's sword through an ear to the floor, and there outside the window were Jack and Margy clinging to each other on the same horse and ready to dash off into the night. Well, my dears, said little Miss Pepper mildly in conclusion of her spirited recital, of course they got married and lived happy ever after. And equally of course, the squire melted in time and forgave them and tore up the notes he held against my uncle. And to this very day, if any of you should go to Buck Forest, anybody there would tell you how Jack Brice won his bride on Thanksgiving night.

Thanksgiving Proclamations.
Washington issued a proclamation for a general thanksgiving by the Continental Army Thursday, December 18, 1877, and again at Valley Forge May 7, 1778. A few days before the adjournment of Congress in September, 1789, Representative Elias Bondinot moved in the House that the President be requested to recommend a day of thanksgiving and prayer to acknowledgment of the many signal favors of Almighty God, and especially His affording them an opportunity of establishing a constitution of government for their safety and happiness. Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, supported the motion. Aedanus Burke, of South Carolina, did not like "this mimicking of European customs," and Tucker, of Virginia, intimated that it might be as well to wait for some experience of the efficiency of the Constitution before returning thanks for it. In spite of these objections the motion was carried and President Washington issued a proclamation appointing as Thanksgiving Day November 26.

Thanksgiving Day proclamations were issued in an irregular way for many years after that date, but the day was not a fixed holiday. After the battle of Gettysburg in 1863 President Lincoln recommended the people to set apart the 6th day of August "to be observed as a day of National thanksgiving, praise and prayer to Almighty God." In the following year the President issued another proclamation, and the Presidential proclamation has been an annual fixture ever since.

Good Cheer.
The office boy was a freckled-faced, ill-fed looking little chap, but he was sharp. The day after Thanksgiving his employer was provoked at something and went for the boy ferociously. "Say," said the boy, stopping him, "did you have turkey yistiday for dinner?" The angry man was astonished into an answer. "Yes," he replied. "What's that got to do with you?" "Nothin'," and the boy looked hungry. "Did you have cranberry sauce, and oysters, and sweet potatoes, and things like that?" "Yes." "And mince pie?" "Yes." "Real, old-fashioned, nice, thick ones?" and the boy's mouth watered. "Yes." The boy's face hardened. "Well, you don't talk like it to-day," he said, and there was something in the way he said it that brought an apology from the employer and enough money to give the boy a Thanksgiving dinner, none the less welcome for being a day late.

Forced to It.
Strawber—"This is the first Thanksgiving in my life that I have had to dine alone." Singler—"What's the trouble? Couldn't you get anyone to ask you to dinner?"—Life.

THE NEWS.

The schooner Cornelia M. Kingsland, of Greenport, L. I., returning from a fishing trip with 2,500 codfish on board, went aground off Sandy Hook and sank.—The schooner John W. Foster, which cleared from Philadelphia ostensibly for Tampa, Fla., was seized at Lewes, Del., by United States officers at the request of the Spanish minister, who charged that the vessel carried arms for Cuban insurgents.—By the fall of a wall of the Poland Union Seminary, near Youngstown, O., four of the young women students were injured.—John K. Dietz shot William Castle in the law office of C. W. Hall, at Charleston, W. Va.—At McGregor, Ia., H. Allen, a prosperous farmer, met William Cross, against whom he had a grudge, and shot him dead. A young woman in the house at the time ran away, but Allen followed and shot her. She may recover. Allen then shot himself dead.—Miss Nora Work, Thomas Davis and David Collum were drowned in the Cumberland River at Pond Creek Ferry, twelve miles from Nashville, Tenn., while attempting to cross the river in a skiff. Their boat upset, and the occupants were drowned before assistance could reach them.

The Virginia Court of Appeals sustained the petition of the Lunenburg authorities asking for a mandamus to compel the delivery to them of the men convicted of the murder of Mrs. Pollard.—A number of Protestant Episcopal bishops and clergymen took part in the bi-centennial services of old Christ Church in Philadelphia.—Governor Claude Matthews, of Indiana, eloquently expressed his sympathy for Cuba in a speech at a meeting in Philadelphia given under the auspices of the Philadelphia Antislavery Brigade Association.—Charles Hurd, colored, was lynched at Warburg, Tenn., for murdering Jasper D. Kelly.—The B. & O. Southwestern sterna stockholders met in annual session at Cincinnati.—Dr. S. P. Pace, ex-United States consul to Santa, Ont., and a prominent Republican politician, died at Port Huron, Michigan.—L. M. Rosenthal, of Columbus, Ohio, failed for \$42,000. He had 11 ft clothing houses in Columbus, Toledo and Cleveland. Assets not known. The mortgages took possession.—The schooner Lucy A. Davis, went ashore on Wachapreague Beach, Va.—Several vessels went ashore on the Rhode Island coast, but were not seriously damaged.—George A. Doenges died in Martinsburg.—Governor McCorkle pardoned Thomas B. Harness, convicted two weeks ago in Wood county of involuntary manslaughter in killing Mark Perry, and sentenced to six months in jail and to pay a fine of \$500.—By the caving in of a bank in Louisville two boys were killed and four others injured.—At Chicago Charles Moe was arrested, charged with murdering his mistress, Annie Anderson.

United States marshals have destroyed many illicit distilleries in Wise county, Va.—The business portion of Madisonville, Ky., was burned. Loss \$50,000.—Fire at Lowell, Mass., caused a loss of \$95,000.—Dr. David J. Hill, president of Rochester University, resigned in order to do literary work.—Frank Huffman, the notorious outlaw, who has long defied the authorities, was killed by Sheriff Moore, of Hickory county, fifty miles northwest of Springfield, Mo.—A fast mail service between England and Canada will be established.—The postoffice at Summit Grove, N. J., was robbed of stamps and money, valued at \$5,300.—The battleship Indiana was put in commission at Philadelphia.—John Tod, of Cleveland, vice-president, was appointed receiver of the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad Company by Judge Voris, of Akron, O. The petition under which the appointment was made was filed by the Farmers' Trust Company, of New York, and Herman Drisler and Wm. Tell, trustees of the company, were made parties defendant.—By an explosion of dynamite cartridges in Wellsboro, Pa., Frank A. Johnson, proprietor of the marble and granite works of that borough, and his father-in-law, Mr. Raymond, who is seventy-five years old, received injuries which will cross their death.

Henderson S. Travis, a well-known sportsman of Cape Charles City, Va., was accidentally shot and badly wounded on a gunning trip.—Daniel Lee was convicted of a murderous assault upon Mrs. L. B. Bailey, of Charlottesville, Va., and sentenced to twenty years in the penitentiary.—Three-fourths of the town of Purcell, Indian Territory, was destroyed by fire.—Mrs. Minnie Kemp, aged seventy years, was run over by a trolley car in Wheeling, W. Va., and killed.—The Italian bark Brom Carlo collided with the British ship Condon off the Horn. The Brom Carlo was sunk, and only four out of a crew of nineteen men were saved.—A snow and sleet storm, followed by a cold wave, passed the Northwest, trains on roads west of Chicago being delayed and telegraphic communication interrupted.—Joseph Hodgets who shot and killed his brother William in a Philadelphia saloon last March, pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree, and was sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment. The young man quarreled over some money. Joseph fled after the shooting, but was captured in Chicago.—Jesus Valpando and Feliciano Chavez, convicted of murdering Thomas Martinez, a ranchman, January 20, 1895, were executed in Santa Fe, Mexico, in the presence of 1,000 people.

The Pittsburg and Butler Railroad Company was incorporated by the Pennsylvania State Department, to build a line from Etua to Butler, a distance of twenty-five miles.—Peter W. Breese, president of the defunct Savings and Deposit Bank, of Leasville, was arrested in Denver, charged with having received a deposit of \$400 from Mr. N. H. Cunningham after the bank had failed. It is said that several other criminal complaints will be lodged against Breese.—George Metzger was sentenced to eighteen and one-half years in the penitentiary in Wilkesbarre for murder.—Frank Freeman, a tramp, was convicted of murder in the second degree in Elizabeth, N. J.—Brigham F. Jeffries was killed by his son in Columbia, Mo.—Francis Schlatter, the healer, was located near Boulder, Col.—Hugo Beckman was accused in Chicago of strangling his wife to death.—Rev. Frank H. Smith, accused in Boston of sending obscene matter through the mails, was declared to be insane.—Eugene Debs, the A. B. U. leader, was released from prison at Woodstock, Ill., and escorted by one thousand representatives of the various labor organizations to Chicago, where he made an address to a large meeting.

MISSIONARIES NOW SAFE.
A Telegram Reports Troubles Beginning in Marsovan, Van and Aintab.

A telegram received by the American Board at Boston by way of Philadelphia states that the mission loss at Kharpout is \$10,000. The raiders were protected by soldiers, who fired on the mission houses and joined in plundering. Special malice was shown toward the missionaries, and a shell was exploded in Barnum's house. The missionaries are now protected. Troubles are reported as beginning in Marsovan, Van and Aintab.

KING LUDWIG'S CASTLES.

There are no examples of modern decorative art which can approach the superb palaces built by Bavaria's insane monarch, Ludwig, that brilliant, weird and erratic genius, whose artistic perceptions remained undimmed even when insanity had crept like a cloud over his mind. Upon the three great castles, Neuschwanstein, Chiemsee and Linderhof, King Ludwig expended the sum of 185,000,000 marks, or about \$46,000,000. A single banquet hall is said to have cost a sum exceeding \$10,000,000. The castle of Herren-Chiemsee was begun in 1875, and after eleven years of incessant work, only part completed at the time of Ludwig's death. There was no detail so small that Ludwig did not give it his personal attention. Herren-Chiemsee is on a lonely island, and the castle stands at the top of a slope, and is reached by 720 steps in the purest Carrara marble. This stairway is 140 feet wide, and the effect is said to be superb. The royal bed chamber of Herren-Chiemsee represents an expenditure of more than \$4,000,000. The decorations are jewels and gold. In the compass of that room there was once to be found every precious stone known to lapidaries. The chamber is a study in purple and gold, and the designs worked out in that precious metal studded with jewels. The more valuable jewels have been removed and sold to partly restore the squandered estate of the royal family, but the effect yet remains. Over the canopy of the bed is a reproduction of the Bavarian crown in 28 carat solid gold, studded with 180 diamonds, some of them of great size and value. The King slept but once in this royal chamber. In fact, Ludwig never used the palace of Chiemsee but once, and that was on the occasion of the marriage of Rudolph, the Crown Prince of Austria. That night the palace was illuminated with 25,000 candles.

Memorial to a Poodle.
Lowell has on one of her roadsides a large urn, which is kept constantly filled with fresh flowers at the expense of a wealthy lady who resides in the vicinity, as a memorial to a pet poodle, which was killed by the cars at that point. Whether the dog was buried in a satin-lined casket and has a lot by itself in some fashionable cemetery is not known.

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

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Walker.
Every girl knows of some man who "perfectly idolizes" his wife. The wife would probably be as much surprised as anybody if she knew it.

He was a gay geologist;
His name was Crafty Fox.
He with an heires fell in love
Because she had the rocks.
—Philadelphia Record.

THE ARMOUR CO. does half the world's tinware business, because it has reduced the cost of tinware to 1/3 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Fire Hose, Steam, Gas, and Water Pipes, and all kinds of Tinware, Sheet Metal, and all kinds of Tinware. On application it will name one of its branch houses nearest you. It will furnish you with a list of its branch houses. It will furnish you with a list of its branch houses. It will furnish you with a list of its branch houses.

Timely Warning.
The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

nothing lost
Scott's Emulsion makes cod-liver oil taking next thing to a pleasure. You hardly taste it. The stomach knows nothing about it—it does not trouble you there. You feel it first in the strength that it brings: it shows in the color of the cheek, the rounding of the angles, the smoothing of the wrinkles. It is cod-liver oil digested for you, slipping as easily into the blood and losing itself there as rain-drops lose themselves in the ocean. What a satisfactory thing this is—to hide the odious taste of cod-liver oil, evade the tax on the stomach, take health by surprise. There is no secret of what it is made of—the fish-fat taste is lost, but nothing is lost but the taste. Perhaps your druggist has a substitute for Scott's Emulsion, but the standard all others try to equal the best for you to buy?

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

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A MARVEL.

REMARKABLE AND ASTONISHING CURE OF AN EXTREME CASE OF ST. VITUS' DANCE.
How a Young Lady Regained the Use of Her Arms, Limbs and Speech in Three Weeks.
From the Standard-Union, Brooklyn, N. Y.
"Too much hard study at school brought on St. Vitus' dance. Such was the common experience of Mrs. Glendora Rivers, daughter of Mrs. Amelia Rivers, of 69 Ryerson street, Brooklyn. The disease grew worse every month, until the young lady's entire right side became paralyzed; but, now that a marvelous and permanent cure has been wrought, it will be interesting to read her own version of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.
"For more than a year," said Miss Rivers, "doctors attended me without effecting the slightest change in my condition. If anything, I grew worse under their treatment, until February of this year, when my condition became critical.
"I had lost the complete use of my arms and limbs and speech. I could only swallow liquids, and these only as they fed me with a spoon, when they could get my mouth open. I wanted to sleep all the time. The stupor I laid in was something like a trance, and no doubt I would have died if they had not waked me up at intervals.
"The first week in March my mother, who is a sick nurse, was advised by a neighbor to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my case. She got some of the pills—a box from Nelson's drug store, at the corner of Myrtle avenue and Hall street. Before I had taken one-half the contents of the box a remarkable change was noticed in my condition.
"Gradually I regained the use of my arms and limbs and speech, and by the time the pills were gone I was up and about the house almost well. But my mother thought it wise to get another box of the pills, and this she did, and here you see me stand before you with more strength and more ambition than I ever had.
"Some of our new neighbors attribute my regained body and health to some miraculous or supernatural agency; but my mother and most intimate friends know that the cure was effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.
"Three weeks from the day I swallowed the first dose of the pills I was as well as you see me to-day."
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.
They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold by all druggists at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

There are a great many people who are lazy in every particular except in the matter of personal adornment.

Every girl knows of some man who "perfectly idolizes" his wife. The wife would probably be as much surprised as anybody if she knew it.

He was a gay geologist;
His name was Crafty Fox.
He with an heires fell in love
Because she had the rocks.
—Philadelphia Record.

THE ARMOUR CO. does half the world's tinware business, because it has reduced the cost of tinware to 1/3 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Fire Hose, Steam, Gas, and Water Pipes, and all kinds of Tinware, Sheet Metal, and all kinds of Tinware. On application it will name one of its branch houses nearest you. It will furnish you with a list of its branch houses. It will furnish you with a list of its branch houses.

Timely Warning.
The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures. Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

nothing lost
Scott's Emulsion makes cod-liver oil taking next thing to a pleasure. You hardly taste it. The stomach knows nothing about it—it does not trouble you there. You feel it first in the strength that it brings: it shows in the color of the cheek, the rounding of the angles, the smoothing of the wrinkles. It is cod-liver oil digested for you, slipping as easily into the blood and losing itself there as rain-drops lose themselves in the ocean. What a satisfactory thing this is—to hide the odious taste of cod-liver oil, evade the tax on the stomach, take health by surprise. There is no secret of what it is made of—the fish-fat taste is lost, but nothing is lost but the taste. Perhaps your druggist has a substitute for Scott's Emulsion, but the standard all others try to equal the best for you to buy?

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