A Sound Logical Opinion.

E. Bainbridge Munday, Esq., County Attorney, Clay County, Texas, says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother was also very low with malarial fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a little testimony, saying: He positively would have died, had it not been for Electric Bitters.

This great remedy will ward off, as well as cure, all malarial diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequaled. Price 50 cts and $1 at Adams' drug store. 6

The Population of Wellington

Is about 3,000, and we would say at least one-half are troubled with some affection of the throat and lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all our readers not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggists and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. Trial size free. Large bottles 50c and $1. Sold by all druggists.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For Sale by Wooster & Adams. 15v1

Don't Experiment.

You cannot afford to waste time in experimenting when your lungs are in danger. Consumption always seems, at first, only a cold. Do not permit any dealer to impose upon you with some cheap imitation of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, but be sure you get the genuine. Because he can make more profit he may tell you he has something just as good, or just the same. Don't be deceived, but insist upon getting Dr. King's New Discovery, which is guaranteed to give relief in all Throat, Lung and chest affections. Trial bottles free at Adams' drug store. Large bottles one dollar. 6

Detroit, Mich., March 6, '88.

W. H. Hill & Co:

Gentlemen—I had a very severe attack of rheumatism. After taking a few doses of your Ar-thro-phon-i-a, obtained relief. Have taken one bottle and am almost entirely cured.

M. S. Carpall, 635, Bragg street.

For sale at Felt's drug store.

A Happy Farmer.

Warren Underwood, a prominent resident of the village of Dexter, N. Y. says: "My wife and I contracted severe colds last fall which resulted in terribly troublesome coughs. We tried everything we could think or hear of but were unable to get relief. After two months of suffering we were induced to try VanWert's Balsam. Before the third bottle was gone our cou had entirely disappeared and we were as well as ever. I cannot say too much in praise of this wonderful remedy." Trial sizes free. E. W. Adams the Leading Druggist

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft, or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses Blood Spavin, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney Ring-bone, Stifles, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, &c. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by W. E. Adams, Druggist, Wellington, O. 44-26t

Bangor, Mich., March 21, '88.

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that I have suffered all winter with a severe attack of rheumatism, and was about to ask to be relieved from my position, as I was not able to work. After trying many remedies and getting no relief, I saw Hill's Ar-thro-phon-i-a advertised. I asked our druggist to order some for me. I commenced taking it as per directions and received good results from it within one week. After taking three bottles I am happy to say I am nearly cured, although I shall continue to take Ar-thro-phon-i-a until I drive the disease out of my system. I can certainly recommend it as the best remedy for rheumatism that I know of, and cannot say too much in favor of it.

M. Remington,
Agent C. & W. M. R. R.

Sold by Fred. D. Felt.

The Handsomest Lady

In Wellington remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy as it stopped her cough instantly when other cough remedies had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convice you of it merit, any druggist will give you a sample bottle free. Large size 50 cents and one dollar.

Detroit, Mich., March 12, '88.

W. H. Hill & Co.:

Gentlemen—I have for years been a sufferer from chronic rheumatism; at times very severely. During a late attack I have experienced more relief from taking one bottle of your Ar-thro-phon-i-a than from any remedy I have hitherto used. Its action has been very prompt, and without an derangement of the stomach or other organs. I am so much pleased with its action that I shall continue its use when I have the old trouble to combat again, and recommend it to my friends in like affliction.

Respectfully yours,
S. S. Robinson, 15 Brainard St.

Sold by F. D. Felt.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE CURED.—Three years ago I was attacked with kidney trouble, which in a few months terminated in Bright's disease. My physician said my case was incurable. I tried different things and received no benefit until a friend persuaded me to try Dr. Burdick's Kidney cure. I sent and got one bottle; before that was half gone I felt a change. One bottle removed from my body and limbs fifteen pounds of water, which had been very badly swollen. I used twelve bottles and was entirely cured, and never had any return of the disease since. I would recommend this medicine to all suffering with kidney or liver trouble, to which I owe my life.

Respectfully yours,
ELMER JACKSON, Woodbury, N. J.

75 cents and $1. F D Felt. 45-1m

Itch, Mange, and Scratches on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Woolford's Sanitary Lotion. This never fail. Sold by E. W. Adams, Druggist, Wellington, Ohio. 44-1y

TO THE SLAUGHTER.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches a Sermon at St. Louis.

How Young Men are Led Into Temptation by Evil Companions and Extravagance—The Horrors of Debt—A Sneak Thief Better than a Deadbeat.

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., preached at St. Louis recently to a vast audience. His subject was "The Slaughter," and his text, Proverbs, vii, 21: "As an ox to the slaughter." The eloquent preacher spoke as follows:

There is nothing in the voice or manner of the butcher to indicate to the ox that there is death ahead. The ox thinks he is going to a rich pasture field of clover, where all day long he will revel in the herbaceous luxuriance; but after awhile the men and the boys close in upon him with sticks and stones and shouting, and drive him through bars into a doorway, where he is fastened, and with a well-aimed stroke the axe fells him; and so the anticipation of the redolent pasture field is completely disappointed. So many a young man has been driven on by temptation to what he thought would be paradisaical enjoyment; but after a while influences with darker hue and swarthier arm close in upon him, and he finds that instead of making an excursion into a garden he has been driven "as an ox to the slaughter."

First—We are apt to blame young men for being destroyed when we ought to blame the influences that destroy them. Society slaughters a great many young men by the behest, "You must keep up appearances; whatever be your salary, you must dress as well as others, you must wine and brandy as many friends, you must smoke as costly cigars, you must give as expensive entertainments, and you must live in as fashionable a boarding house. If you haven't the money, borrow. If you can't borrow, make a false entry, or subtract here and there a bill from a bundle of bank bills; you will only have to make the deception a little while; in a few months, or a year or two, you can make all right. Nobody will be hurt by it; nobody will be the wiser. You yourself will not be damaged." By that awful process a hundred thousand men have been slaughtered for time and slaughtered for eternity.

Suppose you borrow. There is nothing wrong about borrowing money. There is hardly a man in this house but has sometimes borrowed money. Vast estates have been built on a borrowed dollar. But there are two kinds of borrowed money. Money borrowed for the purpose of starting or keeping up legitimate enterprise and expense, and money borrowed to get that which you can do without. The first is right the other is wrong. If you have money enough of your own to buy a coat, however plain, and then you borrow money for a dandy's outfit, you have taken the first revolution of the wheel down grade. Borrow for the necessities; that may be well. Borrow for the luxuries; that tips your prospects over in the wrong direction.

The Bible distinctly says the borrower is servant of the lender. It is a bad state of things when you have to go down some other street to escape meeting some one whom you owe. If young men knew what is the despotism of being in debt, more of them would keep out of it. What did debt do for Lord Bacon, with a mind towering above the centuries? It induced him to take bribes and convict himself as a criminal before all ages. What did debt do for Walter Scott? Broken hearted at Abbotsford. Kept him writing until his hand gave out in paralysis to keep the sheriff away from his pictures and statuary. Better for him if he had minded the maxim which he had chiseled over the fireplace at Abbotsford, "Waste not, want not."

The trouble is, my friends, the people do not understand the ethics of going in debt, and that if you purchase goods with no expectation of paying for them, or go into debts which you can not meet, you steal just so much money. If I go into a grocer's store, and I buy sugars and coffees and meats, with no capacity to pay for them and no intention of paying for them, I am more dishonest than if I go into the store, and when the grocer's face is turned the other way I fill my pockets with the articles of merchandise and carry off a ham. In the one case I take the merchant's time, and I take the time of his messenger to transfer the goods to my house, while in the other case I take none of the time of the merchant, and I wait upon myself, and I transfer the goods without any trouble to him. In other words, a sneak thief is not so bad as a man who contracts debts he never expects to pay.

Yet in all our cities there are families that move every May day to get into proximity to other grocers and meat shops and apothecaries. They owe everybody within half a mile of where they now live, and next May they will move into a distant part of the city, finding a new lot of victims. Meanwhile you, the honest family in the new house, are bothered day by day by the knocking at the door of disappointed bakers and butchers, and dry goods dealers, and newspaper carriers, and you are asked where your predecessor is. You do not know. It was arranged you should not know. Meanwhile your predecessor has gone to some distant part of the city, and the people who have any thing to sell have sent their wagons and stopped there to solicit the "valuable" custom of the new neighbor, and he, the new neighbor, with great complacency and with an air of affluence, orders the finest steaks and the highest priced sugars and the best of the canned fruits, and, perhaps, all the newspapers. All the debts will keep on accumulating until he gets his goods on the 5th of next April in the furniture cart.

Now, let me say, if there are any such persons in the house, if you have any regard for your own convenience, you had better remove to some greatly distant part of the city. It is too bad that, having had all the trouble of consuming the goods you should also have the trouble of being dunned! And let me say that if you find that this picture's your own photograph, instead of being in church you ought to be in the penitentiary! No wonder that so many of our merchants fail in business. They are swindled into bankruptcy by these wandering Arabs, these nomads of city life. They cheat the grocer out of the green apples which make them sick, the physician who attends their distress, and the undertaker who fits them out for departure from the neighborhood where they owe everybody when they pay the debt of nature, the only debt they ever do pay!

Now our young men are coming up in this depraved state of commercial ethics, and I am solicitous about them. I want to warn them against being slaughtered on the sharp edges of debt. You want many things you have not, my young friends. You shall have them if you have patience and honesty and industry. Certain lines of conduct always lead out to certain successes.

There is a law which controls even those things that seem haphazard. I have been told by those who have observed that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be sent to the dead letter office every year through misdirection; that it is possible to calculate just how many letters will be detained for lack of postage stamps through the forgetfulness of the senders, and that it is possible to tell just how many people will fall in the streets by slipping on an orange peel. In other words, there are no accidents. The most insignificant event you ever heard of is the link between two eternities—the eternity of the past and the eternity of the future. Head the right way, young man and you will come out at the right goal.

Bring me a young man and tell me what his physical health is and what his mental caliber, and what his habits, and I will tell you what will be his destiny for this world, and his destiny for the world to come, and I will not make five inaccurate prophecies out of the five hundred. All this makes me solicitous in regard to young men, and I want to make them nervous in regard to the contraction of unpayable debts. I give you a paragraph from my own experience.

My first settlement as pastor was in a village. My salary was $800 and a parsonage. The amount seemed enormous to me. I said to myself, "What! all this for one year!" I was afraid of getting worldly under so much prosperity! I resolved to invite all the congregation to my house in groups of twenty-five each. We began, and as they were the best congregation in all the world, and we felt nothing was too good for them, we piled all the luxuries on the table. I never completed the undertaking. At the end of six months I was in financial despair. I found what every young man learns in time to save himself, or too late, that you must measure the size of a man's body before you begin to cut the cloth for his coat.

When a young man wilfully and of choice, having the comforts of life, goes into the contraction of unpayable debts, he knows not into what he goes. The creditors get after the debtor, the pack of hounds in full cry, and alas! for the reindeer. They jingle his doorbell before he gets up in the morning, they jingle his doorbell after he has gone to bed at night. They meet him as he comes off his front steps. They send him a postal card, or a letter in curtest style, telling him to pay up. They attach his goods. They want cash, or a note at thirty days, or a note on demand. They call him a knave. They say he lies. They want him disciplined at the church. They want him turned out of the bank. They come to him from this side, and from that side, and from before, and from behind, and from above, and from beneath, and he is insulted and gibbeted, and sued, and dunned, and sworn at, until he gets the nervous dyspepsia, gets neuralgia, gets liver complaint, gets heart disease, gets convulsive disorder, gets consumption.

Now he is dead, and you say: "Of course they will let him alone." O, no! Now they are watchful to see whether there are any unnecessary expenses at the obsequies, to see whether there is any useless handle on the casket, to see whether there is any surplus plait on the shroud, to see whether the hearse is costly or cheap, to see whether the flowers sent to the casket have been bought by the family or donated, to see in whose name the deed to the grave is made out. Then they ransack the bereft household, the books the pictures the carpets, the chairs, the sofa, the piano, the mattresses, the pillow on which he dies. Cursed be debt! For the sake of your own happiness, for the sake of your good morals for the sake of your immortal soul, for God's sake, young man, as far as possible, keep out of it.

Second—But I think more young men are slaughtered through irreligion. Take away a young man's religion and you make him the prey of evil. We all know that the Bible is the only perfect system of morals. Now if you want to destroy the young man's morals take this Bible away. How will you do that? Well, you will caricature his reverence for the Scriptures, you will take those incidents of the Bible which can be made mirth of—Jonah's whale, Samson's foxes, Adam's rib—then you will caricature eccentric Christians or inconsistent Christians, then you will pass off as your own all those hackneyed arguments against Christianity which are as old as Tom Paine, as old as Voltaire, as old as sin. Now you have captured his Bible, and you have taken his strongest fortress; the way is comparatively clear, and all the gates of his soul are set open in invitation to the sins of earth and the sorrows of death, that they may come in and drive the stake for their encampment.

A steamer fifteen hundred miles from shore with broken rudder and lost compass, and hulk leaking fifty gallons the hour, is better off than a young man when you have robbed him of his Bible. Have you ever noticed how despicably mean it is to take away the world's Bible without proposing a substitute? It is meaner than to come to a sick man and steal his medicine, meaner than to come to a cripple and steal his crutch, meaner than to come to a pauper and steal his crust, meaner than to come to a poor man and burn his house down. It is the worst of all larcenies to steal the Bible, which has been the crutch and medicine and food and eternal home to so many! What a generous and magnanimous business infidelity has gone into! This splitting up of life boats and taking away of fire escapes, and extinguishing of lighthouses!

I come out and I say to such people: "What are you doing all this for?" "O," they say, "just for fun." It is such fun to see Christians try to hold on to their Bibles! Many of them have lost loved ones, and have been told that there is a resurrection, and it is such fun to tell them there will be no resurrection! Many of them have believed that Christ came to carry the burdens and to heal the wounds of the world, and it is such fun to tell them they will have to be their own savior! Think of the meanest thing you ever heard of; then go down a thousand feet underneath it, and you will find yourself at the top of a stairs a hundred miles long; go to the bottom of the stairs and you will find a ladder a thousand miles long; then go to the foot of the ladder and look off a precipice half as far as from here to China, and you will find the headquarters of the meanness that would rob this world of its only comfort in life its only peace in death, and its only hope for immortality. Slaughter a young man's faith in God, and there is not much more left to slaughter.

Now, what has become of the slaughtered? Well, some of them are in their father's or mother's house broken down in health, waiting to die; others are in the hospital; others are in Greenwood, or, rather, their bodies are, for their souls have gone on to retribution. Not much prospect for a young man who started life with good health and good education and a Christian example set him, and opportunity of usefulness, who gathered all his treasures and put them in one box, and then dropped it into the sea.

Now, how is this wholesale slaughter to be stopped? There is not a person in the house but is interested in that question. Young man, arm yourself. The object of my sermon is to put a weapon in each of your hands for your own defense. Wait not for Young Men's Christian Associations to protect you, or churches to protect you. Appealing to God for help, take care of yourself.

First, have a room somewhere that you can call your own. Whether it be the back parlor of a fashionable boarding-house or a room in the fourth story of a cheap lodging, I care not. Only have that one room your fortress. Let not the dissipator or moocher step over the threshold. If they come up the long flight of stairs and knock at the door, meet them face to face and kindly yet firmly refuse them admittance. Have a few family portraits on the wall, if you brought them with you from your country home. Have a Bible on the stand. If you can afford it and you can play on one, have an instrument of music, harp or flute, or cornet, or melodeon, or violin, or piano. Every morning before you leave that room, pray. Every night after you come home in that room, pray. Make that home your Gibraltar, your Sebastopol, your Mount Zion. Let no bad book or newspaper come into that room, any more than you would allow a cobra to coil on your table.

Take care of yourself. Nobody else will take care of you. Your help will not come up two or three or four flights of stairs; your help will come through the roof, down from Heaven, from that God who in the six thousand years of the world's history never betrayed a young man who tried to be good and a Christian. Let me say in regard to your adverse worldly circumstances, in passing, that you are on a level now with those who are finally to succeed. Mark my words, young man, and think of it thirty years from now. You will find those who thirty years from now are the millionaires of the country, who are the orators of the country, who are the poets of the country, who are the strong merchants of the country, who are the great philanthropists of the country—mightiest in church and state—are this morning on a level with you, not an inch above, and you in straitened circumstances now.

Herschel earned his living by playing a violin at parties, and in the interstices of the play he would go out and look up at the midnight heavens, the fields of his immortal conquests. George Stephenson rose from being the foreman of a colliery to be the most renowned of the world's engineers. No outfit, no capital to start with! Young man, go down to the Mercantile library, and get some books and read of what wonderful mechanism God gave you in your hand, in your foot, in your eye, in your ear, and then ask some doctor to take you into the dissecting room and illustrate to you what you have read about, and never again commit the blasphemy of saying you have no capital to start with. Equipped! Why, the poorest young man in this house is equipped as only the God of the whole universe could afford to equip him. Then his body—a very poor affair compared with his wonderful soul—oh, that is what makes me solicitous. I am not so much anxious about you, young man, because you have so little to do with, as I am anxious about you because you have so much to risk and lose or gain.

There is no class of persons that so stir my sympathies as young men in great cities. Not quite enough salary to live on, and all the temptations that come from that deficit. Invited on all hands to drink, and their exhausted nervous system seeming to demand stimulus. Their religion caricatured by the most of the clerks in the store and most of the operatives in the factory. The rapids of temptation and death rushing against that young man forty miles the hour, and he in a frail boat headed up stream, with nothing but a broken oak oar to work with. Unless Almighty God help them they will go under.

Ah! when I tell you to take care of yourself you misunderstood me if you thought I meant you are to depend upon human resolution, which may be dissolved in the foam of the wine cup, or may be blown out with the first gust of temptation. Here is the helmet, the sword of Lord God Almighty. Clothe yourself in that panoply and you shall not be put to confusion. Sin pays well neither in this world nor the next, but right thinking and right believing and right acting will take you in safety through this life and in transport through the next.

I never shall forget a prayer I heard a young man make some fifteen years ago. It was a very short prayer, but it was a tremendous prayer: "O Lord, help us. We find it so very easy to do wrong and so hard to do right. Lord, help us." That prayer, I warrant you, reached the ear of God, and reached His heart. And there are in this house a hundred men who have found out—a thousand young men, perhaps, who have found out that very thing. It is so very easy to do wrong, and so hard to do right.

I got a letter, only one paragraph of which I shall read: "Having moved around somewhat I have ran across many young men of intelligence, ardent strivers after that will-o'-the-wisp, fortune, and of one of these I would speak. He was a young Englishman of twenty-three or four years, who came to New York, where he had acquaintances, with barely sufficient to keep him a couple of weeks. He had been tenderly reared, perhaps I should say too tenderly, and was not used to earning his own living, and found it extremely difficult to get any position that he was capable of filling. After many vain efforts in this direction he found himself on Sunday evening in Brooklyn, near your church, with about three dollars left of his small capital. Providence seemed to lead him to your door, and he determined to go in and hear you.

"He told me his going to hear you that night was undoubtedly the turning point in his life, for when he went into your church he felt desperate, but while listening to your discourse his better nature got the mastery. I truly believe from what this young man told me, that your sounding the depths of his heart that night alone brought him back to his God whom he was so near leaving."

The echo, that is of multitudes in the house. I am not preaching an abstraction, but a great reality. Oh! friendless young man. Oh! prodigal young man. Oh! broken hearted young man, discouraged young man, wounded young man, I commend you to Christ this day, the best friend a man ever had. He meets you this morning. You have come here for this blessing. Despise not that emotion rising in your soul; it is divinely lifted. Look into the face of Christ. Lift one pray to your father's God, to your mother's God, and get the pardoning blessing. Now, while I speak, you are at the forks of the road, and this is the right road, and that is the wrong road, and I see you start on the right road.

One Sabbath morning, at the close of my service, I saw a gold watch of the world-renowned and deeply lamented violinist, Ole Bull. You remember he died in his island home off the coast of Norway. That gold watch he had wound up day after day through his illness, and then he said to his companion, "Now, I want to wind this watch as long as I can, and then when I am gone I want you to keep it wound up until it gets to my friend, Dr. Doremus, in New York, and then he will keep it wound up until his life is done, and then I want the watch to go to his young son, my especial favorite.

The great musician, who more than any other artist had made the violin speak and sing and weep and laugh and triumph—for it seemed when he drew the bow across the strings as if all earth and heaven trembled in delighted sympathy—the great musician, in a room looking off upon the sea, and surrounded by his favorite instruments of music, closed his eyes in death. While all the world was mourning at his departure, sixteen crowded steamers fell into line of funeral procession to carry his body to the main land. There were fifty thousand of his countrymen gathered in an amphitheater of the hills waiting to hear the eulogium, and it was said when the great orator of the day with stentorian voice began to speak, the fifty thousand people on the hillsides burst into tears.

Oh! that was the close of a life that had done so much to make the world happy. But I have to tell you, young man, if you live right and die right, that was a tame scene compared with that which will greet you when from the galleries of Heaven the one hundred and forty and thousand shall accord with Christ in crying: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

And the influences that on earth you put in motion will go down from generation to generation, the influences you wound up handed to your children, and their influences wound up and handed to their children, until which and clock are no more needed to mark the progress because time itself shall be no longer.

— Call on —

WM. VISCHER AND SON,

For your

PIANOS AND ORGANS

The Estey Piano and Organ are known in every part of the civilized globe and while other instruments are sold claiming to be

"JUST AS GOOD AS THE ESTEY,"

The hardened mortal has not been found to say he is prepared to furnish a superior.

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The Bright, Sparkling Young Magazine.

The Cheapest Illustrated Monthly in the WORLD.

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Wellington Monumental Works.

J. J. THOMAS

— DEALER N —

Granite Monuments and Tombstones,

Every style of Granite a specialty. New England Granite a specialty. Call and see us before purchasing. We DO NOT deal in the (so called) everlasting White Bronze. It will stain, rust and crack. Do not take our statement for it but come with us and we will show you the defects.

24-1y

A present of $500.00 in cash will be given to any person who will show us a Monument of American Granite we have furnished that is crumbling or shows signs of decay

President's Proclamation.

SPECIAL.

Whereas, From day to day vast numbers are being stricken down with the fell disease Rheumatism, which seems to be greatly on the increase.

And whereas, The nation has within a short time been called upon to mourn the sudden loss of many of our public men, such as Vice-President Hendricks, Gen. John A. Logan, Sec'y Daniel P. Manning, Gen. McClellan, and many others.

Now therefore, I do by virtue of the knowledge possessed by me, proclaim and recommend Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup to be a remedy of great merit, both for Rheumatism and all Blood Diseases,

And further, That this medicine be adopted as a national remedy by all.

Signed by the President

RHEUMATISM.

I was cut in the wrist by a broken bottle, from which I suffered extreme pain. I called a doctor, who pronounced it sciatic rheumatism. My right side became paralyzed, leg and arm badly withered, and my joints were so stiff that there was but little action in them. About six weeks ago I began taking Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup with marvelous results. Since then I have left off the use of crutches entirely, and only use a cane, and for the past few days I often forget it and walk without any aid. To say that it has greatly benefited me but poorly expresses my idea of your Rheumatic Syrup.

C. D. DENIO,
Dealer in General Groceries,
Jackson, Mich.

C. D. DENIO is a man well known in this community, and was probably the worst wreck physically of any man this country ever saw. He was paralyzed from rheumatic poison, and no one ever expected he would recover. He is well, and it is simply marvelous. FRANK L. SMITH,
Ex-Member State Legislature, Jackson, Mich.

INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.

My daughter Maud had inflammatory rheumatism. Her limbs were badly swollen. She was in terrible agony. She has been taking Rheumatic Syrup and using your Plasters, which has broken it up. The Syrup corrected her indigestion, cleansed the rheumatic poison from her blood, and she is now able to be around the house. We consider Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup and Plasters remedies of great merit. REV. J. ROBERTS,
Pastor First M. E. Church, Fremont, Mich.

Last winter and spring I was a terrible sufferer from rheumatism in my left shoulder and arm, suffering the most excruciating pain. Two bottles of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup cured me. I can with confidence recommend it to all who are suffering with rheumatic difficulty. REV. JAMES BERRY,
Macey, Mich.

No remedies known so highly endorsed by the home people, in the treatment of Rheumatism and all Blood diseases. Our Medical Pamphlet, treating on Rheumatism and all Blood and Female Diseases, sent free on application.

Rheumatic Syrup Company, Jackson, Mich.

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup

UNRIVALED in merit. It is a Safe Family Medicine, because it contains no poison or opiates. Children, invalids and delicate persons will find it the best medicine and tonic they can use. No home should be without it. Always in season, *Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter.*

If you cannot procure it of your druggist, send direct to us. Price $1.00; 6 bottles $5.00. Plasters 25c.

A SURE CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.