#### Comparative Production in Four States for the Years of 1879-'80 and 1889-'90.

WASHINGTON, D. C .- The census office issued a bulletin containing the preliminary statistics of cotton produced in the States of North Carolina, Georgia and Plorida for the year cading May 31,

In North Carolina the total area devoted to the cultivation of cotton in the vear 1880 '00 was 1,147,206 acres, and the production of cotton 336,245 bales, as compared with a cultivated area of 893,453 acres, and a production of 369,-589 bales in 1879, 80.

In South Carolina the total area devoted to the cultivation of cotton in 1889 '96 was 1,987,651 acres, and the production of cotton 746,798 bales, as compared with a cultivated area of 1,364,249 acres, and a production of 522,548 bales in 1879-'80. In Georgia the total area devoted to the cultivation of cotton in 1889, 30 was

3.345,526 acres, and the production of cotton 1,196,919 baies, as against 2,617,-138 acres and 814,441 bales in 1879 '89. In Florida the total area devoted to the cultivation of cotton in 1889, '90 was 227, Sie seres, and the production of cotton 57,029 b les, against 245,295 seres and a production of 54,997 bales in 1870 '80

PUT OFF THE ROBBERY TOO LONG

#### Bold Train Robbers Make a Meagre Haul--Just Missed \$50,000.

WICHITA, KAN. - The south bound Santa Fe passenger train which leaves Wichita at 5,45 p. m., was held up in the night by masked robbers at the stock vards near the station of Red Rock, in the Cherokee strip. The train was flag ged and the engineer and fireman were taken prisoners. The robbers then entered the express car, broke open the safe. and secured ita contents. The passengers were not molested. The robbers secured only about \$100 from the express box and \$50 and a gold watch belonging to one of the passengers.

They were unlucky in the selection of the night, as only two nights prior to last | to attack them, it was by terrorizing thunnight the same train carried \$50,000, der they were discomfited. Job, who was a The robbers mounted horses and rode away. A large posse left Guthrie at daylight for the scene, but as it is over His power, who can understand?" and he fifty miles distant the robbers will get a challenges the universe by saving, "Canst

#### The Record Broken.

KNOXVILLE, TENN., - Signal's Lily Flagg, a Jersey cow owned by General Sam Moore, of Huntsville, Ala., has just broken the record as a butter producer. She has gone through a year's test and is now ahead of the record, with four days | triumph, and the thunder of resurrection, to space. Her production for the year and the thunder of eternity.

will be approximate to 1.040 pounds. But when my text says, "I answered these will be approximate to 1,940 pounds. This makes her the finest Jersey cow in the world. Her pedigree is all right and her record true.

## flow's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by

taking Hall's Catarrh Curs.
F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J.
Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their figm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo,

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Calarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free.
Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

BREITENSTEIN, the phenomenal St. Louis 180 pounds. The phenom is also red headed.



Mrs. William Lohr. Of Freeport, Ill., began to fail rapidly, lost all appetite and got into a serious condition from Dyspepsia she could not eat

### and even toast distressed her. Had to give up Hood's Sarsaparilla She felt a little better. Could keep more food

on her stomach and grew stronger. She took 3 bottles, has a good apactite, gained 22 lbs., does not work easily, is now in perfect health

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills. They assist digestion and cure Leadaches

#### oung mumers ; We Offer You a Remedy which Insures Safety to

Life of Mother and Child.

# Robs Confinement of its

Pain, Horror and Risk. Afterusing one bottle of "Mother's Friend" 1 suffered but inthe pain, and all not experience that weakness afterward usual in such cases. Mrs.

ANNIE GAGE, Lamar, Mo., Jan. 15th, 1591. Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle. Book to M. there maked from BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. BOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SHELLS, BUTTER KNIVES AND TEASPOONS, 25 CENTS EACH; FORKS AND TABLESPOONS, 50 CENTS EACH, SEND 2-CENT STAMPS, IMPERIAL JEWELRY CO., 113 N. 12TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, Special Terms in Quantity to Dealers.



or glass package with every purchase.

## CENSUS OFFICE COTTON BULLETIN. REV. DR. TALMAGE

THE ILCOMAN LIVINES SUN

DAY SERMON.

TEXT: "I answered thee in the secre place of thunder,"-Psalms lxxxi. 7. It is past midnight, and two o'clock in the morning, far enough from sunset and sunrise to make the darkness very thick, and the Egyptian army in pursuit of the escaping Israelites are on the bottom of the Red Sea its waters having been set up on either side In masonry of sapphire, for God can make a wall as solid out of water as out of granite, and the trowels with which these two walls were built were none the less powerful because invisible. Such walls had never before

When I saw the waters of the Red Sea roll ing through the Sucz Canad they were blue and beautiful and flowing like other waters but to-night, as the Egyptians look up to them built into walls, now on one side and now on the other, they must have been frowning waters, for it was probable that the same power that lifted them up might suddenly fling them prostrate. A great lantern of cloud hung over this chasm between the two walls. The door of that lantern was opened toward the Israelites ahead, giving them light, and the back of the lantern was toward the Egyptians, and it growled and rumbled and jarred with thunder, not thunder like that which cheers the earth after a drought, promising the refeshing shower, but charged and surcharged with threats of

The Egyptian captains lost their presence of min t, and the horses reared and snorte! and would not answer to their bits, and tn chariot wheels got interlocked and torn off. and the charioteers were hurlelheatlong, and the Red Sea fell on all the host. Thconfu-ing and confounding thunder was in answer to the prayer of the Israelites. With their tucks cut by the lash, and their feet bleeding, and their bodies decrepit with the suffering of whole generations, they had asked Almighty God to ensepulcher their Egyptian pursuers in one great sarcophagus, and the splash and the roar of the Red Sea as it glropped to its natural bed were only the shutting of the sarcophagus on a dead bost. That is the menning of the text when God says, "I answered thee in the secret

place of thunder." Now thunder, all up and down the Bible, is the symbol of power. The Ezyptian plague of hail was accompanied with this full distpason of the heavens. While Samuel and his men were making a burnt offering of a lamb, and the Philistines were about combination of the Dantesque and the Miltonic, was solomnized on this reverberation of the heavens, and cried. "The thunder of thou thunder with a voice like Him?" and he throws Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair" into the shade by the Bible photograph of a warhorse, when he describes his neck as "clothed with thunder." Because of the power of James and John, they were called "the sons of thunder." The law given or the basaltic crags of Mount Sinai was emphasized with this cloudy ebuilition. The skies all aroun f about St. John at Patmos were full of the thunder of war, and the thunder of Christly

In the secret place of thunder," it suggest there is some mystery about the thunder. To the ancients the cause of this bombarding the earth with loud sound must have been more of a mystery than it is to us. The lightnings, which were to them wild monsters ranging through the skies, in our time have been domesticated. We harness electricity to vehicles and we cage it in lamps, and every schoolboy knows something about the fact that it is the passage of electricity from cloud to cloud that makes the heavenly racket which we call thunder. But, after all that chemistry has taught the world, there are mysteries about the skyey resonance and my text, true in the time of the Psaimist, is true now and always will be true, that there is some secret about the place of thunder.

To one thing known about the thunder there are a hundred things not known. After all the scientific batteries have been doing their work for a thousand years to come and learned men have discoursed to pitcher, measures almost six feet, and weighs | the utmost about atmospheric electricity and magnetic electricity and galvanic electricity and thermotic electricity and frictional electricity and positive electricity and negative electricity my text will be as suggestive as it is to-day, when it speaks of the secret

> Now right along by a natural law there is always a spiritual law, as there is a secret place of moral thunder. In other words, the religious power that you see abroad in the church in the world has a hiding place, and in many cases it is never discovered at all. I will use a similitude. I. can give only a dim outline of a particular case, for many of the remarkable circumstances I have forgotten. Many years ago there was a large church. It was characterized by strange and unaccountable conversions. There were no great revivals, but individual cases of spiritual arrest and trans-

> A young man sat in one of the front pews. He was a graduate of Yale, brilliant as the north star and notoriously dissolute. Everybody knew him and liked him for his geniality, but deplored his moral errantry. To please his parents he was every Sabbath

> morning in cauren. One day there was a ringing of the door-bell of the pastor of that church, and that young man, whelmed with repentance, implored prayer and advice, an I passed into complete reformation of heart and life. All the neighborhood was astonished and asked, "Why was this!" His father and mother had said nothing to him

> about his soul's weltare. On another aisle of the same church sat an old miser. He part his pew rent, but was hard on the poor, and had no interest in any philanthropy. Piles of money! Au! people said, "What a struggle he will hav when he quits this life to part with his bonds and mortgages." One day he wrote to his minister: "Please to scall immediately. have a matter of great importance about which I want to see you." When the pasto:

> came in the man e uli nat speak for emotion, but after awhite he gathered self control enough to say; "I have lived for this world too long. I want to know if you think I can be saved, and, if so, I wish you would tell me how.' Fpon his soul the light soon dawned, and the old miser, not only revolutionized in heart but in life, began to scatter benefit tions, and toward all the great charities of the day he became a cheerful and bountalul abuoner. . What was the cause of this change everybody asked, and no one was capable of giving an intelli-

gent answer. In another part of the jourch sat, Sabbath by Sabt ath, a beautiful and talented woman, who was a great a mosty leader. She went to church because that was a respectable thing to do, and in the neighborhood where she hved it was harely respectable not to go Worldly was the to the ast degree, and all her tamily working the nation her sour the finest kermans that were ever danced, and the cesthest his rethat avere ever given, and though she all must church she never liked to hear any story of pathos, and as to religious emotion of any kind, she thought it positively vulgar. Win s, cards, theaters rounds of costly gayety were to her the highest satisfaction.

One day a neighbor sent in a visiting card, and this lady came down the stairs in tears and told the whole story of how she had not slept for several nights, and she feared she was going to like her soul, and she wondered if some one would not come around and pray with her. From that time her entire demeanor was changed, and though she was not called upon to sacrifice any of her amenities of life, she consecrated her beauty, her

social position, her family, her all to God and the church and usefulness. Everybody said in regard to her: "Have you noticed the change, and what in the world caused it?" and no one could make satisfactory explana-

In the course of two years, though there was no general awakening in that church, many such isolated cases of such unexpected and unaccountable conversions took place. The very people whom no one thought would be affected by such considerations were converted. The pastor and the officers of the church were on the lookout for the solution of this religious phenomenon. "Where is it," they said, "and who is it and what is it." At last the discovery was made and all was explained. A poor old Christian woman standing in the vestibule of the church one Sunday morning, trying to get her breath again before she went un stairs to the gattery, heard the inquiry and told

For years she had been in the habit of concentrating all her prayers for particular persons in that church. She would see some man or some woman present, and, though she might not know the person's name, she would pray for that person until he or she was converted to God. All her prayers were for that one person-just that one. She waited and waited for communion days to see when the candidates for membership stood up whether her prayers had been effectual. It turned out that these marvelous instances of conversion were the result of that old woman's prayers as she sat in the gallery Sabbath by Sabbath, bent and wizened and poor and unnoticed.

A little cloud of consecrated humanity hovering in the galleries. That was the secret place of the thunder. There is some hidden, unknown, mysterious source of almost all the moral and religious power demonstrated. Not one out of a millionnot one out of ten million-prayers ever strikes a human ear. On public occasions a minister of religion voices the supplications of an assemblage, but the prayers of all the congregation are in silence. There is not a second in a century when prayers are not ascending, but myriads of them arenot oven as loud as a whisper, for God hears a thought as plainly as a vocalization. That silence of supplication-hemispheric and perpetualis the secret place of thunder.

In the winter of 1875 we were worshiping in the Brooklin Academy of Music in the interregnum of churches. We had the usual great au ilences, but I was oppressed beyond measure by the fact that conversions were not more numerous. One Tuesday I in vited to my nouse five old, consecrated Christian men-all of them gone now, except Father Pearson, and he, in blindness and old age, waiting for the Master's call to come up

These old men came, not knowing why I had invited them. I took them to the top room of my house. I said to them; "I have called you here for special prayer. A am in an agony for a great turning to God of the people. We have vast multitudes in attendance end they are attentive and respectful, but I cannot see that they are saved. Let us kneel down and each one pray and not leave this room until we are all assured that the blessing will come and has come. It was a most intense crying unto God. I said, "Brethren, let this meeting be a secret," and they sail it would be. That Tueslay night special service ended.

On the following Friday night occurred the usual prayer meeting. No one knew of what had occurred on Tuestay night, but the meeting was unusually thronged. Men accustomed to pray in pubile in great composure broke down under emotion. The people were in tears. There were sobs and silences and solemnities of such unusual power that the worshipers looked into each other's faces, as much as to say, "What does all this meen?" And when the following Sabbath came, although we were in a secular place, over four hundred arose for prayers, and a religious awakening took place that made that winter memorable for time and for eternity. There may be in this building many who were brought to God during that great ingathering, but few of them know that the upper room in my house on Quincy street, where those five old Christian men poured out their souls before God, was the secret place of thunder.

The day will come-God hasten it-when people will find out the velocity, the majesty, the multipotence of prayer. We brag about our limited express trains which put us down a thousand miles away in twentytour hours, but here is something by which in a moment we may confront people five thousand miles away. We brag about our the telephone in utterance and reply, for God says, "Before they call, I will near." We brag about the phonograph, in which a man can speak, and his words and the tone of his voice can be kept for ages, and by the turning of a crank the words may come forth upon the ears of another century, but prayer allows us to speak words into the ears of everlasting remembrance, and on the other side of all eternities they will be heard. Oh, ye who are wasting your breath, and wasting your brains, and wasting your nerves, and wasting your lungs wishing for this good and that good for the church and the world, why do you not go into the secret place of thunder.

"But," says some one, "that is a beautiful theory, yet it does not work in my case, for I am in a cloud of trouble, or a cloud of sickness, or a cloud of persecution, or a cloud of poverty, or a cloud of bereavement, or a cloud of perplexity." How glad I am that you told me that. That is exactly the place to which my text refers. It was from a cloud that God answered Israel-the cloud over the chasm cut through the Red Seathe cloud that was light to the Israelites and darkness to the Egyptians. It was from a cloud, a tremendous cloud, that God made reply. It was a cloud that was the secret place of thunder. So you cannot get away from the consolation of my text by talking that way. Let all the people under a cloud hear it. "I answered thee in the secret place

This subject helps me to explain some things you have not understood about men and women, and there are multitudes of them, and the multitude is multiplying by the minute. Many of them have not a superabundance of education. If you had their brain in a post-mortem examination, and you could weigh it, it would not weigh any heavier than the average. They have not anything especially impressive in personal appearance. They are not very fluent of tongue. They pretend to nothing unusual in mental faculty or social influence, but their presence: you are a better man or a

You know that in intellectual endowment you are their superior, while in the matter vastly your superior. Why is this

To find the revelation of this secret you must go back thirty or forty or pernans sixty years to the homestead where this man was brought up. It is a winter morning, and the

tailow candle is lighted, and the fires are kindled, sometimes the shavings har liv enough to start the wood. The mother is preparing the breakfast, the blue edged dishes are on the table, and the hid of the kettle on the hearth begins to rattle with the steam, and the shadow of the injustricus woman by the flickering flame on the hearing is moved up and down the wall. The father is at the barn feeding the stock-the cats thrown into the horses' bin and the cattle craunching the corn. The children, earlier than they would like and after being called twice, are gatherel at the table

The blessing of God is asked on the food and, the meal over, the family Bible is put upon the white tablecoth and a coapter to read and a prayer made, which includes a the interests for this would and, the next The children pay not much attention to the prayer, for it is about the same thing day after day, but it puts upon them an impresion that ten thousand years will only make more vivid and tremendous. As long as the old folks live their prayer is for their call. and day out, month in and month out, year the sons and daughters of that family are remembered in earnest prayer, and they then during the season.

snow it, and they feel it, and they cannot

get away from it. Two funerals after awhile-not more than two years apart, for it is seldom that there is more than that lapse of time between father's going and mother's going—two funerals put out of sight the old folks. But where are the children? The daughters are in homes where they are incarnations of good sense, industry and plety. The sons, perhaps one a farmer, another a merchant, another a mechanic, another a minister of the Gospel, useful, consistent, admired, honored. What a power for good those seven sons and daughters! Where did they get the power? From the schools, and the seminaries, and the colleges? Oh, no, though these may have helped. From their superior mental endowment? No, I do not think they had unusual mental caliber. From accidental circumstances! No, they had nothing of what is called astounding good luck.

I think we will take a train and ride to the depot nearest to the homestead from which those men and women started. The train halts. Let us stop a few minutes at the village gravevard andsee the tombstones of the parents. Yes, the one was seventy-four years of age and the other was seventy-two and the epitaph says that "after a useful life they died a Christian death." How appropriately the Scripture passage cut on the mother's tombstone, "She hath done what she could." And how beautiful the passage cut on the father's tombstone, "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, for they rest from their labors and their works do follow

On over the country road we ride-the road a little rough, for the spring weather is not quite settled, and once down in a rut it is hard to get the wheels out again without breaking the shafts. But at last we come to the lane in front of the Tarmhouse. Let me get out of the wagon and open the gate while you drive through. Here is the arbor under which those boys and girls many years ago used to play. But it is quite out of order now, for the property is in other hands. Yonder is the orchard where they used to thrash the trees for apples, sometimes before they were quite ripe. There is mow where they hunted for eggs before Easter. There is the doorsill upon which they used to sit. There is the room in which they had family prayers and where they all knelt-the father there, the

mother there and the boys and girls there. We have got to the fountain of plous and gracious influences at last. That is the place that decided those seven earthly and immortal destinies. Behold! Behold! That is the secret place of thunder. Bove are sel-dom more than their fathers will let them be. Girls are seldom more than their mothers will let them be. But there come times when it seems that parents cannot control their children. There come times in a boy's life when he thinks he knows more than his father does, and I remember mow that I knew more at fifteen years of age than I have ever known since.

There come times in a girl's life when she thinks her mother is notional and does not understand what is proper and best, and the sweet child says, ''On, pshaw!" and she longs for the time when she will not have to be dictated to, and she goes out of the door or goes to bed with pouting lips, and these mothers remember for themselves that they knew more at fourteen years of age than they have ever known since. But, father and mother, do not think you have lost your influence over your child. You have a resource of prayer that puts the sympathetic and omnipotent God into your parental undertaking. Do not waste your time in reading flimsy books about the best ways to bring up children. Go into the secret place of thunder.

At nine o'clock Wednesday morning, June 15 next, on the steamer City of New York, I expect to sail for Liverpool, to be gone until September. It is in acceptance of many invitations that I am going on a preaching tour. I expect to devote my time to preaching the Gospel in England, Scotland, Ireland and Sweden. I want to see how many souls I can gather for the kingdom of Ged. Those countries have for many years belonged to my parish, and I go to speak to them and shake hands with them. I want to visit more thoroughly than before those regions from which my ancestors came, Wales and Scotland.

But who is sufficient for the work I undertake? I call upon you who have long been my coadjutors to go into the secret place of the Almighty, and every day from now until my work is done on the other side of the sea, to have me in your prayers. In proportion to the intensity and continuance and faith of the prayers, yours and mine, will be the results. If you remember me in the devotional circle, that will be well, but what I most want is your importuning, your wrestling supplication in the secret place of thunder.

God and you alone may make me the humble instrumentality in the redemption of thousands of souls. I shall preach in churches, in chapels and in the fields. I will make it a campuign for God and eternity, and I hope to get during this absence a baptism of power that will make me of more service to you when I return then i sisters in Christ, our opportunity for usefulness will soon be gone, and we shall have our faces uplifted to the throne of judgment, before which we must give account. That day there will be no secret place of thunder, for all the thunders will be out. There will be the thunder of the tumbling rocks. There will be the thunder of the bursting waves. There will be the thunder of the descending chariots. There will be the thunder of the parting heavens.

Boom! Boom! Dut all that dim and uproar and caash will find us unaffrighted, and will leave us undismayed if we have made Christ our confidence, and as after an August shower, when the whole heavens have been an unlimbered battery cannona. ing the earth, the fields are more green, and the sunrise is the more radiant, and the waters are more opaline, so the thunders of the last any will make the trees of life appear more emerald, and the carbuncle of the wall more crimson, and the sapphire seas the more shimmering, and the sunrise of eternal gladness the more empurpled. The thunders of dissolving nature will be followed by a celestial palmody the sound of which St. John on Patmos described, when he said, "I heard a voice like the voice of mighty thundering!" Amen!

## This Cage Has Held Many Birds.

RICHMOND, VA.-Richmond is about to lose one of its old and historic landyou feel their power; you are elevated in marks. The Henrico county jall, the ork of tearing down which has fust better woman, having confronted them, begun, is one of the oldest buildings in the city, having been erected about 1750. During its day the jail has held many no-1 of moral and religious influence they are torious prisoners. A new jail is to be built of stone and steel by a Cleveland. Ohio, firm, and will cost about \$12,000.

## A Funeral Instead of a Wedding.

RESEARCH, VA. - The body of William T Abbot was found floating in the capal at Seventh street, at 9 o'clock. Mr. Abatt had been missing since Monday night. le was engaged to be married to a very estimable lady of this city, and it is said the weighing was to have taken place Taursday night.

## Association of Nurserymen.

ATLANTA, GA - The National Asso. ation of Nurseryman, in a ssion here or the last two days, passed resolutions denouncing the inspection laws of California, and adjourned to meet next year

## The Clevelands at Buzzard's Bay.

NEW YORK. - Ex President Cleveland dren and their children's children. Day in | and his family left the city for their sumin and year out, decade in and decade out | where they expect to find rest and recrea-

Found a Subterranean Stream.

While drilling for oil on the James Myers farm in Sandusky County, twenty miles south of Toledo, Ohio, a subterranean stream was discovered. The drill was pounding on Trenton limestone 1100 feet below the surface when suddenly it dropped 200 feet, where it hung, the cable giving out. The cavity was sounded this afternoon and found to be 480 feet deep. It contains ice-cold water, strongly impregnated with iron, and it rushes with terrific velocity from northeast to southwest .- Chicago Her-

### The Only One Ever Printed.

CAN YOU FIND THE WORD? These is a 3 inch display advertisement in this paper, this week, which has no two words alike except one word. The same is two of each new one appearing each week, from The Dr. Harter Medicine Co. This house places a "Crescent" on everything they make and publish. Look for it, send them the name of the word and they will return you Elok, BEAUTI-PUL LITHOGRAPHS OF SAMPLES FREE.

BROUTHERS, of Brooklyn, did not strike out in nineteen games.

MANY persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, tomoves excess of bile, and cures malaria. A spendid tonic for women and children.

Anson thinks Staley, of the Bostons, is the best pitcher he has seen this year.

"A word to the wise is sufficient," but it is not always wise to say that word to one who is suffering the tortures of a headable. However, always risk it and recommend Brady roun

All druggists, fifty cents.

gium to replace striking iron workers. THE Chicagos won thirteen straight victories and then were defeated by the Pitts-

CHINAMEN have been imported into Bel-

SICK HEADACHE, chills, loss of appetite, and all nervous trembling sensations quickly cured by Beecham's Pills, 25 cents a box.

THE Bostons lack the weight and strength . for a hard fight. LADIES needing a tonic, or children who

want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria. Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Com-plaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

THE League has sanctioned Sunday ball.



## ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most repular remedy known.

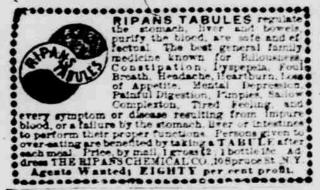
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50a and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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

"German Syrup" JUDGE J. B. HILL, of the Superior

Court, Walker county, Georgia, thinks enough of German Syrup to send us voluntarily a strong letter endorsing it. When men of rank and education thus use and recommend an article, what they say is worth the attention of the public. It is above suspicion. "I have used your German Syrup," he says, "for my Coughs and Coldson the Throat and Lungs. I can recommend it for them as a first-class medicine."-Take no substitute.







On the road to health - the consumptive who reasons and thinks. Consumption is developed through the blood It's a scrofulous affection of the lungs - a blood-taint. Find a perfeet remedy for scrofula, in all its forms - something that purifies the blood, as well as claims to. That, if it's taken in time, will cure Consumption.

Dr. Pierce has found it. It's his "Golden Medical Discovery." As a strength-restorer, blood-cleanser, and flesh-builder, nothing like it is known to medical science. For every form of Scrofula, Bronchial, Throat, and Lung affections, Weak Lungs, Severe Coughs, and kindred allments, it's the only remedy so sure that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, in every ease, you have your money back.

"You get well, or you get \$500." That's what is promised, in good faith, by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, to sufferers from Catarrie. The worst cases, no matter of how long standing, are permanently cured by this Remedy.

PATENTS Washington, D. O.

the morning. Get butchet's and scorre best results FRED'K DUTCHER DRUG CO.

> PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people tho have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for onsumption. It has cured housands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. Sold everywhere. 25c. CONSUMPTION.

even if you merely keep them as a diversion. In order to handle lowls judicionals, you must know something about them. To meet this want we are selling a book giving the experience (Only 25c. of a practical positive raiser for (Only 25c. twenty five years. It was written by a man who put all his mind, and time, and money to making a sur-



Reteins Chickens end make your Fowis carn dollars for you. The point is that you must be able to detect trouble in the Poultry hard as soon as it able or include in level show to remeds it. This rook win teach you have to remed it. This rook who teach you for level how to detect and three disease. In feel for treatment of the purposes and everything indeed that the deal of the state of the make it profunds should know on this subject to make it profunds.

Bent partial if or twenty five cents in a lot to thank.

Book Publishing House,



RELIEVES all Stomach Distress. REMOVES Nauson, Bense of Fullness, Congestion, Pain. REVIVES MAILING ENERGY. RESTORES Normal Circulation, and WARMS TO TOR THE BR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Se.

LOVELL DIAMOND CYCLES For Ladies and Cents. Bix styles n Pneumatic Cushion and Solid Tires. smond Frame Steel Drop Forgings Steel uping Adjustable Ball Bearings to a Tunning 24118 oding Pulla & Suspension Bed Les Strictly HIGH GRADE is Every Particular Bleyele Catalogue FREE. | Sound of truns. Biffes, Berolvers, Sporting boods, etc. JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Mfrs., 147 Wathington St. BOSTON MASS