"August Flower"

The Hon. J. W. Fennimore is the Sheriff of Kent Co., Del., and lives at Dover, the County Seat and Capital of the State. The sheriff is a gentleman fifty-nine years of age, and this is what he says: "I have used your August Flower for several years in my family and for my own use, and found it does me more good than any other remedy. I have been troubled with what I call Sick Headache. A pain comes in the back part of my head first, and then soon a general headache until I become sick and vomit. At times, too, I have a fullness after eating, a pressure after eating at the pit of the stomach, and sourness, when food seemed to rise up in my throat and mouth. When I feel this coming on if I take a little August Flower it relieves me, and is the best remedy I have ever taken for it. For this reason I take it and recommend it to others as a great remedy for Dyspepsia, &c."

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DO YOU COUGH DON'T DELAY TAKE KEMP'S BALSAM THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large Bottles 50 cts. and $1.00. It cures Influenza.

PISO'S CURE FOR

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.

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"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY,

Colvin, La., Dec. 2, 1886.—My wife used MOTHER'S FRIEND before her third confinement, and says she would not be without it for hundreds of dollars. DOCK MILLS.

Sent by express on receipt of price. $1.50 per bottle. Book "To Mothers" mailed free.

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1 CENT A DOSE. THE GREAT SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00. Travelers convenient pocket size 25c. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Price, 25c.

DONALD KENNEDY

Of Roxbury, Mass., Says:

Strange cases cured by my Medical Discovery come to me every day. Here is one of Paralysis—Blindness—and the Grip. Now how does my Medical Discovery cure all these? I don't know unless it takes hold of the Hidden Poison that makes all Humor.

VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, Sept. 9th, 1891. Donald Kennedy—Dear Sir: I will state my case to you: About nine years ago I was paralyzed in my left side, and the best doctors gave me no help for two years, and I was advised to try your Discovery, which did its duty, and in a few months I was restored to health. About four years ago I became blind in my left eye by a spotted cataract. Last March I was taken with La Grippe and was confined to my bed for three months. At the end of that time, as in the start, it struck me that your Discovery was the thing for me; so I got a bottle, and before it was half gone I was able to go to my work in the mines. Now in regard to my eyes, as I lost my left eye, and about six months after my right eye became affected with black spots like the spots that did the left eye—perhaps some twenty of them—but since I have been using your Discovery they all left my right eye but one; and thank God, the bright light of heaven is once more making its appearance in my left eye. I am wonderfully astonished at it, and thank God and your Medical Discovery.

Yours truly, HANK WHITE.

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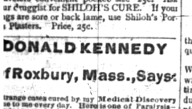

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The Decker Electrical and Novelty M'f'g. Co. DETROIT, MICH.

Common Soap Rots Clothes and Chaps Hands. IVORY SOAP DOES NOT.

A DANGEROUS PLOT.

CHAPTER XX.—CONTINUED.

What still could I say? I knew I had entered the trap; I had done so with open eyes. I knew he was lying, but I could not contradict him; and the rapid eagerness of his tones baffled all the clear cold words I thought I had ready with which to meet him.

"You opened the game. I understand that move, and I led you on. Should I not, after your confession, be fully justified in keeping these letters and showing them to whom I like? You and lady Martin had no remorse in cheating me; I believed you loved me, I might well have supposed she did. Now, I take it, I have the revenge in my power."

"Do you mean to use your opportunity?" I asked, in a low voice, suppressing all feeling and alarm as best I could.

"No," he answered directly, "I do not. Take your letters. Some time it may occur to you what was your treatment of an honorable man who loved you!"

He held out the packet of letters to me, and, as I stretched out my hand to take them, he suddenly imprisoned it in a close grasp, and drew me near him and kissed me. I struggled to be free.

"Let me go!" I cried. "How dare you insult me?"

"It is the first and last. Forgive me, Viola. I have forgiven much in you, and you have spoiled my life."

"I will not forgive you!" I gasped, standing back and holding the packet tightly. "You have given me these letters, and I open them here before you to see that you are not deceiving me now. Why you have given me them I do not know, unless it is that they are of no use to you."

I did not know—how could I guess?—his bitter revenge. He had lied about me to Hilda Farquhar; but I never dreamed what had passed between them that morning. If I had been told, I should have said one woman could not be so cruel to another.

I was thinking of Gwendoline, poor miserable Gwendoline! I had always hated Crawford Carden; and I never thought what I might be doing for himself.

And on the terrace-walk, from which my face was turned away, on that high walk overlooking shrubbery and lawn, Gilbert and Hilda were standing and watching us. She had brought him thither to betray me. She had made a compact with Crawford Carden to take away from me what was dearer to me than life—Gilbert's love. Perhaps Carden thought he could then win the owner of the Grange—at least he would be revenged on me, whom he duped while I dreamed I was deceiving him.

"One word before I go," I said. "It is better you should know that I do not believe what you have said. I do not believe you are moved by a thought of honor, or ever did a good deed except it suited your selfish ends!"

I did not wait for his answer. I hastened back to the house and up to my room. I still had the same little room, and I went and stood in the recess by the diamond-latticed window, and unfastened the latch, and looked out at the dark fields, the sombre trees, the faint light of the stars gleaming on the lake; and I thanked Heaven that Gwendoline was saved.

Presently I went down again into the drawing-room—I dared not stay away longer—but my absence did not appear to have been specially noticed. No one questioned me, and I joined Annis and Ulric, just glancing as I passed Gwendoline to tell her by one look that all was well. When the evening was over, she came into my room, and I gave her the letters.

"Oh, Viola," she cried, with tearful shining eyes, "you have been my good angel! I was mad that night, crazy with fear, and you saved me. I have been a weak fool all my life. I had nearly lost—ah, what had I not nearly lost?"

"You will be happy now," I said quietly, with my hand in hers, and looking into her face.

"I did not think I loved him so," she answered—"I did not think he could love me. And I shall be so glad to get away from all the memory of my folly, and begin afresh, even though I leave you, dear little Viola. I long to be away."

There was still in her heart a lingering terror of Carden—what he could do, what he might say; but I hoped that, when she and Martin Pomeroy came to know each other better, she would learn to trust him and he her implicitly. Just now a suspicion, a word to Lord Martin, a question from him to her, might be as poison in a healing wound; but when the wound was healed it would be powerless to harm.

When I saw her with her husband on the morrow, I noticed how proudly he looked on her beautiful face, and did not wonder. The lovely Miss Farquhar could never have been lovelier than Lady Martin Pomeroy, now that the pride, the arrogant ungracious haughtiness beneath which she had veiled distrust and disquiet and a heavy heart, were gone; now that the struggle between right and wrong had been fought out and the victory won.

CHAPTER XXI.

"Viola!"

It was Gilbert's voice. I was standing in the fernery, alone, and turned round to him quickly.

"Oh, Gilbert, I am so glad you have come! Where have you been all the morning? I want to know what you think of Lord Martin; and I believe I am beginning to find it dull now that Gwendoline has him and Annis has Ulric!"

He did not heed my words. He did not smile and kiss me, as he would have done the day before. He only stood there, with a grave stern face, and answered me with words that frightened me even more than his expression.

"Can you spare me five minutes, Viola?"

"Of course I can—any number of minutes. Has anything happened, Gilbert? What is it?"

He laid his hands on my shoulders, and looked steadily into my face with earnest eyes.

"Last night, Viola, some one met Mr. Crawford Carden by the shrubbery gate. Do you know who it was? Do you know anything about it?"

I had met his gaze frankly; I had not thought of this. I had not suspected for a moment that I had been seen; it had not even occurred to me. Now the hot blood flushed to my brow; my eyes dropped.

"Viola, it was not you?"

I shall never forget the look, the voice, the passionate anguish of them.

"Gilbert, Gilbert, I did no wrong! You would not blame me if you knew all!"

"Then for Heaven's sake tell me all!"

"I cannot."—"Cannot!"

His hands fell from me, and he turned away with a groan.

"Why have you been fooling me like this? Why did you make me believe you loved me? Is there no truth in any woman?"

"I do love you. I have never loved any one but you, Gilbert, and I never shall. Gilbert, can't you trust me?"

"Trust! I see you meet this man, a man whom I know now to have been a constant visitor here in my uncle's time, a man whom I am told my uncle wished you to marry—"

"It is a lie! Mr. Gascoigne never wished that!"

"I see you," he went on, unheeding, "steal out from the house in the darkness to meet him. I see him take your hands, and stand there with you—you, whom I thought the very essence of truth and candor! I see all this, and you dare to ask me to trust you!"

"If you only knew!" I cried. "Gilbert, have pity! I tell you, as truly as Heaven is above us, that, if you knew, you would not blame me for a moment!"

"If so, you would tell me. What should keep you silent? Don't you understand what this is to me? I have loved you as tenderly and as passionately as ever man loved a woman. If you had told me it was not you whom I saw last night, I should have believed you in spite of all that I have heard. Yes, I have been warned; but I lived and trusted on. But with your own lips you acknowledge that it was you—you and Carden. There can be only one meaning to it."

"What can I say? Gilbert, you are unjust and cruel, and yet I know, if you will not trust, you must condemn me. I was helpless last night; I cannot defend myself. I am helpless now. But I have done nothing wrong. I hate Crawford Carden; I have never had a thought disloyal to you."

"Ideas of right and loyalty differ strangely," he said, in a tone which stabbed me to the heart. "Did you not meet by appointment? Did he not give you a bundle of letters?"

"Yes."

"And those letters were the letters that had passed between you?"

"No, no!"

"Then whose were they?"

"I cannot tell you."

"Letters that had passed between you," he repeated. "You had persuaded him to return them to you, seized at last with some thought of me. You succeeded in deceiving both of us with your dark eyes and your soft voice. He must have known you were engaged to me, unless indeed he was the first you duped. I suppose the love of one man is not enough for a woman. Now you can have the satisfaction of knowing that you have spoiled my life!"

In misery and despair I wrung my hands. "Gilbert, you cannot think so of me!" I cried.

But he never looked back nor heeded; and I was left alone.

I stood still, and stared at a great fern near me, and noticed how it was serrated and how it was gemmed with yellow spores. Sense and feeling must have left me utterly. For a time that seemed hours I could not think, I could not move; and then a violent shudder seized me, and I sank down on the little iron chair and burst into a miserable wild flood of tears. There was no ray of hope or help. The more I thought of it all, the more I recognised that nothing could help me now. Reason and sense were all on Gilbert's side; there was only love to speak for me.

How could I expect he should trust me after what he had seen? I had been betrayed; I had been slandered, and I could do nothing to save myself. For Gwendoline's sake I could not report what I had done; I knew of no other way to help her. My life would have been a cheap exchange for her happiness; but this was worse to bear than death.

For the rest of that day Gilbert stayed away from the Grange. When he next came, I would, I told myself, plead with him till he must believe; love must have power and would convince at last. If he really cared for me, he would not believe even his eyes before my word; and, if he did not believe me, I would go away and hide myself for ever, so that he should have the Grange.

But he did not come. The next day a note in his writing was brought to me from the lodge.

"Gilbert has gone up to London, Ulric says," Annis told me as I took the letter—"I suppose only for a day or so on business—and he has written to tell you about it. Living next door, we don't get many love-letters, do we, Viola? So it is as well for him to seize any opportunity."

I drew away from her into the deep window-recess, and with trembling fingers broke the seal—the Gascoigne seal, a mailed arm; but no mailed arm could have struck me a heavier blow than the words on the paper within.

"I have been thinking it all over," he began—"all that has happened, of what you said to me. You said I was unjust and cruel. Perhaps so. I cannot remember what I said." I could have told him; every word was burned into my memory. "But it was because I loved you so well; I could not bear the thought that you were false. I have tried to be more just. I do not think now that you meant to be false. I believe you would still have married me, and thought even it was for my good, to give me the Grange. But it has been a terrible mistake, Viola. I give you your liberty, thankful that I know in time to prevent lifelong misery to both of us. I will not speak of Carden; but, if he makes you happy, I will try by-and-by to forgive him. Do not imagine I grudge you the Grange. It is you and you alone I grudge. I shall never interfere with you; perhaps I shall never see you again. I scarcely know yet what I am going to do; but I think of going out to Egypt with a friend. I leave you to say what you like. I have said nothing, except to tell Ulric that I had an offer to share in an expedition to Egypt which I thought of accepting. Good-bye, my own Viola, good-bye.

"GILBERT GASCOIGNE."

"Viola, what is the matter? Are you ill, dear? Is there bad news? But no—Ulric would have told me. What is it?"

I tried to nerve myself, to be calm and composed.

"The matter? Why do you think anything is the matter, Annis?" I inquired.

"You turned so white. There must be something wrong, dear, your voice sounds so strange. Won't you tell me what it is?"

I shrank back from the touch of the gentle little hands that were laid on my arm. I must brace thoughts and feelings; and her sweet voice brought choking sobs to my throat.

I made an effort to smile, a ghastly effort enough, I dare say.

"He is going away," I said. "He has been pressed to join some friends who are going to Egypt."

I could not tell the truth. I could not bear to think he had really left me. He must come back.

"Oh, Viola!" cried Annis. "Gilbert—Gilbert—going away! I wonder he never told us—I wonder if Ulric knows. But, if he goes, he will come back to bid you good-bye."

"I—I don't think so."

"I shouldn't like Ulric to go off in that way; but you know men never like a fuss. Perhaps it's best, dear. He wanted to go, and he was afraid you would object, I expect."

I did not answer.

"But I am surprised. It seems so strange he should go suddenly and keep it quiet like this. Poor Viola! I don't wonder you felt rather queer; I know I should if Ulric went so far away! But never mind; he will send you loads of letters, and bring you back a heap of pretty things."

Later in the day she cross-examined Ulric.

"And do you know, dear," she told me, "Gilbert had explained to Ulric. I fancy it is a very nice opportunity, and he had thought it better not to let you know till the very last. And Ulric thinks," she added, lowering her voice a little—"Ulric thinks that it is perhaps rather a good thing. You see uncle's will being so queer put him in an awkward position. He has nothing to do here, and no home; so Ulric says he had better travel a bit until you can get married."

"Does Ulric think that was his—Gilbert's—reason?"

Annis nodded wisely.

"And I expect Gilbert told Ulric everything, more than he could very well explain to you, don't you see? And I said for my part," she remarked, with a very innocent laugh, "it will be a good thing, because you will find out if you really care for each other. Perhaps you will find somebody you like better; Miss Thorne of the Grange will have plenty of chances."

"Don't, Annis, please," I said huskily. "The Grange is Gilbert's, not mine. It will always be his, whatever I do."

CHAPTER XXII.

I sent Gilbert a letter to tell him so. It is a hard task for a girl to write to the lover who has misunderstood her and renounced his engagement. I could not clear myself; I could give no fresh explanation of my conduct. I could only reaffirm what I had told him; and I loved him too well to refrain from telling him so now that he doubted it.

He did not believe me—the scene by the shrubbery gate must have risen up before him to contradict my protestations—and he wrote me only a few lines, which he sent on the eve of his hurried embarkation.

"Did you not understand from my letter, Viola, that I am trying to forgive you everything? I have rooted out all those hard thoughts that would come at first; and I quite believe that the Grange was intended for you, not me. I am glad it is so; it leaves you free to do as you please with your life. I could never have lived in it; its old gray walls have held nothing but disappointment and trouble for me. I hope never in my life to see it again, never to see the dark lake by the reeds and the bushes, or to stand by the low wall and the wicket-gate. But I do not wish these things to haunt you as they haunt me. Perhaps you thought once that you loved me; and I believe that, to give me my uncle's house, you would have kept your promise and imagined you could do your duty as my wife. The Grange could be little compensation for such a wife as that. Do not accuse yourself in any way, for I am glad I heard the truth, and have this chance to get away unremarked."

After I got this letter and knew that Gilbert had gone, I sank into a torpor of misery. To say that I was wretched is to name the only word I can to express my unhappiness. I would have gone away somewhere and thrown myself into new work, and tried to hope that Gilbert would learn some day that he had misjudged my actions. But the Grange would haunt me more than any scene outside its walls could haunt him; memories lurked in every corner, whispers echoed in every room, and were murmured by the rustling pine-trees without; and the hateful parchment which left the legacy to me seemed to hang round my neck like the dead albatross around the Ancient Mariner's. I did not want the place; I wished with all my heart Hilda and her lawyers would rid me of it. It was Gilbert's; but I could do nothing to place it in his possession, nothing but die; and I almost hoped I might die.

TO BE CONTINUED.

JOHN BRIGHT IN SOCIETY.

A Unique Figure, Never a Man of Fashion—His Rebuke of a Princess.

In the society of London Mr. Bright was a unique figure, says a London letter from Gov. Smalley to the New York Tribune. Needless to say he never was a man of fashion. There was a long period during which the world of fashion held aloof from him. It ended before he became a cabinet minister and privy councilor. The Tribune of the People, as some of his friends used to call him, had ceased to be thought dangerous by the classes. He was asked often to all sorts of houses and to all sorts of entertainments. While breakfasts were the fashion he went to breakfasts. I think your friend Joseph Choate of New York will remember meeting him at breakfast and walking home with him across Hyde Park. Mr. Bright, I know, remembered Mr. Choate and asked about him more than once afterward. He was charmed with the American's manner and talk and quite forgave him for being a great lawyer. Lawyers, great or little, were not, as a rule, favorites with him. He was not often, I think, to be seen at parties, but dined out rather frequently. His curiosity about the great world came late in life, but it came. He had a curious exactitude, and when he was asked to dinner—as years ago was the custom—for 7:45, used to arrive at 7:45, while his hostess was putting the last touches to her toilet. His habit had this advantage, that he could hear the names of the guests as they were announced at the door of the drawing-room. If he did not hear or if any one came in whom he did not know he used to interrogate the friend nearest him, eagerly: "Who is that?" And if he failed to recognize the name, "Who is she? Tell me something about her." To mere conventionalties he paid but scant respect. It was his habit to wear a black velvet waistcoat long after other people had ceased to wear them. I can not remember ever to have seen one in London except his. It did not matter what he wore. There was no truer gentleman in the company—a phrase which is detestable, but has a meaning not easy to express briefly otherwise. There was no courtlier personage than this Quaker, none whose manners were more perfect.

He preserved his seriousness of thought in the most frivolous society. Nobody had more humor or lightness in hand, but if the subject was serious or interested him deeply he said his say seriously, or, as in the story I am going to tell you, bore his testimony unflinchingly. In the days of Mr. Gladstone's earlier unpopularity—for society had prejudices against him long before he took home rule in hand—Mr. Bright was once dining at the same table with a certain princess. Her royal highness made a remark disparaging to the liberal leader. Mr. Bright turned to her gravely. "May I ask you, ma'am, have you any children?"

"Yes; why do you ask?"

"Let me beg of you ma'am, to take them at the first opportunity where they may see Mr. Gladstone. When they see him say to them that he is the Englishman whom God has permitted to do greater service to his own country than almost any other in his time."

Advice to a Young Man.

So you were a little too pert, and spoke without thinking, did you, my son? And you got picked up right suddenly on your statement, eh? Oh well, that's all right; that happens to older men than you, every day. I have noticed that you have a very positive way of filing a decision where other men state an opinion, and you frequently make a positive assertion where older men merely express a belief. But never mind; you are young. You will know less as you grow older. "Don't I mean you will know more?" Heaven forbid, my boy. No indeed, I mean that you will know less. You will never know more than you do now; never. If you live to be ten thousand years old, you will never again know so much as you do now. No hoary headed sage whose long and studious years were spent in reading men and books, ever knew so much as a boy of your age. A girl of 15 knows about as much, but then she gets over it sooner and more easily. "Does it cause a pang then, to get rid of early knowledge?" Ah my boy, it does. Pulling eye teeth and molars will seem like pleasant recreation alongside of shredding off great solid slabs and layers of wisdom and knowledge that now press upon you like geological strata. "But how are you to get rid of all this superincumbent wisdom?" Oh, easily enough, my boy; just keep on airing it; that's the best way. It won't stand constant use, and it disintergrates rapidly on exposure to air.—Robert J. Burdette, in Brooklyn Eagle.

A Child's Love of Nature.

There are many pieces of sheer good-fortune for children of luck in this world; it is well to have been born rich or handsome, or to have the talents which command the prizes of life. But it is perhaps no less happy and supreme a gift to have been born a child of the universe; to have known in early childhood brooks, mountains, and sea, to have felt the companionship of the sky, and in listening to its thunder to have heard deep calling unto deep. There is often an incommunicable and half-unconscious sense of these things in the heart of a child, wholly apart from any training or habit of observation. It is a seed which any soil will quicken; the commonest landscape will be food for it as fine as the Alps. In fact, there is sometimes with the child as with the artist a sort of instinctive selection of the humbler phase. Among the memories of a journey through Switzerland in my childhood, that of a woodland bank at Rosenlani, covered with moss and with tiny pink flowers, remains to me as having afforded at least as keen a pleasure as the glacier itself, and the image of Mont Blanc had no power to efface the delights of the "spring lot." The power upon us of a scene or thought lies partly in the extent of our intimacy with it.—Atlantic Monthly.

No Great Advantage.

Mr. Highlive (looking up from the paper)—"Well, well! Wonders will never cease! They've got so now that they can photograph in colors."

Mrs. Highlive (glancing at his nose)—"I think, my dear, you'd better get your picture taken before the old process is abandoned."—New York Weekly.

A stray thought—De Few—"I have an idea." Van Riper—"Can't you find the owner?"—Munsey's Weekly.

Help a man out of the hole once and he may forget you when he is out; but he will not fail to call on you the next time he falls in.

"Miss Oldgirl is aging very rapidly." "You must be wrong. She is only a year older now than she was five years ago. She says so herself."

Dr. Gatling says his famous gun should be regarded as a philanthropic invention, for it has saved no end of lives by scaring riotous people into submission.

Mother: "I think our John is courting some girl." Father: "Hey! Is he beginning to have vaseline on his hair?" "No; he is beginning to have it on his shirt bosoms."

While a sexton was digging a grave in an old cemetery in Augusta recently, in a spot he supposed unoccupied, he came upon a petrified coffin, with a silver plate, on which was inscribed "Let him rest." The grave-digger clambered to the surface of the ground and obeyed the injunction by refilling the hole he had dug.

Jonah felt well protected from the cold when he was housed in the whale, but he could have navigated the open sea on his back if he had owned a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

If God did not love everybody, there are people who would not be loved.

"The people's prayer, the glad divine's theme, the young man's vision and the old man's dream," has been to find some panacea for pain. Well, it is found now and no mistake. Every druggist will tell you about Salvation Oil.

The devil has never been bothered much about how to reach the masses.

Coughing Leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once.

Nothing but sin can kill.

Learn Shorthand by mail. Write Palmer's College, 1008 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

All sinners are scarlet sinners.

Lane's Family Medicine. Moves the Bowels each day. A pleasant herb drink

A lazy man steals from himself.

If you want to lay up treasure in Heaven, don't try to own too much property on earth.

The Lord finds it very hard to work through people whose religion is all in their heads.

A Remedy for the Grippe Cough.

A remedy recommended for patients afflicted with the Grippe is Kemp's Balsam, which is especially adapted to diseases of the throat and lungs. Do not wait for the first symptoms of the disease before securing the remedy, but get a bottle and keep it on hand for use the moment it is needed. If neglected the Grippe has a tendency to bring on pneumonia. All druggists sell the Balsam.

We are born of God the instant we find out the truth about God.

The Only One Ever Printed—Can You Find the Word.

There is a 3-inch display advertisement in this paper this week which has no two words alike except one word. The same is true 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 BOOK, BEAUTIFUL LITHOGRAPHS OR SAMPLES FREE.

None can know what suffering is except those who love.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children she gave them Castoria.

To have to look in the face of truth always kills a lie dead.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure in the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

You can't steal into the kingdom of God with any of the devil's belongings hidden under your cloak.

Don't give up and say there is no help for Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in head, since thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them.

I have been bothered with catarrh for about twenty years; I had lost sense of smell entirely, and I had almost lost my hearing. My eyes were getting so dim I had to get some one to thread my needle. Now I have my hearing as well as I ever had, and I can see to thread as fine a needle as ever I did, my sense of smell seems to be improving all the time. I think there is nothing like Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh.—Mrs. E. E. Grimes, Rendrill, Perry Co., O.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is Quickly Absorbed. **Gives Relief at once.** Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

If there is anybody that God finds it hard to do much with, it is a Christian with a long face.

WINTER EXCURSIONS.

The Chicago, Union Pacific & North-western line offers the very best facilities to persons desirous of visiting the resorts of California, Portland, Ore., or Puget Sound points. Excursion tickets, good six months from time of purchase, are now on sale at very low rates and patrons of the line are assured a quick and comfortable journey. Solid vestibuled trains of coaches, free reclining chair cars and palace sleeping cars are run through from Chicago to Portland, Ore., with Pullman drawing room sleeping cars from Chicago to San Francisco without change, and excellent meals are served in dining cars. Tickets should read via the Chicago & Northwestern, Union Pacific and Southern Pacific railways. Full information and reservation of space in sleeping cars can be obtained upon application to any ticket agent or by addressing W. A. Thrall, general passenger and ticket agent, Chicago & Northwestern railway, Chicago, Ill.

There are so many reformers who never want to do any work at home.

Distrusting everybody is a good way to have the friendship of nobody.

The man who talks with the devil always loses his eyesight to begin with.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure, or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

There is nothing so brave as love.

Dr. Foote's new pamphlet on **Varicocele** tells all about it, and what all men ought to know. Sent (sealed) for 10 cents. Box 788, New York.

Talent and genius have many quarrels.

Bryant's Mail College, Buffalo, N. Y. If you want to get a good, thorough business education, cheaply, at your own home, write to above.

It takes all of Christ to hide a single sin.

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

Men are always like the god they believe in.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT Nerve Restorer. No Fit after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The dress of truth is always a seamless robe.

Sick Headache Can Be Cured. Coaline Headache Powders will do it. Price 25c. per box containing six powders. Sold by druggists or mailed by Coaline Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Paying a big price for a church pew may look nice to men, but it doesn't mean anything to God.

BEECHAM'S PILLS enjoy the largest sale of any proprietary medicine in the world. Made only in St. Helens, England.

Sin is never hated until we see what it is in us.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should not be neglected. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are a simple remedy, and give prompt relief. 25 cts. a box.

The only real leaders are those whom God selects.

Female Weakness Positive Cure.

TO THE EDITOR:

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the thousand and one ills which arise from deranged female organs. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any lady if they will send their Express and P. O. address. Yours Respectfully, DR. J. B. MARCHISI, 800 Genesee St., UTICA, N. Y.

There is no fat sheep in any of the devil's pastures.

A CHILD ENJOYS

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

God's love cannot be described. It can only be shown.

There are people who would be great for God if they could only get rid of their own indignity.

All gone—woman's suffering and woman's weakness. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription puts a stop to it. It's a remedy for all the delicate derangements and disorders that make her suffer, and a cure for all the diseases and disturbances that make her weak. It's a legitimate medicine, that corrects and cures; a tonic that invigorates and builds up; a nervine that soothes and strengthens. For bearing-down pains, displacements, all the functional irregularities peculiar to the sex, it's a safe and certain remedy.

Other medicines claim to cure? That's true. But they don't claim to do this: if the Favorite Prescription fails to give satisfaction, in any case for which it's recommended, the money paid for it is refunded.

Judge for yourself which is likely to be the better medicine.

And think whether something else offered by the dealer is likely to be "just as good."

You pay only for the good you get. On these terms it's the *cheapest*.

SICK HEADACHE Positively cured by these Little Pills. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents. CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Dr BULL'S COUGH SYRUP THE PEOPLE'S REMEDY PRICE 25C

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We Want Name and Address of Every ASTHMATIC P. Harold Hayes, M.D. BUFFALO, N.Y.

COMMENCE THE NEW YEAR RIGHT—THE Muskegon Improvement Co., is organized under the laws of Michigan for the purpose of raising funds to induce manufacturers to locate in their city.

The company purchased a tract of land, subdivided it into lots, and sold to citizens of Muskegon in one day 2,800 lots at a uniform price of $130 per lot.

Some of these lots have been resold for $1,500, and many of them for from six to ten hundred dollars each.

Five hundred houses and twelve immense factories is the result of the sale, the profits being used to erect the factory buildings which were presented free to the present owners.

The same company now offer 1,800 lots at a uniform price of $165 each. Terms only $5 cash and $2 a week or $8 a month. The lots in the second sale are more worth Three Hundred Dollars than those in the first sale were worth One Hundred and Thirty Dollars, on account of said improvements.

The company issue a bond backed by a million dollars to duplicate in 1892 what was done in 1891.

Send your name and postoffice address and we will cheerfully mail you free, Plats, Maps, a beautiful Bird's-Eye View of a city of Thirty Thousand, and such information as every intelligent person will appreciate.

If you do not become a purchaser you will find this information valuable and instructive. This is the one chance of your life. It don't cost anything to investigate. Write to Chas. M. Steele & Sons, Sole Agents, Muskegon, Mich.

Obstinate Blood Humor.

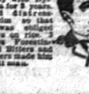
I HAD TERRIBLE ECZEMA FOR EIGHTEEN YEARS—WAS in bed six months at a time—body and limbs swollen and scaly like a dead fish. The itching was terrible, and finally LOST MY SIGHT. After treatment by five physicians, and other remedies without relief, I took S.S.S. AND IT CURED ME. My skin is soft and smooth, and the terrible trouble is all gone.—R. N. MITCHELL, *Macon, Ga.*

I know the above statement to be true.—S. S. HARMON, *Macon, Ga.*

I was for some time troubled with an obstinate RASH OR HUMOR, that spread over my face and breast. I consulted physicians, and used many remedies without a cure. At the suggestion of a friend I used Swift's Specific, which completely cured me. This was two years ago, and I have had no return of the trouble.—E. H. WELLS, *Chesterfield, Va.*

S.S.S. is the safest and best remedy for all troubles of the Blood and Skin. It cures by removing the cause, and at the same time builds up the general health. Send for our Treatise, mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

OH MY STOMACH !! Geo. E. Bell, Platte, Neb., suffered greatly with Dyspepsia for 5 years. Food distressed him so that he was obliged to live on rice. 3 bottles Possetti's Blood Bitters and Plasters made him a well man.



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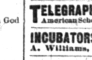

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GARFIELD TEA Overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores Complexion; cures Constipation.

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OUTFIT, Express Paid, Small, $3.00; Large, $5.00. Surprising array of testimonials. Write for New Pamphlet WALLACE BARNES, Box 706, Bristol, Ct.

SOUTH PORTSMOUTH, R. I., July 24, '91.

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W. N. U. D.—10—4.

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