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 popular remedy known.

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Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

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WILL DO all that is claimed for it AND MORE. It Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to Life of Mother and Child. Book to "MOTHERS" mailed FREE, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials.

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

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Or, as the world expresses it, "a well-preserved woman." One who, understanding the rules of health, has followed them, and preserved her youthful appearance. Mrs. Pinkham has many correspondents who, through her advice and care, can look with satisfaction in their mirrors. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound goes to the root of all female complaints, renews the vitality, and invigorates the system. Intelligent women know well its wonderful powers.

It is the successful product of a life's work of a woman among women, and is based upon years of actual practice and experience.

All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

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HUGH KENRICK'S WILL;

Or, The Story of a Posy Ring.

BY MARGARET HUNT.

CHAPTER IX. CONTINUED.

"My sketch-book!" cried he. "Oh, thank you. I had a fancy to revisit the places I saw with you."

That was precisely what she herself had been doing. Could it be possible that any of the thoughts that had passed through her mind while doing this had also passed through his?

"I knew who you were," said Lucy "the moment you showed me your sketch."

"Did you, really? I saw that something had happened, but had no idea what it could be. Then you recognized my work? Miss Clavering, please accept that little drawing you liked in the Exhibition."

"Never!" cried she. "Why should all the generosity be on my side? You take nothing from me!"

"By-the-bye, I have your brooch," said he. "I looked for it yesterday, and could not find it—I found it this morning."

"Thank you," cried Lucy. "How pleased Aunt Esther will be, and how pleased I am too! It was a present of my father's to my mother before they married, and his father gave it to his betrothed too, and this ring was given by both of them in the same way. It is a posy-ring."

"Oh, is it?" he exclaimed, with some interest.

"Yes; would you like to look at it?" and so saying she put it into his hand. It was a massive gold ring, and engraved inside were two lines in old letters:—

My love for thee
My life shall be.

"How charming!" said he. "It must be an old wedding-ring. They all had posies long ago, and it was far prettier when they had."

"That depends!" said Lucy laughing.—"What do you think was the posy on the ring a great-uncle of mine put on his wife's finger when he married her!—I ought to tell you that he had already had three wives and lost them. This poor fourth bride, no doubt, thought that she had got a ring with some pretty motto, and instead of that it was:"

If I survive
I'll make it five.

He was actually telling her that if she died she would have a successor!"

"But don't you think she must have seen the ring before the wedding?" he inquired, with a smile.

"I am sure she did not! Would any woman have married him who had seen that?"

"People are wonderfully odd!" said he—and somehow or other he became very silent for awile. Lucy was silent also, for the sight of the ring and the brooch had reminded her of all the Kenrick jewelry, the possession of which was such an annoyance to her.

Mr. Richmond, let us be good friends," she at length exclaimed with some eagerness, and a strong wish to be diplomatic and persuasive.

"What shall I do to show you how much I wish it?" he replied, with one of his smiles, which were so pleasant to see.

"Come and pay me a visit in Chester Square and help me pick out the family jewels which your mother would most value. It makes me miserable to have them—do come."

"Please, Miss Clavering," said he, "please remember that we have our pride too.—We feel your goodness and kindness, but how can we receive from you in this indirect manner anything Mr. Kenrick did not wish to give us?"

"I hate pride!" cried Lucy. "Really Mr. Richmond, you and your mother have far too much of it!" She looked irresistibly pretty as she said this, the little air of pique with which she spoke, became her so well.

"If you were in my place you would act as I do," said he. "Besides, remember that all these possessions which afflict you so much are things about which I am entirely indifferent. I am a lowly-minded, unambitious man. If I have daily bread and health, I want nothing more than a little sunshine."

"I understand," said Lucy, in a tone which she knew to be one of slight vexation. "You are independent of your fellow-creatures."

"I! by no means! I am very fond of my fellow-creatures, when they are of the kind I like. I was intensely happy on the 'Dorothea.'"

They were sitting on the slope of the topmost hill. Lucy had fastened her handkerchief to a stick, and was waving it with intermittent energy; but in her secret heart she did not wish it seen just yet.

"Some of the people over there are quite certain to see us and come," said Hugh Richmond. "Let me enjoy this unexpected pleasure for one half-hour longer in peace. When I see you waving that white signal with such good will, I feel as if a boat would come and carry you away in five minutes."

"It would carry you, too."

"Yes; but it would mean bidding you farewell a few minutes afterwards."

"We will talk for half an hour," said she gaily, "and then we must take active measures to procure our release."

"None will be needed. Some of the St. Malo people are sure to see us and come of their own accord. Each instant I expect to see a boat put off."

"Then, in point of fact, our adventure is not an adventure after all!"

"No; it is nothing but an opportunity for a quiet half-hour's conversation."

"Which we could have any day we liked," said Lucy.

He shook his head, and said, "Not many more such pleasures for me."

Lucy did not know what to say. She began to speak of books and pictures; he followed her lead, and talked so well that she let the signal handkerchief fall, and was completely content to stay where she was. The sea was struggling and moaning below them; they did not heed it; the hours were passing swiftly, they forgot to mark their flight. He talked and she listened. She listened and he looked at her, and each moment he was more and more convinced that she was the prettiest, and sweetest, and gentlest, and most lovable girl he had ever seen in his life. He wished the conversation could last forever. Could anything be more romantic than to sit here wave encompassed, alone with the beautiful girl who had played such a part in his history? She, all the while, was thinking what a dull life she had lived till now, and what dull, dull people she had dwelt amongst!

Mr. Richmond's sketch-book, the one Lucy had found, was lying open on her knee; suddenly a deep shadow fell upon it. She looked up quickly, and exclaimed, "I am very much afraid there is going to be a heavy shower!"

He, too, looked up in some alarm, and said, "We must really be thinking of getting on shore—I wonder no one has seen us."

"Is there not some danger if they do see us they will conclude that we belong to the yacht, and have a boat coming for us, and are independent of them and their help?"

"I don't know—but if so, we had better take means to undeceive them." He sprang on a broken-down wall, tied his handkerchief to a longstick and waved it backwards and forwards.

A few heavy raindrops fell. Lucy said, "We shall get very wet; and you, Mr. Richmond, are quite wet enough already."

"I am dry now. It is only salt water."

He looked to see what provision she had against bad weather. Her dress was of some soft grey material, and she wore a little *fichu* of the same—that and a parasol was all she had to defend herself with. He had not even an umbrella, and now the rain was beginning to fall fast. He gave up for the present the idea of trying to summon help from St. Malo, and ran here and there to look for shelter. The storm was coming from the St. Malo side; he ran towards the opposite cliff, and after some search found on the very edge of it a bit of overhanging turf under which the loose soil had crumbled away. This roofed in a little space, but very inadequately. He took Lucy there; and as the rain came in a slanting direction from the other side, this place of shelter which he had found was sufficient to protect her.

"I won't stay here unless you do," cried she. "Am I to be dry, and you get wet?"

"There is very little room," said Mr. Richmond.

"There is enough for both of us," said Lucy—so he crept in and sat down by her. The cliff sloped away before them in broken terrace-like descents of half hills, half precipices, and they could perceive the heavy rains falling on the now leaden sea.

"We are tolerably dry here, but we lose our chance of making the St. Malo people see us," said Lucy; however, the rain is so heavy it can't last long."

Richmond who was accustomed to study skies, was afraid that it would last; but he said, cheerfully, "After all, this undercut bit of pasture-land is a great find for us. I'll scoop a little more soil out, I think. Sit still, Miss Clavering; I am going to work very gently—I won't throw any of it on you." He took a thin bit of stone and scooped away the earth delving in carefully, and leaving a thick mass of protecting turf above.

"It is not worth while to do that," said Lucy, "As soon as the rain clears away enough to let them see us, we must go and show ourselves. What a pity my people have chosen such an unfortunate day for their excursion to Dinan!"

"Are you cold?" he inquired very anxiously.

"Oh, no; I am quite comfortable. Now, really, Mr. Richmond, this is beginning to look more like an adventure."

"I hope for your sake it will not be too much of one. Are you hungry?" inquired Mr. Richmond.

"No, I thank you—but what o'clock is it?"

"Twenty minutes past five."

"Where are you going now? Don't put your head out. You will get so wet," cried Lucy.

"I must not stay here, I must go to the other side and see if I can't arouse the people on shore."

"Not in this rain!"

"I dare not wait any longer. We must make them see us now. It will be dark in an hour or two."

"Whether you go now or not, we are certain to be seen long before dark.—There are always a number of boats about."

"Will you excuse my taking off my coat?" asked he.

"Oh! don't go without your coat," cried Lucy. "What can you be thinking of!—Just look how it is raining!"

"That is the very reason why I am taking it off," said he. "A coat is a coat as long as it is dry; when once it is wet it is of no use whatever to anyone." He rolled it up, put it in a dry corner, and went.—He stood for an hour or more in the drenching rain, waving a handkerchief that would not wave, but, let him stretch it out as he might, dropped in a wet, soppy string by the side of the stick to which it was fastened. The rain which wetted him would have wetted the St. Malo folks, too; so none were abroad, or none looked over towards the Grand Bey.—Heavy as the shower was, Hugh Richmond never once relaxed his efforts. He felt that he must do all that in him lay to get Lucy away from that miserable place before nightfall. And then he could not help remembering how they had sat and laughed and talked, believing all the while that each moment might put an end to their captivity, until all at once they had begun to see it was by no means so easy a matter to get away as they had supposed. Hugh Richmond's heart sunk within him when he thought of the delicate girl who was his companion in misfortune being kept here without food or shelter till low water. "We can cross by the causeway about four or five in the morning but if we have to stay here until then she will not be able to walk." This was his thought, and it caused him to redouble his efforts, and dance and fling his arms above him, and gesticulate wildly before the eyes of those who were not there to see—and still the rain fell. It was falling more heavily now—so heavily that it was beginning to obscure all distant objects, and presently he could no longer see St. Malo, nor indeed anything but a blurred confusion of white raindrops.

Even then he did not desist; but suddenly he felt a light touch on his arm—he heard a sweet voice say, "Dear Mr. Richmond, give up trying to make them see you! Do come away! How can you stay in this dreadful rain?"

"How can you come out in it?" he cried almost angrily, for he was vexed to think she had left her shelter.

"I could not stay there so long, knowing you were getting wet," she answered, simply. "Come back to the cave with me. Let us make up our minds to wait until the tide goes down."

Whatever they decided as to that, the thing to be done now was to get Lucy out of the rain. He came down from the bit of wall on which he was standing; he turned to go back with her. He looked at her hat, which sat so daintily on her head that morning—it was shapeless, and the feather reduced to pulp; her dress was black instead of grey; her face splashed with raindrops. Nevertheless, he saw she was trying to be brave and cheerful—there was even an attempt at a smile on her lips. The closely-cropped pasture-land was saturated with rain and intensely slippery. She stumbled and fell. She sprang to her feet with a laugh, which was but a faint one—but in another minute she fell once more. He helped her to regain her feet, but this second time he drew her hand within his arm, and as she still slipped, he put his arm round her, and supported her firmly. "Do not mind my helping you in this way," said he. "I cannot let you fall every moment—and it rains so hard, we must walk quickly."

Just then the violence of the rain abated a little, but they were both miserably wet.

"It begins to be something more like an adventure," said Lucy, with a feeble attempt at gayety. She had not quite lost her spirits.

The entrance to their cavern was slippery, and below it was a slight precipice, but he got her in safely. It was a poor little miserable place which only afforded them room enough to sit; but the bit of overhanging turf protected them from the rain, and it was a great thing to have even that. He shook her dress for her, and then he took his dry coat and spread it over her shoulders.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Novel Cure of Rheumatism.

A farmer living near Orlando, Fla., was badly afflicted with rheumatism. One day he went out to his stable and stepped between a horse and a mule for the purpose of bridling them, whereupon the horse kicked him, hitting his hip, the afflicted part. Strange to say he has not since suffered with rheumatism.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

HOW IT APPEARS TO DR. TALMAGE.

A Beautiful Sunday Morning Sermon in the Brooklyn Tabernacle—The Great Pulpit Orator on Names for the Little Ones.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., May 1, 1892.—While Dr. Talmage is able to hold vast audiences spellbound by his eloquence, whatever subject he has in hand, he is never so eloquent, or so evidently a great orator as when he preaches Christ as the one hope for the regeneration of the world. The fact was proved this morning when he discoursed from the text Philippians 2: 9. "The name which is above every name."

Paul is here making rapturous and enthusiastic description of the name of Christ. There are merely worldly names that sometimes thrill you through and through. Such was the name of Henry Clay to a Kentuckian, the name of William Wirt to a Virginian, the name of Daniel Webster to a New Englander.

By common proverb we have come to believe that "there is nothing in a name," and so parents sometimes at the baptismal altar give titles to their children, reckless of the fact that that title, that name, will be a lifetime hindrance or a lifetime help. You have no right to give your child a name lacking either in euphony or moral meaning. It is a sin to call a child Jehoiakim, or Tiglath-pileser—or by anything that is disagreeable. Because you have had an exasperating name yourself is no reason why you should inflict it upon your progeny. And yet how often it is that we see a name full of jargon rattling down from generation to generation, simply because a long while ago some one happened to be afflicted with it. Institutions and great enterprises sometimes without sufficient deliberation take nomenclature. Mighty destinies have been decided by a name. While we may, by a long course of Christian behavior, get over the misfortune of having been baptized with the name of a despot or a cheat, how much better it would have been if we could have all started life without any such incumbrance!

When Paul, in my text and in other passages of Scripture, burst forth in aspirations of admiration for the name of Christ, I want to inquire what are the characteristics of that appellation, "The name which is above every name." In the first place, speaking to you in regard to the name of Christ, I want to tell you it is an easy name. You are sometimes introduced to people with long and unpronounceable names, and you have to listen cautiously to get the names, and you have to hear them pronounced two or three times before you risk trying to utter them; but within the first two years the child folds its hands and looks upward, and says "Jesus." Can it be that in all this church this morning there are representatives of any household where the children are familiar with the names of the father and mother and brother and sister, yet know nothing about "that name which is above every name?" Sometimes you forget the name of a quite familiar friend, and you have to think and think before you get it; but can you imagine any freak of intellect by which you should forget the name of Jesus? That word seems to fit the tongue in every dialect. Down to old age, when the voice is tremulous, and uncertain, and indistinct, even then this regal word finds potent utterance.

When an aged father was dying, one of the children came and said, "Father, do you know me?" and in the delirium of the last sickness he said, "No, I don't know you." Another child came and said, "Father, do you know me?" "No, he said, "I don't know you." Then the village pastor came in and said, "Do you know me?" He said, "No, I don't think I ever saw you." Then said the minister, "Do you know Jesus?" "Oh yes!" said the dying man, "I know Jesus; chief among ten thousand is he, and the one altogether lovely." Yes, for all ages and for all languages, and for all conditions is an easy name.

Jesus, I love thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That heaven and earth might hear.

But I remark further in regard to this name of Christ, that it is a beautiful name. Now you have noticed that you cannot disassociate a name from the character of the person who has it. There are some names, for instance, that are repulsive to my ear. Those names are attractive to your ear. What is the difference? Why, I happen to know some persons of that name who were cross, or sour, or queer, or unsympathetic, and the persons you have happened to know of that name were kind and genial.

Since, then, we cannot disassociate a name from the character of the person who has the name, that consideration makes the name of Jesus unspeakably beautiful. I cannot pronounce that name in your presence, but you think of Bethlehem and Gethsemane and Golgotha, and you see his loving face and you hear his tender voice, and you feel his gentle touch. As soon as I pronounce his name in your presense you think of him who banqueted with heavenly hierarchs, yet came down and breakfasted on the fish which the rough men hauled out of Genesaret; you think of him who, though the clouds are the dust of his feet, walked footsore on the road to Emmaus. I cannot speak his name in your hearing this morning, but you think right away of the shining one who restored the centurion's daughter, and who helped the blind man to sunlight, and who made the cripple's crutch useless, and who looked down into the laughing eyes of the babe until it struggled to go to him; then, flinging his arms around it, and impressing a kiss upon its beautiful brow, said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven"

Oh, beautiful name, the name of Jesus, which stands for love, for patience, for self-sacrifice, for magnanimity, for everything that is good, and glorious, and tender, and sympathetic, and kind! It is aromatic with all odors. It is accordant with all harmonies. Sometimes when I look at that name of Jesus Christ, it seems as if the letters were made of tears, and then they seem to be gleaming crowns. Sometimes that name seems to be twisted out of the straw on which he lay, and then it seems to be built out of the thrones on which his people are to reign. Sometimes I sound that word Jesus, and I hear it in the sob of Gethsemane an the groan of Calvary, and then I speak his name and it is all a-ripple with gladness and a-ring with hosanna. Glorious name!

But there is another name by which you can call him. Perhaps that will be the name I have not mentioned yet. I imagine that heaven is all full. Every throne has its king. Every harp has its harper. All the wealth of the universe has come into heaven. There is nothing to be added. The song full. The ranks full. The mansions all full. Heaven full. The sun will set afire with its splendor the domes of the temple, and burnish the golden streets into a blaze, and be reflected back from the solid pearl of the twelve gates, and it will be noon in heaven. Noon on the river. Noon on the hills. Noon in the valleys. High noon. And then you will look up, gradually accustoming your vision to the sight, shading your eyes at the first lest they be extinguished with the insufferable splendor, until after a while you can look upon the full irradiation, and you will cry out, "My Lord, my Lord, Thou art The Sun that Never Sets."

But at this point I am staggered with the thought that there may be persons in this house for whom his name has no charm, though it is so easy, though it is so beautiful, though it is so potent, though it is so enduring. Oh! come today, and see whether there is anything in Christ. I challenge you to test with me this morning whether God is good, and whether Christ is precious, and whether the Holy Ghost is omnipotent. Come and we will kneel at the altar of mercy. You kneel on one side of the altar and I will kneel on the other side of the altar of mercy, and we will not get up from our knees until our sins are pardoned and we are able to ascribe all honer to the name—you pronouncing it and I pronouncing it—"the name which is above every name."

His worth if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

I pray God he may move upon this assemblage now, that we may see him walking all through these aisles, that the Holy Spirit may spread his wings over this auditory. Now is your time for heaven. O, my friends, meeting once, perhaps never again until the books are opened, what shall we say of this morning's service? Have I told you the whole truth? Have you listened to the whole truth? Now is your time for heaven. Come into the kingdom. If you never had an invitation before I give it to you now. I do not ask what your sin has been, or what your wandering. That is not pertinent to the question. The only thing is whether you want Christ. Come in, the furthest off. Come, the nearest by. "Where sin abounded, grace shall much more abound." Is there in all this august assemblage a man who feels he is too wicked to come? You are mistaken. Come, now. "Now is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

O ye who are young! come now. It is no gloomy religion that I preach. It will take no lustre from your eye. It will take no color from your cheek. It will take no spring from your step. I know what I am talking about. I have felt the consolation of this grace in my own heart. It is not a theory with me. I know in whom I believe, and he has been so good a friend to me, I have a right this morning to commend his friendship to all the people. Oh! come into the kingdom. Do not say you are too bad. Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts." "Look onto me, all ye ends of the earth." How is he going to do—drive you into the kingdom? He will not do it. If you get in at all, it will be because you are drawn in by his love. What does he say? "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth." He was lifted up. What for? To drive? No! lifted up to draw. Oh! come now, come now into the kingdom of our Lord Jesus. You have heard of that warrior of ancient times who went into battle against Christ. He hated Christ, and he went into battle, fighting Christ; but in the battle he got wounded, he was struck by the arrow and he fell, and as he lay with his face up the sun, and the life-blood was oozing away, he put his hand to his heart and took a handful of blood from the wound, and held it up towards the sun, and cried out: "O Jesus! thou hast conquered." And if to-day, my hearer, struck through by the arrow of God's gracious Spirit, you realize the truth of what I have been saying, you would surrender yourself to the Lord who bought you; you would say: "I will no longer battle against Christ's mercy. Lord Jesus, thou hast conquered." Glorious name! I know not what you will do with it, but I will tell you one thing before I stop—I must tell it. I will tell you one thing here and now, that I take him to be my Lord, my God, my pardon, my peace, my comfort, my salvation, my heaven. Blessed be his glorious name forever. "The name which is above every name."

About Russian Caviar.

Caviar, which is made from the eggs of the sturgeon, is an important article of exportation for many cities of Russia and Astrakhan, and principally Taganrok. The annual amount is estimated at 40,000 pouds (1 poud=35 pounds.) The greater part goes to Turkey, Greece, Italy and Germany, very little to England, and still less to France. The fisheries are situated at the mouth of the Volga, upon the banks of which stand vast storehouses with basement and cellars in which are found the tubs that contain the brine used in the preparation of caviar. The most profitable fishing is done in autumn, this season yielding the largest quantity of eggs. In winter, the fishermen make large holes in the ice and fish with the spear. At all other times they use nets, about 300 feet in length, to which are attached cords provided with hooks. Each of these is strong enough to hold a fish of large dimensions. Each establishment owns a fleet of boats. The fishes brought on board are laid upon boards and covered with salt, and are then opened for the purpose of extracting the eggs and the entrails, which the Russians are very fond of, and which they eat in a fresh state.

To Clean Corundum Wheels.

Take one-third chloroform and two-thirds alcohol. The chloroform dissolves the wax and oil that accidentally gets on the stone; the alcohol removes the shellac and leaves the corundum free to cut as when the stone was new.

The Ice Caught Fire.

A story of frozen gas comes from Muncie, Ind. A natural gas service pipe was frozen near Mill Grove in January, preventing the flow of the illuminating fluid. A section of the pipe was detached and the interior was a cylinder of ice. When about a foot of the icy mass was removed, a workman playfully said, "I wouldn't wonder if that ice would burn." Fire was applied, and in a few moments, as the melting ice liberated the imprisoned gas, the mass took fire, and fiercely burned until the ice was entirely melted.

Ratcatchers in Demand.

Rats' heads are hardly the ideal ornament for a pretty woman. Yet it appears that they are common enough. Furriers of the fourth or fifth degree, finding the demand heavy for furry heads on muffs, boas and hats, began at first by supplying those of the mink instead of the orthodox sable. The mink heads were soon exhausted, and then they fell back on the squirrel. Accidentally it was discovered that rats' heads could be dressed to look exactly like those of the squirrel. Since then the ratcatchers have been reaping a small harvest.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are widely known as an admirable remedy for Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Coughs and Throat troubles. *Sold only in boxes.*

The devil can make almost anything he wants to out of a loafer.

THE BEST

Ointment in the world for skin diseases is Hill's S. R. & S. Ointment. Try it! At all druggists. 25 cents.

The nearer we get to the Father's hand the less the switch hurts.

BEECHAM'S PILLS act like magic on the vital organs, restore lost complexion and bring back the keen edge of appetite.

Do less growling, brother, and perhaps you will do more growing.

The Kingston N. Y, Postoffice.

Dr. Deane's Dyspepsia Pills work wonders. They cured my son of Sick Headache and Indigestion. A young lady friend of my family cured herself of Sick Headache of long standing by their use. Everyone recommends them highly.

N. WOLVEN, Postmaster.

Write Dr J. A. Deane & Co., Catskill, N.Y.

Darkness can not put out a light. All it can do is to make it brighter.

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.

The devil never overcomes the man who knows that God is with him.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by druggists.

European travelers and merchants have gathered up all the ancient carpets that were for sale in Persia.

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.

For every drop we need, God has an ocean that He is trying to give us.

With Ely's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain and with perfect safety. Try the remedy, it cures Catarrh.

My son has been afflicted with nasal catarrh since quite young. I was induced to try Ely's Cream Balm, and before he had used one bottle that disagreeable catarrhal smell had all left him. He appears as well as any one. It is the best catarrh remedy in the market.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from her nose. Two physicians prescribed, but without benefit. We tried Ely's Cream Balm, and, much to our surprise, there was a marked improvement. We continued using the Balm and in a short time the discharge was cured.—O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

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.

The Bishop of Chichester, England, is 84 years old, but still performs his regular round of diocesan work.

Eastern clothing manufacturers will fight the anti-sweating system bill now before Congress.

Washington Irving's rambling little cottage at Tarrytown is still occupied by his nieces, the Misses Irving.

Consumption carries off many of its victims needlessly. It can be stopped sometimes; sometimes it cannot.

It is as cruel to raise false hopes as it is weak to yield to false fears.

There is a way to help within the reach of most who are threatened—CAREFUL LIVING and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil.

Let us send you a book on the subject; free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

SICK HEADACHE CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little 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.

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 cents and $1.00. It Cures Influenza.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery

Takes hold in this order:

Bowels,
Liver,
Kidneys,
Inside Skin,
Outside Skin,

Driving everything before it that ought to be out.

You know whether you need it or not.

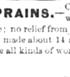
Sold by every druggist, and manufactured by

DONALD KENNEDY,
ROXBURY, MASS.

The Saratoga European Hotel, 155-161 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. Heart of city. All modern conveniences. Rates 75c and upwards.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A sure relief for Asthma 35c. by mail. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

MANY LIKE THESE.



NEURALGIA.—Bethany, Mo., Aug. 4, 1888: "Suffered for years with neuralgia, but was finally cured by St. Jacobs Oil."
T. B. SHERER.

SPRAINS.—Constentine, Mich., Feb. 16, 1887: "Was troubled 30 years with pains in the back from strain; in bed for weeks at a time; no relief from other remedies. About 8 years ago I bought St. Jacobs Oil and made about 14 applications; have been well and strong ever since. Have done all kinds of work and can lift as much as ever. No return of pain in years.
D. M. REARICK.

BRUISES.—760 Dolphin St., Balto., Md., Jan. 18, 1890: "I fell down the back stairs of my residence in the darkness, and was bruised badly in my hip and side; suffered severely. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me."
WM. C. HARDEN,
Member of State Legislature.

IT WILL COST YOU NOTHING. SEND US YOUR ADDRESS on a postal and you will RECEIVE THE FINEST CATALOGUE OF PIANOS AND ORGANS IN THE WORLD. It will show you how to SAVE $100. Satisfaction guaranteed before you pay. CUT THIS OUT and mail it to us. You will be surprised at the result. But you must do it NOW. Write to CORNISH & CO., (BOX 2) WASHINGTON, New Jersey.

PENSION JOHN W. MORRIS, Washington, D. C. Successfully Prosecutes Claims. Late Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau. 3 yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

DR. HARTER'S TRADE MARK THE ONLY TRUE IRON TONIC

Will purify BLOOD, regulate KIDNEYS, remove LIVER disorder, build strength, renew appetite, restore health and vigor of youth. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, that tired feeling absolutely eradicated. Mind brightened, brain power increased, bones, nerves, muscles, receive new force.

LADIES suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex, using it, find a safe, speedy cure. Returns rose bloom on cheeks, beautifies Complexion.

Sold everywhere. All genuine goods bear "Crescent." Send us 2 cent stamp for 32-page pamphlet.

DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

from which the excess of oil has been removed,

Is absolutely pure and it is soluble.

No Chemicals

are used in its preparation. It has *more than three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup*. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

YOU WANT IT! MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN." LINIMENT

CURES RHEUMATISM, Pains in Chest, Side or Back. Neuralgia, Headache, Etc.

WE REFUND MONEY if 5 Bottles does not cure you or 1 bottle does not give you benefit.

TRY IT! Per Bottle, 25 cts. 5 Bottles, $1.

YOUR DRUGGIST HAS IT. 316,408 BOTTLES Sold in New England States in 1891. WE WARRANT IT!

MINARD'S LINIMENT MFG. CO., Boston, Mass.

THE WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL

Is the Largest, Newsiest, Best Paper published. Has the greatest circulation of any Democratic paper in the United States.

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To subscribers who may answer accurately or come nearest to answering accurately certain questions regarding the Presidential election to occur in November, 1892. There will be

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A sample copy of the paper, containing full details of these marvelous offers, will be sent free anywhere. Send your name on a postal card. Address

COURIER-JOURNAL COMPANY, Louisville, Ky.

BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS. Entirely VEGETABLE AND A SURE CURE FOR COSTIVENESS Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Eruptions and Skin Diseases.

Price 25c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

HENRY, JOHNSON & LORD, Props., Burlington, Vt.

HONESTY IS THE BEST POLICY.

Why don't all shoe manufacturers stamp their names on the shoes they make and guarantee them to give proper service? Simply because they cheapen them by using

Shoddy and Inferior Stock

to save a few cents per pair, leaving the consumer to take chances of their breaking after a short time.

For Over a Quarter of a Century

we have been devoting our energies to making durable and artistic footwear at reasonable prices, and have a standing offer of

$1000.00 DOLLARS REWARD!

for shoddy or spurious leather of any kind found in any shoe of our manufacture. Ten to twenty-five cents per pair is a small amount to save in purchasing a pair of shoes and take chances of poor service, and perhaps spoil your feet by ill-fitting, ungainly-appearing shoes, which will be a source of vexation instead of pride.

Nothing Adds More to the Appearance of a Well-Dressed Person

than a well-made, properly-fitted shoe, for, as Thackery well said, "Poverty first attacks one at the extremities." Since the inception of our firm in 1866, our senior partner,

H. S. PINGREE,

has had supervision of the entire business, and from a small start it has increased to one of the largest in the West, our sales now exceeding

One Million Dollars Annually,

all goods of our own manufacture. This has been accomplished by steadfastness of purpose, honesty in all dealings and indomitable energy, and has resulted in great benefit to the

Whole State of Michigan.

We know of many persons who now have attained their majority and have never worn any shoes but ours. If you are not using them, don't fail to buy a pair, and have the satisfaction of wearing

A SHOE WITH A RECORD!

Made for Ladies, Gents, Boys and Girls. All styles, fine and medium grades. We are well equipped in all departments. Fourteen different styles of lasts for both Ladies' and Gents' Shoes.

Pingree & Smith, Detroit.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

PENS Leading Nos. 048, 14, 130, 333, 444, 239, 313. All of SUPERIOR and standard quality. 26 John St., New York. Ask your stationer for ESTERBROOK'S

FAT FOLKS REDUCED

Mrs. Alice Maple, Oregon, Mo., writes "My weight was 320 pounds, now it is 195, a reduction of 125 lbs." For circulars address, with 6c. Dr. O.W.F. SNYDER, McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS with Rubber Hands and Feet. New Patents and Important Improvements. A Treatise of 430 pages with 300 illustrations, sent free. A. A. MARKS, 701 Broadway, New York.

BED BUGS. DUTCHER'S DEAD SHOT is total annihilation. It curls them up as fire does a leaf; destroys their eggs, prevents return and is a sure guarantee for SLEEP IN PEACE. In bottles and by mail. FREDK. DUTCHER, St. Albans, Vt.

"ORANGE - BLOSSOM" Cures All Female Diseases. Sample and Book Free. Send 2c stamp to Dr. J. A. McGill & Co., 3 & 5 Panorama Pl., Chicago.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

GRIND YOUR OWN Bone, Meal, Oyster Shells, Graham Flour & Corn, in the $5 HAND MILL (F. Wilson's Patent). 100 per cent. more made in keeping Poultry. Also POWER MILLS and FARM FEED MILLS. Circulars and testimonials sent on application. WILSON BROS. EASTON, PA.

WORN NIGHT AND DAY. (PATENTED) AXION ELASTIC TRUSS. Holds the worst rupture with ease under all circumstances. Perfect Adjustment. Comfort and Cure. New Patented Improvements. Illustrated catalogue and rules for self-measurement sent securely sealed. G. V. HOUSE MFG. CO., 744 Broadway, New York City.

"OSGOOD" SCALES U. S. STANDARD. Fully Warranted. Best and Cheapest on the Market. Live Agents Wanted in this County. OSGOOD & THOMPSON, Binghamton, N. Y.

BORE WELLS with our famous Well Machines. "THE OHIO" DRILL. Catalogue free. LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, OHIO.

FREE LANDS. The Free Government and Cheap NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R. LANDS. Best Agricultural, Grazing and Timber lands now open to settlers. Mailed FREE. Address CHAS. B. LAMBORN, Land Com. N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn.

LEWIS' 98% LYE POWDERED AND PERFUMED (PATENTED)

The strongest and purest Lye made. Will make the best perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes without boiling. It is the best for cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc.

PENNA. SALT M'F'G CO. Gen. Agents, Phila., Pa.

W. N. U. D.—19—19

When writing to Advertisers please say you saw the advertisement in this Paper.