CHRISTMAS

The Nativity

'TIS the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded Maid and Virgin-Mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith He went at heaven's high council-table
To all the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

THE HYMN

IT was the winter wild,
While all the heaven-born Child
All nearly wraps in the rude manger lies;
Nature in awe to Him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up-hung
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng,
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer, that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord Himself bespoke, and bid them go.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below:
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

Hoel!

THE hostel door is barred.
The night is dumb and dark as death.
Hoel! Hoel!
The snow is frozen slippery-hard.
"But all the skies are silver starred,
And scents of vanilla and of fern
Are wafted round my way!" she saith. Hoel! Hoel!

The stable door stands wide,
Scant lodging there for thee and me, Hoel! Hoel!
The sleepy cattle stir inside.
"But there is room where one may hide
Against the keeping morning date.
That brings my Joy of joys!" saith she. Hoel! Hoel!

New Prince, New Pomp

BEHOLD a silly tender Babe,
In freezing winter night,
In homely manger trembling lies
Alas! a piteous sight.

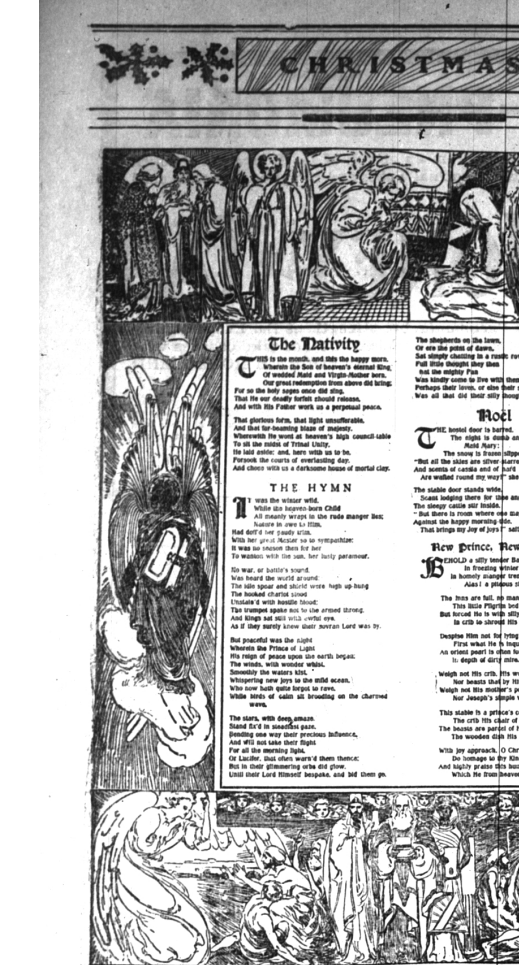
The inns are full, no man will yield
This little Pilgrim bed:
But forced He is with silly beasts
In crib to shroud His head.

Despise Him not for lying there,
First what He is inquire:
An orient pearl is often found
In depth of dirty mire.

Weigh not His crib, His wooden dish,
Nor beasts that by Him feed:
Weigh not His mother's poor attire,
Nor Joseph's simple weed.

This stable is a prince's court,
The crib His chair of state:
The beasts are parcel of His pomp,
The wooden dish His plate.

With joy approach, O Christian wight!
Do homage to thy King:
And highly prize His humble pomp,
Which He from heaven doth bring.



A CHRISTMAS WEDDING

A Christmas wedding is rather an unusual thing. At Christmas-tide everybody's mind is set on something other than weddings, and to have one then seems almost like an interruption of the just mirth which reigns the world over," writes Muriel Falkland in the Housekeeper. The writer goes on to describe how the idea of a Christmas wedding was prettily carried out in favor of one of a group of twelve girl friends who had planned to have distinctive celebrations of this greatest event of their lives.

"The ceremony was a home one, of course, and as Katherine has a host of brothers and sisters and another host of young nephews and nieces, there was every reason for as genial a time as the occasion and the season warranted.

Our first move, when we arrived to get things in order, was to cover every floor in the house with crash.

This gave the white background we had wished and afforded besides a splendid facility for the luxurious evergreen trimming which we had planned to make the spirit of Christmas generally felt. Every picture and every doorway and window frame was outlined with evergreen, the spicy odors filling the house, ere we were half through. Holly we used only to wreathe the chandeliers and bank the window sills and mantel pieces. Long garlands of evergreen were hung in festoons along the upper side of the wall from the ceiling, twined around the balustrade and put in loops and circles wherever wall space offered. At each window a beautiful holly wreath, tied with floating streamers of scarlet ribbon, was hung, and on the end of each of the chandeliers hung a great ball of poinsetta, mingled with a few feathery green ferns and tied with scarlet.

This was in the halls and chambers. In the drawing room, where the ceremony would be performed, a beautiful archway of ferns and poinsetta was erected by the florists under Elizabeth's direction, and from the middle of the arch a cluster of bells, also of scarlet, was hung in position like a chime.

The wedding was planned to occur at half past seven, and just at a quarter past the chimes of the church at the corner began their hour of music, so that we had this sweet accompaniment to the ceremony.

Promptly at half-past seven we emerged from the room upstairs where we had been dressing, since the early five o'clock dinner, and we could see for ourselves as we went slowly down the broad stairway that the scene was a beautiful one. First in the procession walked the four smallest nephews and nieces of the bride, two by two, the girls wearing frocks of white with scarlet ribbon in their hair and carrying baskets of holly, the boys in red, each with a branch of evergreen. Then went Katherine, dressed in white gleaming satin, with a bunch of mistletoe fastening her veil, and a white vellum prayer book in her hand. Then we girls, six of us, walked, two by two, each dressed in white, but wearing crowns of frosted holly and carrying a great armful of poinsetta blossoms from which long streamers of scarlet ribbon hung to the edge of our gowns.

From the foot of the stairs to the aides of the archway two other nieces, also dressed in white and scarlet, stretched lines of glistening white satin ribbon, in which small, bushes of holly were knotted at intervals, and through this enclosed pathway the bride walked to the improvised altar, leaning on her brother's arm. During the ceremony the sound of an organ playing the sweet old Christmas hymn, "Adeste Fideles," penetrated the room, and continued while the solemn words of the marriage service were spoken, making a most beautiful accompaniment for the scene.

When it was over there was a merry clash of bells, apparently coming from the very air about us, and when we looked in astonishment to see the reason, we found that an older boy had begged and borrowed all the bells he could, of every kind, and had set them going in the various rooms of the house, as soon as the ceremony was finished and the merry congratulations had begun.

The newly wedded pair did not intend to leave the city that night, so the gayest of Christmas wedding parties was in full progress within a few moments after the marriage words concluded.

Supper was served first, and the merriment enhanced by the fact that in the bunches of holly composing the centerpiece, which the bridesmaids drew to our plates at the conclusion of the meal, we found each an exquisite little locket showing a branch of holly, with green enameled gold leaves and bits of coral for berries, as souvenirs from our bride.

Dancing came next, to the music of a stringed orchestra stationed somewhere out of sight, and through the drawing room, halls and dining room we whirled, counting the moments only by our flying footsteps.

It was half-past eleven before we stopped, and then only at a signal from the band. This was no less than a march—or rather, the Christmas hymn played in march time, and stopping our waltz suddenly, we wondered what it meant, until Katherine and her husband, taking the lead, beckoned us to follow in procession. Wondering a little, we did so, and found ourselves led through the hall across to the library doors, which had been religiously closed all evening, rather to our surprise, since we needed the extra dancing place. Katherine flung open the doors and a moment of amazed silence ensued. There in the middle of the room stood a magnificent Christmas tree, hung from root to top with glittering emblems of the season and aglow with myriads of tapers fastened to its branches. At a signal from Katherine's brother, the electric lights in the hall and dining room went out and we found ourselves with nothing to detract from the radiant splendor of the symbolic tree.

Christmas Stockings

Hang up the Christmas stockings,
Leave not a dear one out,
And wake on Christmas morning
With ringing song and shout.
For in the silent midnight
Shall Santa Claus appear,
And crown with gifts of gladness
The love-time of the year.

Hang up the baby's stocking;
The coming little elf
Is still too very tiny
To do it for herself.
And hang the mother's stocking
Oh, very plain in sight;
Some one must think for mother,
Or she'll forget it quite.

Hang father's sturdy stocking
Right here between the boys;
And give him books and papers,
As he gives the children toys,
Let Santa Claus be careful
About the politics;
For father has a conscience
Thats to the right side sticks.

Hang up the old folks' stockings,
Hang up the little girl's;
Dear grandma with her silver hair,
Sweet Fanny with her curls,
Will both be very happy
When dawns in rosiate cheer,
The Merry Christmas morning,
The love-time of the year.

—Ethel Bridges in Royal Neighbor.

THE PACE THAT KILLS.

Organic Heart Trouble and Bright's Disease Carry Off Fast Livers.

In New York and most of the large centers of wealth there has been an alarming increase of deaths from organic heart trouble and Bright's disease.

This need not worry the comparatively poor to any extent, for these are aristocratic ailments. Bright's disease comes along with a rapid existence and late hours and rich feeding and wines.

In 1871 in New York city the two diseases mentioned killed 17.68 persons out of every 10,000 of the population. New York was a little slow thirty years ago. It had only begun to learn how to burn up money. The rich did the best they knew how then, and were willing to learn more.

The pace quickened, and so did the death rate. You can't fool the Old Man with the Scythe. You cannot sneak late hours and highballs and thousand dollar dinners in on him, and so in 1885 the deaths had jumped to 2,888 from heart disease and Bright's disease, or 21.91 persons in every 10,000. In 1903 the total deaths from the causes named were 5,947, and the number of persons per 10,000, 27.20.

The remedy is sane living. That doesn't mean that one can begin living sanely after he has sowed wild oats for a quarter of a century. The crops put in must be harvested. It means sane living from childhood up. A look at the vital statistics quoted ought to make the average poor man, who has robust health fairly well satisfied with his condition.—Bridgeport (Conn.) Post.

HE WAS A GOOD BOUNCER.

St. Louis Fair Yarn About the Great Leaper.

The top of the wireless telegraphy tower at St. Louis was a favorite place for sight-seers, says the Illinois State Journal, and, while they gazed in admiration at the picture of the fair spread before them, employes of the company used to have fun with the visitors and to throw in a few horrors not down on the programme.

"Is the man going to jump off today, Bill?" one would ask innocently, as though jumping off were a part of the regular programme.

The crowd starts back in amazement. Finally one young lady recovers her breath and, looking timidly at the ground far below, asks, "Does a man really jump off?"

Bill ignores her question, but to a fellow employe replies, "No; since the accident last week they haven't found a man to make the jump."

Everybody wants to know about the accident and Bill explains: "The pneumatic boots that they use to break the force of the fall were pumped too full of air, so when he struck the ground he bounded back and kept bounding and was unable to stop."

"And how did they finally rescue him?" asks the horror-stricken young lady.

"They didn't," replies Bill. "He kept bounding and bounding and finally they had to shoot him to keep him from starving to death."

Village Types—The Spinster.

Her name is Amelinda Brown.
The prettiest in all the town—
At least 'twas so reported when
She first came into the glass show,
Perhaps her graces blinded men
Some thirty years or more ago.

Her features they were regular,
Her sarah cheeks bore never a mark
Ah! then they used to rhapsodize,
Those cool singers of the parts,
Who praised her beauty to the skies—
While Cindy only smashed their hearts.

Demurely she glanced over all
The swains who came at beck and call,
She'd hungry ride with them all day,
Or loan with them upon the gate;
When they talked business she'd stray
Their fervor with: "It's growing late."

Her mien, so cold, it was a thing
To win the envy of a king.
Her dainty head in equipose
Upon her sloping shoulders, wor
The sardonic smile that the boys
But Cindy only called it fun.

The sweetest old maid in the town—
Her name is still Amelinda Brown.
She courts the sunny side the street,
Where little children romp and play,
And in their laughter gay and sweet
She hears the songs of yesterday.

—Horace Seymour Keller in New York Sun.

Ripeness of Bananas.

According to a large dealer in tropical fruits, the prevalent idea that bananas are never as good in this country as in the land where they grow because they are picked and shipped green, is entirely erroneous. This fruit, he says, if the bananas ripened on the plant would not be fit for food, because the inside of the fruit would then be dry and tasteless, resembling the pith which is to be found on the inside of cornstalks and similar plants. The statement, however, is open to the question as to what "ripe" means. It is probable that by the time the pithy condition has been reached the banana has not only ripened, but has continued farther and gone to seed. Certain it is that travelers returning from the tropics tell of having picked bananas fresh from the plants and found them delicious and of superior flavor to those eaten in this country.

Popular Canadian Priest.

One of the most popular priests in Canada is Father O'Gorman Gananogue, on the banks of the St. Lawrence. His reverence is a keen judge of horses and dogs, never failing to have at least one Irish setter at every bench show in New York city. At the recent exhibition there his entry won the first prize, on hearing of which a friend said to him: "I suppose they will make you a bishop now." Father O'Gorman, who is not at all averse to a joke on himself, answered readily: "My dear sir, if I knew as much about theology as I do about Irish setters I'd be a cardinal this minute."

Queen Draga's Nephew.

In strong contrast to the ceremonies lately taking place in Belgrade is the pilgrimage to London and Paris of the ill-fated Queen Draga's nephew, a young Servian officer, George Petrovich, who is endeavoring to dispose of the Alencon lace wedding gown and much of the jewelry that belonged to his aunt. He was on the "black list" on that fateful June 11, and owed his life to the fact that the soldiers sent to arrest him mistook his address

Alhambra in Dilapidation

(Special Correspondence.)

Granada's glory, the palace of the Alhambra, after weathering the wars and earthquakes of nearly seven hundred years, is, according to late reports from Spain, almost ready to succumb to the relentless tooth of time and become a ruin. Great cracks, it is stated, have appeared in the walls of the Moorish palace, and otherwise the structure is in a condition of regrettable dilapidation.

It is only about fifteen years ago that part of the court of the Alberca, or the fishponds, of the ancient palace was seriously damaged by fire, which, fortunately, was prevented from reducing the noble building to ashes. Now, it seems, the imminent danger of the palace at that time did not teach the Spaniards a lesson. Proud as they are of this masterpiece of Moorish art, it has been permitted to fall into decay by inattention.

Last Stronghold of Islam.

Granada was the last stronghold of Islamism in western Europe, and, singularly enough, the year that Boabdil surrendered the fortress Alhambra to Ferdinand and Isabella, those monarchs fitted out an expedition at the entreaty of the Genoese navigator Columbus, which was to add an empire to their domains.

No one can speak or write about the wonderful palace of the Alhambra without thinking of Washington Irving. It was Irving who peopled the lofty palace and fortress with a host of legends, legends which, no doubt, never existed before his residence in the old place, and which are now part of the history of the neighborhood, for they are all firmly believed in by the natives.

Irving visited the Alhambra in 1829, and found it "a Moslem pile in the midst of a Christian land; an Oriental palace amidst Gothic edifices of the west; an elegant memento of a brave, intelligent and graceful people, who conquered, ruled, flourished and passed away." The author of "The Sketch Book" found something more; he became acquainted with "the son of the Alhambra," Mateo Ximenes, who claimed, as do most Spaniards, and, of course, incontrovertibly, a noble ancestral tree. This man "of the oldest family in the Alhambra" has gained immortality in the genial Knickerbocker's book. That the Spaniards thought well and continue to do so, of Irving's "Alhambra" is attested by the fact that it is the volume, translated into Spanish, of course, which is pressed upon the visitor almost as soon as he has passed under the entrance to the Tower of Justice.

Foundation of Alhambra.

The Alhambra consists of a group of fortresses, towers built upon a hill, and surrounding a miniature town. Although in Granada, its governor was at one time superior to the governor general of the city. Within its walls, and on the north, forming a part of them, is the palace itself. According to one legend, the Alhambra was raised by magic, it being believed that no human skill could produce so wondrous a structure. As a matter of fact, the Alhambra was begun in the middle of the thirteenth century by Ibn-l-ahman, the king of Granada, and finished in the early fourteenth century by Jusuf Abul Hagais, who added the Hall of Justice, which now forms the entrance to the inclosure.

The hill upon which this grand monument stands is named Alhambra, and, citadellike, it dominates the old city of the Moorish kings. The entrance is gained by a long and rather steep ascent through a magnificent grove of elm trees, in which nightingales have made their homes. Arriving at the summit, there is a sharp turn to the left, and the visitor stands before the Tower of Justice. Two horseshoe-like arches are sprung over the ancient gateway, the outer arch bearing on its keystone a large hand. On the inner arch is engraved a key, and the Moorish legend runs that the Alhambra would never be taken by an enemy until the hand should reach through the arch and grasp the key, which only shows that, in order to work out correctly, legends should be written after and not before events, for the Alhambra was taken, and the graven hand and key occupy the same position they did 600 years ago.

Between the gates of the tower are long stone seats, where the Moslems once administered justice according to the patriarchal custom of the Jews. Continuing along a winding walk, one reaches an open space about 260 feet square, the "Plazo de los Algibes," or place of cisterns. These cisterns were built by the Moors, and are supplied by an aqueduct with remarkably pure water.

From the plaza is seen the unfinished palace of Charles V, who intended to surpass the Moors by his architectural effort, but an earthquake intervened, and the grand structure, now open to the skies, was never completed. It also has the disadvantage of hiding the original entrance to the Alhambra palace proper. A narrow passage to the north of Charles's attempt leads to the little wooden door through which one gains admittance to the golden-gloried Alhambra itself.

Grandeur of the Palace.

The first court, the Alberca, or "Fishpond," is also called the Court of Myrtles. In the center is a long pond, and along either side is a hedge of myrtle. At the south end of the

Gate of Justice.

court are rooms, now closed, that evidently belonged to the harem in the days of the Moorish occupation. The large Torre de Comares, with the magnificent Sala de los Embajadores, hall of the ambassadors, is at the north end. From this beautiful court a little door on the right gives admittance to the anteroom of the Court of Lions, the most magnificent part of the palace.

The Court of Lions is 132 feet long by 74 feet wide. A gallery surrounds it, supported by 120 delicate white marble pillars, which end in arches of the most beautiful and graceful Moorish fretwork. The capitals of the pillars are varied; no two of them being alike in design. "There is," wrote Irving, "no part of the edifice that gives us a more complete idea of its original beauty and magnificence, for none has suffered so little from the ravages of time." In the center stands the fountain famous in song and story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops, and the twelve lions which support them cast forth their crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil.

Opposite the Court of Lions is the Hall of Audience to which, it is said, Columbus came to plead with the Spanish monarchs to give him a fleet

Entrance to Palace of Charles V.

to find them a new world, and here again, Columbus in chains was later brought when he was undone by envy and malice. It was adjacent to the Tocador, or toilet of the queen, that Irving had those lovely apartments while he remained in the famous palace. This was "an open belvedere on the summit of the Comares tower, where Moorish sultanas enjoyed the pure breezes from the mountain and the prospect of the surrounding paradise."

The Alhambra is the last reminder of the Moorish occupation in Spain. "Never," says Irving, "was the annihilation of a people more complete. They have not even left a distant name behind them, though for nearly eight centuries they were a distinct people."

A Case of Pronouns.

Tommy Mulligan of the Seventh grade was absent from the class-room for one entire day. It would appear that he had played truant, for unknown to Tommy his teacher had spied him trudging homeward with pockets bulging suspiciously when she, too, was homeward bound that afternoon.

But Tommy brought a note of excuse the following morning, which of course would prove that he had been detained at home legitimately. The writing was hardly that of a feminine hand, and the note appeared to have been written laboriously and with much blotting; furthermore, the penmanship seemed strangely familiar to his teacher. The note read as follows:

"Dear teacher—Please excuse Tomy for not comeing to shool yestiddy, he cudnot come. I tore my pants. Mrs. Mulligan."—Chicago Record-Herald Sunday Magazine.

Fillmore's Private Secretary.

Major Austin S. Cushman, private secretary to President Fillmore, lives in New Bedford, Mass.

PLAYING THE BASS DRUM.

Takes Musician to Handle the Instrument Properly.

"The bass drummer is one of the most important members of a band," said David L. Clark, of Chicago, at the Plankington. "I am selling musical instruments, and I tell you that the music furnished by a band depends as much upon the quality and playing of the big bass drum as upon the fidelity and playing of any one instrument. The best bass drummer in the world to-day is a Philadelphia man—I cannot think of his name just now, although I know it as well as I know my own—and he gets a high salary as any musician in the world who is not a soloist. The beat of the bass drum is the very backbone of music. If it is in the least uncertain or wavering the rest of the band will be uncertain and wavering and the results will be discord. There is a great difference in drums, too. It depends upon the material and the workmanship in manufacture. A poor drum may have will soon become dead and flat, while the right tone will last a short time, but if a good instrument will, like a violin, improve with age."—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

...ces of Romans in Africa.

Interesting results have been obtained by the exploring expedition in the region of north Africa which was formerly known as the "limes Tripolitanus." At 40 miles from the port of Matmata, in the most remote part of the mountainous mass of the same name, Lieut. Pericaud discovered a fortified Roman farm, which is the most important of the remains found in this region. The Roman civilization, of which this is a trace, was established in the south of Tunisia in the second and third centuries A. D., following the military occupation of the country.

Doing Great Work.

Florisant, Mo., Dec. 19th.—(Special)—That Dodd's Kidney Pills are doing a great work in curing the more terrible forms of Kidney Disease, such as Bright's Disease, Dropsy and Diabetes, everybody knows. But it must also be noted that they are doing a still greater work in wiping out thousands of cases of the earlier stages of Kidney Disease. Take for instance, Mrs. Peter Barteau of this place. She says:—

"I have been subject to pains in my back and knees for about three years, but since I have been taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I have been entirely cured."

Others here tell similar stories. In fact, in this part of Missouri there are scores of people who have cured the early symptoms of Kidney Disease with Dodd's Kidney Pills. The use of the Great American Kidney Remedy thus saved not only the lives of Kidney Disease victims, but thousands of other Americans from years of sufferings.

Varying Effect of Strong Drink.

A well-known Brooklyn professor while lecturing the other day to his class, turned from his subject for a few minutes to talk on the effects of excessive drinking. "Some men can stand a whole lot more than others," he said. "Some men, in fact, cannot get along without a certain amount of stimulant in the way of strong drink. The best speech I ever heard was on the subject of temperance by a man who was so intoxicated that he could hardly stand. So, you see, strong drink doesn't produce the same effect on all men."—Brooklyn Eagle.

No Money in Apples.

This is the way a North Norway correspondent figures: Most of the farmers have sold their apples for one dollar, which really means exchanging one dollar for another: Thirty-eight cents for barrel, 12 cents for picking, 12 cents for packing, 12 cents for hauling to market and board of the help.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Diamond Ink.

So-called diamond ink for writing on glass is a compound of fluoric acid and barium. The latter has no effect, it being simply a white powder to give body to the acid. The ink can be used with a rubber hand stamp, and it should be allowed to remain fifteen minutes, when the bartum will brush off, leaving the design on the glass.

How's This?

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

F. J. CHENEY & CO., 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 his firm.

NATIONAL BANK OF COMMERCE, Toledo, O.

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 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Power in the Wifely Smile.

The man who finds his wife smiling happily when he comes home at nights will be likely to stay there. If he should go home every day of her smile will make him feel that she doesn't care, and he will soon find himself wanting to go back home and make her care.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use For Over 30 Years.
The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Thirteen is never considered unlucky by the man who gets that number for the price of a dozen.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

When a man is down in the world an ounce of help is much better than a pound of preaching.

FREE DR. MILES' NERVINE AND LIVER PILLS RESTORE HEALTH AND STRENGTH. Send for Free Sample and Book. DR. MILES MED. CO., Elkhart, Ind.

FITS All fits stopped by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to fit cases. Send to Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Ill nature turns the wine of intellect into vinegar.

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of the throat and lungs.—Wm. O. Endsley, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1895.

Too often the price of liberty is prohibitive.