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.

Pure Breeds.

Farmers have sadly neglected the use of the pure breeds in stock-raising. They have given their stock careful attention, and fed their animals with a view to securing a profit, but they have failed to take advantage of the opportunities of improvement. The mistaken supposition that "fancy" stock is too costly has deterred many from improvement, when the fact is that no investment is safer than pure-bred stock. A single male in a community will more than return his cost in one season, and by its use a profit may be secured where before only a wrong balance of the food and the beef occurred.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free 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. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila, Pa

A DEAD SHOT

right at the seat of difficulty, is accomplished by the sure and steady aim of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Don't fool around with a pop-gun, nor a "Flint-lock," when this reliable "Winchester" is within reach!

Dr. Sage's treatment of Catarrh in the Head is far superior to the ordinary, and when directions are reasonably well followed, results in a permanent cure. Don't longer be indifferent to the verified claims of this unfailing Remedy.

The worst forms of Catarrh disappear with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties effect a perfect and permanent cure, no matter how bad the case, or of how long standing. It's a remedy that succeeds where everything else has failed. Thousands of such cases can be pointed out. That's the reason its makers back their faith in it with money. They offer $500 reward for a case of Catarrh which they cannot cure.

It's a medicine that allows them to take such a risk.

Doesn't common sense lead you to take such a medicine?

"An advertising fake" you say.

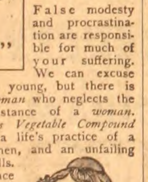
Funny, isn't it, how some people prefer sickness to health when the remedy is positive and the guarantee *absolute*.

Wise men don't put *money* back of "fakes." And "faking" doesn't pay.

"I Hate to Ask My Doctor."

Oh, Woman!

False modesty and procrastination are responsible for much of your suffering. We can excuse the delicacy of the young, but there is no excuse for a *woman* who neglects the freely offered assistance of a *woman*. *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* is the product of a life's practice of a woman among women, and an unfailing cure for woman's ills. It removes at once those pains, aches, and weaknesses, brightens the spirits, and invigorates the entire system. An unexcelled remedy for Kidney Troubles.



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.

PASTOR KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC

An Infallible Remedy. XII

BELLVILLE, Ill., Nov. '88.

I am 27 years of age now; since I was 16 years old I was a sufferer of epilepsy. In Germany I was treated by one of the best physicians' for five years, but no relief. I then came to America and here I tried many so-called cures for that terrible disease, but I was so disappointed that I gave up all hopes of ever getting rid of it, because I didn't ever get relief. But after all I was soon convinced that there is a real remedy, which really cures epilepsy. In the month of April I commenced to take Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, the effect of which was so marvelous that only once since then the fits returned, but now five months have elapsed and not a symptom of the disease showed itself. I am, therefore, convinced that the Nerve Tonic is a real cure for epilepsy and shall always hold it in grateful remembrance.

A. MUCKENSTURM.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

A torpid liver is the source of dyspepsia, sick headache, constipation, piles, bilious fever, chills and jaundice.

Tutt's Tiny Pills have a specific effect on the liver, restoring it to healthy action. 25cts.

BEST POLISH IN THE WORLD.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOR OF GOD."

An Able Discourse on the Above Text—He Advises His Congregation to Hold a Very High Model—Take Jesus Christ for a Pattern.

A Farewell Sermon.

His sermon was from the text, Ephesians vi, 11, "Put on the whole armor of God."

There is in this text a great rattle of shields and helmets and swords. Soldiers are getting ready for battle. We have had recently in this church new enlistments and I shall address myself to those in this and other churches who are putting on the armor of God, and who may feel themselves to be as yet only raw recruits. "Masterly retreat" is a term often used in military circles, but in religion there is no such thing. It is either glorious advance or disgraceful and ignominious falling back. It would be a strange thing if all our anxiety about men ceased the moment they were converted.

You would almost doubt the sanity of that farmer who, having planted the corn and seen it just sprout above ground, should say: "My work is all done. I have no more anxiety for the field." No. There is work for the plow and the hoe and there must be a careful keeping up of the fences, and there must be a frightening away of the birds that would pillage the field. And I say the entrance upon Christian life is only the implantation of grace in the heart. There is earnest, hard work yet to be done, and perhaps many years of anxiety before there shall be heard the glorious shout of "Harvest home."

The beginning to be a Christian is only putting down a foundation; but after that there are years of hammering, polishing, carving, lifting, before the structure is completed. It takes five years to make a Christian character, it takes twenty years, it takes forty years, it takes seventy years, if a man shall live so long. In other words, a man dying after half a century of Christian experience feels that he has only learned the "A B C's" of a glorious alphabet. The next year will decide a great deal in your history, young Christian man; it will decide whether you are to be a burning and shining light of the church, or a spark of grace covered up in a barrel of ashes.

It will decide whether you are to be a strong man in Christ Jesus, with gigantic blows striking the iron mail of darkness, or a bedwarfed, whining, grumbling soldier that ought to be drummed out of the Lord's camp with the "Rogues' March." You have only just been launched. The voyage is to be made. Earth and Heaven and hell are watching to see how fast you will sail, how well you will weather the tempest and whether at last, amid the shouting of angels, you shall come into the right harbor. May God help me this morning to give you three or four words of Christian counsel, as I address myself more especially to those who have just now entered the Christian life.

My first word of counsel is, Hold before your soul a very high model. Do not say, "I wish I could pray like that man, or speak like this man, or have the consecration of this one." Say: "Here is the Lord Jesus Christ, a perfect pattern. By that I mean, with God's grace, to shape all my life." In other words you will never be any more a Christian than you strive to be. If you build a foundation twenty by thirty feet you will only have a small house. If you build a foundation 100 by 100 feet, you will have a large house. If you resolve to be only a middling Christain, you will only be a middling Christian. If you have no high aspiration in a worldly direction you will never succeed in business.

If you have no high aspiration in religious things you will never succeed in religion. You have a right to aspire to the very highest style of Christian character. From your feet there reaches out a path of Christian attainment which you may take, and I deliberately say that you may be a better man than was Paul or David or Summerfield or Doddridge—a better woman than Hannah More or Charlotte Elizabeth. Why not? Did they have a monopoly of Christian grace? Did they have a private key of the storehouse of God's mercy? Does God shut you out from the gladness and goodness to which they were introduced?

Oh, no. You have just the same promises, just the same Christ, just the same Holy Ghost, just the same offers of present and everlasting love, and if you fall short of what they were—aye, if you do not come up to the point which they reached and go beyond it—it is not because Christ has shut you out from any point of moral and spiritual elevation, but because you deliberately refused to take it.

I admit that man cannot become a Christian like that without a struggle, but what do you get without fighting for it? The fortresses of darkness are to be taken by storm. You may by acute strategy flank the hosts of temptation, but there are temptations, there are evils, in the way that you will have to meet face to face, and it will be shot for shot, gun for gun, grip for grip, slaughter for slaughter. The Apostle Paul over and over again represents the Christian life as a combat.

When the war vessel of Christ's church comes into glory, bringing its crew and its passengers, it will not come in like a North river yacht, beautifully painted and adorned, swinging into the boathouse after a pleasure excursion. Oh, no. It will be like a vessel coming with a heavy cargo from China or India, the marks of the wave and the hurricane upon it—sails rent, riggings spliced, pumps all working to keep her afloat, bulwarks knocked away. I see such a vessel coming, and get out my small boat and push toward her, and I shout: "Ahoy, captain! What are you going to do with those shivered timbers? That was a beautiful ship when you went out, but you have ruined it." "Oh," says the captain, "I have a fine cargo on board, and by this round trip I have made ten fortunes."

So I believe it will be when the Christian soul at last comes into the harbor of Heaven. It will come bearing upon it the marks of a great stress of weather. You can see by the very looks of that soul as it comes into glory that it was driven by a storm and lashed in the hurricane; but by so much as the voyage is rough will the harbor be blessed. "If ye suffered with Him on earth ye shall be glorified with Him in Heaven." Aim high. Do not be satisfied to be like the Christians all around about you. Be more than they have ever been for Christ.

An old Arabian king was showing a beautiful sword that had been given him, when one of his courtiers said: "This sword is too short you cannot do anything with it." Said the king's son: "To a brave man no sword is too short. If it be too short take one step in advance, and then it is long enough." So I say to any Christian who may feel that he has poor weapons with which to fight against sin and darkness and death: "Advance upon the enemy. In the strength of Christ go forward. God is for you, and if God is for you who can be against you? Remember that God never puts you in battle, but he gives you weapons with which to fight."

My second word of counsel to those who have recently entered upon Christian life is, Abstain from all pernicious associations, and take only those that are useful and beneficent. Stay out of all associations that would damage your Christian character. Take only those associations that will help you. A learned man said, "If I stay with that man Fenelon any longer I shall be a Christian in spite of myself." In other words, there is a mighty power in Christian associations. Now, what kind of associations shall we, as young Christians, seek after? I think we ought to get into company better than ourselves, never going into company worse than ourselves. If we get into company a little better than ourselves, and there are ten people in that company, ten chances to one we will be bettered. If we get into company a little worse than ourselves, and there be ten people in that company, ten chances to one we will be made worse than we were before.

Now, when a young Christian enters the church, God does not ask him to retire from the world. The anchorite that lives on acorns is no nearer Heaven than the man who lives on partridge and wild duck. Isolation is not demanded by the Bible. A man may use the world with the restriction of not abusing it. But just as soon as you find any surroundings pernicious to your spiritual interest, quit those associations. This remark is especially more appropriate to the young. Now it is impossible that the young and untroubled should seek their associations with those who are aged and worn out.

My next word of counsel is that you be actively employed. I see a great many Christians with doubts and perplexities, and they seem to be proud of them. Their entire Christian life is made up of gloom, and they seem to cultivate that spiritual despondency, when I will undertake to say that in nine cases out of ten spiritual despondency is a judgment of God upon idleness. Who are the happy people in the church to-day? The busy people. Show me a man who professes the religion of Jesus Christ and is idle, and I will show you an unhappy man. The very first prescription that I give to a man when I find him full of doubts and fears about his eternal interest is to go to work for God. Ten thousand voices are lifted up asking for your help. Go and help.

Here is a wood full of summer insects. An axman goes into the wood to cut firewood. The insects do not bother him very much, and every stroke of the ax makes them fly away. But let a man go and lie down there and he is bitten and mauled and thinks it is a horrible thing to stay in the wood. Why does he not take an ax and go to work? So there are thousands of Christians now in the church who go out amid great annoyances in life—they are not perplexed, they are all the time busy; while there are others who do nothing, and they are stung and stung and stung and covered from head to foot with the blotches of indolence and inactivity and spiritual death.

The first thing, then, you have to do, O Christian young man, Christian young woman, is to go to work in the service of the Lord if you want to be a happy Christian. When an army goes out, there are always stragglers falling off here and there, some because they are faint and sick, but a great many because they are afraid to fight and too lazy to march. After awhile the lazy men on the road hear the booming of the guns for hours, and they hear the shout of victory, and a man on horseback comes up and says, "We have won the day!" Then they hasten up. How brave they are after the battle is over. Poor at fighting, but grand at "huzza!" So there are stragglers going after the Lord's host. There come days of darkness and battle. Where are they? We call the roll of the host. They make no answer, but after awhile there comes a day of triumph in the church, and they are all about. "Huzza! huzza! Didn't we give it to them!"

I have another word of counsel to give those who have just entered Christian life, and that is, Be faithful in prayer. You might as well, business man, start out in the morning without food and expect to be strong all the day—you might as well abstain from food all the week and expect to be strong physically as to be strong without prayer. The only way to get any strength into the soul is by prayer, and the only difference between that Christian that is worth everything and that who is worth nothing is the fact that the last does not pray and the other does.

And the only difference between this Christian, who is getting along very fast in the holy life, and this, who is only getting along tolerably, is that the first prays more than the last. You can graduate a man's progress in religion by the amount of prayer, not by the number of hours, perhaps, but by the earnest supplication that he puts up to God. There is no exception to the rule. Show me a Christian man who neglects this kind of duty and I will show you one who is inconsistent. Show me a man who prays, and his strength and his power cannot be exaggerated. Why, just give to a man this power of prayer and you give him almost omnipotence.

Another word of counsel I have to give. Be faithful in Bible research. A great many good books are now coming out. We cannot read half of them. At every revolution of the printing press they are coming. They cover our parlor tables and are in our sitting rooms and libraries. Glorious books they are. We thank God every day for the work of the Christian printing press. But I have thought that perhaps the followers of Christ sometimes allow this religious literature to take their attention from God's word, and that there may not be as much Bible reading as there ought to be.

How is that with your own experience? Just calculate in your minds how much religious literature you have read during the year, and then how large a portion of the Word of God you have read and then contrast the two and answer within your own soul whether you are giving more attention to the books that were written by the hand of man or that written by the hand of God. Now you go to the drug store and you get the mineral waters, but you have noticed that the waters are not so fresh or sparkling or healthful as when you get these very waters at Saratoga and Sharon—getting them right where they bubble from the rock. And I have noticed the same thing in regard to the truth of the Gospel; while there is a good deal of refreshment and health of the Gospel of God as it comes through good books, I find it is better when I come to the eterna rock of God's Word and drink from that fountain that bubbles up fresh and pure to the life and the refreshment and the health of the soul.

Read the Bible and it brings you into the association of the best people that ever lived. You stand beside Moses and learn his meekness, beside Job and learn his patience, beside Paul and catch something of his enthusiasm, beside Christ and you feel his love. And yet how strange it is that a great many men have given their whole lives to the assaulting of that book. I cannot understand it. Tom Paine worked against that book as though he received large wages, and was inspired by the very power of darkness, confessing that all the time he was writing he did not have the Bible anywhere near him. How many powerful intellects have endeavored to destroy it. Hume, Bolingbroke, Voltaire have been after it. Ten thousand men are now warring against the truth of God's Word. What do you think of them? I think it is mean, and will prove it. I will prove it is the meanest thing that has ever been done in all the centuries.

There is a ship at sea and in trouble. The captain and the crew are at their wits' end. You are on board. You are an old seaman. You come up and give some good counsel, which is kindly taken. That is all right. But suppose, instead of doing that, in the midst of all the trouble you pick up the only compass that is on board and pitch it over the taffrail? Oh, you say, that is dastardly. But is it as mean as this? Here is the vessel of the world going on with sixteen hundred millions of passengers, tossed and driven in the tempest, and at the time we want help the infidel comes and he takes hold of the only compass and he tries to pitch it overboard. It is contemptible beyond everything that is contemptible. Have you any better light? Bring it on if you have. Have you any better comfort to give us? Bring it on if you have. Have you any better hope? Bring it on if you have, and then you may have this Bible and I shall never want it again.

But I can think of a meaner thing than that, and that is an old man going along on the mountains with a staff in one hand and a lantern in the other. Darkness has come on suddenly. He is very old, just able to pick his way out amid the rocks and precipices, leaning on his staff with one hand and guiding himself with the light in the other. You come up and say: "Father, you seem to be lost. You are a long way from home." "Yes," he replies. And then you take him by the hand and lead him home. That is very kind of you. But suppose instead of that you should snatch the staff from his hands and hurl it over the rocks, and snatch the lantern and blow it out? That would be dastardly, contemptible until there is no depth of contempt beneath it. If you have a better staff, give it to him. If you have a better light, give it to him.

When God has put the staff of the Gospel in our hands and the lamp of God's word to light our feet, are you going to take from us our only support and our only illumination? I love the sting of the wasp and the rattlesnake better than I do the man who wants to clutch the word of God from my grasp. There are people here who have been reading it a good while. It is a precious book to their souls. It has been so in time of darkness and trouble. There was a soldier who fell in battle, and after he had fallen he said in a feeble voice to his comrade, "Give me a drop." His comrade replied, "There is not a particle of water in my canteen." "Oh," he said, "I didn't mean that. Look in my knapsack and you will find a Bible there. Get out that old Bible and just give me a drop out of that." And his comrade found the Bible and read a few passages. The dying soldier said, "Oh, George, there is nothing like that, is there, for a dying soldier?"

Cling to your Bible! If this Bible should be destroyed, if all the Bibles that have ever been printed should be destroyed, we could make up a Bible right out of this audience. From that Christian man's experience I take one cluster of promises, and from that old Christian man's experience another. I put them all together, and I think I would have a Bible.

You see, my friends, I have not tried to hide the fact that I have large expectation of you who have entered the Christian life. Do not be discouraged. Press on toward the prize, God beside you and Heaven before you. Keep your courage up. Look in thirty years from now upon this church. Another man in the pulpit. Other faces in the pews. Another man leading the song. Others carrying around the alms boxes of the church. All changed. Thirty years have gone, and I look into the faces of the people, and I say: "Why, it seems to me I have seen these people somewhere, but I cannot exactly say where. Oh, yes, now I begin to think. These were the converts in 1892 and 1890. Why, how you have changed!"

"Oh, yes," they say, "of course we have changed. Thirty years make a great change." I say, "How many wrinkles there are in your faces!" "Oh, yes," they say, "thirty years make a great many wrinkles." "Have you kept the faith?" "Yes, we have kept the faith." "Where are those people who used to sit in the pew with you." "All gone." Then I say, "Well, I feel lonely; come, let us sing one of the old hymns we used to sing thirty years ago, in 1892, on communion day. Any of you know the old tune? Some one hum it. Yes, that's it, that's it. Now, altogether, let us sing, just as we did in 1892:

> "There is a fountain filled with blood,
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood
> Lose all their guilty stains.
>
> "The dying thief rejoiced to see
> That fountain in his day,
> And there may I, though vile as he,
> Wash all my sins away."

To Preserve Furs.

Many plans are recommended for the preservation of furs through the summer. Perhaps there is none better than to wrap the articles, each one separately, in coarse brown paper; it must be paper that will not tear easily, as moth will get in through the smallest aperature.

THE man who deals at the faro table is a vice president.

Give Us Laughing Philosophers.

None of your snarling cynics for us. They laugh not, neither do they smile. They are lugubrious—dyspeptic. They are usually sour of visage, pale, slight, dry, quite gravyless individuals in fact, who look as if they had been at loggerheads with roast beef all their lives. The side-splitting, button-bursting guffaw that proceeds from the individual with a good digestion is never heard from them. They magnify mole hills into mountains, "trifles light as air" into grievous annoyances. Show us, on the contrary, a man who faces trouble with a smile, repines not at small mishaps, and in whom the fountains of merriment are easily set aflow, and we will show you a man with a good digestion. Use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters to secure this blessing, and banish the nervousness and querulous disposition to snarl and find fault which attends dyspepsia. Rheumatism, constipation, malaria, kidney trouble and la grippe yield to the Bitters.

Only Man Ever Killed by a Meteor.

To the writer's certain knowledge there is but one case on record where a human being has been killed by an aerolite or fall of meteoric stone. The fatality mentioned occurred in Whetstone Township, Crawford County, Ohio, in 1875, and is recorded in the Bucyrus Journal as follows: "As David Misenthaler, the famous stockman of Whetstone Township, was driving his cows to the barn about daylight this morning he was struck by an aerolite and instantly killed. It appears as if the stone had come down from a direction a little west of south, striking the man just under or on the right shoulder, passing obliquely through him from the right shoulder to just above the left hip, burying the greater portion of his body under itself in the soft earth. The stone is about the size of a wooden water bucket, and appears to be composed of pyrites of iron."—Philadelphia Press.

WE have noticed that when a woman asks to be taken to the silk counter she speaks in a much louder voice than when she asks to look at the calico remnants.

A. M. PRIEST, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

"I FEEL now quite satisfied that there is no life so happy as a married one." "And how long have you been married?" "Oh, ah!—three days."

THE PUBLIC AWARDS THE PALM TO HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR as a cough remedy.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS Cure in one Minute.

HATRED is active, and envy passive disgust; there is but one step from envy to hate.

WHO WOULD be free from earthly ills must buy a box of Beecham's Pills. 25 cents a box. Worth a guinea.

BE slow to promise, and quick to perform.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

So promptly and effectually overcomes THAT TIRED FEELING as to conclusively prove this medicine "makes the weak strong." J. B. Emerton, a well-known merchant of Auburn, Maine,

Mr. J. B. Emerton. had **Dyspepsia**, complicated with **Liver and Kidney** troubles. He took **HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA** and it gave relief and great comfort. He says: "**It is a God-send** to any one suffering as I did."

HOOD'S PILLS cure Habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

SYRUP of FIGS

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.

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

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

LOVELL DIAMOND CYCLES

For Ladies and Gents. Six styles in Pneumatic Cushion and Solid Tires.

Diamond Frame, Steel Drop Forgings, Steel Tubing, Adjustable Ball Bearings to all running parts, including Pedals. Suspension Saddle.

Strictly HIGH GRADE in Every Particular.

$85

Send 6 cents in stamps for our 100-page illustrated catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Sporting Goods, etc.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Mfrs., 147 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

BARLOW'S INDIGO BLUE.

The Family Wash Blue, for sale by Grocers.

HEMORDIA FOR PILES.

THE ONLY SURE CURE. Price $1.00 by mail. HEMORDIA CO., 110 Fulton St., New York.

Established 1856.

Nature's Herbal Remedies.

"Out of each nook by dingle and brook The healing blossoms lurk and look."

DR. O. P. BROWN'S Great External Remedy

HERBAL OINTMENT

reaches disease through the pores, arouses circulation, heals inflammation, banishes pain; 25c. Druggists or by mail. 47 Grand St., Jersey City, N.J.

"German Syrup"

My niece, Emeline Hawley, was, taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption. She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good. Finally she took German Syrup and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. I had it from her own lips. Mrs. Mary A. Stacey, Trumbull, Conn. Honor to German Syrup.

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.

PILES

ANAKESIS gives instant relief, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Price, $1; at druggists or by mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

The Laxative Gum Drop.

The Laxative Gum Drop is a new form of laxative that has just been placed upon the market. It resembles in form and taste the gum drop of the confectioners, but it has no medicinal taste. It is, however, an effective but pleasant laxative, without griping or discomfort. These drops can be carried in the pocket or the valise without danger or injury. They can be given to the children without their suspecting that they contain medicine, for they will never find this out from the taste, although they will from the effect. In short, they contain the elements of a perfect laxative without any of the unpleasant accompaniments that usually surround this class of remedies. There is no spoon, no liquid, no bottle, no unpleasant reminders that there is such a thing as medicine. They can be taken at any time. Ask your druggist for the Laxative Gum Drop, and if he will not order them for you write to us. Small boxes 10 cents, large ones 25 cents.

SYLVAN REMEDY CO., Peoria, Ill.

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.

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