A Handy Barometer.

A cup of coffee and a lump or two of sugar are said to be a very acceptable substitute for the official and not wholly accurate weather forecasts. Having dropped the lumps of sugar into the cup of coffee carefully, watch the air bubbles that rise to the surface. If they suddenly rush from the center to the side of the cup, be sure that it is going to rain very hard. If the air bubbles assemble in the center and then pass to the side of the cup in a deliberate way you must still be prepared for what the weather forecasts would call "some showers." But if the bubbles refuse to stir from the center of the cup you may go forth to your labors assured of a fine day.—Troy Times.

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.

MODESTY is to merit as shade is to figures in a picture; giving it strength and beauty.

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.

HELP! HELP! THE LADY FAINTS.

"'Tis the twink of an eye,
'Tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health,
To the paleness of death."

When sudden fainting spells come upon a lady, you may always suspect some uterine disturbances or trouble, or some great disorder in the circulation and nerve centers. A remedy that has always proved successful in warding off and removing the tendency to a recurrence of fainting spells—that removes the cause of them, corrects the circulation of blood, and gives to the system that even running nervous energy so essential, is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

The "Prescription" is *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. Nothing else does as much. You only pay for the good you get.

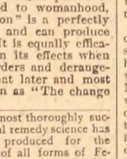
Can you ask more?

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at the critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The change of Life."

Know all Women

The most thoroughly successful remedy science has ever produced for the cure of all forms of female Complaints is *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.* It has stood the test of many years, and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. It will entirely cure Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, also Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and check the tendency to cancerous humors.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure constipation, biliousness, etc.



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.

Yours for Health,
Lydia E. Pinkham

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.

If you have no appetite, Indigestion, Flatulence, Sick-Headache, "all run down" or losing flesh, take

Tutt's Tiny Pills

They tone up the weak stomach and build up the flagging energies. 25c.

PILES ANAKESIS gives instant relief, and is an INFALLIBLE CURE for PILES. Price, $1; at druggists or by mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 3626, NEW YORK CITY.

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.

WHAT IT COST TO GIVE HUMANITY SALVATION.

The Lowly Birth of Christ—The Temptation in the Wilderness—Christ Before Pilate—How Nature Groaned and Shuddered at the Crucifixion.

Talmage in London.

Dr. Talmage preached in London last Sunday and was greeted by an enormous audience. He entitled his sermon "The Immense Cost," from the text, I. Cor. vi, 20, "Ye are bought with a price."

Your friend takes you through his valuable house. You examine the arches, the frescoes, the grassplots, the fishponds, the conservatories, the parks of deer, and you say within yourself or you say aloud, "What did all this cost?" You see a costly diamond flashing in an earring, or you hear a costly dress rustling across the drawing-room, or you see a high-mettled span of horses harnessed with silver and gold, and you begin to make an estimate of the value.

The man who owns a large estate cannot instantly tell you all it is worth. He says, "I will estimate so much for the house, so much for the furniture, so much for laying out the grounds, so much for the stock, so much for the barn, so much for the equipage—adding up in all making this aggregate."

Well, my friends, I hear so much about our mansion in Heaven, about its furniture and the grand surroundings, that I want to know how much it is all worth, and what has actually been paid for it. I cannot complete in a month nor a year the magnificent calculation, but before I get through to-day I hope to give you the figures. "Ye are bought with a price."

With some friends I went to your Tower to look at the crown jewels. We walked around, caught one glimpse of them, and being in the procession were compelled to pass out. I wish I could take this audience into the tower of God's mercy and strength that you might walk around just once, at least, and see the crown jewels of eternity, to hold their brilliance and estimate their value. "Ye are bought with a price."

Now if you have a large amount of money to pay, you do not pay it all at once, but you pay it by installments—so much the 1st of January, so much the 1st of April, so much the 1st of July, so much the 1st of October, until the entire amount is paid, and I have to tell this audience that "you have been bought with a price," and that that price was paid in different installments.

The first installment paid for the clearance of our souls was the ignominious birth of Christ in Bethlehem Though we may never be carefully looked after afterward, our advent into the world is carefully guarded. We come into the world amid kindly attentions. Privacy and silence are afforded when God launches an immortal soul into the world. Even the roughest of men know enough to stand back. But I have to tell you that in the village on the side of the hill there was a very bedlam of uproar when Jesus was born.

In a village capable of accommodating only a few hundred people many thousand people were crowded, and amid hostlers and muleteers and camel drivers yelling at stupid beasts of burden the Messiah appeared. No silence; no privacy. A better adapted place hath the caglet in the eyrie—hath the whelp in the lion's lair. The exile of Heaven lieth down upon straw. The first night out from the palace of Heaven spent in an outhouse! One hour after laying aside the robes of Heaven, dressed in a wrapper of coarse linen. One would have supposed that Christ would have made a more gradual descent, coming from Heaven first to a half way world of great magnitude, then to Cæsar's palace, then to a merchants castle in Galilee, then to a private home in Bethany, then to a fisherman's hut, and last of all to a stable. No! It was one leap from the top to the bottom.

Let us open the door of the caravansary in Bethlehem and drive away the camels. Press on through the group of idlers and loungers. What, O Mary! no light? "No light," she says, "save that which comes through the door." What, Mary! no food? "None," she says, "only that which was brought in the sack on the journey." Let the Bethlehem woman who has come in here with kindly attentions put back the covering from the babe that we may look upon it. Lo! Look! Uncover your head. Let us kneel. Let all voices be hushed. Son of Mary! Son of God! Child of a day—monarch of eternity! In that eye the glance of a God. Omnipotence sheathed in that babe's arm. That voice to be changed from the feeble plaint to the tone that shall wake the dead. Hosanna! Hosanna!

Glory be to God that Jesus came from throne to manger, that we might rise from manger to throne, and that all the gates are open, and that the door of Heaven, that once swung this way to let Jesus out, now swings the other way to let us in. Let all the bellmen of Heaven lay to the rope and ring out the news, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for to-day is born in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord!"

The second installment paid for our soul's clearance was the scene in Quarantania, a mountainous region, full of caverns, where there are to this day panthers and wild beasts of all sorts, so that you must now go there armed with knife or gun or pistol. It was there that Jesus went to think and to pray, and it was there that this monster of hell—more sly, more terrific than anything that prowled in that country—Satan himself, met Christ.

The rose in the cheek of Christ—that Publius Lentulius, in his letter to the Roman senate, ascribed to Jesus—that rose had scattered its pedals. Abstinence from food had thrown Him into emaciation. A long abstinence from food recorded in profane history in the case of the crew of the ship Juno; for twenty-three days they had nothing to eat. But this sufferer had fasted a month and ten days before He broke fast. Hunger must have agonized every fiber of the body and gnawed on the stomach with teeth of death. The thought of a morsel of bread or meat must have thrilled the body with something like ferocity. Turn out a pack of men hungry as Christ was a-hungered, and if they had strength, with one yell they would devour you as a lion a kid.

It was in that pang of hunger that Jesus was accosted, and Satan said, "Now change these stones which look like bread, into an actual supply of bread." Had the temptation come to you and me under these circumstances, we would have cried, "Bread it shall be!" and been almost impatient at the time taken for mastication, But Christ with one hand beat back the hunger, and with the other hand beat back the monarch of darkness. Oh, we tempted ones! Christ was tempted. We are told that Napoleon ordered a coat of mail made, but he was not quite certain that it was impenetrable, so he said to the manufacturer of the coat of mail, "Put it on now yourself, and let us try it," and with a shot after shot from his own pistol the Emperor found out that it was just what it pretended to be—a good coat of mail. Then the man received a large reward.

I bless God that the same coat of mail that struck back the weapons of temptation from the head of Christ we may now all wear; for Jesus comes and says: "I have been tempted, and I know what it is to be tempted. Take this robe that defended me, and wear it for yourselves. I shall see through all trials and I shall see you through all temptations."

"But," says satan still further to Jesus, "Come and I will show you something worth looking at; and after a half day's journey they came to Jerusalem, and to the top of the temple. Just as one might go up in the tower of Antwerp and look off upon Belgium, so satan brought Christ to the top of the temple. Some people at a great height feel dizzy, and a strange disposition to jump; so satan comes to Christ in that very crisis. Standing there at the top of the temple they looked off. A magnificent reach of country. Grain fields, vineyards, olive groves, forests, and streams, cattle in the valley, flocks on the hills, and villages and cities and realms.

"Now," says satan, "I'll make a bargain. Just jump off. I know it is a great way from the top of the Temple to the valley, but if you are diving you can reach the bottom of it without hurt you. Angels will catch you. Your Father will hold you. Besides, I'll make you a large present if you will. I'll give you Asia Minor, I'll give you China, I'll give you Ethiopia, I'll give you Italy, I'll give you Spain, I'll give you Germany, I'll give you Britain, I'll give you all the world." What a temptation! It might have been! Up to-morrow morning and get in an altercation with some wretch crawling up from a gin cellar in the lowest part of your city. "No," you say, "I would not bemean myself by getting into such a contest." Then think of what the king of heaven and earth endured when He came down and fought the great wretch of hell, and fought him in the wilderness and on top of the temple. But I bless God that in the triumph over temptation Christ gives us the assurance that we also shall triumph. Having Himself been tempted, He is able to succor all those who are tempted.

In a violent storm at sea the mate told a boy—for the rigging had become entangled at the mast—to go up and right it. A gentleman standing on the deck watched the boy, and thought he had said "Don't go up, he will be dashed to death." The mate said: "I know what I am about." The boy raised his hat in recognition of the order, and then rose hand over hand and went to work; and as he swung in the storm the passengers wrung their hands and expected to see him fall. The work done he came down in safety, and the gentleman said to him, "Why did you go down into the forecastle before you went up?" "Ah!" said the boy; "I went down to pray. My mother always taught me before I undertook anything great to pray." "What is that you have in your vest?" said the man. "Oh! that is the New Testament," he said; "I thought I would carry it with me if I really did go overboard." How well the boy was protected.

I care not how great the height or how vast the depth, with Christ within us and Christ beneath us and Christ above us and Christ all around us nothing can befall us in the way of harm. Christ himself having been in the tempest will deliver all who put their trust in him. Blessed be His glorious name forever.

The third installment paid for our redemption was the Saviour's sham trial. I call it a sham trial—there has never been anything so indecent or unfair in any criminal court as was witnessed at the trial of Christ. Why, they hustled Him into the courtroom at 2 o'clock in the morning. They gave Him no time for preparation. They gave Him no time in subpœnaing witnesses. The ruffians who were wandering around through the midnight of course they saw the arrest and went into the courtroom. But Jesus' friends were sober men, respectable men, and at that hour, 2 o'clock in the morning, of course they were at home asleep. Consequently Christ entered the courtroom with the ruffians.

Oh, look at Him! No one to speak a word for Him. I lift the lantern until I can look into His face, and as my heart beats in sympathy for this, the best friend the world ever had, Himself now utterly friendless, an officer of the courtroom comes up and smites Him in the mouth, and I see the blood stealing from lip and lip. Oh! it was a farce of a trial, lasting only perhaps an hour, and then the judge rises for sentence. Stop! It is against the law to give sentence unless there has been an adjournment of the court between condemnation and sentence, but what cares the judge for the law? While the man has no friends—life, this die, says the judge, and the ruffians outside the jail cry: "Aha! aha! that's what we want! Pass Him out here to us! Away with Him! Away with Him!"

Oh! I bless God that amid all the injustice that may have been inflicted upon us in this world we have a divine sympathizer. The world cannot lie about you or abuse you as they did Christ, and Jesus stands to-day in every court-room, in every house, in every store, and says: "Courage! By all my hours of maltreatment and abuse, I will protect those who are trampled upon." And when Christ forgets that two o'clock morning scene, and the stroke of the ruffian on the mouth, and the howling of the unwashed crowd, then He will forget you and me in the injustices of life that may be inflicted upon us.

Further, I remark: The last great installment paid for our redemption was the demise of Christ. The world has seen many dark days. Many summers ago there was a very dark day when the sun was eclipsed. The fowl at noonday went to their perch, and we felt a gloom as we looked at the astronomical wonder. It was a dark day in London when the plague was at its height, and the dead with uncovered faces were taken in open carts and dumped in the trenches. It was a dark day when the earth opened and Lisbon sank, but the darkest day since the creation of the world was when the carnage of Calvary was enacted.

It was about noon when the curtain began to be drawn. It was not the coming on of a night that soothes and refreshes; it was the swinging of a great gloom all around the Heavens. God hung it. As when there is a dead one in the house you now the shutters or turn the lattice, so God in the afternoon shut the windows of the world. As it is appropriate to throw a black pall upon the coffin as it passes along, so it was appropriate that everything should be somber that day as the great hearse of the earth rolled on, bearing the corpse of the king.

A man's last hours are ordinarily kept sacred. However you may have hated or caricatured a man, when you hear he is dying in silence put on a hand to your lips, and you would have a loathing for the man who could stand by a deathbed making faces and scoffing. But Christ in His last hour cannot be left alone. What! pursuing Him yet after so long a pursuit? You have been drinking His tears. Do you want to drink His blood? They come up closely, so that notwithstanding the darkness they can glut their revenge with the contortions of his countenance. They examine His feet. They want to feel for themselves whether those feet are really spiked. They put out their hands and touch the spikes, and bring them back wet with blood and wipe them on their garments. Women stand there and weep, but can do no good. It is no place for the tender hearted women. It wants a heart that crime has turned into granite.

The waves of man's hatred and of hell's vengeance dash up against the mangled feet, and the hands of sin and pain and torture clutch for His holy head. Had He not been thoroughly fastened to the cross they would have torn Him down and trampled Him with both feet. How the cavalry horses arched their necks and champed their bits, and reared and snuffed at the blood! Had a Roman officer called out for a light his voice would not have been heard in the tumult; but louder than the clash of arms, and the wailing of woman and the neighing of the chargers, and the bellowing of the crucifiers there comes a voice crashing through—loud, clear, overwhelming, terrific. It is the groaning of the dying son of God! Look! what a scene! Look, world, at what you have done!

I lift the covering from the maltreated Christ to let you count the wounds and examine the corpse. Oh, when the nails went through Christ's right hand and through Christ's left hand that bought both your hands with all their power to work and lift and write! When the nails went through Christ's right foot and Christ's left foot, that bought your feet, with all their power to walk or run or climb. When the thorn went into Christ's temple, that bought your brain, with all its power to think and plan. When the spear cleft Christ's side, that bought your heart, with all its power to love and repent and pray.

Oh, sinner, come, come back! If a man is in no pain, if he is prospered, if he is well, and he asks you to come, you take your time and you say: "I can't come now. I'll come after awhile. There is no hasten." But if he is in pain and trouble you say: "I must go now." To-day Jesus stretches out before you two wounded hands and He begs you to come. Go and you live. Stay away and you die. Oh, that to Him who bought us we might give all our time, and all our prayers, and all our successes. I would we could think of nothing else, but come to Christ. He is so kind. He is so loving. He is so sympathizing. He is so good. I wish we could put our arms around His neck and say, "Thine, Lord, will I be forever." Oh, that you would begin to love Him. Would that I could take this audience and wreathe it around the heart of my Lord Jesus Christ.

When the Atlantic cable was lost, in 1865, do you remember that the Great Eastern, and the Medway, and the Albany went out to find it? Thirty times they sank the grapnel two and a half miles deep in water. After a while they found the cable and brought it to the surface. No sooner had it been brought to the surface than they lifted a shout of exultation, but the cable fell back again into the water and was lost. Then for two weeks more they swept the sea with the grappling hooks, and at last they found the cable, and they brought it up in silence. They fastened it this time. Then, with great excitement, they took one end of the cable to the electrician's room to see if there were really any life in it, and when they saw a spark and knew that a message could be sent, then every hat was lifted, and the rockets flew and the guns sounded until all the vessels on the expedition knew the work was done and the continents were lashed together.

Well, my friends, Sabbath after Sabbath Gospel messengers have been searching down for your souls. We have swept the sea with the grappling hook of Christ's Gospel. Again and again we have thought that you were at the surface, and we began to rejoice over your redemption; but at the moment of our gladness you sank back again into the world and back again into sin. To-day we come with this Gospel searching for your soul. We apply the cross of Christ first to see whether there is any life left in you, while all around the people stand, looking to see whether the work will be done and the angels of God bend down and witness, and oh! if now we could see only one spark of love and hope and faith, we would send up a shout that would be heard on the battlements of Heaven, and two worlds would keep jubilee because communication is open between Christ and the soul, and your nature that has been sunken in sin has been lifted into the light and the joy of the Gospel.

Still Puzzles the Children.

"What is in those big brown paper packages that came to-day, mamma?"

"Oh, nothing, child; nothing but—but soap."

"Then why don't you let me see it?"

"I don't want to open them until washing-day."

"But Jane is out of soap and is going to the grocery to get some."

"I forgot; it is not soap in those bundles, but starch."

"When does Christmas come, mamma?"

"Next week."

"Who brings the presents?" Santa Claus."

"How does he get in?"

"Comes down the chimney."

"But we have no chimney in the parlor where the Christmas tree is to be!"

"No, I forgot; he comes up the heater flue."

"But how does he get through the little holes?"

"He is very small, and can squeeze through anywhere."

"But dolls and carriages and drums and sleds are not small. How does he get them through?"

"Oh! please don't bother anymore; mamma is tired."—*Philadelphia Call.*

All Aboard!

Make haste. Your baggage is all right, but have you got a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters? No! Then you have made a sad omission, and if you are troubled with stomachic qualms en route—if you are sea sick, my dear sir, or madam, you will have deserved your fate. How dreadful the waves or the jarring of the engine or screws shake you up! Now there is a mute but awful call to the ship's side. Now, if you had the Bitters along with you this wouldn't happen. Travelers and tourists, take our advice, and before you start on your yachting or ocean voyage, your coastwise trip or inland outing, obtain the Bitters, and thus fortify yourselves against sometime difficulties, malaria, dyspepsia, and the effects of exposure in rough weather or bad diet, or water. Take it, too, for biliousness, kidney trouble, and rheumatism.

Oddities About Rats.

Rats are natives of Asia and their raids westward belong to comparative modern times. From the fact that it is not mentioned by any of the early Europeans it is surmised that it was unknown west of the Ganges in ancient times. The black rat first came from Asia to Europe in the sixteenth century—along with the plague—and was first known as the "graveyard specter," because he preyed on the flesh of those who died during that awful visitation. He was also known as the "plague cat," because the common house cat had a similar habit of feasting on the dead. The black rat was the common house rat until the brown or gray rat made his appearance in 1775. The gray rat came to Europe from India, by way of Russia, and is now popularly known as the Norway rat, from a mistaken tradition that it came from Norway to England and from the latter country to America.

S. E. COBURN, Mgr. Clarie Scott, writes: "I find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Nickel-in-the-Slot Telephones.

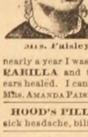
Two California inventors have devised a toll-collecting apparatus for telephones. It consists of the usual coin-in-the-slot device, with the addition of a clock-work apparatus that automatically cuts out the telephone when the time for the talk has expired.

SICK HEADACHE, lassitude, weakness and loss of appetite, caused by malaria, can be immediately cured by Beecham's Pills.

BETTER live in a house without windows than in a house without books.

ACTORS, VOCALISTS, PUBLIC SPEAKERS recommend HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR. PISO'S TOOTHACHE DROPS Cure in one Minute.

LIFE is not worth living unless you live for somebody else.



Mrs. Paisley.

Whenever

I see Hood's Sarsaparilla I want to bow and say 'Thank You.' I was badly affected with Eczema and Scrofula So ex, covering almost the whole of one side of my face, nearly to the top of my head. Running sores discharged from both ears. My eyes were very bad. For nearly a year I was deaf. I took HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA and the sores on my eyes and in my ears healed. I can now hear and see as well as ever." MRS. AMANDA PAISLEY, 176 Lander St., Newburgh, N.Y.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, Jaundice, sick headache, biliousness, sour stomach, nausea.

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.

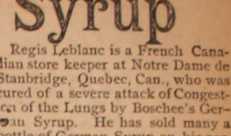
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

FOR SUMMER COMPLAINTS
PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER
BEST MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.

WANTED! MEN TO TRAVEL. We pay $50 to $100 a month and expenses. STONE & WELLINGTON, Madison, Wis.

"German Syrup"

Regis Leblanc is a French Canadian store keeper at Notre Dame de Stanbridge, Quebec, Can., who was cured of a severe attack of Congestion of the Lungs by Boschee's German Syrup. He has sold many a bottle of German Syrup on his personal recommendation. If you drop him a line he'll give you the full facts of the case direct, as he did us, and that Boschee's German Syrup brought him through nicely. It always will. It is a good medicine and thorough in its work.



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 that time have I been returned, but now five months have elapsed and not a symptom of the disease showed itself. I am, therefore, convinced that 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. Send at once; 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

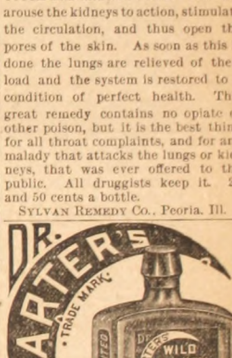
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

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

Summer Trouble.

The foundation of many cases of lung and kidney disease is laid in summer. Persons, while perspiring, expose themselves to draughts, and before they realize it they become chilled. The pores of the skin close, and the waste matter that the skin has been throwing off is retained in the blood, and the kidneys and lungs are forced to take care of it. The result is that they often break down. In all such cases take REID'S GERMAN COUGH AND KIDNEY CURE. This will arouse the kidneys to action, stimulate the circulation, and thus open the pores of the skin. As soon as this is done the lungs are relieved of their load and the system is restored to a condition of perfect health. This great remedy contains no opiate or other poison, but it is the best thing for all throat complaints, and for any malady that attacks the lungs or kidneys, that was ever offered to the public. All druggists keep it. 25 and 50 cents a bottle.

SYLVAN REMEDY CO., Peoria, Ill.



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