### A Diabolical Trio.

If there is one more fiendish than the hateful trinity, dyspepsia, biliousness and irregularity of the bowels usually existent together, we are unaware of it. These co-operative organs, the stomach, the bowels and the liver, are usually thrown out of gear together, and the restoration of regularity to one is usually the signal for the others to fall into line. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters controls all three beneficently and completely, not only regulating but invigorating them. It also exerts a most happy influence upon the kidneys and the blood, giving a healthful impulse and enriching the second. It overcomes malaria and a tendency to chronic rheumatism and neuralgia, and improves appetite and sleep. To the nervous it affords unspeakable relief. A wineglassful three times daily will, if persisted in, achieve results to be expected from no other medium.

### A Prince Earns His Living.

The Duke of Oporto, brother of the King of Portugal, is a fine flute player, and pays the salaries of a complete orchestra so as to have the men constantly at his palace. A year or two ago he made a bet with one of the nobles of the court that he would earn his living for a week with his flute. He got leave of absence, went to Madrid, traveling as an ordinary individual, without anybody being aware of his identity, and obtained a situation in the orchestra of the Madrid Opera House, giving great satisfaction during the few days that he attended to his duty. He returned to Lisbon with his discharge and a letter of recommendation to the chief of his own orchestra, in addition to $14 in wages.

### Malaga Grapes.

Few of the fruit-eating public are aware of the source of supply of what are called Malaga or white grapes. From a little village in Spain, called Almeria, situated directly on the Mediterranean Sea, about 150 miles east of Gibraltar, are shipped annually, from Aug. 25 to Nov. 1, between 500,000 and 900,000 barrels of grapes.

W. J. McDONALD, superintendent Lanseau Manufacturing Co., Greenville S. C., says: «My wife has used Brad crotties for headache, and it is the only thing that relieves her sufferings." Of all Druggists. 50c.

FRIENDSHIP begins with liking or gratitude—roots that can be pulled up. Mothers' love begins deeper down.

M. L. THOMPSON & CO., Druggists, Condersport, Pa., say Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, 75c.

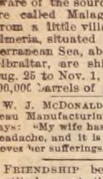
FOR what is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away.—James.

DON'T TRIFLE WITH AFFECTIONS of the throat and lungs. Take HALE'S HONEY OF HOREHOUND AND TAR.

PIKE'S TOOTHACHE DROPS Cure in one Minute.

GOD has never ceased to be the one true aim of all right human aspiration. —Vinet.

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.



*TAKE HEART,*

if you're a suffering woman. The chronic weaknesses, painful disorders, and delicate derangements that come to woman only have's positive remedy in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If you'll faithfully use it, every disturbance and irregularity can be permanently cured.

It's a legitimate medicine for woman, carefully adapted to her delicate organization. It builds up and invigorates the entire system, regulates and promotes all the proper functions, and restores health and strength.

"Favorite Prescription" is the *only* remedy for woman's ills that's *guaranteed*. If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Which is the best to try, if you have Catarrh—a medicine that claims to have cured others, or a medicine that is backed by money to cure you? The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy agree to cure your Catarrh, *perfectly* and *permanently*, or they'll pay you $500 in cash.

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.

My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made from herbs, and is prepared for use as easily as tea. It is called

## LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c and $1 per package. If you cannot get it, send your address for a free sample. A dose relieves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy, this is necessary. Address ORATOR F. WOODWARD, Leroy, N. Y.


**"I am not Well Enough to Work."**

This is a daily event in mills, shops, factories, etc. It is the point where nature can endure no more. Then the poor sufferer, worn with toil and broken in health, stands aside to make room for another. "*Quick Consumption*" they call it. To this class of women and girls we proffer both sympathy and aid. When those distressing weaknesses and derangements assail you, remember that *Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound* will relieve them. We have on record thousands of such cases that have been restored to vigorous health.

All Druggists sell it, or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1. Sold. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence, LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

*Yours for Health*
*Lydia E. Pinkham*

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.


## TALMAGE IN EUROPE.

### HE DISCOURSES REGARDING KING'S HIGHWAY.

**The Difference Between the Right and the Wrong Road—The Christian's Progress Heavenward in the Path of Rectitude.**

Another busy week of Dr. Talmage's preaching tour has just ended. After concluding services before immense audiences at Swansea, Exeter and Bristol, he preached four times in Plymouth to the largest religious gatherings ever witnessed in the city. Before leaving Plymouth the Mayor, at a public meeting at which many clergymen were present, thanked the American preacher for the great good his sermons had produced in awakening the community. Dr. Talmage on the day of his departure was driven to the wharf and alighted at the top of the flight of stone steps down which the pilgrim fathers went when they embarked on the Mayflower to seek the New World.

The sermon selected for last Sabbath was entitled "The King's Highway," the text chosen being Isaiah xxxv, 8-10: "And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon. It shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

There are thousands of people here this morning who want to find the right road. You sometimes see a person halting at crossroads, and can tell by his looks that he wishes to ask a question as to what direction he had better take. And I stand in your presence this morning conscious of the fact that there are many of you here who realize that there are a thousand wrong roads, but only one right one, and I take it for granted that you have come in to ask which one it is. Here is one road that opens widely, but I have not much faith in it. There are a great many expensive tollgates scattered all along that way, and at every one you must pay in tears or pay in flagellations. On that road, if you get through it at all, you have to pay your own way, and since this differs so much from what I have heard in regard to the right way I believe it is the wrong way.

Here is another road. On either side of it are houses of sinful entertainment and invitations to come in and dine and rest, but from the looks of the people who stand on the piazza I am very certain that it is the wrong house and the wrong way. Here is another road. It is very beautiful and macadamized. The horses' hoofs clatter and ring, and they who ride over it spin along the highway until suddenly they find that the road breaks over an embankment, and they try to halt, and they see the bit in the mouth of the fiery steed and cry, "Whoa! whoa!" But it is too late, and—crash!—they go over the embankment. We shall turn this morning and see if we cannot find a different kind of a road.

You have heard of the Appian Way. It was 350 miles long. It was twenty-four feet wide, and on either side the road was a path for foot passengers. It was made out of rocks cut in hexagonal shape and fitted together. What a road it must have been! Made of smooth, hard rock, 350 miles long. No wonder that in the construction of it the treasures of a whole empire were exhausted. Because of invaders, and the elements and time—the old conqueror who tears up a road as he goes over it—there is nothing left of that structure except a ruin. But I have this morning to tell you of a road built before the Appian Way, and yet it is as good as when first constructed. Millions of souls have gone over it. Millions more will come.

The prophets and apostles, too,
Pursued this road while here below;
We therefore will, without dismay,
Still walk in Christ, the good old way.

"An highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called the way of holiness, the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those; the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon. It shall not be found there, but the redeemed shall walk there, and the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away!"

First, this road of the text is the King's highway. In the diligence you dash over the Cornard pass of the Alps, mile after mile, and there is not so much as a pebble to jar the wheels. You go over bridges which cross chasms that make you hold your breath, under projecting rock, along by dangerous precipices, through tunnels adrip with the meltings of the glaciers, and perhaps for the first time learn the majesty of a road built and supported by government authority. Well, my Lord the King decided to build a highway from earth to Heaven. It should span all the chasms of human wretchedness; it should tunnel all the mountains of earthly difficulty; it should be wide enough and strong enough to hold fifty thousand millions of the human race, if so many of them should ever be born. It should be blasted out of the "Rock of Ages" and cemented with the blood of the Cross and be lifted amid the shouting of angels and the execration of devils.

The King sent his Son to build that road. He put head and hand and heart to it, and after the road was completed waved His blistered hand over the way, crying "It is finished!" Napoleon paid 15,000,000 francs for the building of the Simplon road, that his cannon might go over for the devastations of Italy; but our King, at a great expense, has built a road for a different purpose, that the banners of heavenly dominion might come down over it, and all the redeemed of earth travel up over it.

Being a king's highway, of course it is well built. Bridges splendidly arched and buttressed have given way and crushed those passing who attempted to cross them. But Christ the King would build no such thing as that. The work done, He mounts the chariot of His love, and multitudes mount with Him, and He drives on and up the steep of heaven amid the plaudits of gazing worlds! The work is done—well done — gloriously done—magnificently done!

Still further, this road spoken of is a clean road. Many a fine road has become miry and foul because it has not been properly cared for, but my text says the unclean shall not walk on this one. Room on either side to the hem of your sins. Indeed if you want to carry them along you are not on the right road. That bridge will break, those overhanging rocks will fall, the night will come down, leaving you at the mercy of the mountain bandits, and at the very next turn of the road you will perish. But if you are really on this clean road of which I have been speaking, then you will stop every day and soon to wash in the water that stands in the basin of the eternal rock. Aye, at almost every step of the journey you will be crying out, "Create within me a clean heart!"

If you have no such aspirations as that it proves that you have mistaken your way; and if you will look up and see the finger board above your head you may read upon it the words, "There is a way that seemeth right unto man, but the end thereof is death." Without holiness no man shall see the Lord; and if you have any idea that you can carry along your sins, your lusts, your worldliness, and get on to the end of the Christian race you are so awfully mistaken that, in the name of God, this morning I shatter the delusion.

Still further, the road spoken of is a plain road. "The wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein" that is, if a man is three-fourths an idiot he can find this road just as well as if he were a philosopher. The imbecile boy, the laughing stock of the street, and followed by a mob hooting at him, has only to knock once at the gate of Heaven and it swings open, while there has been many a man who can lecture about pneumatics and chemistry, and tell the story of Faraday's theory of electrical pulsation, and who has been shut out of Heaven. There has been many a man who stood in an observatory and swept the heavens with his telescope, and yet he has not been able to see the Morning Star.

Many a man has been familiar with all the higher branches of mathematics, and yet could not do the simple sum, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" Many a man has been a fine reader of tragedies and poems, and yet could not "read his title clear to mansions in the skies." Many a man has botanized across the continent, and yet did not know the "Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley." But if one shall come on the right spirit, asking the way to Heaven, he will find it a plain way. The pardon is plain. The peace is plain. Everything is plain.

He who tries to get on the road to Heaven through the New Testament teaching will get on beautifully. He who goes through philosophical discussion will not get on at all. Christ says: "Come to me and I will wash all your sins away, and I will take all your troubles away." Now what is the use of my discussing it any more? Is not that plain? If you wanted to go to London and I pointed you out a highway thoroughly laid out, would I be wise in detaining you by a geological discussion about the gravel you will pass over, or a physiological discussion about the muscles you will have to bring into play? No. After the Bible has pointed you the way to Heaven is it wise for me to detain you with any discussion about the nature of the human will, or whether the atonement is limited or unlimited? There is the road—go on it. It is a plain way.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." And that is you, and that is me. Any little child here can understand this as well as I can, "Unless you become as a little child, you cannot see the kingdom of God." If you are saved it will not be as a philosopher, it will be as a little child. "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Unless you get the spirit of little children you will never come out at their glorious destiny.

Still further; this road to Heaven is a safe road. Sometimes the traveler in those ancient highways would find himself perfectly secure, not knowing there was a lion by the way burying his head deep between his paws, and then when the right moment came, under the fearful spring the man's life was gone and there was a mauled carcass by the roadside. But, says my text, "No lion shall be there." I wish I could make you feel this morning your entire security. I tell you plainly that one minute after a man has become a child of God he is as safe as though he had been 10,000 years in Heaven. He may slip; he may slide; he may stumble; but he cannot be destroyed. Kept by the power of God, through faith unto complete salvation. Everlasting safe.

The severest trial to which you can subject a Christian man is to kill him, and that is glory. In other words, the worst thing that can happen a child of God is Heaven. The body is the old slippers that he throws aside just before putting on the sandals of light. His soul, you cannot hurt it. No fires can consume it. No floods can drown it. No devils can capture it.

Firm and unmoved are they
Who rest their souls on God;
Fixed as the ground where David stood,
Or where the ark abode.

His soul is safe. His reputation is safe. Everything is safe. "But," you say, "suppose his store burns up?" Why, then, it will only be a change of investments from earthly to heavenly securities. "But," you say, "suppose his name goes down under the hoof of scorn and contempt?" The name will be so much brighter in glory. "Suppose his physical health fails?" God will pour into him the floods of everlasting health, and it will not make any difference. Earthly subtraction is heavenly addition. The tears of earth are the crystals of Heaven. As they take rags and tatters and put them through the paper mill, and they come out beautiful white sheets of paper, so often the rags of earthly destitution, under the cylinders of death, come out a white scroll upon which shall be written eternal emancipation.

There was one passage of Scripture the force of which I never understood until one day at Chamounix, with Mont Blanc on one side and Montanvert on the other, I opened my Bible and read. "As the mountains are around about Jerusalem, so the Lord is around about them that fear him." The surroundings were an omnipotent commentary.

Though troubles assail, and dangers affright;
Though friends should all fall and foes all unite;
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
The Scripture assures us the Lord will provide.

Still further, the road spoken of is a pleasant road. God gives a bond of indemnity against all evil to every man that treads it. "All things work together for good to those who love God." No weapon formed against them can prosper. That is the bond, sealed, sealed and delivered by the President of the universe. What is the use of your fretting, O child of God, about food? "Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly father feedeth them." And will He take care of the sparrow, will He take care of the hawk, and let you die? What is the use of your fretting about clothes? "Consider the lilies of the field. Shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?" What is the use of worrying for fear something will happen to your home? "He blesseth the habitation of the just." What is the use of fretting lest you will be overcome with temptations? "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it."

Oh, this King's highway! Trees of life on either side, bending over until their branches interlock any drop midway their fruit and shade. Houses of entertainment on either side the road for poor pilgrims. Tables spread with a feast of good things, and walls adorned with apples of gold in pictures of silver. I start out on this King's highway, and I find a harper, and I say, "What is your name?" The harper makes no response, but leaves me to guess, as, with his eyes toward Heaven and his hand upon the trembling strings, this tune comes rippling in the air: 'The Lord is my light and my salvation. Whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?"

I go a little further on the same road and meet the trumpeter of Heaven, and I say: "Haven't you got some music for a tired pilgrim?" And wiping his lip and taking a long breath, he puts his mouth to the trumpet and pours forth this strain, "They shall hunger no more, neither shall they thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

I go a little distance further on the same road and I meet a maiden of Israel. She has no harp, but she has cymbals. They look as if they had rusted from sea spray, and I say to the maiden of Isreal, "Have you no song for a tired pilgrim?" And like the clang of victors' shields the cymbals clap as Miriam begins to discourse, "Sing ye to the Lord, for he has triumphed gloriously; the horse and the rider hath he thrown into the sea. And then I see a white robed group. They come bounding toward me, and I say, "Who are they?" The happiest, and the brightest, and the fairest in all heaven—who are they?" And the answer comes, "These are they who came out of great tribulations, and had their robes washed and made white with the blood of the Lamb."

I pursue this subject only one step farther. What is the terminus? I do not care how fine a road you may put me on, I want to know where it comes out. My text declares it, "The redeemed of the Lord come to Zion." You know what Zion was? That was the King's palace. It was a mountain of fastness. It was impregnable. And so heaven is the fastness of the universe. No howitzer has long enough range to shell these towers. Let all the batteries of earth and hell blaze away; they cannot break in those gates. Gibraltar was taken; Sebastopol was taken; Babylon fell; but those walls of heaven shall stand amid all the combinations of satanic besiegement. The Lord God Almighty is the defense of it. Great capital of the universe! Terminus of the King's highway.

Dr. Dick said that, among other things, he thought in heaven we should study chemistry and geometry and conic sections. Southey thought that in Heaven he would have the pleasure of seeing Chaucer and Shakespeare. Now, Dr. Dick may have his mathematics for all eternity, and Southey his Shakespeare, Give me Christ and my old friends—that is all the heaven I want, that is heaven enough for me. O garden of light, whose leaves never wither, and whose fruits never fail! O banquet of God, whose viands never pall the taste, and whose guests are kings forever! O city of light, whose walls are salvation, and whose gates are praise! O palace of rest, where God is the monarch and everlasting ages the length of his reign! O song louder than the surf beat of many waters, yet soft as the whisper of cherubim!

When my last wound is healed, when the last heartbreak is ended, when the last tear of earthly sorrow is wiped away, and when the redeemed of the Lord shall come to Zion, then let all the harpers take down their harps, and all the trumpeters take down their trumpets, and all across Heaven there will be echoes of morning stars, chorus of white robed victors, chorus of martyrs from under the throne, chorus of ages, chorus of worlds, and there be but one song sung, and but one name spoken, and but one throne honored—that of Jesus only.

### Freemasonry.

Some of the traditions of the Masonic order ascribe its origin to the time of Solomon, and even earlier—to the days of the flood. It is certain, however, that modern Freemasonry sprang up during the Middle Ages, probably about the tenth century, when certain craft-guilds were formed. It served important purposes in the erection of the great cathedrals of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, when masons and other craftsmen required in the erection and decoration of these buildings, collected from different parts of Europe, dwelt in huts around them, and established chosen masters at the head. The adjective "free" was prefixed to the name of the order because its members were exempted by papal and royal edicts from burdens imposed upon other laboring classes. Like other guilds, the masons were bound to certain religious observances. Modern Freemasonry originated in England and Scotland; it was introduced into France in 1725, into Russia in 1731, and into Germany in 1740. Now Grand Lodges exist in almost every city and town of civilized and semi-civilized countries. In later times Freemasonry became obnoxious to the Romish Church, and it has been prohibited by the Pope in Austria, Poland, Russia, and Spain. Ladies were excluded from the order in its early history when none but men followed the masonic craft and actual working men were admitted, and the force of custom debars them still. Four Presidents have been Masons—Washington, Jackson, Johnson, and Garfield.—*Inter-Ocean.*

EXPERIENCE keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that; for it is true we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct. However, they that will not be counseled cannot be helped, and if you will not hear reason she will surely rap your knuckles.—*Franklin.*


**The True Laxative Principle**

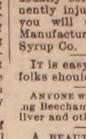
Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well-informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

It is easy finding reasons why other folks should be patient.

ANYONE would be justified in recommending Beecham's Pills for all affections of the liver and other vital organs.

A BEAUTIFUL thought is a mental sunbeam.

**Our Baby**



Was a beauty, fair, plump and healthy. But when two years old Scrofula Humor spread over her head, neck and forehead down into her eyes, one great sore, itching and burning. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave her new life and appetite. Then the humor subsided, the itching and burning ceased, and the sores entirely healed up. She is now perfectly well." I. W. FREDERICK. Danforth street, near Crescent avenue, Cypress Hill, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Emma Frederick.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills, biliousness, nausea, sick headache, indigestion.

**R. R. R.**

**RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.**

NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE PAIN.

The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

**RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA.**

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

For Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides Colds, Congestions, Inflammations, Lumbago, Sciatica, Headache, Toothache, or any other Pain, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

Thirty to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Seasickness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chills and Fever.

**SUMMER COMPLAINTS.**

Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus, Faintness, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pain from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

Price 50c. per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

**SWIFT'S SPECIFIC**

*FOR renovating the entire system, eliminating all Poisons from the Blood, whether of scrofulous or malarial origin, this preparation has no equal. . .*

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

*"For eighteen months I had an eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by best local physician-, but obtained no relief; the sore gradually grew worse. I finally took S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles."*

C. B. MCLEMORE,
*Henderson, Tex.*

TREATISE on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

**Young Wives**

Who are for the first time to undergo woman's severest trial we offer

**"Mothers Friend"**

A remedy which, if used as directed a few weeks before confinement, robs it of its

PAIN, HORROR AND RISK TO LIFE

of both mother and child, as thousands who have used it testify.

"I used two bottles of MOTHERS FRIEND with marvelous results, and wish every woman who has to pass through the ordeal of childbirth to know if they will use MOTHERS FRIEND for a few weeks it will rob confinement of *pain* and *suffering* and *insure safety to life of mother and child.*"

MRS. SAM HAMILTON, Montgomery City, Mo.

Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, $1.50 per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Book To Mothers mailed free.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SEVEN YEARS SEVENTEEN SEVENTY

**BileBeans** *Small.*

Guaranteed to cure Bilious Attacks, Sick-Headache and Constipation. 40 in each bottle. Price 25c. For sale by druggists.

Picture "7, 17, 70" and sample dose free.

*J. F. SMITH & CO., Proprietors. NEW YORK.*

**Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE CATARRH**

Price 50 Cents.

Apply Balm into each nostril. ELY BROS., 66 Warren St., N. Y.

THE CATARRH SOLD IN HEAD FEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c.

REPAIRS ABSOLUTELY PERFECT

**FAT FOLKS REDUCED**

Mrs. Allen Maple, Oregon, Mo., writes: My weight was 220 pounds, now it is 150. Reduction of 70 lbs." For circulars address, with 6c. DR. O. W. FISHER, McVicker's Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

**GARFIELD TEA** Overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores Complexion; cures Constipation. Send for Free Sample to 152 West 25th Street, New York City.

**BARLOW'S INDICO BLUE.** The Family Wash Blue, for sale by Grocers.

**"August Flower"**

I have been troubled with dyspepsia, but after a fair trial of August Flower, am freed from the vexatious trouble—J. B. Young, Daughters College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I had headache one year steady. One bottle of August Flower cured me. It was positively worth one hundred dollars to me—J. W. Smith, P.M. and Gen. Merchant, Townsend, Ont. I have used it myself for constipation and dyspepsia and it cured me, It is the best seller I ever handled—C. Rugh, Druggist, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

MRS. LOGAN'S UNIVERSITY.

Mrs. General Logan is trying to raise a million dollars to endow an American university that shall recognize men and women on precisely the same footing either as students or teachers or professors, the sole test being competency. To this purpose she proposes to organize a national society that shall be under the control of a national president and vice presidents. This is a noble project. Nothing can be greater than a plan that enables people to obtain a higher education. But even above this is that which enables them to preserve at all times vigorous health. Most people break down with pulmonary troubles while pursuing their studies. It is this which gives point to the craze for athletic pursuits that is now the bane of many of our colleges. A better way is to take that excellent remedy, REID'S GERMAN COUGH AND KIDNEY CURE. This is especially calculated for people who pursue sedentary callings, as well as those who are exposed to the open air, and thereby take cold. Get it of any druggist. SYLVAN REMEDY CO., Peoria, Ill.

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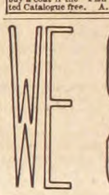


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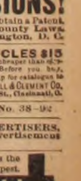

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