



Mr. Warren D. Wentz
Of Geneva, N. Y.

Is given the highest endorsement for honesty and integrity by all who know him. For years he has worked for Mr. D. P. Wilson, the harness maker and member of the Geneva Board of Health. Read the following statement of his terrible sufferings from

Dyspepsia

And his cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla. "I was taken sick last October with gastric fever, and my recovery was considered almost hopeless. After seven weeks the fever slowly left me, but I could not eat the simplest food without

Terrible Distress

It seemed that I had recovered from the fever to die of starvation. I took peptic compounds, bismuth, charcoal, cod liver oil and malt until my physician confessed that he did not know what else to try. Everything I took seemed

Like Pouring Melted Lead into my stomach. I happened to think I had part of a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla that had been in the house for two or three years, that I found had benefited me previously for dyspepsia. I began taking it and soon began to feel better. I have now taken a little over two bottles and can truthfully say I feel well again and can eat anything without distressing me, even to

Pie and Cheese

which I have been unable to touch for years. The English language does not contain words enough to permit me to express the praise I would like to give to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills.

Kennedy's Medical Discovery

Takes hold in this order:

- Bowels.
- Liver.
- Kidneys.
- Inside Skin.
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Driving everything before it that ought to be out. You know whether you need it or not.

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a beautifully illustrated book, containing over ninety pages of most important information about the ailments of women. Also a full code of established rules of etiquette for women and a perpetual calendar. Contains not a word of objectionable matter, and is crowded from cover to cover with information which every woman, young or old, should become familiar with, and advice which has restored many and many a suffering woman to perfect health and happiness. No woman should live without a copy of "Guide to Health and Etiquette," by Lydia E. Pinkham. Send 2 two-cent stamps to cover postage and packing when you write.

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Young Mothers!
We Offer You a Remedy which Insures Safety to Life of Mother and Child.
"MOTHER'S FRIEND"
Relieves Confinement of its Pain, Horror and Risk.
After using one bottle of "Mother's Friend" I suffered but little pain, and did not experience that weakness afterward usual in such cases.—Mrs. ANNE GAGE, Lamar, Mo., Jan. 15th, 1891.
Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price, \$1.50 per bottle. Sent to Mothers mailed free. HEADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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Overcome results of bad habits, cure Sick Headache, restore Complexion, cure Constipation.

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, Olorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase. HAS AN ANNUAL SALE OF 3,000 TONS.

A LESSON FROM THE PALM

The Varied Usefulness of the Glorious Tree.

For Centuries It Has Been the Symbol of Triumph—Its Branches Made an Emerald Carpet for Christ as He Entered Jerusalem.

BROOKLYN, April 10.—This day is recognized as Palm Sunday throughout the world, and that fact gave direction to Dr. Talmage's sermon. Among the hymns sung was the hymn

Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand.
Text: John xii, 13. "They took branches of palm trees and went forth to meet him."

How was that possible? How could palm branches be cast in the way of Christ as he approached Jerusalem? There are scarcely any palm trees in central Palestine. Even the one that was carefully guarded for many years at Jericho has gone. I went over the very road by which Christ approached Jerusalem, and there are plenty of olive trees and fig trees, but no palm trees that I could see. You must remember that the climate has changed. The palm tree likes water, but by the cutting down of the forests, which are leafy prayers for rain, the land has become unfriendly to the palm tree. Jericho once stood in seven miles of palm grove. Olivet was crowned with palms. The Dead sea has on its banks the trunks of palm trees that floated down from some old-time palm grove and are preserved from decay by the salt which they received from the Dead sea. Let woodmen spare the trees of America, if they would not ruinously change the climate and bring to the soil barrenness, instead of fertility. Thanks to God and the legions of trees, trying to atone for the ruthlessness which has destroyed them. Yes, my text is in harmony with the condition of that country on the morning of Palm Sunday. About 3,000,000 people have come to Jerusalem to attend the religious festivities. Great news! Jesus will enter Jerusalem today. The sky is red with the morning and the people are flocking out to the foot of Olivet, and up and on over the southern shoulder of the mountain, and the procession coming out from the city meets the procession escorting Christ, as he comes toward the city. There is a turn in the road, where Jerusalem suddenly bursts upon the vision. We had ridden that day all the way from Jericho, and had visited the ruins of the house of Mary and Martha and Lazarus, and were somewhat weary of sight-seeing, when these suddenly arose before our vision. Jerusalem, the religious capital of all Christian ages. That was the point of observation where my text comes in. Alexander rode Bucephalus, Duke Ellre rode his famous Marchegray, Sir Henry Lawrence rode the high-mettled Conrad, Wellington rode his proud Copenhagen, and the conqueror of earth and heaven rides a colt, one that had been tied at the roadside. It was unbroken and I have no doubt fractious at the vociferation of the populace. An extemporized saddle made out of the garments of the people was put on the beast. While some people gripped the bridle of the colt, others reverently waited upon Christ at the mounting. The two processions of people now become one—those who came out of the city and those who came over the hill. The orientals are more demonstrative than we of the western world, their voices louder, their gesticulations more violent and the symbols by which they express their emotions more significant. The people who left Phoebe in the far east, wishing to make impression that they would never return, took a red hot ball of iron and threw it into the sea, and said they would never return until that ball rose and floated on the surface. Be not surprised, therefore, at the demonstration in the text. As the colt with its rider descends the slope of Olivet, the palm trees lining the road are called upon to render their contribution to the scene of welcome and rejoicing. The branches of these trees are high up, and some must reach the trees and tear off the leaves and throw them down, and others make of these leaves an emerald pavement for the colt to tread on.

Long before that morning the palm trees had been typical of triumph. Herodotus and Strabo had thus described it. Layard finds the palm leaf cut in the walls of Nineveh, with the same significance. In the Greek athletic games, the victors carried palms. I am very glad that our Lord, who five days after had thorns upon his brow, for a little while, at least, had palms strewn under his feet. Oh, the glorious palm! Amarasinga, the Hindoo scholar calls it "the king among the grasses." Linnaeus calls it "the prince of vegetation." Among all the trees that ever cast a shadow or yielded fruit or lifted their arms toward heaven, it has no equal in multitudinous uses. Do you want flowers? One palm tree will put forth a hanging garden of them, one cluster counted by a scientist containing 207,000 blooms. Do you want food? It is the chief diet of whole nations. One palm in Chili will yield 90 gallons of honey. In Polynesia it is the chief food of the inhabitants. In India there are multitudes of people dependent upon it for sustenance. Do you want cable to hold ships or cords to hold wild beasts? It is wound into ropes unbreakable. Do you want articles of house furniture? It is twisted into mats and woven into baskets and shaped into drinking cups and swung into hammocks. Do you want medicine? It is the chief preventive of disease and the chief cure for vast populations. Do you want houses? Its wood furnishes the wall for the homes, and its leaves thatch them. Do you need a supply for the pantry? It yields sugar and starch and oil and sago and milk and salt and wax and vinegar and candles.

Oh, the palm! It has a variety of endowments, such as no other growth that ever rooted the earth or kissed the heavens. To the willow, God says: "Stand by the water courses and weep." To the cedar, he says: "Gather the hurricanes into your bosom." To the fig tree, he says:

"Bear fruit and put it within reach of all the people." But, to the palm tree, he says: "Be garden and storehouse and wardrobe and ropewalk and chandlery and bread and banquet and manufactory, and then be type of what I meant when I inspired David, my servant, to say: 'The righteous shall flourish like a palm tree.' Oh, Lord God, give us more palm trees—men and women made for nothing but to be useful; disposition all abloom; branches of influence laden with fruit; people good for everything, as the palm tree. If kind words are wanted, they are ready to utter them. If helpful deeds are needed, they are ready to perform them. If plans of usefulness are to be laid out, they are ready to project them. If enterprises are to be forwarded, they are ready to lift them. People who say, 'Yes! Yes!' when they are asked for assistance by word or deed, instead of 'No! No!' Most of the mysteries that bother others, do not bother me, because I adjourn them, but the mystery that really bothers me is why God made so many people who amount to nothing so far as the world's betterment is concerned. They stand in the way. They object. They discuss hindrances. They suggest possibilities of failure. Over the road of life, instead of pulling in the traces, they are lying back in the breechings. They are the everlasting no. They are bramble trees; they are willows, always mourning, or wild cherry trees, yielding only the bitter, or crab apple trees, producing only the sour, while God would have us all flourish like the palm tree. Planted in the bible that tree always means usefulness. But, how little any of us or all of us accomplish in that direction. We take twenty or thirty years to get fully ready for Christian work, and in the aftermath of life, we take ten or twenty years for the gradual closing of active work, and that leaves only so little time between opening and stopping work that all we accomplish is so little, an angel of God needs to exert himself to see it all, neatly and above in the natural world suggest useful service. If there is nothing in the bible that inspires you to usefulness go out and study the world around you this spring time, and learn the great lesson of usefulness.

"What art thou doing up there, little star? Why not shut thine eye and sleep, for who cares for thy shining?" "No," saith the star, "I will not sleep. I guide the sailor on the sea. I cheer the traveler among the mountains. I help tip the dew with light. Through the windows of the poor man's cabin, I cast a beam of hope, and the child on her mother's lap asks in glee, whither I come and what I do and whence I go. To gleam and glitter, God set me here. Away! I have no time to sleep." The snowflake comes straggling down. "Frail, feeble wanderer, why comest thou here?" "I am no idle wanderer," responds the snowflake. "High up in the air I was born, the child of the rain and the cold, and at the divine behest I come, and I am no stranger; for God tells me where to put my crystal heel. To help cover the roots of the grain and grass, to cleanse the air, to make sportsmen more happy and theingle fire more bright, I come. Though so light I am that you toss me under your foot, I am doing my best to fulfil what I was made for. Clothed in white I come on a heavenly mission, and when my work is done and God shall call, in morning vapor I shall go back, drawn by the fiery courses of the sun."

"What dost thou, insignificant grass blade under my feet?" "I am doing a work," says the grass blade, "as best I can. I help to make up the soft beauty of field and lawn. I am satisfied, if, with millions of others no bigger than I, we can give pasture to the flocks and herds. I am wonderfully useful. He who feeds the ravens gives me sustenance from the soil and breath from the air, and he who clothes the lilies of the field rewards me with this coat of green." "For what, lonely cloud, goest thou across the heavens?" Through the bright air a voice drops from afar, saying: "Up and down this sapphire floor I pace to teach men that, like me, they are passing away. I gather up the waters from lake and sea, and then, when the thunders roll, I refresh the earth, making the dry ground to laugh with harvests of wheat and fields of corn. I catch the frown of the storm and the hues of the rainbow. At eventide on the western shore I shall dash my tent, and over me shall dash the sun and the purple and the fire of the sunset, and a pillar of cloud like me led the chosen across the desert, and surrounded by such as I the judge of heaven and earth will at last descend, for 'Behold he cometh with clouds!'" Oh, my friends, if everything in the inanimate world be useful, let us immortal men and women be useful, and in that respect, be like the palm tree. But I must not be tempted by what David says of that green shaft of Palestine, that living and glorious pillar in the eastern gardens, as seen in olden times—the palm tree; I must not be tempted by what the old testament says of it, to lessen my emphasis of what John the Evangelist says of it in my text.

Notice that it was a beautiful and lawful robbery of the palm tree that helped make up Christ's triumph on the road to Jerusalem that Palm Sunday. The long, broad, green leaves that were strewn under the feet of the colt, and in the way of Christ were torn off from the trees. What a pity, someone might say, that those stately and graceful trees should be despoiled. The sap oozed out at the places where the branches broke. The glory of the palm was appropriately sacrificed for the Savior's triumphal procession. So it always was, so it always will be in this world—no worthy triumph of any sort without the tearing down of something else. Brooklyn bridge, the glory of our continent must have two architects prostrated, the one slain by his tools, and the other for a life time invalidated. The greatest pictures of the world had, in their richest coloring, the blood of the artists who made them. The mightiest oratorios that ever rolled through the churches had in their pathos the sighs and groans of the composers, who wore their lives out in writing the harmony. American independence was triumphant, but it moved on over the lifeless forms of tens of thousands of men who fell at Bunker Hill and Yorktown and the battles between, which were the hemorrhages of the nation. The kingdom of God advances in all the earth, but it must be over the lives of missionaries who died of malaria in the jungles or

Christian workers who preach and pray and toil and die in the service. The Savior triumphs in all directions—but beauty and strength must be torn down from the palm trees of Christian heroism and consecration and thrown in his pathway. To what better use could those palm trees on the southern shoulders of Mount Olivet and clear down into the valley of Gethsemane put their branches than to surrender them for the making of Christ's journey toward Jerusalem the more picturesque, the more memorable and the more triumphant? And to what better use could we put our lives than to the sacrifice for Christ and his cause and the happiness of our fellow creatures? Shall we not be willing to be torn down that righteousness shall have triumphant way? Christ was torn down for us. Can we not afford to be torn down for him? If Christ could suffer so much for us, can we not suffer a little for Christ? If he can afford on Palm Sunday to travel to Jerusalem to carry a cross, can we not afford a few leaves from our branches to make emerald his way?

The process is going on every moment in all directions. What makes that father have such hard work to find the hymn today? He puts on his spectacles and holds the book close up, and then holds it far off, and is not quite sure whether the number of the hymn is 150 or 130, and the fingers with which he turns the leaves are very clumsy. He stoops a good deal, although once he was straight as an arrow, and his eyes were keen as a hawk's, and the hand he offered to his bride on the marriage day was of goodly shape and as God made it. I will tell you what is the matter. Forty years ago he resolved his family should have no need, and his children should be well educated, and suffer none of the disadvantages of lack of schooling from which he had suffered for a life-time, and that the wolf of hunger should never put his paw on his heir's door, and for forty or fifty years he has been tearing off from the palm tree of his physical strength and manly form of branches to throw in the way of his household. It has cost him muscle and brain and health and eyesight, and then he has been twisted off more years from his life than any man in the crowd on the famous Palm Sunday twisted off branches from the palm trees on the road from Bethpage to Jerusalem. What makes that mother look so much older than she really is? You say she ought not yet to have one gray line in her hair. The truth is the family was not always as well off as now. The married pair had a hard struggle from the start. Examine the tips of the forefinger and thumb of her right hand, and they will tell you the story of the needle that was plied day in and day out. Yea, look at both her hands, and they will tell the story of the time when she did her own work, her own mending and scrubbing and washing. Yea, look into the face and read the story of scarlet fevers and croup, and midnight watchings when none but God and herself in that house were awake, and then the burials and the loneliness afterward, which was more exhausting than the preceding watching had been, and no one now to put to bed. How fair she once was and as graceful as a palm tree, but all the branches of her strength and beauty were long ago torn off and thrown into the pathway of her household. Alas! that sons and daughters, themselves so straight and graceful and educated, should ever forget that they are walking today over the fallen strength of an industrious and honored parentage. A little ashamed, are you, at their ungrammatical utterance? It was through their sacrifices that you learned accuracy of speech. Do you lose patience with them because they are a little querulous and complaining? I guess you have forgotten how querulous and complaining you were when you were getting over that whooping cough or that intermittent fever. A little annoyed, are you, because her hearing is poor and you have to tell her something twice? She was not always hard of hearing. When you were 2 years old your first call for a drink at midnight woke her from a sound sleep as quick as any one will waken at the trumpet call of the resurrection.

Oh, my young lady, what is that under the sole of your fine shoe? It is a palm leaf which was torn off the tree of maternal fidelity. Young merchant, young lawyer, young journalist, young mechanic with good salary and fine clothes and refined surroundings, have you forgotten what a time your father had that winter, after the summer's crops had failed through droughts or floods or locusts, and how he wore his old coat too long and made his old hat do, that he might keep you at school or college? What is that, my young man, under your fine boot? It is the boot that fits your foot, such a boot as your father could never afford to wear? It must be a leaf from the palm tree of your father's self-sacrifices. Do not be ashamed of him when he comes to town, and because his manners are a little old-fashioned try to smuggle him in and smuggle him out, but call in your best friends and take him to the house of God, and introduce him to your pastor, and say "This is my father." If he had kept for himself the advantages which he gave you, he would be as well educated and as well gotten up as you. When in the English parliament a member was making a great speech that was unanswered, a lord desirously called out "I remember you when you blackened your father's boots!" "Yes," replied the man, "and did I not do it well? Never be ashamed of your early surroundings. Yes, yes, all the green leaves we walk over were torn off some palm tree. I have cultivated the habit of forgetting the unpleasant things of life, and I chiefly remember the smooth things, and as far as I remember now my life has for the most part moved on over a road soft with green leaves. They were torn off two palm trees that stood at the start of the road. The prayers the Christian example, the good advice, the hard work of my father and mother. How they toiled! Their fingers were knotted with hard work. Their foreheads were wrinkled with many cares. Their backs stooped from carrying our burdens.

I feel this morning as did the Israelites when on their march to Canaan, they came not under the shadow of one palm tree, but of seventy palm trees, standing in an oasis among a dozen gushing fountains, or as the

book puts it: "Twelve wells of water and three score and ten palm trees." Surely there are more than seventy such great and glorious souls present today. Indeed it is a mighty grove of palm trees, and I feel something of the raptures which I shall feel when our last battle fought and our last burden carried and our last tear wiped, we shall become one of the multitudes St. John describes "clothed in white robes and palms in their hands." Hail thou bright, thou swift advancing, thou everlasting Palm Sunday of the cities! Victors over sin and sorrow and death and woe, from the hills and valleys of the heavenly Palestine, they have plucked the long, broad, green leaves, and all the ransomed—some in gates of pearl, and some on battlements of amethyst, and some on steets of gold, and some on seas of sapphire, they shall stand in numbers like the stars, in splendor like the morn, waving their palms!

A BIG KITCHEN.

How the Veterans Are Fed at the Soldiers Home in Dayton, Ohio.

That department of the home of greatest interest to housekeepers is the dining hall and kitchen, says a writer in Harper's Weekly apropos of the Soldiers Home at Dayton. Both are contained in one building, the front portion of which is occupied on both the upper and lower floors by two dining-rooms, each 90x130 feet, and together comprising an area exceeding half an acre. The rear one-story portion contains the kitchen, bakery, bread and pie rooms, cooling vaults, and all the paraphernalia necessary to the providing for this vast household. Each dining-room seats 1,100 men, making 2,200 at a sitting; and when the first set is through eating, so large is the force of waiters and so accurate the discipline that only twenty minutes are required to clear the tables, and prepare them for the second 2,000 diners. After the first lot of men have left the hall, a bell is rung, and the army of waiters dash in close on each other's heels, in perfect order, remove the dishes, crumbs, and clean the tables; after them come files of men with heaps of clean plates and bowls which they slap down on the tables regardless of nicks, and with a noise, I should think, like artillery. The meat is brought in on huge trays, and the coffee served from large tin pots at each end of each table. All this is accomplished by 325 men, part of them regularly paid, and part "detailed" from the outside as help. All the work is done by veterans, no women being employed at the home.

A large archway from the dining-hall leads into the kitchen, a sanctum presided over by a head cook and thirty-one assistants. Here are to be seen the range, twenty feet long, the vast copper caldrons for cooking soup and vegetables, and seven coffee boilers, each holding upwards of a hundred gallons, which are filled and emptied twice a day the year through.

A Queer Little Crab.

Another curious Japanese crab is the little Dorippe, which comes from the Inland Sea of Japan, and has a perfect human face modeled on the back of his little inch-long shell. The Dorippe's eyes, and the uneven edge of the shell between them, look like tufts of hair at the top of a narrow forehead. There are lumps resembling eyelids, which slant upward as do those of the Japanese, and other parts of the shell look like full and high cheek-bones. Below a ridge which might be called the nose two claws spread out at either side, and may be likened to the fierce, bristling mustaches which are fastened to the helmet of Japanese armor. This plainly marked face on the crab's shell naturally gave rise to many stories and legends. At one place in the land Saïra, centuries ago, an army of the Saïra clan was overtaken and driven into the sea by their enemies. At certain times of the year the Dorippes come up on the beach and the rocks by thousands. Then the fishermen and villagers say with fear, "The Saïra have come again." They believe that the souls of the dead warriors, or Samurai, live in the Dorippes, and that they gather in great numbers at the scene of their defeat whenever the same day comes round in later years.

The face on the Dorippe's back is like a swollen and mottled one. The eyelids seem closed, as if in a sleep or stupor, while its mouth quite carries out the other common story, that all the old toppers are turned into these crabs and must keep that form as a punishment for some long time. The swollen heavy faces may quite as well be those of heavy old toppers as of warriors who not death by drowning; so that one who notices the resemblance of the shell to a queer Japanese face may think there is good reason for either story as to why the Dorippe's shell is so strangely marked.—Eliza B. Seidmore, in St. Nicholas.

Big Bridge.

The great steel bridge across the Columbia River at Vancouver will be one of the most notable as well as gigantic constructions of its kind. It will be double-tracked with roadway on top for teams, and the whole erected upon pneumatic piers. The pivotal pier, or draw-pier, will support a draw giving an opening of as much as 200 feet space on either side for vessels to pass, and the span which is immediately south of the draw span, will be 375 feet; the whole structure to be of steel, built 10 feet above the high water of 1876 and forty feet above low water. Among the engineering difficulties presented in this undertaking the most notable has been the sandy foundation, rendering it necessary to go down some eighty feet below low water to obtain a firm foundation.

Indian Names of Georgia Rivers.

More than any other state in the union the state of Georgia has retained the Indian names of its rivers and most of them have a musical sound, as, for example, the Ocmulgee, the Oiopee, the Ogechee, the Canoochee, the Oconee, the Chattahoochee, the Saltilla, the Altamaha, and others. Florida is another state that has retained many of the Indian names of its rivers.

Pleasures of Memory.
What a blessed thing is memory! How it brings up the pleasures of the past, and hides its unpleasantness! You recall your childhood days, do you not, and wish they would return? You remember the pleasant associations, while the unpleasant ones are forgotten. Perhaps to your mind comes the face of some friend. It was once a pale, sad face. It showed marks of pain, lines of care. It seemed to be looking into the hereafter, the unknown future. And then you recalled how it brightened, how it recovered its rosy hue, how it became a picture of happiness and joy. Do you remember these things? Many people do, and gladly tell how the health returned, how happiness came back, how the world seemed bright. They tell how they were once weak, nervous, perhaps in pain, certainly unhappy. They tell of sleepless nights, restless days, untouched food, unstrung nerves. And then they tell how they became happy, healthy and strong once more. You have heard it often in the past, have you not? You have heard people describe how they were cured and kept in health? You certainly can remember what it is that has so helped people in America. If not, listen to what Mrs. Anna Jenness Miller, who is known universally as the great dress reformer, says: "Six years ago, when suffering from mental care and overwork, I received the most pronounced benefit from the use of that great medicine, Warner's Safe Cure." Ah, now you remember. Now you recall how many people you have heard say this same thing. Now you recollect how much you have heard of this great Cure. Now you are ready to admit that memory is usually pleasing, that the highest pleasure comes from perfect health, and that this great remedy has done more to produce and prolong health than any other discovery ever known in the entire history of the whole world.

IT RESPECTS THE LAW.

The Lottery Company's Good Faith. Washington telegram to Globe-Democrat.

The New Orleans Postmaster, Capt. S. M. Eaton, is a little smooth-faced man, honest and shrewd. He is a great friend of Warmoth, but he has backed up the Postmaster-General's efforts vigorously in the fight on the lottery. The year before the war began Mr. Eaton says the Lottery Company bought at the New Orleans office \$100,000 worth of stamps and stamped envelopes. For that same year the total revenue of the office was \$416,000. So it appears that the Lottery Company contributed within \$1000 of one-fourth of the entire revenue of the office.

By the action of the department in enforcing the anti-lottery law passed by Congress this postal revenue from the lottery company became a dead loss. Last year's receipts by the New Orleans office reached a total of \$357,000. The day before Capt. Eaton started to this conference the lottery company posted in all its branch offices in New Orleans a notice to this effect: "The Supreme Court of the United States having decided the anti-lottery postal law to be unconstitutional, it is hereby ordered and directed that no one in the employ of this company shall mail a letter which in any way refers directly or indirectly to the business of the lottery. It must be understood that this company will aid in the enforcement of this law."

"I think that this notice is honest and sincere," said Capt. Eaton, "and the company means just what it says."

The centennial idea has been adopted in Rome, and it is intended to hold a centennial celebration on May 13, in honor of the late Pope Pius IX.

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.

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the Cough at once. Go to your Druggist today and get a FREE sample bottle. Large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

Since the recent dynamite scare in Paris it is not considered good form for an American in inviting a friend to take a drink to use the expression, "come along and I'll blow you off."

Mrs. M. A. McRae, Wilmington, Del., writes: "I had one of my severe headaches and was persuaded to try your valuable (Brady's) medicine. I never had anything like it do me so much good for headache." Of all Druggists. Fifty cents.

—Old peach trees are now being reported from various parts of the country, but southern papers claim that the oldest free-bearing tree is living in Georgia and is 53 years old.

Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., quickly relieved by Brown's Bronchial Trochies. They surpass all other preparations in removing hoarseness and as a COUGH REMEDY are pre-eminently THE BEST.

—Berlin university is the third largest in the world. Paris, with 2,215 students, and Vienna, with 6,220, are larger.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

—By an act just passed in South Australia all hotels are to be altogether closed on Sundays.

The progress of science in medicine has produced nothing better for human ills than the celebrated Beecham's Pills. There are as many as many claims to the authorship of "The 222-boom-de-ay" as to that of "Beautiful Sao."