

The Potato.

Much of the so-called cognac which is imported into England from France is the product of the potato. Throughout Germany the same uses are common. In Poland the manufacture of spirits from the potato is a most extensive trade. "Stettin brandy," well known in commerce, is largely imported into England, and is sent from thence to many of her foreign possessions as the product of the grape, and is placed on many a table of England as the same, while fair ladies perfume themselves with the spirit of potato, under the designation *eau de Cologne*. But there are other uses which this excellent is turned to abroad. After extracting the farina the pulp is manufactured into ornamental articles, such as picture frames, snuff-boxes and several descriptions of toys, and the water that runs from it in the process of manufacture is a most valuable scourer. For perfectly cleansing woollens and such like articles it is the housewife's panacea, and if the washerwoman happens to have chilblains she becomes cured by the operation.

Mothers, Save Your Children!

Steketeer's Pin Worm Destroyer is the only sure cure known that effectually destroys the pin worm, the most troublesome worm known. It also destroys all other kinds of worms. There is no remedy that can expel the worms from the stomach or rectum as does Steketeer's Pin Worm Destroyer. For sale by all druggists; send by mail on receipt of 25c. U. S. postage. Address GEO. G. STEKETEER, Grand Rapids, Mich.

One-third of the earth is controlled by the Anglo-Saxon race.

The value of gold depends on weight, not polish.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID
a fine Picture, entitled
"MEDITATION"
In exchange for 15 Large Lion
Head, cut from Lion Coffee
wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to
pay postage. Write for list of
our other fine premiums, including
books, a knife, game, etc.
WOOLSON SPIKE CO.,
439 Hiram St., TOLEDO, OHIO.

Since 1881 I have been a
great sufferer from catarrh.
I tried Ely's Cream Balm,
and to all appearances am
cured. Terrible headaches
from which I had long suf-
fered are gone. W. J. Hitch-
cock, Late Major United
States Volunteers and A. A.
General, Buffalo, N. Y.

ELY'S CREAM BALM
Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain
and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the
Membrane from Colds, Restores the Senses of Taste
and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives
relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agree-
able. Price 50 cents; at druggists or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

The Marked Success
of Scott's Emulsion in consump-
tion, scrofula and other forms of
hereditary disease is due to its
powerful food properties.

Scott's Emulsion
rapidly creates healthy flesh—
proper weight. Hereditary
taints develop only when the
system becomes weakened.

Nothing in the world
of medicine has been
so successful in dis-
eases that are most
menacing to life. Physi-
cians everywhere
prescribe it.

Prepared by Scott & Towne, N. Y. All druggists.

MARLIN Model 1893
Made in 22-40 and 28-35 calibers. The only repeater
on the market for these cartridges.
Light
Repeat
Veget
Solid Top, Side ejection. Made in Buffalo, N. Y.
Write for catalogue to
The Marlin Fire Arms Co.,
New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

PISO'S CURE FOR
GIGGERS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

W. N. U. Omaha—42 1894
Send advertising advertisements and duly
attention this paper.

TABERNALE PULPIT.

BRINGING SOULS TO THE SHORE OF SAFETY.

A Sermon from Jonah I: xiii, xiv: "The Men Rowed Hard to Bring It to the Land, but Could Not, Wherefore They Cried Unto the Lord."

BROOKLYN, Oct. 14.—Rev. Dr. Tal-
mage, who is still absent on his round-
the-world tour, has selected as the sub-
ject of to-day's sermon, through the
press: "The Oarsmen Defeated."

Navigation in the Mediterranean sea
always was perilous, especially so in
early times. Vessels were propelled
partly by sail and partly by oar. When,
by reason of great stress of
weather, it was necessary to reef the
canvas or haul it in, then the vessel
was entirely dependent upon the oars,
sometimes twenty or thirty of them
on either side the vessel. You would
not venture outside your harbor with
such a craft as my text finds Jonah
sailing in; but he had not much choice
of vessels. He was running away from
the Lord; and when a man is running
away from the Lord, he has to run
very fast.

God had told Jonah to go to Nine-
veh to preach about the destruction of
that city. Jonah disobeyed. That al-
ways makes rough water, whether in
the Mediterranean or the Atlantic,
or the Pacific, or the Caspian sea. It is
a very hard thing to scare sailors. I
have seen them, when the brow of the
vessel was almost under water, and
they were walking the deck knee-deep
in the surf, and the small boats by the
side of the vessel had been crushed as
small as kindling wood, whistling as
though nothing had happened; but the
Bible says that these mariners of
whom I speak were frightened. That
which sailors call "a lump of a sea"
had become a blinding, deafening,
swamping fury. How mad the wind
can get at the water, and the water
can get at the wind, you do not know
unless you have been spectators. I
have in my house a piece of a sail of a
ship, no larger than the palm of my
hand. That piece of canvas was all
that was left of the largest sail of the
ship Greece that went into the storm
200 miles off Newfoundland. Oh, what
a night that was! I suppose it was in
some such storm as this that Jonah was
caught.

He knew that the tempest was on his
account, and he asked the sailors to
throw him overboard. Sailors are a
generous hearted race, and they re-
solved to make their escape, if possible,
without resorting to such extreme
measures. The sails are of no use, and
so they lay hold on their oars. I see
the long bank of shining blades on
either side of the vessel. Oh! how they
did pull, the bronzed seamen, as they
laid back into the oars. But rowing on
the sea is very different from rowing
upon a river; and as the vessel hoists,
the oars skip the wave and miss the
stroke, and the tempest laughs to scorn
the flying paddles. It is of no use, no
use. There comes a wave that crashes
the last mast, and sweeps the oarsmen
from their places, and tumbles every-
thing in the confusion of impending
shipwreck, or, as my text has it, "The
men rowed hard to bring it to the land;
but they could not; wherefore they
cried unto the Lord."

This scene is very suggestive to me,
and I pray God I may have grace and
strength enough to represent it intelli-
gently to you. Years ago I preached a
sermon on another phase of this very
subject, and I got a letter from Hous-
ton, Texas, the writer saying that the
reading of that sermon in London had
led him to God. And I received another
letter from South Australia, saying that
the reading of that sermon in Australia
had brought several souls to Christ.
And then, I thought, why not take
another phase of the same subject, for
perhaps that God who can raise in per-
petua that which is sown in weakness
may now, through another phase of the
same subject, bring salvation to the
people who shall hear and salvation to
the people who shall read. Men and
women, who know how to pray, lay
hold of the Lord God Almighty and
wrestle for the blessing.

Bishop Latimer would stop some-
times in the midst of his argument, and
say, "Now, I will tell you a fable;"
and to-day I would like to bring the
scene of the text as an illustration of a
most important religious truth. As
those Mediterranean oarsmen trying to
bring Jonah ashore, were discomfited,
I have to tell you that they were not
the only men who have broken down
under their paddles, and have been
obliged to call on the Lord for help. I
want to say that the unavailing efforts
of those Mediterranean oarsmen have
a counterpart in the efforts we are
making to bring souls to the shore of
safety and set their feet on the Rock
of Ages. You have a father, or
mother, or husband, or wife, or child,
or near friend, who is not a Christian.
There have been times when you have
been in agony about their salvation. A
minister of Christ, whose wife was dy-
ing without any hope in Jesus, walked
the floor, wrung his hands, cried bit-
terly, and said, "I believe I shall go
insane, for I know she is not prepared
to meet God." And there may have
been days of sickness in your house-
hold, when you feared it would be a
fatal sickness; and how closely you
examined the face of the doctor as he
came in and scrutinized the patient,
and left the pulse, and you followed
him into the next room, and said,
"There isn't any danger, is there,
doctor?" And the hesitation and the
uncertainty of the reply made two
eternities flash before your vision. And
then you went and talked to the sick
one about the great future. Oh, there
are those here who have tried to bring
their friends to God. They have been
unable to bring them to the shore of
safety. They are no nearer that
point than they were twenty years

ago. You think you have got them al-
most to the shore, when you are swept
back again. What shall you do? Put
down the oar? Oh, no! I do not advise
that; but I do advise that you appeal to
that God to whom the Mediterranean
oarsmen appealed—the God who could
silence the tempest and bring the ship
in safely to the port. I tell you, my
friends, that there has got to be a good
deal of praying before our families are
brought to Christ. Ah! it is an awful
thing to have half a household on one
side the line, and the other part the
household on the other side of the line!
Two vessels part on the ocean of eter-
nity, one going to the right and the
other to the left—farther apart, and
farther apart—until the signals
cease to be recognized, and there are
only two specks on the horizon, and
then they are lost to sight forever!

I have to tell you that the unavailing
efforts of these Mediterranean oars-
men have a counterpart in the efforts
some of us are making to bring our
children to the shore of safety. There
never were so many temptations for
young people as there are now. The
literary and the social influence seem
"to be against their spiritual interest."
Christ seems to be driven almost en-
tirely from the school and the pleasur-
able concourse, yet God knows how
anxious we are of our children. We
can not think of going into heaven
without them. We do not want to
leave this life while they are tossing on
the waves of temptation and away
from God. From which of them could
we consent to be eternally separated?
Would it be the son? Would it be the
daughter? Would it be the eldest?
Would it be the youngest? Would it
be the one that is well and stout, or
the one that is sick? Oh, I
hear some parent saying to-night,
"I have tried my best to bring
my children to Christ, I have
laid hold of the oars until they bent in
my grasp, and I have braced myself
against the ribs of the boat, and I have
pulled for their eternal rescue; but I
can't get them to Christ." Then I ask
you to imitate the men of the text, and
cry mightily unto God. We want more
important praying for children, such
as the father indulged in when he had
tried to bring his six sons to Christ,
and they had wandered off into dissi-
pation. Then he got down in his
prayers, and said, "O, God! take away
my life, if through that means my sons
may repent and be brought to Christ;"
and the Lord startlingly answered the
prayer, and in a few weeks the father
was taken away, and through the
solemnity the six sons fled unto God.
Oh, that father could afford to die for
the eternal welfare of his children! He
rowed hard to bring them to the land,
but could not, and then he cried unto
the Lord.

I wish I could put before my un-
pardonable readers, their own help-
lessness. No human arm was ever strong
enough to unlock the door of heaven.
No foot was ever mighty enough to
break the shackles of sin. No oarsman
swarthy enough to row himself into
God's harbor. The wind is against you.
The tide is against you. The law is
against you. Ten thousand corrup-
ting influences are against you.
Helpless and undone. Not so helpless
a sailor on his plank, mid-Atlantic.
Not so helpless a traveler girded by
twenty miles of prairie on fire. Prove
it you say. I will prove it. John vi:
44. "No man can come to me, except
the Father which hath sent me draw him."

But while I have shown your help-
lessness, I want to put by the side of it
the power and willingness of Christ to
save you. I think it was in 1686 a ves-
sel was bound for Portugal, but it was
driven to pieces on an unfriendly coast.
The captain had his son with him, and
with the crew they wandered up to the
beach, and started on the long journey
to find relief. After awhile the son
fainted by reason of hunger and the
length of the way. The captain said to
the crew, "Carry my boy for me on
your shoulders." They carried him on;
but the journey was long, that after
while the crew fainted from hunger
and from weariness, and could carry
him no longer. Then the father ral-
lied his almost wasted energy, and
took up his own boy, and put him
on his shoulder, and carried him
on mile after mile, mile after mile, un-
til, overcome himself by hunger and
weariness, he too fainted by the way.
The boy lay down and died, and the
father, just at the time rescue came to
him, also perished, living only long
enough to tell the story—sad story,
indeed! But glory be to God that
Jesus Christ is able to take us up out
of our shipwrecked and dying condi-
tion, and put us on the shoulder of his
strength, and by the omnipotence of
his gospel bear us on through all the
journey of this life, and at last through
the opening gates of heaven! He is
mighty to save. Though your sin be
long and black, and inexorable,
and outrageous, the very
moment you believe I will pro-
claim pardon—quick, full, grand, un-
conditional, uncompromising, illimit-
able, infinite. Oh, the grace of God! I
am overwhelmed when I come to think
of it. Give me a thousand ladders,
lashed fast to each other, that I may
scale the height. Let the line run out
with the anchor until all the cables of
the earth are exhausted, that we may
touch the depth. Let the arcangel lie
in circuit of eternal ages, in trying to
sweep around this tieme. Oh, the
grace of God! It is so high. It is so
good. It is so deep. Glory be to my
God, that where man's oar gives out,
God's arm begins! Why will ye carry
your sins and your sorrows any longer
when Christ offers to take them? Way
will you wrestle down your fears when
this moment you might give up and be
saved. Do you not know that every-
thing is ready?

Plenty of room at the feast. Jesus
has the ring of his love all ready to put
upon your hand. Come now and sit
down, ye hungry ones, at the banquet.
Ye who are in rags of sin, take the
robe of Christ. Ye who are swamped
by the breakers around you, cry to
Christ to pilot you into smooth, still
waters. On account of the peculiar
phase of the subject, I have drawn my
present illustrations, you see, chiefly
from the water. I remember that a
vessel went to pieces on the Bermudas
a great many years ago. It had a vast
treasure on board. But the vessel be-
ing sunk, no effort was made to raise
it. After many years had passed, a
company of adventurers went out from
England, and after a long voyage they
reached the place where the vessel was
said to have sunk. They got into a
small boat and hovered over the place.
Then the divers went down,
and they broke through what looked
like a limestone covering, and the
treasures rolled out—what was
found afterward to be, in American
money, worth \$1,500,000, and the
foundation of a great business house.
At that time the whole world rejoiced
over what was called the luck of these
adventurers. Oh, ye who have been
rowing toward the shore, and have not
been able to reach it, I want to tell
you to-night that your boat hovers
over infinite treasure! All the riches
of God are at your feet. Treasures
that never fail, and crowns that never
grow dim. Who will go down now
and seek them? Who will dive for the
pearl of great price? Who will be pre-
pared for life, for death, for judgment,
for the long eternity? See two hands
of blood stretched out toward thy soul,
as Jesus says, "Come unto me, all ye
that labor and are heavy laden, and I
will give you rest."

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will give you rest."

Cold Snaps.

"We're havin' some pretty wintry
weather," said old Daddy Wotherspoon
to Uncle Sammy Donnivell, as the two
gentlemen met near the City Hall.
"Right for'ard weather for the season."
"Just so; just so," conceded Uncle
Sammy. "Reminds me of the fall of
1831. It commenced 'long the fore part
of November, and froze stiff till March.
Good, smart weather, too. I remember
that it was so cold in Brooklyn that
November that bilin' water froze over a
hot fire."

Daddy Wotherspoon looked at him
and braced himself. "Yes, yes," said
he, "I mind it well. That's the fall the
milk froze in the cows. But the cold
season was in 1827. It commenced in
the middle of October and ran through
to April. All the oil froze in the lamps,
and we didn't have a light until spring
set in."

"Ay, ay," responded Uncle Sammy,
growing rigid. "It's just like yesterday
to me. I walked 140 miles due east
from Sandy Hook, on the ice, and slid
back, owing to the convexity of the
earth, you know. It was down hill
comin' this way. But that wasn't as
cold as the winter of 1821. That season
commenced in September, and the mer-
cury didn't rise a degree till May. The
mercury remember now we used to breathe
hard, let it freeze, cut a hole in it,
and crawl in for shelter? You haven't
forgotten that?"

"Not I," said Daddy Wotherspoon,
after a short pause. "That's the winter
we used to give the horses melted
lead to drink, and keep a hot fire under
'em so it wouldn't harden till they got it
down. But that was nothin' to the spell
of 1817. We begun to feel it in the
latter part of August, and she boomed
stiddy till the 30th of June. I got
through the whole spell by living in an
ice-house. It was too cold to go out
doors, and I just camped in an ice-
house. You remember that season of
1817. That's the winter we wore un-
dershirts of sand-paper to keep up a
friction."

"Well, I should say I did," retorted
Uncle Sammy. "What! remember
1817? 'Deed, I do. That was the spell
when it took a steam griststone four
days to light a match. Ay, ay! But
do you know I was uncomfortably warm
that winter?"

"How so?" demanded Daddy Woth-
erspoon, breathing hard.

"Runnin' around your ice-house to
find out where you got in. It was an
awful spell, though. How long did it
last? From August till the 30th of
June? I guess you're right. But you
mind the snap of 1813, don't you? It
commenced on the 1st of July, and went
around and lapped over a week. That
year the smoke frozes in the chimneys
and we had to blast it out with dynamite.
I think that was the worst we
ever had. All the clocks froze up so we
didn't know the time for a year, and
when men used to set fire to their build-
ing's so's to raise the rent. Yes, indeed,
I got \$3,000 a month for four burnin'
buildin's. There was a heap of sufferin'
that winter, because we lived on al-
cohol and phosphorus, till the alcohol
froze, and then we eat the brimstone
ends of matches and jumped around till
they caught fire. Say, you—"

But Daddy Wotherspoon had fled.
The statistics were too much for him.—
Brooklyn Eagle.

Very Cheap.
"Where did you get this summer?"
asked one business man of another.
"We boarded in the country."
"Was it expensive?"
"Not very. We got a good deal
for our money. My wife got the
rheumatism. My boy, Tommy, got
his leg broken, and little Mamie got
poisoned with ivy, and all we was
paid \$10 a week apiece."

The Teuton Was Impressed.
A young man fresh from college
wore as a scarfpin a jeweled gold po-
tato bug. One day he called the at-
tention of an old German bookseller
to it, asking:
"Isn't that pretty, Dutchy?"
"Ja, ja," was the reply. "Dot ish
der piggest pug on der schmallest
botato I haf ever seen."

A Cooking Secret.
E. Conomie—Did you write to that
man who advertises to show people
how to make desserts without milk
and have them richer? Mrs. E.
Conomie—Yes, and sent him the
dollar. "What did he reply?" "Use
cream."—*New York Weekly.*

The favorite diet of the Giants of New
York is Oricle on toast.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
ABSOLUTELY PURE.
The most Careful Housewife will use no other.
ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Officially reported, after elaborate competitive tests made under authority of Congress by the Chief Chemist of the United States Agricultural Department, Superior to all other Baking Powders in Leavening Strength.

The Eskimo and the Walrus.
To the Eskimo the walrus is the some
all-in-all that the buffalo was to the
Indian, that the camel is to the Arab,
and the reindeer to the Korak. Its
flesh feeds him; its tough hide covers
his boats, his shell-like kayak, and his
big, clumsy bidarrah, and cut into
strips it makes his harpoon lines and
dog-harness; its oil furnishes him light
and fire, its ivory tusks are legal ten-
der for all sorts of civilized luxuries,
such as iron and steel for spear-heads,
knives, and even guns; certain tissues
make good mackintoshes for Mr. and
Mrs. Inuit, and the flipper-bottoms of
the walrus make good sole-leather for
the hunter also.—St. Nicholas.

Partial Insomnia.
It has been noted that sleep is at first
heavy and gradually becomes lighter
as the usual hour of waking is ap-
proached. Now in some cases of in-
somnia refreshing sleep is obtained for
a brief period, which is followed by
most wearisome wakefulness. This
condition may sometimes be overcome
by taking a light meal after the first
sleep, the blood supply being drawn
from the brain to the stomach, and at
the same time the blood is replenished
by substances formed in the process of
digestion which have a sporic effect.
That this is probably the case is illus-
trated by the ease with which animals
and human beings fall asleep after a
heavy meal.—*National Review.*

Carl's Clover Root Tea.
The great blood purifier, gives freshness and cleanness
to the complexion and cures Constipation. 25c. per bottle.

A Universal Failing.
"What's the old Swizzles, the million-
aire, looking so pleased about? He
just lost \$10,000 in stocks."
"Yes, but afterward he managed to
get a free ticket to a seventy-five
cent show."—*Chicago Record.*

Coe's Cough Balsam
Is the oldest and best. It will break up a Cold quick-
er than anything else. It is always reliable. Try it.

The Way It Usually Is.
"I see by the papers that the presi-
dent and his wife are expected to be
in attendance at the Swellhedges'
wedding."
"Yes. They're expected to be
there by everybody except them-
selves."—*Chicago Record.*

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.
Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mrs.
Wisslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething.

Ambiguous.
He—Wasn't that an absurd rumor
they started, that I was losing my
mind?
She—Well, I should say so.

Hanson's Magic Corn Salvo.
Warranted to cure of corns refunded. Ask your
druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

The deepest wounds are those inflicted by
a friend.

There is more heavenly music in one good
act than in 100 hymns.

TAN and FRECKLES warranted to be
removed by No. 277,840. Sent by mail
with instructions, on receipt of price, 50c,
by SNOW, LUND & CO., Omaha, Neb.

No amount of cultivation can make a
tistle leaf fruit.

Billiard Table, second-hand. For sale
cheap. Apply to or address, H. C. AKIN,
511 S. 12th St., Omaha, Neb.

How ready some people are to sell their
souls for spot cash.

ASSIST NATURE
A little now and then
in removing offend-
ing matter from the
stomach and bowels
and you thereby
avoid a multitude
of distressing dis-
rangements and dis-
eases, and will have
less frequent need
of your doctor's
services.

Of all known
agents for this pur-
pose, Dr. Pierce's
Pleasant Pellets are
the best. Once
used, they are al-
ways in favor.

Their secondary ef-
fect is to keep the
bowels open and
regular, not to fur-
ther constipate, as
is the case with
other pills. Hence, their great popularity
with sufferers from habitual constipation,
piles and their attendant discomfort and
manifold derangements. The "Pellets"
are purely vegetable and perfectly harmless
in any condition of the system. No care is
required while using them; they do not
interfere with the diet, habits or occupa-
tion, and produce no pain, griping or shock
to the system. They act in a mild, easy and
natural way and there is no reaction after-
ward. Their help lasts.

The Pellets cure biliousness, sick and
bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or
constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite,
coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia,
windy belchings, "heartburn," pain and
distress after eating, and kindred derange-
ments of the liver, stomach and bowels.
In proof of their superior excellence, it can
be truthfully said, that they are always
adopted as a household remedy after the
first trial. Put up in sealed, glass vials,
therefore always fresh and reliable. One
little "Pellet" is a laxative, two are mildly
cathartic. As a "dinner pill," to promote
digestion, or to relieve distress from over-
eating, take one after dinner. They are
tiny, sugar-coated granules; any child will
readily take them.

Accept no substitute that may be recom-
mended to be "just as good." It may be
better for the dealer, because of paying him
a better profit, but he is not the one who
needs help.

SEAL
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and
acts directly on the blood and mucous sur-
faces of the system. Send for testimonial,
free. F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, O.

Depression in Wall Street.
A cigar dealer on Wall street,
whose customers are mainly stock
brokers and other money men, says
he does not sell half as many high-
priced cigars this year as he has
sold in former years. At recent
times he had never kept five-cent
cigars in his place, but now they are
smoked by hundreds of people, who
often ask if they can get six for a
quarter. Several other cigar dealers
in that part of the city tell stories
of the same kind.

A Reasonable Plea.
Judge—Why do you wish to be re-
lieved from jury duty?
Citizen—I wear a gold watch, and
I don't like the looks of three or
four of the fellows you have already
accepted.

If It's a Sprain, Strain, or Bruise
St. Jacobs Oil
Will Cure It