

# MY POPULIST FRIEND.

## A LESSON IN CONSISTENCY BY A FARMER'S WIFE.

Her Husband's Pride in the Ownership of the Bonds of 'A Country Brought to the Verge of Moral, Political and Material Ruin.'

"We get them," said my Populist friend, as he came blithely up the gravel walk that leads to the front porch of his cozy country home.

His wife did not look up. "I tell you," he continued, "it does me as much good this time to subscribe my mite to the government loan as it did to go to the front myself thirty-odd years ago."

Still no response from the little woman, rocking on the porch.

"What a glorious war this has been!" and he grew enthusiastic. "What a great nation we are! What a grand old man Uncle Sam is, anyhow! Think of it! Think of it, I say," he fairly shrieked to the unruffled lady in the chair.

"When Spain was trying to borrow a few millions to patch up her dilapidated old navy, Uncle Sam shoved his hand down in his pocket, pulled out fifty millions in cold cash, handed it over to McKinley and said 'Get ready,' McKinley got. Gun factories going, powder factories going, men and boys going here and there, camping, drilling, moving to the front, Dewey at Manila, whizz! One-third of the Spanish navy at the bottom of the sea; Sampson and Schley at Santiago, whoop! The pride of Spain's navy full of holes and burning on the beach; the boys in Cuba, twenty-five thousand Spanish fighters surrender to them. Porto Rico captured without a struggle. It's great. It makes me feel like celebrating. More money wanted; did we have to go to Europe for it?"

He paused for a reply, which did not come, and then he proceeded:

"No, we didn't, not a bit of it; we didn't have to go anywhere. The people just said, 'Here it is, six times over if you want it.' We get our share of the bonds, it makes me feel good," and he strutted back and forth in front of the porch, seeming to imitate the walk of the proud peacock not far off; but the woman said nothing.

"But that isn't all," he said. "Think of us commercially. What do you think of making Europe and other lands fork over six hundred million dollars in clean cash for the difference due us in the deals of the past year? Aren't we somebody, though?"

Then her lips moved. She spoke, her voice as deep and as solemn as she could make it; her eyelashes not lifted; her features expressionless. He listened to the words:

"We meet in the midst of a nation brought to the verge of moral, political and material ruin."

Like a voice from the tomb it sounded to him.

At first my Populist friend seemed stunned; then he was angry. His arms flew in the air, his jaw moved, and his whiskers beat the wind, but so enraged was he that he could not utter a word. Finally, in despair, he sat down upon the porch steps and buried his face in his hands.

"Cruel, I know it is cruel," said the little woman in her softest, meekest voice; "but that is one of the first phrases in the first national declaration of your great Populist party. That was the corner-stone on which you builded; it was the belief in those conditions that brought your party into existence. Think of it, what a libel on a great and good people! What are you going to do with that declaration of 'ruin,' anyhow? Why not frame it and send it to Spain? I don't know of any one else who could get any satisfaction out of it; but, in the light of recent historic events, it would be a difficult task to get even her to believe it."

"But that was six long years ago," plaintively pleaded my Populist friend.

"But you are still following the trail onto which that infamous declaration led you; and that is what hurts me," she answered, impatiently. "Think of it yourself; think of it. Can a great and growing nation make a complete change in morals in six years? When was there more evidence that Divine Providence was guiding a nation than we have at this time? Think of our war for humanity; think of Dewey and Manila; think of Santiago; think of Spain's navy practically ruined and but one man of ours killed in doing it. Would the hand of Divine Providence so protect a nation that was on the verge of moral ruin? Would a wicked and depraved people wage such a war for humanity as ours has waged?"

"Financial ruin, too! Think of that. All those millions of dollars are being loaned to the government by the people—plain, hard-working, economical people, such as you. And yet you say in your great national platform that we are on the verge of material ruin. How dare you look truth in the face and follow the footsteps of the party which uttered that libel?"

"Material ruin! Yes, the difference in our trade with nations of the world was more than six hundred million dollars in our favor; but, great as it is, that tells only a small part of the story. It is no comparison with our internal growth. England's most reliable statistician now asserts that we have become the richest nation on the face of the globe, and he furnishes the figures to prove it. Yet you follow blindly in the lead of men who declared that we are on the brink, ready to topple over into all sorts of ruin."

"But that was six years ago, I say, and what makes you always bring that up?" said my Populist friend, somewhat defiantly. "Take our later acts; we were a new party then."

The mischievous smile began to

play about the lips of the good wife, as she said: "Very well, your later acts, then. Out in the barn loft is a banner which you lugged about in one of your 'reform' parades of two years ago. It reads:

A Vote for McKinley : Means : 25 Cents a Bushel for Wheat : and : 10 Cents a Bushel for Corn. :

"How much will you charge to carry that to town now?"

My poor Populist friend was hurt. Would that Banquo's ghost of a banner never dawn? Hadn't the men in town made life miserable for him, and hadn't they silenced his 'arguments' by reminding him of it, and now must it be brought to his very threshold? Had the really tender-hearted wife known how it wounded him, had she known how he had suffered for the folly of believing too implicitly in the political predictions of demagogic reformers, I believe she would have pitied him rather than have twitted him of his more recent folly. But she was kind even in her seeming cruelty, for he persisted in that folly. Her motive was to bring him back to the paths of political rectitude. E. G. PIPP.

### STILL IN THE AIR.

Democrats Continue to Fly the Kites of Free Trade and Free Silver.

Referring to the exhibit made by the industrial census of the American Protective Tariff League, the Topeka Capital says:

"The American Economist, organ of the American Protective Tariff League and a very useful and sensible paper, always teaching the country facts and common sense, has made a valuable census to show the change in conditions since the '96 election."

After quoting the Economist's summary of census results the Capital adds:

"Such dry, terrestrial facts as these act as a heavy tail on the metaphysical kite flying of the free-traders. Their legs have never been fast enough to keep the free-trade kite from being jagged and mutilated by the hard facts along the highway of human experience."

Nevertheless, the free-trade kite is still in the air; a little wabbling and uncertain in its flight, to be sure, but still in the air. In proof whereof witness the following from the Fort Madison, Iowa, Democrat:

"Protection has filled our country with tramps, suicides, insanity; filled our almshouses and prisons; has starved to a lingering death millions of our men, women and children."

"Next to the destruction of half the natural money value of all our real estate and all the products of labor, by the demonization of one of the precious metals, the 'protection' tariff is the greatest curse of civilization."

If any difficulty is experienced in understanding how two such diametrically opposite views of the same subject can be entertained in the same general section, it must be remembered that everything is possible in a free country. Still beyond that possibility is the infinite scope and range of folly inherent in the combination of free trade and free silver. There is really no limit to the capacity for unique absurdity that resides in the brain capable of cherishing both of these doctrines at one and the same time.

### A Brood Worth Defending.



Every Statement Proved.

In 1892 Mr. Osborne told us that free trade in wool would mean better prices. Coffee seconded the motion and voted for the Wilson bill. The result was 5-cent wool. In 1894 Johnny Osborne told us that it was not free trade which caused the decline in wool. It was something else, which did not seem exactly clear to him, probably the failure of the Baring Bros. The people thought differently and voted for William McKinley and a protection congress. In spite of the opposition of Osborne the Dingley bill was passed and wool raised to 14 cents. Every statement made by the Republican party has been proved. Every statement made by the Democratic party has been disproved. Enough.—Laramie Republican.

### Directly Traced.

The immense decrease of imports of foreign merchandise can be directly traced to the Dingley tariff, for with our increased prosperity and ability to purchase, our people have used more than in any previous year, but instead of purchasing foreign products they have been supplied with home products.—Tacoma Ledger.

# TALMAGE'S SERMON.

## "THE HOUNDED REINDEER" SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

"As the Hart Panteth After the Water Brooks, So Panteth My Soul After Thee, O God!"—Psalms, Chap. XLII, Verse 1.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 2.—Dr. Talmage, drawing his illustrations from a deer-hunt, in this discourse calls all the pursued and troubled of the earth to come and slake their thirst at the deep river of Divine comfort. Text: Psalms 42: 1: "As the hart panteth after the water Brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

David, who must some time have seen a deer-hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal called in my text the hart is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In Central Syria, in Bible times, there were whole pasture-fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says, "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers jutted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's tract" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the dew, the showers, the lakes washed them as clean as the sky. When Isaac, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying, "The lame shall leap as the hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter who having shot a deer is too lazy to cook it, saying, "The slothful man, roasteth not that which he took in hunting."

But one day, David, while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the mouth of a lonely cave where he had lodged, and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor startles him, and he says to himself: "I wonder what those dogs are after?" Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer rend the leaves of the thicket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize the creature plunges into a pool or lake or river to cool its thirst, and at the same time by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming to get away from the foaming harriers. David says to himself: "Aha, that is myself! Saul after me. Absalom after me, enemies without number after me; I am chased; their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there," says David to himself; "that reindeer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes its lathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! 'As the hart panteth after the water Brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God.'"

The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Taking one summer with a hunter, I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the track of a deer, I said to one of the hunters in rough corduroy: "Do the deer always make for water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh, yes, Mister; you see they are a hot and thirsty animal, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their antlers and sniff the breeze and start for the Raquet or Loon or Saranac; and we get into our cedar shell boat or stand by the 'runway' with rifle loaded and ready to blaze away."

My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much—its allusions are so true to nature. Its partridges are real partridges, its ostriches real ostriches, and its reindeer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antlered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle and his cheek glow and his respiration quicken. To say nothing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game, its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioned into bow-strings, its antlers putting handles on cutlery, and the shavings of its horn used as a pungent restorative, the name taken from the hart and called hartshorn. But putting aside its usefulness, this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes at sunset! The horns, a coronal branching into every possible curve, and after it seems complete ascending into other projections of exquisitesness, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride, or swung down for awful combat. The hart is velocity embodied. Timidity impersonated. The enchantment of the woods. Its eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death. The splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscle, and bone, and color, and attitude, and locomotion, whether couched in the grass among the shadows or a living bolt shot through the forest, or turning at bay to attack the hounds, or rearing for its last fall under the buckshot of the trapper. It is a splendid appearance that the painter's pencil fails to sketch, and only a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When, twenty miles from any settlement, it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge to drink among

the lily pods and, with its sharp-edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long Lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides and lolling tongue and eyes swimming in death the stag leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac, can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles, and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words of the text: "As the hart panteth after the water Brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Well, now, let all those who have come after them the lean hounds of poverty, or the black hounds of persecution, or the spotted hounds of vicissitude, or the pale hounds of death, or who are in any wise pursued, run to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happened to know at different times, if not now, have had trouble after them, sharp-muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all-devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody manfully attacked you and you attacked them; or they over-reached you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them, or you have had a bereavement, and, instead of being submissive you are fighting that bereavement; you charge on the doctors who failed to effect a cure; or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred; or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret, and worry, and scold, and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily blame the neuralgia, or the laryngitis, or the ague, or the sick headache. The fact is, you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of divine consolation, and slaking your thirst and cooling your body and soul in the good cheer of the Gospel, and swimming away into the mighty deeps of God's love, you are fighting a whole kennel of harriers.

I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get up, and I said to some hunters near by, "What is the matter with that dog?" They answered, "A deer hurt him." And I saw he had a great swollen paw and a battered head, showing where the antlers struck him. And the probability is that some of you might give a mighty clip to your pursuers, you might damage their health, you might hurt them as much as they have hurt you, but, after all, it is not worth while. You only have hurt a hound. Better be off for the Upper Saranac, into which the mountains of God's eternal strength look down and moor their shadows. As for your physical disorders, the worst strychnine you can take is fretfulness, and the best medicine is religion. I know people who were only a little disordered, yet have fretted themselves into complete valetudinarianism, while others put their trust in God and come up from the very shadow of death, and have lived comfortably twenty-five years with only one lung. A man with one lung, but God with him, is better off than a godless man with two lungs.

I saw whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see thirty, and there are said to be over eight hundred in the great wilderness of New York. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them, for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of God's Word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes; each promise a lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full up to the top of the green banks, and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying: "There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God;" "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of thy pleasures;" "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your back on that supply, and confront your trouble, and you are soured with your circumstances, and you are fighting society and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn around and lower your head, and it is simply antler against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The Rabbinical writers allude to this resignation of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises, he has hung it on the stag's horns; and a proverb in the far East tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and find where the deer sheds her horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuers, be as wise as, next spring, will be all the deer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns.

Through Jesus Christ make this God your God and you can withstand anything and everything, and that which affrights others will inspire you. As in time of an earthquake when an old Christian woman was asked whether she was scared, answered: "No, I am glad that I have a God who can shake the world;" or, as in a financial panic, when a Christian merchant was asked if he did not fear he would break, answered: "Yes, I shall break when the fiftieth Psalm breaks in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me." Oh, Christian men and women pursued of annoyances and exasperations, remember that this hunt, whether a still hunt or a hunt in full cry, will soon be

over! If ever a whelp looks ashamed and ready to sink out of sight it is when in the Adirondacks a deer by one tremendous plunge into Big Tupper Lake gets away from him. The disappointed canine swims in a little way, but, defeated, swims out again and cringes with humiliated yawn at the feet of his master. And how ashamed and ashamed will all your earthly troubles be when you have dashed into the river from under the throne of God, and the heights and depths of heaven are between you and your pursuers! We are told in Revelation 22:15: "Without are dogs," by which I conclude there is a whole kennel of hounds outside the gate of heaven, or, as when a master goes in through a door, his dog lies on the steps waiting for him to come out, so the troubles of this life may follow us to the shining door, but they cannot get in. "Without are dogs!" I have seen dogs and owned dogs that I would not be chagrined to see in the heavenly city. Some of the grand old watchdogs who are the constabulary of the homes in solitary places, and for years have been the only protection for wife and child; some of the shepherd dogs that drive back the wolves and bark near the flocks from going too near the precipice; and some of the dogs whose neck and paw Landseer, the painter, has made immortal, would not find me shutting them out from the gate of shining pearl. Some of those old St. Bernard dogs that have lifted perishing travelers out of the Alpine snow; the dog that John Brown, the Scotch essayist, saw ready to spring at the surgeon lest in removing the cancer he too much hurt the poor woman whom the dog felt bound to protect, and dogs that we expressed in our childhood days, or that in later time lay down on the rug in seeming sympathy when our homes were desolated, I say, if some soul entering heaven should happen to leave the gate ajar, and these faithful creatures should quietly walk in. It would not at all disturb my heaven. But all those human or brutal hounds that have chased and torn and lacerated the world, yea, all that now bite or worry or tear to pieces, shall be prohibited. "Without are dogs!" No place there for harsh critics or backbiters or despoilers of the reputation of others.

Oh, when some of you get there it will be like what a hunter tells of when pushing his canoe far up north in the winter and amid the ice-floes, and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human beings! He was startled one day as he heard a stepping on the ice, and he cocked the rifle ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his canoe and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him and found out where he had lived, and took him to his home, and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for this lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him; and, as had been agreed at his first appearance, bells were rung and guns were fired, and banquets spread. Well, when some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn and sometimes lost amid the icebergs, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorified, and your friends rush out to give you welcoming kisses, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the caterers of heaven to spread the banquet, and the bellmen to lay hold of the rope in the tower, and while the chalice click at the feast, and the bells clang from the turrets, it will be a scene so uplifting I pray God I may be there to take part in the celestial merriment. "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bethor."

Mr. Curzon's Salary. The Indian vice royalty was in time past regarded as the one great financial prize among satrapies, but it is understood to have become, in part, no doubt, by reason of the fall in the rupee, much reduced in value. The salary (\$125,000) is not large for a functionary who has to maintain so much pomp and circumstance, but the allowances for expenses are on a very liberal scale. In the case of other governorships it is almost impossible to "do the thing well" and to effect any saving out of the salary. It may be observed that wealthy men very rarely accept these positions. In fact, it may be questioned whether a wealthy man has ever held the vice royalty of India. Lord Brassey, Lord Jersey and Lord Aberdeen, among governors, are rare exceptions, and the first named, as governor of Victoria, when the salary had been reduced from \$50,000 to \$35,000, refused to take it if a further reduction were made.

No Evidence. A man was on trial in Western America on a charge of catching a certain fish that weighed less than two pounds. The constable who made the arrest testified to catching the prisoner with the fish in his possession. "Where are the fish?" asked the lawyer for the defendant. "Why, they wouldn't keep," answered the officer. "What did you do with them?" "Well, I knew that they wouldn't keep, so I—disposed of them." "But what did you do with them?" "My wife cooked them." "And you ate them?" "Yes." "Your Honor I ask that his case be dismissed." "Charge dismissed and defendant discharged," ruled the Justice of the Peace, "on ground that the arresting officer ate the evidence."—Tit-Bits.

She Lost and Won. Her Mother—"I saw him kiss you; I am terribly shocked! I did not for a moment imagine he would dare to take such a liberty!" Herself—"Nor did I, ma—in fact, I bet him he wouldn't!"—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

# Every Action

And every thought requires an expenditure of vitality which must be restored by means of the blood flowing to the brain and other organs. This blood must be pure, rich and nourishing. It is made so by Hood's Sarsaparilla which is thus the great strength-giving medicine, the cure for weak nerves, scrofula, catarrh, and all diseases caused by poor, impure blood.

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### THE LONE WOMAN TRAVELER.

The "new woman" doesn't propose to miss the delights of travel simply for lack of a protector. She knows how to take care of herself, and when she starts off on a little journey nowadays it isn't with the nervous dread that something's going to happen before she reaches her destination—if ever she does, but she proceeds at once to make herself comfortable and to thoroughly enjoy her little rub up against the outside world.

But although she rests secure in a delightful feeling of safety, it has never occurred to the general woman that "making her to travel in safety" is a business all in itself.

She may have heard, for example, that the great New York Central Railroad is the only route in the United States that is completely equipped with the world-famous lock and block system of signals, but that doesn't mean anything to her until you explain that by this system every foot over which she travels is carefully and unceasingly watched and signaled day and night, and that collision is practically impossible, because a train cannot enter a given block or section until the train ahead has passed out, and that even if there should be another train following on the same track, the engineer knows all about it through the electric telegraph, which is part of the system, thus making assurance doubly sure.

If the lone woman happens to be going to New York City she need have no dread of landing alone in the confusion of a big, strange place if she travels by the New York Central. All she has to do is to speak to one of the red-capped attendants—free service—who will carry her bag, answer her questions and show her to cab, car or elevated train.

Another thing, she lands right in the heart of the city within a step of a dozen or more of its leading hotels—and she should bear in mind that this is the only railroad depot in all New York City.

The New York Central might aptly be called "the lone woman's route."—Fashions.

The famous rich man of ancient times, Croesus, is calculated to have possessed about \$20,000,000.

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