The World's Fair Tests

showed no baking powder so pure or so great in leavening power as the Royal.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

AN ETRUSCAN BOOK.

An Egyptian Wrapped in the Folds of a Very Old Manuscript.

The Etruscan alphabet can be read with as much ease as the alphabet of Rome; the words of a text are usually divided from one another by means of points, and yet the meaning of these words cannot be fixed. Like the geologist who comes to a "fault" in the strata he is examining, so in Etruscan the philologist finds a linguistic "fault"—a language which refuses to be compared with any other that is known to him.

A discovery made by Professor Krall of Vienna has removed the first difficulty which stands in our way. It can no longer be said that it is impossible to decipher the Etruscan language because the materials for doing so are insufficient. Three-fourths of an ancient Etruscan book, written on linen, has been discovered, and discovered, moreover, in the most unlikely of places—the coffin of an Egyptian mummy.

The mummy was brought from Egypt some 40 years ago by an Austrian traveler and deposited after his death in the museum of Agram. When unrolled, it was found that the linen bands which were wrapped around it were covered with written characters. They were examined in 1867 by Brugsch Pasha, who imagined them to be Ethiopic, and in 1877 by Sir Richard Burton, who suspected that they were Nabathean. It was reserved for Professor Krall to point out that the characters were the well known letters of the Etruscan alphabet, and that the words they embodied occurred in the inscriptions of Etruria.

Professor Krall's discovery was made at the beginning of 1891. Since then he has been occupied in transcribing the text, portions of which are difficult to read, and in determining the order in which the fragments should be arranged. The result of his work has been published by the imperial academy of Vienna. His memoir is an exhaustive account of the discovery, and contains a transliteration of the text, as well as photographs of the linen wrappings, together with the report of experts on the condition of the linen and the character of the ink. Part of the memoir is devoted to the removal of any doubts that may be felt as to the genuineness of the newly discovered book.

The text originally contained 12 columns, the greater part of which has been preserved. More than 200 lines of it remain, including the last paragraph of the work. It was divided into sections or chapters, distinguished from one another by spaces, and the single words are separated by means of points.—Fortnightly Review.

THE HIGHEST AWARD.

Royal Baking Powder in Strength and Value 20 Per Cent Above Its Nearest Competitor.

The Royal Baking Powder has the enviable record of having received the highest award for articles of its class—greatest strength, purest ingredients, most perfectly combined—wherever exhibited in competition with others. In the exhibitions of former years, at the Centennial, at Paris, Vienna and at the various State and Industrial Fairs, where it has been exhibited, judges have invariably awarded the Royal Baking Powder the highest honors.

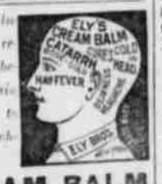
At the recent World's Fair the examination for the baking powder awards were made by the experts of the chemical division of the Agricultural Department of Washington. The official report of the tests of the baking powders which were made by this department for the specific purpose of ascertaining which was the best, and which has been made public, shows the leavening strength of the Royal to be 160 cubic inches of carbonic gas per ounce of powder. Of the cream of tartar baking powders exhibited at the Fair the next highest in strength thus tested contained but 133 cubic inches of leavening gas. The other powders gave an average of 111. The Royal, therefore, was found of 20 per cent greater leavening strength than its nearest competitor, and 44 per cent above the average of all the other tests. Its superiority in other respects, however, in the quality of the food it makes as to fineness, delicacy and wholesomeness could not be measured by figures.

It is these high qualities, known and appreciated by the women of the country for so many years, that have caused the sales of the Royal Baking Powder, as shown by statistics, to exceed the sales of all other baking powders combined.

Making Sea Water Fit to Drink.

Electricity may yet enable us so to purify sea water as to fit it for drinking purposes. One of the greatest terrors that confront the shipwrecked would be banished by such a discovery, provided that the electrical apparatus could be made portable enough to be taken off in a boat.—Science Gossip.

I used Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh, and have received great benefit. I believe it a safe and certain cure. Very pleasant to take.—Wm. Fox, Rochester, N. Y.



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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 agreeable. Price, 50 cents at Druggists' or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

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If you use the Petaluma Incubator & Brooders. Make money while others are wasting time by old processes. Catalog tells all about it, and describes every article needed for the poultry business.

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

HOW STOUT GOT STOUT

THE REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF A RHEUMATIC SUFFERER.

All But Paralyzed—Lost His Flesh and Expected to Die—How He Got Well and Strong.

From the Mt. Sterling (Ill.) Republican.]

Few men are held in higher esteem by their fellow townspeople than James W. Stout of Riply, Ill., and it is due no doubt partly to this popularity that the record of the case has created such widespread interest. While his experience is not without an equal, yet it has been sufficiently remarkable to demand the attention of thousands of people in Illinois, among whom are numbered some of the most eminent physicians.

In January, 1895, Mr. Stout was stricken with what was then believed to be sciatic rheumatism, and in a short time was barely able to hobble around on crutches, and it seemed to his friends that his days were numbered. To-day he is a strong, hearty-looking man of 160 pounds.

How this wonderful change was brought about is most interesting as told to a representative of the *Republican* by Mr. Stout himself:

"I was afflicted with sciatic rheumatism and lumbago in January, 1895. The sciatic nerve on the right side became affected in the hip, running down to the ankle and across the small of the back to the left side, and soon my whole system became afflicted, causing me the most excruciating pain. In a very short time I became totally unable to attend to any business whatever, and the disease rapidly growing worse, I had to take to my bed, where I lay suffering almost continuously for months the most agonizing torture, scarcely being able to move or be moved. At one time I lay for six weeks flat on my back, the slightest movement causing me such pain as almost to throw me into convulsions. I cannot begin to express to you the intense pain I suffered. I was drawn by the severeness of the malady over to the left side; lost my appetite; had no desire for food, and what little I did eat I could not digest, the digestive organs failing to perform their duty, adding greatly to my already precarious condition. For weeks at a time I was unable to eat or sleep, suffering all the time most intensely and at times fearing I would lose my reason, and would have welcomed death to relieve me of my sufferings.

"I consulted with local physicians and some of the most eminent specialists of the larger cities throughout the country, some treating me for one thing and some for another, but without effect, and I received no relief whatever. One physician told me I had double curvature of the spine and would eventually become paralyzed. I spent hundreds of dollars in the short time I was afflicted without receiving the least benefit. My friends all thought that there was no hope for me whatever, and said that I must die; and I myself had almost given up in despair, when in September, 1895, about eight months after I was first afflicted, my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Without much hope I at once sent to C. E. Rickey & Co., druggists, Mt. Sterling, Ill., and procured some of the pills, and immediately began taking them. Before long I became aware of a great change for the better in my almost hopeless condition. My appetite came back, and my digestive organs performed their usual functions properly. I took some more and grew rapidly better—could sit up in a chair, and my body began to straighten out; continued the treatment, and in a short time was able to be about on crutches. My recovery from that time on was very rapid and assured. My right leg, which before I commenced this treatment was numb and dead, now experienced a pricking, tingling sensation. I was enabled to throw away my crutches and walk upright once more among my fellows, a better man physically than ever before. When first taken by the disease I weighed 160 pounds; was reduced to 115; I now weigh 166, more than I ever weighed at any time in my life. Yes, sir, I lay my recovery entirely to Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box or 6 boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Med. Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

A Guileless Gentleman.

One of the most guileless and cultivated men I have ever known, certainly far from extravagant in the matter of tailors' bills, was the reverse of untidy in his person and invariably dressed for dinner, even when quite alone, and always buttoned his dress coat across his chest. During one of his rare visits to London, Stultz, who was then at the top of his profession, and for aught I know may be so still, was called on to to make him a dress coat, which was duly executed and the garment sent home. A few days later my old friend reappeared at the office, bringing his dress coat. "Look here," he said, "this coat is not the thing at all. It must have been made for some other man."

"Indeed, Sir William," replied Mr. Stultz, "that is surprising. We have always succeeded satisfactorily with your orders. Some slight alteration in the figure, perhaps. We don't grow any younger, Sir William, eh? Let us try it on." Which being done, "It appears a perfect fit, Sir William," continued the artist, standing back to admire his own handiwork, "your figure does not seem to have changed in the least."

"But it won't button, man," rejoined the customer, tugging at the lapels. "No, no, Sir William. It is not to do so. Dress coats are invariably worn open." "But I like mine to button across." "Most unusual, Sir William," sighed Mr. Stultz. "In fact I may say it is never done." "But I tell you I always wear my coat buttoned in the evening, and I don't care two straws what other people do." "Oh, Sir William, if it is a characteristic, that is another matter." And the cutter being sent for, the necessary alterations were planned on the instant.—Sir Herbert Maxwell in Blackwood's Magazine.

RENOUNCES HER VOWS

Miss Catherine Drexel About to Leave the Convent.

SHE WAS DISAPPOINTED IN LOVE.

A Washington Correspondent Says the Wealthy Nun Will Marry an Old Lover After Leaving the Convent—Some American Precedents.

A sensational story is sent out from Washington by the correspondent of the Cincinnati Enquirer concerning the reported defection of Miss Catherine Drexel, a daughter of the Philadelphia branch of the wealthy Drexel family, from the ranks of the Catholic sisterhood. The story is the more interesting as it is coupled with the rumor that the lady is shortly to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony. This has created considerable of a stir in the highest social circles of New York and Philadelphia.

Miss Catherine Drexel's story is a very romantic one. She is the second of three daughters of the late Francis Drexel. In very early youth she placed her affections on Walter George Smith, the son of an intimate friend and near neighbor of the Drexel family, at their country home at Torresdale, near Philadelphia. Her successful rival was her oldest sister, Elizabeth, though the latter had no suspicion that she was such.

When all arrangements for the marriage of Elizabeth Drexel and Walter George Smith were completed, Catherine Drexel announced her intention of retiring from the world and of devoting her great fortune to the church in missionary work among the Indians. She took her vows at a convent in Pittsburg and was there after known in religion as Sister Catherine. In a short time Sister Catherine became superioress of a new convent that owed its existence to her wealth.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith passed the first year of their married life in Europe. Mrs. Smith's failing health induced the pair to return to the Torresdale homestead, where she died. And it is the brother-in-law to whom Sister Catherine had so long ago given her heart that she is to marry, according to the story as it comes from Philadelphia.

Now arises the question, "Are nuns' vows irrevocable?" The popular notion is that a woman once vowed to the cloister is under a sort of life sentence. And yet nothing is further from the truth.

The pope has the power of fully dispensing from what are called "solemn vows." The bishops have the right to release from

CATHERINE DREXEL.

"simple vows." Both the holy father and the bishops are called upon to exercise their rights in this matter much oftener than people think, for as a matter of church policy the promoters of a monastic life do not furnish such data to the public.

In these latter times there does not seem to be much encouragement given to the practice of perpetual vows. By the laws of France life vows are invalid, but such disapproval by the civil power has no weight with the canon law. St. Vincent de Paul, who established the order of the Sisters of Charity in 1634, ordained that their vows should be taken for one year only. He was the first founder of a religious order who took the ground that it was possible for the members of a religious community to boldly use their talent and labor with it in the world instead of burying it in the seclusion of the cloister. He said: "Your convents must be the houses of the sick; your cell, the chamber of suffering; your chapel, the parish church; your cloister, the wards of the hospital; your rule, the vow of obedience; your grille, the fear of God; your veil to shut out the world, holy modesty."

In the many political upheavals of France, during which various religious orders have suffered abolishment, the Sisters of Charity have been always allowed to exist, even in the days of the terror and of the directory. The Little Sisters of the Poor is the only other order looked upon with government favor in France.

There are many American precedents for Miss Drexel's action. There is the case of Miss Rosecrans, daughter of General Rosecrans of Ohio, who for some years was an Ursuline nun in an Ohio convent.

She secured a release from her vows and is now the companion of her father in his declining days. Then one of the daughters of the late General Phil Kearny, after spending several years as a nun, first in the Sacred Heart convent and subsequently with the Carmelites in Paris, found that she was unfitted for the life of the cloister. A dispensation from the vows was granted by the holy father, and she now makes her home with her mother in Washington.

In this country, as in Europe, the nunneries have had many distinguished inmates, with the great difference that, while here the cloistered life is an entirely voluntary one, in the old world a girl is frequently, from her very birth, destined for a convent.

One of the daughters of General Winfield Scott was a nun of the Visitation convent of Georgetown, D. C., where she died some years before her distinguished father. It is not generally known that Fanie Allen, the beautiful daughter of rugged old Ethan Allen of Ticonderoga fame, forsook all the joys and pleasures of the world for a life of prayer and meditation in a Canadian convent of the strictest rule. Her parents made many efforts to lure her from her nunnery, but to the end she was steadfast and faithful. She died in her Montreal convent.

A Prisoner Robs a Jail.

James Slattery has been robbing the county jail in which he is a prisoner at Pottsville, Pa. He has been employed in the hosiery department and has been helping to load wagons with goods for shipment. It has been discovered that he has been sending packages of stockings to his wife in Lock Haven. It is estimated that he has stolen $1,000 worth of goods.

Why Thunder Sours Milk.

You have often asked or been asked "Why does thunder sour milk?" The answer is this: Milk is very susceptible to atmospheric changes. Electricity, the cause of thunder, produces, or if it does not really "produce," follows great and rapid changes in the atmospheric conditions. Lightning is the discharge which comes of electrical inequalities, producing chemical changes in the air. Thunderstorms represent the greatest activity of electrical phenomena, and the best authorities give it as their opinion that the electricity in the atmosphere is the prime cause of milk souring during the prevalence of such storms.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

NO RAILROAD FOR HIM.

An Old Fashioned Settler Who Preferred to Walk Rather Than Go by Rail.

Even today one may see a few of nature's children at the landings along the river in Missouri. Civilization and railroads have not changed the characteristics of hundreds of families that have homes close to the shore of the turbid stream. This is particularly true of the region 50 miles in either direction from the capital at Jefferson City. The settlements in that part of the state are made up of the descendants of Germans who came to this country years ago. The language is spoken as generally and correctly among them, however, as if they had just landed in America from the fatherland. These thrifty people went to that part of the country when the steamboat was the only method of travel in the west, and it was years before they could get in the way of using the railroad.

Indeed many of the old timers refuse to go to St. Louis now if they cannot go round on the John L. Ferguson or the Benton with Captain Archie Bryan, who is one of the old school of steamboatmen. I recall having met in St. Louis an ancient German, whose home was in Augusta, two days' boat ride up from the metropolis.

"Going home tonight?" I asked.

"Naw," he responded sorrowfully.

"Tomorrow night?"

"Naw; I t'ink not."

"What's the matter?"

"I tink I spent me all vinter here."

"Moved down, eh?"

"Naw; but dere vas bat vater by der Missouri, und I cannot go to Augusta."

"But the railroad?"

"Railroad!" The ancient German looked at me with an air of disgust. "Railroad!" he repeated. "Do you take me for a horse or a cow or some odder vihl animal? Naw, I go by dot steamboat or I valk."—Detroit Free Press.

Will They Be Happy?

"It would be delightful to set my heart upon things, as do most girls of my age, to thoroughly enjoy them when I obtain them, and to cry about them when I do not."

"I wish you could be persuaded to set your heart upon me," he said, "because—because I love you?"

"I do not believe you care for me at all," she answered in her indifferent voice. "And yet," more thoughtfully, "it may be you do, for you are the only man who has discovered that I have no heart."

"I do indeed," he persisted, "while you give me scarcely a thought."

She regarded him for a moment with her cool, speculative gaze. He was blushing hotly.

"Jack," she announced, "I like you. I find you most companionable. But love you—no, I do not."

"Could you not marry me, Lenore? Is there any other man whom you could marry?"

"There is no other man on earth with whom I wish to wed, and I do not think I could accept even you."

"I was afraid there might be some one else," he said more hopefully.

"Have you ever observed upon my part a tendency to hang about the neck of any of my acquaintances?"

"No," he answered. "But though it might be a bore to have a wife who expected a constant rain of pet names and kisses whatever might be the weather, I would give the world to be sure you love me as fervently as I love you." His voice broke a little, and Lenore watched him in deep surprise. "I may seem a conceited fool to say it, but I cannot help feeling I could compel your love, Lenore, if I take the risk. will you marry me?"

"If you will take the risk, Jack, I'll marry you."—Californian.

The End of the World.

Twenty years ago, when a small boy, I first read the Scriptural story of the grand "wind up of earthly affairs," and "I am here to tell you," as the boys say, that it left no slight impression on my mind—in fact, I am of the opinion that it left an indentation "of unknown depth." Of late years, however, I feel more comfortable in the contemplation of these things. Everybody, and especially every scientist of repute, has a different view of how the thing will be done. I used to sit up of a morning half expecting that a shower of fire would overtake the old globe before night, but she is still doing business at the old stand, and I notice that the great and learned men of the world are expecting something entirely different from what I had pictured. Here are six views on the subject that have been given to the world by eminent scientists during the last few years:

The landed surface is diminishing; the human race will finally be drowned.

Ice is accumulating at the north pole, some day the earth will fall out of balance and man will be utterly annihilated by the rush of moving objects.

The earth is gradually approaching the sun; the last man will therefore finally be roasted alive.

Water is slowly growing scarcer; in the ages to come all human beings and animals will perish for the want of a drop of moisture to cool their parched tongues.

With the beginning of the year 3000 A. D. man will commence to retrograde and will finally come to be a creature no larger than a plant louse.

The sun is burning up; as she cools the earth's glacial zones will enlarge, and the last remnant of humanity will be frozen to a heap.—St. Louis Republic.

The Loud Bassoon.

The clarinet was rather a favorite in country churches—the more the pity perhaps, for it is about as hapless an instrument in the hands of an amateur as the bagpipe might be in the hands of a Brahmin. Sometimes it would lead off with the tune in that hiccoughing kind of way which is its infirmity when clumsily dealt with. Then the other instruments would follow—"the flute and the vile squeaking of the wry neck fife," and it may be "breaking suddenly in with portentous thunder" the unlucky deep mouthed bassoon. Poor Dolly, in "Silas Marner," thought, when she heard the last named instrument and the voices at the village church, that she had "got to a better place already." A cynic under similar circumstances might have his thoughts directed to quite another quarter and would probably admit that it was a good bit of Coleridge's to select the "loud bassoon" for breaking the charm that bound the wedding guest to the ancient mariner's tale.

But the instrument seems to have had its partisans as well as its players. A country clergyman tells of a neighbor meeting a clown on the way to a church which he did not usually attend. "Why, John," inquired the neighbor, "what takes you this way?" "I do go to church," quoth John, "to hear the baboons." The bassoonist always liked to begin his last note a little later than his fellow players, and by a peculiar motion of his shoulders pumped out the whole reserve power of his lungs in what a church music historian calls "one prolonged and astounding roar." It is quite apparent that we have no cause to regret the loss of the bassoon.—Cornhill Magazine.

How Sage Came to the Front.

Russell Sage gained his fortune, as most millionaires have gained theirs, by unremitting application to business. He began as a grocer in Troy, N. Y., where the young lady who afterward became Mrs. Sage was at school at Miss Willard's seminary. Afterward he became interested in a bank, then in a railroad enterprise, and then came to New York to live. He keeps his money in several different banks and trust companies, so that a sudden demand for a large amount need not occasion embarrassment. Mr. Sage is a member of the West Presbyterian church.—Dr. Parton's—which Mr. Gould attended.—Kansas City Times.

FAITH CURISTS.

Those very confident people are strangely self satisfied until danger to life looms up, as when the chronic pains of many years' endurance attack the heart, like Rheumatism very often does, then they turn to a better faith. This better faith—held to by many thousands—is simple and certain. It is faith founded on experience that St. Jacobs Oil will cure, because it has cured all these painful ailments permanently. It is a faith founded on reason. We know what can be done by what has been done a thousand times. Every physician knows that those who have belief in treatment are the more easily cured; those who have not set up a resistance to the progress of cure.

Grant Is All Right.

When Mrs. Alice Houghton was stopping at the Olympian hotel a few weeks ago, the politicians had corralled all the bell boys and other messengers. She wanted a messenger and rang for one. None came, and at length, becoming impatient, she started for the office. A few feet ahead in the corridor was a diminutive person just about to enter the Allen headquarters. "Boy! boy!" she exclaimed, "come here. I want you to run an errand."

With consummate courtesy the small person turned, bowed, removed his hat and proffered his services.

"Oh, Mr. Grant, I do beg your pardon. It is ridiculous in me to mistake the United States minister to Bolivia for a messenger boy, but—but—er"——

"Don't mention it," he retorted cheerfully. "And if I can be of any service to you don't let my foreign portfolio interfere in the least—not in the least, madam."

And the minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary "ran the errand" for Mrs. Houghton.—Spokane Spokesman.

Patti and Bright Babies.

It is said that Patti's mail exceeds that of a cabinet minister, and that a great number of her correspondents seem to have the idea that Craig-y-Nos was intended for a foundling asylum, and that the diva's chief mission in life is to fill it with cradles. All sorts and conditions of babies are offered to her. Every infant prodigy that ever lisped "Home, Sweet Home;" babies with black hair, and babies with blond locks; babies with blue orbs, and babies with eyes as dark as the diva's, have been generously offered her, until, if she had taken but half of them, she would be officiating in the capacity of matron of a children's home.—Exchange.

Reversible Cuffs Tabooed.

Gentlemen who affect "society" and yet wear reversible cuffs are probably unaware of the extreme thinness of the crust upon which they stand. An authority upon the social prerequisites admits that there is economy in the turning of the cuff, but the well dressed man believes that once used the cuff is soiled; it is no longer wearable, and the discovery of the concealment, by any manner of means, of turning or other expedient, would be fatal to his social standing. This dictum is truly awful in some of its phases, but viewed from the steam laundryman's standpoint is endurable.—Washington Star.

HAUNTED!

A haunted house in these practical and unromantic days is something of a rarity, but an individual haunted with the idea that his ailment is incurable is a personage frequently met with. Disbelief in the ability of medicine to cure is only a mild form of monomania, although in some cases repeated failures to obtain relief from many different sources would almost seem to justify the doubt. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has demonstrated its ability to overcome dyspepsia, constipation, liver and kidney trouble, malarial complaints and nervousness, and its recorded achievements in the curative line ought at least to warrant its trial by any one troubled with either of the above ailments, even although his previous efforts to obtain remedial aid have been fruitless. Used with persistence, the Bitters will conquer the most obstinate cases.

"What do you think? Dick said I was the prettiest girl at the reception." "Think? Why, the sooner he consults an oculist the better."

IMITATORS AND IMPOSTORS.

The unequaled success of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS as an external remedy has induced unscrupulous parties to offer imitations, which they endeavor to sell on the reputation of ALLCOCK'S. It is an absurdity to speak of them in the same category as the genuine porous plaster. Their alleged equality with ALLCOCK'S is a false pretense.

The ablest medical practitioners and chemists and thousands of grateful patients unite in declaring ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS the best external remedy ever produced. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and accept no other.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS act upon the whole system.

Rejected Suitor—I can never love another. Rejected Unsuited—I thought you'd reach your limit after awhile.

SMOKELESS SHOTGUN POWDER.

When American "E. C." Smokeless Powder is used you don't get *licked* nor have a "*dis*" in your ears, nor have a pall of smoke in front of you, nor scare away the game by the noise and smoke; as is the case when using black powder. Ask your dealer for Selby's "*Challenge*" "E. C." Smokeless or "*Superior*" "E. C." Smokeless Shotgun Cartridges. There is only *one quality* of "E. C." powder and that is the best. Selby's Smokeless Cartridges are *always loaded to order*; so the dealers always get fresh goods.

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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.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

[SEAL.] A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

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