CANCER IS DEADLY!

Results Fatally in Nine Cases Out of Ten—A Cure Found at Last.

This fearful disease often first appears as a mere scratch, a pimple, or lump in the breast, too small to attract any notice, until, in many cases, the deadly disease is fully developed.

Cancer can not be cured by a surgical operation, because the disease is a virulent poison in the blood, circulating throughout the system, and although the sore or ulcer—known as the Cancer—may be cut away, the poison remains in the blood, and promptly breaks out afresh, with renewed violence.

The wonderful success of S. S. S. in curing obstinate, deep-seated blood diseases which were considered incurable, induced a few despairing sufferers to try it for Cancer, after exhausting the skill of the physicians without a cure. Much to their delight S. S. S. proved equal to the disease and promptly effected a cure. The glad news spread rapidly, and it was soon demonstrated beyond doubt that a cure had at last been found for deadly Cancer. Evidence has accumulated which is incontrovertible, of which the following is a specimen:

MRS. S. M. IDOL.

"Cancer is hereditary in our family, my father, a sister and an aunt having died from this dreadful disease. My feelings may be imagined when the horrible disease made its appearance on my side. It was a malignant Cancer, eating inwardly in such a way as to cause great alarm. The disease seemed beyond the skill of the doctors, for their treatment did no good whatever, the Cancer growing worse all the while. Numerous remedies were used for it but the Cancer grew steadily worse, until it seemed that I was doomed to follow the others of the family, for I know how deadly Cancer is, especially when inherited. I was advised to try Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), which, from the first day, forced out the poison. I continued its use until I had taken eighteen bottles, when I was cured sound and well, and have had no symptoms of the dreadful affliction, though many years have elapsed. S. S. S. is the only cure for Cancer.—Mrs S. M. Idol, Winston, N. C.

Our book on Cancer, containing other testimonials and valuable information, will be sent free to any address by the Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

CHOICE OF FRIENDS.

DR. TALMAGE ON THE EVILS OF BAD COMPANY.

Earnest and Kindly Warning to Old and Young to Shun Evil Associates, as "a Companion of Fools Shall Be Destroyed."

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.)

WASHINGTON, March 4.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage speaks on a theme which all men, young and old, will be glad to see discussed, and the kindly warning will no doubt in many cases be taken: text, Proverbs xiii, 20, "A companion of fools shall be destroyed."

"May it please the court," said a convicted criminal when asked by the judge what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced upon him, "may it please the court, bad company has been my destruction. I received the blessing of good parents and in return therefor promised to avoid all evil associates. Had I kept my promise I should have avoided this shame and the burden of guilt which, like a vulture, threatens to drag me to justice for my many crimes. Although I once moved in high circles and was entertained by distinguished men, I am lost. Bad company did the work for me." Only one out of a thousand illustrations was that of the fact that "a companion of fools shall be destroyed." It is an invariable rule.

Here is a hospital with a hundred men down with the ship fever. Here is a healthy man who goes into it. He does not so certainly catch the disease as a good man will catch moral distemper if he consents to be shut up with the vicious and the abandoned. In the prisons of the olden time it was the custom to put the prisoners in a cell together, and I am sorry to say it is the custom still in some of our prisons; so that when the day of liberation comes, the men, instead of being reformed, are turned out brutes, not men, each one having learned the vices of all the rest.

We may in our worldly occupation be obliged to talk to and commingle with bad people, but he who voluntarily chooses that kind of association is carrying on a courtship with a Delilah which will shear the locks of his strength, and he will be tripped into perdition. Look over all the millions of the race, and you cannot show me a single instance where a man voluntarily associated with the bad for one year and maintained his integrity. Sin is catching; it is infectious; it is epidemic.

A young man wakes up in one of our great cities knowing only the gentlemen of the firm into whose service he has entered. In the morning he enters the store, and all the clerks mark him, measure him, discuss him. The bad clerks of that establishment, the good clerks of that establishment, stand in some relation to him. The good clerks will wish him well, but they will wait for a formal introduction, and even after they have had the introduction they are very cautious as to whether they shall call him into their association before they know him very well.

But the bad young men in that establishment all gather around him. They patronize him, they offer to show him everything that there is in the city on one condition—that he will pay the expenses, for it always happens so when a good young man and a bad young man go together to a place of evil entertainment—the good young man always has to pay the charges. Just at the time the ticket is to be paid for or the champagne bill is to be settled the bad young man will affect embarrassment and feel around in his pockets and say, "Well, well, really I have forgotten my pocketbook."

The Breaking In Process.

In 48 hours after this innocent young man has entered the store the bad young men will gather around him, slap him on the shoulder with familiarity, and, if he is stupid in not being able to take certain allusions, will say, "Ah, my young friend, you will have to be broken in." And forthwith they go to work to "break him in."

Oh, young man, let no fallen young man slap you on the shoulder familiarly! Turn around and give a withering glance that will make the wretch cower in your presence. There is no monstrosity of wickedness that can stand before the glance of purity and honor. God keeps the lightnings of heaven in his own scabbard, and no human may reach them, but God gives to every young man a lightning which he may use, and that is the lightning of an honest eye. Anybody that understands the temptations of our great cities knows the use of one sermon like this, in which I try to enforce the thought that "a companion of fools shall be destroyed."

And, first, I charge you, avoid the skeptic—that is, the young man who puts his thumb in his vest and swaggers about, scoffing at your old fashioned religion, then taking out the Bible and turning over to some mysterious passage and saying: "Explain that, my friend, explain that. I used to think just as you do. My father and mother used to think just as you do. But you can't scare me about the future. I used to believe in those things, but I've got over it." Yes, he has got over it, and you will get over it if you stay in his companionship much longer. For awhile he may not bring one argument against our holy Christianity. He will by scoffs and jeers and caricatures destroy your faith in that religion which was the comfort of your father in his declining years and the pillow on which your old mother lay a-dying.

That brilliant young skeptic will after awhile have to die, and his diamond will flash no splendor into the eye of death. His hair will lie uncombed on the pillow. Death will come up, and this skeptic will say to him: "I cannot die. I cannot die." Death will say: "You must die. You have but ten seconds more to live. Your soul—give it to me right away. Your soul!" "Oh, no!" says the skeptic. "Do not breathe that cold air into my face. You crowd me too hard. It is getting dark in the room. Here—take my ring and take all the pictures in the room, but let me off." "No," says Death, "your soul! Your soul!" Then the dying skeptic begins to say, "O God!" Death says, "You declared there was no God." Then the dying skeptic says, "Pray for me," and Death says: "It is too late to pray; you have only three seconds more to live, and I will count them off—one, two, three. Gone!" Where? Where? Carry him out and lay him down beside his old father and mother, who died under the delusions of the Christian religion singing the songs of victory.

Again, avoid the idlers—that is, those people who gather around the store or the shop or the factory and try to seduce you away from your regular calling and in your business hours try to seduce you away. There is nothing that would please them so well as to have you give up your employment and consort with them.

What Does He Do?

These idlers you will find standing around the engine houses or standing at noonday or about noon on the steps of some hotel or fashionable restaurant, giving the idea they have dined there. They have not dined there. They never dined there. They never will dine there. Before you invite a young man into your association ask him plainly, "What do you do for a living?" If he says, "Nothing; I am a gentleman," look out for him. I care not how soft his hand or how elegant his apparel or how high sounding his family name, his touch is death.

These people who have nothing to do will come around you in your busy hours, and they will ask you to ride with them to Chevy Chase or to Central park, and they will tell you of some excursion that you must make, of some wine that you must drink, of some beautiful dancer that you must see. They will try to take you away from your regular work. Associate with these men, and first of all, you will become ashamed of your apparel; then you will lose your place, then you will lose loso your respectability, then you will lose your soul.

Idleness is the next door to villainy. When the police go to find criminals, where do they go to find them? They find them among the idle—those who have nothing to do, or, having something to do, refuse to engage in their daily work. Some one came to good old Abdel Green and asked him why he worked at 80 years of age when it was time for him to rest. "Oh," he replied, "I work to keep out of mischief." "Just so man can afford to be idle. I care not how strong his moral character, he cannot afford to be idle.

But you say: "A great many people are suffering from enforced idleness. During the hard times there were a great many people out of employment." I deny it; but the times of dullness in business are the times when men ought to be thoroughly engaged in improving their minds and enlarging their hearts. The fortunes to be made 20 years from now will be made by the young men who in the times when business was dull cultivated their minds and improved their hearts. They will get the fortunes after awhile, while those men who hang around their stores, never engaging in any useful occupation, will be as poor then as they are now. It is absurd for a Christian man to say he has nothing to do.

I went into a store in New York where there were five Christian men, and they said they had nothing to do. The whole world lying in sin. Poverty to be comforted, sickness to be alleviated, trouble in the back office, every opportunity of mental culture, spiritual culture; every inducement to work, yet a Christian man, sworn before high heaven to consecrate his whole life to usefulness, has nothing to do! If you have not any business for this world, my Christian friend, then you ought to be doing business for eternity.

Picture of a Great Master.

People go to Florence and to Venice and to Rome to see one of the works of the great masters. I think I can show you the picture of one of the great masters. "I went by the field of the slothful and by the vineyard of the man void of understanding, and, lo, it was all grown over with thorns, and nettles had covered the face thereof, and the stone wall thereof was broken down. Then I saw and considered it well. I looked upon it and received instruction. Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep. So shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth and thy want as an armed man." There is no more explosive passage in all the Bible than that. It first begins to hiss like the fuse of a cannon and then bursts like a 56 pounder. The old proverb was true, "The devil tempts most men, but idlers tempt the devil!" Therefore seek something to do. If no worldly business offers, then, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, go out on Christian toil, and the Lord will bless you, and the Lord will help you.

Again I counsel you, avoid the pleasure seeker, the man whose entire business it is to seek for recreation and amusement. I believe in the amusements of the world so far as they are innocent. I could not live without them. Any man of sanguine temperament must have recreation or die. And yet the amusements and recreations of life must administer to hard work. They are only preparative for the occupation to which God has called us.

God would not have given us the capacity to laugh if he did not sometimes intend us to indulge it. God hath hung in sky and set in wave and painted on grass many a roundelay. But all the music and the brightness of the natural world were merely intended to fit us for the earnest work of life. The thunder-cloud has edges exquisitely purpled, but it jars the mountain as it says, "I come down to water the fields." The flowers standing under the fence look gay and beautiful, but they say, "We stand here to refresh the husbandmen at the mooning." The brook frolics and sparkles and foams, but it says: "I go to baptize the moss; I go to slake the thirst of the bird; I turn the wheel of the mill; in my crystal cradle I rock muckshaw and water lily; I play, but I work."

Look out for the man who plays and never works. Look out for that man whose entire business is to play ball or sail a yacht or engage in any kind of merriment. These things are all beautiful and grand in their places, but when they become the chief work of life they become a man's destruction. George Hummel was admired of all England. He danced with peeresses and went a round of mirth and folly, until after awhile, exhausted of purse, ruined of reputation, blasted of soul, he begged a crust from a grocer, declaring as his deliberate opinion that he thought that a dog's life was better than a man's.

Beware of Pleasure Seekers.

These mere pleasurists will come around you while you are engaged in your work, and they will try to take you away. They have lost their places. Why not you lose your place? Then you will be one of them. Oh, my friends, before you go with these pleasure seekers, those men whose entire life is fun and amusement and recreation, remember while after a man has lived a life of integrity and Christian consecration, kind to the poor and elevating to the world's edification, when he dies he has a glorious remembrance lying on his death pillow, the mere pleasurist has nothing by way of review but a torn playbill, a ticket for the race, an empty tankard or the cast out rinds of a carousal. And as in delirium of his awful death he clutches the goblet and presses it to his lips, the dregs falling on his tongue will begin to uncoil and hiss with the adders of an eternal poison.

Again, beware of Sabbath breakers. Tell me how a young man spends his Sabbath, and I will tell you what are his prospects in business, and I will tell you what are his prospects for the eternal world. God has thrust into our busy life a sacred day when we are to look after our souls. Is it exorbitant after giving six days to the feeding and the clothing of these perishable bodies that God should demand one day for the feeding and the clothing of the immortal soul? Our bodies are seven day clocks, and they need to be wound up, and if they are not wound up they run down into the grave. No man can continuously break the Sabbath and keep his physical and mental health. Ask those aged men, and they will tell you they never knew men who continuously broke the Sabbath who did not fall either in mind, body or moral principle. A manufacturer gave this as his experience: He said: "I owned a factory on the Lehigh. Everything prospered. I kept the Sabbath, and everything went on well. But one Sabbath morning I bethought myself of a new shuttle, and I thought I would invent that shuttle before sunset, and I refused all food and drink until I had completed that shuttle. By sundown I had completed it. The next day, Monday, I showed to my workmen and friends this new shuttle. They all congratulated me on my great success. I put that shuttle into play. I enlarged my business; but, sir, that Sunday's work cost me $30,000. From that day everything went wrong. I failed in business, and I lost my mill." Oh, my friends, keep the Lord's day. You may think it old fogy advice, but I give it to you now: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work." A man said that he would prove that all this was a fallacy, and so he said, "I shall raise a Sunday crop." And he plowed the field on the Sabbath, and then he put in the seed on the Sabbath and cultivated the ground on the Sabbath. When the harvest was ripe, he reaped it on the Sabbath, and he carried it into the mow on the Sabbath, and then he stood out defiant to his Christian neighbors and said: "There, that is my Sunday crop, and it is all garnered." After awhile a storm came up and a great darkness, and the lightnings of heaven struck the barn, and away went his Sunday crop. Beware, young man, of all Sabbath breakers.

Warning Against Dissipation.

Again, I charge you, beware of association with the dissipated. Go with them and you will in time adopt their habits. Who is that man fallen against the curbstone, covered with bruises and beastliness? He was as bright faced a lad as ever looked up from your nursery. His mother rocked him, prayed for him, fondled him, would not let the night air touch his cheek and held him up and looked down into his loving eyes and wondered for what high position he was being fitted. He entered life with bright hopes. The world beckoned him, friends cheered him, but the archers shot at him; vile men set traps for him, bad habits hooked fast to him with their iron grapples; his feet slipped on the way, and there he lies. Who would think that that uncombed hair was once toyed with by a father's fingers? Who would think that those bloated cheeks were ever kissed by a mother's lips? Would you guess that that thick tongue once made a household glad with its innocent prattle? Utter no harsh words in his ear. Help him up. Put the hat over that once manly brow. Brush the dust from that coat that once covered a generous heart. Show him the way to the home that once rejoiced at the sound of his footstep, and with gentle words tell his children to stand back as you help him through the hall.

That was a kind husband once and an indulgent father. He will kneel with them no more as once he did at family prayers—the little ones with clasped hands looking up into the heavens with thanksgiving for their happy home. But now at midnight he will drive them from their pillows and curse them down the steps, and howl after them as, unclad, they fly down the street in night garments, under the calm starlight. Who slew that man? Who blasted that home? Who plunged those children into worse than orphanage—until the hands are blue with cold, and the cheeks are blanched with fear, and the brow is scarred with bruises, and the eyes are hollow with grief? Who made that life a wreck and filled eternity with the uproar of a decayed spirit?

Oh, if I had some art by which I could break the charm of the tempter's bowl and with nailed hand lift out the long serpent of eternal despair and shake out its coils and cast it down and crush it to death!

Shake off the Sabbath breaker. Oh, turn your back upon these men. Shake off the sceptic. Shake off the idler. Shake off the pleasurist. You may do this work of ejection in politeness, but you may do it firmly. You are not under any circumstances to lose all the remembrance of the fact that you are a gentleman and must always act the gentleman. A young man said to a Christian Quaker, "Old chap, how did you get your money?"

"Well," said the Quaker, "I got it by dealing in articles in which those may-be dealt if those will—civility."

Be courteous, be polite, but be firm. Say "No" as if you meant it. If you say "No" in a feeble way, they will keep on with their importation and their temptation, and after awhile you will stand in silence, and then you will say, after they have gone on a little longer, "Yes," and then you are lost.

Oh, turn your back upon the banquet of sin! I call you to a better feast today. The promises of God are the truths. The harps of heaven are the music. The clusters of Eschol are pressed into the tankards. The sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty are the guests, while standing at the banquet to pour the wine and divide the clusters and command the music and welcome the guests is a daughter of God, on her brow the blossoms of paradise and in her cheek the flush of celestial summer. And her name is Religion. "Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace."

Dedicated to Himself.

Mascagni, who has just finished the score of a new opera, "The Maskers," which is to be produced in Rome in April, has at least made a certain amount of talk about it in advance by dedicating it to himself. The dedication runs: "To myself, with my distinguished consideration and unchanging esteem." In connection with this it is recalled that the critics dealt savagely with Mascagni's last previous opera, "Iris."

Unsuspected Utility Discovered.

A well known woman in Sabatis, while skating on the pond, fell through the ice, and when her husband pulled her out she found a trout caught in the wire meshes of her bustle, which had served as a kind of life preserver. It pleased her husband greatly, as he thought he had found a way to catch trout without bothering with bait. He requested her to go back into the water and "be set over again," as he said, but she declined.—Lewiston Journal.

An Odd Contract.

A. J. Bryant and O. D. Leggett are a couple of young fellows who have formed a partnership in a barber shop at Cedarvale. In joining forces these young men entered into an agreement to the effect that the one who first should play at a gambling game or take a drink of liquor must forfeit his share in the property. This contract was duly placed on record, and the lawyers say it is an enforceable one.—Kansas City Journal.

Frugal Mrs. Kruger.

We all know how conservative is Mrs. Kruger. Now every one knows that, despite the prosperity—indeed, enormous wealth—of her husband and herself, she has never had a single white servant inside her doors. Every morning she receives her visitors at the hour of 6 a. m., this, according to her ideas, being an advanced hour of the day. She gives much time to the preserving of her garden fruit, which she dries in a cellar that hangs from the kitchen rafters—a very old Boer custom, the spare cellin being ever in readiness should any member of the family chance to die. She deeply resents newfangled ideas and innovations and, it is said, quickly put her foot down when her husband, on his return from England, proudly showed his acquisition of one or two civilised habits from those "rapacious" English.

His Roll.

An old man recently went into a Lewiston (Me.) bank and asked the treasurer to count a roll of bills for him. He said that he could not count and had no idea how much money there was in the lot. It was rolled round, bill after bill being rolled on and stuck together and fastened with paste. It took a bottle of perfumery to ravel out the snarl. The old man said that he thought there was about $200 there, but it proved that there was $900 when the treasurer had counted it.

Husband and Wife in One Pulpit.

At the People's church Mrs. Thomas shared the pulpit with her husband, the Rev. Dr. Thomas. He introduced his wife in a graceful manner as one who was no stranger to the platform and whom he knew his people would hear with great pleasure. A large congregation applauded her three or four times. Another round came when she condemned the divorcement of the golden rule from politics.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

7.98 7.98

Seven Dollars AND NINETY-EIGHT CTS.

Can accomplish more for you than ever, if it is invested in one of our all wool blue or black

Rough Serge Suits.

They are cut in the latest style, single or double breasted, with or without silk facing, formerly sold for $10.00 $12.00 $14.00 and $15.00.

They must be seen to be appreciated.

7.98 7.98

HORSE-SHOE CLOTHIERS, HATTERS, FURNISHERS, **J. Eichenbroner,** 48-50 South Pearl St., Albany, N. Y.

Some people seem to think all a newspaper man has to do is to read exchanges.

Mrs. Harriet Evans, Hinsdale, Ill., writes, "I never fail to relieve my children from croup at once by using One Minute Cough Cure. I would not feel safe without it." Quickly cures coughs, colds, grippe and all throat and lung diseases. F. & W. S. Pitts.

If when he gets sober a man could remember what a monkey he made of himself when drunk, he would stay sober.

Lewis Ackerman, Goshen, Ind., says, "Witt's Little Early Risers always bring certain relief, cure my headache and never gripe." They gently cleanse and invigorate the bowels and liver. F. & W. S. Pitts.

When a girl gets a new diamond the rest of the girls put in their time wondering if it is glass.

"I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in my family with wonderful results. It gives immediate relief, is pleasant to take and truly the dyspeptic's best friend," says J. Harkcrink, Overisel, Mich. Digests what you eat. Cannot fail to cure. F. & W. S. Pitts.

A little knowledge of music is more dangerous than a little learning.

Mrs. Alvin Zimmerman, Millersburg, O., says, "As a speedy cure for coughs, colds, croup and sore throat One Minute Cough Cure is unequaled. It is pleasant for children to take. I heartily recommend it to mothers." It is the only harmless remedy that produces immediate results. It cures bronchitis, pneumonia, grippe and throat and lung diseases. It will prevent consumption. F. & W. S. Pitts.

When folks tell you how confidential they are just being made geese of.

Wm. Orr, Newark, O., says, "We never feel safe without One Minute Cough Cure in the house. It saved my little boy's life when he had the pneumonia. We think it is the best medicine made." It cures coughs and all lung diseases. Pleasant to take, harmless and gives immediate results. F. & W. S. Pitts.

Some stingy people pretend they get mad at the editor and stop the paper. The truth is they do it to save money.

What we can't understand is why some people seem to enjoy working hard all their lives.

Twice Proven.

From the Vindicator, Rutherfordton, N. C.

The editor of the *Vindicator* has had occasion to test the efficacy of Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice with the most remarkable results in each case. First, with rheumatism in the shoulder from which he suffered excruciating pain for six days, which was relieved with two applications of Pain Balm, rubbing the parts afflicted and realising instant benefit and entire relief in a very short time. Second, in rheumatism in thigh joint, almost prostrating him with severe pain, which was relieved by two applications, rubbing with the liniment on retiring at night, and getting up free from pain. For sale by F. & W. S. Pitts, Altamont.

MARTIN D. MILLER.
(Formerly Chief with Odell.)
NEW DAIRY **RESTAURANT**
For Ladies and Gentlemen.
490 BROADWAY, - ALBANY, N. Y.
REGULAR DINNER 25 CTS.
Luncheon put up for Customers... M. D. MILLER, Prop.

A Great Loss to the City
And it must be Stopped.....
All the latest style Wall Papers and Window Shades will be sold at 10 per ct. discount
—AT—
George H. Mayer's
48 No. Pearl St., Albany.

LEGAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—By order of George H. Fitts, surrogate of the county of Albany. Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Antonette Winne, late of the town of Rensselaerville, in said county, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers in support thereof, to the subscriber, the executrix of the last will and testament of said deceased, at his place of transacting business as such executrix at his residence at Medusa, Albany county, N. Y., on or before the 1st day of July next.

Dated this 18th day of December, A. D. 1899.

HENRIETTA TOMPKINS, Executrix.

MARION E. DEVOE, Frost, Daring & Warner, Administratrix. Att'ys for Admrx.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—By order of George H. Fitts, surrogate of the county of Albany. Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Leonard Becker, late of the town of Berne, in said county, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers in support thereof, to the subscriber, the administrator of said deceased, at his place of transacting business as such administrator, at his residence in the town of Berne, on or before the 7th day of March next.

Dated Berne, this 31st day of August A. D. 1899. WALLACE A. PEARLEY, Administrator.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—By order of George H. Fitts, surrogate of the county of Albany. Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Wilford G. Davis, late of the town of Guilderland, in said county, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers in support thereof, to the subscriber, the executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, at his place of transacting business as such executor, at Schenectady, N. Y., corner of Smith and Centre Sts., on or before the 17th day of March next.

Dated this 6th day of September next. WILLIAM D. BLESSING, Executor Etc.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—By order of George H. Fitts, surrogate of the county of Albany. Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Conrad Fryer, late of the town of New Scotland, in said county, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers in support thereof, to the subscriber, the administratrix, at said deceased, at her place of transacting business as such administratrix, at the office of Frost, Daring & Warner, No. 26 State St., in the city of Albany, N. Y., on or before the 6th day of March next.

Dated this 6th day of September A. D. 1899. MARGARET FRYER, Administratrix. Frost, Daring & Warner, Attys for Admr'x. Albany, N. Y.

NOTICE OF MORTGAGE FORECLOSURE SALE. Whereas, Deforest has been made in the payment of the moneys secured by a certain mortgage, bearing date the 20th day of March, 1895, made and executed by Joseph M. Smith and Hannah Smith his wife, of the town of Rensselaerville, county of Albany and state of New York, as mortgagors to Ovando Talerday, of the town of Broome, county of Schoharie and state of New York, as mortgagee, which said mortgage was duly recorded in the Albany county clerk's office in book No. 295 of mortgages, at page 373, on the 9th day of March, 1895, at 9 hours and 30 minutes, a. m., and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt secured by said mortgage or any part thereof; and whereas, the amount claimed to be due on the said mortgage, at the first publication of this notice, is the sum of $3,650.50, namely, $1,600 of principle and $600.50 of interest, and that the whole amount remaining unpaid is the sum of $2,200.50 all of which is now due. Now, therefore, notice is hereby given according to statute in such cases made and provided, that by virtue of the power of sale contained in said mortgage, duly recorded therein as aforesaid, the said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of the premises herein described by the subscriber, the mortgagee therein, at public auction, on the 31st day of April, 1900, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of that day, at the front door of the hotel in the village of Preston Hollow Albany county, N. Y.

The following is a description of the mortgaged premises, so as aforesaid to be sold, as they are contained in the said mortgage. All that tract, farm or piece of land situate, lying and being in the town of Rensselaerville, Albany county and state of New York, being all and the same land as conveyed by deed from William Hunter and wife to said James M. Smith, by deed dated the same day this bears date, to wit, March 20th 1894.

The above mort gaged premises will be sold free and clear from incumbrances.

Dated, Jan. 15th 1900

OVANDO TALERDAY, Mortgagee.

George L. Rittenburgh, Att'y for Mortgagee. Office and P. O. address, Oak Hill, N. Y.

Dr. John H. Fitch,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON,
NEW SCOTLAND, N. Y.
Office Hours: 8-10 a. m. 1-2, 6-7 p. m
Telephone Call, 11, Clarksville.

LEGAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—By order of George H. Fitts, surrogate of the county of Albany. Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Minor W. Gallup, late of the town of Berne, in said county, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers in support thereof, to the subscriber, the administrator of said deceased, at his place of transacting business as such administrator at his residence at East Berne, Albany Co., N. Y., on or before the 1st day of April next.

Dated said Albany this 26th day of October A. D. 1899.

ALBERT D. GALLUP, Administrator, etc.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.—By order of George H. Fitts, surrogate of the county of Albany. Notice is hereby given, according to law, to all persons having claims or demands against Peter Alverson, late of the town of Berne, in said county, deceased, that they are required to exhibit the same, with the vouchers in support thereof, to the subscriber, the executor of the last will and testament of said deceased, at his place of transacting business as such executor at his residence in said town of Berne, on or before the 7th day of July next.

Dated this 2nd day of January, A. D. 1900. MARTIN COOK. Executor.

D. A. Hinman, Att'y for executor, Berne, N. Y.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—By the grace of God free and Independent. To Elizabeth B. Martin, Smith P. Burton, Charles W. Burton, Horace F. Martin, Nellie Maud, Herbert L. Burton, Florence Burton and all others not rested in the estate of Elizbeth Burton, late of the town of Albany, in the county of Albany, deceased, as creditors, legatees, next of kin, or otherwise, send greeting:

You and each of you are hereby cited and required personally to be and appear before our Surrogate of the county of Albany, at the Surrogate's Court in the city of Albany, on the 3rd day of April 1900, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of that day, then and there to attend the judicial settlement of the account of proceedings of Elizabeth B. Martin as executrix of last will and testament of said Elizabeth Burton deceased; and those of you who are under the age of twenty-one years are required to appear by your guardian, if you have one, if you have none, that you appear and apply for one to be appointed, or in the event of your neglect or failure to do so, a guardian will be appointed by the Surrogate to represent and act for you in these proceedings.

In testimony whereof we have caused the seal of our said Surrogate's Court to be hereunto affixed. Witness, George H. Fitts, Surrogate of our said county, at the city of Albany this 2nd day of February, A. D. 1900.

[L. S.] HENRY F. SNYDER, Clerk to the Surrogate's Court.

McCall & Dyer, Att'y's for petitioner.

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Nervous Dyspepsia Caused me Great Distress for a Number of Years. Finally I was Cured by

Dr. Miles' Nervine.

An active mind, suffering from overexertion, grief, trouble, worry of household cares, demands from the body a greater amount of fuel for the vital fires than the digestive organism can supply. It requires a certain amount of vital force to operate the human machine, and when all the available supply of force is absorbed by the overworked brain there is nothing left for the stomach. It is easy now to understand why irritability and dyspepsia have become almost synonymous; why a nervous person is usually so very particular and capricious about food. It is an almost undisputed fact that no marked progress can be made toward the ultimate cure of any disease until the mind is put into that calm, serene condition which is natural to people in full bodily health and vigor. Dr. Miles Nervine puts the mind in just that condition. It is a brain and nerve food and tonic whose important elements, acting upon the body and mind with equal force, possesses remarkable efficiency in nervous disorders.

"I had been troubled with dyspepsia, for nearly thirty years and two years ago I was taken with a nervous trouble which caused me much distress. I could not eat nor sleep, was losing strength and flesh and was melancholy and very unhappy. I employed the best physicians who said the trouble was with my nerves, but they were unable to do me any good. I tried several advertised medicines and at last began taking Dr. Miles' Nervine. By the time the first bottle was half gone I could sleep some, could eat a little and the world seemed to get right side up again. I kept right on taking the Nervine and when I had used fifteen bottles my stomach trouble was gone, and I felt well and strong. I feel very grateful for the good I have received from Dr. Miles' Nervine and would be glad if I could induce some other poor suffer to give it a trial." MRS. JENNIE COX, Warren, Ohio.

"I was very nervous and restless and weak and through the advice of a friend I bought a bottle of Dr. Miles' Nervine, which cured me entirely. Seeing how much benefit I received from the medicine, my husband, who suffered from nervous dyspepsia and indigestion in a very severe form, thought he would give it a trial. He was very weak and nervous and was able to sleep but little. After using three bottles of the Nervine he could eat well and sleep well. My husband is very happy to think he has recovered from that terrible disease which had made his life miserable for over three years and he says he will always speak a good word for Dr. Miles' Nervine." MRS. ETHEL DANIELS, Upland, Ind.

Dr. Miles' Nervine is sold at all drug stores on a positive guarantee. Write for free advice and booklet to Dr. MILES MEDICAL Co., Elkhart, Ind.

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Will be roused to its natural duties and your biliousness, headache and constipation be cured if you take
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NATURE'S CURE
A Cure for Constipation.
I have been troubled with constipation for years. It was ruining my health, my appetite and my complexion, and I was going to say that Celery King has restored all three, and this after trying many other medicines that were supposed to be good, but which were of no value whatever. I would like to tell every suffering woman what Celery King has done for me.—Nellie Gould, Mobile, Ala.
Celery King cures Constipation and all disorders of the Nerves, Stomach and Liver. 25 cents. Sold by druggists.

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