## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Heavenly Congratulations."

Text: "Likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance,"—Luke xv., 7.

A lost sheep! Nothing can be more thoroughly lost. I look through the window of a shepherd's house at night. The candles are lighted. The shepherd has just placed his staff against the mantle. He has taken off his coat, shaken out of it the dust and hung it up. I see by the candle light that there are neighbors who have come in. The shepherd, fagged out with the long tramp, sits down on a bench, and the wife and the children and the neighbors say to him, "Come, now, tell us how you found the poor thing." "Well," he says, "this morning I went out to the yard to look at the flock. No sooner had I looked over the fence than I saw something wrong. The fact was they did not count right. Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, Ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine-only ninety-nine ninety-eight, ninety-nine—only ninety-nine-McDonald, you know we had a hundred. And I wonder which one was gone, and I began again, and I counted ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine. Well, I whistled up the dogs, and I started on the fields and across the prides and I tracked the moores and I tracked the moores. bridges, and I tracked the moors, and I leaped the gullies, but no bleating of the poor thing did I hear. I said to myself, The lamb must have fallen into a ditch, or a pack of wolves from the mountain must have torn it to pieces and sucked its life out. But I could not give it up. You see it was a pet lamb, It was that one with the black spot on the right shoulder that used to come and lick my hand as I crossed the field, and somehow I could not give it was Sol. and somehow I could not give it up. So I went on and on and on until after awhile I heard the dogs barz, and I said, What's that? Then I hastened to the top of the ail, and I loosed down and there I saw the poor lamb. It had fallen into the ditch and as I came where it was and bent over the ditch and stooped down to lift the poor thing out, I wish you could have seen the loving and imploring and tender way it looked at me. I lifted it out, and it was all covered with the siush and the mud. It was an awful thing to do, but I lifted it out, and at was so lame and so weak it could not walk alone, so I threw it over my shoulder and I started homeward, and the dition of that lamb you may judge of from the coat which I have just hung up. But I tramped on and on until it is safe in the yard, poor thing! Thank God, thank God?" Then the shepherd's wife spread the table and brought out the best fare that the cabin could afford, and they sat up very late that night, and they talked, and they laughed, and they ang, and they ate, and they drank, and they danced, and teld over and over again the

with such tenderness and rusticity of illustration does Christ represent the sou's going off and the soul's coming bacs, when He says, "Likewise there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteta, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repente To repent is to feel that you are bad, and to be sorry about it, and to turn over a new leaf, and to pray for forgiveness and help. Just as soon as a man does that, they hear right away of it in heaven.

There are no gossips in glory going around to chatter and laugh when a man fails, but there are many sous in glory who are glad to run about and tell it when a man is saved. The news goes very quick from gate to gate, and from north wall to south wall, and from east wall to west wall, and in three minutes every citizen of heaven has heard of it, for "there is joy in heaven ong the angels of God over one sinner that repenteta.'

I can very easily understand how there should be joy in heaven over a Pentecost with three thousand souls saved in one day -no mystery about that; I can understand how there should be joy in heaven over the Parish of Schotts, when four hundred souls were saved under one sermon of Mr. Livingston; I can understand now there should be joy in heaven over the great awakening in the time of Hariand Page, when in one year four hundred and seventy-three thousand souls were brought to God in the States; I can understand very easily how there should be joy in heaven over five hundred thousand souls converted in 1857, in this country; but mark you, my text an-nounces there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one, just one, sinner that

Some cathedrals have one tower; some catheorals have two, three, four towers. Did you ever hear them all ring at once? I am told that the bell in the cathedral of St. Paul rings only on rare occasions, for in-stance, at the death or the birth of a king. Have you seen a cathedral with four towers, and have you heard them all strike into one great chime of gladness? Here is a man who is moral. He is an example to a great many professors of religion in some things; he never did a mean thing in his life; he pays all his debts, and is a good citizen and a good

neighbor, but he says he is not a Christian.

Some day the Holy Spirit comes into his heart and he sees that he cannot depend upon his morality for salvation. He says:

"O Lord God I have been depending upon my good works: I find I am a sinner, and I want Thy salvation. Lord, for Jesus's sake, have mercy on me!" And God pardons him, and immediately one of the towers of heaven strikes a silvers him. heaven strikes a silvery chime, for there are four towers to the heavenly temple. Here is a man who is bad; he knows he is bad, and everybody else knows he is bad, and everybody else knows he is bad, but he is not an outcast—far from being an outcast. He moves in respectable circles. But one day, by the power of the Holy Ghost, he rous sup to see his sinfulness and he says: "O Lord, have mercy! I am a wanderer, and without Thee I perish. Have mercy! God hears him and immaliately two of the and without Thee I perish. Have mercy?' God hears him, and immediately two of the

God hears him, and immediately two of that towers o heaven strike a slivery chime. But here is an outcast. He was picked uplast night out of the gutter and carried to the police station. He has been in the penitentiary three times. He is covered and soaked with loathsomeness and abomination. Arousing from his debauch, he cries out: "O God, have mercy on me. Thou who didst pardon the penitent thief, hear me cry for mercy." And the Lord listens and pardons, and no sooner is the poor wretch pardons, and no sooner is the poor wretch par-doned than three of the great towers of heaven strike up a silvery chime. But here is a waif of the street. She passes under the gaslight, and your soul shulders with a great horror. No pity for her. No commiseration for her.

As she passes down the street she hears a song in a midnight mission, and she listens to that song she hears:

All may come, whoever will. This Man receives poor sinners still. She puts into that harbor, she kneels by the rough bench near the door; she says: "O Lord! Thou who didst have mercy on Mary Magdalen, take my blistered feet off the rid hot pavement of hell." God says, "My daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee; go in peace." Now, all the four towers of heaven through the celestial streets say: "What's that? Why, the worst sinner must have been saved. Hear all the four towers ring and ring and ring!" "And there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repentath."

heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."

My subject impresses you, I think, with the thought that it is possible for us to augment the happiness of heaven. People think that souls before the throne are as happy as they can be. I deay it. Look at that mother before the throne of God. When she died she left her son in this world a vagabond. That son repented of his iniquities and came to God. The report of that salvation has reached heaven. Do you tell me that mother before the throne of God has not her joy richly augmented? There is many a man in

this house to-day who could go out with a torch and kindle a new bonfire of victory on the hills of heaven. If you would this day repent and come to God, the news of your salvation would reach heaven, and then, hark! to the shout of the ransomed. Your little calls went away from you into then, hark: to the shout of the ransomed.
Your little child went away from you into
the good land. While she was here you
brought her all kinds of beautiful presents.
Sometimes you came home at nightfall
with your poekets full of gifts for her, and
no sooner did you put your night key into
the latch than she began at you, saying, "Father, what have you brought me?" She is now before the throne of God. Can you bring her a gift to-day? You may. Coming to Christ and repenting of sin, the tidings will go up to the throne of God and your child will hear of it. On, what a gift for her soul to-day! She will skin with new glad-

ness on the everissting nuis When she hears My subject also impresses me with the My subject hiso impresses me with the idea that heaven an I earth are in close sympathy. People talk of heaven as though it were a great way off. They say it is hundreds of thousands of miles before you reach the first star, and then you go hundreds of thousands of miles before you get to toe second star, and then it is millions of miles before you reach heaven. They say heaven is the center of the universe and we are on the rim of the universe. That is not the idea of my text. I think the heart of heaven beats very close to our world. We measure distances by the time taken to

traverse those distances.

It used to be a long distance to San Francisco. Many weeks and months were passed before you could reach that city. Now it is six or seven days. It used to be six weeks before you could voy age from here to Liverpool. Now you can go that distance is six or seven days. And so I measure the distance between earth and heaven, and I find it is only a flash. It is one instant here and another instant there. It is very near to-day. Do you not feel the breath of heaven on your face? Christ says in one place it is not twenty-four hours' distance, when He says to the penitent thief, "This day, this day, shalt thou be with Me in paradise." It is not a day, it is not an hour, it is not a minute, it is not a second.

Oh, how near heaven is to earth. By oceanic cables you send a message. As it is expensive to send a message, you compress a great deal of meaning in a few words. Sometimes in two words you can put vast meaning. And it seems to me that the angels of God who carry news from earth to heaven need to take up this hour in regard to your soul, only two words in order by kindle with gladness all the redeemed before the throne, only two words, "Father saved," "mother saved," "son saved," "laughter saved." And "there is joy in heaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repented."

My subject also impresses me with the fact that the salvation of the soul is of vast importance. If you should make \$200,000 this year, do you suppose that name would

this year, do you suppose that news would be carried to heaven? It would not be of enough importance or significance to be carried heavenward. If at the next quadrennial election you are made President of the United States, do you suppose that news would be carried to heaven? Do you suppose that the news of a revolution in France or Spain would be carried to heaven? These things are not of enough importance, but things are not of enough importance, but there is one item that is sure to be carried.

the salvation of your soul. It is your repentance before God.

The nying hoofs of God's couriers class through the gates and the news goes from gate to mansion, and from mansion to temple, and from temple to throne, and "there is joy in heaven" among the angels of God. is joy in heaven" among the angels of God over one sinner forgiven. It must be of vast importance to be of any moment in heaven, your salvation in that land where gladnesses are the every day occurrence, in that land where the common stones of the field are jasper and emerald and chrysoprasus and carouncie and sardonyx. And yet the news of your salvation makes joy before the

Having found in my own experience that this religion is a comfort and a joy, I stand here to commend it to you. In the days of my infancy I was carried by Conistian parents to the house of God, and consecrated in baptism to the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost; but that did not save me. In after time I was taught to kneel at the Curistian family altar with father and mother and brothers and sisters, the most of them now in glory, but that did not save

in after time I read Doddridge's "Riss. and Progress" and Baxter's "Call to the Unconverted," and all the religious books around my father's household, but that did not save me. But one day the voice of Christ came into my heart saying, "Repent, repent; believe, believe," and I accepted the offer of mercy, and though no doubt there was joy in heaven over the conversion of other souls because of their far-reaching influence, I verify believe when I gave my heart to God there were some spirits in heaven the gladder for the deed. "There is by in beaven among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Turn this day to the Lord who bought you. Let this whole audience surrenger themselves to Jesus

audience surrener themselves to Jesus Christ. If for ten, twenty, fifty years you have not praye! begin now to pray.

"Oh," you say. "I can't pray." Can you not say, "God be merciful to me, a sinner?" "No," you say, "I can't say toat." Then can you not look to the throne of mercy? "No," you say, "I can't look up." Can you not give some signal like that which was given by the lad in the hospital? He was sice and suffering and dying, and wanted speedily to go away from all suffering and pain, and he said to his comrades in the hospital. pital, "It is strange to me that Jesus doesn't see me when He goes through here nights and takes others to Himseit. He goes through here and He doesn't see mr. I must

be asleep and He doesn't know I want to go.
"Now, I tell you how Pib arrange it. I'll go to sleep with my hands up, and then when Jesus comes through the nospital by night He will see my hand lifte!, and He will know that I want to go with Him." So it was done. For that night Jesus went through the hospital and took the suffering lad, and the next morning the nurse passing through the wards of the hospital saw a dead hand lifted braced on one side against the pillow, and the left hand holding the elbow of the right arm. Jesus had seen the signal and answered it. Oh, slok soul, wounded soul, dying soul, canse thou not give some signal? Wilt tuou not lift one hand or one prayer? God grant that this day there may be joy in heaven among the angels of God. be joy in heaven among the angels of Golf over your soul forgiven!

The Counterfeiting Business,

Speaking of counterfeit money, a detective said that there was very little of it in circulation these days. He said:

"The time was ten years ago when a man received a counterfeit bill on an average of once a week. It is rare that a man who handles a great deal of money runs across a counterfeit bill once a month now. Most of the expert counterfeiters are in prison, and those who are out are so closely watched by the detectives that they have little chance to work. No new talent in the counterfeiting line is being developed and the chances of detection are so numerous and certain' that the ambitious young crook turns his abilities in other directions. Now and then a clever counterfeit appears, but the secret service men run in 1626. Almost to the present time the it down so quickly that it does not works of Gunter were considered stanpay 'smart people' to attempt to run currency factory of their own. There is some counterfeiting of small silver pieces carried on, but the work is so base that it rarely gets into general circulation, only the ignorant people being deceived by it. Counterfeiting will be one of the 'lost arts' before many years."

Feature of the Great American Desert in California.

The most fatally famous part of the Great American Desert is Death Valley, in California. There is on all the globe no other spot more forbidding, more desolate, more deadly. It is a concentration of the horrors of that whole hideous area; and it has a bitter history.

One of the most interesting and graphic stories I ever listened to was that related to me, several years ago, by one of the survivors of the famous Death Valley party of 1849-the Rev. J. W. Brier, an aged Methodist clergyman now living in California. A party of five hundred emigrants started on the last day of September, 1849, from the southern end of Utah to cross the desert to the, then new, mines of California. There were one hundred and five canvas-topped wagons, drawn by sturdy oxen, beside which trudged the shaggy men, rifle in hand, while under the canvas awnings rode the women and children. In a short time there was division of opinion as to the proper route across that pathless waste in front; and next day five wagons and their people went east to reach Santa Fe (whence there were dim Mexican trails to Los Augeles), and the rest plunged boldly into the desert. The party which went by way of Sante Fe reacted California in December, after vast sufferings. The larger company traveled in comfort for a few days until they reached about where Pioche now is. Then they entered the Land of Thirst; and for more than three months wandered lost in that realm of horror. It was almost impossible to get wagons through a country furrowed with canons; so they soon abandoned their vehicles, packing what they could upon the backs of the oxen. They struggled on to glittering lakes, only to find them deadly poison, or but a mirage on barren sands. Now and then a wee spring in the mountains gave them new life. One by one the oxen dropped, day by day the scanty flour ran lower. Nine young men who separated from the rest, being stalwart and unencumbered with families, reached Death Valley shead of the others, and were lost. Their bones were found many years later by Governor Blaisdell and his surveyors, who gave

Death Valley its name. The valley lies in Inyo County, and is about one hundred and fifty miles long. In width it tapers from three miles at its southern end to thirty at the northern. It is over two hundred feet below the level of the sea. The main party crossed it at about the middle, there it is but a few miles wide, but suffered frightfully there. Day by day some of their number sank upon the burning sands never to rise. The sur-

ivors were too weak to help the fallen. The strongest of the whole party was nervous, little Mrs. Brier, who had come to Colorado an invalid, and who shared with her boys of four, seven and nine years of age that indescribable tramp of nine hundred miles. For the last three weeks she had to lift her athletic husband from the ground every morning and steady him for a few moments before he could stand. She gave help to wasted giants any one of whom, a few months before, could have lifted her with one

At last the few survivors crossed the range which shuts off that most dreadful of deserts from the garden of the world, a d were tenderly nursed to health at the hacienda, or ranch house, of a courty Spaniard. Mr. Brier had lost one handred pounds in weight, and the others were thin in proportion. When I saw him last he was a hale man of seventyfive, cheerful and active, but with strange furrows in his face to tell of those bygone sufferings. His heroic little wife was still living, and the boys who bad such a bitter experience as perhaps no other boys ever survived, are now stalwart men .- St. Nicholas.

The Irrepressible Oyster.

A new growth of oysters has been discovered off Hackett's Point, Chesapeakes Bay. Recently one of the crew of a State police-boat, for the sake of an experiment, threw a dredge overboard on a spot where it was supposed no oysters had been for fifteen years. On withdrawing the dredge it contained a number of shells, and attached to each was a healthy-looking oyster an inch or more in size. It is said the location, known as Hackett's Point Sand, was once a thriving oyster bed, but was destroyed about fifteen years ago to supply vessels which came here to buy for planting purposes. The bed had not been disturbed for several years, and it is said that if other oyster grounds in the Chesapeake Bay are let alone for a similar period, the same favorable results will follow.-Baltimore Sun.

A Beautiful Island Plantation.

Joseph Jefferson's plantation in New Iberia, Louisiana, where Mr. Cleveland recently passed a brief outing, is, from all accounts, one of the most charming winter homes in the South. The plantation lies on an island, where ten thousand orange-trees grow, and where the air-is scented with the fragrance of every variety of tropical flower, while wild fowl abound and the waters are alive with fish. The residence is an old manorhouse remodelled in the style of an Italian villa and furnished in great luxury. It commands a superb view from the hill on which it is situated, over the shining lake below and the broad expanse of the Gulf beyond .- Harper's Weekly .

"According to Gunter."

The phrase "According to Gunter" remains in our language as a perpetual memory of Gunter, the English mathematician, who was born in 1581 and died dard. He was the inventor of the surveyor's chain; of the logarithmic line; of the quadrant; of the scale bearing his name, and anything in mathematics to be right must be "according to Gunter." St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Brocaded silk for a party dress is very

THE LAND OF THIRST.



of health-the woman who has faithfully used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. She feels well and she looks so. It's a medicine that makes her well, whether she's overworked and "run-down," or afflicted with any of the distressing diseases and disorders peculiar to her sex. It builds up—and it cures. For all chronic weaknesses, functional derangements, and "female complaints" of every kind, it's an unfailing remedy.

And it's the only one, among medicines for women, that's guaranteed. If it doesn't give satisfaction, in any case, you have your money back.

Can anything else be "just as

"They're about as bad as the disease!" Not all of them, though. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are ple.sant-both when they're taken and when they act. They cure permanently Sick and Nervous Headaches, Biliousness, Costiveness, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels.

Corn Bread, Corn bread has various names in different localities. The general name of the article is Indian Bread. In Delaware griddle cakes made of Indian meal are called corn cakes. In Maryland they are called cookies. Pone is the name for Indian bread an inch or more in thickness and baked to a crisp crust top and bottom. In parts of New England corn meal, baked into a thick crisp cake, is called Indian bannock. The Puritans, it is supposed, learned the art of making that bread from the Bannock Indians.

Raw Potatoes Clean Glass. To clean bottles, cut a raw potate into small pieces, and then put them into the bottle with a tablespoonful of salt and two tablespoonfuls of water. Shake well together until

PROMINENT among chestnut bells are the Chimes of Normandy.

Denfness Can't be Cured

every mark is removed.

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We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Mr. Albert Hartley of Hudson, N. C., was taken with Pneumonia. His brother had just died from it. When he found his doctor could not rally him he took one bottle of German Syrup and came out sound and well. Mr. S. B. Gardiner, Clerk with Druggist J. E. Barr, Aurora, Texas, prevented a bad attack of pneumonia by taking German Syrup in time. He was in the business and knew the danger. He used the great remedy-Boschee's German Syrup-for lung diseases.

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Don't Mention It.

February, in 1900, will not contain twenty-nine days, although it will be leap year. February, in 1700, also contained only twenty-eight days. There is a slight error in the Gregorian calendar, but it will only amount to one day in 3,325 years.

Life has been a burden to me for the past 50 years on account of great suffering from very severe and frequent headaches. Bradycrotine has done wonders for me. I am now a new man, and shall proclaim the merits of your medicine to all I can reach." George P. Fowler, Attorney-at-Law, Palaika, Fla. Fifty

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The above is a good likeness of Mr. Geo, C. Cradick engraved from a photo, taken a short time ago and sent to Dr. Kilmer & Co., with his letter and package of gravet he speaks about, which was dissolved and expelled after using three bottles of Swan.p.Root. The following is Mr. Cradick's unsolicited account of his distressing and pointil case. ing and painful case.
Gosport, Ind., Jan. 30, 1892.

Dr. KILMER & Co., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.-I do not know how to express my neartfelt thanks to you for the benefit I have received from using your Swamp-Root Kidney Liver and Bladder Cure. I am now 63 years old, and have suffered almost death for about three years. I had given up to die, but as I profess to be a Christian man and a great benever in the prayer of the right-ous, I prayed that God would send something that would prolong my life, and I feel thankful to Him and you for the means that was sent. May God spare your life many years yet that you may hear the great good that your medicine is doing. O: the 20th day of August, 1891.
Mr. Frank Lawson, your agent at Spencer,
persuaded me to take a bottle on trial. I
have taken three bottles and it has brought out of my badder lime or grave', which I have saved in quantity the size of a goose egg and I now cel like a new man. God bless you and your medicine.

I remain your humble servant, 273. GEORGE C. CRADICK.

SECOND LETTER. DEAR DOCTOR—I take great pleasure in answering your letter, which I received to-day. You say "you would like to pu dish my testimonial in your Guide to Heasth for a while." I have no objections at all for I want to do all in my power for afflicted humanity. I send by this mail a lot of the Gravel (about one-half of what I save i) that the Swamp-Rootdissolved and expelle I from my bladder.

Two years ago last September I was taken

Two years ago last September I was taken I wo years ago last September I was taken with pain almost all over me, my head and back, my legs and feet became cold, would get sick at my stomach and womit often, suffering a great deal from chills and at times these were so severe that I thought I would freeze to death. The condition of my urine was not so bad through the day, but during the night, at times, I had to get up every hour, and often every half hour

Would urinate sometimes a gallon a night, then it seemed my kkineys and back would kill me. I had been troubled with consti-pation for many years, but since using year wamp-Root have been better than for a long time. The medicine has helped my appetite wonder ully and it seems as though

appetite wonder tilly shall it seems as tabuja I could not eat enough. I live about six miles in the country from Gosport. I was born and raise i nere, and have been a member of the M. E. Church for

Pardon me for writing so much for I feel that I would never get through praising your great remedy for Kidney, Liver and Blad be

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