REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyr Divine's Sun. day Sermon.

Subject: "The Prodigal Son." TEXT. "I will arise and go to my father."

There is nothing like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen nor hand nor foor, There has been an army defeated not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the cry for bread.

A traveler tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our time. It is called the carab. Once in awhile the people reduced to destitution would eat these carabs, but generally the carabs, the beans spoken of here in the text, were thrown only to the swine and they crunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not get even them without stealing them. So one day amid the swine troughs he begins to soliloquize. He says, "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear, this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaget in—feeding swine; I'll go home, I'll go home; I will arise and go to my father."

I know there are a great many people who try to throw a fascination, a romance, a halo about sin, but notwithstanding all that Lord Byron and George Sand have said in regard to it, it is a mean, low, contemptible business, and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of iniquities that root and wallow in the soul of man is very poor business for men and women intended to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. And when this young man resolve 1 to go home it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only question is whether we will fol-

Satan promises large wages if we will serve him, but he clothes his victims with rags and he pinches them with nunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the bloodhounds of hell.

Satan comes to us to-day, and he promises all luxuries, all emoluments if w. will only serve him. Liar, down with thee to the pit! "The wages of sir is death," Oh, the young man of the text was wise when he uttered the resolution, "I will arise and go

In the time of Queen Mary of England a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house, for the Lord's sake, one of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said, "Where is that heretic?" The Chrisone of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said, "Where is that heretic?" The Christian woman said, "You open that trunk and you will see the heretic." The persecutor opened the trunk, and on the top of the linen of the trunk he saw a glass. He said, linen of the trunk he saw a glas. He said, "There is no heretic here." "Ah!" she said, "You look in the glass and you will see the heretic!" As I take up the mirror of God's word to-day, I would that instead of seeing the prodigal of the text we might see ourselves—our want, our wandering, our sin, our lost condition—so that we might be as wise as this young man was and say, "I will arise and go to my father."

The resolution of this text was formed in disgust at his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to culturing flowers, or training vines over an arbor, or keeping account of the pork market or oversent other laborators. ket, or overseeing other laborers he would not have thought of going home. If he had had his pockets full of money, if he had been able to say. "I have a thousand dollars now of my own, what's the use of my going back to my father's house? Do you think I am going back to aposogize to the old man? ild put me on the limits, he would not have going on around the old place such conduct as I have been engaged in. I won't go home. There is no reason way I should go home. I have plenty of money; plenty of pleasant surroundings. Why should I go nome? An! it was his pauperism: it was his teggary. He had to go home. Some man comes and says to me: "Why

do you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? Why don't you speak about the progress of the Nineteenth century, and talk mething more exhuarating? this reason —a man never wants the Gospel until he realizes he is in a famine struck state. Suppose I should come to you in your home and you are in good robust health, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine than some other medicine, and talk about this physician and that physician. After awhile you would get tired, and you would says, "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to ne of physicians? I never

have a doctor " Suppose 1 come into your house and find ou severely sick, and I know the medic nes that will cure you, and I know the physician who is skilful enough to meet your case. You say "Bring on all that medicine; bring on that physican. I am terribly sick and I want help." If I came to you and you feel you are an right in body and all right in worst of all sickness, oh, then you say, "Bring me that baim of the Gospel; bring me that divine medicament; bring me Jesus

But says some one in the audience, "How do you prove that we are in a runned condition by sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice. I can prove it either by the statement of men of by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You all say, "Let us have the statement of God." Well, He says in one place, "The heart is deceifful." says in one place, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." He says in another place, "What is man that he should be clean? and he which is born of a woman, that he should be righteous!" He says in another place, "There is none that doeth good; nc, not one." He says in another place, "As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."
"Well." you say "I am william to

all have sinned."

"Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?"
This is the reason, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the singdom of God."
This is the reason, "There is one name given under heaven among men whereby they may be saved." Then there are a thousand voices here ready to say, "Well, I am ready to accept this help of the Gospel; I would like to have this divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mere whim. to work?" Let me say that a mere whim, an undefined lorging amounts to nothing. You must have a stout, tremendous resolution like this young man of the text when he said, "I will arise and go to my father."

"Oh." says some man, "how do I know my father wants me? How do I know, if I go back, I would be received?" "Oh." says some man, "you don't know where I have been; you don't know how far I have wandered; you wouldn't talk that way to man! dered; you wouldn't talk that way to me if you knew all the iniquities I have commit-tes." What is that flutter among the angels of God? It is news, it is news! Carist has found the lost.

Nor ange's can their joy contain, But kin died with new fire; The sinner sost is found, they sing, And strike the sounding lyre.

I remark still further that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of homesickness. I do not know how long this young man, how many months, how many young man, how many months, how many years, he had been away from his father's house, but there is something about the reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick. Some of you know what that feeling is. Far away from home sometimes surrounded by acceptance, being the acceptance of the surrounded by ac that feeling is. Far away from home some-times surrounded by everything bright and pleasant—plenty of friends—you have said, "I would give the world to be home to-night." Well, this young man was home-sick for his father's house. I have no doubt when he thought of his father's house he said, "Now perhaps father may not be living."

We read nothing in this story-this parable tounded on every day life—we real nothing about the mother. It says nothing about going home to her. I think she was about going home to her. I think she was dead. I think she had died of a broken heart at his wanderings, or perhaps he had gone into dissipation from the fact he could not rememoer a loving and sympathetic mother. A man never gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her here, but he is homesica for his father's house. He thought he would just like to go and walk around the old place. He thought he would just like to go and see if things were as they used to be

Many a man, after having been off for a long while, has gone home and knocked at the door and a stranger has com: It is the old homestead, but a stranger comes to the He finds out father is gone, mother is gone and brothers and sisters all gone. I think this young man of the text said to himself, "Pernaps father may be dead." Still he starts to find out. He is homesick. Are there any here to-lay homesics for God,

homesick for heaven?

I will tell you of two proligals, the one that got back an I the other that did not get In Richmond there is a very prosper ous and beautiful home in many respects. A young man wanderel off from that home. He wandered very far into sin. They heard of him often, but he was always on the wrong track. He would not go home. At the door of that beautiful home one night there was a great outery. The young man of the house ran down and opened the door to see what was the matter. it was midnight. The rest of the family were asleep. There were the wife and children of this prodigat you. man. The race was he had ome home and driven them out. He said: "Out of this house. Away with

these children. I will dash their brains out.
Out into the storms!" The mother gathered
them up and fled. The next morning the
brother, a young man who had staid at home, went out to find this prodigal brother and son, and he came where he was and saw the young man wandering up and down in front of the place where he had been staying, and the young man who had kept his in-tegrity said to the older protect: "Here, what does this mean? What is the matter with you? Why do you ace in this way?" The prodical lookel at him and sail: "Who am 1? Whom do you take me to be? He said: "You are my brother." "No, I am not. I am a brute. Have you seen any. thing of my wife and children? Are they dead? I drove them out last wight in the there is any help for me. Do you think I will ever get over this life of dissipation." He said, "John, there is just one thing that will stop this." The prodigal ran his finger across his throat and said: "That will stop

across his throat and said: "That will stop it, and I'll stop it before night. Oh, my brain; I can stand it no longer!" That prodigal never got home. But I will tell you of a prodigal that did get home.

In this country two young men started from their father's house and went down to Portsmouth. The father could not pursue his children; for some reason he could not leave home, and so he wrote a letter down leave home, and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffie, saying: "Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and see my two sons. They have arrived in Portsmouth, and they are going to take ship and going away from home. I wish you would persuade them back." Mr. Griffin went and he tried to persuade them back. He persuaded one to go. He went with very easy persuasion, because he was very homesick. already. The other young man said: "I will not go. I have had enough of home.

I'll never go home." "Well," said Mr.

Griffin, "then if you won't go home!" get
you a respectable position on a respectable
ship." "No, you won't," said the prodigal;
"no, you won't. I am going as a common sailor; that will plague my father most, and what will do most to tantalize and worry

him will please me best."
Years passed on and Mr. Griffin was seated in his stuly one day woen a message came to him saving there was a young man in irons on a ship at the dock - a young man condemned to death-who wished to see this clerzyman. Mr. Griffia went down to the dock and went on ship board. The young man said to him. "You don't know me, do you?" "No," he said, "I don't know you." wan said to him, "You don't know me, do you?" "No," he said, "I don't know you."
"Why, don't you remember that young man you tried to persuade to go home and he wouldn't go?" "Oh, ver," will Mr. Griffin; "are you that man?" "Yes, I am that man," said the other. "I would like to have you pray for me. I have committed murder and I must die, but I don't want to go out of this world until some one prays for me. You are my father's friend and I would like to have you pray for me."

have you pray for me."

Griffia went from judicial authority man's pardon. He suppt not night nor day. He went from influential persons to influential persons to influential persons until in some way he got taat young man's parson. He came down on the dock, and as he arrives on the dock with the parson the father came. He had heard that his son under a disguised name had been committing crime and was going to be put to death. So Mr. Griffin and the father went on ship's deck, and at the very moment Mr. Griffin offered the pardon to the young man the old father threw his s around the son's neck an i the son said. "Father, I have done very wrong and I am very sorry. I wish I had never broken your heart. I am very sorry." "Oh." said the heart. I am very sorry." "Oh," said the father, "don't mention it. It don't make any difference now. It is all over. I forgive you, my son," and he kissed him and he kissed him and he kissed him,

To-day I offer you the pardon of the Gos-pel—full pardon, free pardon. I do not care what your crime has been. Thouga you say you have committe i a crime against God, against your own sou', against your fellow man, against your family, against the day of julzment, against the cross of Christ—whatever your crims has been, here is pardon, full pardon, and the very mo-ment you take that pardon your heavenly Father throws his arms about you and says
"My son, I forgive you. It is all right
You are as much in My favor now as if you
had never suned." On, there is joy on
earth and joy in heaven! Who will tak the Father's embrace?

Destruction of Birds.

The many friends of the birds, who have so often and so energetically protested against their use for the adornment of women's hats, will be interested in the fate of the moho, one of the most beautiful of the feathered inhabitants of the Sandwich Islands. These birds are now extinct, and Professor Newton, of Cambridge, England, estimates that not above halfa-dozen stuffed specimens of the spec-

ies exist in the world. They were clothed with magnificent yello" feathers, and for the sake of these, which were employed in making robes for the native chiefs of the islands, the birds were relentlessly slaughtered. When the supply became exhausted recourse was had to another yellow-feathered bird of the islands, much inferior in beauty, however, and the name O-o. formerly borne by the Moho, was transferred to this new victim of sav-

age vanity. It can hardly be a comforting reflection for those who aid or encourage the slaughter of birds for the adornment of human head-gear, that they are simply imitating a thoughtless custom of the uncivilized natives of a Pacific Island.

"MAMMA," asked Ethel, "suppose we hadn't won in our fight for dependence in 1776, would Queen Victoria be President of the United States now?"—Harper's Bazar.

The "Cliff Houses" of Arizona.

There are several of these canons of the "Cliff-builders" near the town of Flagstaff, Arizona-gigantic gashes in the level spland, to whose very brink one comes without the remotest suspicion that such an abyss is in front. One of these canons is over twenty miles long. and six hundred feet deep in places. It contains the ruins of about a thousand of these remarkable cliff-houses, some of which are very well preserved. The Canon de Tsayee, with its mummies, was another abode of the "Cliff-builders"; and there are many more scattered over parts of Arizona, New Mexico, and Colorado. In most of these houses there is little left. Furniture they never had, and most of the implements have been carried away by the departing inhabitants or by other Indians. The floors are one and two feet deep with the dust of ages, mingled with thorns and nutshells brought in by the chipmunks which are now their only tenants. By digging to the bedrock floor I have found fine stone axes, beautiful arrow-heads, the puzzling quoit-iike stones, and even baskets of yucca-fiber exactly like the strange "plaques" made in Moqui to-c y -but these crumbled to dust soon after they were exposed to the air .- [St. Nic-

Fish 10,000 Years Old.

In making railroad tunnels, cuts, etc., and in sinking wells and pits in Nevada, Utah and Arizona salt strata are often struck at varying depths, sometimes as much as a hundred yards beneath the surface. Hundreds of fish, perfectly preserved, are found in blocks of this pure rock salt. These salt fields are supposed to occupy what 'was once the bottom of a lake thirty miles long, fifteen miles wide and many hundred feet deep. The fish found resemble the pike and pickerel species and are wholly unlike the fish found in the lakes and rivers of that region at the present time. The species found are not petrified, but are as perfectly preserved in the flesh as though but recently frozen in a block of ice. - [St. Louis Republic.

Highest Railway in Europe.

The highest railway in Europe is the Brienz mountain railway in Switzerland, connecting the village of Brienz with the summit of the Rothhorn. It is open to visitors this summer. It is run on the' toothed wheel system. It starts close by the shores of Lake Brienz and winds up the mountain past Geldried, Hausstadt, and Oberst-Staffel and the incline is one metre in four. The carriages are partly closed and partly open, and each compartment has two benches, scating four persons a side. The ascent of the Rothhorn on horseback used to take five hours. The time of the round trip by railway is three hours.

Good Telephoning Languages.

A telephone expert has been making a critical analysis of the adaptability of various languages for transmission over the telephone wire. Chinese is pronounced the easiest tongue for telephone purposes. It is principally monos; flabic, and is made up of simply rising and falling inflections. The ruggedness of German does not impair its merit for telephoning purposes as much as might be imagined. The French tongue is damned with faint praise, since it is "almost as sibilant as English," but the guttural, though musical, Weish comes out of the test with flying colors. - [New York Voice.

Largest Boat for Fresh Water.

The largest boat ever built on or for fresh water will soon be under construction at West Bay City, Mich. It will be 360 feet keel and 45 feet wide. Her extreme length will be nearly 400 feet, and she will carry on 16 feet of water not less than 4,500 tons dead weight. This is said to be much more than the average cargo of salt water steamers, and for the same draught is without precedent. When projected improvements in canals are completed she will carry over 6,000 tons. She will have a speed of thirteen miles an hour, and will be ready for service next spring.

Slik Culture in California.

The ladies of Petaluma have organized a company to purchase and handle all the silk cocoons produced in California. I he iden is to develop the whole business of silk production and manufacture in California instead of sending our cocoons East for sale. Silk will no doubt eventually become one of the great industries of California. Like France our conditions are favorable for carrying on all the proceses from feeding the worm to the finished article.-[San Francisco Bulletin.

"STATISTICS show that 10,000 people employed in the railroad service are either killed or disabled for life every year in the United States, says H. W. Harris, of Kansas City. This is an enormous death and casualty rate, and if it originated from any other cause it would set all the sentimentalists and philanthropists wild. It exceeds by far the number killed and wounded in nearly every battle of the civil war, with few exceptions. The country is terribly shocked by a railroad accident in which a half dozen or more people lose their lives, but very little attention is paid to the list of casualties among railroad employees, which is greater by thousands than that of the travelers on the roads. When a smashup occurs and a few people are injured every crank in the United States bobs up with a denunciation of the carelessness of the road's management and a suggestion as to how to avert accidents in the future. Why don't these people pay a little attention to the deaths that accrue to the thousands of men while in the discharge of their duties as railway employees and conjure some method to remedy the defects in the system which cause them? Something more than airbrakes and automatic couplers is needed to make the work of the railroad man less hazardous, and perhaps the statistics to which I refer will set the people to

SHE LACKED A PENNY.

How a Lady With a Bank Account Had to

There are some things more embarrusing than to simply be without money, says a New York paper. One of these is to be a Harlem lady down town with four cents. Nine miles from a seventh floor nest and short one cent is worse than Sheridan 20 miles away on a thoroughbred horse. A lady who lives in Harlem and is accustomed to spending her small change in contiguous shopping districts found herself in this unfortunate predicament a day or two ago. She didn't make the discovery until he had reached the platform of the clevated railroad to return homethen she almost fainted. She had ourchased an evening paper as she ame up and was short just that one ent. She had overtraded. The amount was small, but the deal was cuite as disastrous in her case as if the had been short 500 shares of Reading when the coal combine got hold cf it. She felt through everything composing her costume likely to contain money, and added and subtracted and multiplied and divided, but only the four cents remained. Conscious of the scowls of the cold, cynical gateman and the curiosity of those who noticed her at all, she modestly withdrew from the stair, not however, before a gentleman lifted his hat politely and inquired if she had lost anything.

"N-no; oh, no!-thank you!" she had replied confusedly, and got away. She was neither good-looking nor young. It is painful to admit this, but it is necessary for the truth of history and to show why she didn't go right along through and have a dozen gentlemen to assist her. Being neither good-looking nor young and and accustomed to the seclusion of Harlem, she was exceedingly timid of the world that roars and seethes in lower Broadway. It was after 4 o'clock, and the few acquaintances she could think of had gone home. she felt certain. When she paused at the bottom of the elevated steps her knees knocked together so violently she could hardly stand up. Her first thought was the boy who sold her the paper -- perhaps he'd take it

back "Awe! w'at are ye given' me?" said the boy when this was suggested. "I'm giving you the paper, if you'll

give me back that cent-In-need it to go home, and"---(Oh, the humiliating confession!)

"Rats! Come off yer perch now, old woman! I ain't no chump!" "Old woman!" Gracious heavens! All for one cent, too-and she with a

bank account and a husband with a bank account and three children with a bank account. It was dreadful, but the was desperate. If this boy wouldn't take back the paper she would have to beg one cent of somebody, and that-oh, dear! Such horrible people do that every day and nobody would believe her! So she pleaded with the boy to buy the pa-

"Here-give men paper!" said a man of the crowd, gruffly shoving a cent into her hand. He had just come along and caught at the first paper extended as he made for the stairs; but as he put the penny in her hand he noted, half ilindly, that the hand was white and soft and the fingers wore handsome rings, He had reached the second step before this got lodgment in his busy brain, and then be looked back and said:

"Well, I'm dashed! I didn't know there was so much money in the newspaper business!"

The poor, blushing lady, clutching her cent, hurried across to the other stair and reached home to fall into hysterics when she told her husband. And he, the brute, almost has hysterics every time he tells of it.

THE movement that has sprung up all over the country for good roads is now taking the shape of a demand that there be a road-making exhibit of some kind at the World's Fair. If it is merely frightful examples that are needed Illinois can furnish all of them.

THE druggist who mistakes morphine for quinine has reappeared in New York. He is almost on a par with the man who rocks the boat

A Philadelphia church is making trouble because its pastor's misfit set of false teeth interfere with his enunciation.



My Wife Was miserable all the time with kidney complaint but began improving when she had taken Hood's Farsaparilla one week, and after taking three bottles was perfectly cured. I had Mrs. Richardson. Heart Failure, Ca-

Complaint. Could not sieep, bloated badly, lad pains in my back, ringing noises in my ears. Hood's Sarasparilla gave immediate sensit, sound sirep and good health." H. C. RICHARDSON, Siloam, N. Y.

Hood's Pills cute Nauses, Sick Headache,

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.

Some very interesting experiments have been carried out in this country with two immense magnets made from two large Rodman guns. A crowbar which was applied to the magnet required the combined force of four strong men to tear it away. A handful of tacks thrown in the opposite direction immediately flew back and attached themselves to the magnet. Several 15 inch cannon balls, solid, and as much as a strong man could lift, were held suspended in the air, one under the other. The most amusing experiment was made with a sledge hammer. When one tried to wield it in a direction opposite to to the magnet, he felt as though he were trying to hit a blow with a long feather in a gale of wind.

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There are over 15,000 Masonic lodges in existence. Complexion cleared with Small Bile Beans.

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MANY persons are broken down from over-work or hou-enoid cares. Brown's Iron Bit-ters rebuilds the system, aid digestion, re-moves excess of bile, and cures maiaria. A spendid tonic for women and children.

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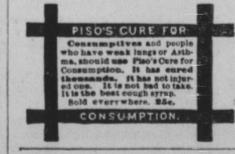


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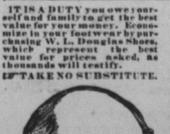


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