

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

## The Eminent Brooklyn Divines' Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "A Summer's Journey."

TEXT: "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the utmost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me."—Psalm cxxxix.

What an absurd book the Bible must be to a man who has no poetry in his soul! "Wings of the morning." What kind of a bird is it, and how long are its wings and of what color? Ah, some of us have seen and felt its wings. They are golden. They are buoyant. They are swift. They are widespread. The 15th of last June I took "the wings of the morning" and started for Europe. June 20, on "the wings of the morning," I started from Liverpool, July 12, on "the wings of the morning," I entered Germany, the land of Martin Luther and many of that ilk, living an ideal.

On "the wings of the morning" I entered St. Petersburg, Russia. On "the wings of the morning" I entered Moscow. On "the wings of the morning" I entered the capital of the Scottish highland, the city of Robert Burns and Thomas Chalmers—the one for poetry, the other for religion. September 21st, on "the wings of the morning," I entered the finest harbor of all the earth—New York harbor—and looked off toward the most interesting place I had seen in three months—South Oxford street, Brooklyn.

You all know why I went Russia this summer. There are many thousands of people who have a right to say to me, as was said in the Bible parable, "Give an account of thy stewardship." Through The Christian Home, which I have the honor to edit, we had for months, in publisher's, reporter's and editorial columns, put before the people the ghastly facts concerning twenty million Russians who were starving to death, and descriptions of their misery that had in my letters that seemed not so much written with ink as with tears, some of the letters practically saying, "We find it hard to get bread for our children, but we cannot stand this cry of hunger from beyond the seas, and so please to receive the enclosed." And others had sent jewels from their hands and necks, and said, "Send these and turn them into bread." And another letter said: "Enclose I an old gold piece. It was my mother's. She gave it to me and I told me never to part with it, except for bread, and now I enclose it." And another letter said: "I have thirty-five thousand dollars in money, which we turned into three million pounds of flour.

When I went down to the board of trade at Chicago and left five thousand dollars of the amount raised with a prominent flour merchant, taking no receipt and leaving all to him to do the best thing, and returned, it was suggested that I had not done things in a business way. How could we do what sort of flour would be sent. There are styles of flour more fit for the mouths of hungry men and women. Well, as is customary when the flour cans to New York it was tested, and I found indeed they were the best. They gave us better flour than we had bought and sent in Chicago fine flour, but they sent us what God bless the merchants of Chicago!

Now we know nothing about famine in America. The grasshoppers may kill the crops in Kansas, the frosts may destroy the crops along the Ohio, the potato worm may kill the vines of Long Island, the rust may get into the wheat of Michigan, yet when there has been a fearful famine in some parts of the land there has been plenty in other parts. But in districts of Russia, vast enough to drop several nations into them, drought for six consecutive years has devastated, and those districts were previously the most productive of all the empire.

It was like what we would have in America if the hunger lord somehow got out of hell and alighted in our land, and swept his wing over Minnesota, and said, "Let nothing grow here," and over Missouri and said, "Let nothing grow here," and over New York State and said, "Let nothing grow here," and over Ohio and Georgia and Massachusetts and Pennsylvania and Nebraska and Dakota and the Carolinas and said, "Let nothing grow here," and the hunger lord had swept the same withering and blasting wing over the best parts of America in the years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1861 and 1862, and finally all our families were put on small allowance, and we all had risen from the table hungry, and the children had only quarter enough, and after while only one meal a day, and after while no good food at all, but a mixture of wheat and chaff and bran, and then three of the child died with hunger, typhus, and then all the family unable to walk, and then crawling on hands and knees, and then one died in each room, and neighbors not quite so excited, came in to bury them, and afterward the house becoming the tomb, with none to carry the dead to more appropriate sepulchre—whole families blotted out.

That is what occurred in Russia in homes more than we ever counted, in homes that were once as comfortable and happy and bountiful as yours or mine, in homes as virtuous as yours or mine, in homes where God is worshipped as much as in yours or mine. It was to do a little something toward beating back that archangel of wretchedness and horror that we went, and we have now to report that, according to the estimate of the Russian famine relief committee, we saved the lives of 125,000 people. As at the hunger relief stations the bread was handed out—for it was made into loaves and distributed—many people would halt before taking it and religiously cross themselves and utter a prayer for the donors.

Some of them would come staggering back and say, "Please let us who sent this bread to us." And when told it came from America they would say: "What part of America? Please give us the names of those who sent it." Ah, God only knows the names of those who sent it. But he certainly does know, and may a prayer is going up, I warrant, you day by day, for those who sent the flour by the ship load. Perhaps some of us at our tables rattle off a prayer that may mean nothing, although we call it "saying grace," but I warrant when those people who received the bread which saved their lives said grace it meant something.

I said respectfully to a Russian when I saw him cross himself, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," he said, "I do that I always say, 'I have mercy on me!'" I hold in my hand something very suggestive. What does that black and uncleanly thing look like? That is what the hungry bread from Russia; that is what millions of people live on for months before help came from England, Scotland, Ireland and America; that is a mixture which seems to have in it not one grain of sustenance. It is a mixture of pig weed and chaff and the sweepings of stables. That is something which, if dropped in the street, your dog or cat might sniff at, but would not eat. That was the only food on which millions of men and women lived.

You must look at that hunger bread of Russia before you can get proper appreciation of what an attractive and beautiful thing a good loaf of bread is. It is so common to us we cannot realize its meaning.

Why does not some poet ring a canto on a loaf of bread, or some modern Raphael paint it, or some historian tell its history? But have been asked by good people in Great Britain and America, again and again, why did not the prosperous people of Russia stop that suffering the natives, making it useless for other nations to help? And I am always glad when I hear the question asked, because it gives me an opportunity of explaining. Have you any idea what it requires to feed twenty million

people? There is only one being in the universe who can do it, and that is the being who this morning breakfasted sixteen hundred million of the human race. The nobility of Russia have not only contributed most lavishly, but many of them went down and staid for months amid the chastity, and horror, and typhus fever, and the smallest speck that they might administer to the suffering.

The Emperor has made larger contributions toward this relief fund than any monarch ever made for any cause since the world stood, and the superb kindness written all over the faces of Emperor and Empress and Crown Prince is demonstrated in what they have already done and are doing for the sufferers in the convalescence.

When I saw a few days ago in the papers that the Emperor and Empress had walked through the wards of the most virulent cholera, tending with the patients, shaking hands with them and caressing them up, it was no surprise to me, for I said to myself, "That is just like them." So I put all the three prayers together—God save the Emperor of the United States! God save the Queen of England! God save the Emperor and Empress of Russia!

I will, whether in his written or lectures I have not yet decided, say that nineteen-twentieths of all things written and published against Russia are furnished by men who have been hired by other countries to "write up" or rather write down Russia, so as to divert commerce from that empire or because of international jealousies, the being larger than all the rest of Europe put together, you can see how natural would be the jealousy.

I have passing to the other side of my summer observation I give you one little specimen of the falsehoods about Russia. I stood in London with my tickets for St. Petersburg, Russia, in my pocket. It was 2 o'clock the afternoon, and at 3 o'clock I was to take the train.

A Russian physician came in and said, "You certainly are not going to Russia," I said, "Why not?" Then a morning paper was shown me, saying that in St. Petersburg there were two thousand cases of virulent cholera; the city had been divided into hospital districts, and the doctors were at their posts, and were to do with the number of patients. The population was flying in terror. It was almost as bad in Moscow.

While reflecting on these accounts two messages arrived from other friends, warning against the foolishness of my rushing into the presence of two thousand cases of cholera in one city. Of course I halted. I halted for four days. Meanwhile a telegram from St. Petersburg encouraged me, and I went. There was not a single case of cholera in St. Petersburg or Moscow, and there was not a single case in either city until four miles below St. Petersburg, loaded with flour from America. The sailors on board buzzed as they came to the wharf. From a yacht on which we had descended the sea, the prominent chimney of the St. Petersburg disembarked. The bark was crowded by prosperous citizens, who stood on the wharf, and back of them by poor laborers, who had come down to offer their services for all charges for the removal of the breadstuffs from the ship to the imperial freight train that took the flour to the interior free of charge. While we stood near the long freight train rambling down to the docks, the locomotive's car decorated with a flag—the American flag and the Russian flag alternating.

Though a flag to some eyes is only a floating rag, you ought to see how the American flag looks five thousand miles from home. It looked that day like a section of heaven let down to cheer mortal vision. Addresses of welcome and responses were made, and then the work began. The only contest being who should lift the heaviest and be most expeditious. From ship to rail train. From rail train to kneeling board. From kneeling board to ocean. From ocean to the white and quivering lips of the dying. Upon all who, whether by contribution small or large, helped make that some possible may there come the benediction of Him who declared, "I was hungry and ye fed Me."

But I must also give a word of report concerning my other errand—the preaching of the Gospel in Great Britain last summer. It was a tour I had for many years anticipated. With the themes of the Gospel I confronted more people than ever before in the same length of time. I met multitudes, and beyond anything I can describe. The throngs in all the cities were so great that they could be controlled only by platoons of police, so that none should be hurt by the press, each service indoors followed by a service for the waiting throng outdoors, and both by handshaking to the last point of physical endurance.

In every city and town I had messages poured into my ears for families in America. Oh, sons of Scotchmen, Englishmen, Welshmen and Irishmen, there are hearts on the other side of the sea beating in affection, and yearning for your presence and prayer for your present and eternal welfare. By the memories of the old Scotch kirk, where you were baptized, and of the English fireside, by which you played, and of the Welsh hills and valleys, among which you roamed, and the old homes on the banks of the Tweed and the Shannon and the Nile, I charge you to be honorable as men and Christian. You have good ancestral blood in your veins. Prove yourself worthy. It seems to me that the Gospel is making mighty strides over there.

What is the use of controversy about anything except how we shall keep close to the cross and do the most for helping people for this world and the next? My there come in England more cordiality between the National church and the dissenters. Although I would be called a dissenter there, amongst my first step in England was into a banquet given to the bishops and high officials of the National church, the great and good and genial Archbishop of Canterbury at their head, and a more magnificent group of folk, intellectually and morally than I never got among, and I found that though we had never met before, the archbishop and myself were old friends. But all up and down Great Britain I found a multitude that no man can number enlisted for God and eternity, and I tell you the kingdom is coming.

If the pessimists would get out of the way—the people who snivel and groan and think everything has gone to the dogs or is about to go—I say if these pessimists would only get out of the way the world would soon see the salvation of God. Christianity is only another name for elevated optimism. Was Isaiah an optimist? See his deserts incarnated in red roses and snowed under with white lilies and his lamb asleep between the paw of a lion. The greatest thing I can think of would be to have a tripartite alliance of America, England and Russia, in complete harmonization, and then to have upon all of them come a design of the Holy Ghost. Let the denaturation of other nations cease. Peace and good will to men! For that glorious consummation, which may be nearer than we think, let us pray, remembering that God can do more in five minutes than man can do in five centuries. If the consummation is not effected in our day I shall see the privilege of coming out from heaven a little while to look at this old world when it shall have put on its millennial beauty. I think God will let us come out to see it at least once in its perfected state before it is burned up.

I should not wonder if all heaven would adjourn for an excursion to this world to see how a shipwrecked plane was managed by the crew and set afloat again amid the eternal harmonies. Meanwhile let us do all we can to make it better, and let it somehow tell in the final result, though it be only a child's sob, husband, or a throng extracted from a tired foot, or a sinful soul washed white as the wool. May God help us to help others! And so the lesson of gratitude and sympathy and helplessness and vindication I have brought you to the wings of this morning.

### A DOCTOR'S ADVICE.

A Word or Two About Gloves, as Well as Other Hints.

The glove is an essential part of a woman's attire, as a matter of adornment and one of essential service. Warmth and cleanliness, a safeguard against variations in the weather, and a protective influence in general, is the function of the glove. The flesh of the hand is as delicate and sensitive as that of any other portion of the body; in fact, more so than that of either face or limbs. It must, therefore, be furnished with a protective covering at such times as external conditions warrant.

Cold hands, chapped hands, rheumatism, and many other complaints may often be prevented by a proper glove, the variety of which depends to a certain extent upon the choice of the wearer.

Undressed kid, silk, and lisle thread may be classified as best. The fully dressed kid is practically suited for only evening wear. In cold weather a heavier glove should be worn. Woolen and dog skin are to be preferred, but if these appear to you at unsightly you may clothe your hands with a glove of lighter texture and wear a muff. The muff is, in its province, of the same character as the glove, but it is an article of convenience which is rarely ornamental.

A few rules in regard to gloves may be worthy of your observation. Wash and thoroughly dry your hands before placing your gloves on them; do not have them very tight about the palms and wrists; let them be of porous material and in all respects comfortable. In taking them off turn them inside out for airing.

There are persons who think that gloves should be worn at night in order to preserve the softness of the hands.

If you wish your hands to look faded, wear gloves at night; but if you wish them to preserve their natural characteristics, use gloves when you are not in repose.

While walking about in sun, wind, or rain, gloves will do you a very good service; at night, however—and here the hours of sleep are referred to—they are ill-suited to any one.

The custom of wearing gloves at night originated with the ancient Egyptians. Cleopatra, it is said, numbered this among her eccentricities; but the folly was more fully developed during the reign of Louis XIV. of France. To-day persons who affect the manners of the antique French may be selected as conspicuous among those who wear gloves at night, and a cursory glance at their hands will be sufficient to make an indelible stamp on the mind.

Naturally the hand of woman is molded by what she does with it. Its various lines, under ordinary circumstances, mark the contour of the different parts of the body. All should be in harmony. But if you put a pasty, greasy, and leathery covering over the hands you make them fade in advance of their time.—Frank H. Ingram, M. D., in New York World.

Lives in a Glass House.

The King of Siam, according to the London News, has chosen a unique and effective method of keeping cool. He has recently had built for himself, by a Chinese architect, a pavilion of glass. Walls, floors and ceiling are formed of slabs of different thicknesses of glass, joined by impermeable cement.

By one door only can the King enter, and this closes hermetically when he comes in, and ventilator valves in tall pipes in the roof open, as does also a sluice beside a large reservoir in which the glass house stands.

The transparent edifice then becomes submerged, and the King finds himself in a cool and perfectly dry habitation, where he passes the time in a manner pleasing to himself.

It is a pity that the apple crop was not as poor the year Eve made her mistake as it is this year.

### Has an Option on a Volcano.

Mauricio Bahden, formerly Consul of the Mexican Republic at Kansas City, has secured an option on the volcano of Popocatepetel, the property of General Geape, Sanchez Ochoa, who is at present operating the immense sulphur deposit in the crater, supplying sulphur for the manufacture of powder for the army. Even as at present operated, on a small scale and without modern machinery, the property pays a good profit. We learn, says the Mexican Financier, that it is contemplated to build an electric railway up the volcano, connecting a few miles from the base with the Interoceanic Railway. The railway will be utilized for bringing down the sulphur and also the natural ice for the supply of the City of Mexico, which should be in itself a remunerative business. The quality of Popocatepetel sulphur is excellent, and if mined in large quantities, would find a ready market in the United States, which imports over 120,000 tons of this article yearly, largely from Sicily, the entire annual importation being rated by the American treasury at \$2,450,000. If the plans of Mr. Bahden and his associates are carried to completion, the country will gain another large industry. The sulphur of the volcano was utilized by Cortez for making powder for his troops. Baron Humboldt, in his "New Spain," says, "Speaking at the same time of the tin of Tasco, which was used in founding the first cannon, Cortez remarks 'that he is in no want of sulphur for the manufacture of powder because a Spaniard drew some from a mountain which is perpetually smoking by going down tied to a rope to the depth of from seventy to eighty fathoms.'" He adds that this manner of procuring sulphur was very dangerous, and on that account it would be better to procure it from Sevilla. A document, preserved in the family of the Montanos, and which Cardinal Lorenzana affirms he once had in his hands, proves that the Spaniard of whom Cortez speaks was named Francisco Montano.

A Difficult Animal to Shoot.

In the wider parts of South America you can bag a deer or wild hog almost any day, if you set wisely about it; but months may pass without even the sight of a tapir, though you may be in their haunts continually. You see plenty of unmistakable three-toed tracks, and now and again you may hear taps moving in the forest—not leaving through openings between the vines and branches as a deer does, nor pushing the brush aside like a jaguar, but crushing their way by sheer strength, with a great cracking of twigs.

It is almost useless to follow tracks or sounds, clumsy as the animals appear, they can race through the underbrush faster than a dog can follow; and they are so keen of sight and scent, and so prone to concealment, that even the most experienced hunter rarely catches sight of one in the daytime, unless by accident. The best plan is to lie in wait for them, as the lithic and crafty jaguar does, by their drinking and wallowing-places, and this must be done at night.

I may as well add here that tapirs are common all over tropical South and Central America, except the thickly settled regions and the Pacific coast. Naturalists distinguish several species, differing mainly in the size and the structure of the bones; but they are much alike. All go singly, or in bands generally of two or three, and feed on fruits and leaves.—St. Nicholas.

Oddities of Echoes.

Did you ever figure on the exact distance that one may be removed from a reflecting surface and yet hear the echo of his voice? It is said that one cannot pronounce distinctly or hear distinctly more than five syllables in a second. This, of course, gives one-fifth of a second for each syllable.

Taking 1,130 feet as the velocity of sound per second, we have 226 feet as the distance sound will travel in one-fifth of a second. Hence, if a reflecting surface is 112 feet distant, the initial sound of an uttered syllable will be returned to the ear from a distance of 112 feet, just as the next syllable starts on its journey.

In this case the first fifth of a second is consumed in the utterance of a syllable, and the next fifth of a second in hearing its echo. Two syllables would be echoed from a reflecting surface 224 feet distant, three syllables from 336 feet, and so on within the limits of audibility. But on the other hand, it is evident that a sharp, quick sound, say that made by a hammer, or a club upon a board, one in which the duration of the sound itself is one-tenth of a second or less, would give an echo from half the 112 feet, of fifty-six feet.

The above estimates and figures apply to observations made in a temperature of 61 degrees, Fahrenheit, at which scientists tell us that the velocity of sound is 1,118 feet per second. If the mercury stands at freezing the velocity of sound will only be 1,086 feet per second.—[Philadelphia Press.

AROUND THE HOUSE.

An ingenious housekeeper has fashioned what she calls the most useful thing in her sewing-room, out of an ordinary soap box. This is how she did it: First, she secured the cover to the box with a couple of strong hinges. Then she lined it throughout with blue cheese-cloth. The outside she covered with cretonne in blue with a pattern of apple-blossoms running over it. The completed whole she uses for odds and ends of unsightly sewing, such as stockings that need mending and half-finished articles that must be kept at hand, but that give a cluttered appearance to the sewing-room when left lying about. The cost of manufacturing at home this utility box is less than \$2, while it is, when in working order, worth \$50 to any orderly housewife.

At this season of the year, when many heavy articles, counterpanes, etc., are to be washed up before winter, it is well to know of an easy and perfectly safe method. Into an ordinary-sized teacup, half full of boiling water, put one teaspoon of this mixture: One pound Babbitt's potash, one ounce salts of tartar, one ounce muriate of ammonia; add the clothes and boil half an hour; rinse through two waters and dry.

### One Small Blue Pill every night for a week cures Torpid Liver.

A photographer says that next to babies young married couples are the most troublesome, the bride especially being hard to please.

No more old pills for me, Small Blue Pills, if you please.

The street surface roads of New York City carried 236,659,613 passengers during the year 1891, a daily average of 629,157.

Economical, easy to take, Small Blue Pills.

On a clear night a red light can be seen at a greater distance than a white light; but in a dark night he reverse is the case.

To Young Wives.

A disappointed bachelor has said that some time after marriage a man's wife ceases to be supremely attractive to him. Never was a greater libel. Beauty preserved and grace retained can never lose their charm or yield their empire. The preservation of our bodies in their original healthy perfection and comeliness is a sacred duty. Every young mother who will faithfully carry out the directions given with each bottle of "Mother's Friend" will never lose figure or complexion. The dainty had will mature into the blooming rose, and old age will find her blessing. The lay also first—"Mother's Friend," Bradford Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga. Sold by all druggists.

A prize fight is called a "mill" because the other fellow is reduced to pulp.

Have You Asthma?

Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure free to any sufferer. Gives instant relief in worst cases, and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address.

There are men who tire themselves almost to death looking for any new place.

LADIES needn't a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

It is shorter in the valleys and lowlands than among the hills and mountains.

Albert Burch, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Cathartic Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. 8-14 1/2 D. U. 21st St., 75c.

An Artesian well in Petaluma, Cal., spouts 30,000 gallons of water every hour.

MANY persons are broken down from overwork or too-early cases. Brown's Iron Bitters rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. A splendid tonic for women and children.

Onyx has been found in Buckingham County, Virginia.

Food indigestion, constipation, sick headache, weak stomach, disordered liver—take Beecham's Pills. For sale by all druggists.

Five volumes of air contain one volume of oxygen.

### RISE SUN STOVE POLISH

DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Patent Inventions, and Patents which stain the hands, injure the iron, and ruin off. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package, with every purchase.

### "German Syrup"

Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

### RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA

Plain, common sense fifty-page treatise on origin, causes, diagnosis, varieties, prompt relief and almost infallible cure, sent for 5c. in nickel. No return necessary. Write to H. N. SEARLES, New Haven, Conn.

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies or Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa which is absolutely pure and soluble.

It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with starch. Arrowroot or sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

### PISSO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Pisso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured the most obstinate cases of Consumption. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough cure sold everywhere.

### LOVERS OF MUSIC

who will send me the name of the publisher and address of two musical firms (privately written and enclosed in a separate envelope or sealed note), postage free, by return mail our magnificent collection of over 600 LATEST SONGS with the music for Piano, Organ, and Violin. This is the grandest collection of Sentimental, Comic, Operatic and Exhibition songs ever published, and includes all the popular favorites. "COMRADES," "A WIFE FOR A WIFE," etc. A whole year's supply for the cost of a single pipe of music. VICTOR MFG. COMPANY, 605 Broadway, New York.

### FREE ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS.

WITH MAPS, DIRECTIONS, and full details of the best lands in the Northwest. FREE OF CHARGE. Send for your copy today.

### NORTHERN PACIFIC R. R.

The best Agricultural, Grazing and Timber Lands now open to settlers. Mailed FREE. Address: L. S. RYAN, Gen. Agent, Portland, Ore.

### AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD. Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually making the three best of any other grease. Affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE. FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS GENERALLY.

### Wonderful

Jacob A. Kunkel, a reliable farmer of Mount Royal, York Co., Pa., says that a running sore broke out on the leg of his nephew, Milton A. Kunkel, when he was 5 years old. He could not walk.

Milton A. Kunkel, two years ago they began giving him Hood's Kidney Pills and in a short time the sore healed up, he regained perfect health, and he is now, at 13 years, lively and rugged. Mr. Kunkel says: "We all consider his cure little short of a miracle."

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation by restoring action of the alimentary canal.

### DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

THE GREAT KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER CURE.

### Diabetes, La Grippe, Impure Blood, General Weakness.

Constitution all run down, loss of ambition, and a disinclination to all sorts of work. Guarantee—Use contents of One Bottle, if not benefited, Druggists will refund you the price paid.

At Druggists, 50c. Size, \$1.00. Size, \$2.00. Order to Health Free-Consultation Free.

DR. KILMER & CO., BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

PATENTS W. T. FITZGERALD, Washington, D. C. 10-page book free.

### RIPANS TABLETS

Compounded in accordance with a medical formula known and admitted by all educated physicians to be the oldest, most standard, most widely used, most frequently prescribed, and by far the most valuable of any that the profession have yet discovered. In the Tablets the ingredients are presented in a new form that is gaining favor all over the world and becoming the fashion with modern physicians and modern patients.

They are compact, easy to carry, easy to swallow, tasteless if taken according to directions, and the dose is always accurate. Every one enjoys the method and the result. They act gently but promptly upon the kidneys, liver, stomach and intestines; cleanse the system effectually; dispel colds, headaches and fevers; cure habitual constipation, making enemas unnecessary. Are acceptable to the stomach and truly beneficial in effect.

A single TABLET taken after the evening meal, or just before retiring, or, better still, at the moment when the first indication is noted of an approaching cold, headache, any symptom of indigestion or depression of spirits, will, in a large majority of cases, remove the whole difficulty in an hour, without the patient being conscious of any other than a slightly warming effect, and that the expected illness failed to materialize or has disappeared.

The Tablets are put up in small bottles, each containing six doses, the whole easily carried in the vest pocket or portemonnaie. There is no fear of spilling or spoiling anything with which they come in contact.

Those who buy a gross and divide with neighbors or friends reduce the cost of the smallest package nearly one-half. The Tablets are not injured by age.

Sent by mail on receipt of price—postage paid—or may be ordered through the nearest druggist.

FOR SALE BY

### RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY,

10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.