REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Migration of Birds."

TEXT. "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord."-Jeremiah vill., 7.

When God would set fast a beautiful thought He plants it in a tree. When He would put it affoat He fashions it into a fish. When He would have it glide the air He molds it into a bird. My text speaks of four birds of beautiful instinct—the stork, of such strong affection that it is allowed familiarly to come in Holland and allowed familiarly to come, in Holland and Germany, and build its nest over the door. way; the sweet dispositioned turtledove, mingling in color white and black and brown and ashen and chestnut; the crane with voice like the clang of a trumpet; the swallow, swift as a dart, shot out of the bow of heaven, falling, mounting, skimming, sailing-four birds started by the prophet twenty-five centuries ago, yet flying on through the ages, with rousing truth under glossy wing and in the clutch of stout claw. I suppose it may have been this very season of the year-autumn-and the prophet out of dcors, thinking of the impenitence of the people of his day, hears a great cry over-

Now you know it is no easy thing for one with ordinary delicacy of eyesight to look into the deep blue of the noonday heaven, but the prophet looks up, and there are flocks of storks and turtledoves and cranes and swallows drawn out in long lines for flight southward. As is their habit, the cranes had arranged themselves into two ines, making an angle-a wedge splitting the air with wild velocity-the crane, with commanding call, bidding them onward, while the towns, and the rities, and the continents slid under them. The prophet, almost blinded from looking into the dazzling heavens, stoops down and legins to think how much superior the bir is are in sagacity about their safety than men about theirs, and he puts his hand upon the pen and begins to write, "The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointel times, and the furtle, and the crane, and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the julgment of the

It you were in the field to-day, in the p of trees at the corner of the field you would see a convention of birds, noisy as the American congress the last night before adjournment, or as the English parliament when some unfortunate member proposes more economy in queen's household-a concention of birds all talking at once, moving and passing resolutions on the subject of migration; some proposing to go to-morrow, some moving that they go to-day, some moving that they go to Brazil, some to Florida, some to the tablelands of Mexico, but all unanimous in the fact that they must go soon, for taey nave marching orders from the Lord, written on the first white sheet of the frost and in the pictorial of the changing leaves.

There is not a belted kingfisher, or a chaffinch, or a fire crested wren, or a plover, or a red legged partridge but ex-pects to spend the winter at the south, for the apartments have aiready been orders l for them in South America or in Africa and after thousands of miles of flight they will stop in the very tree where they spent last January. Farewell, bright plumage! Until spring weather, away! Fly on, great band of heavenly musicians! Strew the continent with music, and whether from northern fields, or Carolinian swamps, or Brazilian groves men see your wings hear your voice, may they bethink them-

One of Grant's Arabian Torses

Then, I ask, is anything impossible for the Lord? I do not believe that God exhausted all His grace in Paul and Latimer and Ed-ward Payson. I believe there are higher points of Christian attainment to be reached n the future ages of the Christian world. In the future ages of the Christian world. You tell me that Paul went up to the tiptop of the Alps of Christian attainment. Then I tell you that the stork and crane have foun 1 above the Alps plenty of room for free flying. We go out and we con-quer our temptations by the grace of Gol and lie down. On the morrow those tempta tions rally themselves and attack us, and by the grace of Gol we defeat them again; but staying all the time in the old encampment we have the same old battles to fig.it Why not whip out our temptations, over. and then forward march, making one raid through the enemy's country, stopping not until we break ranks after the last vic-(orv) Do, my brethren, let us have some novelty

of combat at any rate by changing, by going on, by making advancement, trading off our stale prayers about sins we ought to have quit long ago, going on toward a higher state of Christian character, and routing out sins that we have never thought of yet. The fact is, if the church of God, if we, as individuals, made rapid advancement in the Caristian life, these stereotyped prayerswe have been making for ten or fifteen years would be as inappropriate to us as the shoes, and the hats, and the coats we wore ten or fifteen years ago. Oh, for a higher flight in the Christian life-in stork and the crane in their migration teac ing us the lesson!

Dear Lord, and shall we ever live, At this poor dying rate-Our love so faint, so cold to Thee, And Thine to us so great?

Again, I remark that the birds of the air are wiser than we, because they know when are wiser than we, because they know when to start. If you should go out now and shout, "Stop storks and cranes; doa't be in a hurry!" they would say: "No, we cannot stop; iast night we heard the roaring in the woods bidding us away, and the shrill flute of the north wind has sounded the retreat. We must go. We must go." So they gather themselves into companies, and turning not aside from storm or moun-tain top or shock of musketry, over land and sea, straight as an arrow to tue mark they And if you come out this merning with go. a sack of corn and throw it in the fields and try to get them to stop, they are so far up they would hardly see it. They are on their way south. You could not stop them.

O'a, that we were as wise about the bisi-time to start for Gol and heaven! We say "Wait until it is a little later in the seasor of mercy. Wait until some of these green leaves of hope are all dried up and have been scattered. Wait until next year. After awhile we start, and it is too late, and we perish in the way when God's wrath is kindled but a little. There are, you know, exceptional cases where birds have started too late, and in the morning you have found them dead on the And there are those who have perished half way between the world and Christ. They waited until the last sickness, when the mini was gone, or they were on the express train going at forty miles an hour, and they came to the bridge and the "draw was up" and they went down. How long to repent and prav? Two seconis! Two seconds! To do the work of a lifetime and to prepare for the vast eternity in two

1 was reading of an entertainment given in a king's court, and there were musicians In a king's court, and there were music and there with elaborate pieces of music, After awhile Mozart came and began to play, and he had a blank piece of paper be-forshim, and the king familiarly looked over his shoulder and said. "What are you playing? I see no music before you." And Mozart put his hand on his brow, as much as to say, "I am improvising." It And Mozart put his hand on this ing." It much as to say, "I am improvising." It was very well for him, but on, my triends, manual extemporize heaven! If we do not get prepared in this world, we will

One was a magnificent jet black stallion, but in riding him the minister thought be discovered a fault. and he insisted that the dragoman should take him back to the Sultan and ask him to seni a better horse, The dragoman replied that he could not do this; that the horses were a gift, and he used the proverb about "not looking a gift horse in the mouth." But the minister insisted, and the dragoman went to the Sultan and asked for audience. He is, by the way, a man of fine sensibilities, and as an interpreter of the legation he is the most important of all men to Americans in Turkey. Said he: "I felt very much ashamed of myself and my mission, and I did not know what I could do until at last a thought struck me that the horse was a jet black one and that black was the color of mourning in America. When I entered the palace the first thing that the secretary asked me was as to how the minister and myself liked the horses, and I replied that they were the finest horses that we had ever seen, and that our President would feel very proud and would be delighted with the gift. I then went on to praise the horses, and especially the black one, which I said was magnificent in every respect, but-here I stopped and the secretary anxiously asked: 'But what? Is there anything the matter with the horse?' 'No.' said I, 'but you know black is the color of mourning in the United States. It means death with us, and I just wondered if such a gift might not be considered ominous if sent by the Sultan.' The secretary saw the point at once. He spoke to the Sultan, and I was thanked for my suggestion, and the horse was changed to one of another color and as sound as a dollar."-Rider and Driver.

"A VERY unhealthy occupation," remarked Brown, as looked upon the brickmakers wading through the wet clay. "Yes," remarked Black, "it's klining work."-Boston Transcript.

A MAN who had an untenanted house at the end of the street was accustomed to refer to it as last but not leased .- Binghamton Leader.

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The Inventive Society of Paris has ecently awarded Mrs. F. B. Mapp, of Georgia, a gold medal for her invention of a bread-raiser.

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AMONG THE BROTHERHOODS.

What the Various Fraternal Societies are Doing.

MASONS.

The order of the Eastern Star is an advanced order of Masonry; its membership embraces the wives, daughters, mothers, widows and sisters of Master Masons, and also Master Masons in good standing in their respective lodges. The order was instituted for women, and by them the work is exemplified, and nearly all the of. fices are filled by women. Every chapter is under the supervision of a Master Mason, and the landmarks of the ritual provide that no initiation can take place unless he is present.

Oregon has a membership of nearly 36,000. At the end of the year it will not be far from that mark.

Maine has now seventeen chapters of Eastern Star, whereas three years ago it had none. Gradually prejudice disappears before the light of reason.

Michigan conferred the degrees on 2,096 applicants this year.

Richmond has four Masonic halls.

California has over 16,000 members. Over 10,000 Masons were buried last

vear. There are 1,300 Knights Templars in

Ireland.

Canada has a membership of nearly

I. O. O. F.

21,000.

Upward of 12,000 Germans had a merry time at the recent dedication of the new German Odd Fellows' Orphan Asylum at Unionport, Westchester county, N. Y. The Odd Fellows' home. now six years old, and the new Orphans home will derive their support from membership taxes of 25 cents per capita annually. In addition to this revenue, fairs and festivals are periodically given by the various lodges to swell the income. The German Odd Fellows' fair at Tammany Hall last April netted the organization over \$27,000. The annual Fourth of July picnic always realizefrom \$4,030 to \$5,000, and the yearly festival of the Kings County lodge can be depended upon to clear \$2,000. The new Orphans' home has cost \$51,000, and it is paid for. It has a capacity for 200 inmates. It was designed by Architect F. A. Minuth of New York city. The water supply is derived from an artesian well, which was bored at an expense of \$12,000. Gas is manufactured on the premises. The home has a regular physician, a hospital ward, large well lighted and ventilated classrooms for the study of English and German, also extensive dormitories and playgrounds. The asylum will be opened at once for the accommodation of orphaned children of German Odd Fellows.

Odd Fellowship is a rich soil wherein none but good seed should be cultivated ; otherwise nothing but weeds will grow. Be loving-for love is the esset

DAVID C. COOK. The Pioneer Publisher of Sunday-School LAterature,

David C. Cook, of Chicago, whose name has become a household word through his Sunday-school publications, is but 42 years old. He was born in East Worcester, N. Y., in 1850, a son of Rev. E. S. Cook,

a Methodist minister, and from a child an earnest and devoted member of the church and Sunday-school. He began teaching I Ward's Rolling Mills Sunday-school, in Chicago, at the age of

17, helping also in one DAVID C. COOK. and sometimes two mission schools of the West Side, meeting at different hours, until the great fire of 1871 changed his plans,

and marked the beginning of his work on the North Side. Seeing the dis-tress and pressing need for help, he left his home and rented rooms in one of the poorest and roughest neighborhoods of the burnt district, where, with three other young men whom he persuaded to join him, he gave himself to relief and mission work. Here on North avenue, in a German theatre and beer hall, was started his "Everyboly's Mission," afterward removed to a building Mission," alterward removed to a building of its own near by. This mission, with at-tendance of 350 to 450, he started, built up and sustained without aid from any caurch or society for five years, until others were able to occupy the field. He also organized and superintended on the North Nide, North Avenue Mission, Lake View Mission and Lake View Union schools, and, in Eigin, the Grace Church School, besides several smaller enterprises elsewhere.

His first publications were prepared only for his own schools, then, to divide the cost of type-setting, he asked orders from others, No one could be more surprised than he at the demand thus created. Afterwards his schools afforded a place for first testing new helps and new ideas. It is to this love for the work, and close application to it, that schools are indebted for what he has done for the cause of Sunday-school literature.

THE aeronaut who goes up out of sight is very apt to come down out of mind.

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The mother tongue is protably the lanruage of Mars





German Syrup

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selves of the soleinn words of the text "The stalk in the heaven knowth her appointed times, and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the julgment of the Lord?"

I propose, so far as God may help me, this morning, carry out the idea of the text, to show that the biros of the air have more sa-gacity than men. And I begin by particu-larizing and saying that they mingle music with their works. The most serious under-taking of a biro's life is this annual travel from the Hudson to the Amazon, from the Thames to the Nile. Naturalists tell us that they arrive there thin and weary and plumage ruffled, and yet they go singing all the way; the ground, the lower line of the music: the sky, the upper line of the music; themselves, the notes scatterad up and down between. It is a good sign when you hear a work-

man whistle. It is a better sign when you hear him hum a roundelay. It is a still better sign when you hear him sing the words of isaac Watts or Charles Wesley. A violin chorded and strung, if something accidentally strike it, makes music, and I suppose there is such a thing as having our hearts so attuned by divine grace that even the rough collisions of life will make a heavenly vibration. I do not believe that the power of Christian song has yet been fully tried. I believe that if you could roll the "O,d Hundred" doxology through Wall street it would put an eni to any financial disturbance! I believe that the discords, and the sorrows, and the sins of the world are to be swept out by heaven born halleluiabs

Some one asked Haydn, the celebrate1 musician, why he always composed such cheerful music, "'Wny," he said, "I can's musician, why he always composed such cheeriul music. "Wny," he said, "I can't do otherwise. When I taink of God my soul is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance from my pen" I wish we might all exult melodiously before the Lord, With God for our Father and Christ for our Saviour, and heaven for our home, and angels for future companions, and eternity for a lifetime, we should strike all the notes of joy. Going through the wilderness of this world let us remember that we are on the way to the summery cime of heaven, and from the migratory populations flying through this autumnal air learn always to keep singing.

Children of the Heavenly King. As ye journey sweetly sing; Sing your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in His works and ways.

Ye are traveling home to God, In the way your fathers trod; They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.

The church of Goi never will be a tri-umphant church until it becomes a singing church.

I go further and remark that the birds of the sir are wiser than we in the fact that in their migration they fly very high. Dur-ing the summer, when they are in the fields, they often come within reach of the gun, but when they start for the annual flight southward they take their places midheaven and go straight as an arrow to the mark. The longest rifle that was ever brought to shoulder cannot reach them. Would to God that we were as wise as the we fly so low that we are withe as the We fly so low that we are within easy range of the world, the flesh and the devil. We are brought down by temptations that sught not to come within a mile of reacaing

Oh, for some of the faith of George Multer, of England, and Alfred Cookman, oney ier, of England, and Alfred Cookman, oney of the church militant, now of the church iriumphant! So poor is the type of piety in the church of God now that men actually varicature the idea that there is any such thing as a higher life. Moles never did be-lieve in eagles. But, my orethren, bocause we have not reached these heights ourselves, shall we deride the fact that there are any mach heights? such heights?

A man was once talking to Brunsl, the A man was once talking to Brunsl, the famous engineer, about the length of the railroad from Londra to Bristol. The en-gineer said: "It is not very great. We shall have after a while a steamer running from England to New York." Taey laughed aim to scorn, but we have gone so far now that we have ceased to laugh at any hing as impossible for human achievement.

never take part in the orcaestral harmonies of the saved. On, that we were as wise as the crane and the stork, flying away, flying away from the tempest!

Some of you have felt the pinching frost of sin. You face let the pinching frost of sin. You feel it to-day. You are not happy. I look into your faces, and I know you are not happy. There are voices within your soul that will not be silenced, telling you that you are sinners, and that without the pardon of God you are undone forever. What are you going to do, my friends, with the accumulated transgressions of this life-time? Will you stand still an i let the avalanche tumble over you? Ob, that you would go away into the warm heart of God's mercy! The southern grove, redolent with magnola and cactus, never waitsd for northern flocks as Go.1 has waited for you, saying. "I have lovel these with an ever-lasting love. Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, an I f will give you rest." Another frost is bilding you away-it is

the frost of sorrow. Where do you live no x? "Oh," you say, "I have moved." Why did you move? You say, "I don't want as large a house now as formerly." Why do you not want as large a house? You say, "My family is not so large." Where have they gone? "To eternity." Your mind goes back through that last sickness, and through the almost super-natural effort to save life, and through those prayers that seemed unavailing, and through that kiss which received no response because the lips were lifeless, and I hear the beils tolling and hear the nearts breaking-while I speak I hear them breas. A heart! An other heart! Alone, alone, alone!

This world, which in your girihood and boyhood was sunshine, is cold now, and oh, weary dove, you fly around this world as though you would like to stay, when the though you would like to stay, when the wind, and the frost, and the blackening clouis would bid you away into the heart of an all conforting God! Oo, I have no-ticel again and again what a botch this world makes of it when it tries to co-miort a soul in trouble! It says, "Don't cry!" How can we help crying when the heart's treas-ures are scattered, and father is gone, and mother is gone, and companions are gone, and the child is gone, and everything seems gone? go

It is no comfort to tell a man not to cry. It is no comfort to tell a man not to cry. The world comes up and says, "Dh, it is only the body of your loved one that you have put in the groun!" But there is no comfort in that. That boly is precious. Shall we never put our hands in that hand again, and shall we never see that sweet face again! Away with your heartles-ness, oh, world! Butcome, Jesus, and tell us that when the terrs fall they fall into God's bottle; that the dear bodies of our loved ones shall rise radiant in the resurrec-tion, and all the breakings down here shall tion, and all the breakings down here shall be lifted up there, and "they shall hunger

no more, neither thirst no more, neither shall the sun light on the.n, nor any heat, for the Lamb which is in tay midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe all tears from

their eyes." You may have noticed that when the chaffinch, or the storz, or the orane starts on its migration it calls all those of its kin l on its migration it calls all those of its kin i to come too. The trastops are full of calrp and whistle and carol and the long roll call. The bird does not start of alone. It gathers all of its kind. Oh, that you might be as wise in this migration to heaven, and that you might gather all your families and you. friends with you! I would that Hannan might take Samuel by the uand, and A raham might take Isaac, and Hagar might take Ishmael.

Start for heaven yourself an I take your children with you. Come thou and all tay house into the ars. Tell your little ones that there are realms of balm and sweetness for all those who fly in the right direction. Switter than engle's stroke put out for heaven. Like the crane or the stork, stop not night nor day until you find the right place for stopping.

To-day the Saviour calls, Ye wanderers come. Oh, ye contracted souls, Why conger roam?

The Spirit calls to-lay, Xield to his tower. Oh, grieve aim not away, "Tis mercy's aour."

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Eureka Lodge, of Southington, Conn., is preparing for a big fair to be given next month. A fine list of prizes, including a piano, is to be offered.

FORESTERS.

The preliminary steps have been taken for the institution of a court of Foresers in New Britain Conn. The new organization is to be composed principally of a number of Foresters who are dissatisfied with the way things are managed in some of the older courts in town, particularly Courts Prosperity and Charter Oak.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

llinois has 232 lodges.

California has over 10,000 Knights. The cash assets of the order aggregate \$4,915,494.

Jack Holsak and the Tiger.

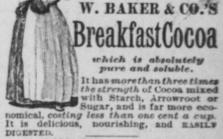
"Perhaps the most remarkable man, physically, the country ever produced was Jack Holsak, a flatboatman well known on the Ohio thirty-five or forty years ago," said Thomas C. Jamison, who was discussing America's new champion slugger. "Jack stood 6 feet 6 inches. without shocs, and weighed 250 pounds, He was muscled like a Hercules, and used to boast that he was the strongest animal of his weight in the Ohio Valley. He was a simple-hearted, good-natured fellow, who would not hurt a fly. The stories told of his feats of physical strength resembled the miraculous performances of Samson. Like the story of the 'three black crows,' they probably gained something by repetition, but it is pretty hard to say what is impossible to 250 pounds of perambulating spring steel "It is said that he once visited a me

nagerie in Cincinnati where a man-eating tiger was on exhibition, and after listening to the descriptions of its strength and ferocity given by the animal lecturer, offered to enter the cage stark naked and 'whip the tiger out of its boots for a gallon jug of whiskey.' As the proposition was made at the top of his stentor like lungs before a tent full of people, the circus manager could not well decline. It was arranged that the gladiator act should take place after the night performance, the women and children being dismissed. Jack, half drunk and as naked as a Greek god, bounced into the cage and grabbed the royal beast of Bengal by the back of the neck and slapped the side of the head. It emitted an ugly growl, and Jack slammed it up against the side of the cage with a vio-lence that bent the heavy iron bars. Instead of proceeding to make a meal of the intruder, the man-eater cowered down in a corner of its cage. Jack grabbed it by the tail, dragged it around the cage, and then, to the horror of the spectators, threw open the door, pulled it out into the circus ring and rolled it in the sawdust. Now, a tiger that has been reared in a cage and fed on cold potatoes and stale meat is a very different brute from one reared in an Asiatic jungle: still, I hardly think that any of the distinguished pugilists now posing before the public would care to tackle even a circus tiger."-[St, Louis Globe-Democrat.

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