REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "The Coliseum of Rome." Text: "I am ready to preace the gospe! to you that are at Rome also."-Romans i., 15.

Rome! What a city it was when Paul visited it! What a city it is now! Rome! The place where Virgil sang and Horace satirized, and Terence laughe! and Catiline conspired, and Ovid dramatized and Nero fiddled, and Vespasian prosecuted and Sulla legislated, and Cicero thundered, and Aurel-ius and Decius and Caligula and Julian and Hadriad and Constantine and Augustus reigned, and Paul the Apostle preached the

I am not much of a draftsman, but I have in my memorandum book a sketch which I made in the winter of 1889, when I went out Rome and walked up the very street he walked up to see somewhat how the city must have looked to him as he came in on the gospel errand proposed in the text. Palaces on either side of the street through which the little missionary advanced. Piled up wickedness. Enthroned accursedness. Templed cruelties. Altars to sham deities. Glorified delusions. Pillared, arched, domed, turreted abominations. Wickedness of all sorts at a high premium and righteousness 99% per cent. off. And now he passes by the foundations of a building which is to be almost unparalleled for vastness. You can see by the walls which have begun to rise, that here is to be something enough stupendous to astound the centuries. Aye, it is the Coliseum started.

Of the theatre at Ephesus where Paul

fought with wild beasts, the temple of Diana, of the Parthenon, of Pharach's palace at Memphis and of other great buildings, the ruins of which I have seen, it has been my privilege to address you, but a member my family asked me recently why I had not spoken to you of the Coliseum at Rome, since its moral and religious lessons are so

Perhaps while in Rome the law of contrast wrought upon me. I had visited the Mam-ertine dungeon where Paul was incarcerated. I had measured the opening at the top of the dungeon through which Paul had been let down, and it was twenty-three inches by twenty-six. The ceiling at its highest point was seven feet from the floor, but at the sides of the room the ceiling was five feet seven inches. The room at the widest was titteen feet. There was a seat of rock 2½ feet high. There was a shelf four feet high. The only furniture was a spider's web suspended from the roof, wa ch I saw by the torchlight I carried. There was the subtergraphy. subterraneous passage from the dungeon to the Roman forum, so that the prisoner could be taken directly from prison to trial.

The dungeon was built out of volcanic stone from the Albano Mountains. On, it was a dismal and terrific place. You never saw coal hole so dark or so forbidden. The place was to me a nervous shock, for I remember that was the best thing that the world would afford the most illustrious being, except one, that I ever saw, and that from that place Paul went out to die. From that spot I visited the Coliseum—one of the most astounding miracles of architecture that the world ever saw. Indeed, I saw it morning, noon and night, for it threw a spell on me from which I could not break

away.

Although now a vast ruin, the Coliseum tality and horror.

across it, but it was made only for seeing and was circular, and at any point allowed full view of the spectacle.
The arena in the centre in olden times was

strewn with pounded stone or sand, so as not to be too slippery with human blood, for if it were too slippery it would spoil the fun. The sand flished here and there with The sand flashed here and there with sparkles of silver and gold, and Nero added cinnabar and Caliguia added chrysocolla. The sides of the arena were composed of smooth marble eleven feet high, so that the wild beasts of the arena could not climb up into the audience. On the top of these sides of smooth marble was a metal railing, have ing wooden rollers, which easily revolved, so that if a panther should leap high enough to scale the wall and with his paw touch any one of those rollers it would revolve and drop him back again into the arena.

Back of this marble wall surrounding the

arena was a level platform of stone, adorned with statues of gods and go lesses and the artistic edigies of monarchs and conquerers. Here were movable seats for the emperor and the imperial swine and swinesses with which he surrounded himself. Before the place where the emperor sat the gladiators would walk immediately after entering the arena, crying: "Hail, Cæsar! Those about to die salute thee."

to die salute thee."

The different ranks of spectators were divided by partitions studded with mosaics of emerald and beryl and ruby and diamons. Great masts of wood arose from all sides of the building, from which festoons of flowers were suspended, crossing the building, or in time of rain awangs of silk were suspended, the College is having no roof. The outside the Coliseu n saving no roof. The outside wall was incrusted with marble and had four ranges, and the three lower ranges had and on each arch an exquisite statue of a

and on each arch an exquisite status of a god or a hero.

Into 180 feet of altitude soared the Coliseum. It glittered and flashed and shone with whole sunrises and sunsets of dazz'ement. After the audience had assembled aromatic liquids cozed from tubes distilled from pipes and raised gently on the multitudes and filled the air with odors of hyacinth and heliotrope and frankincense and balsam and myrrh and saffron, so that Lucan, the poet, says of it:

At once ten thousand saffron currents flow And rain their odors on the crow I below.

But where was the sport to come from? Well, I went into the callars opening off from the arena, and I saw the place where they kept the hyenasan! lions and panthers and wild boars an i beastly violences of all sorts without food or water until made flerce enough for the arena, and I saw the underground rooms where the gladiators were accustomed to wait until the ciapping of the people outside demanied that they come forth armed—to murder or be murlered. All the arenagements were complete.

accustomed to wait until the clapping of the people' outside deman left that they come forth armed—to murder or be murlerol. All the arrangements were complete, as enough of the cellars and galleries still remain to indicate. What fun they must have had turning lions without food or dring upon an unarmed disciple of Jesus Christ!

At the dedication of this Coliseum 9000 wild beasts and 10,000 immortal men were slain, so that blood of men and beast was not a brook, but a river; not a pool, but a lake. Having been in that way de licated, be not surprised when I tell you that E nperor Probus on one occasion threw into that arena of the Coliseum 1900 stags, 1000 boars and 1000 ostriches. What fun it must have been—the sound of trumpets, the roar of wild beasts and the groans of dying men while in the gallery the wives and children of those down under the lion's paw wrung their hands and shrieked out in widowhood and orphanage, while 100,000 people clapped their hands, and there was a "Hal ha!" wide as Rome and deep as perdition!

batants entered the arena, the one with sword and shield and the other with net and spear. The swordsman strikes at the man with the net and shear. He dodges the sword and then flings the net over the head of the sword and then flings the net over the head.

The audience had two signs, either of which they might give. If they wave i their flags, it meant spare the fallen contestant. If they turned their thumbs down, it meant slay him. Occasionally the audience would wave their flags, and the fallen would be let up, but that was too tame sport for most oc-casions, and generally the thumbs from the

sport, for there was a change of programme in that wondrous Coliseum. Under a strange and powerful machinery, beyond anything of modern invention, the floor of the arena tine I went alone to the Coliseum. There men would come forth, and there would be a tiger hunt. Then on the lake in the Coliseum armed ships would float, and there would be a sea fight. What fun! What lots of fun! When pestilence came, in order to appease the go's, in this Coliseum a sacrifice would be made, and the people would throng that great amphitheatre, shouting, "The Christians to the wild begats!" and there would be a creeking of husas a bone. there would be a crackling of burnar bones in the jaws of leonine ferocity.

But all this was to be stopped. By the outraged sense of public decency? No. There is only one thing that has ever stopped cruelty and sin, and that is Caristianity, and it was Christianity, whether you like its form or not, that stopped this massacre of centuries. One day while in the Colissum a Roman victory was being calebrated, and 100,000 enraptured spectators were looking down upon two gladiators in the arena stabbing and slicing each other to death, an Asiatic monk of the name of Telemachus was so overcome by the crusity that he leaped from the gallery into the arena and ran in between the two swordsmen and pushed first one back and then the other

back and broke up the contest.

Of course the audience was affronted at having their soort stopped, and they hurled stones at the head of Telemachus until he fell dead in the arena. But when the day was passed, and the passions of the people had cooled off, they deplored the martyrdom of the brave and Christian Telemachus, and as a result of the over-lone cruelty the human sacrifices of the Coliseum were for-

What a good thing, say you, that such cruelties have ceased. My friends, the same spirit of rumous amusements and of moral sacrifice is abroad in the world to-day, although it takes other shapes. Last summer in our southwest there occurred a scene of pugilism on which all Christendom looked down, for I saw the papers on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean giving whole columns of it. Will some one tell me in what respect that brutality of last summer was suce to the brutality of a Roman Coliseum? some respects it was worse by so much as the Nineteenth Century pretends to be more merciful and more decent than the Fifth

That pugilism is winning admiration in this country is positively proved by the fact that years ago such collision was reported in a ball doz in lines of newspaper, if reported Although now a vast ruin, the Coliseum at all, an i now it takes the whole side of a newspaper to tell what transpired between

The same spirit of brutality is seen to-day Instead of our modern tickets of admission, they entered by ivory check, and a check dug up near Rome within a few years was marked "Section 6, Lowest Tier, Seat No. 18." You understand that the building was not constructed for an audience to be let out on one poor minister who cannot design the light of accelerate the counter of the prosecuting ministers, and not in all cases, but in many cases, you will find nothing but diabolism inspires them. They let out on one poor minister who cannot design and the light of accelerate the property of the light of accelerate the cannot design and the light of accelerate the cannot be a constructed for an audience to be let out on one poor minister who cannot design and the light of acceleration of the light of acceleration of the light addressed by human voice, although I tested fend himself the lion of ecclesiasticism and it with some friends and could be heard the tiger of biggotry, and the wild boar of jealousy, and if they can get the offending minister flat on his back some one puts his feet on the neck, of the overthrown izer and looks up, spear in hand, to see whether the galleries and ecclesiastics would have him let up or slain. And, lo! many of

In the worldly real us look at the brutalities of the presidential election eight years ago. Read the biographies of Daniel Webster and Alexander H. Stephens and Horacs Greeley and Charles Sumner and Lucius Quintus Cincinnatus Lumar and James G. Biaine, and if the story of defamation and calumny and scandalization and distribe and scurrilly and lampoon and billingsgate and damnable perfidy be accurately recoried, tell me in what respects our political arena and the howling and blaspheming galleries that again and again look down upon it are better than the Roman Colis-

when I read a few days ago that the Supreme Court of the United States had appropriately adjourned to pay honors to the two last distinguished men mentioned, and American journalism North, South, East and West went into lamentations over their departure and said all complimentary things in regard to them, I asked: "When did the Nation lie about these man? Was it when during their life it gave them malewhen during their life it gave them male-diction or no since their death when bestowing upon them beatification?"
The same spirit of cruelty that you de-

plore in the Roman Collector is seen in the sharp appetite the world seems to have for the downfall of good men, and in the divorce of those whose marital life was thought accordant, and in the absconding of a bank cashier. On, my friends, the world wants more of the spirit of "Let him up" and less of the spirit of "Fhumbs down!" There are hundreds of men in the prisons of America wao ought to be discharged, because they were the victims of circumstances or have suffered enough.

There are in all professions and occupa-

There are in all professions and occupations men who are domineered over by others, and whose life is a struggle with montrous opposition, and circumstances have their heel upon the throbbing and broken hearts. For God's sake, let them up! Away with the spirit of "Phumbs down?" What the world wants is 1000 men like Telemachus to leap out of the gallery into the arena, whether he be a Roman Catholic monk, or a Methodist steward, or Presbyterian elder, and go in between the contestants. "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God?" One-half of the world is down and the other half is up, and the half that is up has its heel on the balf that is down. If you, as a boss work han, or as a contractor, or as a can tell how many of the petrified sters will be found, but no doubt is a potent factor in social life, or in any way are oppressing any one, know that the same devil that possessed the Roman Coliseum oppresses you. The Diodestians are not all dead. The cellars leading into the arena of life's straggle are not all emotied of their tigers. The vivisection by young doctors of dogs and cats and birds most of the time adds nothing to human discovery, but is only a continuation of Vaspasian's Coliseum of the petrified sters will be found, but no doubt is a nest of them.—Denver News.

All Were Freaks.

According to mail advices, love queer mating at New Diggings, the other day.

The bridegroom stood six fee inches, the bride three feet two healf inches, the bride three feet two healf inches.

The cruelties of the world generally begin in nurseries, and in home circles, and in day schools. The child that transfixes a fly with bus on one occasion threw into that arena of the Coliseum 1000 stags, 1000 boars and 1000 striches. What fun it must have been—the sound of trumpets, the roar of wild beasts and the groans of dying men while in the gallery the wives and children of those down under the lion's paw wrung their hands and shrieked out in widowhood and orphanage, while 100,000 people clapped their hands, and there was a "Ha! ha!" wide as Rome and deep as perdition!

The corpses of that arena were put on a cart or dragged by a hook out through what was called the Gate of Death. What an excitement it must have been—the look of a child's book, and a fit iascription to be embroidered in the arm chair of the sitting room, and an appropriate motto for judge and jury and district attorney and sheriff to look at in the court house, "Blessed are the mercitul, for they shall obtain mercy!"

"And so the ruins of that Colliseum preach

sword and then flings the net over the head the swordsman and jerks him to the floor of the arena, and the man who flung the net puts his foot on the neck of the fallen swordsman, and spear in hand looks up to the galleries, as much as to say, "Shall I let him up, or shall I plunge this spear into his body until he is dead?"

The temple of Jerusalem in ruins, the Consequence in ruins, the seas in ruins, the mountains in ruins, the seas in ruins, the cities in ruins, the ci

worlds in ruins!

But I am glad to sav it is the same old heaven, and in all that world there is not one ruin and never will be a ruin. Not one of the pearly gates will ever become un-hinged. Not one of the amethystine towers will ever fall. Kot one of the mansions will ever decay. 'Not one of the chariots will galleries were turned down, and with that sign would be heard the recompanying shout of "Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!" should be heard the recompanying shout of "Kill! Kill! Kill!" Yet it was far from being a monotone of Through Carist the Lord get ready for

would begin to rock and roll and then give away, and there would appear a lake of bright water, and on its banks trass would spring up rustling with foliage, and tigers appeared among the jungles, and armed men would come forth, and there would be with the emotions aroused by the place and a tiger hunt. Then on the lake is the College. hour. I paced the arena. I walked down into the dens where the hyenas were once kept. I ascended to the place where the emperor used to sit. I climbed up on the galleries from which the mighty throngs of people had gazed in enchantment.

To break the silence I shouted, and that seemed to awaken the echoes, echo upon echo. And those awakened cohoes seemed to address me, saying: "Men die, but their work lives on. Gautentius, the architect who planned this structure; the 69,000 enslaved Jews prought by Titus from Jerus-alom, and who toiled on these walls, the gladiators who fought in this arene, the emperors and empresses who had place on yonder platform, the m llions who during cen-turies sat and ross in these galleries, have passe I away, but enough of the Coliseum stands to tell the story of cruelty an I pomp

and power -500 years of bloodshed."

Then, as I stood there, there came to me another burst of echoes, which seemed throbbing with the prayers and songs and groans of Caristians who had expired in that areas, and they seemed to say, "How much it cost to serve God in ages past, and how thankful modern centuries ought to be that the persecution which reddened the sands of this ampaitheater have been abol-

ished."

And then I questioned the echoes, saying,
"Where is Emperor Titus, who sat here?"
The answer came, "Jons to judgment."
"Where is Emperor Trajan, who sat here?"
"Jone to judgment."
"Where is Maximi-"Jone to judgment." "Where is Maximi-nux who sat here?" "Gone to judgment." "Where are all the multitudes who clapped and shouted and waved flags to let the vanquished up, or to have them slain put taumbs down?" The echoes answered, "Gone to judgment." I inquired, "All?" And they answered "All."

And I looked up to the sky above the ruins, and it was full of clouds scurrying swift past, and those clouds seeme i as though they had faces, and some of the faces smiled and some of them frowned, and they seemed to have wings, and some of the wings were moongilt and others thunder charged, and the voice overpowered the echoes beneath. "Behold He cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see Him." And as I stood looking up along the walls of the Coliseum they rose higher and higher,

higher and higher, until the amphitneatre seemed to be filled with all the Nations of the past, and all the Nations of the present, and all the Nations of the future, those who went down under the paws of wild beasts, is so well preserved that we can stand in the center and recall all that it once was. It is in shape ellipsoidal, oval, obloag. It is at its greatest length 612 feet. After it had furnished seats for 87,000 people it had room for 15,000 more to stand, so that 100,000 people could sit and stand transfixed by its scenes of courage and martyrdom and brudefinite heights on all sides of me, au in the center of that amphitheatre, instead in the center of that amphitheatre, instead of the arena of combatants, a great throne stood, rising higher and higher, higher and higher, and on it sat the Christ for whom the martyrs died and against whom the Diocletians pletted their persecutions, and waving one hand toward the piled up splendors to the right of Him He cried, "Come, ye blessed," and waving the other hand toward the piled up glooms on the left of Him He cried, "Depart, ye cursed."

'Depart, ye cursed."
And so the Coliseum of Rome that evening of 1882 seemed enlarged into the amphitheater of the last judgment, and I passed from under the arch of that mighty structure, mighty even in its ruins, praying to Almighty God, through Jesus Christ, for mercy in that day for which all other days were made, and that as I expected mercy from God I might exercise mercy toward others and have more and more of the spirit "Lat him up" and less of the spirit of "Thumbs down!"

"Fumbs down?"
We may not all be able to do a sum in higher mathematic, out there is a sum in the first role of gospel arithmetic which we all may do. It is a sum in simple addition: "Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity."

Petrifiel Snakes.

One of the most startling finds ever nade in this section was unearthed at Rockvale, a small mining camp nine miles northeast of here. The Santa Fe Coal Company, which has large mining interests at that point, was excavating in the bottom of a gulch for the purpose of putting in a new track when a peculiar formation was run into. The workmen stopped to examine, and on digging around the spot the strange thing was found to be a perfectly formed snake twelve feet in length.

This find caused so much excitement that the excavation was continued, and at a little distance another reptile was uncovered, and on being dug out was found to be tweaty-four feet in length and as thick through as a man's body

and perfectly petrified. This find caused still greater excitement, and all work was stopped to dig for snakes. Another one was soon struck and is not yet uncovered. The reptiles were found at a depth of three feet. Details are but meagre so far, but a large number of persons have visited the find, and say facts as stated are true. No one can tell how many of the petrified monsters will be found, but no doubt there

According to mail advices, love had a queer mating at New Diggings, Wis., The bridegroom stood six feet two

inches, the bride three feet two and a The officiating clergyman had but one

leg.

The witnesses were a man without arms, who signed the marriage contract with a pen held between his teeth, a woman who weighed 350 pounds and a man seven feet six inches tall. The bride was fifty years old, and her

grandmother, aged ninety-eight, attended the wedding.—Boston Herald. Nearly 4,000,000 tons of coal were

mined in Colorado during last year.

Is It "Coal Oil?"

The "average man" (and you will find him everywhere in the proportion of about ninety-nine to one) speaks of petroleum-refined-as "coal oil." This is done primarily because of the general impression that the oil comes from coal, and that coal is of vegetable origin. Geologists and scientists in general, however, take a different view of the matter. To them the oil is a relic of past geological ages, as well as of animals that lived when the earth was young. In reterring to the genesis of "coal oil" they never think of it except as an animal oil. They argue that the great upheavals and downfalls of the earth's crust, which resulted in burying billions of tons of vegetable matter, which subsequently turned to coal, also covered millions of gigantic animals with hundreds and thousands of feet of sediment. This sedimentary deposit, in the ages which have clapsed since old nature was racked with those rock-rending convulsions which geologists are so fond of telling us about, have turned into great strata of sandstone, limestone, etc., the oil compressed from the great aggregation of animal remains settling in basins, to be tapped by the ingenious well-sinkers of the last half of the Nineteenth Century. Thus even past ages are made to contribute to the welfare and comfort of present generations .- St. Louis Republic.

The Languedoc Ship Canal, in France, by a short passage of 148 miles, saves a sea voyage of 2000 miles by the Straits

A Cheap Paris Restaurant.

They have what are known as twentythree-cent restaurants in Paris. "Please bring me a napkin," said a customer to the waiter. "Just now they are all in use," replied the waiter. "Please be patient; you shall have the first one available." "I'nen bring me a toothpick with which to kill time," said the customer, "Impossible," exclaimed the waiter; "for the moment they also are in use."-Chicago Times.

What is said to be the largest sawmill in the world is in Clinton, lows. It has ten saws, seven band and three gang, and two batteries of ten boilers each. Its capacity is 500,000 feet of luicber a

Cannot Take the Bit.

The chief of the Kansas City (Mo.) Fire Department has invented a new bridle for horses, the use of which makes it impossible for the horse to take the bit between his teeth. It has no bit to take. It is arranged with a strap over the horse's nose, and a steel curb under his jaw in such a way that a hard pull on the reins make the animal very uncomfortable indeed. The new bridle works to perfection, it is said, on a practical test, keeping the horse perfeetly under control, while giving hum the minimum of discomfort. One great advantage of the contrivance is that it enables the animal to eat and drink in comfort without displacing the bridle .-New York News.

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tury. This shrab grows 10 to 15 feet hig covering itself in early spring with beautif flowers which are succeeded by great quatities of luscious fruit. It is hardy, as beautiful as a picture, while the fruit is incomparabit will grow any and everywhere and forms grand addition to our lawn and garden shrut Each, 50c; 10 for \$1.25, postpaid.

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