REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's San-

day Sermon. Subject: "A Protecting Wing."

TEXT: "As a hen gathereth her chickens" under her wings, and pe would not."-Matthew xxiii., 37.

Jerusalem was in sight as Christ came to the crest of Mount Olivet, a height of 700 feet. The solendors of the religious capital of the whole earth irradiated the landscape. There is the temple. Yonder is the king's palace. Spread out before His eyes are the pount, the wealth, the wickedness and the coming destruction of Jerusalem, and He burst into tears at the thought of the obduracy of a place that He would gladly have

saved, and anostrophizes, saying, "Ob. Jerusalem, Jerusalem, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not."

Why did 'brist select hen and chicken as a simile? Next to the oppositeness of the comparison I talak it was to help all public teachers in the matter of illustration to get teachers in the matter of illustration to get down off their stilts and use comparisons that all can understand. The plainest bird on earth is the barnyard fowl. Its only adoruments are the red comb in its head-dress and the wattles under the throat. It has no grandeur of zenealogy. All we know is that its ancestors cume from India, some of them from a height of 4000 feet on the sides of the Himalays. It has no pretention sides of the Himalays. It has no pretention of nest like the eagle's evrie. It has no luster of plumage like the goldfluch. Possessing anatomy that allows flight, yet about the last thing that it wants to do is to fly, and

in retreat uses foot almost as much as wing.
Mus'cians have written out in musical scale the song of lark and robin red breast and nightingale, yet the hen of my text hath nothing that could be taken for a song, but only cluck and cackle. Yet Chirst in the text uttered, while looking upon doomed Jerusalem, declares that what He had Jerusalem, declares that what He had wished for that city was like what the hen does for her chickens. Christ was thus simple in His teachings, and yet how har I it is for us, who are Sunday-school instructors and editors and preachers and reformer; and those who would gain the ears of audiences, to attain that heavenly and divine art of simplicity.

We have to run a course of literary dis-orders as children a course of physical dis-orders. We come out of school and college loaded down with Greek mythologies and out of the theological seminary weighed down with what the learned fathers said, and we fly with wings of eagles and flamin-goes and albatrosses, and it takes a gool while before we can come down to Christ's similitudes, the candle under the bushel, the valt that has lost its savor, the net thrown into the ses, the spittle on the eyes of the

blind man and the ben and chickens. There is not much poetry about this winged creature of God mentioned in my text, but she is more practical and more motherly, and more suggestive of good things than many that fly higher and wear brighter colors. She is not a prima donna of the skies nor a strut of beauty in the aisle of the forest. She does not cut a circle under the sun like the Rocky Mountain eagle, but stays at home to look after family eagle, but stays at home to look after family affairs. She does not swoop like the condor of the Cordilleras to transport a rabbit from the valley to the top of the crags, but just scratches for a living. How vigorously with her claws she pulls away the ground to bring up what is hidden beneath! When the breakfast or dining hour arrives, she begins to perper the repast and calls all her young to partake.

young to partake.

I am in sympathy with the unpretentious old fashloned hen, because, like most of us, she has to scratch for a living. She knows good sense are slow to learn -that the gaining of a livelihood implies work, and that successes do not lie on the surface, but are to upturned by positive and continuous ort. The reason that society, and the church, and the world are so full of failures, so full of loafers, so full of dead beats, is because people are not wise enough to take the lesson on which any hen would teach them-

lesson on which any nen would teach them—that if they would find for themselves and for those dependent upon them anything worth having they must scratch for it.

"Solomon said. "Go to the ant, thou sluzgard." I say, "Go to the hen, thon sluzgard." In the Old Testament God compares Himself to an eagle stirring up her nest, an i in the New Testament the Holy Spirit is compared to a descending dove, but Christ, in a sermon that begins with cutting sarcase for hypocrites and ends with the paroxysm of pathos in the text, compares

paroxysm of pathos in the text, compares Himself to a hen.

One day in the country we saw sudden consternation in the behavior of old Dominick. Why the hen should be so disturbed we could not understand. We looked about to see if a neighbor's dog were invading the farm. We looked up to see if a stormcloud were hovering. We could see nothing on the ground that could terrorize, and we could see nothing in the air to ruffly the feathers of the hen, but the loud, wild, affrighted cluck which brought all her broad frighted cluck which brought all her brood at full run under her feathers made us look

frighted cluck which brought all her brood at full run under her feathers made us look again around us and above us, when we saw that high up and far away there was a rupacious bird wheeling round and round, and down and down, and not seeing us as we stood in the shalow it came nearer and lower until we saw its beak was curved from hase to tip, and it had two flames of fire for eyer, and it was a hawk.

Hut all the chickens were under old Dominick's wing, and either the bird of prey caught a climpse of us, or not able to find the brood hundled under wing darted back into the coulds. So Christ calls with great earnestness to the young. Why, what is the matter? It is bright sunlight, and there can be no danger. Health is there. A good home is theirs. Pienty of food is theirs. Prospect of long life is theirs. But Christ continues to call, calls with more emphasis and urges haste and savs not a second ought to be lost. Ob, do tell us what is the matter! Ab, now I see. There are hawks of temptation in the air; there are vultures wheeling for their prey; there are beaks of death ready to plunge; there are claws of allurement ready to clutch. Now I see the neril. Now I understand the urgency. Now I see the only safety. Would that Christ might this day take our sons an idaughters into file shelter, "as a ben gathereth her chickens under her wing."

The fact is that the most of them will never find the shelter unless while they are chickens. It is a simple matter of inexorable statistics that most of those who do not come to Christ in youth never come at all. What chance is there for the young without divine protection? There are the groy shops. There are the gambling hells. There are the infidelities and immoralities of spiritualis n. Taere are bad books. Taere are impurities. There are the business rae calities. Ami so numerous are these assailments that it is a wonder that honesty and

calities. And so numerous are these assaul-ments that it is a wonder that honesty and

ments that it is a wonder that honesty and virius are not lost arts.

The birds of prey, diurnal and nocturnal, of the natural world are ever on the alert. They are the assassing of the sky. They have varieties of taste. The eagle prefers the flesh of the living animal. The vulture prefers the carcass. The falcon kills with one stroke, while other styles of beaks give prolongation of torture. And so the temptations of this life are various. Some make quick work of death, and others agonize the mind and body for many years, and some like the living blood of great souls, and others prefer those already gangrened. But for every style of youth there is a swooping wing and a sharp beak and a crust caw, and what the rising generation needs is a wing of protocion.

and what the rising generation needs is a wing of protection.

Fathers, mothers, older brothers and sisters and Sabbath-se ool teachers, be quick and earnest and prayerful and importunate and get the chickens under the wing. May the Sabbath-schools of America and Great Britain within the next three months sweep all their schools into the Kingdom. Whom they have now under charge is uncertain. Concerning that scraway, puny child that

lay in the cradle many years ago, the father dead, many remarked town dead, many remarked, "What a mercy if the Lord would take the child!" and the mother really thought so too. But what a good thing that God spared that child, for it became world renowned in Christian literature and one of God's most illustrious servants—John Todd.

servants—John Todd.

Remember. your children will remain children only a little while. What you do for them as children you must do quickly or never do at all. "Why have you never written a book?" said some one to a talente! woman. She replie!: "I am writing two and have been engaged on one work ten years and on the other five years—my two children. They are my life work." When the house of John Wesley's father burned, and they got the eight children out. John Wesley the last before the roof fell in, the father said: "Let us kneel down and thank God. The children are all saved; let the rest of the place go."

of the place go."
My hearers, if we secure the present and everlasting welfare of our children, most other things belonging to us are of but little comparative importance. Alexander the Great allowed his soldiers to take their families with them to war, and he accounted for the bravery of his men by the fact that many of them were born in camp and were used to warlike scenes from the start. Would God that all the children of our day might be born into the army of the Lord! No need of letting them go a long way on the wrong road before they turn around and go on the right road. The only time to get chizzens under wing is while they are

Hannah Whitall Smith, the evangelist, took her little child at two years of age when ill out of the crib and told her plainly of Christ, and the child believed and gave evidence of joyful trust, which grew with her growth to womanhood. Two years are not too young. The time will come when by the faith of parents chiltren will be born into this world and born into the bosom of Christ at the case time. Christ at the same time. Soon we parents will have to go and leave our children. We fight their battles now, and we stand be-tween them and harm, but our arm will af-ter a while get weak; and we cannot fight for them, and our tongue will be palsied, and we cannot speak for them. Are we going to leave them out in the cold world to take their chances, or are we doing all we can to get them under the wing of eternal

But we all need the protecting wing. If you had known when you entered upon manhood and womanhood what was ahead tyou, would you have dared to undertake life? How much you have been through!
With most life has been a disappointment;
they tell me so. They have not attained
that which they expected to attain. They
have not had the physical and mental vigor have not had the physical and mental vigor they expected, or they have met with rebuffs which they did not anticipate. You are not at 40 or 50 or 60 or 70 or 80 years of age where you thought you would be. I do not know anyone except myself to whom life has been a happy surprise. I never expected anything, and so when anything came in the snape of buman favor or comfortable position or widening field of work it was to me a surprise.

was to me a surprise.

I was told in the theological seminary by some of my fellow students that I never vould get anybody to hear me preach unless I changed my style, so that when I found that some people did come to hear me it was a happy surprise. But most people, according to their own statement, have found life not August afternoon you have heard a rum-ble that you first took for a wagon crossing a bridge, but afterward there was a louder rumbling, and you said, "Way, that is thunder?" And sure enough the clouds were being convoked for a full diapason. A whole park of artillery went rolling down the heavens, and the blinds of the windows in the sky were closed. But the sounds above were not more certain than the sounds be-

The cattle came to the bars and moaned for them to be let down that they might come home to shelter, and the fowl, whether dark Brahma or Hamburg or Leghorn or Dominick, began to call to its young, "Cluck?" "Cluck?" "Cluck?" an i take then under the wagon house or shed, and had them all hid under the soft feathers by the time that the drst plash of rain struck the

So there are suiden temptests for our souls, and, oh! how dark it gets, and threat-ening clouds of bankruptcy or sickness or persecution or bereavment gather and thicken and blacken, and some run for shelter to a bank, but it is poor shelter, and others run to friendly advisers, and they fail others run to friendly advisers, and they fall to help, and others fly nowhere simply be-cause they know not where to go, and they perish in the blast, but others hear a divine call sayinz, "Come, for all things are now ready." "The spirit and the bride say come." And while the heavens are thundering terror the divine voice proffers mercy, and the soul comes under the brooding care of the Almighty "as a hea gathereta her chickens under her wing."

The wings of my text suggest warmtb, and that is what most folks want. The feet is that this is a cold world wanther you take it literally or figuratively. We have a big it literally or figuratively. We have a big fireplace called the sun, and it has a very hot fire, and the stokers keep the coals well stirred up, but much of the year we cannot get near enough to this fireplace to get warmed. The world's extremities are cold all the time. Forget not toat it is colder at the south pole than at the north pole, and that the Arctic is not so destructive as the Antarac. Once in awhile the Arctic will let explorers come back, but the Antartic hardly ever. When at the south pole a ship bardly ever. When at the south pole a ship sails in, the door of ice is almost sure to be shut against its return.

shut against its return.

So life to many millions of people at the south and many millions of people at the north is a prolouged shiver, but when I say this is a cold world I caiefly mean figuratively. If you want to know what is the meaning of the ordinary term of receiving the "cold shoulder," get out of money and try to borrow. The conversation may have been almost tropical for luxuriance of thought and speeca, but suggest your necessities and see the thermometer doop to 50 degrees oelow z sro, and in that which till a moment before had been a warm room. Take what is an unpopular position on some public question, and see your friends fly as chaff before a windmill.

As are as myself is concerned, I have no word of complaint, but I look off day by day and see communities freezing out men and women of whom the world is not worthy. Now it takes after one and now after another. It becomes popular to depreciate and defame and execute and defame and exe

worthy. Now it takes after one and now after another. It becomes popular to depreciate and defams and execrate and lie about some people. This is the best world I ever got into, but it is the meanest world that some people ever got into. The worst thing that ever happened to them was their cradle, and the best thing that will ever happen to them will be their grave. What people want is warmth.

Many years go a man was floating down

Many years ago a man was floating down on the see of the Merrimac, and great efforts were made to rescue him. Twice ne got not of a plank thrown to him and twice he slipped away from it, because that end of the plank was covered with ice, and he cried out,

slipped away from it, because that end of the plank was covered with ice, and he cried out, "For God's sake, give me the wooden end of the plank this time," and this done he was hauled to shore. The trouble is that in our efforts to save the soul there is too much coldness and icy for narity, and so the imperiled one slips off and floats down. Give it the other end of the plank—warmto of sympathy, warmth of kindly association, warmth of genial surroundings.

The world declines to give it, and here is where Corist comes in, and, as on a cold day, the rain beating an i the atmosphere full of sleet, the hen clucks her chickens under her wings, and the warnto of her own breast puts warmth into the wet feathers and the chilled feet of the infant group of the barnyard, so Christ says to those sick and frosted and disguste i and frozen of the world. Come in out of the March winds of the world's assauit; come in out of the sleet of the world's assauit; come in out of the sleet of the world's assauit; come in out of the sleet of the world's assauit; come in out of the sleet of the world's assauit; come in out of a world that does not undersand you; I will comfort and I will sootne and I will be your warmth, "as

a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing." Oh, the warm heart of God is ready for all those to whom the world has given the cold shoulder.

But notice that some one must take the

storm for the chickens. Ah! the hen takes the storm. I have watched her under the pelting rain. I have seen her in the pinching frosts almost frozen to death or almost strangled in the waters, and what a fight she makes for the young under wing if a dog or hawk or a man comes too near! And so the brooding Christ takes the storm for us. What flood of anguish and tears that did not dash upon His holy sou!! What heak of torture did not pierce His vitals! What barking Cerberus of hell was not les out upon Him from the kennels!

What He endured oh, who can tell. To save our souls from death and hell! Yes, the hen took the storm for the chickers, and Christ takes the storm for us. Once the tempest rose so suddenly the hen could not get with her young back from the new ground to the barn, and there she is under the fence half dead. And now the rain turns to snow, and it is an awful night, and in the morning the whiteness about the gills and the beak down in the mud show that the mother is dead, and the young ones come out and cannot understand why the mother does not scratch for them something to eat, and they walk over her wings and call with their tiny voices, but there is no answering cluck. She took the storm for others and perished. Poor thing! Self sacrificing even unto death! Yes, the hen took the storm for the chick-

into death! And does it not make you think of Him who endured all for us? So the wings under which we come for spiritual safety are blood spattered wings, are night shattered wings, are tempest torn wings. In the Isle of Wight I saw the grave of Princess Elizabeth, who died while a prisoner at Carisbrook castle, her finger on an open Bible and pointing to the words, "Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." On, come under the

wings!
But now the summer day is almost passed, But now the summer day is almost passed, and the shadows of the house and barn and wagon shed have lengthened. The farmer, with scythe or hos on shoulder, is returning from the fields. The oxen are unyoked. The horses are crunching the oats at the full bin. The air is bewitched of honeysuckle and wild brier. The milkman, paid in hand, is approaching the barnyard. The fowls, keeping carry hours, are collecting their teeping carry hours, are collecting their coung, "Cluck!" "Cluck!" "Cluck!" and young, "Cluck!" "Cluck!" "Cluck!" and soon all the eyes of that feathered nursery are closed.

The bachelors of the winged tribe have ascended to their perch, but the hens, in a motherhood divinely appointed, take all the risk of a slumber on the ground, and all night long the wings will stay outspread, and the little ones will not utter a sound. Thus at sundown, lovingly, safely, completely, the hen broods her young. So, if we are the Lord's, the vening of our life will come. The heats of the day will have passed. There will be shadows, and we cannot see far. The work of life will be about

The hawks of temptation that hovered in the sky will have gone to the woods and folded their wings. Sweet silences will come down. The air will be redolent with the breath of whole arbors of promises sweeter than jasmine or evening primrose. The air may be a little chill, but Carlst will call us, and we will know the voice and heed the call, and we will come under the wings for the night—the strong wings, the soft wings, a disappointment. Indeed we all need shelther from its tempests. About 3 o'clock on a full sense of safety, and tuen we will rest from sundown to sunrise, "as a hen gather eth her chickens under her wing." Dea me, how many souls the Lord hath thus

Motners, after watching over sick cradles and then watching afterwar I over wayward sons and daughters, at last themselves taken care of by a motherly God. Business men, after a lifetime struggling with the tainties of money markets, and the change of tariffs, and the underselling of men who ities can afford to undersell, and years of disappointment and struggle, at last under wings where nothing can perturb them any more than a bird of prey which is ten miles off disturbs a chick

by text has its strongest application for people who were born in the country, wherever you may now live, and that is the majority of you. You cannot hear my text without having all the rustic scenes of the old farmhouse come back to you. Good old days they were. You knew nothing much of the world, for you had not seen the world.

By law of association you cannot recall the broading hen and her chickens without the brooding hen and her chickens without seeing also the barn, and the haymow, and the wagon shed, and the house, and the room where you played, and the fireside with the big backlog before which you sat, and the neighbors, and the buris', and the wedding, and the deep snowbanks, and hear the village bell that called you to worship, and seeing the horses which, after pulling you to church, stood around the old clap-boarded meeting house, and those who sat at either end of the church pew, and indeed all the scenes of the first 14 years, and you think of what you were then and of what you are now, and all these thoughts are aroused by the sight of the old hencoop.

aroused by the sight of the old hencoop.

Some of you had better go back and start again. In thought return to that place and hear the cluck and see the outsprexi feathers and come under the wing and make the ers and come under the wing and make the Lord your portion and shelter and war.nth, preparing for everything that may come, and so avoid being classed among those described by the closing words of my text, "as a hen gathereth her calckens under her wing, and ye would not." Ah, that throws the responsibility upon us! "Ye would not." Alas, for the "would nots!" If the wandering broads of the farm heel not their toother's call and risk the hawk and dare the freshet and expose themselves to the frost freshet and expose themselves to the frost and storm, surely their calamities are not their mother's fau t. "Ye would not!" God would, but how many would not!

When a good man asked a young woman who had abandoned her hone and who was who had abandoned her home and who was decloring her wretchedness why she did not return, the reply was: "I dare not go home. My father is so provoked he would not receive me home." "Then," said the Christain man, "I will test this." And so he wrote to the father, and the reply came oack and in a letter marked outside "Immediate," and inside saying, "Let her come at ones; all is forgiven." So God's invitation for you is marked "Immediate" on the outside, and inside it is written, "He will abundantly pardon."

Gb, ye wanderers from Gol and happiness and home and heaven, come under the shelt-ring wing. Under this call I see you ness and home and beaven, come under the shelt-ring wing. Under this call I see you ugining from your old way to the new way, the living way, the gospel way. A vessel in the Bristol channel was nearing the rocks called the "Steep Homes." Under the tempest the vessel was unumanageable, and the only hope was that the tide would change before she struck the rocks and went down, and so the captain stood on the deck, waten in hand. Captain and crew and passengers were pallid with terror. Taking another look at his waten and enother look at the sea he shoute! "Ihank God, we are saved! The tide has turned! One minute more and we would have struck the rocks."

Some of you have been a long while drifting in the tempest of sin and sorrow and have been making for the breakers. Thank God, the tide has turned. Do you not feel the lift of the billow? The grace of God that bringeth salvation has appeared to your soul, and in the words of Baz to Ruta I commend you to "the Lora God of Israel, unter whose wings thou hast come to trust."

Mrs. Emma P. Ewing, of a New York sanitarium, claims that she has fed fifty students at the rate of nine cents a meal, and furthermore avers that the meals were good and the students grew fat on

The plan of using separate tires for carriage wheels is regarded by many railroad men as representing the correct

Keep the birthdays religiously, They belong exclusively to, and are treasured among the sweetest memories of home. Do not let anything prevent some token, be it ever so slight, to show that it is remembered.

Birthdays are great events to children. For one day they feel that they are heroes. The special pudding is made expressly for them; a new jacket, or trousers with pockets, or the first pair of boots, are donned; and big brothers and sisters sink into insignificance teside "little Charlie." who is 'six to-day," and is soon 'going to be a man.'

Fathers who have balf a dozen little ones to care for, are apt to neglect birthdays, they come too oftensometimes when they are busy, and sometimes when they "are nervous;" but if they only knew how much such souvenirs are caerished by their pet Susy or Harry, years afterwards, when away from the hearthstone, they have none to remind them that they have added one more year to the perhaps weary round of life, or to wish them in the old-fashioned phrase, 'many happy returns of their birthday," they would never permit any cause to step between them and a parent's privilege.

About \$40,000,000 is paid every year in Germany for the creation and preservation of forests; 200,000 families are supported from them, while something like 3,000,000 find employment in the various wood industries of the empire. The total revenue from the forests amounts to \$14,500,-000, and the current expenses are 88,500,000

When it came to the young woman's turn, however, she was not so minded.

No persuasion could make her agree

to her share of the bargain. Plead-

ing and storming were alike in vain,

and at last the intended couple left

the church no more to each other

than when they entered it. The

village people stared to find that the

would-be bride-groom was an even

more ardent lover after this incident

He laid steady siege to the heart of

the fickle fair one, and at last induced

her to go to church with him again.

His scheme was to get her there and

leave her in the lurch, as she had left

him Unluckily for its success, he

had taken a loose-tongued comrade

The vicar had got wind of it and was prepared. To the horror of the

conspirator, he proposed to take up

the marriage service where it was

left off on the former occasion, and

getting a ready assent from the young

woman to fulfill the condiditions she

had previously declined, went on

without higdrance to the end, and

bound the disgusted bridegroom

tightly to the expected object of his re-

This wes great sport to the vicar, but no laughing matter to the poor

wretch who found the joke turned so

completely against himself. The

vicar never moved a muscle, although inwardly he must have been explod-

ing. His levity leaned to virtue's side. Was it not inflicting proper

punishment on the mind who would

have made a fool of his parson and a

mockery of the marriage service to

pay an old score? Was he not guard-

ing the sanctity of the marriage cere-

mony from vulgar ribaldry? Probably; but, at the same time, he was punishing the young woman much

more effectually than if he had let

Mrs. Bingo-Don't you think, dear, it would be a good idea for you to

give me an expense book, so that the

coming year you will know where all the money goes? Bingo-I can tell without any expense book, darling. All I have to do is to look on your

the rascal jilt her.

back .- New York Herald.

than before it.

into his confidence.

English ignorance of America did not begin with this generation. Goldsmith's description of Niagara Falls includes the statement that "some Indians in their canoes, as it is said, have ventured down it in safety."

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All cannot possess a

There is an odd story told by a Nor-\$10,000 Souvenir folk (England) vicar of one of his parishioners who was married by instalments. He had gone to church with his bride, and had expressed his (This sum was paid for the first World's Fair Souvenir Coin minted.) readiness to forsake all others and keep only to her as long as they both

in the shape of a coin, but many can have fac-similes of this valuable work of art-only special coin even issued by the U.S. Government-for \$1 each. United States Government

World's Fair Souvenir Coins-

The Official Souvenir of the Great Exposition-

5,000,000 of which were donated to the World's Columbian Exposition by the Government, are being rapidly taken by an enthusiastically patriotic people. As there early promised to be a demand for these Souvenirs that would render them very valuable in the hands of speculators, the Exposition Authorities decided to place the price at

\$1.00 for Each Coin

and sell them direct to the people, thus realizing \$5,000,000, and using the additional money for the further development of the Fair.

Considering the fact that there were but 5,000,000 of these coins to be distributed among 65,000,000 people, in this country alone (to say nothing of the foreign demand,) and that many have already been taken, those wishing to purchase these mementoes of our Country's Discovery and of the grandest Exposition ever held, should secure as many as they desire at once.

For Sale

Realizing that every patriotic American will want one or more of these coins, and in order to make it convenient for him to get them, we have made arrange-Everywhere ments to have them sold throughout the country by all the leading Merchants

and Banks. 'f not for sale in your town, send \$1.00 each for not less than five coins, by Post-office or Express Money-order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft, with instructions how to send them to you, all charges prepaid, to Treasurer World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Ill.



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Mt. PLEASANT, TEXAS, June 20, 1888. Suffered 8 months with strain of back ; could not walk straight; used two bottles of was cured. No pain in

302Wylie Ave., Jan. 29, 87 One of my workmen fellfrom a ladder, be sprained and bruised his arm very badly. He used St. Jacobs Oll

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