### The Biggest Egg.

"We now come," said J. C. Stephens, at his auction rooms in King street, Covent Garden, "to the egg of the Aepyornis maximus, the biggest bird living or extinct. It has been extinct for some time, and only two of its bones have been found. According to the catalogue the bird was more than ten feet high and was flightless."

"I should think so," said a prespective egg buyer.

"It would seem to me," said Mr. Stephens, "that the bird that laid this egg must have been something like thirty-five feet high-about as high as a house. You will see by the catalogue that it measures 34; inches in its longest circumference and twentyeight inches in girth. This egg is several inches larger than the egg we sold last year. It is, of course, a great

these eggs are known. "This, I think, is the finest egg of the lot. It should be remembered that there are sixty known eggs of the great auk, and they sell for a couple of hundred guineas each. I don't mean to say that this egg should bring as much as a great auk's egg, but we sold one not so good as this last year

rarity, and not more than thirty of

for seventy guineas. The egg was passing from hand to hand in a wooden box while the auctioneer was speaking. It looked too large for an egg, though in other bird that had laid such an egg had become extinct. The strain must have been equal to the horse-power of an Atlantic liner, and the cackle that followed the arrival of the egg must have made the welkin ring until its head ached.

The egg is of a brownish gray color and sounds like porcelain when it is drummed on with the knuckles. The bird that was accustomed to lay this sort of egg lived, it is said, in Madagascar, and buried its eggs in the sand. It is only possibly to find the egg by digging in the sand, and more eggs may yet be found, as a good deal of the seashore of Madagascar has not been dug up vet.

The egg was finally sold for sixtyseven guineas. - Pall Mall Gazette.

## The Ladles.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

The diamond drill is point d with black

No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimonials, etc., to S. J. Hollensworth & Co., Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price \$1; by mail, \$1.15. We Cure Rupture.

A verse may find him whom a s rmon flies.

Ladies needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pleasant to take, cures Malar a Indigestion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

It is but a base, ignoble mind that mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

E. A. Rood, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It susure cure." Sold by Druggists, 7-c.

Fear manifested invites danger; concealed cowards insult known ones.

If your Back Aches, or you are all worn out, good for nothing, it is general debility. Brown's Iron B.tters will cure you, make you strong, cleanse your liver, and give you a good appetite—tones the nerves.

Talk little and well and you will be taken

Beecham's Pflis cure indigestion and consti-ation. Beecham's—no others. 25 cts. a box One sun by day, by night ten thousand

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr.Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists seil at 25c.per bottle

A whale develops 145 horse power when is tiops it . tai .

## A COOD APPETITE

Is imparted by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which tones the digestion so that all symptoms of Dyspepsia are removed. Mr. Robert W. W. Denvir, of 238 Franklin Street, Long Island City, N. Y., says: For two years I suffer-

ed with dyspepsia, and Mr. Benvir. could find no cure for it. But I began t, take ed with dyspepsia, and Hood's Sarsaparilla and in one month I find that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures both poor blood

and dyspepsia, for I am now perfectly well." N. B.—Be sure to get alood's. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggista. 25 cts.

Positively cure Bilious Attacks, Constipation, Sick-Headache, etc. 25 cents per bottle, at Drug Stores. Write for sample dose, free.

J.F. SMITH & CO., From New York.

IS A WONDERFUL REMEDY—especially for old people. It builds up the general health. Treat-

SWIFT SPCIFIC COMPANY,

# REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Arrogance and Humility."

TEXT: "God be merciful unto me, a sinner!"

coronet than Mount Moriah. The glories of the ancient temple blazed there. The mountain top was not originally large enough to hold the temple, and so a wall 600 feet high was erected, and the mountain was built out

It was at that point that satan met Christ and tried to persuade Him to east Himself down the 600 feet. The nine gates of the temple flashed the light of silver and gold and Corinthian brass, which Corinthian brass was mere precious stones melted and mixed and crystallized. The temple itself was not so very large a structure, but the courts and the adjuncts of the architecture made it half a mile in circumference.

We stand and look upon that wondrous structure. What's the matter? What strange appearance in the temple? Is it fire? Why, it seems as if it were a mantle all kin-Why, it seems as if it were a mantle all kindled into flame. What's the matter? Why, its the hour of morning sacrifice, and the smoke on the altar rises and bursts out of the crevices and out of the door and wreathes the mountain top with folds of smoke through which glitter precious stones gathered and burnished by royal munificance.

I see two men mounting the steps of the building. They go side by side; they are very unlike; no sympathy between them respects it seems natural enough. It the one the pharisee, proud arrogant, pomhe seems by his manner to say: "Clear the track! Never before came up these steps

such goodness and consecration."

Beside him was the publican, bowed down, seemingly, with a load on his heart. They reach the inclosure for worship in the midst of the temple. The pharisee goes close up to the gate of the holy of holies. He feels he is worthy to stand there. He says practically : "I am so holy I want to go into the holy of holies. Oh Lord, I am a very good man! I am a remarkably good man. Why, two days in the week I eat absolutely nothing. I am so good. I'm very generous in my conduct toward the poor. I have no sympathy with the common rabble: especially have I none with this poor, miserable, commonplace,

wretched publican, who happened to come up the stairs beside me."

The publican went clear to the other side of the inclosure, as far away from the gate of the holy of holies as he could get, for he felt unworthy to stand near the sacred place. and the Bible says he stood afar off. Standing on the opposite side of this inclosure, he bows his head, and as orientials when they have any trouble beat their breasts, so he begins to pound his breast as he cries, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!"

Incense that wafted that morning from the riest's censer was not so sweet as the pubcan's prayer floating into the opening cavens, while the prayer of the pharisee died on his contemptuous lips and rolled down into his arrogant heart. Worshiping there, they join each other and go side by side down the steps, the pharisee cross, wretched, acrid, saturnine—the publican with his face shining with the very joys of heaven, for "I tell you that this man went down to his house justified rather than the

Now, I put this publican's prayer under analysis, and I discovered in the first place that he was persuaded of his sinfulness. He was an honest man; he was a taxgatherer; he was an officer of the government. The publicans were taxgatherers, and Cicero says they were the adornment of the State. Of course they were somewhat unpopular, because people then did not like to pay their taxes any better than people now like to pay their taxes any better than people now like to pay

Still I suppose this publican, this tax gatherer, was an honorable man. He had an office of trust; there were many hard things said about him, and yet, standing there in that enclosure of the temple amid the demonstrations of God's holiness and power, he cries out from the very depths of his soul, "God be merciful to me, a sinner!" By what process shall I prove that I am a sinner? By what process shall I prove that you are a sin-Shall I ask you to weigh your motives, to scan your actions, to estimate your be I will do nothing of the kind. I will draw my argument rather from the plan of the work that God has achieved for your

salvation. You go down in a storm to the beach, and you see wreckers put on their rough jackets and launch the lifeboat and then shoot the rockets to show that help is coming out into the breakers, and you immediately cry, "A shipwreck!" And when I see the Lord Jesus Christ putting aside robe and crown and launch out on the tossing sea of human suffering and satanic hate, going out into the thundering surge of death, I cry, "A ship-

I know that our souls are dreadfully lost by the work that God has done to save them. Are you a sinner! Suppose you had a commercial agent in Charleston or San Francisco, or Chicago, and you were paying him promptly his salary, and you found out after awhile that notwithstanding he had drawn the salary he had given nine-tenths of all the time to some other commercial establishment. Why, your indignation would know no bounds. And yet that is just the way we have treated the Lord. I know that our souls are dreadfully lost

have treated the Lord.

He sent us out into the world to serve Him. He has taken good care of us. He has clothed us. He has sheltered us, and He has surrounded us with 10,000 benefactions, and yet many of us have given nine-tenths of our lives to the service of the world, the flesh and the devil. Why, my friend, the Bible is full of confessions, and I do not find anybody is pardoned until he has confessed.

What did David say? "I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord." What did Isaiah say? "Woe is me, because I am a man of unclean lips." What did Ezra say? "Our iniquities are increased over our head. and our trespass is grown up into beaven."
And among the millions before the throne of God to-night not one got there until he con The coast of eternal sorrow is strewn with the wreck of those who, not taking the warning, drove with the cargo of immortal hope into the white tangled foam of the breakers.

Repent! the voice celestial cries, Nor louger dare delay: The writch that scorns the mandate dies And meets the flery day.

But I analyze the publican's prayer a step further, and I find that he expected no reited except through God's mercy. Why did not he say, I am an honorable man. When I get \$10 taxes, I pay them right over to the government. I give full permission to anybody to audit my accounts. I appeal to Thy justice, O God! He made no such plea. He threw himself flat on God's mercy.

Have you any idea that a man by breaking off the scales of the leprosy can change the

Have you any idea that a man by breaking off the scales of the leprosy can change the disease? Have you any idea that you can by changing your life change your heart—that you can purchase your way to heaven? Come, try it. Come, bring all the bread you ever gave to the hungry, all the medicine you ever gave to the sick, all the kind words you have ever uttered, all the kind deeds that have ever distinguished you. Add them all up into the tremendous aggregate of good words and works, and then you will see Paul sharpen his knife as he cuts that spirit of self satisfaction as he cries, "By the deeds of the law there shall no flesh be justified."

Well, say a thousand men in this audience, if I am not to get anything in the way of peace from God in good works, how am I to be saved? By mercy. Here I stand to tell the story; mercy, mercy, long suffering the story; mercy, mercy, long suffering mercy; sovereign mercy, infinite mercy, omnipotent mercy, everlasting mercy. Why, it seems in the Bible as if all language were exhausted, as if it were stretched until it broke, as if all expression were struck dead at the feet of prophet and apostle and evanFOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

gelist when it tries to describe God's mercy,

Oh, says some one, that is only adding is my crime if I come and confess before God

saved Mary Magdalen.
But, says some one, you are throwing open

no arithmetic facile enough to calculate it

thundering tread of the bannered hosts around about the throne, and then it comes

from the harps and crowns and thrones and processions to sit down, unexpressed, on a

throne overtopping all heaven-the throne

How I was affected when some one told me

in regard to that accident on Long Island

sound, when one poor woman came and got her hand on a raft as she tried to save her-

self, but those who were on the raft thought there was no room for her, and one man

came and most cruelly beat and bruised her hands until she fell off. Oh, I bless God that

this lifeboat of the gospel has room enough for the sixteen hundred millions of the race

-room for one, room for all, and yet there

is room!

I push this analysis of the publican's prayer a step further and find that he did not expect any mercy except by pleading for if. He did not fold his hands together as some do, saying: "If I'm to be saved, I'll be saved. If I'm to be lost, I'll be iost, and there is nothing for me to do." He knew what was werth having was worth asking for; hence this earnest cry of the text, "God be merciful to me, a sinner:"

be merciful to me, a sinner:"
It was an earnest prayer, and it is charac-

teristic of all Bible prayers that they were answered—the blind man, "Lord, that I may

come up with the tip of your finger and tap at the gate of mercy, it will not open. You have got to have the earnestness of the war-

rior who, defeated and pursued, dismount

fist pounds at the palace gate.

rom his lathered steed and with gauntieted

You have got to have the carnestness of

the man who, at midnight, in the fourth

story, has a sense of suffocation, with the house in flames, goes to the window and shouts to the firemen, "Help!" Ob, unfor-

given soul, if you were in full earnest I

might have to command silence in the audi-tory, for your prayers would drown the voice

of the speaker, and we would have to pause in the great service. It is because you do

not realize your sin before God thar you are

not this moment crying, "Mercy, mercy,

This prayer of the publican was also an

Another characteristic of the prayer of the

publican was, it had a ring of confidence. It was not a cry of despair. He knew he was

If a man build a bridge across a river,

will he not let people go over it? If a physician gives a prescription to a sick man, will he not let him take it? If an architect

will be not let him take it? If an architect puts up a building, will he not let people in it? If God provides salvation, will He not let you have it? Oh, if there be a pharisee here, a man who says, I am all right, my apast life has been right, I don't want the pardon of the gospel, for I have no sin to pardon, let me say that while that man is in that mood there is no peace for him, there is no pardon, no salvation, and the probability is he will go down and spend eternity with the lost pharisee of the text.

the lost pharises of the text.

But if there be here one who says I want

to be better, I want to quit my sins, my life has been a very imperfect life, how many things have I said that I should not have said, how many things I have done I should

not have done, I want to change my life,

want to begin now, let me say to such a soul,

God is waiting, God is ready, and you are near the kingdom, or rather you have entered it, for no man says I am determined to serve God and surrender the sins of my life; here, now, I consecrate myself to the Lord Jesus Christ who died to redeem me; no man

from the depth of his soul says that but he is already a Christian.

My uncle, the Rev. Samuel K. Talmage, of

Augusta, Ga., was passing along the streets of Augusta one day, and he saw a man, a

black man, step from the sidewalk out into the street, take his hat off and bow very

slowly. My uncle was not a man who de-manded obsequiousness, and he said, "What do you do that for?" "Oh," says the man, "massa, the other night I was going along

the street, and I had a burden on my shoulder. and I was sick, and I was hungry, and I came

to the door of your church, and you were preaching about 'God be merciful to me,

a sinner" and I stood there at the door long enough to hear you say that if a man could

utter that prayer from the depth of his soul God would pardon him and finally take him

Oh, are there not many now who can utter this prayer, the prayer of the black man, the prayer of the publican, "God be merciful to me, a sinner?" While I halt in the sermon,

Chicagoans Must be Thirsty People.

There are 7,000 saloons in Chicago, with an invested capital of at least

\$10,000,000, and employing not less than

In spring cleaning the woman gen-

erally turns the house upside down,

while the man nearly raises the roof.

25,000 persons.

-Lowell Courier.

and seek His mercy. No. no. The murderer has come, and while he was washing the blood of his victim from his hands, looked into the face of God and cried for Out in the street Jack found, one day, An old umbrella, thrown away. mercy, and his soul has been white in God's pardoning love. And the soul that has wandered off in the streets and down to the very gates of hell has come back to her Father's house, throwing her arms around His neck, and been saved by the mercy that saved Mary Magdalen. "Better than nothing," he merrily said, As a cloud sent its raindrops down on

his head. Along came Bob. "Any lodgings to let?" the wet."

Then Will came up with a "Halloo, boys! that door of merey too wide. No, I will throw it open wider. I will take the re-sponsibility of saying that if all this audi-ence, instead of being gathered in a semi-circle, were placed side by side, in one long What's the occasion for all this noise?" "Come along in" said Jack, "an' see!" So the old umbrella gave shelter to three. And last of all, as they laughed together, line, they could all march right through that wide open gate of mercy. "Whoseover," "whoseover." Oh, this mercy of God—there is no line long enough to fathom it; there is A doggie, who hated such rainy weather, Came slinking by with his tail drawn in, ladder long enough to scale it; there is no arithmetic facile enough to calculate it, no angel's wing can fly across it.

Heavenly harpers, aided by choirs with feet like the sun, cannot compass that harmony of mercy, mercy. It sounds in the rumbling of the celestial gate. I hear it in the chiming of the celestial towers. I see it flashing in the uplifted and downcast coronets of the saved. I hear it in the thundering trand of the hangered hosts.

And doggie wagged a grateful "I will." "There, now," laughed Jack, "we're fixed, we four,

An' there isn't any lodgings to let for

- St. Louis Republic.

LOOKING FORWARD. Little Emily had been very naughty because her mamma would not let her go out with a party of friends, with whom they were staying, and she screamed so that every one in the house was distressed and worried. Her mamma had to lock her up in a room and tell her she should not come out till she said she would be good and promised not to cry any more. Every now and then her mamma would go and ask her to promise, but she only screamed the louder. At last a silence fell upon the house, and when poor mamma opened the door, there, stretched upon the floor, lay the pretty weary little form, and when the dear mother drew her to her and asked the oft-repeated question, "Will you be good and promise not to cry any more?" the pretty eyes looked up, still full of tears, and the little girl said, "Yes, mamma, I'll be good, and promise not to never, never cry any more till some of receive my sight; 'the leper, 'Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean;' sinking Peter, 'Lord, save me;' the publican, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner'' But if you my dear relations die."-[Harper's Young

THE BLOTTED PAGE.

The writing master entered the class room and passed from one pupil to another to review the task he had set

He paused before the new comer: the page was blotted, scratched and disfigured with the stain of many tears.

"Master," said the boy in trembling accents, "I have labored in vain; my hand is crippled; there is no resemblance between these crooked lines and the model I have endeavored to imitate abut, master, pity me, for I have done my

By his side sat his companion. "Behumble prayer. The pharisee looked up: the publican looked down. You cannot be saved as a metaphysician or as a rhetorician; you hold my page!" he exclaimed. "It is fair and clean, unsullied by a blot, uncannot be saved as a scholar; you cannot be saved as an artist; you cannot be saved as touched by an ungainly mark. O, Master, in my wisdom I forbore to incur an official. If you are ever saved at all, it will be as a singer. "God be merciful to me, your displeasure. Is not a blank page preferable to the tear-stained, misshapen attempt of a crippled hand that cannot and never will be able to make a fair copy?" It was not a cryon despair. He knew he was going to get what he asked for. He wanted mercy; he asked for it, expecting it. And do you tell me, O man, that God has pro-vided this salvation and is not going to let

The master threw aside the clean white glance upon it, but he leaned with in- and thorough in its work. finite compassion and tenderness toward the pupil who had done his best; gently he took his hand and guided it over the lines, with words of love and encouragement-and the humble pupil took courage and rejoiced whilst his idle companion looked upon his fair white page, and saw its brightness overshadowed by the displeasure of the master .- [New York Observer.

A PAIR OF GOLDEN SLIPPERS. You have no idea what little feet the children of Constantinople have, especially the girls. In the Turkish Building at the Chicago World's Fair, there is a beautiful booth at which golden slippers are sold. The slippers are the tiniest things you ever saw. They are very narrow and turn up at the toes, making a point like the top of a Chinese pagoda. They are made of something which looks like cloth-of-gold, and they are embroidered with cunning litt'e gold roses surrounded by little gold leaves.

All the boys and girls who pass the Golden Slipper Booth go crazy with delight at the "angel slippers," as they call them, but when they try to get a pair to wear, then they realize what very small feet the Constantinople women and children possess.

Last week, a real funny thing happened at the Golden Slipper Booth. A party of Americans passed the booth and admired the slippers, as no one who sees them can help doing; but they did not buy any, although one of the little girls in the party said she would like to have

About five minutes after the American people had gone past, one of the older boys of the party came running back with a girl's overshoe in his hand.

God would paidon him and finally take him to heaven. Then I put my burden on my shoulder, and I started home. I got to my home and I sat down, and I said, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' but it got darker and darker, and then, massa, I got down on my knees, and I said, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' and the burden got heavier, and it got darker and darker. I knew not what to do. Then I got down on my face, and I cried, 'God be merciful to me, a sinner!' and away off I saw a light coming, and it came nearer and nearer "Please give me a pair of your golden slippers just the size of this overshoe," said he. "They are for my sister, the ful to me, a sinner! and away off I saw a light coming, and it came nearer and nearer and nearer and nearer until all was bright in my heart, and I rose. I am happy now—the burden is all gone—and I said to myself if ever I med you in the street I would get clear off the sidewalk, and I would bow down and take my hat off before you. I feel that I owe more to you than to any other man. That is the reason I bow before you." little girl who passed here just now, and who said she would like to have a pair of your golden shoes. I stole an overshoe of hers out of my mother's handsatchel so as to get just the right size. Please, Mr. Turk, give me a pair just the size of these."

The little, dark-skinned Turkish salesman took the overshoe and tried to find a slipper to match it. But although the overshoe was not a large one by any neans, there was not a single pair of the golden slippers in the whole booth that could match it in size. Yet the little girl who owned the overshoe was only en years old.

When the boy saw that he could not buy his sister a pair of golden slippers to wear, he was very much disgusted, and some one heard him telling the clerk that he did not believe girls with such small feet could possibly have any brains. -[The Ledger.

TONGUE-TWISTERS.

me, a sinner?" While I halt in the sermon, will you not all utter it? I do not say audibly, but utter it down in the depths of your souls' consciousness. Yes, the sigh goes all through the galleries, it goes all through the galleries, it goes all through the pews, it goes all through these alsies, sigh after sigh—God be merciful to me, a sinner!

Have you all uttered it? No, there is one soul that has not uttered it, too proud to utter it, too hard to utter it. O Holy Spirit descend upon that one heart. Yes, he begins to breathe it now No bowing of the head yet, no starting tear yet, but the prayer is beginning—it is born. God be merciful to me, a sinner! Have all uttered it? Then I utter it myself, for no one in all the house needs to utter it more than my own soul—God be merciful to me, a sinner! Read the following aloud, repeating the shorter ones quickly half a dozen times in succession: Six thick thistle sticks.

> Flesh of freshly-fried flying fish, The sea ceaseth, and it sufficeth us, High roller, low roller, lower roller. A box of mixed biscuits, a mixed

Everybody knows what a picnic is, but most folks would find it hard to say how it got that name, and yet it is simple enough when you come to learn it. When a picnic was being arranged for, the custom originally was that those who intended to be present should supply the eatables "Yes," laughed Jack; "come in out of and drinkables. A list of those necessities having been drawn up, it was passed round, and each person picked out the article of food or drink that he or she was willing to furnish, and the name of the article was nicked, or ticked off the list. The open-air entertainment thus became known as "pick and nick." The cus-And a very uncomfortable soaking skin. tom is said to have dated from 1802, "Come in with the rest of us, do," cried so that the picnic is wholly an institution of the nineteenth century.

> Suicide is much more common among soldiers than among civilians.

Man With the Head of a Goose. The man with a goose's head first appeared before the public at the famous "Gingerbread Fair," Liverpool, in 1872. He was twenty years of age at that time; had eyes perfectly round, and a nose eight inches in length, flat, and shaped exactly like the bill or beak of a goose. His neck was three times the length of that of an ordinary person, surmounted by a round flat head perfectly devoid of hair. He seemed to have as much common sense as that of the average country boy of his age; learned very fast, and, after giving up the show business, became a photographer. His name is Jean Rondier and he lives at Dijor, France .--Philadelphia Press.

Missouri has 9301 school districts, 11.744 school houses, 13,677 school teachers, 822,430 persons of school age, and 610,550 in the public schools.

# You want the Best

Royal Baking Powder never disappoints; never makes sour, soggy or husky food; never spoils good materials; never leaves lumps of alkali in the biscuit or cake; while all these things do happen with the best of cooks who cling to the old-fashioned methods, or who use other baking powders.

If you want the best food, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable.

German Syrup"

dian store keeper at Notre Dame de Stanbridge, Quebec, Can., who was cured of a severe attack c'Congestion of the Lungs by Boschee's German Syrup. He has sold many a bottle of German Syrup on his personal recommendation. If you drop him a line he'll give you the full facts of the case direct, as he did us, and that Boschee's German Syrup brought him through nicely. It page without vouchsafing to cast a always will. It is a good medicine

DES. BERRARESES

CURED ME. SUFFERED EIGHT YEARS!

Couldn't Eat or Sleep.

Dr. Kilmer & Co:-"I had been troubled for eight years with stomach and heart difficulties

I lived mostly on milk, as every-thing I ate burt me so. My kidneys and liver were in a terrible state. Could neither sleep or eat. I had been treated by the best Chicago doctors without any benefit whatever. As a last resort I tried your SWAMP.

anything, no matter what. Nothing burts me, and can go to bed and got a good night's sleep. SWAMP-ROOT Any one doubting this statement can write

will gladly answer." Mrs. German Mil Springport, Mich. Dec. 20th, 1861. SWAMP-ROOT CURED ME.

Had Torpid Liver For 14 Years. Billious all the Time.

DEAR SIRE:—"I have been troubled with Torpid Liver for it years and gone through courses of billious fever; many times it has been impossible for me to do any

possible for me to do any kind of labor. Dr. Kilmer's SWAMP-ROOT was first recommended to me by Holthouse, Blackburn & Co., (Druggists) Decatur, Ind. After taking one bottle I was uncertain whether I was really deriving any benefit or not: after taking the second bottle, however, I found that my health was improving and I continued until I had taken 6 bottles. I can now cheerfully recommend SWAMP-ROOT to every one who has torpid liver, for it has completely cured me."

Jan. 16th, 1863. F. W. Christianer.

SWAMP-ROOT,

Decatur, Ind.

The Great Blood Purifier. SWAMP At Druggists, 50c. & \$1.00 "Guide to Health" Free, Consultation Free. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Dr. Kilm

Parina Live Age The Besti 42 Pills, 25 cents

TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mai

Delicious Drink. **EASILY MADE** HOT. PURE SRUIT JUICES Prevents Form.
Temperance Drizk Quenches Thirst. Put up in condensed form, 30, 22 and 50 cent bottles. Ask your GBOCER or DELUGIST. To be sure you get the genuine show your desire this advertisement; or send \$1.00 to us and we will send by express, pregaid, enough to make several gallons. At wholesale only by FRANK E. HOUSH & CO 235 Washington St., Boston, Mass., AGENT's wanted in each town.



YOUR OWN HARNESS THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS. atsocutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor current the Rivets. They are atroong, tough and durable. Millions now in use. All souths, uniform or assected, put up in toxes.

Ask your dealer for them, or send for in stamps for a lox of 100, assorted sizes. Man'id by



N IDEAL FAMILY MEDICINE RIPANS CHEMICAL CO., New York.

