The Great Freuchman Burled on the Lone

ly Rock Where He Was Born. Chateaubriand, the famous French author who, after dining with Washington at Philadelphia, said, "There is virtue in the look of a great man," buried at the actual spot where he was born, and probably no one was ever laid in a stranger resting place. It is on a jutting point of rock in a lonely, exposed position. The father and mother of the Vicomte Chateaubriand were on board a vessei bound for St. Malo. It was night when they neared the coast, and a terrific storm was raging. No boat could venture to the assistance of the crew, and the vessel was wrecked upon a rock not far from the shore. The mother of Chateaubriand passed the night upon the rock, and there he was born. He afterward purchased the rock and built upon it the tomb in which he now lies.

It Worked Well.

A red-nosed man, with shabby clothes, stopped before the row of seats under the big weeping willow near the bridge in the public garden the other afternoon, says the Boston Journal. The seats were mostly occupied by women and children. Bending down opposite a brightlooking little girl, the red-nosed man said smilingly:

"I wish I had a nickel for you, little one. You would like a ride on the swan boats, wouldn't you, dear?" "Yes, sir," replied the child, looking up timidly.

"I knew you did, my child, and if I only had a nickel you should have

"La! hear that old bum talk," exclaimed a woman sitting near. "If he an't got a nickel why don't he shut up and move on," remarked

another woman. The red-nosed man pretended not to hear these remarks, and presently

addressed the little girl again: "You remind me so much of one of my own little ones at home. If I only had a nickel you should have it, my pet."

"Oh, you make me weary!" exclaimed another woman in disgust. "Here's the nickel for the child. Now do shut up and get out."

The red-nosed man reached out his hand and took the money with an injured expression on his hard features. "Madam," he said reproachfully,

"the Lord loves a cheerful giver. Se do I. It would hardly be right to bestow an uncheerful gift on this innocent lamb; so with your permission I will use this nickel to moisten my throat a little. But always give cheerfully, mu'm. It hurts the feelings of a sensitive man to receive an uncheerful gift. I had almost rather

Then the red-nosed man passed under the bridge, leaving behind him a chorus of "Did you evers?" and "No. I nevers!"

Progress with His Reading.

The newspapers have been called the wife's foe, because the husband, while reading the daily journal, must not be disturbed by conversation. A certain worthy clergyman found it

the rival to the Bible. He had taught an old man in his parish to read, and found him an apt pupil. After his lessons were finished, he was not able to call for some time and when he did, only found the wife at home.

"How is John?" said he. "How does he get on with his reading?" "Oh, nicely, sir."

"Ah, I suppose he'll read his Bible

very comfortably now?" "Bible, sir! He was out of the Bible and into the newspapers long

This transition from the solid and essential to the idle and superficial has many forms in the experiences

of modern life.

Catarrh Is a Constitutional Disease

And Requires A Constitutional Remedy

Like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, permanently cures Catarrh by eradicating the impurity which causes and promotes the disease. Thousands of ople testify to the success of Hood's Sarsa-

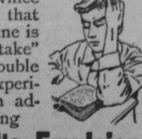
parilla as a remedy for Catarrh when other preparations had failed. Hood's Sarsaparilla also builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in health and strength. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because

## HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Billousness Jaundies, Indigestion, Sick Headache,

It is very difficult

to convince children that a medicine is "nice to take" -this trouble is not experienced in administering



of Cod Liver Oil. It is almost as palatable as milk. No preparation so rapidly builds up good flesh, strength and nerve force. Mothers the world over rely upon it in all wasting diseases

that children are heir to. Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists

## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The 'Ifs' of the Bible."

TEXT "If Thou will forgive their sin-and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book."—Exodus xxxii., 32. There is in our English language a small There is in our English language a small conjunction which, I propose, by God's help, to haul out of its present insignificancy and set upon the throne where it belongs, and that is the conjunction "if." Though made of only two letters, it is the pivot on which everything turns. All time and all eternity are at its disposal. We slur it in our utterance, we ignore it in our appreciation, and none of us recognize it as the most fremendous word in all the vocabulary outside of

dous word in all the vocabulary outside of those words which describe deity. Why, that word we take as a tramp among words, now appearing here, now appearing there, but having no value of its own, when it really has a millionairedom of worlds, and in its train walk all planetary, stellar, lunar, solar destinies. If the boat of leaves made watertight, in which the infant Moses sailed the Nile, had sunk who would have a solar destinies. have led Israel out of Egypt? If the Red Sea had not parted for the escape of one host and then come together for the submergence of another, would the book of Exodus ever have been written? If the ship

longer would it have taken for the discovof this continent? If Grouchy had come up with reinforce-ments in time to give the French the victory t Waterloo, what would have been the fate f Europe? If the Spanish Armada had not been wrecked off the coast, how different would have been many chapters in English history! If the battle of Hastings or the battle of Pultowa, or the battle of Valmy, or the battle of Mataurus, or the battle of Ar-bela, or the battle of Chalons, each one of

decided the other way! If Shakespeare had never been born for the drama, or Handel had never been born or music, or Titian had never been born for painting, or Thorwaldsen had never been born for sculpture, or Edmund Burke had never been born for eloquence, or Socrates had never been born for philosophy, or Blackstone had never been born for the law, or Copernicus had never been born for asny. or Luther had never been born for

Oh, that conjunction "if!" How much has depended on it! The height of it, the depth of it, the length of it, the breadth of it, the immensity of it, the infinity of it—who can measure? It would swamp anything but omnipotence. But I must confine myself today to the "ifs" of the Bible, and in doing so I shall speak of the "if" of overpowering earnestness, the "if" of incredulity, the "if" of threat, the "if" of argumentation, the "if" of eternal significance, or so many of these 'ifs' as I can compass in the time that may

be reasonably allotted to pulpit discourse.

First, the "if" of overpowering earnestness. My text gives it. The Israelites have been worshiping an idol. notwithstanding all that God had done for them, and now Moses offers the most vehement prayer of all history, and it turns upon an "if." "If Thou wilt forgive their sins—and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book." Oh, what an overwheiming "if!" It was as much as to say: "If Thou wilt not pardon them, do not pardon me. If Thou wilt not bring them to the promised land, let me never see the promised land. If they must perish, let me perish with them. In that book where Thou recordest their doom record my doom. If they are shut out of heaven, let me be shut out of heaven, let me be shut out of heaven. If they go down into darkness, let me go down into darkness, let me go down into darkness. What vehemence and holy recklessness of prayer!

Ket there are those here who, I have no doubt, have, in their all absorbing desire to the steamship Scotia picked up in Judkins of the steamship Scotia picked up in a hurricane. "Go aloft," said Captain Judkins. "Before the mate had gone far up the ratlines he shouted: "A wreck! A wreck!" "Where away!" said Captain Judkins. "Off the port bow," was the answer. Lifeboats were lowered, and forty men volunteered to put out across the augry sea for the wreck. They came back with a dozen shipwrecked, and among them a boy of twelve years.

"Who are you?" said Captain Judkins.

The answer was: "I am a Scotch boy. My father and mother are dead, and I am on my wav to America." "What have you here?" said Captain Judkins as he opened the boy's jacket and took hold of a rope around the boy's body. "It is a rope," said the boy. Moses offers the most vehement prayer of all

have others saved, risked the same prayer, for it is a risk. You must not make it unless vation on such an "if." Yet there have been cases where a mother has been so anxious for the recovery of a wayward son that her prayer has swung and trembled and poised on an "if" like that of the text. "If not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book. Write his name in the Lamb's Book of Life, orturn to the page where my name was written ten trembly or forty or sixty years and or twenty or forty or sixty years ago, and with the black ink of everlasting midnight erase my first name, and my last name, and all my name. If he is to go into shipwreck, let me be tossed amid the same breakers. If he cannot be a partner in my bliss, let me be a partner in his woe. I have for many years loved Thee, O God, and it has been my expecta-ion to sit with Christ and all the redeemed at the banquet of the skies but I now give up my promised place at the feast, and my promised robe, and my promised crown, and my promised throne unless John. unless ge, unless Henry, unless my darlingson can share them with me. Heaven will be no heaven without him. O God, save my boy, or count me among the lost!"

or count me among the lost!"

That is a terrific prayer, and yet there is a young man sitting in the pew on the main floor, or in the lower gallery, or in the top gallery, who has already crushed such a prayer from his mother's heart. He hardly ever writes home, or, living at home, what does he care how much trouble he gives her!

Her tears are no more to him than the rain The fact that she does not sleep because of watching for his return late at night does not choke his laughter or hasten his step forward. She has tried coaxing and kindness and self sacrifice and all the ordinary prayers that mothers make for their children, and all have failed. She is coming toward the vivid and venturesome and terrific prayer of my text.

venturesome and terrific prayer of my text. She is going to lift her own eternity and set it upon that one "if," by which she expects to decide whether you will go up with her or she down with you. She may be this moment looking heavenward and saying "O Lord reclaim him by thy grace," and then adding that heart-rendering "ii" of my text "if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book."

After three years of absence a son wrote his mother in one of the New England whaling villages that he was coming home in a certain ship. Motherlike, she stood watching, and the ship was in the offing, but a fearful storm struck it and dashed the ship on the rocks that night. All that night the mother prayed for the safety of the son, and just at dawn there was a knock at the cottage door, and the son entered, crying out. oor, and the son entered, crying out. Mother, I knew you would pray me home! If I would ask all those in this assemblage who have been prayed home to God by plous mothers to stand up, there would be scores that would stand, and if I should ask them

lity. Satan used it when Christ's vitality was depressed by forty days' abstinence from food, and the tempter pointed to some stones, in color and shape like loaves of bread, and said, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread." That was appropriate, for Satan is the father of that "iff" of incredulity. Peter used the same "iff" when, standing on the wet and slippery deck of a fishing smack off Lake Gailiee, he saw Christ walking on the sea as though it were as solid as a payement of

Though a small conjunction, it is the blggest block to-day in the way of the gospel charlot. "If!" "If" We have theological seminaries which spend most of their time and employ their learning and their genius in the manufacturing of "Ifs." With that weaponry are assailed the Pentateuch, and the miscles and the divinity of Jesus Christ the miracles, and the divinity of Jesus Christ, Almost everybody is chewing on an "if." When many a man bows for prayer, he puts his knee on an "if." The door through which people pass into infidelity and atheism and all immoralities has two doorposts, and the one is made of the letter "i" and the other of the letter "f."

There are only four steps between strong faith and complete unbelief: First, surrender the idea of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures and adopt the idea that they were all generally supervised by the Lord. Second, surrender the idea that they were all generally supervised by the Lord and adopt the theory that they were not all, but partly, supervised by the Lord. Third, believe that they are the gradual evolution of the ages, and men wrote according to the wisdom of the times in which they lived. Fourth, believe that the Bible is a bad book and not only unworthy of credence, but pernicious

Only four steps from the stout faith in the martyrs died to the blatant caricature of Christianity as the greatest sham of the centuries. But the door to all that precipitation and horror is made out of an The mother of unrests in the minds of on which Columbus sailed for America had gone down in an Atlantic cyclone, how much Christian people and to those who regard sacred things is the "if" of incredulity. In 1879, in Scotland, I saw a letter which had been written many years ago by Thomas Carlyle to Thomas Chalmers. Carlyle at the time of writing the letter was a young man. The letter was not to be published until after the death of Carlyle. His death having taken

place, the letter ought to be published.

It was a letter in which Thomas Carlyle expresses the tortures of his own mind while relaxing his faith in Christianity, while at the same time expresses his admiration for Dr. Chalmers, and in which Carlyle wishes which turned the world's destiny, had been that he had the same faith that the great Scotch minister evidently exercised. Nothing that Thomas Carlyle ever wrote in "Sartor Resartus," or the "French Revolution," or his "Life of Cromwell," or his immortal "Essays," had in it more wondrous power than that letter which bewailed his own doubts and extolled the strong faith of

I made an exact copy of that letter, with the understanding that it should not be pub-lished until after the death of Thomas Carlyle, but returning to my hotel in Edin-burgh I felt uneasy lest somehow that letter should get out of my possession and be published before its time. So I took it back to the person by whose permission I had copied it. All reasons for its privacy having

vanished, I wish it might be published.

Perhaps this sermon, finding its way into Scottish home, may suggest its printing, for that letter shows more mightily than any-thing I have ever read the difference between the "I know" of Paul, and the "I know" of Job, and the "I know" of Thomas Chalmers, and the "I know" of all those who hold with a firm grip the gospel, on the one hand, and the unmooring, bestorming and torturing "if of incredulity on the other. I like the positive faith of that sailor boy that Captain Judkins of the steamship Scotia picked up in a hurricane. "Go aloft," said Captain Judkin to his mate, "and look out for wrecks."

boy's body. "It is a rope," said the boy.
"But what is that tied by this rope under
your arm?" "That, sir, is my mother's Bible. She told me never to lose that."
"Could you not have saved something else?" "Not and saved that." "Did you expect to go down?" "Yes, sir, but I meant to take my mother's Bible down with me," "Bravo!" said Captain Judkins. "I will take care of

That boy demonstrated a certainty and a confidence that I like. Just in proportion as you have few "ifs" of incredulity in your as you have lew its of interesting in your field on will you find it a comfortable religion. My full and unquestioned faith in it is founded on the fact that it sooths and sustains in time of trouble. I do not believe that any man who ever lived had more blessings and prosperity than I have received from God and the world. But I have had trouble enough to allow me opportunity for finding out whether our religion is of any use in such exigency. I have had fourteen great bereavements, to say nothing of lesser bereavements, for I was the younger of a large family. I have had as much persecution as comes to most people. I have had all kinds of trial, except severe and pro-longed sickness, and I would have been dead long ago but for the consolatory power of

Any religion will do in time of prosperity. Buddhism will do. Confucianism will do. Theosophy will do. No religion at all will Theosophy will do. No religion at all will do. But when the world gets after you and defames your best deeds, when bankruptcy takes the place of large dividends, when you fold for the last sleep, the still hands over the still heart of your old father, who has been planning for your welfare all these years, or you close the eyes of your mother, who has lived in your life ever since before you were born, removing her spectacles be-cause she will have clear vision in the home to which she has gone, or you give the last kiss to the child reclining amid the flowers that pile the casket and looking as natural and lifelike as she ever did reclining in the cradle, then the only religion worth anything is the old fashion religion of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

I would give more in such a crisis for one of the promises expressed in half a verse of the old book than for a whole library containing all the productions of all the other religions of all the ages. The other religions are a sort of co-aine to benumb and deaden the soul while bereavement and misfortune do their work, but our religion is inspiration, illumination, imparadisation. It is a mixture of sunlight and hallelujah. Do not adulterate it with one drop of the tineture of

Another Bible "if" is the "if" of eternal significance. Solomon gives us that "il" twice in one sentence when he says, "If thou be wise, thou shalt be wise for thyself, but if thou scornest thou alone shalt bear it. Christ gives us that "if" when he says, "il that would stand, and if I should ask them to give testimony it would be the testimony of that New England son coming ashore from the split timbers of the whaling ship, "My mother prayed me home!"

Another Bible "if" is the "if" of incredulity. Satan used it when Christ's vitality was depressed by forty days' abstinence from food, and the tempter pointed to some stones, in color and shape like loaves of bread, and said, "If thou be the Son of God, command that these stones be made bread."

That was appropriate for Satan is the father

thou scornest thou alone shalt bear R. Christ gives us that "if" when he says, "If they shall enter into my rest." All these "ifs" and a score sponsibility of our salvation on ourselves. Christ's willingness to pardon—no "if" about that. Realms of glory awaiting the right—cous—no "if" about that.

The only "if" in all the case worth a mo-

The only "if" in all the case worth a mo-ment's consideration is the "if" that attacher That was appropriate, for Satan is the father of that "if" of incredulity. Peter used the same "if" when, standing on the wet and slippery deck of a fishing smack off Lake Gailiee, he saw Christ walking on the sea as though it were as solid as a pavement of basalt from the adjoining volcanic hills, and Peter cried, "if it be Thou, let me come to Thee on the water."

What a preposterous "if!" What human foot was ever so constructed as to walk on water? In what part of the earth did law of gravitation make exception to the rule that a man will sink to the elbows when he touches the wave of river or lake and will sink still farther unless he can swim? But here Peter looks out upon the form in the shape of a man defying the mightiest law of the universe, the law of gravitation, and standing erect on the top of the liquid. Yet the incredulous Peter cries out to the Lord. "If

it be Thou." Alas, for that incredulous "if!" amine the title. But I allowed for years of this mineteenth Christian century as it did in the early part of the first Christian censing up and down questions of eternal stiny. Oh, decide! Perhaps your arrival here to day may decide. Stranger things than that have put to flight forever the "if"

than that have put to flight forever the "if" of uncertainty.

A few Sabbath nights ago in this church a man passing at the foot of the pulpit said to me, "I am a miner from England," and then he pushed back his coat sleeve and said, "Do you see that sear on my arm?" I said, "Yes; you must have had an awful wound there some time." He said: "Yes; it nearly cost some time." He said: "Yes; it nearly cost me my life. I was in a mine in England 600 feet underground and three miles from the shaft of the mine, and a rock fell on me, and my fellow laborer pried off the rock, and I was bleeding to death, and he took a news-paper from around his luncheon and bound it around my wound and then helped me over the three miles underground to the shaft, where I was lifted to the top, and when the newspaper was taken off my wound I read on it something that saved my soul, and it was one of your sermons. Good night," he said as he passed on, leaving me transfixed with grateful emotion.

And who knows but the words I now speak blessed of God, may reach some wounded soul deep down in the black mine of sin, and that these words may be blessed to the stanch-ing of the wound and the eternal life of the soul? Settle this matter instantly, positively and forever. Siny the last "if." Bury deep and forever. Slay the last "if." Bury deep the last "if." How to do it? Fling body, mind and soul in a prayer as earnest as that of Moses in the text. Can you doubt the earnestness of this prayer of the text? It is so heavy with emotion that it breaks down in the middle. It was so earnest that the translators in the modern copies of the Bible were obliged to put a mark, a straight line, a dash, for an omission that will never be filled up. Such an abrupt pause, such a sud-

den snapping off of the sentence!
You cannot parse my text. It is an offense of grammatical construction. But that dash put in by the type setters is mightily suggestive. "If thou wilt forgive their sin (then comes the dash)—"and if not, blot (then comes the dash)—"and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book." Some of the most earnest prayers ever uttered could not be parsed and were poor speci-mens of language. They halted, they broke down, they passed into sobs or groans or silences. God cares nothing for the syntax of prayers, nothing for the rhetoric of prayers. Oh, the worldless prayers! If they were piled up, they would reach to the rain-bowthat arches the throne of God. A deep sigh may mean more than a whole liturgy. Out of the 116,000 words of the English language there may not be a word enough expressive for the soul.

The most effective prayers I have heard have been prayers that broke down with emotion—the young man for the first time rising in a prayer meeting and saying, "Oh, Lord Jesus!" and then sitting down, bury-ing his face in the handkerchief, the penitent in the inquiry room kneeling and say-ing, "God help me," and getting no further the broken prayer that started a great revival in my church in Philadelphia. A prayer may have in style the gracefulness of an Addison, and the sublimity of a Milton and the epigrammatic force of an Emerson, and yet be a fallure, having a horizontal power but no perpendicular power, hori-zontal power reaching the ear of man, but no perpendicular power reaching the ear of

Between the first and the last sentences of my text there was a paroxysm of earnestness too mighty for words. It will take half of an oternity to tell of all the answers of earnest and faithful prayer. In his last journal David Livingstone, in Africa, records the prayer so soon to be answered: "12 March my birthday. My Jesus, my God, my life, my all, I again dedicate my whole self to Thee, Accept me, and grant, O gracious Father, that ere this year is gone I may finish y task. In Jesus' name I ask it. Amen." When the dusky servant looked into Lav-

When the dusky servant looked into lar-ingstone's tent and found him dead on his knees, he saw that the prayer had been an-swered. But notwithstanding the earnest-ness of the prayer of Moses in the text, it was a defeated prayer and was not an-swered. I think the two "ifs" in the prayer defeated it, and one "if" is enough to defeat any prayer, whatever other good characteristics it may have. "If Thou will forgive their sins—and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book." God did neither. As the following verses show, He punished their sins, but I am sure did not blot out one letter of the name of Moses from the Book of

There is only one kind of prayer in which you need to put the "it," and that is the prayer for temporal blessings. Pray for riches, and they may engulf us; or for fame, riches, and they may engult us; or for lame, and it may be witch us; or for worldly success, and it may destroy us. Better say, "If it be best," "If I can make proper use of it," "If Thou seest I need it." A wife praying for the recovery of her husband from illness, stamped her foot and said with frightful and the said with emphasis: "I will not have him die. God shall not take him." Her prayer was answered, but in a few years after the commu-nity was shocked by the fact that he had in a moment of anger slain her.

moment of anger slain her.

A mother, praying for a son's recover from illness, told the Lord he had no right to take him, and the boy recovered, but plunged into all abominations and died a renegade. Better in all such prayers and all prayers pertaining to our temporal welfare to put an "if," saying, "If it be Thy will." But in praying for spiritual good and the salvation of our soul we need never insert an "if," Our spiritual welfare is sure to be for the best, and away with the "ifs." and away with the "ifs.

Abraham's prayer for the rescue of Sodom was a grand prayer in some respects, but there were six "ifs" in it, or "peradven-tures," which mean the same thing. "Per-adventure there may be fifty righteous in the adventure there may be fifty righteous in the city, peradventure forty-five, peradventure forty, peradventure to ty, peradventure therety, peradventure twenty, peradventure ten." Those six peradventures, those six "if's" killed the prayer, and Sodom went down and went under. Nearly all the prayers that were answered had no "ifs" in them—the prayer of Elijah that changed dry weather to wet weather, the prayer that changed Hezekiah from a sick man to a well man, the prayer that halted sun and moon without shaking the universe to pieces.

oh, rally your soul for a prayer with no "ifs" in it! Say in substance: "Lord, Thou hast promised pardon, and I take it. Here are my wounds: heal them. Here is my blindness; irradiate it. Here are my chains of bonders by the george hammer strike of bondage; by the gospel hammer strike them off. I am fleeing to the City of Refuge, and I am sure this is the right way. Thanks be to God, I am free!"

Once, by the law, my hopes were slain, But now, in Christ, I live again.

But now, in Christ, I live again.

With the Mosaic earnestness of my text and without its Mosaic "ifs," let us cry out for God. Aye, if words fail us, let us take the suggestion of that printer's dash of the text, and with a wordless silence implore pardon and comfort and life and heaven. For this assemblage, all of whom I shall meet in the last judgment, I dare not offer the prayer of my text, and so I change it and say, "Lord God, forgive our sins and write our names in the book of Thy loving remembrance, from which they shall never be blotted out."

Most Peraicious of Winds.

The most pernicious winds are the samiels or hot winds of Egypt. They come from the deserts to the southwest, and bring with them infinite quantities of fine dust, which penetrates even the minutest crevice. thermometer often rises to 125 during their continuance, and thousands of human beings have been known to perish from suffocation in the fiery plast. It was one of those samiels that destroyed the army of Sennacherib. Alexander the Great nearly lost his whole force in another, and the army of Cambyses was utterly annihilated.

IF you wish the lightest, sweetl est, finest cake, biscuit, bread and rolls, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable in their making.

Mexico's Ingenious President.

President Diaz of Mexico is a hard worker, and has a hobby for collecting fire-arms of all ages and nations. He is a practical mechanic, having constructed all the furniture in his bedroom with implements of his own make, and he has recently invented and patented many implements, including a new-fangled corkscrew.

Skeletons in the Sand.

A thastly discovery was made a few days ago by a fisherman on President's island, two miles south of Memphis. Tenn. Six human skeletons were found on the sand bar opposite Jacksonmount Park. Their identity is a mystery, but river men believe they are some the crew and passengers of the ill-fated steamer Gold Dust, which burnela few years ago. The skeletons were found six feet apart, imbedded in the sand

Thinly Populated.

Though western Australia is near ly nine times the size of the United Kingdom, its population was estimated in March last at but 59,718, with 10,000 more males than females.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effect of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a

It it human nature to bate him whom you have injured.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never by used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Te timonials free.

Ugliness has this advantage over beauty-

For impure or thin Blood, Weakness, Mala-ria, Neuralgia, Indigestion and Billiousness, take Brown's fron titters—it gives strength, making old persons feel young—and young persons strong; pleasant to take.

The best preparation for behaving right is to think right.

DESERVING CONFIDENCE. There is no article of the community as BROWN'S BROWN'S BROWNIAL TROCHES. Those suffering from Asthmatic and Bronchial Diseases, Coughs and Colds, should try them. Price Z cents.

Choose rather to punish your appetites than to be punished by them.

For Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Stomach disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters—the Best Tonic. It rebuilds the Bood and strengthens the muscles. A spiendid medicine for weak and debilitated persons.

Beware of the man or woman whom a child will not love.

Impaired digestion cured by Beecham's Pills. Beecham's no others. 25 cents a box.

If you don't want to be detested don't be a chronic growler.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye-water. Druggists seil at 25c, per bottle Childhood shows the man, as morning

"German Syrup"

My acquaintance with Boschee's

German Syrup was made about fourteen years ago. I contracted a cold which resulted in a hoarseness and cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a physician, without obtaining relief I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received quick and permanent help. I never hesitate to tell my experience. Rev. W. H. Haggerty, Martinsville, N. J. &

AIONEY IN CHICKENS, for Jie, a 190 page book, experience of practical poultry raiser during its rear. It teaches how to detect and ure dismances to feed for eggs and or fatters my which fewls to save for

Newspaper Readers' Atlas.



Gold in South Africa.

The gold fields of the Transvaal Republic, in South Africa, yielded over 136,000 ounces in August, which is the largest product yet recorded in any one month. In round figures a year's output at the same rate would be worth \$32,500,000, which is about equal to the annual production of gold in either the United States or Australia. In the countries last named, however, the gold yield is about stationary, whereas it is rapidly increasing year by year in South Africa If the Transvaal mines produce \$30,000,000 in 1893 there will be \$40,000,000 worth of gold mined in 1894 in all probability. Where the top limit will be reached can hardly be guessed. Good judges say that hundreds of square miles of territory are underlaid with gold-bearing rock and that the total yield of the region will not fall below \$1,500,000,000.

DR. KILMER'S

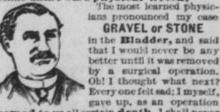
## CURED ME. Gravel or Stone IN THE BLADDER

LARGE AS A GOOSE EGG.

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Every one felt sad; I myself, gave up, as an operation seemed to us all certain death. I shall never forget how timely the good news of your SWAMP-ROOT reached me. I send you by this same mail sample of the stone or gravel that was dissolved and expelled by the use of SWAMP-ROOT, the Great Kidney & Bladder Cure. It must have been as large as a good sized goose egg. I am feeling as well to-day as ever I did. I kept right on using SWAMP-ROOT, and it saved my life. If any one doubts my statement I will furnish proof."

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