## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

### Subject: "The Mission of the Frost."

TEXT : "By the breath of God frost is given." Job xxxvii., 10.

Nothing is more embarrassing to an organ-ist or planist than to put his inger on a key of the instrument and have it make no re-sponse. Though all the other keys are in full play, that one silence destroys the music. So in the great cathedral of Nature, if one part fails to praise the Lord the harmony is halted and lost. While fire and hall, snow and vapor, respond to the fouch of inspira-tion, if the frost made no utterance the orchestral rendering would be hopelessly damaged and the harmony forever incom-plete. I am more glad than I can tell that the white key of the frost sounds forth as mightly as any of the other keys, and when David touches it in the Psalms it sounds forth the words, "He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes," and when Job touches it in my text it resounds with the words, "By the breath of God frost is given." As no one seems disposed to discuss the

mission of frost, depending on divine help I undertake it. This is the first Sabbath of winter. The leaves are down. The warmth has gone out of the air. The birds have made their winged march southward. The landscape has been scarred by the autumnal equinox. The huskers have rifled the cornshocks. The night sky has shown the usual meteoric restlessness of November. Three sensons of the year are past, and the fourth and last has entered. Another element now comes in to bless and adorn and instruct the It is the frost. The palaces of this world. king are far up in the arctic. Their walls are glittering congelation. Windsor castles and Tuileries and winter palaces and Kenilworths and Alhambras of ice, temples with pendant chandeliers of ice, thrones of iceberg on which eternal silence reigns, theaters on eternal silence raigns, theaters on whose stage eternal cold dramatizes eternal winter, pillars of ice, arches of ice, crowns of ice, chariots of ice, sepulchers of ice, untains of ice, dominions of ice-sternal frigidity ! From those hard, white, burnished ortals King Frost descends and waves his silvery scepter over our temperate zone. You will soon hear his heel on the skating pond. You already feel his breath in the night wind. By most considered an enemy coming here to benumb and hinder and slay, I shall show you that the trost is a friend, with benediction divinely pronounced, and charged and surcharged with lessons potent, beneficent and tremendous. The Bible seven times alludes to the frost, and we must not ignore it. "By the breath of God frost is given.

First I think of frost as a painter. He begins his work on the leaves and continues it on the window panes. With palette covered with all manner of colors in his left hand and pencil of crystal in his right hand, he sits down before the humblest bush in the latter part of September and begins the sketching of the leaves. Now he puts upon the foliage a faint pallor, and then a touch of brown, and then a hue of orange, and last a flame of fire. The beech and ash and oak are turned first into sunrises and then into sun-sets of vividness and splendor. All the leaves are penciled one by one, but sometimes a whole forest in the course of a few days shows great velocity of work. Weenix, the Dutch painter, could make in

a summer day three portraits of life size, but the frost in ten days can paint ten mountains in life size. It makes the last days of an autumnal wood the days of its chiefest lory-Luxembourgs in the Adirondacks, Louvres in the Sierra Nevadas, Vaticans in the White Mountains. The work of other painters you must see in the right light to fully appreciate, but the paintings of the frost in all lights are enchanting from the time when the curtain of the morning lifts to

Scotland has had great physicians, but her greatest doctors have been the Abernethies and Abercrombies that have come down over the highlands horsed on the north wind. England has had her great physicians, but her greatest doctors have been the Andrew Clarkes and the Mackenzies who appeared the first night the fields of England were rimmed with white. America has had its great physicians, but her greatest doctors have been the Willard Parkers and Valentine Motts who landed from bleak skies while our fingers were benumbed and our ears tingled with the cold. Oh, it is high time that you add another line to your liturgy ! It is high time that you make an addendum

to your prayers. It is high time that you enlarge the catalogue of your blessings. Thank God for frost. It is the best of all germicides. It is the only hope in bacteriol-It is the medicament of continents. It ogy. is the salvation of our temperate zone. It is the best tonic that God ever gave the human race. It is the only strong stimulant which The best commentary on reaction. it I bad while walking near here one cool morning with my brother John, who spent the most of his life as a missionary in China, and in that part of it where there are no frosts. He said there was a tinging glad-ness in his nerves indescribable, and an almost intoxication of delight from the fact that it was the first time for years he had felt the sensation of frost. We complain of it, we scold it, we frown upon it, when we ought to be stirred by it to gratitude and hoist it on a doxology.

But I must go farther and speak of the frost as a jeweler. As the snow is frozen rain, so the frost is frozen dew. God trans-forms it from a liquid into a crystal. It is the dew glorified. In the thirty-eighth chap-ter of that inspired drama, the book of Job, says to the inspired dramatist with eestatic interrogation. "The hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it?" God there asks Job if he knows the parentage of the frost. He inquires about its pedigree. He suggests that Job study up the frost's genealogical ling. A minute before God had asked about the parentage of a raindrop in words that years ago gave me a suggestive text for a sermon. "Hath the rain a father?" But now the Lord Almighty is catechising Job about the frost. He practically says "Do you know its father? Do you know its father? Do you know its mother? In what cradie of the leaves did the wind rock it? "The boary frost of heaven, the hath gendered it?" He is a stupid Christian who thinks so

much of the printed and bound Bible that he neglects the Old Testament of the fields. nor reads the wisdom and kindness and beauty of God written in blossoms on the orchard, in sparkles on the lake, in stars on the sky, in frost on the meadows. The greatest jeweler of all the earth is the frost. There is nothing more wonderful in all crystallography. Some morning in Decemer a whole continent is found besprent with diamonds, the result of one night's work by this jeweler

Do you make the depreciatory remark that the frost is impermanent and will last only two or three hours? What of that? We go into London tower and look at the crown jewels of England, but we are in a procession that the guards keep moving on, and five minutes or less are your only opportunity of looking at those crown jewels, but at the

sion in expenses to look at that which is not down under nervous prostration and feel half as well done as something we can see that you are as far down as David when he by crossing our own room, and free of cried, "Out of the depths of hell!"

charge I This praising of Raphaels hundreds of years gone, when the greater Baphael, the frost, will soon be busy at the entrances to your own home! Next I speak of the frost as a physician. Standing at the gates of New York harbor and chapter after enapter and book after book in the Bible taken up with allevia. antumn before last, the frost drove back the cholera, saying, "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther," From Memphis and New Orleans and Jacksonville he smote the with one-half of the shelves occupied with The book seems like an apothecary store with one-half of the shelves occupied with fever plague till it reeled back and departed. The frost is a physician that doctors cities, Nations and continents. He medicines the croup carries of your child, or your health Nations and continents. He medicines the world. Quinine for malaria, anti-febrile for typhoids, sulphonal for sleeplessness, anti-spasmodic for disturbed nerves, but in all all three troubles come at once-banktherapeutics there is no remedy like the small pellets prepared by the cold, and no physician so skilful or so mighty as the frost. Sectiand has had great physicians, but her sacred dispensary. What has uncovered and exposed to you the usefulness of so much of the Bible that was before hidden? The frosts have been fulfilling their mission. Put down all the promises of the Bible of a table for study, and put on one side the table a man who has never had any trouble, or very little of it, but pile upon the table beside him all encyclopedias and all diction-aries, and all archmologies and all commentaries, and on the other side of the table put a man who has had trial upon trial, dis-aster upon disaster, and let him begin the study of the promises without lexicon, without commentary, without any book to ex-plain or help, and this latter man will under-stand far more of the height and depth, and length and breadth of those promises than the learned exeget opposite, almost sub-merged in sacred literature. The one has the advantage over the other because he has felt the mission of the frosts. Oh, take the consolation of this theme, ye to whom life is a struggle and a disappointment, and a gantlet and a pang. That is a beautiful proverb among the Hebrews which says, When the tale of bricks is doubled, then

Mild doses of medicine will do for mild ckness, but violent pains need strong doses, and so I stand over you and count out some drops that will alleviate your worst trou if you will only take the medicine, and hero it is: "In the world ye shali have tribulation, but be of good cheer : I have overcome the world." "Weeping may endure for a night. night, but joy cometh in the morning." Thank God for frosts! What helped make Milton the greatest of poets? The frost of blindness. What helped make Washington greatest of generals? The frosts of Val lev Forge. What made it appropriate for one passing John Bunyan's grave to exclaim, "Sleep on, thou prince of dreamers?" The frosts of imprisonment.

The greatest college from which we can graduate is the college of frosts. Especial trial fits for especial work. Just now watch and you will see that trouble is preparative and educational. That is the grindstone of which battle axes are sharpened. I have always noticed in my own case that when the Lord had some special work for me to do it was preceded by especial attack upon This is so proverbia! in my own house that if for something I say or do I get poured upon me a volley of censure and anathema, my wife always asks : "I wonder what new op-portunity of usefulness is about to open? mething good and grand is surely coming

What is true in my case is true on a larger or smaller scale in the history of every man and woman who wants to serve the Lord. Without complaint take the hard knocks. You will see after awhile, though you may not appreciate it now, that by the breath of a good and loving God frost is given. Let ecrners of your mouth, so long drawn down in complaint, be drawn up in smiles of

For many years posts and essivists have celebrated the grace and swiftness of the The most wonderful exhi-Arabian horses. bition of horsemanship that I ever witnessed was just outside the city of JeruSalem-an Arabian steed mounted by an Arab. Do you

## A TENNYSON STORY.

### He Was Not Only a Great Post, but a Good Business Man.

A capital story, which is quite authentic, is told about the late laureate and his wonderful poem, "The Revenge," says a correspondent of the Leeds (England) Mercury. It was first published in the Nineteenth Century in 1878 or 1879. On the eve of its publication Tennyson invited between thirty and forty of his most intimate friends to his home in Eaton Square, in order that he might recite this patriotic piece to them. It is well known that Lord Tennyson was an excellent man of business. Had he written "Paradise Lost" he would have been both very hungry and very cold before accepting £10 for the copyright. A letter of his is in existence which, after offering the right to publish his works at a certain price, ends with a declaration that, whether the publisher accepts his offer or not, he (Lord Tennyson) would not accept "a blessed penny less! In fact, he was very much like a certain Leeds banker who, when asked by a customer to cash a draft for a large amount over the counter replied: "We do bothing for nothing for nobody here." In

Wemyss Reid's "Life of Lord Houghton" there is an amusing letter from the late laureate which compares the writing of poetry for nothing to the milking of he goats. When the recital of "The Revenge" in Eaton Square took place there was much jingo feeling about in fashionable society in London, and not a few infected persons were among the select audience. As the poet proceeded in his rich and sonorous tones, rendered all the more attractive by his Lincolnshire accent, the favored few hung upon his words. When he reached the last lines:

And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shattered navy of Spain. And the little Revenge herself went down the island crags. To be lost evermore in the main.

the feelings of all present were strung up into excitement and en-

thusiasm; when, to the amazement of all, the laureate added, without the least change in the tone of his voice, "And the beggars only gave at least £500 or more."

### A Child Enjoys

bottle.

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

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

### Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local application, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitu-tional remedies. Deafness is caused by an in-flamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets in-Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets in-fact hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflam-mation can be taken out and this tube re-stored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an in-flamed condition of the nuccous surfaces. We will give One Hundred D silars for any case of D afness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cure (by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for carculars, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. For Sold by Druggists, 75c.

# Take no Substitute for **Royal Baking Powder.** It is Absolutely Pure.

All others contain alum or ammonia.

### Hairpins.

Five hundred millions of hairpins! That is what the women of this land annual'y buy, beg, or borrow. says the Million. Now, a hairpin never wears out. It sometimes becomes pale and bent with age, but its avoirdupois is all there. What, therefore, becomes of these successive millions? During the last ten years 5,000,000,000 of hairpins have been made and sold. At present there are only about 100,000,000 in circulation. Now, where-where are the other 4,900,000,000?

They have been sown broadcast from Land's End to California, and have left not a trace behind. Of course some of them are picked up and restored to their sphere of usefulness, but most women are as shy of adopting strange hairpins as they are of accepting an unidentified and attractive Bay View course toothbrush. The hairpins, therefore, go to make up the flotsam and jetsam thrown out by the tide of humanity and dumped into the waste places of the suburbs.

And, speaking of hairpins becoming paic with age, why is it that when a package of new ones can be bought for a few pence mo t women cling to their old ones until every vestige of color has gone, and he who runs may easily count their gleaning heads.

And, again, can anyone explain how it is that every woman knows her own hairpins just as she knows her own baby, no matter how numerous and similar its companion-? me £300 for it, when it was worth And. furthermore, all women have at least one pet hairpin. It is guarded with religious care from year to year. It is the keystone in the construction of her colffure. Other generations of hairpins may come and go, but that particular one is looked after too zealously to be lost. Generosity, friendship filial devotion-nothing is strong enough to induce a woman to part with her treasure. the will laugh and offer you her entire stock. but will reserve her pet. Every boarding school girl can tell how she has rescued her particular hairpin from the bureau, nay, from the very locks of some friend who had abstracted it.

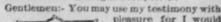
Ever since the well-known Chautauqua Circle was started there has been an insistent demand for a short. well-planned and low-priced course of reading for the thousands for whom the above circle course is too expensive, and requires too much time. The Bay View Reading Circle has been organized to meet the demand. Many of the leading educators and ministers of the country are among it + promoters, and Mr. J. M. Hall, of Flint, Mich., is the Superintendent. To him application should be made for information. The circle has a four years' course of reading, and has the advantage of specializing subjects. The first year is the German year, beginning with November. There is so much aimless and haphazard reading, that the well-planned ought to meet with instant favor.

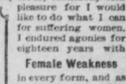
The Bay View Reading Circle.

## WAS A PHYSICAL WRECK.

Could Scarcely Ride or Walk. Suffered for 18 Years!

Cherry Valley, N. Y. Sept. 5, 1893. Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.





in every form, and as a last resort turned to you for help. I have taken five bottles your Swamp-Root,

Remedy, and used two bottles of U & O Anointment. Dr. Kilmer's

When I commenced taking your remedies I could neither ride or walk without suffering intense pain; now I can do both as well as I ever could in my life, for I am entirely cured of Female weakness. I can do my own house work, and I feel that I am entirely restored to health. I shall never cease to thank God and you for making me a well and healthy woman from the physical wreck that I was.

At Bruggists, 50 cent and \$1.00 Size, Dr. Kilmer & Co., - Binghamton, N. Y.

FOR



"German X M A S

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the time when the curtain of the night drops. Michael Angelo put upon one ceiling his representation of the last judgment, but the

frost represents universal conflagration upon 3000 miles of stretched out grandear. Leonardo da Vinci put upon a few feet of canvas our Lord's last supper for all ages to admire, but the frost puts the gleaming chal-ices of the imperial glories of the last supper of the dying year in the heights and lengths and breadths of the Alleghanies. When Titian first gazed upon a sketch of Correggio, he was wrought up into such Titian, I would be Correggio," and so great and overpowering are the autumnal scenes of our American forests that one force of nature might well exclaim to another, "If I were not the sunlight, I would be the frost,"

Rugendas, the German painter, suffering from weakness in his right hand, laboriously learned to paint with his left hand, but the frosts paints with both hands, and has in frost is the g them more skill than all the Rembrandts an 1 that owns it. Rubens and Wests and Poussins and Albert Durers and Paul Veroneses and Clautes gathered in one long art gallery. But the door of that great museum of autumnal colopen. I put you on the alert and ask you to put your children on the alert.

Tired of working on the alert. Tired of working on the leaves, the frost will soon turn to the window panes. You will soon waken on a cold morning and find that the windows of your home have during the night been adorned with curves, with coronets, with exquisiteness, with pomp, with almost supernatural spectacle. Then you will anoracisfe woat my taxt saw you will appreciate what my text says as it declares, "By the breath of God frost is given, You will see on the window pane, traced there by the frost, whole gardens of beauty-ferns, orchids, daffodils, heliotropes, china asters, fountains, statues, hounds on the chase, roebucks plunging into the stream, attle scenes with dying and dead, catafalques of kings, triumphal processions-and as the morning sun breaks through you will see cities on fire, and bombardment with bursting shell, and illuminations as for som ent with great victory, coronations and angels on the

All night long while you were sleeping the frost was working, and you ought not let the warmth obliterate the scene until you have admired it, studied it, absorbed it, set it up in your memory for perpetual refresh-ment and realized the force and magnitude and intensity of my text. "By the breath of God frost is given." Ob, what a Gol we have! What resources are implied by the fact that he is able to do that by the finger of the frost fifty times in one winter and on a hundred thousand window panes for thousands of winters |

The great art galleries of Venice and Na-ples and Dresden are carefully guarded, and governments protect them, for once lost, they can never be reproduced, but God sets up in the loyal galleries of the fost pictures such as no human art could ever produce, hundreds of thousands of them, only for four or five hours, and then rubs them out, four or ave hours, and then russ them out, making the place clear for a display just as magnificent the next morning. No one but a God could afford to do that. It would bankrupt everything but infinity and omni-

some December morning you will see richer lace interwoven for your window panes by divine fingers. "Oh, if I could see the fac-tories of silk at Lyons!" says some one. Why, without leaving your home on the north side of your own house on Christmas morning you may see where the Lord has spun silken threads about your windows this way and that—embroideries such as no one but Go can work

crown jewels bestarred of the frost in parks and fields you may stand to look deliberately and for hours, and no one to tell you to move

Ob, these regalias and diadems of heanty flung out of heaven ! Kings and queens on celebrative days have come riding through the streets throwing handfuls of sliver and gold among the people, but the queen of the winter morning is the only queen rich enough to throw pearls, and the king of frost the only king rich enough to throw opals and sapphires and diamonds. Homer describes a necklace of amber given to Penelope, but the frost necklaces a continent. The carcane of precious stones given to Harmonia had pinions of orange jasper and white moon-stone and Indian agate, but it was a misfortune to any one who owned or inherited it. and its history, generation after generation, was a history of disaster, but the regalla of frost is the good fortune of every morning

The imperial household of Louis XVI could not afford the diamond necklace which ha i been ordered for Queen Marie Antoinette, and it was stolen and taken apart and lost, oring is now closed for a twivementh, and but the necklace that the frost puts on the another spectacle just as wonderful is now wintry morning, though made of as many brilliants as the withered glass blades, easily afforded by divine opulence and is never lost, but after its use in the coronation of the fields is taken back to heaven. O men and women, accustomed to go into ecstasy when in forsign travel you some upon the historical gems of Nations, whether the jewel be called the Mountain of Glory, or the Sea of Light, or the Crown of the Moon, or the Eye of Allah, or the Star of Sarawak, or the -- noor, I implead you study the jewels strewn all round your wintry home and rea-lize that "by the breath of God frost is

But I go a step farther and speak of the frost as an evangelist, and a text of Scripture is not of much use to me unless I can find the gospel in it. The Israelites in the wil-derness breakfasted on something that looked like frozen dew, and the dew evaporated and left a pulverized material, white and looking like frost, but it was manns, and of that they ate. So now this morning, mixed with the frozen dew of my text, there is manna on which we can breakfast our souls, You say the frost kills. Yes, it kills some things, but we have already seen that it gives health and life to others. This gospel is the savor of life unto life or of death unto death. As the frost is mighty, the gospel is mighty. As the frost descends from heaven, the gospel descends from heaven. By the breath of God frost is given. By the breath of God the gospel is given. As the frost purifies, so the grace of God purifies. As the frost purifies, so the grace of God purifies. As the frost bestars the earth, so grace bejewels the soul. As the trost prepares for food many things that otherwise would be inedible, so the frost of trials ripens and prepares food for the soul. In the tight grip of the frost the hard shells of walput and checking and bickers once, and walnut and chestnut and bickory open, and the luxuries of the woods come into our laps or upon our tables; so the frost of trial takes many a hard and prickly shell and crushes it until that which stung the soul now feeds it.

magnificent the next morning. No one but a God could afford to do that. It would bankrupt everything but infinity and omni-potence. Standing here between the closed doors of the pletured woods and the opening doors of the pletured woods and the opening doors of the pletured woods and the opening doors of the transfigured window glass. I want to cure my folly and your folly of longing for glorious things in the distance, while we neglect appreciation of glorious things near by. "Oh, if I could only go and see the factories of lace at Brussels "says some one. Why, within thirty feet of where you awaken some December morning you will see richer divine fingers. "Oh, if I could see the fac-

Ince interwoven for your window panes by divine fingers. "Oh, if I could see the fac-tories of silk at Lyons." says some on the north side of your own house on Christmas morning you may see where the Lord has spun silken threads about your windowsthis spun silken threads about your windowsthis that for this glorification of the distant and this belitting of the clese by! This crossing of oceans and paying a high admis-

Arabian steed mounted by an Arab. Do you know where these Arabian horses got their fleetness and poetry of motion? Long cen-turies ago Mohammed, with 30,000 eavairy on the march, could 2nd for them not a drop water for three days. Coming to the of a hill, a river was in sight. With a wild dash the 30,000 horses started for the stream, A minute after an armed host was seen ad-vancing, and at Mohammed's command 100 bugies blew for the horses to fall in line, but all the 30,000 continued the wild gallop to

with thirst, wheeled into line of battle. Nothing in human bravery and self sacrifice excels that bravery and self sacrifice of those five Arabian war horses. Those five splendid steeds Mohammed chose for his own use, and from those five came that race of Arabian horses for ages the giory of the equestrian world. And let me say that in this great war of truth against error, of holi-ness against sin and heaven against hell, the best war horses are descended from those who, under pang and self denial and trouble answered the gospel trumpet and wheeled into line. Out of great tribulation, out of great fires, out of great frosts, they came. And let me say it will not take long for

God to make up to you in the next world for all you have suffered in this. As you enter heaven He may say, "Give this man one of those towered and colonnaded palaces on that ridge of gold overlooking the sea of glass. Give this woman a home among those amaranthine blooms and between those fountains tossing in the everlasting sunlight, Give her a couch canopied with rainbows to psy her for all the fatigues of witehood and motherhood and housekeeping, from which she had no rest for forty years.

'Cupbearers of heaven, give these newly arrived souls from earth the costliest bever-ages, and roll to their door the grandest chariots, and hang on their walls the sweet-est harps that ever thrummed to fingers seraphic. Give to them rapture on rapture, celebration on celebration. jubilee on jubi-lee, heaven on heaven. They had a hard time on earth earning a livelihood, or nursing six children, or waiting on querulous old age, or battling falsehoods that were told about them, or were compelled to work after they got shortbreathed and rheumatic and dimsighted.

\* Chamberlains of heaven ! Keepers of the king's robes ! Banqueters of eternal royalty ! Make up to them a hundredfold, a thousand-fold, a millionfold for all they suffered from swaddling clothes to shroud, and let all those who, whether on the hills, or in the temples, or on the thrones, or on jasper wall, were helped and sanctified and prepared for this heavenly realm by the mission of the frosts stand up and wave their scepters?" And I looked and, behold ! nine-tenths of the ransomed rose to their feet, and nine-tenths of the scepters swayed to and fro in the light of the sun that never sets, and then I understood far better than I ever did before that trouble comes for bruefleent purposes, and that on the coldest nights the aurora is brightest in the northern heavens, and that "by the breath of God frost is given."

### A Ferocious Little Fish.

In an article on "Jamaica Fishing," in Outing, the author says: The only drawback to the use of the tuck net is the liability to ensnare those ferocious little cannibals, "tripe-eaters," so called because they soon penetrate to the abdomen of any animal they attack, and speedily reduce it to a skeleton. They usually go in swarms, their jaws wide open, tearing whatever comes in their way, especially the meshes of a net, which they quickly render useless. This bloodthirsty little creature is of a bright orange hue, shading towards the back to a bluishash color, while its gill-covers are tinged with red.

The largest bell in the world is the Kremlin, at Moscow, Russia; 432,000

Childhood shows the man, as morning shows the day.

Many persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. Brown's Iron I fers rebuil is the system, aids digestion, moves "scess of bile, and cures malaria splendid tonic for women and children.

Peware of the man or woman whom a child wi I not love.

COUDERS AND COLDS. These who are suffer-ing from Convis, Colds, Sore Threat, etc., should fire BHOWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Sold only in bore.

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

Brown's Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Ma'a-ria, Billouaness and General Debility. Gives strength, aids Direction, tones the nerves-creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

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

Beecham's Pills with a drink of water morn ngs. Beacham's-no others. 25 cents a box. ings.

Ugliness has this advantage over beautyit never lades,

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

The best preparation for behaving right is to think right.



For Severe, Lingering Coughs, Weak Lungs, Bleeding from Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption, in its early stages, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discov-ery is a sovereign remedy. It not only curves the cough but also builds up the strength and flesh of those reduced below a healthy standard by "Wasting Diseases." Will not make fat folks more corpulent.

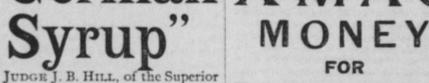
olks more corpulent. B. F. WILEY, of Box Elder, Converse Co. Wyo., writes: "I had bronchitis for twenty years and over, and I could not work with-out coughing so hard as to take all my strength away. I took five bot-tless of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discov-cry, and give you my word and honor that I can do any work that there is to do on my 'ranch' without cough-ing. I have not taken any of the 'Golden Medical Discovery 'for a year." MR. WILET. a ye WHY NOT YOU?

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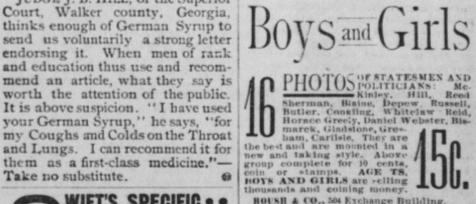
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