

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Unhorsed."

Text: "And as he journeyed he came near Damascus, and suddenly there shined round about him a light from heaven, and he fell to the earth and heard a voice saying unto him, Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me? And he said, Who art thou, Lord? And the Lord said, I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."—Acts ix, 3-5.

The Damascus of Bible times still stands, with a population of 135,000. It was a gay city of white and glistening architecture, its minarets and domes playing with the light of the morning sun.

A group of horsemen are advancing upon that city. Let the Christians of the place hide, for that catastrophe coming over the hills is made up of persecutors with long, small and unattractive in some respects, as leaders sometimes are insouciant in person—witness the Duke of Wellington and Dr. Archibald Aikin.

Suddenly the horse shy of and plunge until the riders are precipitated. Freed from the riders, the horses bound snorting away. You know that dumb animals, at the sight of an eclipse, or an earthquake, or anything like a supernatural appearance, sometimes become very stupid.

Just covered and bruised, Saul attempts to get up, shading his eyes with his hands from the severe light of the sun, but vainly, for he is struck stone blind as he cries out: "Who art thou, Lord?" and Jesus answered him: "I am the one you have been chasing. He that was blind, but now he sees, Damascus Christians whips and scourges Me. It is not their back that is bleeding; it is Mine. It is not their heart that is breaking; it is Mine. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest."

From that wild, exciting and overwhelming scene there rises up the greatest preacher of all the ages—Paul—in whose behalf prisons were crowded, and whose life was a martyr's life.

He is not their back that is bleeding; it is Mine. It is not their heart that is breaking; it is Mine. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. From that wild, exciting and overwhelming scene there rises up the greatest preacher of all the ages—Paul—in whose behalf prisons were crowded, and whose life was a martyr's life.

He is not their back that is bleeding; it is Mine. It is not their heart that is breaking; it is Mine. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. From that wild, exciting and overwhelming scene there rises up the greatest preacher of all the ages—Paul—in whose behalf prisons were crowded, and whose life was a martyr's life.

He is not their back that is bleeding; it is Mine. It is not their heart that is breaking; it is Mine. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. From that wild, exciting and overwhelming scene there rises up the greatest preacher of all the ages—Paul—in whose behalf prisons were crowded, and whose life was a martyr's life.

He is not their back that is bleeding; it is Mine. It is not their heart that is breaking; it is Mine. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. From that wild, exciting and overwhelming scene there rises up the greatest preacher of all the ages—Paul—in whose behalf prisons were crowded, and whose life was a martyr's life.

He is not their back that is bleeding; it is Mine. It is not their heart that is breaking; it is Mine. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. From that wild, exciting and overwhelming scene there rises up the greatest preacher of all the ages—Paul—in whose behalf prisons were crowded, and whose life was a martyr's life.

He is not their back that is bleeding; it is Mine. It is not their heart that is breaking; it is Mine. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. From that wild, exciting and overwhelming scene there rises up the greatest preacher of all the ages—Paul—in whose behalf prisons were crowded, and whose life was a martyr's life.

He is not their back that is bleeding; it is Mine. It is not their heart that is breaking; it is Mine. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. From that wild, exciting and overwhelming scene there rises up the greatest preacher of all the ages—Paul—in whose behalf prisons were crowded, and whose life was a martyr's life.

He is not their back that is bleeding; it is Mine. It is not their heart that is breaking; it is Mine. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. From that wild, exciting and overwhelming scene there rises up the greatest preacher of all the ages—Paul—in whose behalf prisons were crowded, and whose life was a martyr's life.

He is not their back that is bleeding; it is Mine. It is not their heart that is breaking; it is Mine. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. From that wild, exciting and overwhelming scene there rises up the greatest preacher of all the ages—Paul—in whose behalf prisons were crowded, and whose life was a martyr's life.

He is not their back that is bleeding; it is Mine. It is not their heart that is breaking; it is Mine. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest. From that wild, exciting and overwhelming scene there rises up the greatest preacher of all the ages—Paul—in whose behalf prisons were crowded, and whose life was a martyr's life.

while his horse is flying wildly away. Then again, I learn from the text a man cannot become a Christian until he is unhorsed.

There is no knight errantry in religion, no fringed trappings of repentance, but an utter prostration before God, a going down in the dust, with the cry, "Unclean, unclean"—a bewailing of the soul, like David from the belly of hell—a going down in the dust until Christ shall by His grace lift us up. He lifted Paul. Oh, proud hearted hearer, you must get off that horse! May a light from the throne of God brighter than the sun throw you. Come down into the dust and cry for pardon and life and heaven.

Again, I learn from this scene of the text that the grace of God can overcome the persecutor. Christ and Paul were boys at the same time in different villages, and Paul's antipathy to Christ was increasing. He hated everything about Christ. He was going down then with writs in his pockets to have Christ's disciples arrested. He was not going as a sheriff's posse to arrest a man against whom he had no spite, but Paul was going down to arrest those people because he was glad to arrest them.

The Bible says, "He breathed out slaughter." He wanted them captured, and he wanted them butchered. I hear the click, and clash and clatter of the noils of the galloping steeds on the way to Damascus. Oh, how I wish that proud man on horseback could ever become a Christian! Yes! There is a voice from heaven like a thunderclap uttering two words, the second word like a sword, first uttered with more emphasis, so that the proud equitation may have no doubt as to who is meant: "Saul! Saul!" That man was saved, and by His grace, overcame his persecutor.

The days of sword and fire for Christians seem to have gone by. The bayonets of Napoleon I. piled open the "inquisition" and let the rolling wretches out. The ancient dungeons around Rome are to-day the curiosities for the travelers. The Coliseum, where wild beasts used to tear up the life of the martyrs while the emperor watched and Lolita Paulina sat with emerald adornments worth 60,000,000 sesterces, clapping their hands as the Christians died under the paw and the tooth of the lion—the Coliseum is a ruin now. The scene of the Smithfield fires is a haymarket. The day of an anvil sword for Christians seems to have gone by. But his daily persecution has ceased? No. Are you not caricatured for your religion? In proportion as you try to serve God and be faithful to Him, are you sometimes maltreated.

That woman finds it hard to be a Christian as her husband talks and jeers while she is trying to say her prayers or read the Bible. That daughter finds it hard to be a Christian with the whole family arrayed against her. Her father, mother, brother and sister making her the target of ridicule. That young man finds it hard to be a Christian in the shop or factory or store when his comrades jeer at him because he will not go to the gambling hell or other places of iniquity.

Oh, no, the days of persecution have not ceased and will not until the end of the world. But oh, you persecutors, is it not time that you began to pray for your persecutors? They are no prouder, no fiercer, no more set in their way than was this persecutor of the text. He fell. They will fall if Christ from the heavens grandly and gloriously looks out on them. God can by His grace make a Roman believe in the divinity of Jesus and a Tyndal in the worth of prayer. Robert Newton stamped the ship's name on his forehead and was baptized. He was not a derisive indignation at Christianity only a little while before he became a Christian.

Out of my house," said a father to his daughter, "if you will keep praying, before many months passed the father knelt at the same altar with the child. And the Lord Jesus Christ is willing to look out from heaven upon that derisive opponent of the Christian religion and address him, in his glittering generalities, but calling him by name: "John! George! Henry!—Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?"

Again, I learn from the subject that there is hope for the worst offenders. It was particularly outrageous that Saul should have gone to Damascus on that errand. Jesus Christ had been dead only three years, and the story of his kindness and his generosity, and his love filled all the air. It was not an old story, as it is now. It was a new story. Jesus had only three summers ago been in these very places, and Saul every day in Jerusalem must have met people who knew Christ, people with good eyesight whom Jesus had cured of blindness, people who had been dead and who had been resurrected by the Savior, and the people who could tell Paul all the particulars of the crucifixion—just how Jesus looked in the last hour, just how the heavens grew black in the face at the torture.

He heard that recited every day by people who were acquainted with all the circumstances, and yet in the fresh memory of that scene he goes to persecute Christ's disciples, repeating at the time it takes to feed the horses at this inn, not pulling at the snaffle, but riding with loose rein faster and faster. Oh, he was the chief of sinners! No outbreak of his body when he said that. He was a murderer. He stood by when Stephen died and helped in the execution of that good man.

When the rabble wanted to be unimpeded in their work of destroying Stephen and wanted to take off their coats, but did not dare to lay them down lest they be stolen, Paul said, "I'll take care of the coats," and he put them down at the feet of Paul, and he watched the coats and he watched the horrid mangling of glorious Stephen. Is it a wonder that when he fell from the horse he did not break his neck? That his foot did not catch somewhere in the trappings of the saddle, and he was not dragged and kicked to death? He deserved to die miserably, wretchedly and forever, notwithstanding all his metaphysics, and his eloquence, and his logic.

He was the chief of sinners. He said what was true when he said that. And yet the grace of God saved him, and so will you. If there is any man in this house who thinks he is too bad to be saved and says, "I have wandered very grievously from God; I do not believe there is any hope for me," I tell you the story of this man in the text who was brought to Jesus Christ in spite of his sins and opposition. There may be some here who are as stoutly opposed to Christ as Paul was. There may be some here who are captive of their sins as much so as the young man who said in regard to his dissipated habits: "I will keep on with them. I know I am breaking my mother's heart, and I know I am killing myself, and I know that when I die I shall go to hell, but it is now too late to stop."

The stood on which you ride may be swifter and stronger and higher mettled than that on which the Cilician persecutor rode, but Christ can catch it by the bridle and carry it back and hurl it down. There is mercy for you who say you are too bad to be saved. You say you have put off the matter so long; Christ had neglected it a great while; you say that the sin you have committed has been among the most aggravating circumstances; that was so with Paul's.

You say you have experienced Christ and coaxed your own ruin; so did Paul. And yet he sits to-day on one of the highest of the heavenly thrones, and there is mercy for you, and good days for you, and gladness for you, if you will only take the same Christ which first threw him down and then raised him up. It seems to me as if I can see Paul to-day rising up from the highway to Damascus, and brushing off the dust from his cloak, and wiping the sweat of constraint from his brow, as he turns to us and

the ages, saying, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." Once more, I learn from this subject that there is a tremendous reality in religion. If it had been a mere optical delusion on the road to Damascus, would not Paul just the man to find it out? If it had been a sham and pretense, would he not have pricked the bubble? He was a man of facts and arguments, of the most gigantic intellectual nature, and not a man of hallucinations. And when I see him fall from the saddle, blinded and overwhelmed, I say there must have been something in it. And, my dear brother, you will find that there is something in religion somewhere. The only question is, Where?

There was a man who rode from Stamford to London, ninety-five miles, in five hours on horseback. Very swift. There was a woman of Newmarket who rode on horseback a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Very swift. But there are those here—aye, all of us are spending 4,000 to 10,000 of our time, at a thousand fold that rate, toward eternity. May Almighty God, from the opening heavens, flash upon your soul this hour the question of your eternal destiny, and oh, that Jesus would this hour overcome you with His pardoning mercy as He stands here with the pathos of a broken heart and sobs into your ear: "I have come for thee. I come with My feet mangled with the nails. I come with My brow sweating from the twisted thorn. I come with My heart bursting for your woes. I can stand no longer. I am Jesus whom thou persecutest!"

Disasters and Casualties. Scarlet fever is epidemic at Montreal. By a snow-slide at Glendale, Montana, Nicholas Bergstrom and two children were killed. Mrs. Russel and her eldest daughter, 13 years were frozen to death in the woods three miles from their home at Pine City, Minn. Frank Kern, Charles Schlicher and an unknown Hun were killed at a slate quarry, at Wechtown, Pa., by the breaking of a wire cable. They fell 160 feet. At Mannington, W. Va., the steel boiler of an oil well rig, on the lot of the B. F. Carleton, in town, exploded, wrecking six houses and injuring two small children. Charles Gunderson, in Chicago, shot and killed Sarah Carr, aged 10 years, the sister of his betrothed. The shooting was accidental. At Meadville, Pa., G. D. Bailey and Ernest Winans were out rabbit hunting. While Bailey, who wore a fur cap, was crouched behind a high pile of logs, Winans saw his friend's cap, and mistaking it for a rabbit, fired his gun. Bailey's head was blown off. A despatch from Omaha says that the condition of the tank of the Missouri river from a point above Florence to the stretch below East Omaha is such that a mass meeting of the citizens was held, at which it was decided to call upon the Government to take immediate precautions in order to prevent the river from cutting a new channel.

THE TWO BOYS. Things Were Evidently Not "Evened Up" Between Them. A lady accompanied by her son, a lad of about 12 years, was riding in a street car up-town the other day. The young gentleman had on what was evidently his first suit of "grown-up" clothes. His shirt, collar, tie, and scarf pin were immaculate. His suit was evidently made by a good tailor, and his faultless kid gloves were of the latest shade. He was well pleased with himself and his mamma was well pleased with him.

At Forty-second street a newsboy came on the cars carrying his evening papers. He was rather more wretched looking than the average newsboy. His attire consisted solely of a very ragged shirt and an equally ragged pair of trousers, which were held on by a strip of dirty cotton cloth which served for a suspender. He was hatless and shoeless. The most remarkable thing about this newsboy was that his face and hands were clean. The boy in the good clothes bought a paper. He immediately began to read it as the men do who he absently held out his gloved hand for the change.

While the newsboy counted the pennies into the palm of the new kid glove he looked his customer over, not contemptuously, as one might imagine, but rather wistfully. Then he walked slowly out of the car, looking back over his shoulder at the well-dressed boy.

A change of horses was being made, and the newsboy stopped outside of his window with his papers under his arms and his hands in his pockets, still looking at the boy in the derby hat. The wistful expression deepened and grew. One could read upon his face what he was thinking, and a gentleman who had watched the little incident said with a sigh as the car started out: "Things don't seem to be very well evened up in this world," and everybody seemed to understand except the boy, who was still looking at his paper, and his mother, who was fondly gazing. — New York Times.

Generosity Admits the Truth. Compared with New York Chicago is not a rich city. We have men here by scores whose wealth exceeds that of anybody in Chicago. We have families whose fortunes yield fortunes every year in excess of all possible expenditure. These rich men of ours have done something for the public. The Astors have given us a great library at a cost of half a million or so. The Roosevelts and Vanderbilts and Sioans have built hospitals which are an honor to them. The Metropolitan Museum of Arts has been built up within a brief period by gifts which have made its possessions one of the world's most notable collections of art works. But when did any rich New Yorker promptly put down a round million to secure for this city an advantage such as that which Marshal Field aims at in his gift? And when have other New Yorkers responded with a second million to make good the conditions of the first gift?

Chicago is giving lessons to the other cities of this country. All the glory and all the prosperity she has gained are rightly here. They are the legitimate fruit of her people's public-spirited generosity; and of their confident devotion to the city in which they dwell. There is everywhere manifest among Chicagoans a sense of duty to the city which seems to exist in like degree in no other cosmopolitan city. It is the habit to speak of this as "provincialism," but it is the correct term, then provincialism is one of the very best qualities the people of any city can possess.

Chicago's new university has received more money already from the generosity of Chicago people than Columbia, with all its grand traditions, has had from New York in a century. How long would it have taken Chicago to raise the \$100,000 necessary to build the Washington arch? How long did it take us, and with what toilsome effort was the end accomplished? In such matters New York may go to school to Chicago.—New York World.

A Strict Sabbatarian. Primus—"I won't ride on the street cars on Sunday because the employes have to work. Secundus—"And I don't go to church because the preacher has to preach on the day of rest.—Judge

We do not believe the story that a Texas woman set a speckled hen on a dried apple pie, and in three weeks the hen hatched out fourteen night-mares with blue ribbons on their tails.

MARKETS. BALTIMORE. GRAIN, ETC. FLOUR—Baltimore, Best Pat. No. 1, 4 1/2; High Grade Extra, 3 7/8; WHEAT—No. 2 Red, 64 1/2; Oats—No. 2 White, 44; Oats—Southern & Penn., 35 1/2; Western White, 34; RYE—No. 2, 21; MAY—Choice Timothy, 15 1/2; Good to Prime, 14 1/2; STRAW—Rye in car lots, 11 1/2; Wheat Blocks, 6 1/2; Oat Blocks, 8 1/2.

CANNED GOODS. TOMATOES—Std. No. 3, 7 1/2; No. 2, 7; PEAS—Standards, 12 1/2; Seconds, 10; CORN—Dry Pack, 10; Moist, 8 1/2.

HIDES. CITY STEERS—No. 1, 5 1/2; No. 2, 5; Southern No. 2, 3 1/2. POTATOES & VEGETABLES. POTATOES—Burbanks, 60; Onions, 70; Yams, 1 1/2.

PROVISIONS. HOGS PRODUCTS—Hides, 8; Clear ribbles, 10; Ham, 11; Mess Pork, 17; LARD—Crude, 9; Best refined, 10. BUTTER—Fine Cream, 28; Under fine, 26; Roll, 24.

CHEESE—N. Y. Factory, 12 1/2; N. Y. flats, 12; Skim Cheese, 7. EGGS—State, 75; North Carolina, 22. POULTRY. CHICKENS—Hens, 9; Ducks, per lb., 9. TOBACCO. TOBACCO—Common, 1 1/2; Middling, 6 1/2; Fancy, 12 1/2.

LIVE STOCK. BEEF—Best Beves, 4 1/2; Good to Fair, 4 1/2; SHEEP, 3 1/2; Hogs, 5 1/2. FURS AND SKINS. MUSKRAT, 10; Raccoon, 40; Red Fox, 100; Skunk Black, 20; Opossum, 22; Mink, 80; Otter, 600.

NEW YORK. FLOUR—Southern, 3 1/2; WHEAT—No. 2 Red, 68 1/2; RYE—Western, 40; CORN—No. 2, 46 1/2; OATS—No. 2, 34 1/2; BUTTER—State, 24 1/2; EGGS—State, 24 1/2; CHEESE—State, 9.

PHILADELPHIA. FLOUR—Southern, 3 1/2; WHEAT—No. 2 Red, 66; CORN—No. 3, 43 1/2; OATS—No. 2, 36 1/2; BUTTER—State, 23 1/2; EGGS—Peris, ft., 27 1/2.

Absent-Mindedness. On a Lake Shore train out of Cleveland a few days ago was an old lady who was used to travel. She was perfectly at home on the cars, and there were none of the little discouragements that usually come to travelers that could disconcert her in any degree.

The evening was warm and the good woman was seized with a burning thirst. But a generous management provides for all such wants. Ha! There was the "hydrant" in the car! Walking solemnly back to the water tank the lady set the cup under the faucet and turned on the water. It trickled; it rippled; it poured; the catch pan ran over and the tempting ice water was rapidly cooling the ends of the crossties; but the woman stood, silent and thoughtful, waiting.

At last a trainman approached with the polite query: "Lady, do you know what you're doing?" "Me? Certainly!" "Well, why are you running all that water on?"

With a look of scorn for such ignorance she replied: "Well, I'm just letting it run till it gets cool!" The sight of the faucet perhaps caused the absent-minded lady to think it was a hydrant with through connection with Lake Erie. Why not? Wasn't it the Lake Shore road? —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Tariff and Taxation. Tariff duties and internal revenue taxation on incomes and corporations are existing public interest, but of quite as much interest are those things which tax the system and require at once an external remedy. On this subject, with special recommendation, Mr. Pierce D. Brown, Bridgewater, Mass., says: "In accidents from all kinds of athletic sports, to reduce sprains and bruises, I have used St. Jacobs Oil, and always found it to be most reliable. Also, Mr. C. R. Sands, Mangum, Okla., writes: 'I have used St. Jacobs Oil for sprains and rheumatism and would not be without it for anything.' Mr. R. Ledbetter, Denton, Texas, says: 'I have used St. Jacobs Oil, and it is the only thing I ever saw that would cure toothache in ten minutes time,' and it is usually prompt and sure for frost bites. All of these communications are of recent date, showing unabated interest."

A writer says: "We count our mercies one by one; our troubles six at a time. A like industry in gathering up our reasons for gratitude, would make us as happy all the day long."

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only medicine that cures it. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials free. Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, Etc.

A man is strong when he admits to himself his own weakness. For Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Stomach Disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters—the Best Tonic. It rebuilds the blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid medicine for weak and debilitated persons.

A holy is the medium between a passion and a megalomania. There are more Catarrhs in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only medicine that cures it. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials free. Address: F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, Etc.

A blush is beautiful, but often inconvenient. Beecham's Pills correct bad effects of over-eating. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box. The earth, in revolving on its axis, goes almost as fast, reckoning at the equator, as a cannon ball—that is to say, it equates a mile in a little more than 1/100 second.

CURES OTHERS. M. W. Scott, Esq., of the U. S. Marshall's Office, Atlanta, Ga., writes: "For many years my wife has been a constant sufferer from indigestion, sick headache, nervous prostration and all other complaints that make sex life a hell to end, after trying many remedies and doctors with but little or no relief. I persuaded her to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, a 'Golden Medical Discovery.' She was so out of heart, she returned the answer that it would be like all the rest—of no good; but on my account, she said she would try it, so I got one bottle each; and before she had used half of a bottle she felt better, and she continued to improve, ever since, and now thinks it the most wonderful remedy on earth for her sex, and recommends it to all suffering females. She has not been well in ten years. I write this without any solicitation and with a free, good will, so that you may let all who may suffer know what it has done for her." Sold by medicine dealers everywhere.

WHY NOT YOU? MONEY IN CHICKENS. For a few weeks a practical poultry raiser during the winter months, secured large numbers of diseased, to feed for eggs and for sale. He had a large flock of chickens, and he was very successful. He had a large flock of chickens, and he was very successful. He had a large flock of chickens, and he was very successful.

Now comes the season when dainty and delicious cake and pastry are required. Royal Baking Powder is indispensable in their preparation. For finest food I can use none but Royal.—A. FORTIN, Chef, White House, for Presidents Cleveland and Arthur.

One bottle for fifteen cents, Twelve bottles for one dollar, by mail. R. P. A. N. S. Ripans Tabules are the most effective recipe ever prescribed by a physician for any disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels. Buy of any druggist anywhere, or send price to THE RIFANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, 25 BRUCE ST., NEW YORK.

DELICATE WOMEN. Or Debilitated Women, should use BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR. Every ingredient possesses superb Tonic properties and exerts a wonderful influence in toning up and strengthening her system, by driving through the proper channels all impurities. Health and strength guaranteed to result from its use. "My wife, who was bedridden for eight months, after using Bradfield's Female Regulator for two months is getting well." J. M. JOHNSON, Malvern, Ark. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga. Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle.

"August Flower" One of my neighbors, Mr. John Gilbert, has been sick for a long time. All thought him past recovery. He was horribly emaciated from the inaction of his liver and kidneys. It is difficult to describe his appearance and the miserable state of his health at that time. Help from any source seemed impossible. He tried your August Flower and the effect upon him was magical. It restored him to perfect health to the great astonishment of his family and friends." John Quibell, Holt, Ont.

SHEPPARD'S STOVES AND RANGES. The Best for Either Heating or Cooking. Excel in Style, Comfort and Durability. 260 KINDS AND SIZES. EVERY ONE WARRANTED AGAINST DEFECTS. ASK YOUR STOVE DEALER TO SHOW YOU SHEPPARD'S LATEST CATALOGUE. If no dealer near you write to ISAAC A. SHEPPARD & CO., BALTIMORE, MD. LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE SOUTH.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY. If you ever doubt that we can cure the most obstinate cases in 30 to 60 days, let him write for particulars and receive our reliable pills. Our medicinal backing is \$100,000. When we cure, we guarantee a refund of our Blood Purifier. We guarantee a refund of our Blood Purifier. We guarantee a refund of our Blood Purifier.

NEWSPAPER READERS' ATLAS. Colored Map of each State and Territory also State of every County in the World. Give the square miles of each State, estimate of population, chief cities, average temperature, number of officers, number of farms, their production, the value, manufacturing, number of mills, etc.; also area of each Territory, number of acres, government, population, products, number of farms, their production, the value, etc. EVERY TABLE, STATISTICAL, GEOGRAPHICAL, AND HISTORICAL. Published by N. E. G. & Co., 100 N. 7th St., St. Louis, Mo.

PISQ'S CURE FOR GOUTS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best and most reliable. Sold by druggists. Use in time. Sold by druggists.