REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Christ the Conqueror."

TEXT: "Who is this that cometh from Edom with dyed garments from Borrah—this that is glorious in His apparel, traveling in the greatness of His strength?"—Isaiah lxiii. 1.

Edom and Bozrah, having been the scene of flerce battle, when those words are used here or in any other part of the Bible they are figures of speech setting forth scenes of severe conflict. As now we often use the word Waterloo to describe a decisive contest of any kind, so the words Bozrah and Edom in this text are figures of speech descriptive of a scene of great slaughter. Whatever else the prophet may have meant to describe, he most certainly meant to depict the Lord Jesus Christ saying. "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah, traveling in the greatness of His strength?"

When a general is about to go out to the wars, a flag and a sword are publicly pre-sented to him, and the maidens bring flowers, and the young men load the cannot and the train starts amid a huzza that drowns the thunder of the wheels and the shriek of the whistle. But all this will give no idea of the excitement that there mus have been in heaven when Christ started out on the campaign of the world's conquest. If they could have foreseen the siege that would be laid to Him, and the maltreatment He would suffer, and the burdens-He would have to carry, and the battles He would have to fight, I think there would have been a million volunteers in heaven who would have insisted on coming along with Him. But no; they only accompanied him to the gate; their last shout heard clear down to the earth; the space between the two worlds bridged with a great hosanna.

You know there is a wide difference be-ween a man's going off to battle and coming back again. When he goes off, it is with epaulets untangled, with banner unspecked, with horses sleek and shining from the groom. All that there is of struggle and pain is to come yet. So it was with Christ. He had not yet fought a battle. He was starting out, and though this world did not give Him awarm hearted greeting there was a gentle mother who folded Him in her arms. And a babe finds no difference between a stable and a palace, between courtiers and

As Jesus stepped on the stage of this world and amid the kindest maternal ministra-tions. But soon hostile forces began to gather. They deployed from the sanhedrin. They were detailed from the standing army. They came out from the Casarean castles. The vagabonds in the street joined the gentlemen of the mansion. Spirits rode up from hell, and in long array there came a force together that threatened to put to rout this newly arrived one from heaven

us, now seeing the battle gathering. lifted His own standard. But who gathered about it? How ieeble the recruits! A few shoremen, a blind beggar, a woman with an alabaster box, another woman with two mites and a group of friendless, moneyless and positionless people came to His standard. What chance was there for Him? Nazareth against Him, Bethlehem against Him, Capernaum against Him, Jerusalem against Him, Galilee against Him, the courts against Him, the army against Him, the throne against Him, the world against Him, all hell against Him. No wonder they asked Him to sur-

But He could not surrender, He could not apologize. He could not take any back steps. He had come to strike for the deliverance of an enslaved race, and He must do the work. much. They did not dare to make their final assault, for they knew not but that be-Him there might be a re-enforcement

that was not seen.

But at last the battle came. It was to be more fierce than Bozrah, more bloody than Gettysburg, involving more than Austerlitz, more combatants employed than at Chalons, a ghastlier conflict than all the battles of the earth put together, though Edmund Burke's estimate of thirty-five millions of the slain be accurate. The day was Friday. The hour was between 12 and 3 o'clock. The field was a slight hillock northwest of Jerusalem. The forces engaged were earth and hell, joined as allies on one side, and heaven. represented by a solitary inhabitant on the

The hour came. Oh, what a time it was! I think that day the universe looked on. The spirits that could be spared from the heavenly temple and could get conveyance of wing or chariot came down from above, and spirits getting furlough from beneath came up; and they listened, and they looked, and they watched. Oh, what an uneven bat-tie! Two world's armed on one side; an unarmed man on the other. The regiment of the Roman army at that time stationed at Jerusaiem began the attack. They knew how to fight, for they belonged to the most thoroughly drilled army of the world. With spears glittering in the sun they charged up the hill. The horses prance and rear amid the excitement of the populace—the heels of the riders plunged in the flanks, urg-

The weapons begin to tell on Christ. See the weapons begin to tell on Carist. See how faint He looks! There the blood starts, and there, and there. If He is to have re-enforcements, let Him call them up now. No: He must do this work alone. He is dying. Feel for yourself of the wrist; the pulse is feebler. Feel under the arm; the warmth is less. He is dying. Aye, they pronounce Him dead. And just at that moment that they pronounce Him dead He rallied, and from His wounds He insheathed a weapon which staggered the Roman legions down the hill and hurled the satanic battalions into the pit. It was a weapon of love-infinite love, all conquer-ing love. Mightier than javelin or spear, it triumphed over all. Put back, ye armies of

The tide of battle turns. Jesus hath over-The tide of battle turns. Jesus hath overcome. Let the people stand apart and make
a line that He may pass down from Calvary
to Jerusalem, and thence on and out all
around the world. The battle is fought.
The victory is achieved. The triumphal
march is begun. Hark to the hoofs of the
warrior's steed and the tramping of a great
multitude, for He has many friends now!
The here of heaven and earth advances.
Cheer, cheer! "Who is this that competition is for life. Substitution! The fact is that
there are an uncounted number of mothers
who, after they have navigated a large
family of children through all the diseases
for life. Substitution! The fact is that
there are an uncounted number of mothers
who, after they have navigated a large
family of children through all the diseases
family of children through Cheer, cheer! "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Boz-rah, traveling in the greatness of His

We behold here a new revelation of a blessed and a startling fact. People talk of Christ as though He were going to do something grand for us after awhile. He has done it. Peopletalk as though ten or twenty years from now, in the closing hours of our life or in some terrible pass of life, Jesus will help us. He has done the work already. He did it 1861 years ago. You might as well talk of Washington as though he were going to achieve our national independence in 1950 as to speak of Christ as though He were going to achieve our salvation in the future—He did it in the year of our Lord 33—1861

come out and greet Him to-day, O ye people! See the names of all the battle passes
on His flag. Ye who are poor, read on this
ensign the story of Christ's hard crusts and
pillowless head. Ye who are persecuted,
of never of
read here of the rufflans who chased Him
from His first breath to His last. Mighty to
soothe your troubles, mighty to balk your
calamities, mighty to tread down your foes.

But we
monumen
"traveling in the greatness of His streath." "traveling in the greatness of His strength."
Though His horse be brown with the dust of the march, and the fetlocks be wet with the carnage, and the bit be red with the blood of your spiritual foes. He comes up now, not axhausted from the battle, but fresh as when

He went into it—coming up from Bozrab.
"traveling in the greatness of His strength."
You know that when Augustus and Constantine and Trajan and Titus came back from the wars what a time there was. You know they came on horseback or in chariots. and there were trophies before, and there were captives behind, and there were people shouting on all sides, and there were gar-lands flung from the window, and over the highway a triumphal arch was sprung. The solid masonry to-day at Benevento, Rimini and Rome still tell their admiration for those heroes. And shall we let our conqueror go without lifting any acclaim? Have we not flowers red enough to depict the cannage. white enough to celebrate the victory. fragrant enough to breathe the joy?

Those men of whom I just spoke dragged heir victims at the chariot wheels, but Christ, our Lord, takes those who once were captives and invites them into His chariot to ride, while He puts around them the arm of strength, saying, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and the waters shall not drown it, and the fires shall not burn it, and eternity shall not exhaust it."

If this be true, I cannot see how any man

can carry his sorrows a great while. If this conqueror from Bozrah is going to beat back all your griefs, why not trust Him? Ob. do not feel under this gospel your griefs you not feel under this gospel your griefs falling back and your tears drying up as you hear the tramp of a thousand illustrious promises led on by the conquerer from Bozrah, "traveling, traveling in the greatness of His strength?"

On that Friday which the Episcopal church rightly celebrates, calling it "Good Friday," your soul and mine were contended for. On that day Jesus proved Himself mightier than earth and hell, and when the ances struck Him He gathered them up into a sheaf as a reaper gathers the grain, and He stacked them. Mounting the horse of the Apocalypse, He rode down through the ages "traveling in the greatness of His strength," I catch a handle of the strength."

we will only believe it.

There may be some one here who may say:
"I don't like the color of this conqueror's garments. You tell me that His garments were not only spattered with the blood of conflict, but also they were soaked; that they were saturated; that they were dyed in it." I admit it. You say you do not like that. Then I quote you two passages of Scripture: "Without the sheding of blood there is no remission." "In the blood is the atonement." But it was not your blood. It was His own. Not only enough to redden His garmenis and to redden His horse, but enough to wash away the sins of the world. Oh, the blood on His brow, the blood on His side! It seems as if an artery must have been cut.

There may be some one here who may say: throw it over this audlence, hopping that one drop of its cleansing power may come upon your soul. O Jesus, in that crimson tide wash our souls! We accept Thy sacrifice. Ve throw our garments in the way. We fall into line. Ride on, Jesus, ride on! "Traveling, traveling is the greatness of Thy strength."

But after awhile the returning conqueror will reach the gate, and all the armies of the lord, and I whow it over this audlence, hopping that one drop of its cleansing power may come upon your soul. O Jesus, in that crimson tide wash our souls! We accept Thy sacrifice.

We throw it over this audlence, hopping that one drop of its cleansing power may come upon your soul. O Jesus, in that crimson tide wash our souls! We accept Thy sacrifice.

We throw it over this audlence, hopping that one drop of its cleansing power may come upon us!

We throw it over this audlence, hopping that one drop of its cleansing power may come upon it.

There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanue i's vel s.
And shores plunsed beneath that flood
Lose all their guitty stalus.

At 2 o'clock to-morrow afternoon go among the places of business or toil. It will be no difficult thing for you to find men who by their looks show you that they are over-Then they sent out their pickets to watch
Him. They saw in what house He went and
when He came out. They watched what He
ate, and who with; what He drank, and how
that shattered their nervous system and pulied on the brain. They have a shortness of breath, and a pain in the back of the head, and at night an insomnia that alarms them. Why are they drudging at business early and extract any amusement out of that exhaus-Because they are avaricious? In many cases, no, Because their own personal ex-penses are lavish? No ; a few hundred dollars

would meet all their wants. The simple fact is the man is enduring all The simple fact is the man is enduring all that fatigue and exasperation and wear and tear to keep his home prosperous. There is an invisible line reaching from that store, from that bank, from that shop, from that scaffolding, to a quiet scene a few blocks, a few miles away, and there is the secret of that business endurance. He is simply the champion of a homestead, for which he wins bread and war trope and squeation and prose bread and war frobe and education and pros-perity, and in such battle 10,000 men fall. Of ten business men whom I bury nine die of overwork for others. Some sudden disease

At 1 o'clock to-morrow morning, the hour when slumber is most uninterrupted and most profound, walk amid the dwelling houses of the city. Here and there you will find a dim light, because it is the household custom to keep a subdued light burning, but most of the houses from base to top are as dark as though uninhabited. A merciful God has sent forth the archangel of sleep, and he puts his wings over the city. But younder is a clear light hypning and exist. yonder is a clear light burning, and outside in the fresh air.

This is the sixth night that mother has sat

up with that sufferer. She has to the last point obeyed the physician's prescription, not giving a drop too much or too little, or a moment too soon or too late. She is very anxious, for she has buried three children with the same disease, and she prays and weeps, each prayer and sob ending with a kiss on the pale cheek. By dint of kindness she gets the little one through the ordeal. After it is all over the mother is taken down. Brain or hervous fever sets in, and one day she leaves the convalescent child with a mother's blessing and goes up to join the three in the kingdom of heaven. Life for life. Substitution! The fact is that

call it nervous prostration; some call it intermittent or malarial disposition, but I call it mariyrdom of the domestic circle. Life for life. Blood for blood. Substitution!

Or perhaps the mother lingers long enough to see a son get on the wrong road, and his former kindness becomes rough reply when she expresses anxiety about him. But she goes right on, looking carefully after his apparent remembering his apparent. his apparel, remembering his every birthday with some memento, and when he is brought with some memento, and when he is brought home, worn out with dissipation, nurses him till he gets well and starts him again and hopes and expects and prays and counsels and suffers until her strength gives out and she falls. She is going, and attendants bending over her pillow ask her if she has any message to leave, and she makes great effort to say something, but our of three or four minutes of indistinct utterance they can catch but three words, "My poor boy!" The simple fact is she died for him. Life for life, Substitution.

to achieve our salvation in the future—He did it in the year of our Lord 33—1861 years ago—on the field of Bozrah, the Captain of our salvation fighting unto death for your and my emancipation.

All we have to do is to accept that fact in our hearts, and we are free for this world, and we are free for the world to come. But, lest we might not accept, Christ comes through here to-day "traveling in the greatases of His strength," not to tell you that He is going to fight for you some battle in the future, but to tell you that the battle is already fought and the victory already won.

You have noticed that when soldiers come fhome from the wars they carry on their flags the names of the battlefields where they were distinguished. The Englishman coming back has on his banner Inkerman and Balaklava, the Frenchman Jena and Eyjau; the German, Versailles and Seian. And Christ has on

the banner He carries as conqueror the names of 10,000 battlefields He won for you and for me. He rides past all our homes of bereavement—by the door bell swathed in sorrow, by the wardrobe black with woe, by the dismantled fortress of our strength.

Come out and greet Him to-day, O ye people. See the names of all the battle reasons. era battlefields. Why did these fathers leave their children and go to the front, and why did these young men, postponing the marriage day, start out into the probabilities of never coming back? For the country they died. Life for life. Blood for blood. Sub-

But we need not go so far. What is that monument in Greenwood? It is to the doctors who fell in the southern epidemics. Why go? Were there not enough sick to be attended in these northern latitudes? Oh, yes; but the doctor puts a few medical books in his valise, and some vials of medicine, and leaves his patients here in the hands of other and takes the rail train. Before obysicians, and takes the rail train. Before he gets to the infected regions he passes crowled rail trains, regular and extra, taking the flying and affrighted populations. He arrives in a city over which a great horror is brooding. He goes from couch to couch, feeling of pulse and studying symptoms, and prescribing day, after day plotters. toms, and prescribing day after day, night after night, until a fellow physician says. "Doctor, you had better go home and rest

you look miserable."
But he cannot rest while so many are suffering. On and on until some morning finds him in a delirium, in which he talks of home and then rises and says he must go and look after those patients. He is told to lie down, but he fights his attendants until he falls back, and is weaker and weaker, and dies for people with whom he had no kinship, and far away from his own family, and is hastily put away in a stranger's tomb, and only the fifth part of a newspaper line tells us of his sacrifice—his name just mentioned among five. Yet he has touched the furthest height of sublimity in that three weeks of humanitarian service. humanitarian service. He goes straight as an arrow to the bosom of Him who said, "I was sick and ye visited Me."
Blood for blood. Substitution! Life for life.

Some of our modern theologians who want to give God lessons about the best way to save the world tell us they do not want any blood in their redemption. They want to take this horse by the bit and hurl him back on his haunches and tell this rider from Bozrah to go around some other way. Look out lest ye fall under the flying hooks of this horse, lest ye go down under the way of of horse, lest ye go down under the sword of this conqueror from Bozrah! What means the blood of the pigeons in the old dispensa-tion, the blood of the bullock; the blood of

On that day your sin and mine perished, if rushes out from the heart of the Lord, and I throw it over this audlence, hoping that one

cause while all the other inhabitants in glory are robed in white-saints in white, cherubim in white, seraphim in white—His robes shall be scarlet, even the dyed garments of Bozrah. I catch a glimpse of that triumph-ant joy, but the gate opens and shuts so quickly I can hear only half a sentence, and it is this: "Unto Him who hath washed us in it is this : "U

Popular Stones for Jewelry. Through all changes, when every stone seems to have its day, the diathese days stones are brought into For fun? No; it would be difficult to prominence to meet the demand for variety, and such stones as the amethyst, the aquamarine, the chrysoberyl, the golden carnelian and many other stones known as semi-precious are so wonderfully cut and set as to est number, and some of the most beautiful, have of late years been found in our own country. During finds them with no power of resistance, and the last three years \$400,000 worth of they are gone. Life for life. Blood for blood. American turquoises have been used American turquoises have been used. And the opal-that exquisite stone with its fairy light dancing over its delicate surface-just now it is finding its reward after many years of prejudice. Indeed, so far has the old superstition regarding this stone been removed that it has become, when set in diamonds, one of the chosen stones for the engagement ring, and the woon the window casement a glass or pitcher man who can claim among her associcontaining food for a sick child—the food set ates the most beautiful opal is to be ates the most beautiful opal is to be envied, not pitied .- Jewelers' Circu-

A Ring's Own Story.

Picking up from the sidewalk the other morning what happened to be a gold ring, with empty claws showing the removal of a stone, the finder took it wa jeweler in Eleventh street for inspection. He examined it for a few minutes under a magnifying glass and said: "Yes, this is a gold ring of fourteen carats. The stone it contained was a three-carat diamond. It was worn a number of years on a slender woman's third finger. Then it changed hands and was enlarged by the insertion of a piece of gold of inferior alloy, and may have been worn on the third finger of a stout yoman or the little finger of a man. The diamond was removed by a clumsy hand, probably by a thief, who either accidentally dropped the ring or threw it away where you found it. I never saw the ring before, but plainly read its history by the same process of observation, analysis and deduction that an Indian unconsciously employs in detecting the testimony of a forest trail."--Philadelphia Record.

Fads of Naval Officers.

Naval officers have little fads of their own to help while away time on board ship. Some are experts in photography. Other make a specialty of something immediately in the line of their profession. Many collect bric-a-brac and curios. These amusements are for the most part inexpensive, and sometimes they are profitable. One officer usually picks up enough foreign postage stamps and strange coins on a long cruise to bring in a neat little sum when he gets to some port where such things can be sold .- Chicage

ENGLISH MANNERS.

Shy and Brusque in the Entertainment of

Guests. English people have two prominent characteristics: Shyness in society and a brusqueness in conversation and the entertainment of guests. As an American who had spent some time tu England said:

"It is rather disappointing to come over here prepared to bow down and worship, and to find you have to put a duchess at her ease. I asked an Englishman once whether or not people shook hands when they were presented in England. I told him we did not do so at home, but that English people seemed to have no fixed rule about it, and I wanted to know what was expected of one. 'Well, you know,' he said, with the most charming naivete, 'it isn't a matter of rule exactly; one is generally so embarrassed when being introduced that one really doesn't know whether one is shaking hands or

The same writer continues: "It never occurs to the Englishman that his manners are too brusque. If you say, on mounting a coach, 'I am afraid I am one too many, I fear I am crowding you all,' you can count upon their all answering, with perfect cheerfulness, 'Yes, you are, but we didn't know you were coming, and there is no help for it,' and it never occurs to them that that is not perhaps the best way of putting it. After a bit you find out that they do not mean to be rude, or you learn to be rude yourself, and then you get on famously. I have had Americans come into my rooms in London with tears of indignation in their eyes, and tell of the way they had been, as they supposed, snubbed and insulted and neglected. 'Why,' they would ask, 'did they invite me to their house if they meant to treat me like that? I didn't ask them to. I didn't force myself on them. I only wanted a word now and then, just to make me feel I was a human being. If they had only asked me, "When are you going away?" it would have been something; but to leave me standing around in corners, and to go through whole dinners without as much as a word, without introducing me to any one or recognizing my existence-Why did they ask me if they only meant to insult me when they got me there? Is that English hospitality?' And the next day I would meet the people with whom he had been staying, and they would say, 'We have had such a nice compatriot of yours with us, such a well-informed young man; I hope he will stop with us for the shooting.' As far as they knew they had done all that civility required, all they would have given their neighbors, or have expected from their own people.'

When peace comes, how will Brazil know the difference?

A House in a Fret.

Let the mother become sick and helpless, and the house is all in disorder. When both father and mother are down, you may as well close the shutters. Order is brought ou of chaos often very easily, and Mrs. John Malin, of South Butte, Mont., Peb. 17, 1893. found an easy way out of her difficulties, as she writes thus. "My husband and I took very bad rheumatism from severe colds, and my arms were so lame I could not raise them to neip myself. I sent at once for a bottle o St. Jacobs Oil, and before the bottle was half empty, I could go about my work. My husband became so lame he could not get out of bed. Two and a half bottles completely cured him. I will always praise St. Jacobs Oll and you may use this as you see fit." This is a clear case of what is best at the right moment, and how every household can be made happy where pain abounds.

He who is firm and resolute in will molds the world to himself.

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 constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from judrops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars f.r any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials free. Address

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

If thou desire to be wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

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

Speak but little and well if you would be eemed a man of merit.

Smile and save money. Mail your orders for anything in drug line to E. A. Hall. Charles-ton, S. C. Free catalogues. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, 67c.; Livor Pills, 12c.; Hat Dye, 10c.; "2005," Best Worm Powders, 12c.; Porous Plasters, 12c.

Every generation of man is a laborer for that which succeeds it.

Japanese Tooth Powder, Genuine. A large box mailed for 10 cents. Lapp Drug Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Much bending breaks the bow; much unbending the mind.

Beecham's Pills are better than mineral wa-ters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

ONE reason why some men are so lean is because they have thrown all

their fat into the fire.

SLEEPLESSNESS,



and kindred ailments, whether resulting from over anxiety, overwork or study, or from unnatural habits or excesses, are treated as a specialty, with great success, by the Staff of Specialists attached to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y. Personal examinations not always necessary. Many cases are successfully treated at a distance.

ASTHMA. A new and wonderfully been discovered for Asthma and Hay Fever, which can be sent by Mail or Express.

It is not simply a palliative but a radical cure.

For pamphlets, question blanks, references and particulars, in relation to any of the above mentioned diseases, address, with ten cents in stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main Street,

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report.

Baking ABSOLUTELY PURE

Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

A Family of Freaks.

Jason Hires, who died recently at Munsons, Pa., was widely known as the father of the cddest family of children under the sun. The eldest, a boy of 18, has 13 fingers and 13 toes. Next to him is another boy, 16 years old. As long as this boy is quiet, no one would suppose that there was anything unusuai about him, but the moment he opens his mouth to talk he loses all control of his hands, arms, feet and legs, and they jerk and thrash and kick around as if they were hung on wires. The third child is a girl, who is a hunchback and a dwarf. She is 14 years old. A boy next to her is deaf and dumb. The fifth child has a bright-red birthmark encircling her neck like a strip of red flannel. It is an inch wide. The other two children are twins, 2 years old—a boy and a girl. The boy's head is covered with a dense growth of hair, while the girl has not the sign of a hair upon her head, her poll being as white, bare and shiny as a billiard ball. The girl is fat and the boy lean. When the boy cries the girl laughs heartily, and when his little sister is merry the boy yells and sheds tears.

Cause and Effect.

People who advertise do not often "give themselves away" in their advertisements. It must have been a very simple-minded man indeed who put up over his shop a notice to the effect that he was a "House-decorator, Plumber, and Undertaker."

WHEN a man is anxious to wed, but hasn't got the necessary \$1.50 for a license, it looks as if he were marrying for a home.

216 Bus. Slibs. Oats From One Bus. Seed. This remarkable, almost unheard-of, yield was reported to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., by Frank Winter, of Montana, who planted one bushel of Great North. ern Oats, carefully tilled and irrigated same, and believes that in 1831 he can grow from one bushel of Great Northern Oats three hundred CUT THIS OUR AND SEND IT with 8c postage to the above firm you will receive sample package of above oats and their mammoth farm seed

Romance has been elegantly defined as the offspring of fiction and love.

Ladies needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters. It is pi-asant to take, cures Malaria, Indices-tion, Biliousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

Riches exclude only one inconvenience, and that is poverty.

A SLIGHT COLD, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" give sure and immediate relief. Sold only in boxes.

The youth of the soul is everlasting.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Boot cures all Kidney and Bladder troubles. Pamphlet and Consultation free. Laboratory Binghamton, F. Y. Cupid never shows a wrinkle.



ALLIANCE CARRIAGE CO., CINCINNATI, O. BN U 11

We have paid to our customers in 45 days.

Profits paid twice each month; money can be withdrawn any time; \$20 to \$1000 can be invested; write for information.

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Perfectly Simple.

Really original descriptions of common things are almost always inter-

Little Alfred's mother had sent him to the dancing school. He came

home in high spirits. "Well, Alfred," said his father, "how did you like dancing? Did you find it difficult?"

"Oh, no," answered the little fellow, "it's easy enough. All you have to do is to keep turning round and wiping your feet."

Light.

The light of schoolrooms should always be arranged to fall over the left hand side of the scholar, and the window accommodation should be one-fifth of the floor-space; the limitation of this requirement is said to be the cause of short sight among the Germans.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live bet-ter than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid iaxauve. princij embra remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting

in the form most acceptable and pleas ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxstive; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from

every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

