

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "From Conquest to Conquest."

Text: "Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtaken the reaper."—Amos ix, 13.

Picture of a tropical clime, with a season so prosperous that the harvest reaches clear over to the planting time, and the wheat husbandman swinging the sickle in the thick grain almost feels the breath of the horses on his shoulders, the horses hitched to the plow preparing for a new crop. Behold the days come, saith the Lord, that the plowman shall overtake the reaper. When is that? That is now. That is this day, when hardly you have done reaping one harvest before the plowman is getting ready for another.

I know that many declare that Christianity has collapsed; that the Bible is an obsolete book; that the Christian church is on the retreat. I will here and now show that the opposite of that is true.

An Arab guide was leading a French infidel across a desert, and ever and anon the Arab guide would get down in the sand and pray to the Lord. He disgusted the French infidel, and after awhile as the Arab got up from one of his prayers the infidel said, "How do you know there is any God?" and the Arab guide said, "I know that a man and a woman are along on their way, and I know it by the footprints in the sand. And you want to know how I know whether there is any God? Look at that sunset. It is that the sunset of the world. And by the same process you and I have come to understand that this book is the footstep of God."

But now let us see whether the Bible is a last year's almanac. Let us see whether the church of God is in a Bull Run retreat. Muskets, canteens and haversacks strewn all the way. The great English historian, Sharon Turner, a man of vast learning and of great accuracy, not a clergyman, but an attorney as well as a historian, gives this overwhelming statistic in regard to Christianity and in regard to the number of Christians in the different centuries. In the first century, 600,000 Christians; in the second century, 2,000,000 Christians; in the third century, 5,000,000 Christians; in the fourth century, 10,000,000 Christians; in the fifth century, 15,000,000 Christians; in the sixth century, 20,000,000 Christians; in the seventh century, 24,000,000 Christians; in the eighth century, 30,000,000 Christians; in the ninth century, 40,000,000 Christians; in the tenth century, 50,000,000 Christians; in the eleventh century, 70,000,000 Christians; in the twelfth century, 80,000,000 Christians; in the thirteenth century, 75,000,000 Christians; in the fourteenth century, 80,000,000 Christians; in the fifteenth century, 90,000,000 Christians; in the sixteenth century, 125,000,000 Christians; in the seventeenth century, 155,000,000; in the eighteenth century, 200,000,000 Christians—a decadence, as you observe, in only one century, and more than made up in the following centuries, while it is the usual computation that there will be, when the record of the nineteenth century is made up, at least 300,000,000 Christians.

Poor Christianity! What a pity it has no friends! How lonesome it must be! Who will take it out of the poorhouse? Poor Christianity! Three hundred million in one century. In a few weeks of the year 1881 2,500,000 copies of the New Testament distributed. Why, the earth is like an old estate with twenty gates and a park artillery ready to thunder every gate. Lay aside all Christendom and see how heathendom is being surrounded and honeycombed and attacked by this all conquering gospel. At the beginning of this century there were only 150 missionaries; now there are 25,000 missionaries and native helpers and evangelists. At the beginning of this century there were only 50,000 heathen converts; now there are 1,750,000 converts from heathendom.

There is not a sector on the planet but the battery of the gospel is planted and ready to march on—north, south, east, west. You all know that the chief work of an army is to plant the batteries. It may take many days to plant the batteries, and they may do all their work in ten minutes. These batteries are being planted all along the seascoast and in all nations. It may take a good while to plant them, and they may do all their work in one day. They will. Nations are to be born in one day. But just come back to Christendom and recognize the fact that during the last hundred years, 100,000,000 have connected themselves with evangelical churches as connected themselves with the churches in the first fifty years of this century.

So Christianity is falling back, and the Bible, they say, is becoming an obsolete book. I go into a court, and wherever I find a judge's bench or a clerk's desk I find a Bible. Upon what book could there be uttered the solemnity of an oath? What book is apt to be put in the trunk of the young man as he leaves for city life? The Bible. What shall I find in nine out of every ten homes in Brooklyn? The Bible. In nine out of every ten homes in Christendom? The Bible. Voltaire wrote the prophecy that the Bible in the nineteenth century would become extinct. The century is nearly gone, and as there is no more Bible printed, as I have shown in the latter part of the century, do you think the Bible will become extinct in the next six years?

I have to tell you that the room in which Voltaire wrote that prophecy not long ago was crowded from floor to ceiling with Bibles from Switzerland. Suppose the Congress of the United States should pass a law that there should be no more Bibles printed in America and no more Bibles read. If there are 40,000,000 grown people in the United States, there would be 40,000,000 people in an army to put down such a law and defend their Bibles. Suppose the Congress of the United States should make a law against the reading or the publication of any other book, how many people would go out in such an army to go on a verdict? asks the court. If you agreed to a verdict, the jury would be taken out of the jury as they come in after having spent the whole night in deliberating. If the jury says, "Yes, we have agreed," the verdict is rendered. But suppose one of the jurymen says, "I think the man was guilty of murder," another says, "I think he is guilty of manslaughter in the second degree," and another man says, "I think he is guilty of assault and battery with intent to kill," the judge would say, "Go back to your room and bring in a verdict. Agree on something. That is no verdict."

Have these infidel scientists had impudence enough as a jury to decide the trial between infidelity, the plaintiff, and Christianity, the defendant, and after being out for centuries they come in to render their verdict. Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict? No, no. Then go back for another 500 years and deliberate and agree on something. There is not a poor, miserable wretch in the Tombs court to-morrow that could be condemned by a jury that did not agree on the verdict, and yet you expect us to give up our glorious Christianity to please these men who cannot agree on anything.

"Oh," say people, "the church is a collection of hypocrites, and it is losing its power, and it is fading out from the world." Is it? A bishop of the Methodist church told me that that denomination averages two new churches every day of the year. There are at least 1500 new Christian churches built in America every year. Does that look as though the church were fading out, as though it were a defunct institution? Which institution stands nearest the hearts of the people of America to-day? I do not care in what village, or in what city, or what neighborhood you go, which institution is it? Is it the postoffice? Is it the hotel? Is it the lecturing hall? Ah, you know it is not. You know that the institution which stands nearest to the hearts of the American people is the Christian church. If you have ever seen a church burn down, you have seen thousands of people standing and looking at it—people who never go into a church—the

tears raining down their cheeks. The whole story is told.

You may talk about the church being a collection of hypocrites, but when the diphtheria sweeps your children off whom do you send for? The postmaster, the attorney-general, the hotel-keeper, alderman? No; you send for a minister of this Bible religion. And if you have not a room in your house for the obsequies, what building do you select? Do you say, "Give me the finest room in the hotel?" Do you say, "Give me that theatre?" Do you say, "Give me a place in that public building, where I can lay my dead for a little while until we say a prayer over it?" No. You say, "Give us the house of God."

And if there is a song to be sung at the obsequies, what do you want? What does anybody want? "The Marsellaise" hymn? "God Save the Queen?" Our own grand national air? No. They want the hymn with which they sang their old Christian mother into her last sleep, or they want the Sabbath-school hymn which their little girl sang the last Sabbath afternoon she was out before she got that awful sickness which broke your heart. I appeal to your common sense. You know the most endearing institution on earth, the most popular institution on earth to-day is the church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

The infidels say, "Infidelity shows its successes from the fact that it is everywhere accepted, and it can say what it will. Why, my friends, infidelity is not half so broad in our days as it was in the days of our fathers. Do you know that in the days of our fathers there were pronounced infidels in political position? Let a man to-day declare himself antagonistic to the Christian religion, and what city wants him for mayor, what State wants him for governor, what nation wants him for president or for king? Let a man openly proclaim himself the enemy of our glorious Christianity, and he cannot get a majority of votes in any State, in any city, in any county, in any ward of America."

Do you think that such a scene could be enacted now as was enacted in the days of Robespierre, when a shameless woman was elevated as a goddess and was carried in a golden chair to a cathedral, where incense was burned to her and people bowed down before her as a divine being, she taking the place of the Bible and God Almighty, while in the corridor of that cathedral were enacted the most obscene and the most debauchery and obscenity as has never been witnessed? Do you believe such a thing could possibly occur in Christendom to-day? I know infidelity makes a good deal of talk in our day. It is on the principle that if a man jumps overboard from a Guano Island he makes more excitement than the 500 people that stay on the deck. But the fact that he jumps overboard—does that stop the ship? Does that wreck the 500 passengers? It makes great excitement when a man jumps from the lecturing platform or from the pulpit in fidelity, but does that keep the Bible and the Church from carrying their millions of passengers into the skies?

They say, these men, that science is overthrown in our day. They look through the spectacles of the infidel scientists, and they say, "It is impossible that this book can be true. People are finding it out. The Bible has got to go overboard. Science is going to throw it overboard. You believe that the Bible account of the origin of life will be overturned by infidel scientists who have fifty different theories about the origin of life. If they should come in solid phalanx, all agreeing upon sentiment and one theory, perhaps Christianity might be damaged, but there are not so many differences of opinion inside the church as outside the church."

People used to say, "There are so many different denominations of Christians—that shows there is nothing in religion." I have to tell you that all denominations agree on the two or three or four radical doctrines of the Christian religion. They are unanimous in regard to Jesus Christ, and they are unanimous in regard to the divinity of the Scriptures. How is it on the other side? All split up—you cannot find two of them alike. Oh, it makes me sick to see these literary lops going along with a copy of Darwin under one arm and a case of transfused grasshoppers and butterflies under the other arm, talking about the "survival of the fittest," and Huxley's protoplasm, and the nebular hypothesis.

The fact is that some naturalists just as soon as they find out the difference between the feelers of a wasp and the horns of a beetle begin to patronize the Almighty, while Agassiz, glorious Agassiz, who never made any pretensions to being a Christian, puts both feet on the doctrine of evolution and says, "I see that many of the naturalists of our day are adopting facts which do not bear observation or have not passed under observation. These men warring against each other—Darwin warring against Lamarck, Wallace warring against Cope, even Herschel denouncing Ferguson."

They do not agree about anything. They do not agree on embryology, do not agree on the gradation of the species. What do they agree on? Herschel writes a whole chapter on the errors of astronomy. La Place declares that the moon was not put in the right place. If he says that it had been put four times farther from the earth than it is now there would be more harmony in the universe, but Linnæus comes up just in time to prove that the moon was put in the right place.

How many colors woven into the light? Seven, says Isaac Newton. Three, says David Brewster. How high is the aurora borealis? Two and a half miles, says Lass. One hundred and sixty-eight miles, says How. How far is the sun from the earth? Seventy-two million miles, says Humboldt. Ninety million miles, says Henderson. One hundred and four million miles, says Mayer—only a little difference of 28,000,000 miles. All split up among themselves—not agreeing on anything. They come and say that the churches of Jesus Christ are divided on the great doctrines. All united they are, in Jesus Christ, in the divinity of the Scriptures. While they come up and propose to render their verdict, no two of them agree on that verdict.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on a verdict?" asks the court. If you agreed to a verdict, the jury would be taken out of the jury as they come in after having spent the whole night in deliberating. If the jury says, "Yes, we have agreed," the verdict is rendered. But suppose one of the jurymen says, "I think the man was guilty of murder," another says, "I think he is guilty of manslaughter in the second degree," and another man says, "I think he is guilty of assault and battery with intent to kill," the judge would say, "Go back to your room and bring in a verdict. Agree on something. That is no verdict."

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have utterly exhausted their ammunition in the battle against the church and against the sword of the Lord Almighty is as keen as it ever was. We are just getting our troops into line. They are coming up in companies, and in regiments, and in brigades, and you will hear a shout after awhile that will make the earth quake and the heavens ring with "Alleluia!" It will be this, "Forward, the whole line!"

And then I find another most encouraging thought in the fact that the secular printing press and pulpit seem harnessed to a thought team for the proclamation of the gospel. Every Wall street banker to-morrow in New York, every State street banker to-morrow in Boston, every Third street banker to-morrow in Philadelphia, every banker in the United States, and every merchant will have in his pocket a treatise on Christianity, a call to repentance, ten, twenty or thirty national airs? No. They want the hymn which they sang their old Christian mother into her last sleep, or they want the Sabbath-school hymn which their little girl sang the last Sabbath afternoon she was out before she got that awful sickness which broke your heart. I appeal to your common sense. You know the most endearing institution on earth, the most popular institution on earth to-day is the church of the Lord Jesus Christ.

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Besides that, have you noticed that during the past few years every one of the doctrines of the Bible—either such as the religious, the secular press? Do you not remember a few years ago, when every paper in the United States had an editorial on the subject of "Is There Such a Thing as Future Punishment?" It was the strangest thing that there should be a discussion in the secular papers on that subject, but every paper in the United States and in Christendom discussed it. "Is There Such a Thing as Future Punishment?" I know there were small wits who made sport of the discussion, but there was not an intelligent man on earth who, as the result of that discussion, did not ask himself the question, "What is going to be my eternal destiny?" So it was in regard to Tyndall's prayer gauge.

About twelve years ago, you remember, the secular papers discussed that, and with just as much interest as the religious papers, and there was not a man in Christendom who did not ask himself the question: "Is there anything in prayer?" May the creature impress the creator? Oh, what a mighty fact, what a glorious fact—the secular printing press and the pulpit of the church of Jesus Christ harnessed in the same team!

Then look at the international series of Sunday-school lessons. Do you know that every Sabbath, between 3 and 5 o'clock, there are 5,000,000 children studying the same lesson—a lesson prepared by the leading minds of the world, and then they are discussed, and then these subjects are discussed and given over to the teachers, who give them over to the children? So, whereas, once, and within our memory, the children studied here and there a story in the Bible, now they are taken through from Genesis to Revelation, and we shall have 5,000,000 children forestalled for Christianity. My soul is full of astonishment. I will show you what I will show. "Alleluia, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth!"

Then you notice a more significant fact, if you have talked with people on the subject, that there are men who feel that philosophy and science as a matter of comfort. They say it does not amount to anything when you have a dead child in the house. They will tell you, when they were sick and the doctor of the future seemed opening, the only comfort they could find was in the Gospel. People are having demonstrated all over the land that science and philosophy cannot solve the trouble and the doctors of the world, and they are taking other religion, and they are taking Christianity, the only sympathetic religion that ever came into the world.

Now, there are some men who say they have never seen a man who says they have never heard the voice of God. They do not believe it ever transpired or ever heard—that anything like it ever occurred. I point to 20,000,000 or 1,000,000 people who say, "Christ was crowned in our hearts' affections, we have seen the light in our souls, and we have heard His voice; we have heard it in storm and darkness; we have heard it again and again." Whose testimony will you take? These men who say they have never seen a man who says they have never heard the voice of God, or the millions of Christians who testify of what they saw with their own eyes and heard with their own ears?

Yonder is the aged Christian after fifty years' experience of the power of godliness in his soul. Ask him whether, when he buried his dead, the religion of Jesus Christ has not a consolation, ask him if through the long years of his pilgrimage the Lord ever forsook him. Ask him if, when he looks forward to the future, if he has not a peace and a joy, and a consolation the world cannot take. Here is a man who has seen what he has seen and what he has felt opposite to the testimony of a man who says he has not seen anything on the subject or felt anything of people who have not seen or people who have seen?

You say morphia puts one to sleep. You say in time of sickness it is very useful. I deny it. Morphia never puts anybody to sleep, it never alleviates pain. You ask me why I say that. I have never tried it. I never took it. I deny that morphia is any soothing to the nerves or any quiet in time of sickness. I deny it. But here are twenty persons who say they have all felt the soothing effects of a physician's prescribing morphia. Whose testimony will you take? The testimony of the medical or of the testimony, I never have taken the medicine? Here is the Gospel of Jesus Christ, an anodyne for all trouble, the mightiest medicine that ever came down to earth. Here is a man who says, "I don't believe in it. There is no power in it." Here are other people who say: "We have found out its power and know its soothing influence. It has cured us." Whose testimony will you take in regard to this healing medicine?

I feel that I have convinced every man in this house that it is utter folly to take the testimony of those who have never tried the Gospel of Jesus Christ in their own heart and life. We have tens of thousands of witnesses. I believe you are ready to take their testimony. Young man, do not be ashamed to be a friend of the Bible. Do not put your thumb in your vest, as young men sometimes do, and swagger about talking of the glorious light of the nineteenth century and of there being no need of a Bible. They have the light of nature in the human mind and in all the dark places on earth. Did you ever hear that the light of nature gave them comfort for their trouble? They have lancets to cut and jugs to crush, but no comfort. Ah, my friends, do not let your skepticism, suppose you are put in this crisis. Oh, father, your child is dying. What are you going to say to her? "I don't believe in it. There is no power in it." Here is a woman who has a very consecrated woman. The mother instructed the daughter in the truths of Christianity. The daughter sickened and was about to die, and she said to her father, "Father, shall I take your instruction, or shall I take mother's instruction? I am going to die now. I must have this matter decided." That man who had been loud in his infidelity, said to his dying daughter, "My dear, you had better take your mother's religion." You know how it comforted her. You know what she said to you when she was dying. You had better take your mother's religion.

The prototype, or bundle of reed pipes, is the prototype of the bagpipe.

IN A DOG NURSERY.

A QUEER BUT THRIVING BUSINESS IN CHICAGO.

How Canines are Cared for While Their Owners Go Shopping—Treatment for the Ill—Baths and Manicure.

Day nurseries for dogs are recent innovations. They were wholly unknown until fashion prescribed pugs and poodles for street companions and parlor ornamentation. Over a dingy basement door on Wabash avenue near Hubbard Court there is the single word "Dogs." It is L. F. Whitman's dog nursery. Every pleasant morning carriages drive down the avenue and stop at the door. From each an elegantly dressed lady alights with a dog in her arms. Sometimes it is dressed in the height of fashion, with a blue-and-gold blanket and bells, and sometimes it wears only a silver collar. The lady trips down the steps and deposits her pet in one of the little wire cages which occupy one side of the room. Mrs. Whitman locks it in and promises four or five times that it will be well treated. When the lady has bid the poodle an affectionate farewell she goes on downtown to do her shopping. No checks are given out, because Mrs. Whitman has such a remarkable memory for dogs' faces that she can tell instantly if she has ever seen it before or known its owner. The wrinkles in a pug's nose are to her as much a distinguishing feature as is the color of eyes in men or women.

When the lady drives back Mrs. Whitman has Fido all ready to bark his mistress a glad salutation and sniff in her pockets for the chocolates which she has almost certainly bought for her pet. There are many women who could as well leave Fido at home, but they dislike being separated from him so long, or else they fear that he will get into a draught and catch cold, so they bring him down to the dog nursery, where he is certain of good care.

Big dogs are also brought to the nursery every day, many by young sporting men, and on a busy day the little room presents a lively appearance. There are big dogs, little dogs and medium-sized dogs, black dogs and yellow dogs and dogs of no particular color. They are all well-bred animals, and each one of them insists on making it known by an exhibition of his best vocal efforts. Every one of the little wire cages occupied by the ladies' dogs is neatly lined with brussels carpet and fitted up to suit the tastes of the most fastidious of the canine species. The big dogs have comfortable quarters under the window. The walls of the room are covered with pictures of famous dogs, and there is a magnificent mounted St. Bernard in one window. Dog medicines and dog foods occupy the shelves on one side, and collars, blankets and the medals of many a bygone exhibition are strewn everywhere. It is a veritable dog paradise.

Mr. Whitman is a dog physician. He does nothing but treat canine diseases, and he is well paid for it, too. Dogs are brought to him with almost every conceivable disease, and he has his little bottle of medicine for every one. He says that dogs have to be treated just like men, only a good deal better. Indigestion and grip are the most prevalent troubles. A lady brought her pug to the nursery yesterday. His head lopped disconsolately to one side, and the lady's eyes were full of tears. She thought Fido would die. Mr. Whitman was not slow in diagnosing the case.

"Too much pie," he said. The lady went away, and when she returns at the end of a week Fido will have been dieted and tonicked until he is as gay as ever. Then there are hives, mange and all sorts of fever. Mr. Whitman lays his two fingers on the dog's nose and looks at its eyes and tells promptly what the matter is. He says he has treated dogs for nearly every human ailment but corns.

"They ought to be doctored," he says, "just as much as men, because they can't tell us how they are suffering. A dog knows as much as a good many men, anyway. I think they'd all be talking before now if they weren't afraid they'd be put to work."

The nursery is also a hair-cutting and manicuring establishment, and Mrs. Whitman has a complete dog bath house in the rear of the nursery. The ladies' pugs don't run around much, and their claws grow so long that they scratch themselves, and Mrs. Whitman has to trim and polish them off. It is a neat job and requires no little skill. The poodles are clipped as regularly as a man gets his hair cut. The dog is set up on a high stool, which serves as a barber's chair, and his shaggy hair is trimmed away. He usually enjoys it first-rate. After the job is finished he is treated to a genuine shampoo and he comes out feeling like a new dog. Some ladies have their poodles treated to a bath every week, and it costs exactly the same as a bath for a man. Most of the dogs object seriously to being soaped and scrubbed off, and it sometimes makes a lively fracas in the bath-rooms. Mrs. Whitman sometimes gives a Turkish bath, but she says she doesn't believe much in it. She thinks the effect is enervating.

One of the commonest and most ludicrously pitiful sights at the nursery is a dog with the toothache. Usually one eye is swelled to a perpetual wink, and the little fellow howls dimly with the pain. The doctor gets out his forceps and turns dog dentist. It is not an easy operation, but when the instrument is once firmly fastened to the tooth something comes.—Chicago Record.

Take no Substitute for Royal Baking Powder. It is Absolutely Pure. All others contain alum or ammonia.

Visual Telegraphy. An inventor of this city is wrestling with the problem of visual telegraphy, Mr. N. S. Amstutz, of this city is confident that with a series of small mirrors, arranged with the proper appliances, one cannot only hear the person to whom he is talking over the telephone wire, but can receive a transmitted reflection of his face. Mr. Amstutz's work in making an instrument which will transmit a drawing by telegraph leads his friends to hope that he may be successful in his new attempt. Mr. Amstutz does not claim that he will be able to bring forth the invention, but he believes he has found a line of experiment which will enable some one, at some time, to do so.—Cleveland Leader.

Found a \$500,000 Treasure Box. A few weeks ago a Spaniard named Francisco Perez arrived at Atenea, Mexico, from Spain. He had with him documents and drawings showing the location of hidden treasure amounting to \$1,500,000 secreted a century or more ago by a band of brigands, all of whom were afterwards killed or driven out of the country. Perez received exclusive permission to acquire whatever he might find, and has already had success, an iron box filled with gold coin and jewelry having been unearthed. The value of the contents of the box is placed at \$500,000.

A Big Nugget of Silver. Supt. Reid sent down from the Diamond Company's mine last Monday a nugget of ore weighing 2,280 pounds, which was shipped Wednesday to the Midwinter Fair in San Francisco, and which is to represent Eureka County. The nugget is 3 feet 10 inches long, 18 inches wide, and 18 inches thick. It assays 82 per cent. in silver per ton, and 18 per cent. in lead. The nugget when quarried out in the mine was about double its present size, but was too large to haul up the shaft, and had to be broken.—Eureka (Nev.) Sentinel.

Shiloh's Cure Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Incontinent Consumption; it is the Best Cough Cure; 25c. 50c. 1.00.

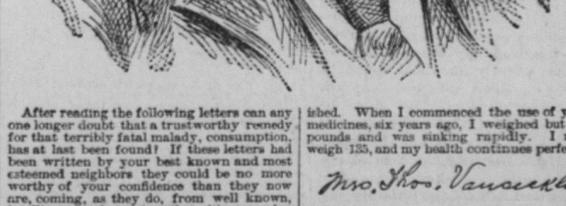
Liverpool, Eng., has an electric elevator railroad.

Japanese Teeth Powder, Genuine. A large box mailed for 50 cents. Lapp Drug Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

A silk worm's thread is one-thousandth of an inch thick.

A wonderful stomach corrector—Beecham's Pills. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

WHEN IT COMES TO CONVERSATION THE BARBER HAS THE EDGE ON US.—Galveston News.



After reading the following letters can any one longer doubt that a trustworthy remedy for that terribly fatal malady, consumption, has at last been found? If these letters had been written by your best known and most esteemed neighbors they could be no more worthy of your confidence than they now are, coming, as they do, from well known, intelligent and trustworthy citizens, who, in their several neighborhoods, enjoy the fullest confidence and respect of all who know them.

K. C. Melin, Esq., of Kempville, Princes Anne Co., Va., whose portrait heads this article, writes: "When I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery I was very low with a cough and at times spit up much blood. I was not able to do the least work, but most of the time was in bed. I was all run-down, very weak, my head was dizzy and I was extremely despondent. The first bottle I took did not seem to do me much good, but I had faith in it and continued using it until I had taken fifteen bottles and now I do not look nor feel like the same man I was one year ago. People are astonished and say, 'well, last year this time I would not have thought that you would be living now.' I can thank fully say I am entirely cured of a disease which, but for your wonderful 'Discovery' would have resulted in my death."

Even when the predisposition to consumption is inherited, it may be cured, as verified by the following from a most truthful and much respected Canadian lady, Mrs. Thomas Vanocelli, of Brighton, Ont. She writes: "I have long felt it my duty to acknowledge to you what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and his 'Pleasant Pills' have done for me. They almost raised me from the grave. I had three brothers and one sister died of consumption and I was speedily following after them. I had severe cough, pain, copious expectoration and other alarming symptoms and my friends all thought I had but a few months to live. At that time I was persuaded to try the 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the first bottle acted like magic. Of course, I continued on with the medicine and as a result I gained rapidly in strength. My friends were asto-

GET THERE EARLY! SALZER'S NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS - POTATOES. The person planting Salzer's seeds never knows of hard times. \$2.50 PER BU. JOHN A. SALZER SEED & LA CROSSE, WIS.