REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Strangers Within the Gates."

TEXT: "I was a stranger and ye took Me

It is a moral disaster that jocosity has despoiled so many passages of Scripture, and my text is one that has suffered from irreverent and misapplied quotation. It shows great poverty of wit and humor when people take the sword of divine truth for a game at feneing or chip off from the Kohinoor diamond of inspiration a sparkle to decorate a fool's cap. My text is the salutation in the last judgment to be given to those who have shown hospitality and kindness and Christian helpfulness to strangers. By railroad and steamboat the population of the earth are all the time in motion, and from one year's end to another our cities are crowded with visitors.

Every morning on the tracks of the Hudson River, the Pennsylvania, the Erie, the Long Island Railroads there come passenger trains more than I can number, so that all trains more than I can number, so that all the depots and the wharves are a-rumble and a-clang with the coming in of a great immigration of strangers. Some of them come for purposes of barter, some for mechanism, some for artistic gratification, some for sightseeing. A great many of them go out on the evening trains, and consequently the city makes but little impression upon them, but there are multitudes who in the hotels and boarding houses make temporary residence. They tarry here for three or four residence. They tarry here for three or four days, or as many weeks. They spend the days in the stores and the evenings in sight-seeing. Their temporary stay will either make or break them not only financially, but morally, for this world and the world that is to come. Multitudes of them come into our morning and evening services. I am con-scious that I stand in the presence of many this moment. I desire more especially to speak to them. May God give me the right word and help me to utter it in the right way.

There have glided into this house those naknown to others whose history if told would be more thrilling than the deepest would be more thrilling than the deepest tragedy, more exciting than Patti's song, more bright than a spring morning, more awful than a wintry midnight. If they could stand up here and teil the story of their escapes, and their temptations, and their bereavements, and their disasters, and their victories, and their defeats, there would be in this house such a commingling of be in this house such a commingling of groans and acclamations as would make the

place unendurable. There is a man who, in infancy, lay in a cradle satin lined. Out yonder is a man who was picked up a foundling on Boston Common. Here is a man who is coolly observing this religious man who is coolly observed the cool of the coo serving this religious service, expecting no advantage and caring for no advantage for himself, while yonder is a man who has been for ten years in an awful conflagation of evil habits, and he is a mere cinder of a destroyed nature, and he is wondering if there shall be in this service any escape or help for his immortal soul. Meeting you only once perhaps face to face. I strike hands with you in an earnest talk about your present condition and your eternal well being. St. Paul's ship at Melita went to pieces where two seas meet, but we stand to-day at a point where a thousand seas converge, and eternity alone can tell the issue of the hour.

The hotels of this country, for beauty and elegance, are not surpassed by the hotels in any other land, but those that are most celebrated for brilliancy of tapestry and mirror cannot give to the guest any costly apart-ment unless he can afford a parlor in addition to his lodging. The stranger, therefore, will generally find assigned to him a room without any pictures and perhaps any rocking chair. He will find a box of matches on a bureau and an old newspaper left by the previous occupant, and that will be about all the ornamentation. At 7 o'clock in the evening, after having taken his repast he will look over his memorandum book of the day's work, he will write a letter to his home, and then a desperation will seize upon him to get out. You hear the great city thundering under your windows, and you say, "I must join that procession." and in ten minutes you have joined it. Where are you going? "Oh." ou say, "I haven t made up my mind yet." setter make up your mind before you start. Perhaps the very way you go now you will always go. Twenty years ago there were two young men who came down the Astor House steps and started out in a wrong direction.

where they have been going ever since.

"Well, where are you going?" says one
man. "I am going to the academy to hear
some music." Good. I would like to join
you at the door. At the tap of the orchestral
baton all the gates of harmony and beauty
will open before my soul. I congratulate
you, Where are you going? "Well," you you. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going up to see some advertised pictures." Good. I should like to go along with you and look over the same catalogue and study with you Kensett and Bierstadt and Church and Moran. Nothing more elevating than good pictures. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going up to the Young Men's Christian Association rooms." Good. You will find there gymnastics to strengthen the muscles, and books to improve the mind, and Christian influence to save the soul. I wish every city in the United States had as fine a paiace for its Young Mark the Company of the Comp its Young Men's Christian Association as New York has. Where are you going? "Well," you say, "I am going to take a long walk up Broadway and so turn around into the Bowery. I am going to study human life." Good. A walk through Broadway at 8 o'clock at nigot is interesting, educating, fascinating, appalling, exhibitrating to the last degree. Stop in front of that theatre

and see who goes in. Stop at that saloon and see who comes out. See the great tides of life surging backwar1 and forward and beating against the marble of the curbstone and eddying down into the saloons. is that mark on the face of that debauchee? It is the hectic flesh of eternal death. What is that woman's laughter? It is the shriek Who is that Christian man going along with a vial of anodyne to the dying pauper on Elm street? Who is that belated man

on the way to a prayer meeting? Who is that city missionary going to take a box in which to bury a child? Who are all these clusters of bright and beautiful faces? They are going to some interesting place of amuse-Who is that man going into the drug store? Who is that man going into the drug store? That is the man who yesterday lost all his fortune on Wall street. He is going in for a dose of belladonna, and before morning it will make no difference to him whether stocks are up or down. I tell you that Broadway, between 7 and 12 o'clock at night, between the Battery and Central Park, is an Austerlitz, a Gettysburg, a Waterloo, where

Austerlitz, a Gettysburg, a Waterloo, where kingdoms are lost or won and three worlds igle in the strite. I met another coming down off the hotel deps, and I say, "Where are you going?" You say: "I am going with a metchant of You say: "I am going with a metchant of New York who has promised to show me the underground life of the city. I am his customer, and he is going to oblige me very much." Stop! A business house that tries to get or keep your custom through such a process as that is not worthy of you. There are business establishments in our cities which have for years been sending to destruction hundred and thousands of merchants. They have a secret drawer in the

cess as that. Drop their asquaintance. They will cheat you before yon get through. They will sawly you a style of gorge different from that which you bought by simple. They will roby you on the part of that you gorge has a style in the package half a dozon less pairs of the penders than you pid for. They will roby you. Oh, you feel in your pockets and say, "is my money gone?" They have robbed you of something for which dollars and cents can never give you compensation.

When one of these western merchants has been drarged by one of those commercial acents through the slums of the city, he is not fit to go home. The mere memory of what he has seen will be moral pollution. I think you had better let the city missionary and the police attend to the exploration of New York and underground life. You do not yothers because a syndrific provide the police attend to the exploration of New York and underground life. You do not you go into the gaid of contagion. And yot you go into the gaid of contagion. And yot you go into the gaid of contagion. And yot you go into the gaid of contagion. And yot you go into the gaid of contagion. And yot you go into the gaid of contagion. And you have been ruined by simply going to observe without any idea of participating. The fact is that underground city life is a filthy, fuming, resking, pestiferous depth which blasts the eye that looks at it. In the reign of terror in 1792 in Paris people escaping from the officers of the law got into the seems of the city and crawled and walked through miles of that awful labyrith, stiffed with the atmosphere and almost dead, some of them, when they came out to the river Seine, where they washed themselves and again breathed the fresh air. But I have to fell you that a great many of the men who go derive the company of the gorge that the propose to take you and show work of the policution of the moral statives of a commercial one of the pr

About sixteen years ago as a minister of religion I felt I had a divine commissson to explore the iniquities of our cities. I did not explore the iniquities of our cities. I did not ask counsel of my session or my presbytery or of the newspapers, but asking the companionship of three prominent police officials and two of the elders of my church I unrolled my commission, and it said: "Son of man, dig into the wall. And when I had digged into the wall behold a door, and He said go in and see the wicked abominations that are done here. And I went in the said seed a seed a seed the wicked abominations. said go in and see the wicked abominations that are done here. And I went in and saw and behold!" Brought up in the country and surrounded by much paternal care, I had not until that time seen the haunts of iniquity. By the grace of God defended, I had never sowed my "wild oats."

I had somehow been able to tell from various sources something about the iniquities of the great cities and to preach against

ties of the great cities and to preach against them, but I saw in the destruction of a great multitude of the people that there must be an infatuation and a temptation that had an a reinstation and a temptation that had never been spoken about, and I said, "I will explore." I saw thousands of men going down, and if there had been a spiritual percussion answering to the physical percussion the whole air would have been full of the rumble and roar and crack and thunder of the demolition and this memorial. the demolition, and this moment, if we should pause in our service, we should hear the crash, crash! Just as in the sickly seather the crash, crash! son you sometimes hear the bell at the gate of the cemetery ringing almost incessantly, so I found that the bell at the gate of the cemetery where ruined souls are buried was tolling by day and tolling by night. I said, 'I will explore.'

I went as a physician goes into a fever azareto to see what practical and useful in-formation I might get. That would be a foolish doctor who would stand outside the door of an invalid writing a Latin prescrip-tion. When the lecturer in a medical col-lege is done with his lecture, he takes the students into the dissecting room, and he shows them the reality. I went and saw and come forth to my pulpit to report a plague and to tell how sin dissects the body and dissects the mind and dissects the soul. "Ob," say you, "are you not afraid that in consequence of such exploration of the ini-quities of the city other persons might make exploration and do themselves damage?" I reply: "If in company with the commissioner of police, and the captain of police, and the inspector of police and the company of two Christian gentlemen, and not with the spirit of curiosity, but that you may see sin in order the better to combat it, then, in the name of the eternal God, go? But, if not, then stay away."
Wellington, standing in the battle of

Waterlooo when the bullets were buzzing Waterloop when the bullets were buzzing around his head, saw a civilian on the field. He said to him: "Sir, what are you doing here? Be off!" "Why," replied the civilian. "there is no more danger here for me than there is for you." Then Wellington flushed up and said, "God and my country demand that I be here, but you have no errand here." Now I, as an officer in the army of Jesus Christ, went on that exploration and on to

up and said, "God and my country demand it hat I be here, but you have no errand here."

Now I, as an officer is the army of Jesus Christ, went on that exploration and on to that battlefield. If you bear a like commission, go. If not, stay away. But you say, "Don't you think that somehow the description of those places induces people to go and see for themselves? I answer yes, just as much as the description of yellew fever in some scouraged city would induce people to go and see for themselves? I answer yes, just as much as the description of yellew fever in some scouraged city would induce people to go and see for themselves? I answer yes, just as much as the description of yellew fever in some scouraged city would induce people to go and see for themselves? I answer yes, just as much as the description of yellew fever in some socuraged city would induce people to go and see for themselves? I answer yes, just as much as the description of yellew fever in some socuraged city would induce people to go and see for themselves? I answer yes, just as much as the description of yellew fever in some scouraged city would induce people to go and see for themselves? I do not give you a cup, pointedly yet kindly address him? Come a Saviour's mercy. I do not give you a cup, or a chalice, or a pitcher with a simited supply to effect your abultions. I point you to the five oceans of God's mercy. Ob, that the your case the your soul buried in sin. Good morning the wast population rush bundles, and tell them how you and for morning the vast population rush bundles, and toward here the European Subath morning the vast population rush bundles, and toward here the European of Parket our case of the morning the vast population rush bundles, and toward here the European Subath morning the vast population rush bundles, and toward nide proved to go do the stant I may be dead to a control of the stant of the control of the stant of the c

ing the brass band of the northern troops played the national air, and all the northern troops cheered and cheered. Then on the opposite side of the Rappahannock the brass band of the Confederates played "My Maryiand" and "Dixie," and then all the southern troops cheered and cheered. But after awhile one of the bands struck up "Home, Sweet Home," and the band on the opposite side of the river took up the strain, and when the tune was done the Confederates and the Federals all together united as the tears rolled down their cheeks in one great tears rolled down their cheeks in one great

huzza, huzza!

Well, my friends, heaven comes very near to-day. It is only a stream that divides us, the narrow stream of death, and the voices there and the voices here seem to commingle, and we join trumpets and hosannahs and halleiujahs, and the chorus of united song of earth and heaven is "Home, Sweet Home." Home of bright domestic circle on earth, Home of forgiveness in the great heart of God. Home of eternal rest in heaven. Home! uzza, huzza!

counter where money is kept, and the clerk goes and gets it when he wants take these visitors to the city through the low slums of the place.

Shall I mention the names of some of these igreat commercial establishments? I have them on my lips. Shall I? Perhaps I had better leave it to the young men who in that process have been destroyed themselves while they have been destroying others. I care not how high sounding the name of a commercial establishment if it proposes to get customers or to keep them by such a pro-

in on the same frain with me." Stop! You! cannot afford to do it.

"But," you say. "I am worth \$500,000."
You cannot afford to do it. You say, "I am worth \$1,000,000." You cannot afford to do it. All you gain by breaking the Sabbath you will lose. You will lose one of three things—your intellect, your morals or your property—and you cannot point in the whole

things—your intellect, your morals or your property—and you cannot point in the whole earth to a single exception to this rule. God gives us six days and keeps one for Himself. Now, if we try to get the seventh, He will upset the work of all the other six.

I remember going up Mount Washington, before the railroad had been built, to the Tip-Top House, and the guide would come around to our horses and stop us when we were crossing a very steep and dangerous place, and he would tighten the girth of the horse and straighten the saddle. And I have to tell you that this road of life is so steep and full of peril we must at least one day in seven stop and have the harness of life readjusted and our souls re-equipped. The seven days of the week are like seven business partners, and you must give to be seven business. justed and our souls re-equipped. The seven days of the week are like seven business partners, and you must give to each one his share, or the business will be broken up. God is so generous with us—He has given you six days to His one. Now, here is a father who has seven apples, and he gives six to his greedy boy, proposing to keep one for himsel. The greedy boy grabs for the other one and loses all the six.

How few men there are who know how to keep the Lord's day away from home! A great many who are consistent on the banks of the St. Lawrence, or the Alabama, or the

of the St. Lawrence, or the Alabama, or the Mississippi are not consistent when they get so far off as the East River. I repeat—though it is putting it on a low ground—you cannot financially afford to break the Lord's day. It is only another way of tearing up your Government securities and putting down the price of goods and blowing up your store. I have friends who are all the time slicing off pieces of the Sabbath. They cut a little of the Sabbath off that end and of the St. Lawrence, or the Alabama, or the cut a little of the Sabbath off that end and a little of the Sabbath off this end, do not keep the twenty-four hours. Bible says, "Remember the Sabbath d

I have good friends who are quite accustomed to leaving Albany by the midnight train on Saturday night and getting home train on Saturday hight and getting home before church. Now, there may be occasion when it is right, but generally it is wrong. How if the train should run off the track into the North River? I hope your friends will not send to me to preach your funeral sermon. It would be an awkward thing for me to stand up by your side and preach, you, a Christian man, killed on a rall train travel-Christian man, killed on a rail train traveling on a Sunday morning. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." What does that mean? It means twenty-four hours. A man owes you a dollar. You don't want him to pay you ninety cents. You want the dollar. If God demands of us twenty-four hours out of the week, He means twenty-four hours, and not nineteen. Oh, we want to hours, and not nineteen. Ob, we want to keep vigilantly in this country the American Sabbath and not have trans-American Sabbath and not have transplanted here the European Sabbath, which for the most part is no Sabbath at all. If any of you have been in Paris, you know that on Sabbath morning the vast population rush out toward the country with baskets and bundles, and toward night they come back fagged out, cross and intoxicated. May God preserve to us our glorious, quiet American

Tommy's Opinions.

Little Tommy had heard that his sister, who sings in the choir, had a sweet voice; but when she scolded him for not doing as he was told he said: "They say you have a sweet voice; I think it is a sour voice sometimes. At another time his father had explained to him the difference between hard and pine wood. Of course he was anxious to display his knowledge, so being in the cellar with his younger sister, he took up a piece of oak and said: "That is hard wood;" then picking up a piece of pine, "and this is easy wood."—Boston Transcript.

Comparative trials of sheep shearing by hand and by machine made in Australia resulted largely in favor of the machines. It was found that 1000 sheep could be sheared by machine for about \$10, and the yield of wool is about eight ounces per head more than when sheared by hand.

Too Magnetic for Safety.

The story that a deviation of her compass, resulting from the presence of steel in a cork leg worn by the man at the wheel, caused the steamer Susan E. Peck to strand near Bar Point, Lake Erie, in September last, with a loss to the underwriters of upward of \$20,000, has brought out another quite funny one.

According to the narrator, on one of the trips of the fine steel steamer Castalia down Lake Huron the past season, the second mate reported to Capt. Allen that the compass had suddenly gone wrong; that the needle would swing three or four points to the right or left at intervals, and that because of these erratic movements it had become utterly impossible to steer a course-in fact, he had lost track of the course of the steamer altogether. Capt. Allen accompanied the mate to the pilot house and found matters just as they had been reported. Besides the man at the wheel two lady passengers were in the pilot house when Capt. Alien entered. Turning to them, after meditating for a moment, he asked if they wore steel corsets. A reply in the affirmative ied to a further question as to where they had been, and this elicited the information that the lad'es had paid a visit to the engine room, and that while there the engineer had afforded them an opportunity to inspect the dynamo which supplied the electric lights of the steamer.

"That settles it: you must get out of here!" next greeted the ears of the ladies as Capt. Allen opened the pilot house door for their exit. And while they were walking back to the cabin in a maze of suprise and a tonishment at Capt Allen's exhibition of bluff, sailor-like authority, that compass got right down to staid business again and showed the man at the

wheel the way with its usual precision. It is hardly necessary to explain that the dynamo had magnetized the steel corsets worn by the ladies, and that thus the corsets became responsible for the crazy race the needle of the compass ran as the wearers moved to and fro in the pilot house. -Miiwaukee Wisconsin.

His Consent.

A fond parent, living in the southern part of Missouri, who has his own ideas about the marriage question, sent the recorder his consent to the marriage of his daughter. It being a little out of the ordinary (says the Bolivar Free Press), we copy it verbatim: "Mr. Cleark-hear is a young man that wants to get maried to my daughter i giv her to him as nothing els will do him let them fight."

QUAINT old customs still survive in many parts of England. In Ely place, Holborn, a wachman cries the hours nightly with the same formula in use for centuries past: "Past one o'clock, and a cold, wet mornin

All other powders are cheaper made and inferior, and leave either

acid or alkali in the food

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

The Dower Chest,

In Holland the dower chest once formed a part of every bride's equipment. Less portable, but more sightly than the "Saratoga" trunk, it fulfilled its purpose with grace and dignity, passing down as an heirloom from generation to generation. The modern chest is an easy thing to secure, but these the up-to-date girl holds in disdain; her chest must be really antique, of carved oak of English or Flemish make, or elaborately inlaid with marqueterie of colored woods and dated or initialed with figures and characters eloquent of other times and manners. There are very few of the genuine old-fashioned "dower chests" to be seen on this side of the Atlantic. One of them in this city is a very massive affair, weighing several hundred pounds.-Buffalo Commercial.

NIKOLA TESLA, the famous electrician, has invented an engine which does away with fly-wheels, crossheads and eccentrics, with everything, in fact, but the piston and cylinder, all the control mechanism being electro-

Mahogany Pavement. Paris is trying a wood pavement made of mahogany.

United States Secret Codes.

The secret codes used by the United States state department are the most carefully guarded of all the nation's secrets. One of them is called the "sphinx"—it is so guarded. The "sphinx" was devised by a New-Yorker now in the state department, and is as susceptible to changes as the combination lock of a safe. Hundreds of messages have been sent by it, and it has never leaked.

If you could secure gold at 50c, on \$1 you would order some by mail. A free catalogue of inallable articles in drug line will teach you how to save 50c, on \$1. E. A. Hall, Charleston. S. C. Hat Dye, 10c.

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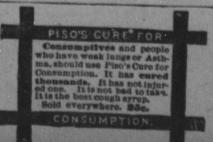
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The subject of the above portrait is a prominent and much respected citizen, Mr. Robert Manson, of West Rye, N. H. Where Mr. Manson is known "his word is as good as his bond." In a recent letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., Mr. Manson says:

"Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best pills I ever took for the liver. All my friends say they do them the most good."

This opinion is shared by every one who once tries these tiny, little, sugar-coated pills, which are to be found in all medicine stores. The U. S. Inspector of Immigration at Buffalo, N. Y., writes of them as follows:

"From early childhood I have suffered from a sluggish liver, with all the disorders accompanying such a condition. Doctors' prescriptions and patent medicines I have used in abundance; they only afforded temporary relief. I was recommended to try Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pelleta. I did so, taking two at hight and one after dinner every day for two weeks. I have reduced the dose to one 'Pellet' every day for two months. I have in six months increased in solid flesh twenty-two pounds. I am in better health than I have been since childhood. Drowsiness and unpleasant feelings after meals have completely disappeared."

John A No Berry

Assist nature a little now and then with a gentle laxative, or, if need be, with a more searching and cleansing cathartic, thereby removing offending matter from the stomach and boweis, and toning up and invigorating the liver and quickening its tardy action, and you thereby remove the cause of a multitude of distressing diseases, such as headaches, indigestion, biliousness, skin diseases, boils, carbuncles, piles, fevers and maladies too numerous to mention.

If people would pay more attention to properly regulating the action of their bowels, they would have less frequent occasion to call for their doctors' services to subdue attacks of dangerous diseases.

That, of all known agents to accomplish this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are unequaled, is proven by the fact that once used, they are always in favor. Their secondary effect is to keep the bowels open and regular, not to further constipate, as is the case with other pills. Hence, their great popularity with sufferers from habitual constipation, piles, and indigestion.

The "Pleasant Pellets" are far more effective in arousing the liver to action than "blue pills," calomel, or other mercurial preparations, and have the further merit of being purely vegetable and perfectly harmless in any condition of the system; no particular care is required while using them.

Composed of the choicest, concentrated vegetable extracts, their cost is much more than is that of other pills found in the market, yet from forty to forty-four "Pellets" are put up in each scaled giass vial, as sold through druggists, and can be had atthe price of the more ordinary and cheaper made pills.

Dr. Pierce prides himself on having been first to introduce a Little Liver Pill to the American people. Many have imitated them, but none have approached his "Pleasant Pellets" are infinitely averaged.

but none have approached his "Pleasant Pellets" in excellence.

For all laxative and cathartic purposes the "Pleasant Pellets" are infinitely superior to all "mineral waters," sediitz powders, "salts," castor oil, fruit syrups (no-called), laxative "teas," and the many other purgative compounds sold in various forms.

Put up in glass viais, sealed, therefore always fresh and reliable. One little "Pellet" is laxative, two gently cathartic.

As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve distress from over-eating, nothing equals them. They are tiny, sugar-coated, antibilious granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. Every child wants them.

Then, after they are taken, instead of disturbing and shocking the system, they act in a mild, and natural way. There is no reaction afterward. Their help lasts.

Accept no substitute recommended to be "just as good." They may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better profit, but he is not the one who needs help.