REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN. DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Our House on the Hills." (Preached at the Hamptons, Long Island.)

Text: "In my Father's house are many coms."-John xiv., 2.

Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure Here is a bottle of medicine that is a cure all. The disciples were sad and Christ of-fered heaven as an alternative, a stimulant and a tonic. He shows them that their sor-rows are only a dark background of a bright picture of coming felicity. He lets picture of coming felicity. He lets them know that though now they live on the lowlands they shall yet have a house on the uplands. Nearly all the Bible descriptions of heaven may be figurative. I am not positive that in all heaven there is a literal crown or harn or pearly gate or I am not positive that in an heaven there is a literal crown or harp or pearly gate or throne or chariot. They may be only used to illustrate the glories of the place, but how well they do it! The favorite symbol by which the Bible presents celestial happiness is a house. Paul, who never owned a house, although he hired one for two years in Italy, speaks of heaven as a "house not made with hands," and Christ in our text, the transla-tion of which is a little changed so as to give the more accurate meaning, says: "In my

the more accurate meaning, says.
Father's house are many rooms.
This divinely authorized comparison of heaven to a great homestead of large accommendations. I propose to carry out. In some heaven to a great homestead of large accommodations I propose to carry out. In some healthy neighborhood a man builds a very commodious habitation. He must have room for all his children. The rooms come to be called after the different members of the family. That is mother's room. That is George's room. That is Henry's room. And the house is all occupied. But time goes by and the sons go out into the world and build their own homes and daughters are married or have talents enough singly to go out and or have talents enough singly to go out and do a good work in the world. After a while the father and mother are almost alone in the big house and, seated by the evening stand, they say: "Well, our family is no larger now than when we started together forty years ago." But time goes still further forty years ago." But time goes still further by and some of the children are unfortunate by and some of the children are unfortunate and return to the old homestead to live, and the grand-children come with them, and perhaps great-grandchildren, and again the house is full. Many millennia ago God built on the hills of heaven a great homestead for a family innumerable, yet to be. At first He lived alone in that great house, but after a while it was occupied by a very large family, cherubic, seraphic, angelic. The eternities passed on and many of the inhabitants became wayward and left never to return. And many ward and left never to return. And many of the apartments were vacated. I refer to the fallen angels. Now these apartments are filling up again. There are arrivals at the old homestead of God's children every day, and the day will come when there will be no uncompiled record in all the house. be no unoccupied room in all the house.

As you and I expect to enter it and make

As you and l'expect to enter it and make there eternal residence, I thought you would like to get some more particulars about that many-roomed homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see the place is to be apportioned off into apartments. We shall love all who are in heaven, but there are some years good record when we would are some very good people whom we would not want to live with in the same room. They may be better than we are, but they are of a divergent temperament. We would like to meet with them on the golden streets and worship with them in the temple and walk with them on the river banks, but I am glad to say that we shall live in different apartments. "In my Father's house are many rooms." You see heaven will be so large that if one want an entire room to be so large that if one want an entire room to himself or herself, it can be afforded. An ingenious statistician taking the statement made in Revelation, twenty-first chapter, that the heavenly Jerusalem was measured and found to be twelve thousand furlengs and that the length and height and breadth of it are equal, says that would make heaven in size 948 sextillion 988 quintillion cubic feet, and then reserving a certain portion for the court of heaven and the streets, and estimating that the world ta hundred thousand years, he ciphers out that there are over five trillion rooms, each room seventeen fest long, sixteen feet wide, fifteen feet high. But I have no faith in the accuracy of that calculation. He makes the rooms two small. From all I can read, the rooms will be palatial, and those who have

the rooms two small. From all I can read, the rooms will be palatial, and those who have not had enough room in this world will have plenty of room at the last. The fact is that most people in this world are crowded, and though out on a vast prairie or in a mountain district people may have more room than they want, in most cases it is house built close to house, and the streets are crowded and the cradle is crowded by other cradles, and the graves crowded in the cemetery by other graves, and one of the richest luxuries of many people in getting out of this world will be the gaining of unhindered and uncramped room. And I should not wonder if instead of the room that the statistician ciphered out as only seventeen feet by sixteen, it should be larger than any of the imperial rooms at Berlin, St. James or Winter Palace. "In my Father's house are many rooms." Carrying out still further the symbolism of the textlet us join hands and go up to this majestic homestead and see for ourselves.

As we ascend the golden steps, an invisible guardsman swings open the front door and we are ushered to the right into the reception room of the old homestead. That is the place where we first meet the welcome of heaven. There must be a place in which it confronts the inhabitants celestial. The reception room of the newly arrived from this world—what scenes it must have witnessed since the first guest arrived, the victim of the first fratricide, pious Abel. In that room Christ lovingly greeted all new comers. He redeemed them and He has the right to the first embrace on their arrival. What a minute when the ascended spirit first sees the Lord. Better than all we ever read about Him or talked about Him or sang about Him or talked about Him or sang about Him or talked about Him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival or under the uplifted baton of an oratorio are a bankruptcy of thought compared with

idea we ever had of Him on sacramental days or at the height of some great revival or under the uplifted baton of an oratorio are a bankruptcy of thought compared with the first flash of His appearance in that reception room. At that moment when you confront each other, Christ looking upon you and you looking upon Christ, there will be an ecstatic thrill and surging of emotion that beggars all description. Look! They need no introduction. Long ago Christ chose that repentant sinner and that repentant sinner chose Christ. Mightiest moment of an immortal history—the first kiss of heaven! Josus and the soul. The soul and Jesus.

But now into that reception room pour the glorified kinsfolk. Enough of earthly retention to let you know them, but without their wounds or their sicknesses or their troubles. See what heaven has done for them. So radiant, so gleeful, so transportingly lovely. They call you by name. They greet you with an ardor proportioned to the anguish of your parting and the length of your separation. Father! Mother! There is your child. Sisters! Brothers! Friends! I wish you joy. For years apart, together again in the reception room of the old homestead. You see they will know you are coming. There are so many immortals filling all the spaces between here and heaven that news like that flies like lightning. They will be there in an instant; though they were in some other world on errand from God a signal would be thrown that would fetch them. Though you might at first feel dazed and overawed at their supernal splendor, all that feeling will be gone at their first touch of heavenly salutation, and we will say: "O my lost friend, are we here together?" What scenes have been witnessed in the reception room of the old homestead! There met Joseph and Jacob, finding it a brighter room than anything they saw in Pharaoh's palace; David and the little

child for whom he once fasted and wept;
Mary and Lazarus after the heartbreak of
Bethany; Timothy and grandmother Lois;
Isabella Graham and her sailor son,
Alfred and George Cookman, the
mystery of the sea at last made manifest;
Luther and Magdalene, the daughter he bemoaned; John Howard and the prisoners
whom he gospelized; and multitudes without
number who, once so weary and so sad,
parted on earth but gloriously met in heaven.
Among all the rooms of that house there is
no one that more enraptures my soul than
that recention room. "In my Father's house that reception-room. "In my Father's house

are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house is the throne room. We belong to the royal family. The blood of King Jesus flows in our veins, so we have a right to enter the throne

room. It is no easy thing on earth to get through even the outside door of a King's through even the outside door of a King's residence. During the Franco-German war, one eventide in the summer of 1870, I stood studying the exquisite sculpturing of the gate of the Tuileries, Paris. Lost in admiration of the wonderful art of that gate I knew not that I was exciting suspicion. Lowering my eyes to the crowds of people I found myself being closely inspected by governmental officials, who from my complexion judged me to be a German, and that for some belligerent purpose I might be examining the gates of the palace. My explanations in very poor French did not satisfy them and they followed me long distances until I reached my hotel, and were not satisfied until from my landlord they found that I was only an inoffensive Ameri-can. The gates of earthly palaces are care-fully guarded, and, if so, how much more severely the throne room. A dazzling place is it for mirrors and all costly art.

is it for mirrors and all costly art. No one who ever saw the throne of the first and only Napoleon will ever forget the letter N embroidered in purple and gold on the upholstery of chair and window, the letter N gilded on the wall, the letter N chased on the chalices, the letter N flaming from the ceiling. What a conflagration of brilliance the throne room of Charles Immanuel of Sardina, of Ferdinand of Spain, of Elizabeth of England, of Boniface of Italy, But the throne room of our Father's house hath a glory eclipsing all the throne rooms that ever saw scepter wave or crown glitter or foreign Ambassador bow, for our Father's throne is a throne of grace, a throne of mercy, a throne of holiness, a throne of justice, a throne of universal dominion. We need not stand shivering and cowering before it, for our Father says we may yet one day come up and sit on it beside Him. "To him that overcomsit on it beside Him. "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me in My throne." You see we are Princes and Princesses. Perhaps now we move about incognito, as Peter the Great in the garb of a ship carpen-ter at Amsterdam, or as Queen Tirzah in the dress of a peasant woman seeking the prophet for her child's cure; but it will be found out after awhile who we are when we get into the throne room. Aye! we need not wait until then. We may by prayer and song and spiritual uplifting this mo-ment enter the throne room. O King, live forever! We touch the forgiving The crowns of the royal families of this world are tossed about from generation to generation and from family to family. There are children four years old in Berlin who have seen the crown on three Emperors. But wherever the coverest of this result is But wherever the coronets of this world rise or fall, they are destined to meet in one place. And I look and see them coming from north and south and east and west, the Spanish crown, the Italian crown, the English crown, the Turkish crown, the Russian crown, the Persian crown, aye, all the crowns from un-der the great archivolt of heaven; and while I watch and wonder they are all flung in rain of diamonds around the pierced feet.

Jesus shall reign wher'er the sun Does his successive journeys run, His kingdom stretch from shore to shore Till sun shall rise and set no more. Oh, that throne room of Christ! "In my

Father's house are many rooms." In my Father's house are many rooms." Another room in our Father's house is the music room. St. John and other Bible writers talk so much about the music of heaven that there must be music there. perhaps not such as on earth was thrummed from trembling string or evoked by touch of ivory key, but if not that, then something better. There are so many Christian harpists and Christian composers and Christian organists and Christian choristers and Christian hympologists that have gone up from earth, there must be for nave gone up from earth, there must be for them some place of especial delectation. Shall we have music in this world of discords and no music in the land of complete har-mony? I cannot give you the notes of the first har of the new song that is sung in heaven. I cannot imagine either the solo or the doxology. But heaven means music, and can mean nothing else. Occasionally that music has escaped the gate. De Faller heaven. I cannot imagine either the solo or the doxology. But heaven means music, and can mean nothing else. Occasionally that music has escaped the gate. Dr. Fuller dying at Beaufort, S. C., said: "Do you not hear?" "Hear what?" exclaimed the bystanders. "The music! Lift me up! Open the windows?" In that music-room of our Father's kouse, you will some day meet the old Christian masters, Mozart and Handel and Mendelssohn and Beethoven and Doddridge, whose sacred poetry was as remarkable as his sacred prose, and James Montgomery and William Cowper, at last got rid of his spiritual melancholy, and Bishop Heber, who sang of "Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand;" and Dr. Raffles, who wrote of "High in yonder realms of light," and Isaac Watts, who went to visit Sir Thomas Abney and wife for a week but proved himself so agreeable a guest that they made him stay thirty-six years; and side by side, Augustus Toplady, who has got over his dislike for Methodists, and Charles Wesley freed from his dislike for Calvinists; and George W. Bethune, as sweet as a song maker as he was great as a preacher and the author of "The Village Hymns;" and many who wrote in verse or song, in church or by eventide cradle, and many who were passionately fond of music but could make none themselves. The poorest singer there more than any earthly prima donna, and the poorest players there more than any earthly prima donna, and the poorest players there more than any earthly Gottschalk. Oh that music room, the headquarters of cadence and rhythm, symphony and chant, psalm and antiphon! May we be there some hour when Haydn sits at the keys of one of his own oratorios, and David the psalmist fingers the harp, and Miriam of the Red sea banks claps the cymbals, and Gabriel puts his lips to the trumpet and the four-and-twenty soldiers chant, and Lind and Parepa render matchless due in the music room of the old beavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

Another room in our Father's house will be the family room. It may

the family room. It may correspond somewhat with the family room on earth. At morning and evening you know, that is the place we now meet. Though every member of the household have a separato room in the family room they all gather and joys and sorrows and experiences of all styles are there rehearsed. Sacred room in all our dwellings! Whether it be luxurious with ottomans and divans and books in Russian lide standing in mahogany case, or there be only a few plain chairs and a cradie. So the family room on high will be the place where the kinsfelk assemble and talk over the family experiences of earth, the weddings, the births, the burials, the festal days of Christmas and Thanksgiving reunion. Will the children departed remain children there? Will the aged remain aged there? Oh, no; everything is perfect there. The child will go ahead to glorified maturity and the aged will go back to glorified maturity and the aged will go back to glorified maturity. The rising sun of the one will rise to meridian and the descending sun of the other will return to meridian. However much we love our children on earth we would consider it a domestic disaster if they stayed children and so we rejoice at their growth here. And when we meet in the family room of our Father's house, we will be glad to find restored to the most agile and vigorous immortality there. If forty or forty-five or fif-ty years be the apex of physical and mental life on the earth, then the heavenly childhood will advance to that and the heavenly old age will retreat to that.

When we join them in that family room we shall have much to tell them. We shall

want to know of them right away such things as these: Did you see us in this or that or the other struggle? Did you know when or the other struggle? Did you know when we lost our property and sympathize with us? Did you know we had that awful sickness? Were you hovering anywhere around when we plunged into that memorable accident? Did you know of our backsliding? Did you know of that moral victory? Were you pleased when we started for heaven? Did you celebrate the hour of our conversion? And then, whether they know it or not, we will tell them all. But they will have more to tell us than we to tell them. Ten years on earth may be very eventful, but what must be the biography of ten years in heaven? They will have to tell us the story of coronations, story of news from all immensity, story of conquerors and hierarchs story of wrecked or ransomed planets, story of angelic victory over diabolic revolts, of extinguished suns, of obliterated constellations, of new galaxies over diabolic revolts, of extinguished suns, of obliterated constellations, of new galaxies kindled and swung, of stranded comets, of worlds on fire, and story of Jehovah's majestic reign. If in that family room of our Father's house we have so much to tell them of what we have passed through since we parted, how much more thrilling and arousing that which they have to tell us of what they have passed through since we parted. Surely that family room will be one of the most favored rooms in all our Father's house. What long lingering there, for we shall never again be in a hurry What long lingering there, for we shall never again be in a hurry. "Let me open a window," said an humble Christian servant to Lady Raffles, who, because of the death of her child, had shut herself up in a dark room and refused to see any one; "you have been many days in this dark room. been many days in this dark room. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen, and instead of leaving him in this world till he should be worn with trouble, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? Leave off weeping and let me open a window." So to-day I am trying to open upon the darkness of earthly separation the windows and doors and rooms of the heavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

of the heavenly homestead. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

How would it do for my serimon to leave you in that family room to-day? I am sure there is no room in which you would rather stay than in the enraptured circle of your ascended and glorified kinsfolk. We might visit other rooms in our Father's house. There may be picture galleries penciled not with earthly art but by some process unknown in this world, preserving for the next world the brightest and most stupendous scenes of human history. And there may be lines and forms of earliny beauty preserved for heavenly inspection in something whiter and chaster and richer than Venetian sculpture ever wrought. Rooms beside rooms. Rooms over rooms. Rooms beside rooms. Rooms over rooms.

Large rooms. Majestic rooms, opalescent rooms, amethystine rooms. "In my Father's house are many rooms."

I hope none of us will be disappointed about getting there. There is a room for us if we will go and take it, but in order to reach it it is absolutely necessary that we take the right way; and Christ is the way; and we must enter at the right door, and Christ is the door; and we must start in time, and the only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock only hour you are sure of is the hour the clock now strikes and the only second the one your watch is now ticking. I hold in my hand a roil of letters inviting you all to make that your home forever. The New Testament is only a roll of letters inviting you, as the spirit of them practically says: "My dying yet immortal child in earthly neighborhood, I have built for you a great residence. It is full of rooms. I have furnished them as no palace was ever furnished. Pearls are nothing, emeralds are nothing, chrysophrasus is nothing; illumined panels of sunrise and sunset, nothing; the aurora of the northern heavens, nothing—compared with the splendor with which I have garnitured them. But you must be clean before you can enter there, and so I have opened a fountain where you may wash all your sins away. Come now! Put your weary but cleansed feet on the upward pathway. Do you not see amid the thick foliage on the heavenly hill-tops the old family homestead? "In my Father's house are many rooms."

ney by an ignoramus who would talk was theirs, but although they tremble at the literature to him. Arnold would not dispute with him; but, when, with the portentous seriousness of one who has discovered a great truth, he said, "In my opinion William Shakespeare was a great poet," Arnold warmly grasped his hand, and with equal gravity said, "Do let me shake hands with the only admirer of my favorite poet." A story of a different kind is told of Doctor Oliver Wendell Homes. Traveling down to Gloncester once, he was dragged into a long conversation, which ended in a countryman's taking the "autocrat's" hat and saying, "I read something in the paper the other day about the size of great men's heads, and I thought I'd like to know the size of yourn. But what bothers me is, my head's the biggest of the two!"

THE newest thing in electric locomotion is the Ward omnibus, which runs by electricity on all sorts of tracks, up or down grade. Rails are dispensed with, and all special tracks; and the van is run over asphalt or wood, or pavements of stone, or common macadam. This is a wonderful stride in advance of what had been looked for. Are we to be entirely rid of the cost of laying rails for cars? Probably not yet, but ere long. A system of electric carriages, self-guided as well as self-propelled, is sure of coming soon into use. Then we shall have zerial navigation, and between the two rapid transit is solved. The expense of travel will, at the same time, be reduced to a small fraction of its present cost.

Dr. HAMMOND protests against the American habit of gulping down a great quantity of ice-water. He says that it induces catarrh of the stomach, which underlies a dozen other troubles and, very possibly, cancer of the stomach. Ice, used in small quantities, is a valuable remedy; but any one had better swallow coals of fire than ice-water. It blisters and destroys the membrane. Dyspepsia is a sure consequence, and it does not even insure temporary comfort. What, then, can we do? Swallow instead an occasional crumb of ice. Reasonably cold, but not ice-cold, lemonade is a convenient and wholesome drink. Bet- of the New York Press, "What is a ter yet is the old-fashioned farmer's colonel?" by saving: "A Kentuckian." drink of one-half milk and one-half This is a mistake. All Kentuckians water. This is refreshing and cooling are colonels but not all colonels are when far from ice-cold.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR JULY 14.

Lesson Text: "The Sorrowful Death of Eli," 1 Sam. iv., 1-18 Golden Text: 18am. iii., 13 -Commentary.

1. "The word of Samuel came to all Israel." That is the word of the Lord through Samuel, for he, as the Lord's prophet, would speak the Lord's message (Hag. 1, 13); and thus all Israel would know through him the will of the Lord. In studying any portion of the history of Israel we must remember that they were chosen by God from among all the nations of the earth and placed in that good land in order that He through them might make Himself a name and be magnified by them in the eyes of all the nations (II Sam. vii., 23; I Chr. xvii., 21; Isa. Ixiii., 12), He showing in every way that He had made them a peculiar people unto Himself (Ex. xix., 5). "Israel wont out against the Philistines to battle." It was during a forty years' oppression of Israel by the Spirit of God to do his mighty works, and it was by the Philistines that Israel was defeated when Saul and his sons were slain; if we judge from I Sam. xvii., 23, 45, we are to look upon them as defiers of the living God, the God of Israel, over whom true Israelites should always have the victory. (Deut. xxviii., 7.)

2. "Israel was smitten before the Philistines." This indicates that God was not with them, for had He been in their midst victory would have been certain: "one should chase

ways have the victory. (Deut. xxviii., 7.)

2. "Israel was smitten before the Philistines." This indicates that God was not with them, for had He been in their midst victory would have been certain; "one should chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight." He had promised to flight for them when He sent them forth (Deut. i., 30; iii., 25; xxxii., 30, so that this going out against the enemy and this defeat was not the result of God's leading. When they were defeated at Ai it was because of sin in the camp, and the sin which Eli knew and did not put away may have been partly the cause of this defeat; but our next lesson will tell us that they had as a nation forsaken God (chap. vii., 3), and this judgment reminds us that "the hand of our God is upon all them for good that seek Him; but His power and His wrath is against all them that forsake Him." (Ezra viii., 22.)

3. "Let us fetch the ark of the covenant of the Lord; * * * It may save us." They did not look to the Lord to save them, they were not at this time worshiping Him, but idols, and they speak of this holy vessel as if it were an idol which perhaps may have more power than the other idols which they worshiped; but their iniquities had separated between them and God, and their sins had hid His face from them (Isa. lix., 2; Jer. v., 25).

4. "So the people sent to Shiloh, that they might bring from thence the ark of the covenant of the Lord of Hosts, which dwelleth between the cherubim." Thus they add sin to sin and are so blinded that they see not the enormity of this sin. Consider the significance of this holy vessel, mentioned eleven times in this chapter, and that its place in the tabernacle was in the Holy of Holies into which the High Priest alone entered but onco a year and never without the blood of the sacrifice, typifying the blood of Jesas Christ; consider also the expression "dwelleth between the cherubim" found here for the first time, and only seven times in all Scripture (II Sam. vi., 2; II Kings xix., 15; I Chr. xiii., 6; Ps. lxxx.

heart that humbly seeks Him, but when such blind and blasphemous hands approach Him they can only expect His wrath.

5. "All Israel shouted with a great shout."

It was not like the great shout when the walls of Jericho fell, or when the foundation of the second temple was laid (Josh. vi., 20; Ezra ili., 11-13), for then it was a shout because the Lord was in their midst and the work was for His glory, but this was simply the shout of Israel without reference to the glory of God; it may have been a louder shout than on the other covasions, but it was all noise

my Father's house are many rooms."

It is related of Matthew Arnold that he was once bored during a long journey by an ignoranus who would talk possible results, remembering what they had neard of the wonders in Egypt and in the wilderness, they are ready to make trial of the power of their god against Israel's God and urge their soldiers to be strong and quit and urge their soldiers to be strong and quit themselves like men, least they become ser-vants to the Hebrews. It is not to be won-dered at that the Philistines knew not the God of Israel nor His mighty power, when Israel knew not their own God nor relied upon Him. Had He indeed come into the camp of Israel that would have settled the

fell of Israel was smitten; there fell of Israel thirty thousand footmen." Israel was chosen to rely upon God that He might shew forth His power, and whenever she failed to do so her defeat was sure. Two

rael was chosen to rely upon Good that He might shew forth His power, and whenever she failed to do so her defeat was sure. Two things were required of her; that she should be holy and by implicit reliance upon, and obedience to her God, magnify His name. The same two things are required now of every Christian and of every church.

11. "The ark of God was taken; " " * the two sons of Eli were slain." The next two chapters tell of the journeyings of the ark in the land of Philistines, and how the hand of the Lord was against the people wherever it rested until they were glad to return it to Israel with an offering. God will see to His own glory and will care for His own ark, even if His people despise Him and the enemy seem for a time to prosper.

12-17. "Eli sat upon a seat by the wayside, watching, for his heart trembled for the ark of God." Only twice outside of these first fow-chapters of I Samuel do wa find the name of Eli in the Bible (chap, xiv., 3; I Kings, ii. 27), yet he lived to be 98 years old and judged Israel forty years. He does not seem to have walked very closely with God or to have been very intimate with Him.

The glory of Israel was not the house of Eli, of which four died that day, nor even the ark itself, precious holy vessel though it was; but God Himself, the Lord of Hoses, the God of Israel, whom no Philistine could touch, and whom the death of all the priests and prophets that ever lived could not affect. Let us fix our eyes upon Jesus, rely wholly upon Him, keep His commandments, magnify His name, seek His glory, and losing sight of self, or church, or denomination, except in so far as they may honor Him, seek with the whole heart and all our might to hasten the completion of His kingdom.

18. "When he made mention of the ark of God so the heart and all our might to hasten the completion of His church and the coming of the kingdom of the last o

BRYCE WILLIAMS, one of the few surrivors of Waterloo, died recently in Perth. He piped to the Seventy-ninth Highlanders on the field, and also took part in the entry of the victorious British party into Paris.

A WESTERN paper answers the query

S:JACOBS OIL

FOR STRAINS AND SPRAINS.

NEW AND STRONG CASES. A Surprise. Boston, Mass., June 12, 1688. I wish to inform you of what I consider most won-derful. Yesterday I sprained my anale on a curb-stone and at might could only step on my foot with greatest pain; got a bottle of 25. Jacobo 101 and applied it freely, to-day I am about my business as usual without feeling any inconvenience.

Strained Ankle. Cleveland, O., Jane 25, 1888. Was in bed with strained ankle; used came; completely cured by St. Jacobs Cil. No return of pain. L. HABLEY.

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimere, Md.

IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER of the cele-REVOLVER purchase one of the cele-practed SMITH & WESSON arms. The finest small arms ever manufactured and the first choice of all experts. Manufactured in calibrate 32, 35 and 44-100, ris or double action, Safety Hammeriess Target models. Constructed entirely of ity wrought sieel, carefully inspects manship and stock, they are unrivaled manship and stock, they are unrivaled manship and stock, they are unrivaled. SMITH & WESSON

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like magic, causing the PAIN to INSTANTLY STOP.
For CONGESTIONS, INFLAMMATIONS,
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