## REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Weighed in the Balances. (Preached at Omaha, Neb.)

TEXT: "Thou art weighed in the bal-ances, and art found wanting."—Daniel v., 27.

Rabylon was the paradise of architecture, and driven out from thence the grandest buildings of modern times are only the evidence of her fall. The site having been selected for the city, two million men were employed in the rearing of her walls and the building of her works. It was a city sixty miles incircumference. There was a trench all around the city from which the material for the building of the city had been digged.

There were twenty-five gates on each side the city; between every two gates a tower of defense springing into the skies; from each gate on the one side, a street running straight through to the corresponding gate on the other side, so there were fifty streets fifteen miles long. Through the city ran a branch of the river Euphrates. This river sometimes overflowed its banks, and to keep it from the ruin of the city a lake was constructed, into which the surplus water of this river would run during the time of freshets, and the water was kept in this artificial lake until time of drought, and then this water would stream down over the city. At either and the water was kept in this artificial lake until time of drought, and then this water would stream down over the city. At either end of the bridge spanning the Euphrates there was a palace—the one palace a mile and a half around, the other palace seven and a half miles around.

The wife of Nebuchadnezzar had been born and brought up in the country and in a

and brought up in the country and in a mountainous region, and she could not bear this flat district of Babylon; and so, to please his wife, Nebuchadnezzar built in the midst of the city a mountain 400 feet high. mountain was built out into terraces sup-ported on arches. On the top of these arches a layer of flat stones; on the top of that a layer of reeds and bituman; on the top of that two layers of bricks, closely cemented; on the top of that a heavy sheet of lead, and on the top of that a heavy sheet of lead, and on the top of that the soil placed—the soil so deep that a Lebanon cedar had room to anchor its roots. There were pumps worked by mighty machinery, fetching up the water from the Euphrates to this hanging garden, as it was called, so that there were fountains spouting into the sky.

spouting into the sky.

Standing below and looking up it must have seemed as if the clouds were in blossom, or as though the sky leaned on the shoulder of a cedar. All this Nebuchadnezzar did to please his wife. Well, she ought to have been pleased. I suppress the week pleased of the shoulder of the second of the shoulder of the second please his wife. Well, she ought to have been pleased. I suppose she was pleased. If that would not please her nothing would. There was in that city also the temple of Belus, with towers—one tower the eighth of a mile high, in which there was an observatory where astronomers talked to the stars. There was in that temple an image, just one image, which cost what would be our fifty—action dellars.

wo million dollars.

O what a city! The earth never saw any thing like it, never will see anything like it.

And yet I have to tell you that it is going to And yet I have to tell you that it is going to be destroyed. The King and his Princes are at a feast. They are all intoxicated. Pour out the rich wine into the chalices. Drink to the health of the King. Drink to the glory of Babylon. Drink to a great future.

A thousand Lords reel intoxicated. The King, seated upon a chair, with vacant look as intoxicated men will—with vacant look as intoxicated men will—with vacant look they are at the wall. But soon that yearn

stared at the wall. But soon that vacant look takes on intensity, and it is an affrighted look; and all the Princes begin to look and wonder what is the matter, and they look at the same point on the wall. And then there drops a darkness into the room and puts out the blaze of the golden plate, and out of the sleeve of the darkness there comes a finger a finger of flery terror circling around and circling around as though it would write; circling around as though it would write; and then it comes up and with sharp tip of flame it inscribes on the plastering of the wall the doom of the King; "Weighed in the balances and found wanting." The bang of heavy fists against the gates of the palace are followed by the breaking in of the doors. A thousand gleaming knives strike into a thousand quivering hearts. Now Death is King, and he is seated on a throne of corpses. In that hall there is a balance lifted. God swung it. On one side of the of corpses. In that half there is a balance lifted. God swung it. On one side of the balance are put Belshazzar's opportunities, on the other side of the balance are put Belshazzar's sins. The sins come down. His opportunities go up. Weighed in the balances—found wanting.

There has been a great deal of cheating.

There has been a great deal of cheating in our country with false weights and measures and balances, and the government, to change that state of things, appointed commissioners whose business it was to stamp missioners whose business it was to stamp weights and measures and balances, and a great deal of the wrong has been corrected. But still, after all, there is no such thing as a perfect balance on earth. The chain may break or some of the metal may be clipped, or in some way the equipoise may be a little disturbed.

disturbed.

You cannot always depend upon earthly balances. A pound is not always a pound, and you pay for one thing and you get another; but in the balance which is suspended to the throne of God, a pound is a pound, and right is right, and wrong is wrong, and a soul is a soul, and eternity is eternity. God has a perfect bushel and a perfect peck and a perfect gallon. When merchants weigh their goods in the wrong way, then the Lord weighs the goods again. If from the imperfect measure the merchant pours out what pretends to be a gallon of oil and there is less than a gallon, God knows it, and He calls upon His recording angel to mark it: "So day the goods again. If from the imperfect measure the merchant pours out what
pretends to be a gallon, God knows it, and the eals
than a gallon, God knows it, and the eals
than a gallon, God knows it, and the eals
than a gallon, God knows it, and the eals
the pours on the base and imperfect measure.

If a measure of the recording angel to mark it: "So
much wanting in that measure of oil." The
farmer comes in from the country. He has
the pours of the consumers of the pours of the fire to come. He gets in. I find that
the pours of gangel: "Mark down so many apples too few—an insperfect measure." We
may cheat ourselves and we may cheat the
world, but we cannot cheat God, and in
the great day of judgment it will be found
out that what we learned in boyhood at
make a too, and one hundred weight
make a too, and one hundred weight
make a too, and one hundred weight
make a cord of wood. No more,
no less. And a religion which does not take
hold of this life as well as the life to come is
no religion at all. But, my friends, that is
not the kind of balances I am to speak of
the day; that is not the kind of weights and
make which can speak of that kind of balshore which can be shored to the world's
sins. Down will go the sins and away
will go the opportunities, and on the pyrenees, and the minister
now. The time will come when God will didown on the white throne to see the worldweighed, and on one side the balances, and the world's
sins. Down will go the sins and away
will go the opportunities, and con the contract of the contract of the contract

not kindle the glories of the Champs Elysees? Have I not adorned the Tuileries? Have I not built the gilded Opera House? Then God weighed that nation, and he put on one side of the scales the Emperor and the boulevards, and the Tuileries, and the Champs Elysees, and the gilded Opera House, and on the other side he put that man's abomination, that man's libertinism, that man's selfishness, that man's godless ambition. This last came down, all the brilliancy of the scene vanished. What is that voice coming up from Sedan? Weighed and found wanting.

But I must become more individual and more personal in my address. Some people say they do not think clergymen ought to be personal in their religious addresses, but ought to deal with subjects in the abstract. I do not think that way. What would you think of a hunter who should go to the Adirondacks to shoot deer in the abstract? Ah! no. He loads the gun, he puts the butt of it against the breast, he runs his eye along the barrel, he takes sure aim, and then crash go the antlers on the rocks. And so, if we want to be hunters for the Lord, we must take sure aim and fire. Not in the abstract are we to treat things in religious discussions. If a physician comes into a sick room does he we to treat things in religious discussions. a physician comes into a sick room does he treat disease in the abstract? No; he feels the pulse, takes the diagnosis, then he makes the pulse, takes the diagnosis, then he makes the prescription. And if we want to heal souls for this life and the life to come, we do not want to treat them in the abstract. The fact is, you and I have a malady which, if uncured by grace, will kill us forever. Now, I want no abstraction. Where is the balm? Where is the physician?

I want no abstraction. Where is the balm? Where is the physician? People say there is a day of judgment coming. My friends, every day is a day of judgment, and you and I to-day are being canvassed, inspected, weighed. Here are the balances of the sanctuary. They are lifted, and we must all be weighed. Who will come and be weighed first? Here is a moralist who volunteers. He is one of the most weight. wolunteers. He is one of the most upright men in the country. He comes. Well, my brother, get in, get into the balances now and be weighed. But as he gets into the balances, I say: "What is that bundle you have along with you?" "Oh," he says, "that is my reputation for goodness, and kindness, and kindness, and charity, and generosity, and kindless, and charity, and generosity, and kindliness generally." "O my brother! we cannot weigh that; we are going to weigh you—you. Now, stand in the scales—you, the moralist. Paid your debts?" "Yes," you say, "paid all my debts." "Have you acted in say, "paid all my debts." "Have you acted in an upright way in the community?" "Yes, yes." "Have you been kind to the poor? Are you faithful in a thousand relations in life?" "Yes." "So far so good. But now, before you get out of this scale I want to ask you two or three questions. "Have your thoughts always been right?" "No," you say "no." Put down one mark "Have you loved thoughts always been right? "No," you say "no." Put down one mark. "Have you loved the Lord with all your heart, and soul, and mind, and strength?" "No," you say. Make another mark. "Come, now, be frank and another mark. "Come, now, be frank and confess that in ten thousand things you have come short—have you not?" Yes." Make ten thousand marks. Come now, get me a book large enough to make the record of that moralist's deficits. My brother, stand in the scales, do not fly away from them. I put on your side the scales all the good deeds you ever did, all the kind words you ever uttered; but on the other side the scales I put this weight, which God says I must put there—on the other side the scales and opposite to yours I put this

the scales and opposite to yours I put this weight: "By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified." Weighed and found wanting.
Still, the balances of the sanctuary are suspended and we are ready to weigh any who come. Who shall be the next? Well, here is come. Who shall be the next? Well, here is a formalist. He comes and he gets into the balances, and as he gets in I see that all his religion is in genuflexions and in outward observances. As he gets into the scales I say: "What is that you have in this pocket?" "Oh," he says, "that is Westminster Assembly Catechism." I say: "Very good. What have you in that other pocket?" "Oh," he says, "that is the Heidelberg Catechism." Wery good. What is that you have under your arm, standing in this balance of the your arm, standing in this balance of the sanctuary? "Oh," he says, "that is a church record." "Very good. What are all these books on your side the balances?" "Oh," he says, "those are 'Calvin's Institutes." "My brother, we are not weighing books; we'are weighing you. It cannot be said that you are depending for your salvation upon your or. and going to mistake the schildrening for the temple. Do you not know that men have gone to perdition with a catechism in their pocket?" "But," says the man, "I cross myself often." "Ah! that will not save you." "But," says the man, "I am sympathetic for the poor." "That will not save you." Says the man "Ah! that will not save you." "But," says the man. "I am sympathetic for the poor." "That will not save you." Says the man. "I sat at the communion table." "That will not save you." "But," says the man, "I have had my name on the church records." "That will not save you." But I have been a professor of religion forty years." "That will not save you. Stand there on your side the balances and I will give you the advantage—I will let you have all the communion tables that were ever held, all the communion tables that were ever held, all the communion tables that were ever built, on your side the balances. On the other side the balances. I must put what God says I must put there. I put this million pound weight on the other side the balances: "Having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. From such turn away." Weighed and found wanting.

Still the balances are suspended. Are there any others who would like to be weighed or who will be weighed? Yes, here comes a worldling. He gets into the scales, I can very easily see what his whole life is made up of. Stocks, dividends, percentages, "buyer ten days," "buyer thirty days." Get in, my friend; get into these balances and be weighed—weighed for this life and weighed for the life to come. He gets in. I find that the two great questions in his life are, "How cheaply can I buy these goods?" and "How dearly can I sell them?" I find he admires Heaven because it is a land of gold and money must be "easy."

ing but a soul, an immortal soul, a never dying soul, a soul stripped of all worldly advantage, a soul—on one side of the scales. On the other side the balances are wasted Sabbaths, disregarded sermons, ten thousand opportunities of mercy and pardon that were cast aside. They are on the other side the scales, and there God stands, and in the presence of men and devils, cherubim and archangel, He announces, while groaning earthquake, and crackling conflagration, and judgment trumpet, and everlasting storm repeat it: "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."

But, say some who are Christians: "Certainly you don't mean to say that we will have to get into the balances. Our sins are all pardoned, our title to heaven is secure. all particular, our little to heaven is secur-Certainly you are not going to put us in the balances?" Yes, my brother. We must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, and on that day you are certainly going to

and on that day you are certainly going to be weighed.

O follower of Christ, you get into the balances. The bell of the judgment is ringing. You must get into the balances. You get in on this side. On the other side the balances we will place all the opportunities of good which you did not improve, all the attainments in piety which you must have had, but which you refused to take. We place them all on the other side. They go down, and your soul rises in the scale. You cannot weigh against all those imperfections.

Well, then, we must give you the advantage, and on your side of the scales we will place all the good deeds that you have ever done, and all the kind words you have ever uttered. Too light yet! Well, we must put on your side all the consecration of your life, all the holiness of your life, all the prayers of your life, all the faith of your Christian life, Too light yet! Come, mighty men of the past, and get in on that side the scales. Come, Payson, and Doddridge, and Baxter, get in on that side the scales and make them come down that this righteous one may be saved. They come and they get in the scales. Too light yet! Come, the martyrs, the Latimers, the Wickliffes, the men who suffered at the stake for Christ. Get in on this side the Christian's balances, and see if you cannot help him weigh it aright. They come and Christian's balances, and see if you cannot help him weigh it aright. They come and get in. Too light yet! Come, angels of God on high. Let not the righteous perish with the wicked. They get in on this side the bal ances. Too light yet!

the wicked. They get in on this side the balances. Too light yet!

I put on this side the balances all the scepters of light, all the thrones of power, all the crowns of glory. Too light yet. But just at that point, Jesus, the Son of God, comes up to the balances, and He puts one of His scarrel feet on your side, and the balances begin to quiver and tremble from top to bottom. Then He puts both of His scarred feet on the balances and the Christian's side comes down with a stroke that sets all the bells of heaven ringing. That Rock of Ages heavier than any other weight.

other weight. other weight.

But, says the Christian. "Am I to be allowed to get off so easily?" Yes. If some one should come and put on the other side the scales all our imperfections, all your enview, all your jealousies, all your inconsistencies of life, they would not budge the scales with Christ on your side the scales. Go free! There is no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus. Chains broken reviews in Christ Jesus. Chains broken, houses opened, sins pardoned. Go free! Weighed in the balances, and nothing, noth-

Weighed in the balances, and nothing, nothing wanting.

Oh! what a glorious hope. Will you accept it this day? Christ making up for what you lack, Christ the atonement for all your sins. Who will accept Him? Will not this whole audience say: "I am insufficient, I am a sinner, I am lost by reason of my transgressions, but Christ has paid it all. My Lord, and my God, my life, my pardon, my Heaven. Lord Jesus, I hall thee." Oh! if you could only understand the worth of that sacrifice which I have represented to you under a figure—if you could undertand the worth of that sacrifice, this whole audience would this moment accept Christ and be saved.

We go away off, or back into history, to get some illustration by which we may set

We go away off, or back into history, to get some illustration by which we may set forth what Christ has done for us. We need not go so far. I saw a vehicle behind a runaway horse dashing through the street, a mother and her two children in the carriage. The horse dashed along as though to hurl them to death, and a mounted policeman with a shout clearing the way, and the horse at full run, attempted to seize those runaway horses and to save a calamity, when his own horse fell and rolled over him. He was picked up half dead. Why were our sympathies so stirred? Because he was badle house and hurt for others. But I tell you to-day of how Christ, the Son of God, on the blood red horse of sacrifice, came for our rescue, and rode down the sky and rode unto death for our rescue. Are not your hearts touched? That was a sacrifice for you and for me. O Thou who didst ride on the red horse of sacrifice? come this hour and ride through this assemblage on the white horse of victory.

### A Great Financial House.

The social successes of the great London financial house of Baring, of whom the late Lord Ashburton was a descendant, are among the remarkable features of the present century. His great-grandfather was the first of the family who was raised to the peerage. he was Alexander Baring, second son of Sir Francis Baring, who himself was the first baronet. His elder brother, who became second baronet, was the father of the late Lord Northbrook, who was raised to the peerage in 1866, whilst the third brother, Henry Baring, had ten sons, the fifth of whom, Edward, was also raised to the peerage in 1885 under the title of Lord Revelstoke. Thus each of the three eldest sons of the first baronet is now represented in the peerage-a circumstance which is probably quite unique, when it is remembered that all the creations have been made within the space of fifty years. The first baronet, Sir Francis Baring, was the son of John Baring, who settled in 1717 as a merchant and cloth manufacturer at Larkbeer, Exeter, and was naturalized in 1723; his father having been Franz Baring, the celebrated minister of the Lutheran church at Bremen, whilst his daughter Elizabeth married the great lawyer, John Dunning, who was created Lord Ashburton in 1782, but this title became extinct in 1823, and there is no doubt that the fact of his uncle having held it induced Alexander Baring to assume the same title when he himself was raised to the peerage in 1835. -Chicago Times.

### Hindoo Jewelers' Marvelous Skill.

The Swami of southern India have always been greatly celebrated for their skill as jewelers, but the forms and figures usually made have been of a character that was inadmissable in western society. A Parasee gentleman, having obtained the appointment of Indian jew-eler to the Queen of England, obtained sufficient influence among the Swami to induce them to abandon their old style, and the result was a beautifully wrought casket for Princess Louise, of a workmanship comparatively unknown.

Give the Young Folks a Chance. "I'm afraid that George is trifling with your affections, my dear," asid her mother. "He has been calling here nearly a year and hasn't proposed yet."

"You shouldn't blame him for that, ma," replied Gracie, "for you stay in the room so long every evening that he hasn't a chance to say anything private to me."— Epoch. A Mennonite's Profitable Conscience.

John Gunderson, a farmer residing in Worcester township, Montgomery County, Penn., and a devout Mennonite, soon after the rabbit killing season closed last winter, shot one of the long-eared ani-mals. When he realized his error he gave the rabbit to his son, who in turn sold it to a neighbor. But Gunderson's mind troubled him. He knew that he violated a State law and he had no rest. As time went on, the feeling grew upon him so much that he couldn't sleep, and he asked some of his neighbors to inform upon him, so that he could pay the penalty and in that manner ease his mind. But his neighbors refused to do this, and as a last resort Farmer Gunderson informed upon himself. The other day he went to Norristown, and, telling the Presiding Judge his crime, the latter went with him to a magistrate, where Gunderson swore that he had violated the law. The magistrate accordingly fined him \$5. The law, however, says that half of the fine shall go to the informer. Gunderson left the office, but soon returned and claimed the \$2.50 due him. It was paid to him and he again departed. In a short time he returned, and in order that none guilty should escape, he lodged information against his son and neighbor. The fine was imposed and Gunderson paid the \$10; but he claimed and was allowed the \$5 due the informant. The farmer's mind had been eased and he went to his home with a clear conscience. If he can collect the \$10 fine he will be \$2.50 ahead of the game, and all because he was an honest man .-New York Sun.

### Queer Inventions.

A genius from Ohio with warlike proclivities, claims to have perfected a bullet-proof shield. The soldier is supposed to carry it before him when in battle, and is so made that the bullets of the enemy are expected to glance off. The shields are so formed that they may be locked together and form breastworks for the entire army. The fellow who suffers from cold is recommended to procure a foot-warmer, kindly conceived by a Hoosier. Two miniature lamps are inclosed in boxes connected by a hollow tube; midway between the boxes there is a vent in the tube by which the surplus heat passes away. The feet rest on the hollow tube, the lamps supplying the

Roger Connor, "Buck" Ewing and Danny Richardson and other sluggers are reminded that base-ball bats have been discovered which, the inventor claims, will materially improve their averages.

The core is bored from the stick, and a metalic tube; erted. Nuts are screwed aches or does not feel right, appetite is capricious. to the ends of the tube. Balky horses are the nerves seem overworked, the mind is confused treated to bandages fastened to wagons and irritable. This condition finds an excellent which, kick as they may, they cannot

Abraham Lincoln once essayed to become an inventor. The product of his skill shows a series of bellows-shaped contrivances which are supposed to be used to lift a beached steamer into water of proper depth .- New York Press.

### The Centennial at Philadelphia.

At Philadelphia the centennial anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was celebrated in 1876 with the first really successful world's fair ever attempted on this side of the Atlantic and forethought. A popular subscription was started and money poured in from every part of the country. The work was really begun in 1870. Congress appropriated \$1,500,000, and from gress appropriated \$1,500,000, and from other sources the sum was brought up to \$8,500,000, and the receipts ran up to about \$4,000,000. The display included exhibits from almost every civilized and uncivilized nation in the world. Fair mount Park was visited by very nearly 10,000,000 persons during the 159 days days of the show, and the result, while not a monetary success, was in every other respect more than the most sanguine had anticipated .- Chicago Times.

### A Fly the Death of Man and Horse.

Moses Elvich, a junk dealer, had a team of horses, and he thought a great deal of them. He had been engaged to haul a load of furniture for a man who was moving from Brookville to Punxsutawney, Penn. It was a hilly road and the horses needed careful watching. While going down a steep hill Moses saw a large fly on the neck of one of the horses. It annoyed the man as much as it did the horse, and the little insect caused the death of the animal and also of Moses. Elvich, in leaning forward to brush away the fly, fell to the ground and broke his neck. The horses took fright, and, running into the fence, the one on which the fly was sitting broke its leg and had to be killed. Elvich was picked up by his father-in-law, who was following with another load of household goods. -New York Sun.

There are 275 women preachers in the United States.

Confidence Begot of Success.

So confident are the manufacturers of that world-famed remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, that 'f. will do all that they represent, in the cure or liver, blood and lung diseases, that, after witnessing its thousands of cures for many years past, they now feel warranted in selling it (as they are doing, through druggists) under a positive guarantee of its giving satisfaction in every case, or money paid for it will be refunded. No medicine of ordinary merit con do be sold under such severe conditions with profit to its proprietors, and no other medicine for the discases for which it is recommended was ever before sold under a guarantee of a cure or no pay. In all blood taints and impurities of whatever name or nature, it is most positive in its curative effects. Pimples, blotches, cruptions and all skin and scalp diseases are radically cured by his wonderful medicine. Scrofulous disease may affect the glands, causing swellings or tumors; the bones causing "fever-sores," white swellings" or hip-joint disease," or the tissues of the lungs, causine pulmonary consumption. No matter in which one of its myraid forms it crops out, or manifests itself, "Golden Medical Discovery" will cure it if used perseveringly and in time.

Its thousands of cures are the best advertisements for Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Number of Indians in the United States who wear citizens' dress is 81,621.

ENDERS, PA., Feb. 18, 1889.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieved the cough, checked the night-sweats and emaciation—in short, gave a new lease of life to a patient of mine who was rapidly and surely approaching the final stage of this dreaded disease.

case.

To-day she is in the enjoyment of fair health, and this result is due to the beneficial effects of only a few bottles of Piso's Cure for

effects of only a few bottles of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

If we take into consideration the DURATION of this patient's sickness, the SEVERITY of the symptoms, the SMALL QUANTILY of the remedial agent and the BRIEF PERIOD OF TIME within which a CURE WAS EFFECTED, we cannot fail to acknowledge the truly wonderful effects of Piso's Cure for Consumption.

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Yet Piso's Cure for Consumption steads to stead of endeavoring to excite fear our purpose has been to encourage hope.

Yet Piso's Cure for Consumption stands today at the head of all medicines of its class, requiring for its manufacture a factory full of skilled workers and improved machinery, whereas about twenty years ago all the work was done in one little room by one man.

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Dobbins's Electric Soap is cheaper for you to use, if you follow directions, than any other soaps would be if given to you, for by its use clothes are saved. Clothes cot more than soap. Ask your grocer for Dobbins's. Take no other. THE total Indian population of the United States is 274,761.

Smoke the best-"Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

corrective in Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by its regulating and toning powers, soon restores harmony It may not be generally known that nerves and body which makes one feel perfectly N. B.—To serve to get

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100 Doses One Dollar

Every preparation was made with care THE GREAT CONQUERER OF PAIN.

CURES ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS,

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Endered soveral years with rheamation: unable
to walk; after rubbings with St. Jacobs Oil it disappeared; has not returned in four years.

CEAS. GANTEER.

In the Kinees, Rochester, N. Y. July 6, '88, Had Theumatism in knees four washa. One bottle of St. Jacobs Cil cured na catings. Z. R. MAKK, Pub. of "Volksbintt."

In the Side. Election, Cal., June 14, 1888.

Ried rheumatism in side for over a week; une
St. Jacoba Oil; it cured no and has remained
cured.

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It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it ...

What will SAPOLIO do? . Why, it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever little housekeeper and try it. Beware of imitations. There is but one SAPOLIO.

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