Subject: "The City Streets."

Text: "Wisdom crieth without; she ut-tereth her voice in the streets."-Prov. i., 20. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature—the voices of the mountain, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the sea, the voices of the storm, the voices of the star. As in some of the cathedrals in Europe there is an organ at either end of the building, and the one instrument responds musically to the other, so in the great cathedral of nature day responds to day, and night to night, and flower to flower, and star to star, in the great harmonies of the universe. The spring time is an evangelist in blossoms preaching of God's love; and the winter is a prophet—white bearded—denouncing woe against our sins. We are all ready to listen to the voices of nature; but how few of us learn anything from the voices of the noisy and dusty street. You go to your merchandise, and you come back again—and often with as indifferent heads anism, and to your work, and you come back again—and often with an indifferent heart again—and often with an indifferent heart you pass through the streets. Are there no things for us to learn from these pavements over which we pass? Are there no tufts of truth growing up between these cobblestones, beaten with the feet of toil, and pain, and pleasure, the slow tread of old aga, and the quick step of childhood? Aye, there are great harvests to be reaped; and now i trust in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the sickle because the harvest is ripe. "Wisdom crieth without; she uttereth her voice in the

streets."

In the first place the street impresses me with the fact that this life is a scene of toil and struggle. By 10 o'clock every day the city is jarring with wheels, and snuffling with feet, and humming with voices, and covered with the breath of smokestacks, and a rush with traffickers. Once in a while you find a man going along with folded arms and a rush with traffickers. Once in a while you find a man going along with folded arms and with leisurely step, as though he had nothing to do; but for the most part, as you find men going down these streets, on the way to business, there is anxiety in their faces, as though they had some errand which must be executed at the first possible moment. You are jostled by those who have bargains to make and notes to seil. Up this ladder with a hod of bricks, out of this bank with a roll of bills, on this dray with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or with a load of goods, digging a cellar, or shingling a roof, or shoeing a horse, or building a wall, or mending a watch, or binding a book. Industry, with her thousand arms, and thousand eyes, and thousand feet, goes on singing her song of work! work! work! while the mills drum it, and the steam

whistles fife it. All this is not because men love toil. Some one remarked: "Every man is as lazy as he can afford to be." But it is because necessity, with stern brow and with uplifted whip, stands over brow and with uplifted whip, stands over them ready whenever they relax their toil to make their shoulders sting with the lash. Can it be that, passing up and down these streets on your way to work and business, you do not learn anything of the world's toil, and anxiety, and struggle? Oh! how many drooping hearts, how many eyes on the watch, how many miles traveled, how many burdens carried, how many losses suffered, how many battles fought, how many vietories gained, how many defeats suffered, how many exasperations endured—

how many defeats suffered, how many exasperations endured—what losses, what hunger, what wretchedness, what pallor, what disease, what agony, what despair! Sometimes I have stopped at the corner of the street as the multitude went hither and yon, and it has seemed to be a great pantomime, and as I looked upon it my heart broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid tossed and business and coming home again, I charge you look about—see these signs of poverty, of wretchedness, of hunger, of sin, of bereavement—and as you go through the streets, and come back through the streets, gather up in the arms of your prayer all the sorrow, all the losses, all the suffering, all the bereaven ments of those whom you pass, and present them in prayer before an all sympathetic God. Then in the great day of eternity there God. Then in the great day of eternity there will be thousands of persons with whom you in this world never exchanged one word who will rise up and call you blessed; and there will be a thousand fingers pointed at you in heaven, saying: "That is the man, that is the woman, who helped me when I was hungry and sick, and wandering, and lost, and heart broken. That is the man, that is the woman," and the blessing will come down upon you as Christ shall say: "I was hungry and ye fed Me, I was maked and ye clothed Me, I was sick and in prison and ye visited Me; inasmuch as ye did to these poor waifs of the streets, ye did it to Me."

of the streets, ye did it to Me."

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that all classes and conditions of society must commingle. We sometimes culture a wicked exclusiveness. Intellect despies ig-norance. Refinement will have nothing to morance. Refinement will have nothing to do with boorishness. Gloves hate the sunburned hand, and the high forehead despises the flat head; and the trim hedgerow will have nothing to do with the wild copsewood, and Athens hates Nazareth. This ought not to be so. The astronomer must come down from his starry revelry and help us in our navigation. The surgeon must come away from his study of the human organism and set our broken bones. The chemist must come away from his laboratory, where he has been studying analysis and synthesis, and help us to understand the nature of the soils. I bless to understand the nature of the soils. I bless God that all classes of people are compelled to meet on the street. The glittoring coach wheel clashes against the scavenger's cart. Fine robes run against the peddler's pack. Robust heaith meets wan stekness. Honesty confronts fraud. Every class of people meets every other class. Independence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, ence and modesty, pride and humility, purity and beastliness, frankness and hypocrisy, meeting on the same block, in the same street, in the same city. Oh! that is what Solomon meant when he said: "The rich and the poor meet together; the Lord is the Maker of them all." I like this democratic principle of the Gospel of Jesus Christ which recognizes the fact that we stand before God on one and the same platform. Do not take on any airs; whatever position you have gained in society, you are nothing but a man, born of the same parent, regenerated by the same Spirit, cleansed by the same blood, to lie down in the same dust, to get up in the same resurrection. same dust, to get up in the same resurrection.
It is high time that we all acknowledged not only the Fatherhood of God, but the brother-

only the Fatherhood of God, but the brother-hood of man.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a very hard thing for a man to keep his heart right and to get to heaven. In-finite temptations spring upon us from these places of public concourse. Amid so much affluence how much temptation to covetous ness and to be discontented with our humble. ness and to be discontented with our humble lot. Amid so many opportunities for overreaching, what temptation to extortion. Amid so much display, what temptation to vanity. Amid so many saloons of strong drink, what allurement to dissipation. In the maeistroms of the street, how many make quick and eternal ship wreck. If a man-of-war comes back from a battle, and is towed into the mavy yard, we go down to look at the splintered spars and count the bullet holes, and look with patriotic admiration on the flag that floated in victory from the masthead. But that man is more of a curiosity who has gone through thirty years of the sharp-shooting of business life, and yet sails on, victor over the temptations of the street. Oh! how many have gone down under the pressure, leaving not so much as the patch of canvas to tell where they perished. They never had any peace. Their dishonestics kept tolling in their ears. If I had an ax, and could split oper

the beams of that fine house, perhaps I would find in the very heart of it a skeleton. In his very best wine there is a smack of the poor man's sweat. Oh! is it strange that when a man has devoured widows' houses, he is disturbed with indigestion? All the forces of nature are against him. The floods are ready to drown him, and the earthquake to swallow him, and the fires to consume him, and the lightnings to smite him. But the children of God are on every street, and in the day when the crowns of heaven are distributed, some of the brightest will be given to those men who were faithful to God and faithful to the souls of others amid the marts of business, proving themselves the heroes of the street. Mighty were their temptations, mighty was their deliverance, and mighty shall be their triumph.

Again, the street impresses me with the

shall be their triumph.

Again, the street impresses me with the fact that life is full of pretensions and sham.

What subterfuge, what double dealing, what twofacedness! Do all the people who wish you good morning really hope for you a happy day? Do all the people who shake hands love each other? Are all those anxious about your health who inquire concerning it? Do all want to see you who ask you to call? Does all the world know half as much as it pretends to know? Is there not many a wretched stock there not many a wretched stock of goods with a brilliant show window? Passing up and down these streets window? Passing up and down these streets to your business and your work, are you not impressed with the fact that much of society is hollow, and that there are subterfuges and is nollow, and that there are subterfuges and preteusions? Oh! how many there are who swagger and strut, and how few people are natural and walk. While fops simper, and fools chuckle, and simpletons giggle, how few people are natural and laugh. The courtesan and the libertine go down the street in beautiful apparel, while within the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their life away. I say in the heart there are volcanoes of passion consuming their life away. I say these things not to create in you incredulity, and misanthropy, nor do I forget there are thousands of people a great deal better than they seem; but I do not think any man is prepared for the conflict of this life until he knows this particular peril. Ehud comes pretending to pay his tax to King Egion, and while he stands in front of the King, stabs him through with a dagger until the haft went in after the blade. Judas Iscariot kissed Christ.

Again, the street impresses me with the Again, the street impresses me with the fact that it is a great field for Christian charity. There are hunger and suffering, and want and wrechedness in the country; but these evils chiefly congregate in our great cities. On every street crime prowls, and drunkenness staggers, and shame winks, and pauperism thrusts out its hand asking for alms. Here want is most squalid and hunger is most lean. A Christian man, going along a street in New York, saw a poor lad and he stopped and said: "My boy, do you know how to read and write?" The boy made no answer. The man asked the question twice and thrice: "Can you read and write?" and then the boy maywered with a tear placking or the property of the start of the said of th answered with a tear plashing on the back of his hand. He said in dedance: "No, sir; I can't read nor write, neither. God, sir, don't want me to read and write. Didn't he take away my father so long ago I never remember to have seen begin and haven't Land my father so long ago I never remem-ber to have seen him? and haven't I had go along the street to get something to didn't I, as soon as I could carry a basket, have to go out and pick up cinders, and never have no schooling, sir? Uod don't want me to read, sir. I can't read nor write neither." Oh, these poor wanderers! They have no chance. Born in degradation, as they get up from their hands and knees to walk, they take their first step on the read to desair. Let us go forth in the the road to despair. Let us go forth in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ to rescue them. If you are not willing to go forth yourself, then give of your means; and if you are too lazy to go, and if you are too stingy to help, then get out of the way, and hide yourself in mime, and as I looked upon it. It broke. This great tide of human life that goes down the street is a rapid tossed and truncd aside, and dashing ahead and driven back—beautiful in its confusion and confused in its beauty. In the carpeted aisies of the forest, in the woods from which the eternal shadow is never lifted, on the shore of the sea over whose iron cost tosses the tangled foam, sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God; but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place ing, swarming, raving street is the best place of the sea of the confusion and confused when Christ's chariot comes along, the when Christ's chariot comes along, the acress' hoofs trample you into the mire. Beware lest the thousands of the destitute of your city, in the last great day, rise up and curse your stupidity and your place of the sea over whose iron costs tosses the tangled foam, sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God; but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place of the sea over whose iron costs tosses the tangled foam, sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God; but in the rushing, swarming, raving street is the best place of the sea over whose iron costs tosses the tangled foam, sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study God; but in the rushing the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place of the sea over whose iron costs tosses the tangled foam, sprinkling the cracked cliffs with a baptism of whirlwind and tempest, is the best place to study of the cold. He said to her: "My child, what do you sit there for, this form the cold." It is the best place to study of the cold of the col ing-I am waiting for somebody to come and take care of me." "Why," said the "what makes you think anybody will and take care of you." "Oh," she ZZERES. "my mother died last week and I was crying very much, and she said: crying very much, and she said: 'Don't cry, my dear; though I am gone and your father is gone, the Lord will send somebody to take care of you.' My mother never told a lie; she said some one would come and take care of me, and I am waiting for them to come." O yes, they are waiting for you. Men of great hearts, gather them in, gather them in. It is not the will of your Heavenly Father that one of these little ones should perish.

Lastly, the street impresses me with the fact that all the people are looking forward. I see expectancy written on almost every face I meet between here and Brooklyn Bridge, or walking the whole length of Broadway. Where you find a thousand people walking straight on, you only find one man stopping and looking back. The fact is, God made us all to look ahead because we are immortal. In this tramp of the multitude on the streets I hear the tramp of a great host, marching and marching for eternity. Beyond the office, the store, the shop, the street, there is a world populous and tremendous. Through God's grace, may you reach that blessed place. A great throng fills those boulevards and the streets are a-rush with the chariots of conquerors. The inhabitants go up and down, but they never weep and they never toil. A river flows through that city, with rounded and luxurious banks, and trees of life laden with everlasting fruitage bend their branches to dip the crystal. No plumed heave rattles over that Lastly, the street impresses me with the ious banks, and trees of life laden with ever-lasting fruitage bend their branches to dip the crystal. No plumed hearse rattles over that pavement, for they are never sick. With immortal health glowing in every vein they know not how to die. Those towers of strength, those palaces of beau-ty, gleam in the light of a sun that never sets. Oh, heaven, beauti-ful heaven! Heaven, where our friends are. They take no census in that city, for it is in-habited by "a multitude which no man can number." Rank above rank. Host above host. Gallery above gallery, sweeping all host. Gallery above gallery, sweeping all around the heavens. Thousands of thousands. Millions of millions. Blessed are they who enter in through the sands. Millions of millions. Biessed he they who enter in through the gate into that city. Oh! start for it to-day. Through the blood of the great sacrifice of the Son of God, take up your march to heaven. "The Spirit and the your march to heaven." your march to heaven. "The Spirit and the Bride say come, and whoseever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Join this great throng marching heavenward. All the doors of invitation are open. "And I saw twelve gates, and there were twelve pearls." twelve pearls."

The Supply of Seals.

Henry W. Elliott, who spent two years in the Seal Islands for the Smithsonian Institution, and who has written a book upon the subject, declares that the slaughter of 100,000 seals annually can be continued indefinitely without the slightest danger of destroying the animals or driving them away. He estimates that there are 5,000,000 seals on the island every year. So long as they are left alone on their breeding grounds, he tays, there is no danger of frightening them away. Indiscriminate killing would soon kill them off or drive them elsewhere, as it has already done with the scals in the other parts of the world. The only practicable restriction is upon the number of seals to be killed each year. Limiting the time during which they could be taken would only cause an increase in the number of men employed. A million seals could be killed in one day, if there were any object in such

SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON FOR SEPTEMBER 22.

Lesson Text: "Death of Saul and His Sons," 1 Sam. xxxi., 1-13-Golden Text: Ps. xxxiv., 16-Commentary.

When David again had Saul in his power, after the time recorded in the last lesson, and Abishai wanted to slay him, David refused again to touch the Lord's anointed, and said: "The Lord shall smite him, or his day shall come to die, or he shall descend into battle and perish." The last of these predictions is fulfilled in the lesson of to-day. The events between the last lesson and this are: The death of Samuel; the death of Nabal, upon whom David was restrained from taking vengeance; David marries Abigail and Ahinoam; he spares Saul a second time; he goes to the he spares Saul a second time: he goes to the Philistines and lives at Ziklag; Saul again disobeys God by consulting the witch of En-dor; David's town of Ziklag is smitten dur-

dor; David's town of Ziklag is smitten during his absence with his six hundred, and women, children and flocks all carried captive, but David pursues and recovers all.

1. "Now the Philistines fought against Israel and the men of Israel fled from before the Philistines." This was the battle to which David and his men had started, when they were sent back by the Lords of the Philistines only to find Ziklag desolate and burned with fire; God again hindered David from having anything to do with the death of Saul. It is a sad sight to see the people of God fall before the deflers of God, when the promise was that one should chase a thousand God fall before the defiers of God, when the promise was that one should chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight (Deut. xxxii., 30); but the best of men are nothing if God is not with them, and Israel, through Saul, had forsaken God, and the dearly beloved of His soul is given again into the hands of her enemies because of her sins (Jer. xii., 7) that she may by chastening learn to know God.

2. "The Philistines slew Jonathan, and Abinadab, and Melchishus, Saul's some." It

Abinadab, and Melchishus, Saul's sons." It makes one's heart ache to read this especially makes one's heart ache to read this especially concerning Jonathan, the loving, the brave, the noble. How David lamented for him is recorded in the next chapter, and we do not wonder at the depth of his lamentations over one whose soul was knit with his own, but we do wonder when we read that it was a lamentation over Saul as well as Jonathan. (H Sam. i., 17.) The secret of it is that David saw not the man Saul, his enemy, but he saw the King Saul, the anointed of the Lord. If we could only see the children of God as dear to Him, and as they will be when perfected, we would have more pity for their failings and sorrow for their sins.

fallings and sorrow for their sins.

3. "The battle went sore against Saul, and the archers hit him." He was not any longer in merciful hands, but in the hands of longer in merciful lands, but in the lands of those who knew no mercy. Long suffering and mercy had followed him many years; he had been spared many a time and warned often; but "he that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be de-stroyed, and that without remedy;" and now mercy is past for him and judgment has reached him.

"Therefore Saul took a sword and fell 4. "Therefore Saul took a sword and fell upon it." Saul being sore wounded asked his armor bearer to siay him; but notice the reason: "Lest these uncircumcised come and thrust me through and abuse me." What a fear he has of being dishonored by those uncircumcised, what a keen sense of honor, but it is the old story as when he pleaded with Samuel: "Honor me now before the elders of my people and before [srael" (chap. xv. 306).

Samuel: "Honor me now before the elders of my people and before Israel" (chap. xv., 30). It was his honor, and not the honor of God, that he was careful about. In Saul's case it was Saul and his glory that was uppermost; but in David's case, David was nothing and the Lord and His glory was everything.

5. "His armor bearer " " " " fell Re-wise upon his sword and died with him." This looks heroic and like a spirit of devotion to his master, but had he been devoted to God instead of to Saul, or more devoted to God instead of to Saul, he would not have done so. No man who fears God will take his own life, and anyone who believes God concerning the awful future of the ungodiy as revealed in Scripture could not think of rushing maily into it. Simple unbelief is the cause of all such conduct. cause of all such conduct 6. "So Saul died, and his three sons, and

6. "So Saul died, and his three sons, and his armor bearer, and all his men, that same day together." What then? The words of the Lord Jesus, in Luke xvi., and other words of the Spirit plainly recorded in Scripture, teach us that if we believe God and are redeemed by the precious blood of His dear Son. "to die is gain." "to depart and be with Christ is far better," and when the spirit leaves the body, our conscious personal life continues, and the angels guide or carry us to perfect bliss in His presence. But if we die in our sins and disobedient it is equally plain that the portion of such, while also personally conscious, is darkness, torment, gnashing of teeth and fearful looking for of judgment.

gnashing of teeth and fearful looking for of judgment.

7. "Israel * * * forsook the cities and fled, and the Philistines came and dwelt in them." Here is not only the defeat and slaughter of the Lord's people Israel, but their possessions, which they ought to have kept and enjoyed, are possessed by their enemies. This is sad, indeed, and the only reason is that the people of God had turned their backs upon Him.

8. "The Philistines came to strip the slain." The deflers of God cannot do enough to show their hatred of Him and His professed followers. It is the devil who possesses them and who is called truly a devourer and destroyer.

9. "They cut off his head and stripped off his armor, and sent * * * to publish it * * * among the people." Thus what Saul feared came upon him, and these uncircumcised Philistines abused his body. But worst of all it was published abroad among these idolatrous deflers of the Living and True God. When one who bears the name of Jesus is in any way overcome by the world, the desh or the devil that Holy Name is

of all it was published abroad among these idolatrous dehers of the Living and Trus God. When one who bears the name of Jesus is in any way overcome by the world, the flesh, or the devil, that Holy Name is blasphemed and thus dishonored by the sins thus committed, and not only are such Christians (if they are Christians) laughed at and despised by the world, but the precious name they bear, instead of being exalted, is despised also on their account.

10. "They put his armor in the house of Ashtaroth; and they fastened his body to the wall of Bethshan." What a victory for the idolaters, but it will not continue. Blessed be God that all the victories of His enemies are only for a little time, but the victory of His dear Son is for eternity.

11. "The Inhabitants of Jabesh Giliad heard." Thank God for the faithful in all ages who will not tolerate an insult to His name or His people if he can prevent it. He has always had them, has them to-day, and will have them, a little flock until His body is completed and then shall the whole earth begin to be fileld with them.

12. "All the valiant men arose and went all night." We are not told how many were valiant men, but if it was with them as with the men of Gideon, there were but few, and yet God can do more with 300 like Gideon's band than with 3000, or 30.000, or 30.000 who are half hearted or fearful or afraid. Jesus our Captain, knowing all things that were to befail Him went steadily forward to the consummation of His agony and our salvation, never stopping or turning aside.

13. "They took their bones and buried them under a tree at Jabesh, and fasted seven days." It was only their bodies they rescued after all. We are after souls, and our Captain will rescue the bodies, too, in due time not to be ouried, but to be raised incorruptible, immortal, just like His own glorifled body. This is the end of the story of Saul, raised by the God of Israel to be King over His people; if he had only obeyed God what a blessing he might have been and what a different record he

JAY GOULD, when just twenty-one, wrote the "History of Delaware County, New York," in which he denounced monopoly in strong terms. The volume is worth \$40 when it can be obA Blue Lobster.

A genuine blue lobster of good size has been captured at Marshfield, Mass. Nothing of the sort has been found before in those waters, although a case was reported some years ago from Long Island Sound. This lobster is of a pure ultramarine blue of handsome shade. Along the back the color of the singular crustacean is almost as dark as indigo, but at the sides it is as light as a robin's egg, and in the joints of the shell shades away to a delicate cream color. In an ordinary lobster these parts would be shaded in dark and light greens. The claws of the blue lobster are slightly mottled in shades of blue and purple on top and a most delicate cream underneath. The lobster car has been a center of interest for the curious since the capture. It was caught in an ordinary pot, and it differs in no way except in color from other lobsters. It will be boiled for the sake of seeing to what color it will turn during the process .-New York Times.

Card of Thanks. If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude which come to him daily, from those who have been cured of sevene throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair-sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle that you may test for yourself its power. Large b ttles 50c. and \$1.

THE Gove: nment gave the Northern Pacific Railroad Company 47,000,000 acres of land with \$100,000,000 to build that road.

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar,

Salt Rheum

Often causes great agony with its intense itchin; and burning. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, cures salt rheum and all skin diseases. It thoroughly cleanses, renovates and enriches the

"After the failure of three skillful physicians to cure my boy of salt rheum, I tried Hood's Sarsapa rilla and Olive Ointment. I have now used four boxes of Ointment and one and a half bottles of Sarsaparilla, and the boy is to all appearances completely cured. He is now four years old, and has been afflicted since he was six months of age." MRS. B. SANDERSON, 56 Newhall Street, Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1; slx for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE GREAT CONQUERER OF PAIN. Applied externally, instantly relieves Sprains, Bruises, Backache, Pain in the Chest or Sides, Headache, Toothache, or any other external pain, CONGESTIONS, INFLAMMATIONS, Rheumatism, Neural-gia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Pains in the Small of the Back, etc.

CURES ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS. Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nansea, Vomiting, Heartburn, DIARRHEA, Colle. Cholera Morbus, Fainting Spells. Inter-nally, half to a teaspoonful in half a tum-bler of water. 50c. a bottle. All Druggists.

LIVER, STOMACH OR BOWELS.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality. Price 25 cts. a Box. Sold by all Druggists.

Ely's Cream Balm Price 50 Cents. Apply Balm into each nostril.

for all domestic antimats, will cure 40 out of every 100 cases of colic, whether flatulent or spasmodic. Harely more than 1 or 2 doses necessary. It does not constipute, rather acts as a lazative and is entirely harmless. After 20 years of trial in more than 1800 cases, our puraptice is worth something. Colic must be treated promptly. Expend a few cents and you have a cure on hand, ready when needed, sand perhaps save a valuable horse. If notal your druggist's, encions 50 cents for sample bottle, sent prepaid.

I voe Dr. Kochler's "Favorite Colic "We cheerfully recommend Dr. Kochler's "Liver of the best colic medicine I have ever seen. ISAAC MOOG, Horse Dealer, Brooklym, New York,

Brooklym, New York,

Sale and Exchange Stables, Easton, Pa

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use, Cheapest. Relief is immediate, A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal. It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent y mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

The Best Testimonial

The Best Testimental

Yet published for any blood medicine is the printed guarantee of the manufactures of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which warrants that wonderful medicine to benefit for cure in all cases of those diseases for which it is recommended, or money paid for it will be returned. It cures all diseases arising from torpid liver and impure blood and their names are legion. All Skin, Scalp and Scroftlous affections, Eruptions, Sores and Swellings, Sailt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas and kindred diseases, are among those in which the "Discovery" effected marvelous cures.

When everything else fails Or Saccia Case

Do you wish to know how to have no steam, and not half the usual work on wash-day? Ask your grocer for a bar of Dobbine's Electric Scap and the directions will tell you how. Be sure to get no imitation. There are lots of them.

When everything else fails, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures. 50 cents, b' druggists.

THERE are 1430 barons in Germany.



RHEUMATISM, Toothache, Sprains, NEURALGIA, BRUISES. Sciatica, Lumbage. Burns and Scalds-

At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Saltimore, Mc.



TO HEAL ALL BLOOD CONTAGION.

Took Off His Under Lip.

Eight years ago a cancer came on my lower lip. I had if cut out while it was yet small, and it healed up apparently, but soon broke out again, and comnenced eating very rapidly. It took off my under ip from one side to the other, and down to my chin. I had it treated by burning, and got so weak that I did not think that I could stand it much longer. After much suffering I discarded all other treatment, and began taking Swift's Specific, and the cancer soon began to heal, and in a short time it was completely healed and I was entirely well. It is now over three years since I got well, and there has been no sign of any return of the disease. I know it was cancer, and I know it was cancer, and I know it was cured alone by S. S.

E. V. FERRAND, Ruston, Le.

S. S. S. cured me of malignant sore throat and mouth, caused by impure blood. The trouble extended down to my left lung, which was very sore. The doctors practiced on me for three years without relief, when I left them and took S. S. S. Four bottles cured me.

BEN RILEY, Meridian, Miss.

SMITH & WESSON.

LATEST IMPROVED

EASY DRAFT, DURABILITY & QUANTITY OF WORK

NEW TREATMENT.

" Thus it was the Swift's Specific

Over land and over water

Of a salutary agent

Went the priest and Uanita;

Bringing to the people tidings

Of relief from blood contagion-

That would purge them of all poison."

-EXTRACT FROM POEM OF "CANITA."

Brought unto the world its blessing;

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases malled free. Swift Specific Company, Drawer S. Atlanta, Ga. FYOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER DURCHASSON FOR A WISSON BREVOLVER DURCHASSON FOR A WESSON AND A WISSON BRITISH A WESSON BRITISH B

THE EDWARD HARRISON MILL CO., Incricon's Standard Borr time Grinding and Flouring ditte of all sizes and varieties, operating great capacity and durability.

BASE BALL Chadwick's Manual.
7 in. x 5 in. 70 pages.
111 in minuted Cover.
SENT FREE on application enclosing one SENT FREE on application enclosing one (2c.) stamp, by addressing THEODORE HOLLAND, P. O. Box 120, Phila., Pa.

\$75 TO \$250 A MONTH can be made working for us. Agents preferred who can furnish An excellent and mild Cathartic, Purely Vegetable. The Nafest and Best Medicine in the world for the Cure of all Disorders of the

FRAZER AXLE
BEST IN THE WORLD GREASE
FOR CHE GERMAN. BOIL EVERYWHEN.

PENSIONS DUE ALL SOLDHERS

MIDDLETOWN SPRINGS, VT. thoroughly taught by Mail. Circulars from Bryant's College, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y. PEERLESS DVES Are the BEST.

BEST

ODD, 829 N. 15th St.





But the most loving husband will see the difference in his home if you use Sapolio It saves labor in house work

Cleanliness and neatness about a house are necessary to insure comfort. Man likes comfort, and if he can't find it at home, he will seek elsewhere for it. Good housewives know that SAPOLIO makes a house clean and keeps it bright. Happiness always dwells in a comfortable home. Do you want cleanliness, comfort and happingers Ter SAPOLIO.