REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Shorn Locks of Samson."

TEXT: *"Entice him, and see wherein his great strength lieth, and by what means we may prevail against him, that we may bind him to afflict him; and we will give thee every one of us eleven hundred pieces of silver."*—Judges xvi., 5.

One thousand pounds or about five thousand dollars of our money, were thus offered for the capture of a giant. It would take a skillful photographist to picture Samson as he really was. The most facile words are not supple enough to describe him. He was a giant and a child; the conqueror and the defeated, able to snap at a lion's jaw, and yet captured by the sigh of a maiden. He was ruler and slave; a commingling of virtue and vice, the sublime and the ridiculous; sharp enough to make a good riddle, and yet weak enough to be caught in the most superficial stratagem; honest enough to settle his debt, and yet outrageously robbing somebody else to get the material to pay it; a miracle and a scoffing; a crowning glory and a burning shame. There he stands, looming up above other men, a mountain of flesh; his arms bunched with muscle that can lift the gate of a city; taking an attitude defiant of armed men and wild beasts. His hair had never been cut, and it rolled down in seven great plaits over his shoulders, adding to his fierceness and terror. The Philistines want to conquer him, and therefore they must find out where the secret of his strength lies.

There is a woman living in the valley of Sorek by the name of Delilah. They appoint her the agent in the case. The Philistines are secreted in the same building, and then Delilah goes to work and coaxes Samson to tell what is the secret of his strength. "Well," he says, "if you should take seven green withes, such as they fasten wild beasts with, and put them around me, I should be perfectly powerless." So she binds him with the seven green withes. Then she claps her hands and says: "They come—the Philistines!" and he walks out as though there were no impediment. She coaxes him again, and says: "Now tell me the secret of this great strength; and he replies: "If you should take some ropes that have never been used, and tie me with them, I should be just like other men." She ties him with the ropes, claps her hands and shouts: "They come—the Philistines!" He walks out as easy as he did before—not a single obstruction. She coaxes him again, and he says: "Now, if you should take these seven long plaits of hair, and by this house loom weave them into a web. I could not get away." So the house loom is rolled up, and the shuttle flies backward and forward, and the long plaits of hair are woven into a web. Then she claps her hands, and says: "They come! the Philistines!"

He walks out as easily as he did before, dragging a part of the loom with him. But after awhile she persuades him to tell the truth. He says: "If you should take a razor, or shears, and cut off this long hair, I should be powerless, and in the hands of my enemies." Samson sleeps, and that she may not wake him up during the process of shearing, help is called in. You know that the barbers of the East have such a skillful way of manipulating the head, to this very day they will put a man, wide awake, sound asleep. I hear the blades of the shears grinding against each other, and I see the long locks falling off. The shears, or razor, accomplishes what green withes and new ropes and house loom could not do. Suddenly she claps her hands and says: "The Philistines be upon thee, Samson!" He rouses up with a struggle, but his strength is all gone! He is in the hands of his enemies! I hear the groan of the giant as they take his eyes out, and then I see him staggering on in his blindness, feeling his way as he goes on toward Gaza. The prison door is opened and the giant is thrust in. He sits down and puts his hands on the mill crank, which, with exhausting horizontal motion, goes day after day, week after week, month after month—work, work, work! The consternation of the world is captivity, his locks shorn, his eyes punctured, grinding corn in Gaza. In a previous sermon on this character I learned some lessons, but another class of lessons are before us now.

Learn first how very strong people are sometimes coaxed into great imbecilities. Samson had no right to reveal the secret of his strength. Delilah's first attempt to find out is a failure. He says: "Green withes will bind me," but it was a failure. Then he says: "A new rope will hold me," but that also was a failure. Then he says: "Weave my locks into a web and that will bind me," yet that also was a failure. But at last you see how she coaxed it out him. Unimportant actions in life that involve no moral principle may without injury be subjected to ardent persuasions, but as soon as you have come to the line that separates right from wrong, no inducement or blandishment ought to make you step over it. Suppose a man has been brought up in a Christian household and taught sacredly to observe the Sabbath. Sunday comes; you want fresh air. Temptation says: "Sunday is just like other days; now don't be bigoted; we will ride forth among the works of God; the whole earth is His temple; we will not go into any dissipations; come, now, I have the carriage engaged and we shall be back soon enough to go to church in the evening; don't yield to Puritanic notions; you will be no worse for a ride in the country; the blossoms are out and they say everything is looking glorious." "Well, I will go to please you," is the response. And out they go over the street, conscience drowned in the clatter of the swift hoofs and the rush of the resounding wheels. That tempted man may have had moral character enough to break the green withes of ten thousand Philistine allurements, but he has been overcome by coaxing.

Two young men passing down this street came opposite a drinking saloon with a red lantern hung out from the door to light men to perdition. "Let us go in," says one. "No, I won't," says the other; "I never go to such places." "Now, you don't say you are as weak as that. Why, I have been going there for two years and it hasn't hurt me. Come, come now, be a man. If you can't stand anything stronger, take a little sherry. You need to see the world as it is. I don't believe in intemperance any more than you. I can stop drinking just when I want to. You shall go. Now, come right along." Persuasion has conquered. Samson yields to the coaxing and there is carnival in hell that night among the Philistines and they shout: "Ha! ha! We've got him." Those who have the kindest and most sympathetic natures are the most in danger. Your very disposition to please others will be the very trap they set. If you were cold and harsh and severe in your nature you would not be tampered with. People never fondle a hedgehog. The most sentimental Greenlander never kisses an iceberg. The warmth and susceptibility of your nature will encourage the siren. Though strong as a giant, look out for Delilah's scissors. Samson, the strongest man who ever lived, was overcome by coaxing.

Again, this narrative teaches us the power of an ill disposed woman. In the portrait gallery of Bible Queens we find Abigail and Ruth and Miriam and Vashti and Deborah, but in the rogues' gallery of a police station you find the pictures of women as well as men. Delilah's picture belongs to the rogues' gallary, but she had more power than all Philistia armed with sword and spear. She could carry off the iron gates of Samson's resolution as easily as he shouldered the gates of Gaza. The force that had killed the lion which one day plunged out fierce from the thicket utterly succumbs to the silken net which Delilah weaves for the giant. He who had driven an army in riotous retreat with the bleached jaw bone, smiting them hip and thigh with great slaughter, now falls captive at the feet of an unworthy woman. Delilah in the Bible stands in the memorable company of Adah, and Zillah, and Bathsheba, and Jezebel, and Athaliah and Herodias.

How deplorable the influence of such in contrast with Rebecca and Phœbe and Huldah and Tryphona and Jephtha's daughter, and Mary, the mother of Jesus. While the latter glitter in the firmament of God's word like constellations with steady, cheerful, holy light, the former shoot like baleful meteors across the terrified heavens, ominous of war, disaster and death. If there is a divine power in the good mother, her face bright with purity, an unselfish love beaming from her eye, a gentleness that by pangs and sufferings and holy anxieties has been mellowing and softening for many a year, uttering itself in every syllable, a dignity that cannot be dethroned, united with the playfulness that will not be checked, her hand the charm that will instantly take pain out of the child's worst wound, her presence a perpetual benediction, her name our defense when we are tempted, her memory an outgushing well of tears and congratulation and thanksgiving, her heaven a palm waving and a coronal; then there is just as great an influence in the opposite direction in the bad mother, her brow beclouded with ungoverned passion, her eye flashing with unsanctified fire, her lips the fountain of fretfulness and depravity, her example a mildew and a blasting, her name a disgrace to coming generations, her memory a signal for bitterest anathema, her eternity a whirlwind and a suffocation and a darkness. One wrong headed, wrong hearted mother may ruin one child, and that one child, grown up, may destroy a hundred people, and the hundred blast a thousand, and the thousand a million. The wife's sphere is a realm of honor and power almost unlimited. What a blessing was Sarah to Abraham, was Deborah to Lapidoth, was Zipporah to Moses, was Huldah to Shallum.

There are multitudes of men in the marts of trade whose fortunes have been the result of a wife's frugality. Four hands have been achieving that estate, two at the store, two at the home. The burdens of life are comparatively light when there are other hands to help us lift them. The greatest difficulties have often slunk away because there were four eyes to look them out of countenance. What care you for hard knocks in the world as long as you have a bright domestic circle for harbor! One cheerful word in the evening tide as you come in has silenced the clamor of unpaid notes and the disappointment of poor investments. Your table may be quite frugally spread, but it seems more beautiful to you than many tables that smoke with venison and blush with Burgundy. Peace meets you at the door, sits beside you at the table, lights up the evening stand, and sings in the nursery. You have seen an aged couple who for scores of years have helped each other on in life's pilgrimage going down the steep of years. Long association has made them much alike. They rejoiced at the same event, they bent over the same cradle, they wept at the same grave. In the evening they sit quietly thinking of the past, mother knitting at the stand, father in his arm chair at the fire.

Now and then a grandchild comes and they look at him with affection untold and come well nigh spoiling him with kindnesses. The life currents beat feebly in their pulses and their work will soon be done and the Master will call. A few short days may separate them, but, not far apart in time of departure, they join each other on the other side the flood. Side by side let Jacob and Rachel be buried. Let one willow overarch their graves. Let their tombstones stand alike marked with the same Scripture. Children and grandchildren will come in the spring time to bring flowers. The patriarchs of the town will come and drop a tear over departed worth. Side by side at the marriage altar. Side by side in the long journey. Side by side in their graves. After life's fitful fever they slept well.

But there are, as my subject suggests, domestic scenes not so tranquil. What a curse to Job and Potiphar were their companions, to Ahab was Jezebel, to Jeboram was Athaliah, to John Wesley was Mrs. Wesley, to Samson was Delilah. While the most excellent and triumphant exhibitions of character we find among the women of history, and the world thrills with the names of Marie Antoinette and Josephine, and Joan of Arc and Maria Theresa and hundreds of others, who have ruled in the brightest homes and sung the sweetest cantos, and enchanted the nations with their art and swayed the mightiest of scepters, on the other hand the names of Mary the First of England, Margaret of France, Julia of Rome and Elizabeth Petrowna of Russia have scorched the eye of history with their abominations, and their names, like banished spirits, have gone shrieking and cursing through the world. In female biography we find the two extremes of excellence and crime. Woman stands nearest the gate of heaven or nearest the door of hell. When adorned by grace she reaches a point of Christian elevation which man cannot attain, and when blasted of crime she sinks deeper than man can plunge. Yet I am glad that the instances in which woman makes utter shipwreck of character are comparatively rare.

But, says some cynical spirit, what do you do with those words in Ecclesiastes where Solomon says: "Behold, this have I found, saith the preacher, counting one by one to find out the account; which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not; one man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found?" My answer is that if Solomon had behaved himself with common decency and kept out of infamous circles he would not have had so much difficulty in finding integrity of character among women and never would have uttered such a tirade. Ever since my childhood I have heard speakers admiring Diogenes, the cynical philosopher who lived in a tub, for going through the streets of Athens in broad daylight with a lantern, and when asked what he did that for, said: "I am looking for an honest man." Now I warrant that that philosopher who had such hard work to find an honest man was himself dishonest. I think he stole both the lantern and the tub. So, when I hear a man expatiating on the weakness of women, I immediately suspect him and say there is another Solomon with Solomon's wisdom left out. Still, I would not have the illustrations I have given of transcending excellency in female biography lead you to suppose that there are no perils in woman's pathway. God's grace alone can make an Isabella Graham, or a Christina Alsop, or a Fidelia Fiske, or a Catherine of Siena. Temptations lurk about the brightest domestic circle. It was no unmeaning thing when God sat up amidst the splendors of His word the character of infamous Delilah.

Again, this strange story of the text leads me to consider some of the ways in which strong men get their locks shorn. God, for some reason best known to himself, made the strength of Samson to depend on the length of his hair; when the shears clipped it his strength was gone. The strength of men is variously distributed. Sometimes it lies in physical development, sometimes in intellectual attainment, sometimes in heart force, sometimes in social position, sometimes in financial accumulation; and there is always a sharp shears ready to destroy it. Every day there are Samsons ungianted. I saw a young man start in life under the most cheering advantages. His acute mind was at home in all scientific dominions. He reached not only all rugged attainments, but by delicate appreciation he could catch the tinge of the cloud and the sparkle of the wave and the diapason of the thunder. He walked forth in life head and shoulders above others in mental stature. He could wrestle with giants in opposing systems of philosophy and carry off the gates of the opposing schools and smite the enemies of truth hip and thigh with great slaughter. But he began to tamper with brilliant free-thinking. Modern theories of the soul threw over him their blandishments. Skepticism was the Delilah that shore his locks off, and all the Philistines of doubt and darkness and despair were upon him. He died in a very prison of unbelief, his eyes out.

Far back in the country districts—just where I purposely omit to say—there was born one whose fame will last as long as American institutions. His name was the terror of all enemies of free government. He stood, the admired of millons; the nation uncovered in his presence and when he spoke Senates sat breathless under the spell. The plotters against good government attempted to bind him with green withes and weave his locks in a web, yet he walked forth from the enthrallment, not knowing he had burst a bond. But from the wine cup there arose a destroying spirit that came forth to capture his soul. He drank until his eyes grew dim and his knees knocked together and his strength failed. Exhausted with lifelong dissipations, he went home to die. Ministers pronounced eloquent eulogiums, and poets sung, and painters sketched, and sculptors chiseled the majestic form into marble, and the world wept, but everywhere it was known that it was strong drink that came like the infamous Delilah, and his locks were shorn.

From the island of Corsica there started forth a nature charged with unparalleled energies to make thrones tremble and convulse the earth. Piedmont, Naples, Bavaria, Germany, Italy, Austria and England rose up to crush the rising man. At the plunge of his bayonets Bastiles burst open. The earth groaned with the agonies of Rivoli, Austerlitz, Saragossa and Eylau. Five million men slain in his wars. Crowns were showered at his feet, and kingdoms hoisted triumphal arches to let him pass under, and Europe was lighted up at the conflagration of consuming cities. He could almost have made a causeway of human bones between Lisbon and Moscow. No power short of omnipotent God could arrest him. But out of the ocean of human blood there arose a spirit in which the conqueror found more than a match. The very ambition that had rocked the world was now to be his destroyer. It grasped for too much and its efforts lost all. He reached up after the scepter of universal dominion, but slipped and fell back into desolation and banishment. The American ship, damaged of the storm, to-day puts up in St. Helena and the crew go up to see the spot where the French exile expired in loneliness and disgrace, the mightiest of all Samsons shorn of his locks by ambition, that most merciless of all Delilahs.

I have not time to enumerate. Evil associations, sudden successes, spendthrift habits, miserly proclivities and dissipation are the names of some of the shears with which men are every day made powerless. They have strewn the earth with the carcasses of giants and filled the great prison house with destroyed Samsons, who sit grinding the mills of despair, their locks shorn and their eyes out. If parents only knew to what temptations their children were subjected they would be more earnest in their prayers and more careful about their example. No young man escapes having the pathway of sin pictured in bright colors before him.

The first time I ever saw a city—it was the city of Philadelphia—I was a mere lad. I stopped at a hotel, and I remember in the eventide a corrupt man plied me with his infernal art. He saw I was green. He wanted to show me the sights of the town. He painted the path of sin until it looked like emerald; but I was afraid of him. I shoved back from the basilisk. I made up my mind he was a basilisk. I remember how he reeled his chair round in front of me and with a contrated and diabolical effort attempted to destroy my soul; but there were good angels in the air that night. It was no good resolution on my part, but it was the all encompassing grace of a good God that delivered me. Beware! beware! O young man!

There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof is death. If all the victims of an impure life in all lands and ages could be gathered together, they would make a host vaster than that which Xerxes led across the Hellespont, than Timour led across India, than William the Conqueror led across England, than Abou-Bekr led across Syria; and if they could be stretched out in single file across this continent, I think the vanguard of the host would stand on the beach of the Pacific while yet the rear guard stood on the beach of the Atlantic.

I say this not because I expect to reclaim any one that has gone astray in this fearful path, but because I want to utter a warning for those who still maintain their integrity. The cases of reclamation of those who have given themselves fully up to an impure life are so few, probably you do not know one of them. I have seen a good many start out on that road. How many have I seen come back? Not one that I now think of. It seems as if the spell of death is on them and no human voice or the voice of God can break the spell. Their feet are hoppled, their wrists are handcuffed. They have around them a girdle of reptiles bunched at the waist, fastening them to an iron dome; every time they breathe the forked tongues strike them and they strain to break away until the tendons snap and the blood exudes; and amidst their contortions they cry out: "Take me back to my father's house. Where is mother? Take me home! Take me home!"

Do I stand before a man to-day the locks of whose strength are being toyed with, let me tell you to escape lest the shears of destruction take your moral and your spiritual integrity. Do you not see your sandals beginning to curl on that red hot path? This day in the name of Almighty God I tear off the beautifying veil and the embroidered mantle of this old hag of iniquity, and I show you the ulcers and the bloody ichor and the cancered lip and the parting joints and the macerated limbs and the wriggling putrefaction, and I cry out: Oh, horror of horrors! In the stillness of this Sabbath hour I lift a warning. Remember it is much easier to form bad habits than to get clear of them; in one minute of time you may get into a sin from which all eternity cannot get you out.

Oh, that the voice of God's truth might drown the voice of Delilah. Come into the ways of pleasantness and the pathes of peace and by the grace of a pardoning God start for thrones of honor and dominion upon which you may reign, rather than trave the road to a dungeon, where the destroyed grind in the mills of despair, their locks shorn and their eyes out.

The Sources of Beautiful Colors.

The *American Druggist* has formulated a list of the choicest colors used in the arts, as follows:

The cochineal insects furnish a great many of the very fine colors. Among them are the gorgeous carmine, the crimson, scarlet carmine, and purple lakes. The cuttlefish gives the sepia. It is the inky fluid which the fish discharges in order to render the water opaque when attacked. Indian yellow comes from the camel. Ivory chips produce the ivory black and bone black. The exquisite Prussian blue is made by fusing horses' hoofs and other refuse animal matter with impure potassium carbonate. This color was discovered accidentally. Various lakes are derived from roots, barks and gums. Blue black comes from the charcoal of the vine stalk. Lamp black is soot from certain resinous substances. Turkey red is mud from the madder plant, which grows in Hindostan. The yellow sap of a tree of Siam produces gamboge; the natives catch the sap in cocoanut shells. Raw sienna is the natural earth from the neighborhood of Sienna, Italy. Raw umber is also an earth found near Umbria and burnt. India ink is made from burnt camphor. The Chinese are the only manufacturers of this ink, and they will not reveal the secret of its manufacture. Mastic is made from the gum of the mastic tree, which grows in the Grecian Archipelago. Bister is the soot of wood ashes. Very little real ultramarine is found in the market. It is obtained from the precious lapislazuli, and commands a fabulous price. Chinese white is zinc, scarlet is iodide of mercury, and native vermillion is from the quicksilver ore called cinnabar.

Mrs. Whitelaw Reid wears the finest diamonds in Paris.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Surah silk will be very popular this winter.

Strings of gold beads are worn as necklaces.

The only blondes in Costa Rica are foreigners.

There are 275 women preachers in the United States.

The demand for colored pearls is said to greatly exceed the supply.

On Mme. Modjeska's farm in California are 800 hives of Italian bees.

Much passementerie of a rich kind is lavished on the new mantles.

Tulle bonnets will be very much worn this winter for dress occasion.

Alice Liebmann, aged nine, is astonishing London crictics with her skill on the violin.

Princess Maud of Wales, who is about nineteen years of age, is her mother's amanuensis.

Mrs. Henry S. Kimball, of West Philadelphia, is receiving the credit of originating Memorial Day.

Fifty thousand women are reported as having voted at the recent school elections held in Kansas.

A bonbonniere of frosted gold with a miniature set about with diamonds to form the lid is a novelty.

Among the minor features of forthcoming fashions are short jackets of the zouave variety, rounded, pointed and square.

Swallows, said to be birds of good luck, are now playing an important part in the decoration of the newest fashionable stationery.

Mrs. Susa Young Gates, daughter of Brigham Young, is to be the editor of a young ladies' magazine to be published in Salt Lake City.

Fanny Forrester, the Lancashire poetess who has just died, belonged to the working classes, and at an early age developed a taste for poetry.

A new Queen chain pendant, which should be well received by the superstitious is a combination of a horseshoe, a wish bone and a four leaf clover.

Three Polish sisters, the Miles. Welt, of Czernovicg, have recently graduated from the Vienna Medical University, and two of them will practice in this country.

Two widow ladies of St. Louis, who were prominent in social circles, have entered convents in that city. They are Mrs. T. C. Mitchell and Mrs. Julia Rogers.

All the lovely tints of lilac, mauve and heliotrope are suddenly restored to their old-time popularity. Some of the new dyes shade exquisitely into faint tints of old rose.

The handsome Louis Quatorze vest of embroidered crepe de Chine, cut to fall low and broad below the waist, is a feature of stylish redingote gowns for afternoon receptions.

Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer says: "Women live in their houses more than men; what more fitting than that they should design them?" Mrs. Clymer advocates the study of architecture by women.

Short-waisted, long-skirted dresses, worn with guimpes, are still the favored style for little girls. The only garnitures are narrow shoulder puffs, and rows of velvet ribbon on waist and skirt.

During the last twenty-five years Queen Victoria has taken 447 agricultural prizes with stock from her Windor farms. She takes great interest in cattle shows, and is a good judge of Shorthorns and Jerseys.

Riding habits for park and suburban wear this season are of light weight black or dark blue Melton, and made up severely plain. For country wear fine diagonal cloths are used, in light grays and dust colors.

Among the newest new colors are "soap-blue," a soft, dull-gray blue, "oak-heart" a pink with hints of red and yellow, and dried "roseleaf," which reproduces faintly the faint yellow cream of the dead petals.

Carved or chased gold jewelry set with small brilliants and pearls represents a class of personal adornments everywhere popular, meeting, as it does, the demand for decorative effect at a comparatively small cost.

Leather trimmings will be considerably worn in skirt bands, waistcoats and collars and cuffs, the latter being on sale in the London shops in varying shades of gray, brown, green, red and black, with ornamental stitching.

The present style of dress bodice favors the wearing of neck ornaments. The consequences is an increased popularity of gold beads and necklaces of every description. For day wear are tiny little neck chains with daisy or mignonette pendants enameled in natural colors.

To-Night and To-Morrow Night.

And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists' Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle to-*day* and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price 50c. and $1. Sample bottles free.

THE tallest policeman in the United States is Lieutenant Malin, of Philadelphia, who is six feet five and large in proportion.

No Cure No Pay.

It is a pretty severe test of any doctor's skill when the payment of his fee is made conditional upon his curing his patient. Yet after having, for many years, observed the thousands of marvelous cures effected in liver, blood and lung diseases, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, its manufacturers feel warranted in selling it, as they are now doing, through all druggists, the world over, under a certificate of *positive guarantee* that it will either benefit or cure in every case of disease for which they recommend it, if taken in time and given a fair trial, or money paid for it will be promptly refunded. Torpid liver, or "biliousness," impure blood, skin eruptions, scrofulous sores and swellings, consumption (which is scrofula of the lungs), all yield to this wonderful medicine. It is both tonic or strength-restoring, and alterative or blood-cleansing.

Chronic Nasal Catarrh positively cured by Dr. Sage's Remedy. 50 cents, by druggists.

AT Waterville, W. T., squirrels are so plentiful that they enter people's houses and eat the crumbs from under the tables.

Any article that has outlived 24 *years* of competition and imitation, and sells more and more each year, *must* have *merit*. Dobbins's Electric Soap first made in 1865 is *just that article*. Ask your grocer for it. He has it, or will get it.

OVER 400,000 patents have been granted in the United States.

The number of wolves in European Russia is estimated to be about 175,000.

Died Like a Dog.

Such is the inscription written upon the tombstone of the average workingman. If he saves a little from his salary he deposits his money in a bank at three per cent., and enriches local capitalists instead of making judicious investments for his own benefit. He fails to derive any assistance from his capital. If you can spare $1 a month you may become a rich man. Millions have been made in similar investments and there is no possible risk. Send for full particulars to the PRUDENTIAL TRUST CO., 1305 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A JUDGE in Tennessee has instructed his grand jury "to indict all persons who publicly express infidel sentiments."

America's finest—"Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

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Is a very distressing affection, generally arising from stomach troubles, biliousness and dyspepsia, and we frequently find persons of both sexes subject to periodic headaches for which they can ascribe no direct cause. But the headache is a sure indication that there is something wrong somewhere, and whatever the cause Hood's Sarsaparilla is a reliable remedy for headache, and for all troubles which seem to require a corrective and regulator. It cures dyspepsia, biliousness, malaria, tones the stomach, creates an appetite, and gives strength to the nerves

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