REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Battle of Creeds."

TEXT: "He that passeth by and meddleth with strife belonging not to him is like one that taketh a dog by the ears."—Proverbs

Savi., 17.

Solomon here deplores the hebit of rushing in between contestants; of taking part in the antagonisms of others; of joining in fights which they ought to shun. They do no good to others and get damage for themselves. He compares it to the experiment of taking a dog by the ears. Nothing so irritates canines as to be clutched by the lugs. Take them by the back of the neck and lift them and it does not seem to hurt or offend, but you take the dog by the ear, and he will take you with his teeth. In all the history of kennels no intelligent or spirited dog will of kennels no intelligent or spirited dog will stand that. "Now," says Solomon, "you go into quarrels or controversies that are not yours and you will get lacerated and torn and bittem. 'He that passeth by and med-dleth with strife belonging not to him is like one that taketh a dog by the ears.'"

This is the time of resounding exclesiostical

This is the time of resounding ecclesiastical quarrel. Never within your memory or mine has the air been so full of missiles. The Presbyterian Church has on hand a controversy so great that it finds it prudent to postpone its settlement for at least one more year, howing that memory has an account to the control of the settlement of the control of t year, hoping that something will turn up. Somebody might die or a new general assembly may have grace to handle the exciting questions. The Episcopal Church has cast out some recalcitrants, and its digestive or-gans are taxed to the utmost in trying to assimilate others. "Shall women preach?" "Or be sent as delegates to conferences?" are questions that have put many of our Methodist brethren on the "anxious seat." And the waters in some of the great taptistries are troubled waters. Because of controversies throughout Christendom air is now like an August afternoon about five o'clock, when it has been steaming hot all day, and clouds are gathering, and hot all day, and clouds are gathering, and there are lions of thunder with grumbling voices and flashing eyes coming forth from their cloudy lairs, and people are waiting for the full burst of the tempest. I am not much of a weather prophet, but the clouds look to me mostly like wind clouds. It may be a big blow, but I hope it will soon be over. In regard to the Battle of the Creeds, I am eyery day asked about it. I want to I am every day asked about it. I want to make it so plain this morning what I think that no one will ever ask again.

Let those who are jurymen in the case—I mean those who in the different ecclesiastical courts have the questions put directly before them—weigh and decide. Let the rest of us keep out. The most damaging thing on earth is religious controvers. of us keep out. The most damaging thing on earth is religious controversy. No one ever comes out of it as good a man as he goes in. Some of the ministers in all denominations who before the present acerbity were good and kind and useful, now seem almost swearing mad. These brethren I notice always open their violent meetings with prayer before devouring each other, thus saying race before meat. They have a moral hydrophobia that makes us think they have taken a dog by the ears. They never read the imprecatory Psalms of David with such zest as since the Briggs and Newton and MacQueary and Bridgman and Brooks questions got into full swing. May the rams of the sheepfold soon have their horns sawed off! Before the controversies are settled a good many ministers will, through what they call liberalism, be landed into practical infidelity, and others through what they call conservatism will shrink up into bigots tight conservatism will shrink up into bigots tight and hard as the mummies of Egypt which got through their controversies three thou-

sand years ago.

This trouble taroughout Christendom was directly inspired by Satan. He saw that too much good was being done. Recruits were being gathered by hundreds of thousands to the tiospel standard. The victories for God and the truth were too near together. Too many churches were being dedicated. Too many ministers were being ordained. Too many philanthropies were being fostered. Too many souls were It had been a dull time in the so Satan one day rose upon his throne and said, "Ye powers of darkness, hear." And all up and down the caverns the cry was, all up and down the caverns the cry was, "Hear! Hear!" Satan said: "There is that American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. It must either be demplished or crippled, or the first thing you know they will have all nations brought to God. Apolyon the Younger! You go up to Andover and get the professors to discussing whether the heathen can be saved without the Gostal Divert them from the work of missions. pel. Divert them from the work of missions and get them in angry convention in a room at Young's Hotel, Boston, and by the time they adjourn the cause of foreign missions will be gloriodsly and magnificently injured, Diabolus the Younger! You go up and get Union Theological Seminary of New York and the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church at Detroit at swords' points and diverted from the work of making earnest ministers of religion, Divert them from the work of missions work of making earnest ministers of religion, and turn that old Presbyterian Church, which has been keeping us out of customers for hundreds of years, into a splendid pan-demonium on a small scale. Abaddon the demonium on a small scale. Abaddon the Third! You go up and assault that old Epis-copal Church, which has been storming the heavens for centuries with the sublimest prayers that were ever uttered—church of Bishop Leighton, Bishop White and Bishop McIlvane, and get that denomination discussing men instead of discussing the eternities. Abaddon the Fourth! You go up to that old Methodist Church, which has through her Methodist Church, which has, through her revival, sent millions to heaven which we would otherwise have added to our population: the church of Wesley and Matthew Simpson, against which we have an especial grudge, and get them so absorbed in discussing whether women shall take part in her conference that they shall not have so much time to discuss how many sons and daughters

she will take to giory."

What awazes me most is that all people do not see that the entire movement at this time all over Christendom is satanic. Many of the infernal attacks are sly and hidden and strategic and so ingenious that they are not easily discovered. But here is a bold and uncovered attempt of the powers of darkness to split up the churches, to get ministers to take each other by the throat, to make religion a laughing stock of earth and hell, to leave the Bible with no more respect or authenticity than an old almanac of 1822, which told what would be the

the sufferers by the accident, and in that drawer, easily opened, are bandages and splints for the lack of which fifty people are dying outside the drug store. Before I apply this thought every one sees its application. Here is this old world, and it is off track. Sin and sorrow have collided with it. The groan of agony is fourteen hundred million voiced. God has opened for relief and cure a great sanitarium, a great house of mercy, and all its shelves are filled with baisams, with catholicons, with help—glorious help, tremendous help, help so easily administered that you need not get upon any step ladder to reach it. You can the sufferers by the accident, and in that drawer, easily opened, are bandages and splints for the lack of which fifty people are dying outside the drug store. Before I apply this thought every one sees its application. Here is this old world, and it is off track. Sin and sorrow have collided with it. The groan of agony is fourteen hundred million voiced. God has opened for relief and cure a great sanitarium, a great house of mercy, and all its shelves are filled with balsams, with catholicons, with help—glorious help, tremendous help, help so easily administered that you need not get upon any step ladder to reach it. You can reach it on your knees and then hand it to upon any step ladder to reach it. You can reach it on your knees and then hand it to all the suffering, and the sinning, and the dying. Comfort for all the troubled! Pardon for all the guilty! Peace for all the dying! But while the world is needing the relief and perishing for lack of it, what of the church? Why, it is full of fighting doctors. On the top shelf are some old bottles, which several hundred years ago Calvin or Armin. On the top shelf are some old bottles, which several hundred years ago Calvin or Arminius, or the members of the synod of Dort, or the formers of the Nicene creed filled with holy mixtures, and until we get a revision of these old bottles and find out whether we must take a teaspoonful or tablespoonful, and whether before or after meals, let the nations suffer and groan and die. Save the bottles by all means, if you cannot save anything else.

Now, what part shall you and I take in this controversy which fills all Christendom with clangor? My advice is, take no part, In time of riot all mayors of cities advise good citizens to stay at home or in their places of business, and in this time of religious riot I advise you to go about your regu-lar work for God. Leave the bottles on the lar work for God. Leave the bottles on the higher shelves for others to fight about, and take the two bottles on the shelf within easy reach, the two bottles which are all this dying world needs; the one filled with a potion which is for the cleansing of all sin, the other filled with a potion which is for the soothing of all suffering. Two Gospel bottles! Christ mixed them out of His own tears and blood. In them is no human tears and blood. In them is no human admixture. Spend no time on the mysteries; You, a man only five or six feet high, ought not to try to wade an ocean a thousand feet deep. My own experience has been vivid. I devoted the most of my time for years in trying to understand God's eternal decrees, and I was determined to find out why the Lord let sin come into the world, and I set out to explore the doctring of the Trinity, and with a yard-stick to measure the throne of the Infinite. As with all my predecessors, the attempt was a dead failure. For the last thirty years I have not spent two minutes in studying the controverted points of theology, and if I live thirty years longer I will not spend the thousandth part of a second in such exploration. I know two things, and these I will devote all the years of my life in proclaiming—3od will through Jesus Christ pardon sin, and He will comfort trouble.

He will comfort trouble.

Creeds have their uses, but just now the church is creeded to death. The young men entering the ministry are going to be launched in the thickest fog that ever settled on the coasts. As I am told that in all our services students of Princeton and Union and Drew and other theological seminaries are present, and as these words will come to thousands of young men who are soon to enter the ministry, let me say to such and through them to their associates, keep out of the bewildering belittling desuch and through them to their associates, keep out of the bewildering, belittling, destroying and angry controversies abroad. The questions our doctors of divinity are trying to settle will not be settled until the day after the day of judgment. It is such a poor economy of time to spend years and years in trying to fathom the unfathomable, when in five minutes in heaven we will know all we want to know. Wait till we get our all we want to know. Wait till we get our throne. Wait till the light of eternity flashes upon our newly ascended spirits. It is useless for ants on different sides of a mole hill to try to discuss the comparative neights of Mount Blanc and Mount Washington. Let me say to all young men about to enter the ministry that soon the greatest novelty in the world will be the un-adulterated religion of Jesus Christ. Preach that and you will have a crowd. The world that and you will have a crowd. The world is sick to regurgitation with the modern quacks in religion. The world has been swinging off from the old Gospel, but it will swing back, and by the time you young men go into the pulpits the cry will be coming up from all the millions of mankind, "Give us the bread of life; no sweetened bread, no bread with sickly raisins stuck here and there into it, but old-fashioned bread as God our mother mixed and baked it?"

Now, what is the simple fact that you in the pew and Sabbath-school class and reformatory association and we in the pulpits have to deal wito? Is is this: That God has somewhere, and it matters not where, but somewhere, provided a great heaven, great for quietness for the 3 who want quiet; great for vast assemblage for those who like multitudes; great for architecture for those who like architecture; great for beautiful land-scape for those who like beautiful landscape; great for music for those who like music; great for processions for those who like armies on white horses, and great for anything that one especially desire such a rapturous dominion; and through the doings of one who was born about five miles south of Jerusalem and died about ten minutes' walk from its east-ern gate all may enter that great heaven for the earnest and heartfelt asking. Is that all? That is ali, What, then, is your that all? That is ali. What, then, is your work and mine? Our work is to persuade people to face that way and start thitherward and finally go in. But has not religion something to do with this world as well as the next? Oh, yes; but do you not see that if the people start for heaven on their way there they will do all the good they can? They will at the very start of the journey get so much of the spirit of Christ, which is a spirit of kindness and self sucrifice and generosity and burden bearing and helpfulness, that every step they take will resound with good deeds. Oh, get your religion off of stilts! Get it down out of the high towers! Get it on a level with the wants and of stitts! Get it down out of the high tow-ers! Get it on a level with the wants and woes of our poor human race! Get it out of the dusty theological books that few people read, and put it in their hearts and lives. Good thing is it to profess religion when you join the church, but every day, somehow, we ought to profess religion.

A peculiar patchwork quilt was, during the Civil War, made by a lady and sent to the hospitals at the front. She had a boy in the army, and was naturally interested in the welfare of soldiers. But what a patchare not easily discovered. But here is a boild and uncovered attempt of the powers of darkness to split up the churches, to get ministers to take each other by the throat, to make religion a laughing stock of earth and hell, to leave the Bible with no more respect or authenticity than an old almana of 1822, which told what would be the change of weather six months ahead and in what quarter of the month it is best to plant turnips. In a word, the effort is to stop the evangelization of the world. It seems to me very much like this: There has been a railroad accident and many are wounded and dying. There are several drug stores near the scene of casualty. All the doctors and druggists are neeled and needed right away. Bandages, stimulants, anæsheties, medicines of all sorts. What are the doctors and druggists doing? Discussing the contents of some old bottles on the top shelf, bottles of medicine which some doctors and druggists mixed two or three hundred years ago. "Come doctors?" "Come doctors and druggists mixed two three hundred years ago. "Come doctors?" "Come doctors and druggists mixed two three hundred years ago. "Come doctors?" "Come doctors and druggists mixed two three hundred years ago. "Come doctors?" "Come doctors and druggists mixed two three hundred years ago. "Come doctors?" "Come doctors and druggists mixed two three hundred years ago. "Come doctors?" "Come doctors and the bottle twill be too late. Come for God's sake! Come right away." "No." says the doctor, "not until we have were too many drops of campbire, we must get this question settled before we can attend if the railroad accident."

And one doctor takes another doctor by the collar and pushes him back against the counter, and one of the druggists says, "it has a great word the doctor, and one of the druggists says, "it has a great way of the counter, and one of the druggists asys, "it has a great way of the particular and succeed for the helping of the hundred for the helping of the hundred for the helping of the hundred for the helping

It hung together many centuries before you were born, and your funeral sermon will be preached from a text taken from its undisturbed authenticity.

Do you know that I think that if all minby you know that I think that if all ministers in all denominations would stop this nonsense of ecclesiastical strife and take hold the word of God, the only question with each of us being how many souls we can bring to Christ and in how short a time, the Lord christ and in how short a time, the Lord would soon appear for the salvation of all nations? Why not all at once light all the torches of Gospel invitation? Why not ring all the bills of welcome? Why not light up the long night of the world's sin and suffering with bonfires of victory? Why not unlimber all the Gospel batteries and let them boom across the earth, and boom into the parting heavens. The King is the parting heavens. The King is ready to land if we are ready to receive Him. Why cannot we who are now living see His descent? Must it all be postponed to later ag.ss. Has not our poor world groaned long enough in moral agonies? Have there not been martyrs enough, and have there not been martyrs enough, and have not the lakes of tears and the rivers of blood been deep enough? Why cannot the final glories roll in now? Why cannot this dying century feed the incoming tides of the oceans of heavenly mercy? Must our eyes close in death and our ears take on the deepness of the tears and the second the deepness of the tears and the riverse of the riverse on the deafness of the tomb, and these hearts beat their last throb before the day comes in? O Christ? Why tarriest Thou? Wilt Thou not, before we go the way of all the earth, let us see Thy scarred feet under some noonday cloud coming this way? Be-fore we die let us behold Thy hands that fore we die let us behold Thy hands that were spiked, spread out in benediction for a lost race. And why not let us, with our mortal ears, hear that voice which spo'te peace as Thou didst go up, speak pardon and emancipation and love and holliness and joy to all nations as Thou comest down? But the skies do not part. I hear no rumbling of chariot wheels coming down over the sapphire. There is no swoop of wings. I see no flash of angelic appearances. All is still. I hear nothing but the tramp of my own heart as I pause between these utterances. The King does not land because the own heart as I pause between these utter-ances. The King does not land because the world is not ready and the church is not ready. To clear the way for the Lord's com-ing let us devote all our energies of body, mind and soul. A Russian general riding over the battlefield, his horse treading amid the dying and dead, a wounded soldier asked him for water, but the officer did not under him for water, but the officer did not under-stand his language and knew not what the poor fellow wanted. Then the soldier cried out "Christos," and that word meant s mpathy and help, and the Russian officer dismounted and put to the lips of the sufferer a cooling draught. Be that the charmed word with which we go forth to do our whole duty. In many languages it has only a little difference of termination, Christos! It stands for sym-pathy. It stands for help, it stands for pathy. It stands for help. It stands for pardon, It stands for hope. It stands for heaven. Christos! In that name we were baptised. In that name we took our first sacrament. That will be the battle shout that will win the whole world for God! Christos! Put it on our banners when we Put it on our lips when we die! Put in the funeral psalm at our obsequies! Put it on the plain slab over our grave! Christos! Blessed be His glorious name for-

Wigs Are Popular Again.

"More wigs are worn now than at any time since I have been in the business, which is nearly a quarter of a century, said a wig maker. "Perhaps the increase in baldness which we hear so much of, makes men ashamed to be seen with a shiny pate now-a-days, so they cover it up with artificial hair. Very few people realize how common wigs are. We can imitate a head of hair so perfectly that it is difficult to detect the artificial hair, except by the closest scrutiny. I often sell as many as ten or a dozen wigs in one day. Of course, there is a good profit on each one, so there is still money in the business. You must have noticed the number of ladies who wear short curly hair this spring. Well, much of it is false. There was a great deal of pneumonia, typhoid fever and other diseases last winter that seriously injures the hair, leaving it dry and harsh, so that nothing short of shaving the head will restore it to its natural condition.

From two to three months is required for a head of hair to grow, and during this time nothing but a wig will properly conceal the unsightly head. As short, curly hair looks more natural and is easier to keep in order than a dressed wig, most young people prefer it. Elder-ly ladies use French twists and pompadours. Wigs can be bought from \$1.50 up, but a good one costs at least \$5,-

Floating Prairies of Louisiana.

A curious phenomenon is to be witnessed at the Ames crevasse, says a New Orleans letter, and, indeed, is one of the causes of the great damage it has done. Under any circumstances the water from this crevasse would overflow the rich country lying between it and the Gulf of Mexico, causing damage to the amount of several million dollars, but, to the surprise of many, not content with running down stream and overflowing the country below, it has taken to running apparently up stream. Some curiosity was felt over this phenomenon, and the case on examination shows it to be due to the prairies tremplanets-the floating or trembling prairies of southern Louisiana. All along the gulf coast the large border of land floats on the surface of the water. The land is made by fallen timber and grasses. It gradually accumulates dirt, and becomes in the course of time sufficiently firm to support brushes and even trees, but the soil is only three inches or less thick, and below it is the water, upon which it floats on account of its lightness. Occasionally pieces of trembling prairie are detached and become floating slands. There are quite a number of these in Salvador, these lands, floating from side to side, being frequently carried at a rapid rate by the wind breeze, trees acting as sails to catch the wind.— Commercial Advertiser.

Queer Place for a Bumblebees' Nest.

While Linn. Shelly was clipping his dog, he found in the long hair on his neck a bumblebees' nest.

A number of cells were found con-taining wax and several bumblebees' were discovered serving as watchmen, nicely nestled in the thick and tangled mane.—Philadelphia Press.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Sleeves are very long. Loose-fitting gloves are the latest.

Many chamois gauntlet gloves are sold to travelers.

Copper bronze is to be the fashionable sande of hair this season.

Artificial birds for trimming hats and dresses are made to cater to people who are so very humane.

For ladies in mourning, the black enameled bracelet with a pansy having a diamond centre in front, has found favor. Women are now allowed to become

notaries public in New Jersey in accordance with the privilege granted by the Children's hats have no wire, no facing, no binding, nothing but a half

wreath of flowers, a crown lining and a Queen Victoria of England delights in water color sketching and playing duets with her favorite daughter, Princess

A wide field for selection is afforded in table cutlery, which is now furnished with handles of china, ivory, pearl,

silver, stag, etc. Ribbons to hold fans are fastened to the shoulders with a bow, and are long enough to fall nearly to the ground, the fan being carried in the hand.

The first woman honored with equal position and pay with men professors is Harriet Cook, of Cornell, who holds the chair of history in that university.

For dress lining there is no better material than linen. It is cheap and durable, does not cling or split and makes a better foundation for a skirt than silk.

The gentle wife of the Crown Prince of England is fond of fine needlework, dressmaking, playing the zithern, photography, and has a pretty talent for oil

A woman was recently summoned as a juror in St. Louis. She took the matter philosophically and attended court, only to receive the apologies of all concerned in the blunder.

Last October nine women were appointed station agents on the elevated railways of Brooklyn, N. Y. They have been so successful that the management will appoint more.

Mrs. Pemberton-Hincks, of New Orleans, is at present the prima donna most the "rage" in London society. She is a creole of remarkable beauty, as well as the fortunate possessor of a magnificent voice.

The most fashionable garment of the season is the long cape or "camail," perfectly square at the bottom, reaching considerably below the waist, high on the shoulders, and studded with jet cabuchons,

Flounces placed at the foot of a skirt should be narrowed in front and wide at the back, in order to not detract from the height of the wearer. Ruffled pipings are a new form of decoration, effective in silk.

The widowed Countess Lowenbaupt, ex-Secretary Bayard's daughter, is residing in the Wilmington (Del.) home ed for her prior to her marriage She inherits \$75,000 presented to her husband by his father.

A Honesdale (Penn.) lady has a full set of carpenter's tools, which she uses with remarkable skill in making useful and ornamental articles for her home, a full set of chairs being among the productions of her mechanical genius. Countess Aymery de la Rochefou-

cauld, of France, is said to be the most beautiful womer of this century. Her profile is strikingly like that of Marie Antoinette, and her hair is of the real shade possessed by the martyr queen. Mrs. Marianne Stokes, the clever Eng-

lish artist, is said to have begun painting when bardly more than an infant, and if she was ever without a pencil or a box of paints she would, squeeze flowers on a sheet of paper until they gave up their colors.

Some of the well-connected nursegirls who frequent Central Park, New York City, wear smart little kangaroo bags slung over she left shoulder, a la tourist, containing a flask of sweet milk and a supply of Graham crackers for the tod-

The London "lady florists," Mrs. Ar-thur Wellesley and Mrs. Herbert Smith, were employed to decorate Lord Beaconsfield's statue for the celebration of the founding of the Primrose League. The decorations were said to be particularly successful.

A daughter of Congressman Breckin-ridge, of Kentucky, having graduated with honors at Wellesley several years ago, has now taken up the study of law in her father's office, having in the meantime taught geometry and algebra in a Washington school.

Annie Louise Carey, at one time considered among the greatest of contraltos, is a large blonde woman in whose handsome countenance beams the benevolence of her heart. Domestic affairs and charity work now engage the greater share of her daily time and attention.

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