REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Homesick Soul."

TEXT: *"I will arise and go to my father."* —Luke xv., 18.

There is notning like hunger to take the energy out of a man. A hungry man can toil neither with pen, nor hand, nor foot. There has been many an army defeated, not so much for lack of ammunition as for lack of bread. It was that fact that took the fire out of this young man of the text. Storm and exposure will wear out any man's life in time, but hunger makes quick work. The most awful cry ever heard on earth is the cry for bread. A traveler tells us that in Asia Minor there are trees which bear fruit looking very much like the long bean of our time. It is called the carab.

Once in a while the people reduced to destitution would eat these carabs, but generally the carabs, the beans spoken of here in the text, were thrown only to the swine, and they crunched them with great avidity. But this young man of my text could not even get them without stealing them. So one day amid the swine troughs he begins to soliloquize. He says: "These are no clothes for a rich man's son to wear; this is no kind of business for a Jew to be engaged in—feeding swine; I'll go home, I'll go home; I will arise and go to my father."

I know there are a great many people who try to throw a fascination, a romance, a halo about sin; but notwithstanding all that Lord Byron and George Sand have said in regard to it, it is a mean, low, contemptible business, and putting food and fodder into the troughs of a herd of antiquities that root and wallow in the soul of man is a very poor business for men and women intended to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty. And when this young man resolved to go home it was a very wise thing for him to do, and the only question is whether we will follow him.

Satan promises large wages if we will serve him, but he clothes his victims with rags, and he pinches them with hunger, and when they start out to do better he sets after them all the bloodhounds of perdition. Satan comes to us to-day and he promises all luxuries, all emoluments if we will only serve him. Liar, down with thee to the pit! "The wages of sin is death." Oh, the young man of the text was wise when he uttered the resolution, "I will arise and go to my father."

In the time of Mary the Persecutor, a persecutor came to a Christian woman who had hidden in her house for the Lord's sake one of Christ's servants, and the persecutor said, "Where is that heretic?" The Christian woman said, "You open that trunk and you will see the heretic." The persecutor opened the trunk, and on the top of the linen of the trunk he saw a glass. He said, "There is no heretic here." "Ah," she said, "you look in the glass and you will see the heretic." As I take up the mirror of God's word to-day would that instead of seeing the prodigal son of the text we might see ourselves—our want, our wandering, our sin, our lost condition—so that we might be as wise as this young man was, and say, "I will arise and go to my father."

The resolution of this text was formed in disgust at his present circumstances. If this young man had been by his employer set to culturing flowers or training vines over an arbor or keeping account of the pork market or overseeing other laborers he would not have thought of going home. If he had had his pockets full of money, if he had been able to say, "I have a thousand dollars now of my own; what's the use of my going back to my father's house? do you think I am going back to apologize to the old man? why he would put me on the limits; he would not have going on around the old place such conduct as I have engaged in; I won't go home; there is no reason why I should go home; I have plenty of money, plenty of pleasant surroundings, why should I go home?" Ah! it was his pauperism, it was his beggary. He had to go home.

Some man comes and says to me: "Why do you talk about the ruined state of the human soul? Why don't you speak about the progress of the Nineteenth century, and talk of something more exhilarating?" It is for this reason: A man never wants the Gospel until he realizes he is in a famine-struck state. Suppose I should come to you in your home and you are in good, sound, robust health, and I should begin to talk about medicines, and about how much better this medicine is than that, and some other medicine, and talk about this physician and that physician. After a while you get tired, and you would say: "I don't want to hear about medicines. Why do you talk to me of physicians? I never have a doctor."

But suppose I come into your house and I find you severely sick, and I know the medicines that will cure, and I know the physician who is skillful enough to meet your case. You say: "Bring on that medicine; bring on that physician. I am terribly sick, and I want help." If I came to you and you feel you are all right in body, and all right in mind, and all right in soul you have need of nothing; but suppose I have persuaded you that the leprosy of sin is upon you, the worst of all sickness; oh, then you say: "Bring me that balm of the Gospel; bring me that divine medicament; bring me Jesus Christ."

But says some one in the audience, "How do you prove that we are in a ruined condition by sin?" Well, I can prove it in two ways, and you may have your choice. I can prove it by the statements of men or by the statement of God. Which shall it be? You all say, "Let us have the statement of God." Well, He says in one place, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desparately wicked." He says in another place, "What is man that he should be clean? and he which is born of a woman, that he should be righteous?" He says in another place, "There is none that doeth good, no, not one." He says in another place, "As by one man sin entereth into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." "Well," you say, "I am willing to acknowledge that, but why should I take the particular rescue that you propose?" This is the reason, "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God." This is the reason, "There is one name given under heaven among men whereby they may be saved." Then there are a thousand voices here ready to say, "Well, I am ready to accept this help of the Gospel; I would like to have this divine cure; how shall I go to work?" Let me say that a mere whim, an undefined longing amounts to nothing. You must have a stout, tremendous resolution like this young man of the text when he said, "I will arise and go to my father."

"Oh!" says some man, "how do I know my father wants me? How do I know, if I go back, I would be received?" "Oh!" says some man, "you don't know where I have been; you don't know how far I have wandered; you wouldn't talk that way to me if you knew all the iniquities I have committed?" What is that flutter among the angels of God? It is news, it is news! Christ has found the lost.

> Nor angels can their joy contain,
> But kindle with new fire;
> The sinner lost, is found, they sing,
> And strike the sounding lyre.

When Napoleon talked of going into Italy, they said: "You can't get there. If you knew what the Alps were you wouldn't talk about it or think of it. You can't get your animunition wagons over the Alps." Then Napoleon rose in his stirrups and waving his hand toward the mountains, he said, "There shall be no Alps." That wonderful pass was laid out which has been the wonderment of all the years since—the wonderment of all engineers. And you tell me there are such mountains of sin between your soul and God, there is no mercy. Then I see Christ waving His hand toward the mountains. I hear Him say, "I will come over the mountains of thy sin and the hills of thy iniquity." There shall be no Pyrenees; there shall be no Alps.

Again, I notice that this resolution of the young man of the text was founded in sorrow at his misbehavior. It was not mere physical plight. It was grief that he had so maltreated his father. It is a sad thing after a father has done everything for a child to have that child be ungrateful.

> How sharper than a serpent's tooth, it is,
> To have a thankless child.

That is Shakespeare. "A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother." That is the Bible. Well, my friends, have not some of us been cruel prodigals? Have we not maltreated our Father? And such a Father! So loving, so kind. If He had been a stranger, if He had forsaken us, if He had flagellated us, if He had pounded us and turned us out of doors on the commons, it would not have been so wonderful—our treatment of Him; but He is a Father so loving, so kind, and yet how many of us for our wanderings have never apologized. We apologize for wrongs done to our fellows, but some of us perhaps have committed ten thousand times ten thousand wrongs against God and never apologized.

I remark still farther that this resolution of the text was founded in a feeling of homesickness. I don't know how long this young man, how many months, how many years he had been away from his father's house; but there is something in the reading of my text that makes me think he was homesick.

Some of you know what that feeling is, Far away from home sometimes, surrounded by everything bright and pleasant—plenty of friends—you have said, "I would give the world to be home to-night." Well, this young man was homesick for his father's house. I have no doubt when he thought of his father's house he said, "Now, perhaps, father may not be living."

We read nothing in this story—this parable founded on everyday life—we read nothing about the mother. It says nothing about going home to her. I think she was dead. I think she had died of a broken heart at his wanderings. A man never gets over having lost his mother. Nothing said about her here. But he is homesick for his father's house. He thought he would just like to go and walk around the old place. He thought he would just like to go and see if things were as they used to be. Many a man after having been off a long while has gone home and knocked at the door, and a stranger has come. It is the old homestead, but a stranger comes to the door. He finds out father is gone and mother is gone, and brothers and sisters all gone. I think this young man of the text said to himself, "Perhaps father may be dead." Still he starts to find out. He is homesick. Are there any here to-day homesick for God, homesick for heaven?

A sailor, after having been long on the sea, returned to his father's house, and his mother tried to persuade him not to go away again. She said: "Now you had better stay at home. Don't go away; we don't want you to go. You will have it a great deal better here." But it made him angry. The night before he went again to sea he heard his mother praying in the next room, and that made him more angry. He went far out on the sea, and a storm came up, and he was ordered to very perilous duty, and he ran up the ratlines, and amid the shrouds of the ship he heard the voice that he had heard in the next room. He tried to whistle it off, he tried to rally his courage, but he could not silence that voice he had heard in the next room, and there in the storm and the darkness he said: "O Lord! what a wretch I have been: what a wretch I am. Help me just now, Lord God." And I thought in this assemblage to-day there may be some who may have the memory of a father's petition or a mother's prayer pressing mightily upon the soul, and that this hour they may make the same resolution I find in my text, saying, "I will arise and go to my father."

A lad at Liverpool went out to bathe, went out into the sea, went out too far, got beyond his depth and he floated far away. A ship bound for Dublin came along and took him on board. Sailors are generally very generous fellows, and one gave him a cap and another gave him a jacket, and another gave him shoes. A gentleman passing along on the beach at Liverpool found the lad's clothes and took them home, and the father was heartbroken, the mother was heartbroken at the loss of their child.

They had heard nothing from him day after day, and they ordered the usual mourning for the sad event. But the lad took ship from Dublin and arrived in Liverpool the very day the garments arrived. He knocked at the door, and the father was overjoyed, and the mother was overjoyed at the return of their lost son. Oh, my friends, have you waded out too deep? Have you waded down into sin? Have you waded from the shore? Will you come back? When you come back, will you come in the rags of your sin, or will you come robed in the Saviour's righteousness? I believe the latter. Go home to your God to-day. He is waiting for you. Go home!

But I remark concerning this resolution, it was immediately put into execution. The context says, "He arose and came to his father." The trouble in nine hundred and ninety-nine times out of a thousand is that our resolutions amount to nothing because we make them for some distant time. If I resolve to become a Christian next year, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve to become a Christian to-morrow, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve at the service to-night to become a Christian, that amounts to nothing at all. If I resolve after I go home to-day to yield my heart to God, that amounts to nothing at all. The only kind of resolution that amounts to anything is the resolution that is immediately put into execution.

There is a man who had the typhoid fever. He said: "Oh! if I could get over this terrible distress! If this fever should depart, if I could be restored to health, I would all the rest of my life serve God." The fever departed. He got well enough to walk around the block. He got well enough to go over to New York and attend to business. He is well to-day—as well as he ever was. Where is the broken vow? There is a man who said long ago, "If I could live to the year 1891, by that time I will have my business matters arranged, and I will have time to attend to religion, and I will be a good, thorough, consecrated Christian."

The year 1891 has come. January, February, March, April, May, June—almost half of the year gone. Where is your broken vows. "Oh," says some man, "I'll attend to that when I can get my character fixed up. When I can get over my evil habits. I am now given to strong drink," or, says the man, "I am given to uncleanness," or, says the man, "I am given to dishonesty. When I get over my present habits, then I'll be a thorough Christian." My brother, you will get worse and worse, until Christ takes you in hand. "Not the righteous; sinners, Jesus came to call."

Oh! but you say, "I agree with you on all that, but I must put it off a little longer." Do you know there were many who came as near as you are to the kingdom of God and never entered it. I was at East Hampton and I went into the cemetery to look around, and in that cemetery there are twelve graves side by side—the graves of sailors. This crew, some years ago, in a ship went into the breakers at Amagansett, about three miles away. My brother, then preaching at East Hampton, had been at the burial. These men of the crew came very near being saved.

The people from Amagansett saw the vessel and they shot rockets, and they sent ropes from the shore, and these poor fellows got into the boat, and they pulled mightily for the shore, but just before they got to the shore the rope snapped and the boat capsized and they were lost, their bodies afterward washed up on the beach. Oh, what a solemn day it was—I have been told it by my brother—when these twelve men lay at the foot of the pulpit and he read over them the funeral service! They came very near shore—within shouting distance of the shore—yet did not arrive on solid land. There are some men who come almost to the shore of God's mercy, but not quite, not quite. To be only almost saved is not to be saved at all.

I will tell you of two prodigals, the one that got back and the other that did not get back. In Virginia there is a very prosperous and beautiful home in many respects. A young man wandered off from that home. He wandered very far into sin. They heard of him often, but he was always on the wrong track. He would not go home. At the door of that beautiful home one night there was a great outcry. The young man of the house ran down and opened the door to see what was the matter. It was midnight. The rest of the family were asleep. There were the wife and the children of this prodigal young man. The fact was he had come home and driven them out. He said: "Out of this house. Away with these children; I will dash their brains out. Out into the storm!"

The mother gathered them up and fled. The next morning the brother, the young man who had staid at home, went out to find this prodigal brother and son, and he came where he was, and saw the young man wandering up and down in front of the place where he had been staying, and the young man who had kept his integrity said to the older brother: "Here, what does all this mean? What's the matter with you? Why do you get in this way?" The prodigal looked at him and said: "Who am I? Who do you take me to be?" He said, "You are my brother." "No, I am not; I am a brute. Have you seen anything of my wife and children? Are they dead? I drove them out last night in the storm. I am a brute. John, do you think there is any help for me? Do you think I will ever get over this life of dissipation?" He said, "Brother, there is just one thing that will stop this." The prodigal ran his finger across his throat and said: "That will stop it, and I'll stop it before night. Oh! my brain; I can stand it no longer." That prodigal never got home. But I will tell you of a prodigal that did get home.

In England two young men started from their father's house and went down to Portsmouth. The father could not pursue his children; for some reason he could not leave home, and so he wrote a letter down to Mr. Griffin, saying: "Mr. Griffin, I wish you would go and see my two sons. They have arrived in Portsmouth, and they are going to take ship and going away from home. I wish you would persuade them back." Mr. Griffin went, and he tried to persuade them back. He persuaded one to go. He went with very easy persuasion, because he was very homesick already. The other young man said: "I will not go. I have had enough of home. I'll never go home." "Well," said Mr. Griffin, "then if you won't go home, I'll get you a respectable position on a respectable ship." "No you won't," said the prodigal; "No you won't. I am going as a common sailor; that will plague my father most, and what will do most to tantalize and worry him will please me best."

Years passed on, and Mr. Griffin was seated in his study one day when a message came to him that there was a young man in irons on a ship at the dock—a young man condemned to death—who wished to see this clergyman. Mr. Griffin went down to the dock and went on shipboard. The young man said to him, "You don't know me, do you." "No," he said; "I don't know you." "Why, don't you remember that young man you tried to persuade to go home, and he wouldn't go?" "Oh, yes," said Mr. Griffin. "Are you that man?" "Yes, I am that man," said the other. "I would like to have you pray for me. I have committed murder, and I must die, but I don't want to go out of this world until some one prays for me. You are my father's friend and I would like to have you pray for me."

Mr. Griffin went from judicial authority to judicial authority to get the young man's pardon. He slept not night nor day. He went from influential person to influential person until some way he got that young man's pardon. He came down on the dock, and as he arrived on the dock with the pardon the father came. He had heard that his son, under a disguised name, had been committing crime and was going to be put to death. So Mr. Griffin and the father went on the ship's deck, and at the very moment Mr. Griffin offered the pardon to the young man, the old father threw his arms around the son's neck and the son said: "Father, I have done very wrong and I am very sorry. I wish I had never broken your heart. I am very sorry." "Oh!" said the father, "don't mention it; it don't make any difference now. It is all over. I forgive you, my son," and he kissed him and kissed him and kissed him.

To-day I offer you the pardon of the Gospel—full pardon, free pardon. I do not care what your sin has been. Though you say you have committed a crime against God, against your own soul, against your fellowman, against your family, against the day of judgment, against the cross of Christ—whatever your crime has been, here is pardon, full pardon, and the very moment that you take that pardon your heavenly Father throws His arms around about you and says: "My son, I forgive you. It is all right. You are as much in My favor now as if you had never sinned." O! there is joy on earth and joy in heaven. Who will take the Father's embrace?

There was a gentleman in a rail car who saw in that same car three passengers of very different circumstances. The first was a maniac. He was carefully guarded by his attendants. His mind, like a ship dismasted, was beating against a dark, desolate coast, from which no help could come. The train stopped, and the man was taken out into the asylum to waste away, perhaps, through years of gloom. The second passenger was a culprit. The outraged law had seized on him. As the cars jolted the chains rattled. On his face were crime, depravity and despair. The train halted and he was taken out to the penitentiary, to which he had been condemned. There was the third passenger, under far different circumstances. She was a bride. Every hour was gay as a marriage bell. Life glittered and beckoned. Her companion was taking her to his father's house. The train halted. The old man was there to welcome her to her new home, and his white locks snowed down upon her as he sealed his word with a father's kiss.

Quickly we fly toward eternity. We will soon be there. Some leave this life condemned. Oh, may it be with us, that, leaving this fleeting life for the next, we may find our Father ready to greet us to our new home with Him forever. That will be a marriage banquet! Father's welcome! Father's bosom! Father's kiss: Heaven! Heaven!

A FEW mornings ago, on arising, residents of Nashville, Tenn., were surprised and somewhat alarmed to find the ground covered with a yellow deposit, resembling powdered sulphur, which for a time it was supposed to be. The substance was soon found, however, to be the pollen of pines, carried by the winds from a strip of pine forest, extending from Louisiana through North Carolina to Virginia. The force of the winds is so great and pine pollen so light that the latter is sometimes carried from the pine regions to Chicago in such vast quantities that the waters of Lake Michigan for miles outside the city limits are covered with a thick, yellow scum. This pollen, although minute in the present age, in prehistoric times was of great size, spores of some species of lycopodiums and selagenellas, which are allied to the coniferæ, having a diameter of one-sixteenth of an inch, and composed almost entirely some of the European coal beds.

Anastasius, the chief of the famous Greek brigands, whose cheerful habit is to kidnap harmless travelers and keep them on short commons until a ransom is paid, is described as a type of perfect Greek beauty, a very cultivated man, who speaks four languages and has the manners of courts.

President George Stephen, of the Canadian Pacific Railway, who has been elevated to the peerage with the title of Lord Stephen, will have a seat in the House of Lords.

The number of pupils belonging to the different grades of public schools in Boston the past year was 67,022.

The last two convents on the island of Madeira have ceased to exist.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

THE reported profits of the Methodist Book Concern last year were $140,000.

In the "Guide to Health and Etiquette" will be found much useful advice on both subjects; this book is sent free for two 2c. stamps, by the Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

How to Make Money.

DEAR SIR—Having read Mr. Sargents's experience in plating with gold, silver and nickel, I am tempted to write of my success. I sent to H. K. Deino & Co., of Columbus, O., for a $5 plater. I have had more tableware and jewelry than I could plate ever since. I cleared $27 the first week and in three weeks $97. Any one can do plating and make money in any locality the year round. You can get circulars by addressing above firm. WM. GRAY.

Children Enjoy

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative and if the father or mother be costive or bilious the most gratifying results follow its use, so that it is the best family remedy known and every family should have a bottle.

The Convenience of Solid Trains.

The Erie is the only railway running solid trains over its own tracks between New York and Chicago. No change of cars for any class of passengers. Rates lower than via. any other first-class line.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

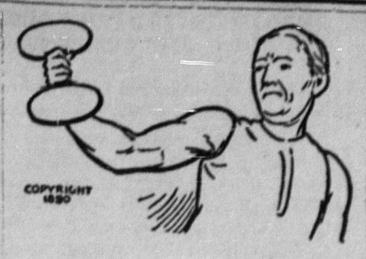
A leading actress remarked to a reporter, "The last time I played here I was worn out, but Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has since made a new woman of me."

Rheumatism —IS— PROMPTLY CURED BY

St. Jacobs Oil

Cures Also: Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Swellings, Soreness, Frost-bites, Stiffness, All Aches.

THE Chas. A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md.



Pretty strong reasons for trying Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. In the first place, it cures your catarrh—no matter how bad your case, or of how long standing. It doesn't simply palliate — it *cures*. If you believe it, so much the better. There's nothing more to be said. You get it for 50 cents, from all druggists.

But perhaps you won't believe it. Then there's another reason for trying it. Show that you can't be cured, and you'll get $500. It's a plain business offer. The makers of Dr. Sage's Remedy will pay you that amount if they can't cure you. They know that they can—you think that they can't. If they're wrong, you get the cash. If you're wrong, you're rid of catarrh.

EVERY MOTHER

Should Have as in The House.

Dropped on Sugar, Children Love to take JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT for Croup, Coughs, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, Cramps and Pains. Relieves Summer Complaints, Cuts, Bruises like magic.

THINK OF IT.

In use over 40 YEARS in one family.

DR. I. S. JOHNSON & CO.—It is sixty years since I first learned of your JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT; for more than forty years I have used it in my family. I regard it as one of the best and safest family remedies that can be found, used internal or external, in all cases. O. H. INGALLS, Deacon 2nd Baptist Church, Bangor, Me.

Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure. Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cts., by mail, 6 bottles, Express paid, $1. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

HAIR ON THE LIPS, FACE, ARMS. DR. DUVAL'S SUPERFLUOUS HAIR DESTROYER. APPROVED BY EMINENT PHYSICIANS. A FRENCH preparation *guaranteed harmless to the skin and free from poisonous drugs*; highly perfumed; never fails to permanently remove the hair; put up in plain packets in the form of a sealed letter. Price, $1.00 per packet. *Sold by Druggists.* We will send it by mail on receipt of price. THE EUREKA CO., P. O. Box 2253, N. Y. City.

MONEY IN CHICKENS. For 25c. a 100-page book, experience of a practical poultry raiser during 17 years. It teaches how to detect and cure diseases; to feed for eggs and for fattening; which fowls to save for breeding, &c., &c. Address BOOK PUB. HOUSE, 134 Leonard St., N. Y. City.

HEALTH CALENDAR *and Bill of Fare for each day of '91.* 30c. Few left, will mail for 12c. each to close. 250,000 in use—designed for the masses—economical: **1891 Cook Book** Latest dishes, 10c. Heush & Co., Brattleboro, Vt.

PATENTS W. T. Fitzgerald Washington, D. C. 40-page book free

SICK WEAK, NERVOUS, WRETCHED mortals get well and keep well. *Health Helper* tells how. 50 cts. a year. Sample copy free. Dr. J. H. DYE, Editor, Buffalo, N. Y.

DICTIONARY of 30,000 Words and Definitions, FINELY BOUND IN CLOTH. By mail, postpaid, 20c. J. J. PINNEY, Evergreen, Wis.

"German Syrup"

A Farmer at Edom, Texas, Says: "We are six in family. We live in a place where we are subject to violent Colds and Lung Troubles. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many different kinds of cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. That has been my experience. If you use it once, you will go back to it whenever you need it. It gives total relief and a quick cure. My advice to everyone suffering with Lung Troubles is—Try it. You will soon be convinced. In all the families where your German Syrup is used we have no trouble with the Lungs at all. It is the medicine for this country. **John Franklin Jones.**

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

N Y N U—25

DR. TOBIAS VENETIAN LINIMENT

UNEXCELLED!

APPLIED EXTERNALLY FOR

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pains in the Limbs, Back or Chest, Mumps, Sore Throat, Colds, Sprains, Bruises, Stings of Insects, Mosquito Bites.

TAKEN INTERNALLY

It acts like a charm for Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Nausea, Sick Headache, &c.

Warranted perfectly harmless. (See oath accompanying each bottle, also directions for use.) Its SOOTHING and PENETRATING qualities are felt immediately. Try it and be convinced.

Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by all druggists.

DEPOT, 40 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

Longman & Martinez PAINT. IS THE PURE. REQUIRES ADDITION OF ANY EQUAL PART OF OIL. MAKING COST PER GALL. $1.25. ADVERTISED IN 7348 PAPERS. Where we have no Agent will arrange with any active Merchant.—L. & M.—N. Y.

RUPTURE CURED!

AXION ELASTIC TRUSS (PATENT ALLOWED.) Positively Holds Rupture. WORKS RIGHT AND DAY. Has an Adjustable Pad which can be made larger or smaller to suit changing condition of rupture. Illustrated Catalogue sent securely sealed by G. V. HOUSE MFG. CO. 744 BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY

LEWIS' 98 % LYE Powdered and Perfumed. (PATENTED.) *Strongest* and *purest* Lye made. Makes the *best* perfumed Hard Soap in 20 minutes *without boiling*. It is the best for softening water, cleansing waste pipes, disinfecting sinks, closets, washing bottles, paints, trees, etc. PENNA. SALT MFG. CO., Gen. Agents, Phila., Pa.

WATCH. Do you want a Watch? Do you like Story Papers? Send 10c. (silver) to the CLIMAX, Alliance, O., for 4 mos. Trial Subscription. The best Semi-monthly Story Paper published. It will also tell how to earn the WATCH easily.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, F. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

How About Your Mother.

Scrofula or Kings Evil is the most stubborn of all Skin affections. Whether inherited or otherwise, it is a blood disease and cannot be permanently cured by anything but S. S. S.

A GRATEFUL DAUGHTER.

My Mother was sorely afflicted with Scrofula for three years and a half; during that time the glands on her neck burst open in five places. Three of the openings were small and healed right up, but the other two would fill up and break open anew, about every two weeks, always causing severe pain and often prostration. She was so reduced in strength, that tonics and coca wines had to be generously used to keep her alive. She commenced taking S. S. S., and improved from the start, the first bottle gave her an appetite and by the time she finished the fourth bottle her neck healed up, she is now entirely well.

MRS. E. J. ROWELL, Medford, Mass.

Books on Blood and Skin diseases free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

THE CHEAPEST AND BEST MEDICINE FOR FAMILY USE IN THE WORLD. NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE **PAIN.**

Cures and Prevents Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Inflammation, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, Difficult Breathing.

CURES THE WORST PAINS in from one to twenty minutes. Not one hour after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

INTERNALLY, a half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency and all internal pains. 50c. Per Bottle. Sold by Druggists.

RADWAY'S PILLS.

An Excellent and Mild Cathartic. Purely vegetable. The safest and best medicine in the world for the cure of all disorders of the Liver, Stomach or Bowels.

Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality.

Price, 25c. a box. Sold by all druggists, or mailed by RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren Street, New York, on receipt of price.

THE NEW METHOD for ALL chronic diseases, dyspepsia, debility, catarrh, &c. No patent medicines. Send for pamphlet, free. Hundreds of testimonials. "The New Method is worth its weight in gold. Long live Dr. Forest"—J. S. Sayers, Pastor First Fresh'n Church, Carthage, N.Y. Infinitely better than the Hall System. Agents wanted. HEALTH SUPPLY CO., 110 BROADWAY, N. Y.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE BEST IN THE WORLD. Get the Genuine. Sold Everywhere.

LOVELL DIAMOND SAFETY No Better Machine Made at Any Price. Diamond Frame, Steel Drop Forgings, Steel Tubing, Adjustable Ball Bearings to all Running Parts, including Pedals. Suspension Saddle. Finest material money can buy. Finished in Enamel and Nickel. STRICTLY HIGH GRADE IN EVERY PARTICULAR. **$85** Bicycle Catalogue FREE. Send six cents in stamps for our 100-page illustrated Catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Sporting Goods of All Kinds, etc. JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO. - BOSTON, MASS.

"Better out of the world than out of the fashion." It is **IN FASHION** to use **SAPOLIO** for house-cleaning. It is a solid cake of scouring soap. Try it.

Cleanliness is always fashionable and the use of or the neglect to use SAPOLIO marks a wide difference in the social scale. The best classes are always the most scrupulous in matters of cleanliness—and the best classes use SAPOLIO.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists. 25 CTS 25 CTS