REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINES SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Witnesses to the Truth of Christianity." (Preached at High Bridge, Ky.)

TEXT: "We are witnesses."-Acts iii., 15. Standing amid the hills and groves of Ken-Standing amid the hills and groves of Kentucky, and before this great multitude that no man can number, most of whom I never saw before and never will see again in this world, I choose a very practical theme. In the days of George Stephenson, the perfector of the locomotive engine, the scientists proved conclusively that a railroad train could never be driven by steam power successfully without peril; but the rushing express trains from Liverpool to Edinburgh, and from Edinburgh to London, have made all the nation witnesses of the splendid achievement.

achievement.

Machinists and navigators proved conclu-Machinists and navigators proved conclusively that a steamer could never cross the Atlantic, but no sooner had they successfully proved the impossibility of such an undertaking than the work was done, and the passengers on the Cunard, and the Inman, and the National, and the White Star lines are witnesses. There went up a guffaw of wise laughter at Professor Morse's proposition to make the lightning of heaven his errand boy, and it was proved conclusively that the thing could never be done; but now all the news of the wide world put in your hands every morning and night has made all nations witnesses.

nations witnesses.

So in the time of Christ it was proved conclusively that it was impossible for Him to rise from the dead. It was shown logically that when a man was dead, he was dead, and the heart, and the liver, and the lungs having ceased to perform their offices, the limbs would be rigid beyond all power of friction or arousal. They showed it to be an absolute absurdity that the dead Christ should ever get up alive: but no sooner had thay ever get up alive; but no sooner had they proved this than the dead Christ arose, and the disciples beheld Him, heard His voice, and talked with Him, and they took the witness stand to prove that to be true which the wiseacres of the day had proved to be impossible; the record of the experiment and of the testimony is in the text: "Him hath God raised from the dead, whereof we are

witnesses."

Now let me play the skeptic for a mement.
"There is no God," says the skeptic, "for I have never seen Him with my physical eyesight. Your Bible is a pack of contradictions. There never was a miracle. Lezarus was not raised from the dead, and the water was never turned into wine. Your religion is an imposition on the credulity of the ages." There is an aged man moving in that pew as though he would like to respond. Here are as though he would have to respond. Here are hundreds of people with faces a little flushed at these announcements, and all through this throng there is a suppressed feeling which would like to speak out in behalf of the truth of our glorious Christianity, as in the days of the text, crying out, "We are witnesses."

The fact is that if this world is ever brought to God it will not be through argument, but through testimony. You might cover the whole earth with apologies for Christianity and learned treatises in defense Christianity and learned treatises in defense of religion—you would not convert a soul. Lectures on the harmony between science and religion are beautiful mental discipline, but have never saved a soul and never will save a soul. Put a man of the world and a man of the church against each other, and the man of the world will, in all probability, get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or

accept their testimony. I want to put before you three propositions the truth of
which I think this audience will attest with
overwhelming unanimity. The first proposition is: We are witnesses that the religion
of Christ is able to convert the control of of Christ is able to convert a soul. The Gospel may have had a hard time to conquer us, we may have fought it back, but we were we may have fought it back, but we were vanquished. You say conversion is only an imaginary thing. We know better. "We are witnesses." There never was so great a change in our heart and life on any other

subject as on this,
People laughed at the missionaries in Mad-People laughed at the missionaries in Madagascar because they preached ten years without one convert; but there are meny thousands of converts in Madagascar today. People laughed at Dr. Judson, the Baptist missionary, because he kept on preaching in Burmah five years without a single convert; but there are many thousands of Baptists in Burmah to-day. People laughed at Dr. Morrison in China for preaching there seven years without a single conversion; but there are many thousands of Christians in China to-day. People laughed at the missionaries for preaching at Tahiti for fifteen years without a single conversion; and at the missionaries for preaching in Bengal seventeen years without a single conversion; yet in all those lands there are multitudes of Christians to-day.

ides of Christians to-day. But why go so far to find evidences of the Gospel's power to save a soul? "We are witnesses." We were so proud that no man could have humbled us; we were so hard that no earthly power could have melted us. Angels of God were all around about us; they could not overcome us; but one day, perhaps at a Methodistanxious seat or at a Presbyterian catechetical lecture or at a burial or on horseback, a power seized us and made us get down and made us tremble and made us received and made us kneel and made us cry for mercy, and we tried to wrench ourselves away from the grasp, but we could not. It flung us flat, and when we arose we were as much changed as Gourgis, the heathen, who went into a prayer meeting with a dagger and a gun, to listurb the meeting and destroy it, but the next day was found crying: "Oh, my great sins! Oh, my great Saviour!" and for sleven years preached the Gospel of Christ to his fellow mountaineers, the last words on his dying lips being "Free grace!" Oh, it was free grace! meel and made us cry for mercy, and we

was free grace! There is a man who was for ten years a There is a man who was for ten years a hard drinker. The dreadful appetite had sent down its roots around the palate and the tongue, and on down until they were atterlinked with the vitals of the body, mind and soul, but he has not taken any stimulants for two years. What did that? Not temperance societies. Not prohibition laws. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it. Not moral suasion. Conversion did it.

"Why," said one upon whom the great change had come, "sir, I feel just as though I were somebody else." There is a sea captain who swore all the way from New York to Havana, and from Havana to San Francisco, and when he was in port he was worse than when he was on sea. What power was it that washed his tongue clean of profanities and made him a psaim singer? Conversion by the Holy Spirit. There are thousands of people here to-day who are no more what they once were than a water lily is a nightshade, or a morning lark is a vuiture, or day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those

Ar day is night.

Now, if I should demand that all those people here present who have felt the converting power of religion should rise, so far from being ashamed they would spring to their feet with far more alacrity than they ever sprang to the dance, the tears mingling with their exhibitantion as they cried, "We are witnesses?" And if they tried to sing the old Gospel hyam they would break down with emotion by the time they got to the second line:

Ashamed of Jesus, that dear friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?
Not When I blash, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His name.

Again, I remark that "we are witnesses"
of the Gospel's power to comfort. When a
man has trouble the world comes in and
says: "Now get your mind off this; go out

and breathe the fresh air; plunge deeper into business." What poor advice! Get your mind off it! when everything is upturred with the bereavement, and everything reminds you of what you have lost. Get your mind off it! They might as well advise you to stop thinking, and you cannot stop thinking in that direction. Take a walk in the fresh air! Why, along that very street, or that very road, she once accompanied you. Out of that grass plot she plucked flowers, or into that show window she looked fascinated, saying, "Come, see the pictures." Go deeper into business! Why, she was associated with all your business ambitions, and since she has gone you have no ambition left.

ciated with all your business ambitions, and since she has gone you have no ambition left. Oh, this is a clumsy world when it tries to comfort a broken heart!

I can build a Corliss engine, I can paint a Raphael's "Madonna," I can play a Beethoven's symphony as easily as this world can comfort a broken heart. And yet you have been comforted. How was it done? Did Christ come to you and say: "Get your mind off this. Go out and breathe the fresh air. Plunge deeper into business?" No. There was a minute when He came to you—perhaps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the haps in the watches of the night, perhaps in your place of business, perhaps along the street—and He breathed something into your soul that gave peace, rest, infinite quiet, so that you could take out the photograph of the departed one and look into the eyes and the face of the dear one and say: "It is all right. She is better off. I would not call her back. Lord, I thank Thee that Thou has comforted my poor heart."

comforted my poor heart."

There are Christian parents here who are to comfort. Your son had just graduated from school or college and was going into business, and the Lord took him. Or your daughter had just graduated from the young ladies' seminary, and you thought she was going to be a useful woman and of long life, but the Lord took her, and you were terroted. going to be a useful woman and of long life, but the Lord took her, and you were tempted to say, "All this culture of twenty years for nothing!" Or the little child came home from school with the hot fever that stopped not for the agonized prayer or for the skill-ful physician, and the little child was taken. Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by Or the babe was lifted out of your arms by some quick epidemic, and you stood wondering wny God ever gave you that child at all if so soon He was to take it away. And yet you are not repining, you are not fretful, you are not fighting against God. What enabled you to stand all the trial?

"Oh," you say, "I took the medicine that God gave my sick soul. In my distress I threw myself at the feet of a sympathizing God; and when I was too weak to pray or to look up He breathed into me a peace that I

look up He breathed into me a peace that I think must be the foretaste of that heaven where there is neither a tear nor a farewell nor a grave." Come, all ye who have been out to the grave to weep there—come, all ye comforted souls, get up off your knees. Is there no power in this Gospel to soothe the heart? Is there no power in this religion to

heart? Is there no power in this religion to quiet the worst paroxysm of grief? There comes up an answer from comforted widow-hood and orphanage and childlessness, saying, "Ay, ay, we are witnesses!"

Again, I remark that we are witnesses of the fact that religion has power to give composure in the last moment. I shall never forget the first time I confronted death. We went across the cornfields in the country. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farmhouse where the becountry. I was led by my father's hand, and we came to the farmhouse where the bereavement had come and we saw the crowd of wagons and carriages; but there was one
carriage that especially attracted my boyish
attention, and it had black plumes. I said:
"What's that? what's that? Why those
black tassels at the top!" And after it was
explained to me I was lifted up to look upon
the bright face of an aged Caristian woman,
who three days before had departed in triumph. The whole scene made an impression
I never forgot. I never forgot.

the man of the world will, in all probability, get the triumph. There are a thousand things in our religion that seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical to the world, and always will seem illogical.

Our weapon in this conflict is faith, not logic; faith, not metaphysics; faith, not profundity; faith, not scholastic exploration. But then, in order to have faith we must have testimony, and if five hundred men, or five million men get up and tell me that they have felt the religion of Jesus Christ a joy, a comfort, a help, an inspiration, I am bound, as a fair-minded man, to accept their testimony. I want to put before you three propositions the truth of which I think this audience will attest with overwhelming unanimity. The first propo-Christ gives composure in the final hour.

"Oh, yes," you say, "I saw my father and mother depart. There was a great differ-ence in their deathbeds. Standing by the one we felt more veneration. By the other, there was more tenderness." Before the one you bowed perhaps, in awe. In the other case you feit as if you would like to go along with her. How did they feel in that last hour? How did they seem to act? Were they very much frightened? Did they take hold of this world with both hands as though they did not went to give it work. they did not want to give it up? "Oh, no," you say; "no; I remember as though it were yesterday; she had a kind word for us all, and there were a few mementoes distributed among the children, and then she told us how kind we must be to our father in his lonelings and then she kind we goodly and then the

kind we must be to our father in his loneliness, and then she kissed us goodby and went asleep as a child in a cradle." What made her so composed? Natural courage?

"No," you say: "mother was very nervous; when the carriage inclined to the side of the road she would cry out; she was always rather weakly." What gave her composure? Was it because she did not care much for you, and the pang of parting was not great? "Oh," you say, "she showered upon us a wealth of affection; no mother ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she ever loved her children more than mother loved us; she showed it by the way she nursed us when we were sick, and she toiled for us until her strength gave out." What, then, was it that gave her composure in the last hour? Do not hide it. Be frank and let me know. "Oh," you say, "It was because she was so good; she made the Lord her portion, and she had faith that she would go straight to glory, and that we should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Chris.

should all meet her at last at the foot of the throne."

Here are people who say, "I saw a Christian brother die, and he triumphed." And some one else, "I saw a Christian sister die, and she triumphed." Some one else will say, "I saw a Christian daughter die, and she triumphed." Come, all ye who have seen the last moment of a Christian, and give testimony in this cause on trial. Uncover your heads, put your hands on the old family Bible, from which they used to read the promises, and promise in the presence of high heaven that you will tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. With what you have seen with your own eyes and what you have heard with your own ears, is there power in this Gospei to give calmness and triumph in the last exigency! The response comes from all sides, from young and old and middle aged, "We are witnesses!"

You see, my friends, I have not put before you any abstraction or a chimera, or anything like guess work. I present you affide.

You see, my friends, I have not put before you any abstraction or a chimera, or anything like guess work. I present you affidavita of the best men and women, living and dead. Two witnesses in court will establish a fact. Here are not two witnesses, but millions of witnesses on earth and in heaven testifying that there is power in this religion to convert the soul, to give comfort in trouble and to afford composure in the last hour.

new star. Oh, hearer, looking out through the darkness of thy soul, canst thou see a bright light beaming on thee? "Where?" you say; "where? How can I find it?" Look along by the line of the Cross of the Son of God. Do you not see it trembling with all tenderness and beaming with all hope. It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Deep horror then my vitals froze, Deathstruck I ceased the tide to stem, When suddenly a star arose— It was the Star of Bethlehem.

Oh, hearers, get your eye on it. It is easier for you now to become Christians than it is to stay away from Christ and heaven. When to stay away from Christians than it is to stay away from Christiand heaven. When Mme. Sontag began her musical career she was hissed off the stage at Vienna by the friends of her rival, Amelia Steininger, who had already begun to decline through her dissipation. Years passed on, and one day Mme. Sontag, in her glory, was riding through the streets of Barlin, when she saw a little child leading a blind woman, and she said: "Come here, my little child, come here. Who is that you are leading by the hand?" And the little child replied: "That's my mother, that's Amelia Steininger. She used to be a great singer, but she lost her voice, and she cried so much about it that she lost her eyesight." "Give my love to her," said Mme. Sontag, "and teil her an old acquaintance will call on her this afternoon."

old acquaintance will cail on her this afternoon."

The next week in Berlin a vast assemblage
gathered at a benefit for that poor blind
woman, and it was said that Sontag sang
that night as she had never sung before.
And she took a skilled oculist, who in vain
tried to give eyesight to the poor blind
woman. Until the day of Amelia Steininger's death Madam Sontag took care of her
and her daughter after her. That was what
the queen of song did for her enemy. But
oh, hear a more thrilling story still. Blind,
immortal, poor and lost; thou who, when
the world and Christ were rivals for thy
heart didst hiss thy Lord away—Christ
comes now to give thee sight, to give thee
a home, to give thee heaven. With more
than a Sontag's generosity, He comes now to
meet your need. With more than a Sontag's
music, He comes to plead for, thy deliverance.

The Morphine Craze.

The use of morphine has taken on a new form in Paris, where the abuse of the powerful drug is carried on openly and systematically. The use of the small nocket instrument for injecting the drug under the skin is quite universal now, and thousands of unhappy victims cling to it as a great blessing all over the country. The growing use of it also attests to the fact that in the near future something will have to be done to restrict the sale of the drug and put it beyond the reach of all those who wish to abuse themselves with it. In France, two establishments, or "institutes," as they are called, have been opened, which greatly resemble opium joints. The rooms are luxuriously fitted up, furnished with books, pictures, newspapers, and in this place, the victims of the drug can receive injections of morphine at pleasure. The price is \$1.00 for the first one, and half that price for every succeeding one. Nearly all the visitors to the place are young men and women, often pretty and of good birth. It is only another form of this terrible craze which has seized a debauched public, and unless something is done to check such public dispensation of the drug, the habit will increase rap-

Many young, innocent people would visit such places for the novelty of the thing, and probably allow themselves to be brought under the powerful spell of the drug. In this country no such pubplace exists, but the drug stores answer almost the same purpose. Persons in all ranks of society are becoming enslaved by the fatal passion, ruining their health, and atterly, in the end, destroying their mental powers. This extensive misuse of the drug has been more of a curse than a blessing to humanity .-Yankee Blade.

Kentuckian Burgoo.

"Burgoo," explained Colonel James Orr, of Covington, to a Cincinnati Commercial reporter, "is one of the oldest Kentucky dishes we have. No one knows who first made 'burgoo,' nor does any one know where or how it got its queer name.

"Burgoo' is an out-of-doors creation, and pots of 'burgoo' have simmered over a hot fire in the sun at every big political gathering in the State since Henry Clay was a boy, and years before that, too.

"It is not only an extremely palatable dish, if you can call it that, but it's very nourishing. 'Burgoo' is a cross between a stew and a soup. It is always made in the open air. The 'burgoo' the Blades of Grass ate to-day was very rica.

"How was it made? Well, I took a big caldron, put some red pepper pods in the bottom, added some potatoes, tomatoes and corn; then put in half a dozen prairie chickens, as many more tender 'yellow legs,' and a couple dozen softshell crabs. I'd have added some young squirrels, but they could not be

obtained. "When everything is in readiness there is enough water put into the cal-dron to just make the contents float. Then it is put on the fire. It must be allowed to simmer slowly for six hours, and must be stirrred constantly with a

hickory stick. "A hickory stick is best and is always used, but another might do as well. When it is nearly done it may be flavored to suit the taste. It is 'done' when the meats are thoroughly shred-ded, not before. When it is done -Um!" and Colonel Orr's eyes fairly sparkled at the prospect.

Lodgings in Colorado Desert.

"There are many queer experiences to be met with in traveling through the Colorado Desert," said a railroad man who spent some time at a survey in that country to a reporter of the St. Louis last hour.

If ten men should come to you when you are sick with appalling sickness and say they had the same sickness and took a certain medicine and it cured them, you would probably take it. Now, suppose ten other men should come up and say: "We don't believe that there is anything in that medicine." "Well," I say, "have you tried it?" "No, I never tried it, but I don't believe there is anything in it." Of course you discredit their testimony. The skeptic may come and say: "There is no power in your religion." "Have you ever tried it?" "No, no." "Then avaunt?" Let me take the testimony of the millions of souls that have been converted to God and comforted in trial and solaced in the last hour. We will take their testimony as they cry, "We are witnesses?"

Professor Henry, of Washington, discovered a new star, and the tidings sped by submarine telegraph, and all the observatories of Europe were watching for that NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

Bead necklaces are seen again. White cloth costumes grow in favor.

New York has a Woman's Press Club. Sashes of all kinds are being used

In Sweden you get a competent hired girl for \$14 per year.

Bows of white cocks' feathers are new and striking, but trying to mature faces. Mrs. James Codman has been overseer of the poor in Brookline, Mass., for thirteen years.

The first gymnasium or college for women in Rome, Italy, was opened April 1, 1891.

Of the fifty-three members of the recently formed Water-Color Club, in New York, over half are women.

A feminine inspector of primary schools has been appointed in France, and there are more to follow. The Babylonian women of the time of

the deluge are said to have worn headgear like that of the present day. About 100 women stenographers and

typewriters in New York City are organed to improve their condition profes-Jeweled trimmings and jeweled

fringes are much worn and are suitable upon all gowns, whether for the street Straw hats have enormous brims, protruding very much in the front, and s

low crown, trimmed in front with a tuft of feathers. A new occupation for women in Lon-don is that of "conversation crammer,"

whose business is to coach up ladies for

dinner parties. Veils, according to the latest Parisian verdict, must float and not be confined by a single pin. They must not touch the face but hang away.

London has 40,000 young seamstresses under twenty, who come from the country, live in homes for working girls, aud, with their utmost efforts, can only earn \$1.12 a week.

In February, 1877, the Queen of England received from the Empress of Brazil a dress woven entirely of spiders' webs, which for fineness and beauty is said to surpass the most splendid silk.

The first literary society ever formed in India for native women is the Bombay Sorosis, formed on the model of the New York society of the same name. Two hundred members are on its rolls.

A serviceable dress for a girl of fourteen or fifteen to wear is made of blue serge worn over a cotton blouse, which can be exchanged for another of a different color if the wearer wishes to vary her

Wash-leather gloves with ventilated palms are now being sold for wearing at night. They are put on after the hands have been well rubbed with glycerine. This treatment is supposed to make the hands very white.

The Japanese Minister at Washington has placed the officers of the Board of Lady Managers in communication with three of the first ladies of his country, with a view of obtaining for the Fair a good exhibit of Japanese

It is a woman doctor who recommends shopping or working women to eat ice cream for down-town lunch in hot weather. "When you are tired or feel little appetite, an ice cream is good for you; much better than to try to eat something heartier," she says.

Bonnets still continue to be studies in natural history, one of the latest being of fine open straw with a few upstanding loops of black velvet at the back, against which a lobster sprawls its long legsor whatever you call them-twined lovingly about the crown.

Perhaps the most harmless artificial method of beautifying the complexion is to get a red beet, fresh from the market, and cutting it in half, rub it gently on the face, which will at once assume the delicate flush unobtainable through the use of chemical preparations.

Trains have become narrower. They consist of little more than a plait at the back of the dress and are cut so as to appear very narrow until rounded at the end, where they have a rather broad sweep. Street dresses have all a slight train, or are at least cut to touch the street in walking.

In fashionable Parisian hairdressing of the moment the distinctive feature is the solitaire curl, which leaves the wavy front hair and is brought low down on the forehead or is worn at the left temple. The rest of the bang is drawn loosely back to meet the small coul into which the long hair is twisted.

The new American wife of a wellknown English Duke was asked recently why all American women like Englishmen so much. "Oh," she answered quickly, "because you are so helpless. In America the men are always looking after the women; in England the women look after and take care of the men."

The Daughters of Israel is a society recently organized in Baltimore, modeled after the King's Daughters. Several hundred young ladies have been formed into bands of ten for the purpose of "doing little deeds of kindness" at home and in the neighborhood. Each member will wear a medallion or decoration with "Love thy neighbor as thyself" inscribed in Hebrew letters.

Played Out

How often this and similar expressions are heard from tired, overworked women, and weary, anxious men, who do not know where to find relief. For that intense weariness so common and so discouraging we cornestly recommend flood's Saranparilla. It is not a stimulant, but a true tonic, gradually building up all the weak organs in such a way as to be of lasting benefit. A fair trial will convince you of its merits.

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'to eat and suffer For that "again. I took a "little of your med-Horrid

"icine, and felt much "better, and after Stomach "taking a little more Feeling. "August Flower my

"Dyspepsia disap"
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information. Dr. ABBOTT M. MASON, Chatham, N.Y. CURED.

grow fair in the light of their works, especially if they use SAPOLIO: Itis a solid cake of scouring soap used for all cleaning. purposes. All grocers keepilt

LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST by many a woman who strives works herself to death in the effort. If the house does not look as bright as a pin, she gets the blame—if things are upturned while house-cleaning goes on—why blame her again. One remedy is within her reach. It she uses SAPOLIO everything will look clean, and the reign of house-cleaning disorder will be quickly over.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRA Best, Eastest to use Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.