THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Opportunities for Christians," (Preached at Madison, Wis.)

TEXT: "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?"

Esther the Beautiful was the wife of hasperus the Abominable. The time had Ahasuerus the Abominable. come for her to present a petition to her in-famous husband in behalf of the Israelitish nation, to which she had once belonged. She was airaid to undertake the work lest she was atraid to undertake the work lest she should lose her own life; but her uncle, Mordecai, who had brought her up, encouraged her with the suggestion that probably she had been raised up of God for that peculiar mission. "Who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this?" Esther had her God-appointed work; you and I have ours. It is my business to tell you what style of people we ought to be in order that we may meet the demand of the age in which God has cast our lot. If you have come expecting to hear abstractions have come expecting to hear abstractions discussed or dry technicalities of religion glorified, you have come to the wrong place; but if you really would like to know what this age has a right to expect of you as Christian men and women, then I am ready in the Lord's name to look you in the face.

When two armies have rushed into battle the officers of either army do not want philosophical discussions about the chemical properties of human blood or the nature of gunpowder. They want some one to man the batteries and swab out the guns. And now, when all the forces of light and dark-ness, of heaven and hell, have plunged into the fight, it is no time to give ourselves to the definitions and formulas and technicali-ties and conventionalities of religion. What

ties and conventionalities of religion. What we want is practical, earnest, concentrated, enthusiastic and triumphant help. What we need in the East you in Wisconsin need.

In the first place, in order to meet the special demand of this age, you need to be an unmistakably aggressive Christian. Of half and half Christians we do not want any more. The church of Jesus Christ will be better without ten thousand of them. They better without ten thousand of them. They are the chief obstacle to the church's advancement. I am speaking of another kind of Christian. All the appliances for your becoming an earnest Christian are at your hand, and there is a straight path for you into the broad daylight of God's forgiveness. You may have come here to-day the bonds men of the world, and yet before you go out of these doors you may become the princes of the Lord God Almighty. You know what excitement there is in this country when a foreign prince comes to our shores. Why! Because it is expected that some day he will tit upon a throne. But what is all that honor compared with the honor to which God calls you—to be sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty; yea, to be queens and kings unto God! "They shall reign with Him forever and forever."

But, my friends, you need not be aggressive Christians, and not like those persons who spend their lives in hugging their Chris-tian graces and wondering why they do not make any progress. How much robustness of health would a man have if he hid himself in a dark closet? A great deal of piety of the day is too exclusive. It hides itself. It needs more fresh air, more outdoor exer-cise. There are many Christians who are giving their entire life to self examination. They are feeling their pulses to see what is the condition of their spiritual health. How long would a man have robust physical health if he kept all the days and weeks and months and years of his life feeling his pulse instead of going out into active, earnest, everyday

I was once amid the wonderful, bewitching cactus growths of North Carolina. I never was more bewildered with the beauty of flowers, and yet when I would take up one of these cactuses and pull the leaves apart, the beauty was all gone. You could hardly tell that it had ever been a flower. And there are a great many Christian peo-ple in this day just pulling apart their Christian experiences to see what there is in them, and there is nothing attractive left. This style of self examination is a damage instead of an alvantage to their Christian character. I remember when I damage instead of an alvantage to their Christian character. I remember when I was a boy I used to have a small piece in the garden that I called my own, and I planted corn there, and every few days I would pull it up to see how fast it was growing. Now, there are a great many Christian people in this day whose self examination merely amounts to the pulling up of that which they only yesterday or the day before plants:

the day before pianted.

Oh, my friends: if you want to have a stalwart Christian character, plant it right out of doors in the great field of Christian usefulness, and though storms may come upon it; and though the hot sun of trial may try to consume it, it will thrive until it be comes a great tree, in which the fowis of heaven may have their habitation. I have no patience with these flowerpot Christians no patience with these howerpot Christians. They keep themselves under shelter, and all their Christian experience in a small, exclusive circle, when they ought to plant it in the great garden of the Lord, so that the whole atmosphere could be aromatic with their Christian usefulness. What we want in the church of God is more brawn of piety.

The century plant is wonderfully suggestive and wonderfully beautiful, but I never look at it without thinking of its parsimony. It lets whole generations go by before it puts forth one blossom; so I have really more heartfelt admiration when I see the dewy tears in the bine eyes of the violets, for they come every spring. My Christian friends, time is going by so raoidly that we cannot afford to be idle. A recent statistician says that human life now has an average of only thirty-two years. From these thirty-two years you must subtract all the time you take for sleep and the taking of food and recreation; that will leave you about sixteen years. From those sixteen years you must subtract all the time you are necessarily engaged in the earning of a liveliyears you must subtract all the time you are necessarily engaged in the earning of a livelihood; that will leave you about eight years. From those eight years you must take all the days and weeks and months—all the length of time that is passed in childbood and sickness, leaving you about one year in which to work for God. On, my soul, wake up! How darest thou sleep in harvest time and with so few hours in which to reap? So that I state it as a simple fact that all the time that the wast majority of you will have for the exclusive service of God will be less than one year!

"But," says some man, "I liberally support the Gospei, and the courch is open and the Gospei preached; all the solvitual advan-tages are spread before men, and if they vages are spread before men, and if they want to be saved let them come and be saved; I have discharged all my responsibility." Ah! is that the Master's spirit? Is there not an old Book somewhere that commands us to go out into the highways and hedges and compet the people to come in? What would have become of you and me if Christ had not come down off the hills of the aven, and if He had not come through the days of the Bethlahem carayansary, and if or of the Bethlehem caravansary, and if had not with the crushed hand of the enflation knowled at the iron gate of the

sepulcher of our spiritud death, crying, "Lazarus come forth?"

Oh, my Christian friends, this is no time for inchtia, when all the forces of darkness seem to be in full blast, when steam printing presses are publishing infidel tracts; when express failroad trains are carrying messengers of sin; when fast clippers are laden with orium and rum; when the night air of our cities is polluted with the laughter that breaks up from the ten thousand saloons of dissipation and abandonment; when the fires of the second death already are kindled in the cheeks of some who only a little while ago were incorrupt. Never since the curse fell upon the earth has there been a time when it was such as unwise, such a crusi, such an awful thing by the church to sleep! The great audiences are not gathered in the Christian churches; the great audiences are

gathered in temples of sin—tears of unutterable woe their baptism, the blood of crushed hearts the awful wine of their sacrament, blasphemies their litany, and the groans of the lost world the organ dirge of their

worship.

Again, if you want to be qualified to meet the duties which this age demands of you, you must on the one hand avoid reckless iconoclasm, and on the other hand not stick too much to things because they are old. The air is full of new plans, new projects, new theories of government, new theologies, and I am amazed to see how so many Christians want only noveity in order to recommend a thing to their confidence; and so they vacillate and swing to and fro, and they are useless and they are unhappy. New planssecular, ethical, philosophical, religious, cisatlantic, transatlantic. Ah, my brother, do not adopt a thing mercal, because it is new

not adopt a thing merely because it is new.
Try it by the realities of a judgment day.
But, on the other hand, do not adhere to
anything merely because it is old. There is
not a single enterprise of the church or the
world but has sometimes been scoffed at, There was a time when men derided even Bible societies; and when a few young men met near a haystack in Massachusetts and organized the first missionary society ever organized in this country, there went laughter and ridicule all around the Christian church. They said the undertaking was pre-

And so also the work of Jesus Christ was assailed. People cried cut, "Whoever heard of such theories of ethics and government? Whoever noticed such a style of preaching as Jesus has?" Ezekiel had talked of mysas Jesus has? Ezekel had taked of mysterious wings and wheels. Here came a man from Capernaum and Gennesaret, and He drew His illustrations from the lakes, from the sand, from the ravine, from the lilies, from the cornstalks. How the Pharisees scoffed! How Herod derided! How Caiphas hissed! And this Jesus they plucked by the beard, and they spat in His face, and they called Him "this fellow!" All the great en-terprises in and out of the church have at times been scoffed at, and there have been a great multitude who have thought that the chariot of God's truth would fall to pieces if it once got out of the old rut.

it once got out of the old rut.

And so there are those who have no patience with anything like improvement in church architecture or with anything like good, hearty, earnest church singing, and they deride any form of religious discussion which goes down walking among everyday men rather than that which makes an excursion on rhetorical stilts. Oh, that the Church of God would wake up to an adaptability of work! We must admit the simple fact that the churches of Jesus Christ in this day do not reach the great masses. this day do not reach the great masses. There are fifty thousand people in Edinburgh who never hear the Gospel. There are one million people in London who never hear the Gospel. There are at least three hundred thousand souls in the city of Brooklyn who come not under the immediate ministrations of Christ's truth, and the Church of Goi in this day, instead of being a place full of living epistles, read and known of all men, is more like a "dead letter" postoffice.

"But," say the people, "the world is going to be converted. You must be patient. The kingdoms of this world are to become the kingdoms of Christ." Never, unless the church of Jesus Christ puls on more speed and energy. Instead of the church convert-ing the world, the world is converting the church. Here is a great fortress. How shall it be taken? An army comes and sits around about it, cuts off the supplies and says, 'Now we will just wait until from exhaustion and we win just wait until from exhaustion and starvation they will have to give up." Weeks and months, and perhaps a year, pass along, and finally the fortress surrenders through that starvation and exhaustion. But, my friends, the fortresses of sin are never to be taken in that way. If they are taken for God it will be by storm. You will have to be to the form the great size of the first with the great size of the great size of the great size of the great with the great size of the great size bring up the great siege guns of the Gospal to the very wall, and wheel the flying artillery into line, and when the armed infantry of heaven shall confront the battlements you will have to give the quick command: "For-

Ah, my friends, there is work for you to to and for me to do in order to achieve this grand accomplishment! Here is a puipit, and a clergyman preaches in it. Your puland a dergyman proaches in it. Your pulpit is the bank. Your pulpit is the store. Your pulpit is the editorial chair. Your pulpit is the anvil. Your pulpit is the nouse scaffolding. Your pulpit is the mechanic's shop. I casy stand in this place and, through cowardies or through self seeking, may keen back the word. I ought to uttermay keep back the word I ought to utter; while you, with sleeve rolled up and brow besweated with toil, may utter the word that will jar the foundation of heaven with the shout of a great victory. Oh, that to-tay this whole audience might feel that the Lord Almighty is putting upon them the bands of ordination. Every one, go forth and preach this Gospel. You have as much right to preach as I have, or as any man has.

Only find out the pulpit where God will have you preach, and there preach.

Hedley Vicars was a wicked man in the English army. The grace of God came to English army. The grace of God came to him. He became an earnest and eminent Christian. They scoffed at him and said, "You are a hypocrite; you are as bad as iver you were." Still he kept his faith in Christ, and after awhile, finding that they could not turn him aside by calling him a hypocrite, they said to him, "Oh, you are nothing but a fanatic." That did not disturb him. He went on performing his Christian duty until he had formed all his troop into a Bible class, and the whole encampment was shaken with the presence of God. So Havelock went into the heathen temple in India while the English army was there, and put a candle into the hand of each of the heathen gods that stood around in the heathen temple, and by the light of those candles, held up by the idols, General Havelock preached righteousness, temperance and lock preached righteousness, temperance and judgment to come. And who will say, on earth or in heaved, that Havelock had not

earth or in heaved, that Havelock had not the right to preach?

In the minister's house where I prepared for college there was a man who worked, by the name of Peter Croy. He could neither read nor write. but he was a man of God. Often theologians would stop in the housegrave theologians—and at family prayers Peter Croy would be called upon to lead, and all those wise men sat around, wonderstruck at his religious efficiency. When he prayed he reached up and seemed to take hold of the very throne of the Almighty, and he talked with God till the very heavens were bowel down into the sitting-room. Oh, if I were dying I would rather have plain I eter Croy stand by my bedside and commend my immortal spirit to God than some heartlesse ecclesiastic arrayed in costly canonicals. Go preach this thospel. You say you are not licensed. In the name of the Lord

Almighty, this morning I license you. Go preach this Gospel—preach it in the Sabbath-schools, in the prayer-meetings, in the highways, in the heiges. Woe be unto you if

schools, in the prayer-meetings, in the highways, in the heiges. Woe be unto you if you preach it not.

I remark, again, that in order to be qualified to meet your duty in this particular age you want unbounded faith in the triumph of the truth and the overthrow of wickedness. How dare the Christian church ever get discouraged? Have you not the Lord Almighty on our side? How long did it take God to slay the hosts of Sennacherib or burn Sodom or shake down Jericho? How long will it take God, when He once arises in His strength to overthrow all the forces of iniquity? Between this time and that there may be long seasons of darkness—the chariot wheels of God's Gospel may seem to drag heavily, but here is the promise, and yonder is the throne; and when Ominiscience has lost its eyesight and Ominipotence falls back impotent and Jehovah is driven from His throne, then the church of Jesus Christ can afford to be despondent, but never until then. Despots may plan and armies may march, and the congresses of the nation may seem to think they are adjusting all the affairs of the world, but the mighty men of the earth are only the dust of the charlot wheels of God's providence.

I think that before the sun of this century shall set, the last tyranny may fall, and with a splen for of demonstration that shall be the astonishment of the universe God will set forth the brightness and pomp and glory and perpetuity of His eternal government. Out of the starry flags and emblazoned insignia of this world God will make a path for

His own triumpn, and returning from universal conquest He will sit down, the grandest, strongest, highest throne of earth His

Then shall all nations' song ascend, To Thee, our Ruler, Father, Friend, Till heaven's high arch resounds again With "Peace on earth, good will to men."

I preach this sermon becauss I want to encourage all Christian workers in every possible department. Hosts of the living God, march on! march on! His spirit will bless you. His shield will defend you. His sword will strike for you. March on! march on! The last despotism will fall, and paganism will durn its idols, and Mohammedanism will give up its false prophet and the great ism will burn its idois, and Mohammedanism will give up its false prophet and the great walls of superstition will come down in thunder and wreck at the long, loud blast of the Gospel trumpet. March on! March on! The besiegement will soon be ended. Only a few more steps on the long way; only a few more sturdy blows; only a few more battle cries, then God will put the laurel upon your brow, and from the living fountains of heaven will bathe off the sweat and the heat heaven will bathe off the sweat and the heat and the dust of the conflict.

and the dust of the conflict.

March on! March on. For you the time for work will soon be past, and amid the outflashings of the judgment throne and the trumpeting of resurrection angels and the upheaving of a world of graves and the hosanna of the saved and the greaning of the lost, we shall be rewarded for our faithfulness or punished for our stupidity. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel from everlasting to everlasting, and let the whole earth be filled with His glory. Amen and amen.

SELECT SIFTINGS.

Chicago has a Culinary Alliance.

New York has a deaf mute book agent. A Pennsylvania girl keeps six rattlesnakes as pets.

In the interior of South America chocolate, cocoanuts and eggs are used as cur-General Grant was Secretary of War ad interim from August 12, 1867, to

January 14, 1868 In the gizzard of a hen killed at Lubec, Me., was found a small gold pin

lost ten years ago. A bee sting on the temple has entirely eradicated the rheumatism from a Falls-

ington (Penn.) man. Only one person is said to have been struck by lightning in Poughkeepsie, T. Y., in forty years.

A turkey flew through a plate glass window five-eighths of an inch thick at Mansfield, Ohio, but was not injured.

If all parts of the United States were as densely populated as Rhode Island the population of the country would be 945,760,000.

An Ohio man has a colt that is jet

black save its mane, tail and feet, which are milk white. The dam and sire of this freak are plain black. The explosion of a dynamite cartridge to blow up an old ship near Mobile, Ala.,

sent to the surface a jew fish that weighed more than 200 pounds. History says the ancient Greeks used olive leaves for ballots, and the Australian voting system is a revival of the

practice in Rome 2000 years ago. History repeats itself. Modern improvements are often only the revival of an ancient vogue of some sort. Will Waters, aged twenty-one years,

was drowned four miles above Knoxville, Tenn., the other day. He was enjoying a day's fishing. He had a number of live fish, which he strung around his neck and attempted to swim the river. He sank on the way over, pulled down by the live fish.

An Euglish paper offers an answer to a question often spoken: The Authors' Society is asking why the publishers don't cut the edges of their three-volume novels. The answer is simple. Ninetenths of the public buy a book by its appearance, and 'Paternoster row" loves "a fat book." Now, if the edges were cut, a thicker and more expensive paper is needed to produce the same bulk than if the edges were left uncut.

Tired Gold Pens.

"There, that pen is tired and will have to rest a month or so."

The speaker was the mortgage clerk of one of the principal savings banks in this city, and as he spoke he carefully wiped a large gold pen and put it away in a case.

A Post reporter, who had just entered the bank to have some back dividends entered in his book, overheard the remark and smiled.

"Oh, you needn't laugh," said the clerk, "for it is the true business I am telling you. Gold pens have to rest now and then. Here I have, I suppose, two dozen gold pens. If I use one for several weeks or so I find it will not write to my satisfaction. Sometimes it is too soft and sometimes it is too hard, or the ink does not seem to flow well.

"For a long time I could not find out what the matter was, but at last I went to a jeweler, who, after examining my pens, said, 'Give them a rest and they will be as good as new.'"

He then explained that the constant use of the pen had the same effect on the metal as is the case when a razor is used

with great frequency.
"Some sort of the electro-magnetic action takes places in the metal, which has a tendency to bring into parallel lines all the particles, and in that condition a razor cannot be made to hold edge, and a pen is equally refractory. "If the razor is laid aside for a time

the particles of metal gradually resume a more or less confused arrangement and razor takes on and retains a keen edge. "It is the same way with a gold pen. Now, if when one of my pens gets to acting bad I lay it aside for a month or so it will be all right again. That's why I said that pen was tired and wanted a rest."-San Francisco Post.

Dukes of France.

A French royalist journal gives the number of dukes in France. There are sixty-two. Of these thirty date from the old monarchy, seventeen from the First Empire, nine from the Restoration, two from Louis Philippe, and four from the Second Empire. The oldest duke is the Duc de Montmart, who was born in 1794, and the youngest the Duc de Guiche, who was born in 1879.—Bosten

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN.

All sleeves are still very high. A new trimming is aspic lace.

Yellow appears to be the ruling color. White cloth costumes grow in favor. The popularity of the moonstone in-

Queen Victoria has forty dogs and a dozen cats.

A tendency toward gored skirts is once more manifest. Lexington (Ky.) ladies have organized

an anti-slang society. The fashionable accumulation at pres-

ent is souvenir spoons. Mrs. Leland Stanford has founded five

free kindergartens in San Francisco. Society sanctions falsehood as to the

real destination of a wedding journey. There are sewing women in Boston who get only fifteen cents for making a

A quite recent fad is to have one's feet photographed in various shoes and

slippers. Governor Fifer, of Illinois, has signed the bill enabling women to vote for all

school officers. Two-thirds of the divorces obtained in this country are granted on the application of wives.

Women of slender figures will accept with pleasure the latest revival-dresses laced at the back.

A woman, Miss Ormerod, is Consulting Etymologist of the Royal British Agricultural Society. Red comes again to the fore as a fa-

vorite color for country costumes, and will be worn all summer. Sixteen French young ladies are about

to start for Copenhagen, the North Cape and the "Midnight Sun."

There is no need for a bonnet or hat to match the color of the dress, but it is otherwise with the sun shade.

Fluffy hair, which was the envy of every girl that did not possess it, has given place to glossy, well-kept locks.

The absence of jewels is marked, except they be utilized on the corsage in the way of strands of pearls or buttons.

An odd little imported hat is of canary-colored tulle, sparkling with gold and bent into the shape of a huge but-The latest fad from England is for a

bride to back up against the trunk of some huge tree and stand for her photo-The World's Fair Committee, of Chi-

grand niece of the poet, as Commissioner to South America. One of the sights at Springfield, Mass., is a handsomely dressed woman who never walks out, unless accompanied by

cago, has chosen Miss Mary Schiller, a

at least nine dogs. The establishment of the Jenness-Miller Magazine Company, the dressreform periodical, is in the hands of the Sheriff of New York.

A pretty sailor hat of gray chip is trimmed with gray ribbon, velvet and a large bow of silk, which is intermixed with dandelions and ox-eyes.

Yellow leather laced boots are the latest dictum in foot gear. They are not pretty, but Paris announces that they are chic, and accordingly stylish. A housemaid declined to engage with

a Newport (R. I.) family the other day until she had been informed whether a party would be given for the help. A Polish Countess has been graduated

from the Geneva University a full-fledged doctor. What makes her case more than commonly interesting is that she intends to treat the poor of her own country gratuitously. A woman in the Corea has not even

a name of her own. In youth she is known as "the daugther of so and so." After marriage she becomes "the wife of so and so;" or, if she has children, "the mother of so and so."

Three young Englishwoman, the Misses Shenatt, Selby and Johns, were awarded the degree of M. A., with honor, at the recent Commencement of the University of London. They distanced all their male competitors for the degrees.

There were 250 women painters and sculptors present at the tenth anniversary of the French Association of Women Painters and Sculptors, held in Paris recently. A few gentlemen had been invited, but the toasts were all given by

There are two young women students in the law department of the National University of Chili, at Santiago, but as such independence and progressiveness in women is looked upon with disfavor there the position of the senoritas is not entirely enviable.

Eyelashes clipped, five cents; bangs trimmed, ten cents; beach shoes stained, fifteen cents; hair singed, twenty cents; egg shampoo, twenty-five cents-with alcohol spray, thirty cents-is the sign that is pasted across a mirror in a Gotham beauty shop.

The masculine shirt fronts which appeared sporadically on feminine forms last summer have come to the front again. They are worn sometimes neatly tucked and sometimes with the regular box plait; and the standing collar and four in hand scarf, with the smart cutaway coat, produce a jaunty if somewhat manish effect.

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