REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Sword of Eleazar.

TEXT: "And His hand clave unto the sword."-II Samuel xxiii., 10. A great general of King David was Eleazar, the hero of the text. The Philistines opened battle against him, and his troops retreated. The cowardsfled. Eleazar and three of his comrades went into the battle and swept the field, for four men with God on their side are stronger than a whole battalion with God against them. whole battaion with God against them.
"Fall back" shouted the commander of
the Philistine army. The cry ran along the
host, "Fall back" Eleazar having swept
the field throws himself on the ground to
rest, but the muscles and sinews of his
hand had been so long bent around the hilt
of the sword that the hilt was embeddied in of the sword that the hilt was embeddled in the flesh, and the gold wire of the hilt had broken through the skin of the palm of the hand, and he could not drop his sword which he had so gallantly wielded. "His hand clave unto the sword." That is what I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it. I I call magnificent fighting for the Lord God of Israel. And we want more of it. I propose to show you this morning how Eleazar took hold of the sword and how the sword took hold of Eleazar. I look at Eleazar's hand, and I come to the conclusion that he took the sword with a very tight grip. The cowards who fled had no trouble in dropping their swords. As they fly over the rocks I hear their swords clanging in every direction. It is easy enot gh for them to drop their swords. But Eleazar's hand clave unto the sword.

hand clave unto the sword.

hand clave unto the sword.

Oh, my friends, in this Christian conflict we want a tighter grip of the Gospel weapons, a tighter grasp of the two edged sword of the truth. It makes me sad to see these Christian people who hold only a part of the truth and let the rest of the truth go, so that the Philistines, seeing the loosened grasp, wrench the whole sword away from them. The only safe thing for us to do is to put our thumb on the book of Genesis and sweep our hand around the book until the hand around the book until the Testament comes into the palm, and keep on sweeping our hand around the book until the tips of the fingers clutch at the words, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." I like an infidel a great deal better than I do one of these namby-pamby Christians who hold a part of the truth and let the rest go. By miracle God preserved this Bible just as it is, and it is a Damascus blade. The severest test to which a sword can be put in a sword factory is to wind the blade around a gun barrel like a ribbon, and then when the sword is let loose it flies back to its own shape. So the sword of God's truth has been fully tested, and it is bent this way and that way, and wound this way and that way, but always comes back to its own shape Think of it! A book written eighteen cen-turies ago, and some of it thousan's of years ago, and yet in our time the average sale of this book is more than twenty thousand cop this book is more than twenty thousand cop-les every week, and more than a million copies a year. I say now that a book which is divinely inspired and divine-ly kept and divinely scattered is a weapon worth holding a tight grip of. Bishop Colenso will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the live books of Moses, and Strauss will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the miracles, and Renan will come along and try to wrench out of your hand the entire life of the Lord Jesus Christ, and your associates in the store, or the shop, or the factory, or the banking house will try to wrench out of your hand the entire Bible; but in the strength of the Lord God of Israel, and with Eleazar's grip, hold on to it. You give up the Bible, you give up any part of it, and you give up pardon and peace and life and

l see hundreds, perhaps thousands, of young men in this audience. Do not be ashamed, young man, to have the world know that you are a friend of the Bible. This book is the friend of all that is good and it is the sworn enemy of all that is bad. dent of a very bad man who stood in a ceil of a western prison. This criminal had gone through all styles of crime, and he was there waiting for the gallows. The convict standing there at the window of the cell, this writer says, "looked out and declared, 'I am an infidel.' He said that to all the men and women and children who happened to be there, 'I am an infidel,'" and the eloquent there, 'I am an infidel,' "and the eloquent writer says, 'Every man and woman there believed him." And the writer goes on to say, 'If he had stood there saying, 'I am a Christian,' every man and woman would have said. 'He is a liar!" This Bible is the sworn enemy of all this wrong, and it is the friend of all that is good. Oh, hold on to it. Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You it. Do not take part of it and throw the rest away. Hold on to all of it. There are so many people now who do not know. You ask them if the soul is immortal, and they say, "I guess it is, I don't know; perhaps it is, perhaps it is, I don't know; perhaps it is, perhaps it is, and perhaps it is, perhaps it may be figuratively, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may be partly, and perhaps it may not be at all." They despise what they call the Apostolic creed; but if their own creed were written out it would read like this: "I believe in nothing, the Maker of heaven and earth, and in nothing which it hath sent, which nothing was born of nothing, and which nothing was dead and buried and descended into nothing, and arose from nothing, and ascended to nothing, and now sitteth at the right hand of nothing, from which it will come to judge nothing. I believe in the holy agnostic church and in the forgiveness of nothing, arians, and in the communion of nothing, arians, and in the forgiveness of nothing, and the resurrection of nothing, and in the life that never shall be. Amen." That is the creed of tens of thousands of people in this day. If you have a mind to adopt such a theory I will not. "I believe in God the Father Almighty makes of heaven and Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the holy earth, and in Jesus Christ, and in the noisy catholic church, and in the communion of saints, and in the life everlasting. Amen." Oh, when I see Eleazar taking such a stout grip of the sword in the battle against sin and for righteousness, I come to the conclu-sion that we ought to take a stouter grip of God's eternal truth, the sword of righteous-

As I look at Eleazer's hand I also notice his spirit of self forgetfulness. He did not notice that the hilt of the sword was eating through the palm of his hand. He did not know it hurt him. As he went out into the conflict he was so anxious for the victory he forgot himself, and that hilt might go ever so deeply into the pain of his hand it could not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the not disturb him. "His hand clave unto the sword." Oh, my brothers and sisters, let us go into Christian conflict with the spirit of self abnegation. Who cares whether the world praises us or denounces us? What do we care for misrepresentation, or abuse or persecution in a conflict like this? Let us forget ourselves. That man who is atraid of getting his hand hurt will never kill a Philistine. Who cares whether you get hurt or not if you get the victory? Oh, how many Christians there are who are all the time worrying about the way the world treats them. They are so tired, and they are so abused, and they are so tempted, when Eleazer did not think whether he had a hand, or an arm or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

or an arm or a foot. All he wanted was victory.

We see how men forget themselves in wordly achievement. We have often seen men who in order to achieve worldly success will forget all physical fatigue and all annoyance and all obstacles. Just after the battle of Yorktown, in the American Revolution, a musician, wounded, was told he must have his limbs amputated, and they were about to fasten him to the surgeon's table—for it was long before the merciful discovery of anesthetics. He said, "No, don't fasten me to that table; get me a violin." A violin was brought to him and he said, "Now go to work as I begin to play," and for forty minutes, during the awful pangs of amputation, he moved not a muscie nor dropped a note while he

played some swort tune. Oh, is it not strange that while the music of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and with this grand march of the church militant on the way to become the church triumphant, we cannot forget ourselves and forget all pans and forget ourselves and forget all pang and all sorrow and all persecution and all per-

We know what men accomplish under wordly opposition. Men do not shrink back from antagonism or for hardship. You have admired Prescott's "Conquest of Mexico," as brilliant and beautiful a history as was ever written; but some of you may not know under what disadvantages it was written—that "Conquest of Mexico"—for Prescott was totally blind, and he had two pieces of wood parallel to each other fastened, and totally parallel to each other fastened, and totally blind, with his pen between those pieces of wood he wrote, the stroke against one piece of wood telling how far the pen must go in one way, the stroke against the other piece of wood telling how far the pen must go the other way. Oh, how much men will endure for worldly knowledge and for worldly success, and vet how little we endure for Jesus Christ. How many Christians there are that go around saying, "Oh, my hand, my hurt hand; don't you see there is blood on the hand, and there is blood on the sword?" while Eleazar, with the hill imsword?" while Eleazar, with the hilt im-bedded in the flesh of his right hand, does not know it.

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
White others fought to win the prize
Or sailed through bloody seas?

What have we suffered in comparison with those who expired with suffocation, or were burned, or were chopped to pieces for the truth's sake? We talk of the persecution of olden times. There is just as much persecution going on now in various ways. In 1849, in Madagascar, eighteen men were put to death for Christ's sake. They were to be to death for Christ's sake. They were to be hurled over the rocks, and before they were hurled over the rocks, in order to make their death the more dreadful in anticipation, they were put in beskets and swung to and fro over the precipice that they might see how many hundred feet they would have to be dashed down, and while they were swinging in these baskets over the rocks they

Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempost still is high.

Then they were dashed down to death! Oh how much others have endured for Christ and how little we endure for Christ! We and how little we endure for Christ! We want to ride to heaven in a Pullman sleeping-car, our feet on soft plush, the bed made up early so we can sleep all the way, the black porter of death to wake us up only in time to enter the golden city. We want all the surgeons to fix our hand up. Let them bring on all the lint, and all the bandages, and all the saive, for our hand is hurt, while Eleazer does not know his hand is hurt. "His

hand clave unto the sword. As I look at Elegzar's hand I come to the onclusion that he has done a great deal of bard hitting. I am not surprised when I see that these four men-Eleazar and his three companions—drove back the army of Philistines that Eleazar's sword clave to his hand, for every time he struck an enemy with one end of the sword the other end of the sword wounded him. When he took hold of the sword the sword took hold of him. Oh, we have found an enemy who cannot be conquered by rose water and soft speeches. It must be sharp stroke and straight thrust. There is intemperance, and there is fraud, and there is gambling, and there is lust, and there are ten thousand battalions of iniquity, armed Philistine iniquity. How are they to be captured and overthrown? Soft sermons in moroccocases laid down in front of an exquisite audience will not do it. You have got to call things by their right names.

We have got to expel from our churches Christians who eat the sacrament on Sunday and devour widows' houses all the week. We have got to stop our indignation against the Hittites and the Jebusites and the Gergishites, and let those poor wretches go, and apply our indignation to the modern transgressions which need to be dragged out and slain. Ahabs here. Herods here. Jezebels slain. Ahabs here. Herods here. Jezebels here. The massacre of the infants here. Strike for God so hard that while you slay the sin the sword will adhere to your own hand. I tell you, my friends, we want a few John Knoxes and John Wesleys in the Christian church to-day. The whole ten-Christian church to-day. The whole ten-dency is to refine on Christian work. We keep on refining on it until we send apoloword to iniquity we are about to

getic word to iniquity we are about to capture it. And we must go with sword silver chased and presented by the ladies, and we must ride on white palifrey under embroidered housing, putting the spurs only just enough to make the charger dance gracefully, and then we must send a missive, delicate as a wedding card, to ask the old black giant of sin if he will not surrender.

Women saved by the grave of God and on glorious mission sent, detained from Sabbath classes because their new hat is not done. Churches that shook our cities with great revivals sending around to ask some demonstrative worshiper if he will not please to say "amen" and "hallelujah" a little softer. It seems as if in our churches we wanted a baptism of cologne and balm of a thousand flowers, when we actually need a baptism of flowers, when we actually need a baptism of fire from the Lord God of Pentecost. But we are so afraid somebody will criticise our sermons, or criticise our prayers, or criticise our religious work that our anxiety for the world's redemption is lost in the fear we will get our hand hurt, while Eleazar went into the conflict, "And his hand clave unto the

sword."

But I see in the next place what a hard thing it was for Elizzar to get his hand and his sword parted. The muscles and the sinews had been so long grasped around the sword he could not drop it when he proposed to drop it, and his three comrades, I suppose, came up and tried to help him, and they bathed the back part of the hand, hoping the sinews and muscles would relax. But no. "His hand clave unto the sword." Then they tried to pull open the fingers and to pull back the thumb; but no-sooner were they pulled back than they closed again, "and his hand clave unto the sword." But after a while they were successful, then they noticed that the curve in the paim of the hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hilt. "His hand clave unto the sword."

You and I have seen it many a time. hand corresponded exactly with the curve of the hilt. "His hand clave unto the sword." You and I have seen it many a time. There are in the United States to-day many aged ministers of the Gospel. They are too feeble now to preach. In the church records the word opposite their name is "emeritus," or the words are, "A minister without charge." They were an heroic race. They had small salaries and but few books, and they swam spring freshets to meet their appointments. But they did in their day a mighty work for God. They took off more of the heads of Philistine iniquity than you could count from noon to sundown. You put that old minister of the Gospel now into a prayer meeting, or occasional pulpit, or a sick room where there is some one to be comforted, and it is the same old ring to his voice and the same old story of pardon and peace and Christ and heaven. His hand has so long clutched the sword in Christian conflict he cannot drop it. "His hand siave unto the sword."

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I had in my parish in Philadelphia a very aged man, who in his early life had been the companion and adviser of the early Presidents, Madison and Monroe, He had wielded vast influence, but I only knew him as a very aged man. The most remarkable thing about him was his ardor for Christ. When he could not stand up in the meeting without propping he would throw his arms around a pillar of the church, and though his mind was partially gone his love for Christ was so great that all were in deep respect and profound admiration, and were moved when he spoke. I was called to see him die. I entered the room, and he said, "Mr. Talmage, I cannot speak to you now." He was in a very pleasant delirium, as he imagined he had an audience before him. He said, "I must tell these people to come to Christ and prepare for heaven." And then in this pleasant delirium, both arms lifted, this octogenarian preached Christ and told of the glories of the world to come. There, lying on his dying pillow, his dying hand clave to his sword.

Oh, if there ever was anyone who had a right to retire from the conflict it was old

Joshua. Soldiers come back from battle have the names of the battles on their flags, showing where they distinguished themselves, and it is a very appropriate inscription. Look at the flag of old General Joshua! On it Jericho, Gibeon, Hazar, City of Ai, and instead of the stars sprinkled on the flag the sun and the moon which stood still. There he is, one hundred and ten years old. He is lying flat on his back but he is preaching. His dying words are a battle charge against idolatry and a rallying cry for the Lord of Hosts as he says, "Behold, this day I go the way of all the earth, and God hath not falled to fulfill his promise concerning Israel." His dying hand clave unto the sword.

oncerning israel. His dying hand clave unto the sword.

There is the headless body of Paul on the road to Ostea. His great brain and his great heart have been severed. The elmwood rods had stung him fearfully. When the corn had stung him fearfully. When the corn ship broke up he swam ashore, coming up drenohed with the brine. Every day since that day when the horse reared under him in the suburbs of Damascus, as the supernatural light fell, down to this day when he is sixty-eight years of age and old and decrepit from the prison cell of the Mamertine, he has been outrageously treated, and he is waiting to die. How does he spend his last hours? Telling the world how badly he feels, and describing the rheumatism that he got in scribing the world now badly hefeels, and describing the rheumatism that he got in prison, the rheumatism afflicting his limbs, or the neuralgia piercing his temples, or the thirst that fevers his tongue? Oh, no. His last words are the battle shout for Christendom: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought the good fight." And so his dying hand clave unto the sword.

It was in the front room on the second

hand clave unto the sword.

It was in the front room on the second floor that my father lay a-dying. It was Saturday morning, four o'clock. Just three years before that day my mother had left him for the skies, and he had been homesick to join her company. He was eighty-three years of age. Ministers of the Gospei came in to comfort him, but he comforted them. How wonderfully the words sounded out. in to comfort him, but he comforted them. How wonderfully the words sounded out from his dying pillow, 'I have been young and now am old, yet have I never seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread." They bathed his brow, they bathed his hands, and they bathed his feet and they succeeded in straightening out the feet; but they did not succeed in bathing open the hand so it would stay open. They bathed the hand open, but it came shut. They bathed it open again, but it came shut. What was the matter with the thumb and the fingers of that old hand? Ab! it had so long clutched the sword of Christian conflict that "his hand clave unto the sword." flict that "his hand clave unto the sword. flict that "his hand clave unto the I want I preach this sermon as a tonic. I want you to hold the truth with ineradicable grip, you to hold the truth with ineradicable grip. and I want you to strike so hard for God that it will react and while you take the

word, the sword will take you. You noticed that the officers of the Northern army a few years ago assembled at Denver, and you noticed that the officers of Deuver, and you noticed that the officers of the Southern army assembled at Lexington. Soldiers coming together are very apt to re-count their experiences and to show their scars. Here is a soldier who pulls up his sieeve and says, "There, I was wounded in that arm," and shows the scar. And an-other soldier pulls down his collar, and says, "There, I was wounded in the neck." And another soldier says, "I have had no use of another soldier says, "I have had no use of that limb since the gun-shot fracture." Oh, my friends, when the battle of life is over and the resurrection has come and our bodies rise from the dead, will we have on us any scars of bravery for God? Christ will be there all covered with scars. Scars on the brow, scars on the hand, scars on the feet, scars all over the heart, won in the battle of redemption. And all heaven will sob aloud with emotion as they look on those scars. Ignatius will be there and he will point out the places where the tooth and paw of the lion soized him in the Colisseum; and John Huss will be there, and he will show where the coal first scorched the foot on that day when his spirit took wing of fame from Constance. M'Millan and Campbell and Freeman, American missionaries in India, will be there—the men who with their wives and children went down in the awful massacre at Cawnpore, and they will show where the and the resurrection has come and our

there who took care of the sick and looked after the poor, and they will evidences of earthly exhaustion. And Christ, with His scarred hand waving over the scarred multitude, will say, "You suffered with Me on earth; now be glorifled with Me in heaven." And then the great organs of eternity will take up the chant and St. John will relay "These are they who came out of will play, 'These are they who came out of great tribulation and had their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb."
But what will your chagrin and mine be
if it shall be told that day on the streets of
heaven that on earth we shrank back from all toll and sacrifice and hardship. No scars to show the heavenly soldiery. Not so much as one ridge on the palm of the hand to show that just once in the battle for God and the truth, we just once in the battle for Gol and the firmly, and struck so hard that the sword and the hand stuck together, and the hand clave to the sword. Omy Lord Jesus, rouse

us to Thy service. Thy saints in all this glorious war Shall conquer though they die; They see the triumph from afar, And seize it with the eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise, And all Thy armies shine In robes of victory through the skies, The giory shall be Thine.

Suicide Statistics.

The grim subject of suicide is constantly being forced upon the attention of New Yorkers. The caily papers frequently report as many as a dozen cases of suicide or attempted suicide within twenty-fours hours and the number of reported cases by no means represent the number of cases that occur. There is a law on the statute books which makes attempted suicide a felony. On referring to statistics I find that the maximum rate of suicides in New York during the last eighty years was in 1808 when there was one suicide to every 3017 inhabitants. The minimum ratio was in 1864, when there was one suicide in every 28,827 inhabitants. The largest number of suicides among males occurred between the ages of thirty-five and forty, and among females between thirty and thirtyfive. About one-third of the whole number of suicides use poison .- New York Telegram.

A Fading Race.

The recently completed census of the Sandwich Islands shows the same decline in the population that has been manifested in the past. When the islands were first discovered, in 1778, by Captain Cook, he estimated the population at 400,000. The first official census was taken more than fifty years afterward, and showed a population then of 130,-513. In 1853 there were but 71,019; and the present number is 34,436. In less than sixty years the population has been reduced seventy-five per cent. Some have laid this decrease to the decimating wars that have raged on the islands; others to the vices that civilization has imported. But whatever be the true cause of the decline of population, the fact is a most remarkable one.-Now Orleans Picayune.

Two young American bicyclists have wheeled it up Mount Ararat.

A Curious Missile.

A curious missile was recently cut out of the limb of a prominent citizen of Mount Sterling, Ala., who was wounded in that member in the first battle of Manassas. The citizen, Major James Morrison, has suffered from periodical breaking out of the wound, which was situated in the calf, but, though probed for several times, all attempts to find the ball proved unsuccessful. On last Friday, however, the doctors succeeded in discovering and removing the irritating body, when it was found to be no bullet, but a small gold button. This was cleaned and was found to be inscribed with the legend "E. to R. Mizpah," in small German

The button is perfectly round and about the size of a buckshot, having a small link attached, by which it was caught to a garment or watch chain, on which it was in all probability worn as a charm. In all likelihood it was hastily crammed into the owner's musket when out of ammunition and in an emergency. Major Morrison naturally prizes this memento which he has carried for thirtyone years, but says he will return it to the man who fired it if he still lives and can relate the circumstances under which he made use of it, which circumstances were such as to impress the Major, and cannot have tailed to have remained in the mind of his assailant.

The button was in all probability the loving gift of some fair young sweetheart or faithful wife to her beloved boy in blue, who will be glad to recover the pretty trifle, which is none the worse for its long hiding in the Major's leg, though the latter is decidedly the better for its removal, and is rapidly healing since the operation .- Philadelphia Times.

Firing Shells at High Angles.

The new armor-piercing shells were tested at Sandy Hook, N. J., on a recent afternoon. One shot was fired with some success, inasmuch as the projectile knocked out a corner of the 41-inch steel instead of piercing it as it should. This is probably accounted for, however, by the fact that the gun was sighted for that portion of the plate so as to save it for further shots and thus spare the necessity of putting in a new shield at each The shell, which weighed 630 pounds, went through the plate and then exploded in the barrier of sand immediately in the rear of the shield. The projectile passed through a second wooden target about 100 yards behind the shield and was found 800 yards from the gun. The firing velocity of the gun is 870 feet per second. This experiment was to determine if it is possible to put a shell through the deck of a steamship by a system of firing known as high-angle firing, the shell first piercing the deck and then exploding in the hold of the vessel. Fifty-one pounds of powder was used. The large pieces of the plate were | 664 found 100 yards from the gun .- Army and Navy Gazette.

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man 100 FER CENT and you \$748 CARR F TIAM on not County, Buth, Iraken and Medicine on Lucritory DF, Scridgeman, 800 S'ong, N.X

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German

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and

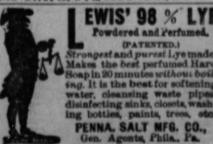
A Germ

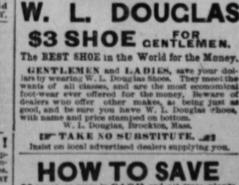
eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees. The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These

little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expells them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well. @

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