REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINES SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Lesson of the Pyramids."

TEXT: "In that day shall there be an altar to the Lord in the midst of the land of Egypt, and a pillar at the border thereof to the Lord. And it shall be for a sign and for a witness."—Isaiah xix., 19, 20.

Isaiah no doubt here refers to the great pyramid at Gizeh, the chief pyramid of Egypt. The text speaks of a pillar in Egypt, and this is the greatest pillar ever lifted; and the text says it is to be at the border of the land, and this pyramid is at the border of the land; and the text says it shall be for a witness, and the object of this sermon is to tell what this pyramid witnesses. This ser-mon is the first of a course of sermons entitled, "From the Pyramids to the Acropolis, or What I saw in Egypt and Greece Con-

firmatory of the Scriptures."

We had, on a morning of December, 1889, landed in Africa. Amid the howling boatmen at Alexandria we had come ashore and men at Alexandria we had come ashore and taken the rail train at Cairo, Egypt, along the banks of the most thoroughly harnessed river of all the world—the river Nile. We had at eventide entered the city of Cairo, the city where Christ dwelt while staying in Egypt during the Herodic persecution. It was our first night in Egypt. No destroying angel sweeping through as once, but all the stars were out, and the six was filled with stars were out, and the sky was filled with angels of beauty and angels of light, and the angels of beauty and angels of light, and the air was baimy as an American June. The next morning we were early awake and at the window, looking upon the palm trees in full glory of leafage, and upon gardens of fruits and flowers at the very season when our homes far away are canopied by bleak skies and the last leaf of the forest has gone in the audioscials.

down in the equinoctials.

But now can I describe the thrill of exbut how can I describe the thrill of ex-pectation, for to-day we are to see what all the world has seen or wants to see—the pyramids. We are mounted for an hour and a half s ride. We pass on amid bazaars stuffed with rugs and carpets, and curious fabrics of all sorts from Smyrna, from Al-giers, from Persia, from Turkey, and through strects where we meet people of all colors and all garbs, carts loaded with garden productions, priests in gowns, women in black veils, Bedouins in long and seemingly superfluous apparel, Janissaries in jacket of em-broidered gold—out and on toward the great pyramid, for though there are sixty-nine pyramids still standing, the pyramid at Gizeh is the monarch of pyramids. We meet camels grunting under their loads, and see buffaloes on either side browsing in pasture

The road we travel is for part of the way under clumps of acacia and by long rows of sycamore and tamerisk, but after awhile it is a path of rock and sand, and we find we is a path of rock and sand, and we find we have reached the margin of the desert, the great Sahara desert, and we cry out to the great dragoman as we see a huge pile of rock looming in sight, "Dragoman, what is that?" His answer is, "The pyramid," and then it seemed as if we were living a century every minute. Our thoughts and emotions were too rapid and intense for utterance, and we ride on in silence until we come to the foot ride on in silence until we come to the foot of the pyramid spoken of in the text, the oldest structure in all the earth-four thousand years old at least. Here it is. We stand under the shadow of a structure that shuts out all the earth and all the sky, and we look up and strain our vision to appreciate the distant top, and are overwhelmed while we "The pyramid! The pyramid!"

Each person in our party had two or three guides or helpers. One of them unrolled his turban and tied it around my waist and he eld the other end of the turban as a matte of safety. Many of the blocks of stone are four or five feet high and beyond any ordin-ary human stride unless assisted. But, two Arabs to pull and two Arabs to push, I found myself rapidly ascending from heighth to heighth, and on to altitudes terrific, and at last at the tiptop we found ourselves on a level space of about thirty feet square. Through earest at here we looked off upon the desert, and off upon the winding Nile, and off upon the Sphinix, with its features of everiasting stone, and yonder upon the minarets of Cairo glittering in the sun, and yon-der upon Memphis in ruins, and off upon the wreck of empires and the battlefields of ages, a radius of view enough to fill the mind and shock the nerves and overwhelm one's entire

shock the nerves and overwhelm one's entire being.

After looking around for a while, and a kodal had pictured the group, we descended. The descent was more trying than the ascent, for climbing you need not see the depths beneath, but coming down it was impossible not to see the abysins below. But two Arabs ahead to help us down, and two Arabs to hold us back, we were lowered, hand below hand, until the ground was invitingly near, and amid the jargon of the Arabs we were safely landed. Then came one of the most wonderful feats of daring and agility. One of the Arabs solicited a dollar, saying he would run up and down and aginty. One of the Arabs solicited a dollar, saying he would run up and down the pyramid in seven minutes. We would rather have given him a dollar not to go, but this ascent and descent in seven minutes he was determined on, and so by the watch in seven minutes he went to the top and was back again at the base. It was a bloodcur-

I said the dominant color of the pyramid was gray, but in certain lights it seems to shake off the gray of centuries and become a blond, and the silver turns to the golden. It covers thirteen acres of ground. What an antiquity: It was at least two thousand years old when the baby Christ was carried within sight of it by His fugitive parents, within sight of it by His fugitive parents,
Joseph and Mary. The storms of forty centuries have drenched it, bombarded it,
shadowed it, flashed upon it, but there it
stands, ready to take another forty centuries of atmospheric attack if the world
should continue to exist. The oldest buildings of the earth are juniors to this great
senior of the centuries.

Herodotus says that for ten years preparations were being made for the building of
this pyramid. It has eighty-two million
one hundred and eleven thousand workmen
atone time toiled in its erection. To bring the
stone from the quarries a causeway sixty

one hundred and eleven thousand cubic feet of masonry. One hundred thousand workmen at one time toiled in its erection. To bring the stone from the quarries a causeway sixty feet wide was built. The top stones were lifted by machinery such as the world knows nothing of to-day. It is seven hundred and forty-six feet each side of the square base. The structure is four hundred and fifty feet high; higher than the cathedrals of Cologne, Strasburg, Rouen. St. Peter's and St. Paul's. No surprise to me that it was put at the head of the seven wonders of the world. It has a subterraneous room of red granite called the "xing's chamber," and another room called the "queen's chamber, and the probability is that there are other rooms se inaccessable as possible. After all the work of exploration and all the digging and blasting, if you would enter these subterraneous rooms, you must go through a passage only three fest eleven inches high and less than four feet wide. A sarcophagus of red granite stands down under this mountain of masonry. The sarcophagus could not have been carried in after the pyramid was built. It must have been put there before the structure was reared. Probabily in that sarcophagus ones lay a wooden collin containing a dead king, but time has destroyed the coffin and destroyed the last vestige of human remains. For three thousand years this sepulcaral room was unopened, and would have been antil to-lay probably unopened hard not a superstitious impression got abroad that the heart of the pyramid was filled with silver and gold and diamonds, and under Al Mamoun an excavating party went to work, and having bored and blasted through a hundred feet of rock, they found no opening ahead, and were about to give up the attempt when the workmen heard a stone roll down into a seemingly hollow place, and encouraged by that they resumed their work and came into the underground rooms.

The disappointment of the workmen in finding the sarcophagus empty of all silver and gold and precious stones was so great that they would have assassinated Al Mamoun, who employed them, had he not hid in another part of the pyramid as much silver and gold as would pay them for their work at ordinary rates of wages and inwork at ordinary rates of wages and in-duced them there to dig till they to their

surprise came upon adequate compensation. I wonder not that this mountain of lime-stone and red granite has been the fascination of scholars, of scientists, of intelligent Christians in all ages. Sir John Herschel, the astronomer, said he thought it had astronomical significance. The wise men who accompanied Napoleon's army into Egypt went into profound study of the pyramid. In 1865 Professor Smyth and his wife lived in the average of the pyramid. in the empty tombs near by the pyramid that they might be as continuously as possible close to the pyramid which they were investigating. The pyramid, built more than four thousand years ago, being a comple geometrical figure, wise men have concluded it must have been divinely constructed. Men came through thousands of years to fine architecture to music, to maintyears to fine architecture, to music, to painting, but this was perfect at the world's start, and God must have directed it.

All astronomers, geometricians and scientists say that it was scientifically and mathematically constructed before science and mathematics were born. From the inscriptions on the pyramid, from its proportions, from the points of the compass recognized in its structure, from the direction in which its tunnels run, from the relative position of the blocks that compose it, scientists, Chris-tians and infidels have demonstrated that the being who planned this pyramid must have known the world's sphericity, and that its motion was rotary, and how many miles it was in diameter and circumference, and how many tons the world weighs, and knew at what point in the heavens certain stars would appear at certain periods of time. Not in the four thousand years since

putting up of that pyramid has a single fact in astronomy or mathematics been found to contradict the wisdom of that structure, Yet they had not at the age when the pyramid was started an astronmer or an ar-chitect or a mathematician worth tect or a mathematician worth mention Who then planned the pyramid? Who rintended its erection? Who from its first foundation stone to its capstone erected everything? It must have been God. Isaiah was right when he said in my text, "A pil-lar shall be at the border of the land of Egypt and it shall be for a sign and a witness." The pyramid is God's first Bible. Hundreds, if not thousands, of years before the first line of the Book of Genesis was written, the lesson of the pyramid was writ-

Well, of what is this Cyclopean masonry a well, of what is this Cyclopsan masonry a sign and a witness? Among other thingsof the prolongation of human work compared with the brevity of human life. In all the four thousand years this pyramid has only lost eighteen feet in width; one side of its square at the base changed only from a hundred and sixty-four feet to seven seven hundred and sixty-four feet to seven hundred and forty-sixfeet, and the most of that eighteen feet taken off by architects to furnish stone for building in the city of Cairo. The men who constructed the pyramid worked at it only a few years, and then put down the trowel, and the compass, and the square, and lowered the derrick which had lifted the producers weights, but forty had lifted the ponderous weights; but forty centuries has their work stood, and it will be

centuries has their work stood, and it will be good for forty centuries more.

All Egypt has been shaken by terribla earthquakes an icities have been prostrated or swallowed, but that pyramid has defled all volcanic paroxysms. It has looked upon some of the greatest battles ever fought since the world stood. Where are the men who constructed it? Their bodies gone to dust and even the dust scattered. Even the sarcophagus in which the king's mummy may have slept is empty.

sarcophagus in which the king's mummy may have slept is empty.

So men die but their work lives on. We are all building pyramids not to last four thousand years, but forty thousand, forty million, forty trillion, forty quadrillon, forty quintillion. For a while we wield the trowel, or pound with the hammer, or measure with the yard stick, or write with the pen, or experiment with the scientific battery, or pian with the brain, and for a while the foot walks, and the eye sees, and the ear the foot walks, and the eye sees, and the ear hears, and the tongue speaks. All the good words or bad words we speak are spread out into one layer for a pyramid. All the kind deeds or malevolent deels we do are spread out into another layer. All the Christ un-Christian example we set is spread out in another layer. All the indirect influences of our lives are spread out in another layer. Then the time soon comes when we put down the implement of toil and pass away, but the pyramid stands.

he pyramid is a sign and a witness that The pyramid is a sign and a witness that big tombstones are not the best way of keeping one's self affectionately remembered. This pyramid and the sixty-nine other pyramids still standing were built for sepulchers, all this great pile of granite and limestone by which we stand to-day, to cover the memory of a dead king. It was the great Westminster abbey of the ancients. Some say that Cheops was the king who built this pyramid, but it is uncertain. Who was Cheops anyhow? All that the world knows about him could be told in a few sentences. Cheops anynow? All that the world anows about him could be told in a few sentences. The only thing certain is that he was bad, and that he shut up the temples of worship, and that he was hated so that the Egyptians

and that he was hated so that the Egyptians were glad when he was dead.

This pyramid of rock seven hundred and forty feet each side of the square base and four hundred and fifty feet high wins for him no respect. If a bone of his arm or foot had been found in the sarcophagus beneath the pyramid, it would have excited no more veneration than the skeleton of a carel the pyramid, it would have excited no more veneration than the skeleton of a camel bleaching on the Libyan desert: yea, less veneration, for when I saw the carcass of a camel by the roadside on the way to Memphis, I said to myself, "Poor thing, I wonder of what it died." We say nothing against the marble or the bronze of the necropolis. Let all the sculpture and florescence and arborescence can do for the places of the dead be done, if means will allow it. But if after one is dead there is nothing left to remind one is dead there is nothing left to remind the world of him but some pieces of stone,

there is but little left.

While there seems to be no practical use for post mortem consideration later than the time of one's great-grandchildren, yet no one wants to be forgotten as soon as the obsequies are over. This pyramid, which Isaiah says is a sign and a witness, demonstrates that neither limestone nor rad granite are competent to keep one affectionately remembered; neither can bronze; neither can Parian marble; neither can Aber-leeq granite do the work. But there is something out of which to build an everlasting monument and that will keep one freshly remembered four thousan! years—yea, forever and ever. It does not stand in marble yards. It is not to be purchased at mourning stores. Yet it is to be found in every neighborhood, plenty of it, inexhaustible quantities of it. It is the greatest stuff in the universe to build monuments out of. I refer to the memories of those to whom we can do a kindness, the memories of those whose struggles we may alleviate, the memories of those whose souls we may save.

A minister passing along the street every day looked up and smilled to a baby in the window. The father and mother wondered who it was that thus pleasantly greeted their child. They found out that he was the pastor of a church. They said, "We must go and hear him preach." They went and heard him and both were converted to God. Will there be sny power in fifty million years to erase from the souls of those parents the memory of that man who by his friendliness brought them to God? Matthew Cranswick, an evangelist, said that he had the names of two hundred souls saved through his singing the hymn, "Arise, my soni, arise." Will any of the four numbered and seventy-nine women and children imprisoned at Lucknow, India, waiting for massore by the Sepoya, forget Havelock and Outram and Sir Davil Board, who broke in and effected their rescue?

As in Egypt that December afternoon, 1889, exhausted in body, mind and soul, we mounted to return to Cairo, we took our last look of the pyramid at Gizoh. And you know t there is but little left.

While there seems to be no practical use

tender emotion, and that great pyramid seemed to be harmanized and with lips of stone it seemed to speak and cry out:

"Hear me, man, mortal and im nortal! My voice is the voice of Gol. He designed me. Isaian said I would be a sign and a witness. I saw Moses when he was a lad. I witnessed the long procession of the Israelites as they started to cross the Red Sea and Pharaoh's host in pursuit of them. The falcons and the eagles of many centuries have brushed my brow. I stood here when Cleopatra's barge landed with her soreries, and Hypatia for her virtues was slain in yonder streets. Alexander the Great, Scostris and Ptolemy admired my proportiona. Herodotus and Pliny sounded my praise. I am old, I am very old. For thousands of years I have watched the coming and going of generations. They tarry ing and going of generations. They tarry only a little while, but they make everlasting impression. I bear on my side the mark of the trowel and chisel of those who more than four thousand years ago expired. Be-ware what you do, oh, man! for what you ware what you do, oh, man! for what you do will last long after you are dead! If you would be affectionately remembered after you are gone, trust not to any earthly commemoration. I have not one word to say about any astronomer who studied the heavens from my heights, or any king who was sepulchered in my bosom. Iam slowly passing away. I am a dying pyramid. I shall yet lie down in the dust of the plain, and the sands of the deart shall cover me, or when the earth goes I will go. But you are immortal. The feet with which you climbed my sides to-day will turn to dust, but you have a soul that will outlast me and all my have a soul that will outlast me and all my brotherhood of pyramids. Live for eternity! Live for God! With the shadows of the evening now falling from my side, I pronounce upon you a benediction. Take it with you across the Mediterranean. Take it with you across the Atlantic. God only is great! Let all the earth keep silence before Him. Amen!"

And then the lips of granite bushed, and the great giant of masonry wrapped himself again in the silence of ages, and as I rode away in the gathering twilight, this course of sermons was projected.

Wondrons Egypt! Land of sucient pomp and pride,
Where Beauty walks by hoary Ruin's side,
Where plenty reigns and still the scasons smile,
And rolls—rich gift of God—exhaustless Nile.

Suicide of a Sparrow.

A sparrow sat on the limb of a tree near the fountain in City Hall Park the other noon and twittered. A dozen ragged newsboys turned their attention to the lonely little bird.

"Hully gee!" said one; "where's me shot. See me pick him now, Socky." Taking a beanshooter from his pocket the boy aimed at the bird. The pebble whistled a few inches from it. The sparrow broke off in the middle of a note, fluttered its wings and took to a higher branch. The bird was young and could not fly far.

The same boy tried again to hit the little bird, and six other boys had by this time got their beanshooters drawn on the bird. The pebbles flew thick and fast around the sparrow, driving it from limb to limb. Then it tried to elude the youngsters by flying over the fountain. The boys followed.

Back to the tree the sparrow went, with the pebbles from a dozen beanshooters after it. From tree to fountain, and from fountain to tree flew the bird with the boys in pursuit.

The sparrow made one final laborious effort and fluttered over the fountain. It circled over the water a second or two, and then dived into the water and was drowned. The little bird's persecutors looked at each other in amazement.

"I'm blowed!"-St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Cranberry Culture.

The cultivation of cranberries has become one of the most important industries of Cape Cod, Mass., and a number of those who are engaged in it have become weathly through their encerprise in the reclamation of formerly worthless lands and their appropriation to this use. The original cost of the land used for this cultivation is about twenty-five dollars an acre, and the expense of constructing a bog is ordinarily not more than three hundred dollars. A yield of one hundred barrels of berries to the acre is not uncommon, and these sell at an average price of seven dollars and fifty cents a barrel, while in some years the price rises to sixteen dollars and over. As the cost per barrel for picking is not much over one dollar and fifty cents and the commission for marketing not over eighty cents, it is apparent that the producer secures a handsome profit.

The gathering of the crop generally begins about the second week in September. The bog is lined off into rows with twine, and the pickers, men, women and children of all ages, gather the berries from the vines, working along the bogs on their knees. Most of the berries are picked by hand, but a machine is sometimes used which scoops the berries from the vines. An average picker with the hands can gather one hundred and eighty quarts a day, for which he receives three dollars .- Frank Leslie's Weekly.

What a Modern Gun Can Do.

Unless one is actually brought into business relations with the great science of modern warfare, it is difficult to conceive of the terrible power of the latest and largest guns. These engines of destruction, weighing 110 tons, hurl a projectile of solid steel sixteen inches in diameter and nearly four feet long at a velocity of 2079 feet a second. When tested recently, one of these guns sent a shot through twenty inches of steel ar-mour, eight inches of iron, twenty feet of oak, five feet of granite, eleven feet of concrete and three feet of buck. Comparatively, a locomotive weighing 200,-1000 pounds would have to spin along the tracks at the rate of 135 miles an hour to strike a blow equal to that projectile. Think of the damage wrought in a rail-road collision where the train speeds along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and one may calculate the destructivemodern ordnance. - Boston

"When you buy Dickens' works for a dollar you are getting brain work mighty cheap," says the Boston News. Similarly, it might have added, when you pay several times as much for a copy of "Society as I Have Found It," you are getting mighty cheap brain

In Mental Ruts.

**The monotony of certain lines of business and slight use of the mental faculties consequent upon a familiarity with a simple, unvarying routine," said an observant gentleman, "soon gives a stolid, apathetic, half idiotic cast in the human countenance. Take the average elevated railway ticket agent or gateman, or park official, or theatre doorkeeper, or anybody else who has little or no variety in his daily life, and in a short time his face is as blank as a piece of putty. A wooden impassiveness of feature takes the place of what we term expression, and the intellectual powers relapse into that dormant state that characterizes alike the savage and the idiotic. You will see the same thing in the idle, listless man about town, who is too lazy to work or think, and hasn't enough energy or even inclination to be bad. It is irritating to talk to such people. The restless, nervous man of keen intellectual edge who comes in contact with them chafes inwardly and sometimes outwardly. Half the trouble and friction that arises between individual members of the great, active, hustling public and officials of various lower grades is from this very fact. Neither the offender nor the offended understands the seat of the difficulty in dealing with each otl er. There are theatrical officials in the box office and at the door whom the average man of intelligence can scarcely address without the itching desire to club. The hotel clerk generally arouses the same animosity."-New York Herald.

The Story of Dresden China.

The first hard porcelain made in Europe-for majolica, Palissy ware, and others of the sort are pottery, and not porcelain-was the lovely Dresden ware; and in that line nothing has ever been made to exceed its beauty. Its flowers, its ribbons and ornaments, are perfection in design and color; there is a rumor that real lace is put into the clay before firing for the parts representing lace, but how that may be we do not know. It owes its existence to an accident. The chemist, who had been imprisoned by the Elector in order to find the secret of making gold and of the elixir of life, having come across some substance resembling porcelain in the bottom of a crucible, was unable to get it of a pure tint, till a rider one day found a peculiar white clay on his horse's hoofs, which he had dried and sifted and sold for hairpowder, and the unfortunate chemist, using it and observing its weight, experimented with it, and straightway the Dresden ware-or Meissen, as it is more correctly called-became a success, the first sculptors and colorists of the day lending their art to its perfection. Cruelty, or rather ty-anny, has often attended on Dresden china; for Freder ck the Great, having sent great quanti ies of this white earth to Berlin, took captive the best workers in the Meissen and sent them after it, never allowing them to see home again; and presently he obliged the Jews in his dominion to buy the china he thus manufactured by refusing them marriage licenses till they had procured a service, thus gaining an immense annual

A Remarkable Memory.

revenue. - Harper's Basar.

William Cotter, Jr., of Hartford, Conn., must have a remarkable memory. He is registrar of votes, and the Times, of that city, says that of 12,000 names on the list, he claims to be able to tell from memory the residence and politics of every one, and also, in cases where a person has been absent in Europe, to tell where and when he went away.

A Roadbed in the River.

A section of the levee, 210 feet in length, at a point between the Mobine Lumber Mill and the box factory in South Helena, Ark., suddenly gave away the other afternoon and sunk to a depth of about ten feet. At the point in question the levee is used by the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railroad as a roadbed. The theory of the civil engineer is that a bed of quicksand lies some forty feet below the surface and that the action of the water upon it and the running of heavy trains over it gradually caused the quicksand to wash out that in course of time and that the levee collapsed. A similar cave or collapse occurred in the levee about two years ago .- New Orleans Picayune.

J. A. Johnson, Medina, N. T., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists,

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Tried and Not Found Wanting.

BANGOR, Me.

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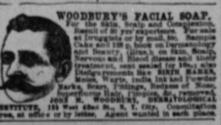
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"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. The doctors told me it was chronic. I had a fullness after eating and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. I suffered frequently from a Water Brash of clear matter. Sometimes a deathly Sickness at the Stomach would overtake me. Then again I would have the terrible pains of Wind Colic. At such times I would try to belch and could not. I was working then for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Cor. Irwin and Western Ave., Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. Finally I used August Flower, and after using just one bottle for two weeks, was entirely relieved of all the trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I would like to refer you to Mr. McHenry, for whom I worked, who knows all about my condition, and from whom I bought the medicine. I live with my wife and family at 39 James St., Allegheny City, Pa. Signed, JOHN D. Cox.

G. G. GREEN Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.



HAY FEVER Cured to Stay Cured. & ASTHMA Canada. Address P. Harold Hayes, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

ENSIGN JOHN W. MORRIS, Successfully Prosecutes Claims, ate Principal Examiner U.S. Pension Bureau, yrs in last war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since.

FLOWER SEEDS FREE, Tulips 30c. Doz.



