#### REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Sailing Up the Nile,"

TEXT: "The River Is Mine and I Have Made It,"—Ezekiel xxix., 9.

Aha! This is the River Nile. A brown or rellow or silver cord on which are hung more jewels of thrilling interest than on any river that was ever twisted in the

It ripples through the book of Ezekiel, and flashes in the books of Deuteronomy and saiah and Zecharia and Nahum, and on its banks stood the mighties of many ages. It was the crystal cradle of Moses, and on its banks, Mary, the refugee, carried the infant Jesus. To find the birthplace of this river was the fascination and defeat of expedi-

was the last number.
tions without number.
Not many years ago Bayard Taylor, our
Not many years ago Bayard Taylor, our great American traveler, wrote, "Since Co-lumbus first looked upon San Salvador, the earth has but one emotion of triumph left for her bestowal, and that she reserves for him who shall first drink from the fountains the White Nile under the snow fields of ilima-Njaro." But the discovery of the Kilima-Njaro." But the discovery of the sources of the Nile by most people was considered an impossibility. The malarias, the wild beasts, the savages, the unclimable steeps, the vast distances, stopped all the expeditions for ages.

An intelligent native said to Sir Samuel W. Belter and wife as they were on their

W. Baker and wife as they were on their way to accomplish that in which others had failed: "Give up the mad scheme of the Nile source. How would it be possible for a lady young and delicate to endure what would kill the strongest man? Give it up." But the work went on until Speke and Grant and Baker found the two lakes which are the source of what was called the White Nile, and baptized these two lakes with the name of Victoria and Albert. These two lakes, filled by great rainfalls and by accumulated snows from the mountains, pour their waters, laten with agricultural wealth such as blesses no other river, on down over the cataracts, on between frowning mountains, on between cities living and cities dead, on for four thousand miles and through a con-

But the White Nile would do little for Egypt if this were all. It would keep its banks and Egypt would remain a desert. But from Abyssinia there comes what is called the Blue Nile, which, though dry or nearly dry half the year, under tremendous rains about the middle of June rises to great momentum, and this Blue Nile dashes with sudden influx into the White Nile, which in consequence rises thirty feet and their com-bined waters inundate Egypt with a rich soil which drops on all the fields and gardens as it is conducted by ditches and sluices and

canals every whither.

The greatest damage that ever came to Egypt came by the drying up of the River Nile, and the greatest blessing by its health-ful and abundant flow. The famine in Jo-seph's time came from the lack of sufficient sepn's time came from the lack of sunfctent inundation from the Nile. Not enough Nile is drought; too much Nile is freshet and plague. The rivers of the earth are the mothers of its prosperity. If by some convulsion of nature the Mississippi should be taken from North America, or the Amazon from South America, or the Danube from Europe, or the Yenisei from Asia—what hemispheric calamity! Still, there are other rivers that could fertilize and save these

As we start where the Nile empties into As we start where the Nile empties into the Mediterranean Sea, we behold a wonderful fulfillment of prophecy. The Nile in very ancient times used to have seven mouths. As the great river approached the sea at seven different places. Isalah prophesied, "The Lord shall utterly destroy the tongue of the Egyptian sea and shall smite it in the seven streams." The fact is they are all destroyed but two, and Herodotus said these two remaining are artificial. Up the Nile we shall go; part of the way by Nile we shall go; part of the way by Egyptian rail train and then by boat, and we shall understand why the Bible gives such prominence to this river, which is the largest

But before we board the train we must take a look at Alexandria. It was founded by Alexander the Great, and was once the York, the Paris, the London of the world. Temples, palaces, fountains, gar-dens, pillared and efflorescent with all archi-tectural and E.lenic grandeur and sweetness. Apollos, the eloquent, whom in the New Testament times some people tried to make a rival to St. Paul, lived here. Here Mark, the author of the second book of the New Testament, expired under Nero's anathema. From here the ship sailed that left Paul and the crew struggling in the breakers of Melita. Pompey's pillar is here, about one hundred feet high, its base surrounded by so much filth and squalor I was glad to escape

into an air that was breathable. But Alexandria, fascinating for this or that thing, according to the taste of the vis-itor, was to me most entertaining because it had been the site of the greatest library that the world ever saw, considering the fact that the art of printing had not been invented. Seven hundred thousand volumes and all the work of a slow pen. But down it all went under the torch of beseigers. Built again and destroyed again. Built Built again and destroyed again. Built again, but the Arabs came along for its al demolition and the four thousand baths of the city were heated with those volum the fuel lasting six months, and were ever fires kindled at such fearful cost? What holocausts of the world's literature! What martyrdom of books! How many of them have gone down under the rage of nations.
Only one book has been able to withstand the bombardment, and that has gone through

without smell of fire on its lids. No sword or spear or musket for its defense. An unarmed New Testament. An unarmed Old Testament. Yet invulnerable and trimphant. There must be something supernatural about it. Conqueror of books! Monarch of books! All the books of all the

ages in all the libraries outshone by this one book which you and I carry to church in a pocket. So methought amid the ashes of Alexandrian libraries.

But all aboard the Egyptian rail train going up the banks of the Nile! Look out of the window and see those cample kneeling. of the window and see those camels kneeling for the imposition of their load. And I think we might take from them a lesson, and, instead of trying to stand upright in our own strength, become conscious of our weakness and need of divine hatp before we take upon us the heavy duties of the year or the week or the day, and so kneel for the beats on the way from their day's work, but alas, for the homes to which the poor inhabitants are going, for the most part hovels of mud. But there is something in the scene that thoroughly enlists us. It is the novelty of wretchedness and a scene of the novelty of wretchedness and a scene of picturesque rags. For thousands of years this land has been under a very damnation to taxes. Nothing but Christian civilization will roll back the influences which are "spoiling the Egyptiana." There are gardens and palaces, but they belong to the

This ride along the Nile is one of the most solemn and impressive rides of all my life time, and our emotions despened as the car-tains of the night fall upon all surround-ings. But we shall not be satisfied until we an take a snip and pass right out upon these wondrous waters and between the banks crowned with the story of empires.

According to the lead pencil mark in my
Bible it was Thankagiving day morning,
November 29, 1839, that with my family November 20, 1839, that with my family and friends we stepped aboard the steamer on the Nile. The Mohammedan call to prayers had been sounded by the priests of that religion, the Muezzins, from the four hundred mosques of Cairo as the cry went out: "God is great. I bear witness that there is no God but God. I bear witness that Mohammed is the apostle of God. Come to prayers. Come to salvation. God is great. There is no other but God. Prayers are better than sleep."

The sky and city and palm groves and river hipping were bathed in the light. It was

not much of a craft that we boarded. It would not be hailed on any of our rivers with any rapture of admiration. It fortunately had but little speed, for twice we rau aground and the sailors jumped into the water and on their shoulders pushed her out. But what yacht of gavest sportsman, what But what yacht of gayest sportsman, what deck of swiftest ocean queen could give such thrill of rapture as a sail on the Nile? The pyramids in sight, the remains of cities that are now only a name, the villages thronged with population. Both banks crowded with historical deeds of forty or sixty centuries. Oh, what a book the Bible is when read on

As we slowly move up the majestic river I see on each bank the wheels, the pumps, the buckets for irrigation, and see a man with his foot on the treadle of a wheel that fetches up the water for a garden, and then for the first time I understand that passage in Deuteronomy which says of the Israelites after they had got back from Egypt, "The land whither thou goest in to possess it is not as the land of Egypt, from whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy seed, and wateredst it with thy foot." Then I understood how the land could be watered with the foot. How do you suppose I felt when on the deck of that steamer on the Nile I looked off upon the canals and ditches and sluices through which the fleids are irrisluices through which the fields are irrigated by that river, and then read in Isaiah, "The burden of Egypt—the river shall be wasted and dried up, and they shall turn the rivers far away and the brooks of defense shall be emptied and dried up; and they shall be broken in the purposes thereof, all that make sluices and ponds for fish."

While spiling on this river or stopping at

While sailing on this river or stopping at one of the villages, we see people on the banks who verify the Bible description, for they are now as they were in Bible times. Shoes are now taken off in reverence to sacred places. Children carried astride the mother's shoulder as in Hagar's time. Wo men with profusion of jeweiry as when Re-becca was affianced. Lentils shelled into the pottage, as when Esau sold his birthright to get such a dish. The same habits of saluta-tion as when Joseph and his brethren feil on each other's necks. Courts of law held un-der big trees as in olden times. People mak-ing bricks without straw, compelled by circumstances to use stubble instead of

Flying over or standing on the banks as in Scripture days are flamingoes, ospreys, eagles, pelicans, herons, cuckoos and bull-finches. On all sides of this river sepulchers. Villages of sepulchers. Cities of sepulchers. Nations of sepulchers. And one is tempted to call it an empire of tomos. I never saw such a place as Egypt is for graves. And now we understand the complaining sarcasm of the Israelites when they were on the way from Egypt to Canaan, "Because there are no graves in Egypt hast thou taken us away to die in the wilderness." Down the river bank come the buffalo and the cattle of to drink. And it was the ancestors of these cattle that inspired Pharoah's dream of the lean kine and the fat kine.

Here we disembark a little while for Memphis, off the Nile to the right. Memphis founded by the first king of Egypt and for a long time the capital. A city of marble and gold. Home of the Pharaohs. City of nias-teen miles in circumference. Vast colon-nades through which imposing processions marched. Here stood the Temple of the Sun, itself in brilliancy a sun shone on by another sun. Thebes in power over a thou-sand and hundred years, or nearly ten times as long as the United States have existed. fiere is a recumbent statue seventy-five feet long. Bronzed gateways. A necropolis called "the haven of the blest." Here Joseph was prime minister. Here Pharaoh received Jacob. All possible splendors were built up into this royal city. Hosea, Ezekiel, Jeremiah and Isalah speak of it as something wonderful.

Never did I visit a city with such exalted auticipations, and never did my anticipa-tions drop so flat. Not a pillar stands. Not a wall is unbroken. Not a foundation tosses in the sun. Even the ruins have been ruined and all that remains are chips of marble, small pieces of fractured sculpture and splin-tered human bones. Here and there a letter of some elaborate inscription, a toe or ear of a statue that once stood in niche of palace wall. Ezekiel prophesiel its blotting out, and the prophecy has been fulfilled. "Ride And as I stood there alone the city of s in the glory of past centuries re-And I heard the rush of her chariots, and the dash of her fountains, and the conviviality of her palaces, and saw the frunken nobles roll on the floors of mosaic, while in startling contrast amid all the re-galities of the place I saw Pharaoh look up into the face of aged rustic Jacob, the shepherd, saying, "How old art thou?"

But back to the Nile and on and up till you

But back to the Nile and on and up till you reach Thebes, in Scripture called the City of No. Hundred gated Thebes. A quadrangular city four miles from limit to limit. Four great temples, two of them Karnac and Luxor, once mountains of exquisite sculpture and gorgeous dreams solidified in stone. Statue of Rameses II, eight hundred and sight scaves tons in weight and savenand eighty-seven tons in weight and seven-ty-five feet high, but now fallen and scat-tered. Walls abloom with the battlefields of

The surrounding hills of rock hollowed into sepulchers on the wall of which are chiseled in picture and hieroglyphics the confirmation of Bible story in regard to the treatment of the Israelites in Egypt so that, as explorations go on with the work, the walls of these sepulchers become com-mentaries of the Bible, the Scriptures mentaries of the Blok, the Scriptures originally written upon parchament here cut into everiasting stone. Thebes mighty and dominant five hundred years. Then she went down in fulfilment of Ezekie's prophecy concerning the City of No, which was another name for Thebes: "I will execute judgment in No. I will cut off the multitudes of No." Jeremiah also prophesied, "Thus saith the Lord, I will punish the multitules of No." This city of Thebes and all the other dead cities of Egypt iterate and reiterate the veracity of the Scriptures, telling the same story which Moses and the prophets told. Have you noticed how God kept back these archeological confirmations of the Bible un-til our time, when the air is full of unbelief about the truthfulness of the dear old book? He waited until the printing press had been set up in its perfected shape, and the subma-rine cable was laid, and the world was inrine cable was laid, and the world was in-telligent enough to appreciate the testimony, and then He resurrected the dead cities of the earth, and commanded them, saying: "Open your long sealed lips and speak! Memphis and Thebes is the Bible true?" "True!" responds Memphis and Thebes, "Babylon, is the Book of Daniel true?" "True!" responds Babylon, "Ruins of Pal-

estine and Syria, is the New Testament true?" "True?" respond the ruins all the way from Joppa to the Dead Saa and from Jerusalem to Damascus.

What a mercy that this testimony of the dead cities should come at a time when the Bible is especially assailed. And this work will go on until the veracity of the Scriptures will be as certain to all sensible menand women as that two and two makes four. and women as that two and two makes four, as that an associes triangle is one which has two of its sides equal, as that the diameter of a circle is a line-drawn through the centra

of a circle is a line drawn through the centre and terminated by the circumference, as certain as any mathematical demonstration.

Those ancient cities lacked nothing but good morals. Dissipation and sin are halted, and unless dissipation and sin are halted, they will some day slay our modern cities, and leave our palaces of merchandise and our galieries of art and our city hall as flat in the dust as we found Memphis on the afternoon of that Thanksgiving day. And if the cities go down, the nation will go down. "Oh," you say, "that is impossible; we have stood so lon;—yes, over a hundred years as a nation," Why, what of that? Thebes stood five hundred years. Memphis stood a thousand years. God does not forget. One day with the Lord is as a thousand years and a thousand years as one day.

a thousand years as one day.

Rum and debauchery and bad politics are more rapidly working the destruction of our American cities that sin of any kind and all kinds worked for the destruction of the cities of Africa, once so mighty and now so prostrate. But their gods were idois, and could do nothing except for debasement. Our

God made the heavens and sent His Son to God made the heavens and sent his Son to redeem the nations. And our cities will not go down, and our nations will not perish be cause the gospal is going to triumph. For ward! all schools and colleges and churches Forward! all reformatory and missionary organizations. Forward! all the influences marshaled to bless the world. Let our modern European and Aparicae cities listen to ern European and American cities listen to the voice of those ancient cities resurrected, and by hammer and chisel and crowbar be

I notice the voice of those ancient cities is I notice the voice of those ancient cities is hourse from the exposure of forty centuries and they accentuate slowly with lips that were paisied for a zes, but all together those cities along the Nile intone these words. "Hear us, for we are very old, and it is hard for us to speak. We were wise long before Athens learned her first lesson. We sailed the problem of the control of our ships while yet navigation was unborn our ships while yet havigation was under these obelisks, these pyramids, these fallen pillars, these wrecked temples, these colossi of black granite, these wrecked sarcophagi under the brow of the hills, tell you of what I was in granieur and of what I am coming the same of the was in granieur and of what I am coming the same of the was in granieur and of what I am coming the same of the was in granieur and of what I am coming the was in granieur and was in down to be. We signed and we fell. Our learning could not save us. See those half obliterated hieroglyphics on yonder wall. Our architecture could not save us. See the painted columns of Philm, and the shattered temple of Esneh. Our heroes could not save us. Witness Menes, Diodorus, Rameses and Ptolemy. Our Gods Ammon and Osiris could not save us. See their fallen temples all along the four thousand miles of Nile. Oh, ye modern cities get some other God; a God who can help, a God who can pardon, a God who can save. Called up as we are for a little while to give testimony, again the sands of the desert will bury us. Ashes to ashes, dust to dust!" And as these voices of porphyry and granite ceased, all the sarcophagi under the hills responded, "Ashes to ashes!" and the capital of a lofty column fell grinding itself to powder among the rocks, and responding, "Dust to dust?"

#### WISE WORDS.

Love's work is always noble. Love finds its greatest joy in suffering. There shall no evil happen to the just.

The less we have the more it costs us to be proud. Time is a true physician, for it buries

all its patients. Write this down: You can't make yourself happy.

Many a man in the swim feels like a fish out of water.

It's only the self-made man that the child is father to. The heart, not the head, is the real

In the court of love a thorough prosecution wins most cases.

master of the man.

Environment may modify character, but it can not change it. Conviction means nothing until it ex-

presses itself in conduct. A bad man is uncontrolled by his fear; a good man by his love.

Truth hides from those who do not love it well enough to seek it. All the reasonings of men are not worth

one sentiment of women. If people do what is right, in time

they come to like doing it. To find out what a man really is, find out how he treats his enemy.

The hardest battles we have to fight are those we fight with ourselves.

Married couples seldom settle before grounds of complaint come to the sur-

Public spirit, a genuine interest in all questions of national or social importance, is as essential a part of true wo-

manhood as of true manhood. There is no moral disease without a cure. The law of soul and of the universe is one law. Antidotes grow beside the poisons in the moral world, always.

#### Miles of Human Bones.

Two prospectors recently visited the Island of San Nicholas, off the Ventura coast, with the purpose of taking up land. They have returned, says the Ventura (Cal.) Free Press, discouraged in the original idea. They have found the land on the island, which is four miles wide by twelve long, utterly bar-

On the western side sand is about the only thing seen, and this has been blown from the beach clear to the top of the island, seven or eight hundred feet high. On the other side of the island (the east side) they found human bones for a distance of five miles along the beach. They were very thick, and looked as if it had been a graveyard. They also discovered the remains of human bodies on the ridge, which runs lengthwise through the island. In some places two skeletons were found close together, as if they had been buried in the same grave. The wind had blown off what covering of soil had been thrown over them and it looked quite ghastly. Bones were thickly strewn along this ridge for upward of three miles. From appearances upmust have been buried there.

A shanty which had been built on the west side was found buried clear to the roof in sand. There are now about two thousand sheep on the island, and from a sort of rough grass they seem to keep fat. The party went into a cave which afforded an Indian woman, the sole occupant of the island, a home for seven years. It seems that when her party was leaving the island she jumped overboard and swam ashore in the night. Years went by before she was taken off.

BARILLAS has Torgotten the fate of his predecessor of like name, Barrios, and is playing dictator in Guatemala. If the history of his own country affords him no admonitions," he might observe current events in Chili. This is a bad season for tyrants.

"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

drop too much were unusually appar-

#### HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS

REMOVING RUST FROM KNIVES.

Great trouble is sometimes caused in the household by knives and other steel cutlery becoming rusty. This may easily be prevented by a little care. Steel cutlery should be plunged in a pan of whiting after washing, and removed just before it is used. When it is wiped it will be perfectly bright, and if kept in this way it cannot get rusty. In case the cutlery should already be rusty it should be rubbed with a flannel dipped in sweet oil; then covered with slack time and allowed to rest for twenty-four hours. It should then be wiped clean and finished off with some powdered whiting and a piece of chamois leather, when it will become as bright as new .-Courier-Journal.

#### UTILIZING THE ENTIRE PUMPKIN.

When a pumpkin is purchased for family use it is seldom that more than half of it is required. This will make four or five pies, all that an average family is likely to use for some time. In order to utilize the other half of the pumpkin, it may be either canned or dried for winter use. Canned pumpkin does not retain its flavor and makes an unsatisfactory pie, and drying seems to be a better way to preserve it. In order to do this peel the pumpkin and cut it in wafer-like strips, put it in the heating closet under the oven, laid out on pans and plates, or set it on a tin roof in the broiling hot sunshine. It will soon become crisp and dry. When it is thoroughly so put it in a loose bag and hang it in a dry store-closet. In the spring when all materials for making pies are scarce and apples are tasteless, very excellent pies may be made of this dry pumpkin. Soak a cup of it in water, cook it up for an hour in the water in which it was soaked, then drain it and use it like freshly cooked pumpkin. It does not make so good a pie as freshly cooked pumpkin, but it is far better than winter squash for this purpose .- New York Tribune.

#### TO HAVE A BRIGHT LAMP.

In these days when lamps are used so much the care of them is quite an important matter, writes Maria Parloa in her department in the Ladies' Home Journal. If the lamps be good and have proper attention, one cannot wish for a more satisfactory light; but if badly cared for they will be a source of much discomfort. The great secret of having lamps in good working order is to keep them clean and to use good oil. Have a regular place and time for trimming the lamps. Put a folded newspaper on the table, so that any bits of burned wick and drops of oil may fall upon it. Wash and wipe the chimneys and shades. Now take off all loose parts of the burner, washing them in hot soap suds and wiping with a clean soft cloth. Trim the wicks and turn them quite low. With a soft, wet cloth, well scaped, wipe the burner thoroughly, working the cloth as much as possible inside the burner, to get off every particle of the charred wick. Now fill the lamps within about one inch of the top, and wipe with a damp towe! and then a dry one. Adjust all the parts and return aces. Whenever them to their proper p a new wick is required in a lamp, wash and scald the burner before putting in the wick. With a student lamp, the receptacle for waste oil, which is screwed on the bottom of the burner, should be taken off at least once a week and washed. Sometimes a wick will get very dark and dirty before it is half consumed. It is not economy to try to burn it; replace it with a fresh one. The trouble and expense are slight, and the increase in clearness and brilliancy will repay the extra care. When the lamp is lighted it should not at once be turned up to the full height, wait until the chimney is heated. Beautiful shades are often cracked or broken by having the hot chimneys rest against them. Now, when lighting a lamp be careful that the chimney is set perfectly straight and does not touch the shade at any point. The shade should be placed on the lamp as soon as it is lighted, that it may heat

#### EVERY-DAY DESSERTS.

Lemon Meringue Custard (Baked)-One quart milk; five eggs; one tablespoonful butter; one cup sugar; one teaspoonful corn-starch; two lemons. Beat the yolks of the eggs light, and stir into them the butter creamed with the sugar, and the juice and grated rind of the lemons. Dissolve the corn-starch in the milk, and add this to the other ingredients. Bake in a buttered pudding disk until the custard is set, then cover it with a meringue made of the whites of the eggs whipped stiff with a quarter cupful of sugar, and brown very lightly. Eat cold.

French Pancakes-One pint milk; three eggs; two cups sifted flour; two small teaspoonfuls baking-powder; pinch of salt. Beat the yolks of the eggs light, and pour the milk upon them. Sift the flour with the salt and baking-powder, and add this alternately with the whipped whites. Have ready a heated griddle, and cook the batter on this in large spoonfuls. As each pancake is done, transfer it to a hot plate, spread it lightly with butter, then with jam or jelly, and roll it up, the sweetmeat inside When the rolls are neatly arranged on a dish, sprinkle them lightly with powdered sugar.

Marmalade Rolly-poly-Prepare a dough by the directions given above for short-cake. Roll it into a sheet about twice as long as it is broad, and spread it thickly with orange marmalade. The contents of a half-pint jar will be required. Roll up the paste, the marmalade inside, and lay it in a steamer. Cook about two hours and a half. If no steamer is at hand, tie the pudding in a floured cloth, drop it into boiling water, and boil steadily an hour and a half. An intoxicated aeronaut at Detroit Eat hot, with a hard sauce made by dropped 1,000 feet and landed on his head. The effects of having taken a drop too much were unusually apparation with a cup of powdered sugar. Flavor with the juice and grated rind of a lemon.

—Harper's Bassar.

#### There are rabbits in Tasmania which have developed toe-nails by climbing trees. The climbing also keeps the nails worn down, so they do not have to be cut. Here is a solution for the troublesome toe-nail problem which some hu-

There is a vigorous and determined movement on foot among the men in Philadelphia against the promiscuous surrendering of seats in public convey-

Buffalo Express.

ances to women. E. B. Walthall & Co., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

QUEEN VICTORIA has fifty living descen-The demands of society often induce ladies to use quack stimulants when feeling badly. They are dangerous! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is adapted to such

#### Commendable.

All claims not consistent with the high character of Syrup of Figs are purposely avoided by the Cal. Fig Syrup Company. It acts gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleansing the system effectually, but it is not a cure-all and makes no pretensions that every bottle will not substantiate.

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Dr. Hoxsie's Certain Croup Cure for colds, coughs, croup and pneumonia has no rival. Cures without nausea or any disarrangement. Sold by druggists or mailed on receipt of 50 cts. Address A. P. Hexie, Buffalo, N. Y. The Convenience of Solia Trains.

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

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spon the health of both, a lady writes: "My oy and I are splendid, thanks to Mrs. Pinksam and the Vegetable Compound."

man beings may desire to imitate. -

Cleared away

-all the troubles and ailments that make woman's life a burden to her. She's relieved, cured, and restored, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Periodical pains, weak back, bearing-down sensations, nervous prostration, all "female complaints," are cured by it. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

It's a powerful general, as well as uterine, tonic and nervine, imparting vigor and strength to the entire system. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no syrup or sugar to derange digestion; a legitimate medicinenot a beverage.

If you're a tired, nervous, or suffering weman, then the "Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine that's guaranteed, in every case, to bring you help. If it doesn't give you satisfaction, you have your money back.

# From Father to Son.

Scrofula is a blood poison which descends from parent to child.

It is a taint which must be eradicated from the system before a cure can be made. Swift's Specific, S. S. S., drives out the through

### AFFLICTED FROM CHILDHOOD.

Mrs. N. Ritchey, of Mackey, Ind., says: "Justice compels me to say that S. S. S. has worked little short of a miracle in my case, in curing me of aggravated Scrofuia, which afflicted me from childhood. It attacked my throat and nose, and threatened my lungs. My throat was so sore that I was compelled to subsist on liquid food. When I began S. S. S. I was in a wretched condition but commenced to improve at once, and am now entirely well."

the pores of the skin and thus relieves the blood of the poison.

BOOKS ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES FREE. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ca.

# German DETOBIAS Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

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