

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUNDAY SERMON.

Subject: "The Island of Patmos."

TEXTS: "When we had discovered Cyprus we left it on the left hand."—Acts xxi, 1, and "John, who is in the island that is called Patmos."—Revelation i, 9.

Goodby, Egypt! Although interesting and instructive beyond any country in all the world, excepting the Holy Land, Egypt was to me somewhat depressing. It was a most morose examination of cities that died four thousand years ago. The mummies, or wrapped up bodies of the dead, were prepared with reference to the Resurrection day, the Egyptians departing this life wanting their bodies to be kept in as good condition as possible to receive the resurrection body when they were called again to occupy them. But if when Pharaoh comes to resurrection he finds his body looking as I saw his mummy in the museum at Boulak, his soul will become an unwilling tenant. The Sphinx also was to me a stern monotony, a statue carved out of rock of red granite sixty-two feet high and about one hundred and forty-three feet long, and having the head of a man and the body of a lion.

We sit down in the shade of the African desert to study it. With a cold smile it has looked down upon thousands of years of earthly history, Egyptian civilization, Grecian civilization, Roman civilization; upon the rise and fall of thrones, empires, and the defeat of the armies of centuries. It took three thousand years to make one wrinkle on its red cheek. It is dreadful in its stolidity. Its eyes have never wept a tear. Its cold eyes have not listened to the groans and sobs of the Egyptian mummy, the burden of which it was to weigh last Sabbath. Its heart is stone. It cared not for Phylis when he measured it in the first century. It will care nothing for the man who looks into its imperturbable countenance in the last century.

But Egypt will come up to the glow of life. The Bible promises it. The missionaries, like my friend, good and great Dr. Lansing, are sounding a resurrection trumpet above the slain empires. There will be some other Moses on the banks of the Nile. There will be some other Hypatia to teach good morals to the degraded. Instead of a destroying angel to slay the firstborn of Egypt, the angel of the New Testament will shake everlasting life from his wings over a nation born in a day. When, soon after my arrival in Egypt, I took part in the solemn and tender obsequies of a missionary from our own land, dying there far away from the sepulchers of her fathers, and around her the dusky and weeping congregation of those who had come to save, I said to myself: "Here is self sacrifice of the noblest type. Here is heroism immortal. Here is a queen unto God forever. Here is something grander than the pyramids. Here is that which thrills the heavens. Here is a specimen of that which will yet save the world."

Goodby, Egypt! This sermon finds us on the steamer Minerva in the Grecian archipelago, the islands of the New Testament, and islands Paganian and Johnian, and the reminiscence. What Bradshaw's directory is to travelers in Europe, and what the railroad guide is to travelers in America, the Book of the Acts in the Bible is to voyagers in the Grecian archipelago. The Bible geographer, that region is accurate without a shadow of mistake. We are sailing this morning on the same waters that Paul sailed, but in the opposite direction to that which Paul voyaged. He was sailing southward and we northward. With him it was Ephesus, Coos, Rhodes, Cyprus. With us it is reversed, and it is Cyprus, Rhodes, Coos, Ephesus. There is no book in the world so accurate as the Divine Book.

My text says that Paul left Cyprus on the left, we going in the opposite direction, have it on the right. On our ship Minerva were only two or three passengers besides our party, so we had plenty of room to walk the deck, and oh, what a night was Christmas night of 1869 in that Grecian archipelago—Islands of light and shadow, and of the earth and heaven! It is a royal family of islands, this Grecian archipelago—the crown of the world's scenery set with sapphire and emerald and topaz and chrysolite, and ablaze with a glory that seems to leech down out of celestial landscapes. God evidently made up His mind that just here He would demonstrate the utmost that can be done with islands for the beautification of earthly scenery.

The steamer had stopped during the night, and in the morning the ship was as quiet as this floor, when we hopped up to the deck and found that we had anchored off the island of Cyprus. In a boat, which the natives roved standing up, as is the custom, instead of sitting down, as when we row, we were soon landed on the streets where Paul and Barnabas walked and preached. Yes, when at Antioch, Paul and Barnabas got into a fight—as ministers sometimes do, and sometimes do, for they all have imperfections of one kind or another to this world till their work is done, I say—when, because of that bitter controversy, Paul and Barnabas parted, Barnabas came back here to Cyprus, which was his birthplace. Island, wonderful for history! It has been the prize sometimes won by Persia, by Greece, by Egypt, by the Romans, by the Crusaders, and last of all, not by sword but by pen, and that the pen of the keenest diplomatist of the century, Lord Beaconsfield, who, under a lease which was as good as a purchase, set Cyprus among the jewels of Victoria's crown.

So Patmos, wild, chill and bleak and terrible was the best island in all the archipelago, the best place in all the earth for divine revelations. Before a panorama can be successfully seen, the room in which you sit must be darkened, and in the presence of John was to pass such a panorama as no man ever before saw or ever will see in this world, and hence the gloom of his surroundings was a help rather than a hindrance. All the surroundings of the place affected St. John's imagery when he speaks of substance, or having no food except that at which his appetite revolted, thinks of luxury; and as the fastidious man is apt to be luxurious, so St. John says of the inhabitants of heaven "They shall hunger no more." Scarcity of fresh water on Patmos and the hot tongue of St. John's thirst leads him to admire heaven as he says, "They thirst no more."

St. John hears the waves of the sea wildly dashing against the rocks, and each wave has a voice, and all the waves together make a chorus, and they remind him of the multitudinous anthems of heaven, and he says, "They are like the voice of many waters." He is looking out upon the sea, the waters were very smooth, as it is today while we sail them in the Minerva, and they were like glass, and the sunlight seemed to set them on fire, and there was a mingling of white light and intense blue, and as St. John looked out from his caverns upon that brilliant sea he thought of the splendors of heaven and describes them "As a sea of glass mingled with fire." Yes, seated in the dark cavern of Patmos, though homelike and hungry and loaded with Domitian's anathemas, St. John was the most fortunate man on earth because of the panorama that passed before the mouth of that cavern.

Turn down all the lights that we may better see it. The panorama passes, and in the conquering Christ, robed, girdled, armed, the flash of golden candelsticks and seven stars in His right hand, candelsticks and stars meaning light held up and light scattered, and there passes a throne and Christ on it, and the seas broken, and the waves sound, and a dragon slain, and seven last plagues sweep, and seven vials are poured out, and the vision vanishes. And we halt a moment to rest from the exciting spectacle. Again the panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees, as great as the representing all abominations, Babylon towered, pained, templed, fountained, foliaged,

the steamer Minerva, which had already begun to paw the waves like a courser impatient to be gone, and then we moved on and up among the islands of this Gospel archipelago.

Night came down on land and sea and the voyage became to me more and more suggestive and solemn. If you are pacing it alone a ship's deck in the darkness and at sea is a weird place, and an active imagination will conjure up almost any shape he will, and it shall walk the sea or confront him by the smokestack or meet him under the capstan's bridge. But here I was alone on ship's deck in the Gospel archipelago, and do you wonder that the sea was populous with the past and that down the rattling Bible memories descended? Our friends had all gone to their berths.

"Captain," I said, "when will we arrive at the island of Rhodes?" Looking out from under his glazed cap, he responded with a cheerful voice, "About midnight." Though it would be keeping unreasonable hours, I concluded to stay on deck, for I must see Rhodes, one of the islands associated with the name of the greatest missionary of the world, who here saw or ever will see. Paul landed there, and that was enough to make it famous while the world stands, and famous in heaven when the world has become a charmed wreck.

His story was as follows: He had a wonderful history. With six thousand Knights of St. John, it at one time stood out against two hundred thousand warriors under "Solymann the Magnificent." The city had three thousand statues, and a statue to Apollo called the Colossus, and a statue to Minerva called the Colossus, and a statue to Mars called the Colossus in many parts of the earth. This is only the world's blind reaching up and feeling after God. Foundered human nature must have a supernatural arm to reach up to the stars. All the statues and images of heathendom are attempts to bring celestial forces down into human affairs. Blessed be our ears that we have heard of an ever present God, and that through Jesus Christ He comes into our hearts and our homes, and we understand His fatherly and motherly interest and affection He is with us in all our struggles and bereavements and vicissitudes. Rhodes needs something higher than the Colossus, and the day will come when the Colossus, when Paul was sailing when he sailed into the harbor of Rhodes, shall take possession of that island.

As we move on up through this archipelago, I am reminded of what an important part the islands have taken in the history of the world. They are necessary to the balancing of the planet. The two hemispheres must have them. As you put down upon a scale the heavy pound weights, and then the small ounces—and no one thinks of despising the small weights—so the continents are the pounds and the islands are the ounces. A continent is only a larger island, and an island only a smaller continent. Something of what part the islands have taken in the world's history you will see when I remind you that the island of Samos produced Homer, and the island of Chios produced Homer, and the island of Samos produced Pythagoras, and the island of Coos produced Hippocrates.

But there is one island that I longed to see more than any other, I can assure you, and that is the island of Patmos. The one I longed to see is not so many miles in circumference as Cyprus or Crete or Paros or Naxos, or Seto or Mytilene, but I had rather in the archipelago, the Grecian archipelago, see that than all the others; for more of the glories of heaven landed there than on all the islands and continents since the world stood. As we moved toward it I feel my pulses quicken. "I, John, was in the island that is called Patmos." It is a pile of rocks, twenty-eight miles in circumference. A few cypresses and inferior olives pump a living out of the earth, and one palm tree spreads its foliage. But the barrenness and gloom and loneliness of the island made it a prison for the banished angel.

Domitian could not stand his ministry, and one day, under armed guard, that minister of the Gospel stepped from a tossing boat to these dismal rocks and walked up to the dismal cavern which was to be his prison for the remainder of his life. He had before him all the conflicts of coming time and all the raptures of a coming eternity. Is it not remarkable that nearly all the great revelations of music and poetry and religion have been made to men in banishment? Beethoven banished into deafness; Dante writing his "Divina Commedia" during the nineteen years of banishment from his native land; Victor Hugo writing his "Les Misérables" while in exile in the country of the island of Guernsey, and the brightest visions of the future have been given to those who by sickness or sorrow were exiled from the outer world into rooms of suffering. Only those who have been imprisoned by very hard conditions have had great revelations made to them.

So Patmos, wild, chill and bleak and terrible was the best island in all the archipelago, the best place in all the earth for divine revelations. Before a panorama can be successfully seen, the room in which you sit must be darkened, and in the presence of John was to pass such a panorama as no man ever before saw or ever will see in this world, and hence the gloom of his surroundings was a help rather than a hindrance. All the surroundings of the place affected St. John's imagery when he speaks of substance, or having no food except that at which his appetite revolted, thinks of luxury; and as the fastidious man is apt to be luxurious, so St. John says of the inhabitants of heaven "They shall hunger no more." Scarcity of fresh water on Patmos and the hot tongue of St. John's thirst leads him to admire heaven as he says, "They thirst no more."

St. John hears the waves of the sea wildly dashing against the rocks, and each wave has a voice, and all the waves together make a chorus, and they remind him of the multitudinous anthems of heaven, and he says, "They are like the voice of many waters." He is looking out upon the sea, the waters were very smooth, as it is today while we sail them in the Minerva, and they were like glass, and the sunlight seemed to set them on fire, and there was a mingling of white light and intense blue, and as St. John looked out from his caverns upon that brilliant sea he thought of the splendors of heaven and describes them "As a sea of glass mingled with fire." Yes, seated in the dark cavern of Patmos, though homelike and hungry and loaded with Domitian's anathemas, St. John was the most fortunate man on earth because of the panorama that passed before the mouth of that cavern.

Turn down all the lights that we may better see it. The panorama passes, and in the conquering Christ, robed, girdled, armed, the flash of golden candelsticks and seven stars in His right hand, candelsticks and stars meaning light held up and light scattered, and there passes a throne and Christ on it, and the seas broken, and the waves sound, and a dragon slain, and seven last plagues sweep, and seven vials are poured out, and the vision vanishes. And we halt a moment to rest from the exciting spectacle. Again the panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees, as great as the representing all abominations, Babylon towered, pained, templed, fountained, foliaged,

sculptured, hanging gardens, suddenly going crash! crash! and the pipes cease to pipe, and the trumpets cease to trumpet, and the dust, and the smoke, and the hoarse roar of the world, while from above and beneath are voices announcing, "Babylon is fallen, is fallen!" And we halt again to rest from the spectacle.

Again the panorama passes before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees a mounted Christ on a snow white charger leading forth the cavalry of heaven, the long line of white chargers galloping through the scene, the clatter of hoofs, the clinking of bridle bits, and the flash of spears, all the earth conquered and all heaven in Doxology. And we halt again to rest from the spectacle. Again the panorama passes before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile sees great throngs lifted, throngs of martyrs, throngs of apostles, throngs of prophets, throngs of patriarchs, and a throne higher than all on which Jesus sits, and ponderous books are opened, their leaves turned over, revealing the names of all that have ever lived, the good and the bad, the righteous and the humble, the mighty and the weak, and at the turn of every leaf the universe is in rapture of fright, and the sea empties its sarcophagus of all the dead of the sunken ships, and the earth gives way, and the heaven is visible. Again we rest a moment from the spectacle.

The panorama moves on before the cavern of Patmos, and John the exile beholds a city of gold, and a river more beautiful than the Rhine or the Hudson rolls through it, and fruit trees bend their burdens on either bank, and all is surrounded by walls in which the upholstery of autumnal forests, and the sunrises and sunsets of all the ages, and the glory of burning worlds seem to be coming forth, and the inhabitants never breathe a sigh, or utter a groan, or discuss a difference, or frown a dislike, or weep a tear. The fashion they wear is pure white, and their foreheads are encircled by garlands, and they who were sick in the world, and they who were old are young, and they who were bereft are reunited. And as the last figure of that panorama rolled out of sight I think that John must have fallen back into the cavern nervous and gasping, and his hands to his eyes, and his feet to his head. Too much was it for human strength to experience.

My friends, I would not wonder if you should have a very similar vision after awhile. You will be through with this world, its cares and fatigues and struggles, and if you have served the Lord and have done the best you could, I should not wonder if your dying bed were a Patmos. It often has been so. I was reading of a dying boy who, while the rain stood on the ground, was expecting each breath would be the last, cried: "Open the gates! Open the gates! Happy! Happy! Happy!" John Owen, in his last hour, said to his attendant, "Oh, brother Payne! the long wished for day has come at last!" Rutherford, in the closing moment of his life, cried out, "I shall shine, I shall see Him as He is, and all the fair company with Him, and shall have my large share. I have gotten the victory. Christ is coming to banish me, now I feel! Now I enjoy! Now I rejoice! I feed on manna. Have angels' food. My eyes will see my Redeemer. Glory, glory dwell in Immanuel's land." Yes, ten thousand times in the history of the world has the dying bed been made a Patmos.

You see the time will come when you will, oh, child of God, be exiled to your last sickness as much as John was exiled to Patmos. You will go into your room not to come again, for God is going to do something better and grander and happier for you than He has ever done! There will be such visions let down to your pillow as God gives no man if he is ever to return to this tame world. The apparent feeling of unconsciousness and raptures at the time of the Christian's departure, the physicians say, is caused by no real distress. It is an unconscious and involuntary movement, and I think in many cases it is the vision of heavenly gladness too great for mortality to endure. It is God's breaking in on the departing spirit.

You see your work will be done and the time for your departure will be at hand, and there will be wings over you and wings under you, and songs let loose on the air, and your old father and mother and God will descend into the room, and your little children whom you put away for the last sleep years ago will be at your side, and their kiss will be on your forehead, and you will see gardens in full bloom, and the swinging of alighting gates, and will hear voices long ago hushed.

In many a Christian departure that you have known and I have known there was in the phraseology of the departing ones something that indicated the resurrection of those long deceased. It was "no delirium, no delusion, but a supernatural fact. Your glorified loved ones will hear that you are about to come, and they will say in heaven: "May I go down to show that soul the way? May I be the celestial escort? May I be with that soul at the edge of the pillow?" And the Lord will say: "Yes, you may fly down on that mission." And I think all your glorified brethren will come down, and they will be in the room, and although they in health standing around you may see nothing, and see no arrival from the heavenly world, you will see and hear. And the moment the fleshly bond of the soul shall break, the cry will be: "Follow me! Up this way! By this gilded cloud, past these stars, straight for home, straight for glory, straight for God!"

As on that day in the Grecian archipelago, Patmos began to fade out of sight, I walked to the stern of the ship that I might keep my eye on the enchantment as long as I could, and the voice that sounded of heaven to John the exile in the cavern on Patmos seemed sounding in the waters that dashed against the side of our ship, "Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and He Himself shall be with them, and be their God; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."

Will Make Ships Unsinkable.

And now a material has been discovered that will make ships unsinkable. The article is called cellulose and is to be manufactured in Philadelphia. The cellulose is made from the husks of coconuts and has the property of absorbing eight times its own weight of water. The husks are ground into meal, the meal is placed in sacks, and vessels are lined with it. Owing to the quality of the fiber it is impossible to make a hole in it. The discovery of the material was accidental. A French gunboat was practicing at a target set up against a quantity of these wet husks; the shots that struck the target pierced it and disappeared among the husks, leaving no signs of their penetration, because the material immediately closed up again. The hint thus given led to experiments, and these led to the manufacture of the new article. If the hull of a vessel be lined with cellulose it will make it practically unsinkable.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Finger Autographs of Idiots.

Impressions of the finger-tips of idiots have been found by Dr. A'Abundo to show very different markings from those of sane people. In a number of the markings on the tips of all the fingers on each hand were identical, and in one idiot the tips of the thumbs had the same markings as those of the fingers. There was a noticeable smoothness of the finger tips in all idiots.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

TO BOIL HOMINY.

A half-pint of large hominy is sufficient for a family of average size. It swells to four times its original bulk. Put it on the fire in plenty of cold water as soon after breakfast as possible, in order to allow it plenty of time to become thoroughly cooked before dinner. When the water dries out, add more, but let it be hot. Four hours at least are required for the grains to become thoroughly softened and done, when it is a most wholesome and palatable article of food. When ready to be dished for dinner, add a teaspoonful of butter, and mix it in thoroughly.

A FONDU OF EGGS.

A fondu is a preparation of eggs, cheese and butter. Parmesan cheese is very often used in a fondu, but any good cheese will do. Grate two ounces of cheese into a cooking pan, add half a teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of cayenne; mix in a quarter-pound of butter into the melted cheese, add the beaten yolks of six eggs and stir thoroughly. Beat the whites of six eggs to a froth and add carefully to the other ingredients. Pour the mixture into little porcelain-lined patty-pans and bake the fondus in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes and serve very hot.—*New York Tribune.*

A NICE MINCE LOAF.

A very nice mince loaf is made as follows: To the pieces cut from a stewed knuckle-bone of veal or mutton add a small cooked slice of bacon and a small onion which has been sliced and fried brown in half a teaspoonful of butter. Chop very fine, season with a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper. Break in an egg and mix lightly into a loaf. If the bacon has not seasoned it sufficiently add half a teaspoonful of salt. Have a small baking dish buttered. Then take a cupful of cold boiled rice or hominy and line the dish thinly, bottom and sides. Put in a layer of the meat and another of rice without butter. Put over the top a layer of fine bread-crumbs, lay the bits of butter evenly over them and bake in a moderate oven for half an hour. It should be brown and crisp. When cold, slice this and serve for luncheon in a dish trimmed with parsley. Good beef, mutton or pork dripping will often effectually take the place of butter, with even more savory results.—*New York World.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Wash marble with ammonia and water.

Never leave vegetables in the water after they are cooked.

Beeswax and salt will render rusty flat-irons smooth and clean.

Ripe tomatoes will remove ink stains from white cloth and from the hands.

If sassafras bark is sprinkled among dried fruit it will keep out the worms.

A bowl of quicklime kept in a cupboard will soon absorb the moisture, if there be any.

Washing old silk in beer is said to give it a luster almost equal to that possessed when new.

Catsup keeps better and pickles also if you put a bit of horseradish in the mouth of the bottle.

Kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have become hard from being wet, and render them as pliable as ever.

Twelve pounds of peaches, six pounds of sugar and one pint of vinegar is a good proportion for pickled peaches.

A perfume lamp, which burns cologne and spreads a pleasant scent about the room, is among the late household novelties.

To remove ink stains from wood, use strong muriatic acid, rubbed in with a cloth; afterward wash off well with water.

In boiling meat for soup use cold water to extract the juices, but if the meat is wanted for itself alone put into boiling water.

When washing fine white flannels add a tablespoonful of pulverized borax to a pailful of water. This will keep them soft and white.

A pound of sulphur burnt in a tightly closed room will destroy every living thing in it, from moths and bed bugs to possible disease germs.

When decorating rooms for reception use one kind of flowers for each room, as roses for one, carnations for another, violets in another, etc.

If doughnuts are cut out an hour before they are fried, to allow a little time for rising, they will be much lighter. Try cutting at night and frying in the morning.

If the hands are rubbed on a stick of celery after peeling onions the smell will be entirely removed. Onions may be peeled under water without offense to eyes or hands.

The leaves of the peach tree, a few at a time, put into the boiling milk of a custard or blancmange and removed before it cools into shape give a delicate almond flavor.

The flavor of a young roasted chicken is greatly improved if you place inside it a piece of fresh butter the size of a walnut and with it a bouquet of parsley and a small onion.

Aged people, invalids or those who have feeble digestion or suffer from dullness, as well as growing children, will be greatly benefited by taking sweet cream in liberal quantities.

To cure a felon, wind a cloth loosely about the finger, leaving the end free. Pour in common gunpowder until the affected part is entirely covered; then keep the powder wet with strong spirits of camphor.

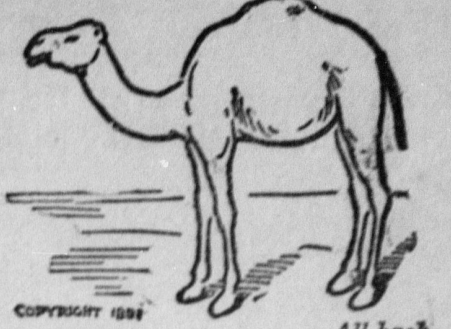
Steaming the face at night over a bowl of very hot water, and then bathing it with very cold water, is the simple method of giving it a Russian bath and will tend to make the skin whiter and smoother and the flesh firmer.

The Miners "Rustled" for the Bride.

Colonel Hart, manager of the Cornucopia mine of Nelhart, told an interesting little story the other evening, says the Salt Lake (Utah) Herald. Here it is: One of the principal owners of the Mohr Gibson mine at Aspen, Col., had a daughter who was married a few years ago. Shortly after her return from her wedding trip she went to her father and told him she wanted a house. The old gentleman, after a few moments deliberation said: "My girl, I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll give you one day's work of any two men in the mine you may select." The bride thought this was rather a slim allowance from one who could well afford to be generous, and she was not slow to express the disappointment which she felt.

The young lady was very popular with the miners, and when they heard of the proposition which the chief had made to his daughter they held a meeting and selected the two best workmen from among their number. These two worthies presented themselves before the young lady, and after a vast amount of preliminary bowing and scraping the spokesman addressed her as follows: "Say, Miss, if you will only choose us two fellows you'll never be sorry for it. We'll give you an everlasting rustle on us, and we will stick the old man for you. You can just bet your sweet life we will."

She selected these two men, and on the day appointed they did "git an everlasting rustle on them," and succeeded in sticking the old man to the full extent of their promise. Ore to the value of \$31,000 was taken out by these two miners in one day, and one of the very finest mansions in Aspen was the result of their toil and the selection made by the young bride.



Every cent you've paid for it, if it doesn't benefit or cure you. A medicine that promises this is one that promises to help you.

But there's only one medicine of its kind that can and does promise it. It's Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's the guaranteed remedy for all Blood, Skin and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst scrofula. It cleanses, purifies, and enriches the blood, invigorates the system, and cures Salt-rheum, Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas and all manner of blood-taints from whatever cause. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence.

It's the best blood-purifier, and it's the cheapest, no matter how many doses are offered for a dollar—for you pay only for the good you get. Nothing else is "just as good" as the "Discovery." It may be better—for the dealer. But he wants money and you want help.

NY 10-45

BEWARE OF THEM.

Cheap imitations should be avoided. They never cure and are often tangerous.

S. S. S. WILL CURE.

My daughter had a case of chronic Eczema, which for over five years had baffled the skill of the best physicians. As she was daily growing worse, I quit all other treatment and commenced using S. S. S. Before finishing the second bottle the scaly incrustations had nearly disappeared. I continued using S. S. S. until she was entirely cured. I waited before reporting the case to see if the cure was permanent. Being satisfied that she is freed from the annoying disease for all time to come, I send you this.

V. VAUGHN, Sandy Bottom, Va.

BOOKS ON BLOOD AND SKIN DISEASES FREE.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Ely's Cream Balm WILL CURE CATARRH

WORN NIGHT AND DAY! AXION ELASTIC TRUSS

DR. TALMAGE'S "LIFE OF CHRIST."

Over 400,000 Agents Wanted. Address: HISTORICAL PUB. CO., PHILA. PA.

R. R. R. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

CURE FOR CROUP, COLDS, COUGHS, SORE THROAT, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, SWELLING OF THE JOINTS, LUMBAGO, INFLAMMATIONS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA.

Frostbites, Chills, Headache, Toothache, Asthma, DIFFICULT BREATHING.

DR. TOBIAS VENETIAN LINIMENT.

UNEXCELLED! APPLIED EXTERNALLY FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, PAINS IN THE LIMBS, BACK OR CHEST, MUMPS, SORE THROAT, COLDS, SPRAINS, BRUISES, STINGS OF INSECTS, MOSQUITO BITES.

TAKEN INTERNALLY. It acts like a charm in Cholera Morbus, Diarrhea, Dysentery, Colic, Cramps, Nausea, Vomiting, Stomachache, etc.

Warranted perfectly harmless. See each accompanying card for full directions for use. Its SWIFTHNESS AND EFFECTIVENESS in all cases are well known. Try it and be convinced.

Price 50 cent per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

DEPOT: 40 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

WEPAY SALARY TO LIVE men or women. Work steady. Big pay for part time. Only 25c per day. Experience not needed. J. Eugene Whitner, Rochester, N. Y.

HOW TO SAVE 50 per cent. or more in CASH and get more, more, with nothing but FREE. Experience not needed. For catalogue with valuable information, write to J. H. HARRISON, NEWARK, N. J.

RAG CARPET LOOM send at once for our Catalogue and testimonials. C. N. Newcomb, Davenport, Iowa.

NATURE'S ELIXIRS. What Paine's Discovery is—the fountain of perennial youth, is well known to all. It will cure all kinds of ailments. Particulars FREE. Write for our catalogue and write today. Health and Convalescence Co., Box A, Akron, O.

AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY. or commission to handle the New Patent, Improved, and Guaranteed. Agents wanted in all sections. Write today. Address: W. L. Douglas, Boston, Mass.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

THE BEST SHOE in the World for the Money. GENTLEMEN AND LADIES, save your money by wearing W. L. Douglas shoes. They meet the wants of all classes and are the most economical shoes ever offered for the money. Beware of cheap imitations. Get the genuine. Buy of dealers who offer other makes, or bring just a foot, and we will give you a pair of our shoes with same and price stamped on bottom.

W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES. Insist on label and direct dealers supplying you.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By Druggists.