REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S SUN-DAY SERMON.

Subject: "Echoes."

TEXT: "The sounding again of the mountains."-Ezekiel vii. 7.

At last I have it. The Bible has in it a recognition of all phrases of the natural world from the aurora of the midnight heavens to the phosphorescence of the tum-bling sea. But the well known sound that bling sea. But the well known sound they we call the Echo I found not until a few days ago I discovered it in my text, "The sounding again of the mountains." That is the Echo. Ezekiel of the text heard it again and again. Born among mountains, and in his jour-

ney to distant exile, he had passed among mountains, and it was natural that all through his writings there should loom up the mountains. Among them he had heard the sound of cataracts and of tempests in

the sound of cataracts and of tempests in wrestle with oak and cedar, and the voices of wild beast, but a man of so poetic a ma-ture as Ezekiel could not allow another sound, viz., the Echo, to be disregarded, and so he gives us in our text "The sound-ing again of the mountains." Greek mythology represented the Echo as a nymph, the daughter of Earth and Air, following Narcissus through forests and into grottoes and every whither, and so atrange and weird and startling is the Echo I do not wonder that the superstitious have lifted it into the supernatural. You and I in boy-hood or girlhood experimented with this re-sponsiveness of sound. Standing half way sponsiveness of sound. Standing half way between the house and barn, we shouted we shouted many times to hear the reverberations, or out among the mountains back of our home, on some long tramp, we stopped and made exclamation with full lungs just to hear exclamation with full lungs just to hear what Ezekiel calls "The sounding again of the mountains.

such a day, for there are to many things in the world that need to be fixed up and ex-plained. If God had not appointed such a day all the nations would cry out, "Oh, God, give us a Judgment Day." But we are apt to think of it and speak about it as a day away off in the future, having no spe-cial connection with this day or any other day. The fact is that we are now making up its volces; its trumpets will only sound back again to us what we now say and do. That is the meaning of all that Scripture which says that Christ will on that day ad-dress the soul, saying. "I was naked and Ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison and Ye visited me." The Echo has frightened many a child and The Echo has frightened many a child and many a man. It is no tame thing after you have spoken to hear the same words repeated by the invisible. All the silences are filled with voices ready to answer. Yet it would not be so startling if they said something else, but why do those lips of the air say just what you say? Do they mean to mock or mean to please? Who are you and where are you, thou wondrous Echo? Sometimes its response is a reiteration. The shot of a gun, the clapping of the hands, the beating of a drum, the voice of a violin are sometimes repeated many times by the Echo. Near Coblentz-that which is said has

seventeen Echoes. In 1776, a writer says that near Milan, Italy, there were seventy the Christian reformer walks too the wicket of the incarcerated, yea all the whispers of condolence in the ear of that poor soul dying such reflections of sound to one snap of a pistol. Play a bugle near a lake of Killar-ney and the tune is played back to you as distinctly as when you played it. There is a well two hundred and ten feet deep at condoience in the ear of that poor solid dying in that garret, yea all the kindnesses are be-ing caught up and rolled on until they dash against the judgment throne and then they will be struck back into the ears of these Carlsbrooke castle, in the Isle of Wight. sons and daughters of mercy. Louder than the crash of Mount Washington falling on Drop a pin into that well and the sound of its fall comes to the top of the well distinct-A blast of an Alpine horn comes back its face in the world wide catastrophe, and ly. A blast of an Alpine horn comes back from the rocks of Jungfrau in surge after surge of reflected sound, until it seems as if universal configeration will be the Echo and re-echo of the good deeds done and the sym-pathetic words uttered and the mighly beneevery peak had lifted and blown an Alpine

But have you noticed-and this is the reason for the present discourse—that this Echo in the natural world has its analogy in the moral and religious world? Have you noticed the tremendous fact that what we say and do comes back in recoiled gladness or disaster? About this resonance I preach this

race will hear what my text styles "The sounding of the mountains." First-Parental teaching and example have their Echo in the character of descend ants. Exceptions? Oh, yes. So in the natural world there may be no Echo, or a natural world there may be no Echo, or a distorted Echo, by reason of peculiar prox-imities, but the general rule is that the char-acter of the children is the Echo of the char-acter of the parents. The general rule is that good parents have good children and bad parents have bad children. If the old man is a craph big son is not to be accept from a grove was returned an octave higher. A scientist playing a flute in Fairfax County, Va., found that all the notes were returned, although some of them in a raised pitch. man is a crank, his son is apt to be a crank and the grandchild a crank. The tendency A trumpet sounded ten times near Glas-gow, Scotland, and the ten notes were all repeated, but a third lower. And the spiris so mighty in that direction that it will get worse and worse unless some hero or heroine In that line shall rise and say: "Here! By the help of God, I will stand this no longer. Against this hereditary tendency to queer-ness I protest." And he or she will set up an altar and a magnificent life that will reverse things, and there will be no more cranks among that kindred.

neighborhood where that family used to live. You meet on the street or on the road an old innabitant of that neighborhood, and

come. Oh, God! by Thy converting and sanctifying spirit make us right here and now that we may be right forever! "Well," says some one, "this idea of moral, spiritual and eternal Echo is new to me. Is there not some way of stopping this Echo?" My answer is, "God can and He only." If it is a cheerful Echo we do not want it stopped; if a baleful Echo we wuld like to have it stopped. The hardest thing in the world to you say. "Can you tell me anything about the Petersons who used to live here?" "Yes," says the old inhabitant; "I remember them very well. The father and mother have been dead for years." "Well, how about the children? What has become of them?" the children? What has become of them?" if a baleful Echo we would like to have it out badly. You know the old man was about half an infidel and the boys were all infidels. The oldest son married, but got wife was not able to live with him any long-er, and his children were taken by relatives, and his children were taken by relatives, er, and his children were taken by relatives, and his children were taken by relatives, the target the target the target the target the target the target er, and his children were taken by relative hung upholstery against the walls, hoping to entrap it, and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in public build-ings of this country to keep the air from and he died of delirium tremens on Binck-well's island. His other son forged the name of his employer and field to Canada. "One of the daughters of the old folks married an inebriate with the idea of reform-ing him, and you know how that always ends—in the ruin of both the experimenter

answering when it ought to be quiet. Aristotle and Pythagoras and Isaac Newton and La Place and our own Joseph Henry tried to huat down the Echo, but still the and the one experimented with. The other daughter disappeared mysteriously and has not been heard of. There was a young woman picked out of the East River and put in the moment unexplored realms of acoustics are larger than the explored. When our first Brooklyn Tabernacle was being constructed, we were told by architects that it was of such a woman picked out of the base Arton and picked in the morgue, and some thought it was her, but I cannot say." "Is it possible?" you cry out. "Yes, it is possible. The family is a complete wreck." My hearers, that is just shape that the human voice could not be heard in it, or, if heard, it would be jangled

into Echoes. In state of worriment I went to Joseph complete wreck." My hearers, that is just what might have been expected. All this is only the Echo, the dismal Echo, the awful Echo, the dreadful Echo of parental obliquity and unfaithfulness. The old folks heaped up a mountain of wrong influences, and this is only what my text calls "The sounding of the mountains " Henry, the president of Smithsonian Insti-tution at Washington, and told him of this evil prophecy, and he replied: "I have proba-bly experimented more with the laws of sound than any other man, and I have got as far as this, Two buildings may seem to be exactly alike and yet in one the acoustics he mountains." Indeed our entire behavior in this world may be good and in the other bad. Go on with your church building and trust that all will have a resound. While opportunities fly in a straight line and just touch us once with your course building and trust that an will be well." Oh, this mighty law of sound! Oh, this subtle Echo! There is only one be-ing in the universe that thoroughly under-stands it—"The sounding again of the and are gone never to return, the wrongs we practice upon others fly in a circle, and they come back to the place from which they started. Doctor Guillotine thought it smart to introduce the instrument of death

And if it is so hard to destroy a natural Echo, how much harder to stop a moral Echo, a spiritual Echo, an immortal Echo. You know that the Echoes are affected by the surfaces, and the shape of rocks, and the depth of ravines, and the relative posi-tion of buildings? And once in heaven of buildings? tion God will so arrange the relative position of God will so arrange the relative position on mansions and temples and thrones that one of the everiasting charms of heaven will be the rolling, bursting, ascending, decending, chanting Echoes. All the songs we ever chanting Echoes. All the songs we ever sang devoutly, all the prayers we have ever uttered earnestly, all the Christian deeds we have ever done will be waiting to spring upon us in Echo.

The scientists tell us that in this world the roar of artillery and the boom of the thunder are so loud, because they are a combination of Echoes-all the hillsides, and the caverns of Echoes—all the hilisides, and the caveras and the walls furnishing a share of the re-sonance. And never will we understand the full power and music of an Echo until with supernatural faculties able to endure them we hear all the conjoined sounds of heavenly Echoes—harps and trumpets, orchestras and oratorios, hosannais and hallelujabs, east side of heaven answering to the west side north side to south side, and the west side, north side to south side, and all the heights, and all the depths, and all the immensities, and all the eternities join-ing in Echo upon Echo, Echo in the wake of Echo.

In the future state, whether of rapture or we will listen for reverberations of earthly things and doings. Voltaire stand-ing amid the shadows will listen, and from the millions whose godlessness and libertinism and debauchery were a consequence of his brilliant blasphemies will come back a his brilliant biasphenics will come back a weeping, walling, desparing, agonizing, million-voiced Echo. Paul will, while standing in the light, listen, and from all the circles of the ransomed, and from all the many mansions, whom he helped to people, and from all the thrones he helped to occupants, and from all the gates he helped throng with arrivals, and from all the temples he helped fill with worshipers there shall come back to him a glorious, ever accumulating, transporting and triumphant Echo

Cond. What will the tyrants and oppressors of the earth do with the Echoes? Those who are responsible for the wars of the world will have come back to them all the groans, the have come back to them all the groans, the shrieks, the canuonales, the bursting shells, the crackle of burning cities and the death of a nation's homes—Hohenlinden and Sala-manca, Wagram and Sedan, Marathon and Thermopyle, Bunker Hill and Lexington, South Mountains and Gettysburg. Senna-acherib listen! Semiramis listen! Marc Antony listen! Artaxerexes listen! Marc Sisten! Julius Course listen! Alexander and

Protection From Rifle Bullets.

Commenting on the penetrative powers of the small arms lately introduced into the armies of all the great Powers, Colonel Lonsdale Hale states that the minimum thickness of ordinary soil affording protection is thirty inches, while single brick walls, after being struck a few times, no longer afford any cover. The new German rifle ranges up to 4000 yards, and at 900 yards the bullet will penetrate ten inches of fir or pine and fourteen inches of sand. At 450 yards the bullet can pierce three or four ranks, and at 1300 yards a man may no longer consider himself safe, even if the bullet has already penetrated two of his comrades. With regard to "smokeless powder," the same authority observes that, though the report of the rifles when fired is heard, it is very difficult to see whence the rifles are fired. Under certain conditions no trace of smoke can be distinguished. Minor acts of surprise, he considers, will be more frequent in the future, and will often partake of the nature of ambuscades. Very small bodies of cavalry, intimately connected with infantry, forming in action patrols of the latter, will, therefore, be necessary, and it will no longer be possible to discover well posted batteries. On the whole, Colonel Hale considers that only a war can absolutely decide what the effects of the improvements in small-arms will be. One thing, however is certain-that is, that the difficulty of leading troops has considerably increased.-London News.

Acting Out a Dream.

A young lady of this place who is Treasurer of a mission band in one of our Sunday-schools, and who had about \$5 of the band's money in her possession, quietly performed a feat the other night. while asleep, that was quite dangerous. The lady referred to arose at a late hour, dressed herself, went to the bureau where she had placed the \$5, and took it a little room in the house which the family did not occupy. Gathering together a few old skirts, she wrapped the money up in them and then securely tied it with a string and placed it in a dark, hidden corner.

After this was accomplished she went into her brother's room, took his loaded revolver and started for the yard. It is not known just how long she was out of doors, but the next morning the revolver was found in a barrel at the rear of the lot. When the revolver was discovered in the barrel it dawned upon the young lady that perhaps some person had been in the house and taken her mission money, and she quickly went to the bureau where she had the money concealed. On reaching the drawer she found that it had disappeared. A thorough search was given. and the money found in the place above mentioned .- Huntington (Cal.) Journal

Salt was the ordinary money of the Abyssinians.



Versailles, Mo., claims a vem of coal eighty feet thick, the thickess vein on earth.

The Philadelphia Record says that a pair of canvasback drcks can be bought for \$6.

Deafness Can't be Cured

Deafness Can't be Cared By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitu-tional remedies. Deafness is caused by an in-famed condition of the micous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets in-famed you have a rumbling sound or imper-fect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the infam-mation can bo taken out and this tube re-stored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever, nine cases out of ten are cansed by catarrh, which is nothing but an in-famed condition of the mucous surface. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any canot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh that we can for circulars, free. E. J. Cherker & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 7bc.

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One of two things has to happen. You're cured of Catarrh, or you're paid \$500 cash. That's what is promised by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. By its mild, soothing, cleansing, and healing properties, it cures the worst C23CS.



In another family the father and mother are consecrated pople. What they do is right. What they teach is right. The boys may for some time be wild and the daugh-ter worldly, but watch! Years pass on, perhaps ten years, twenty years, and you go back to the church where the father and

back to the church where the inclusion and mother used to be consistent members. You have heard nothing about the family for twenty years, and at the door of the church you see the sexton and you ask him, "Where is old Mr. Webster?" "Oh, he has been deal many years!" "Where is Mrs. been deal many years!" "Where is Mrs. Webster?" "Oh, she died fifteen years ago?" "I suppose their son Joe went to the dogs?" "Oh, no," says the sexton, "he is up there in the elders' seat. He is one of our best and most important members. You ought to most important members. You ought to hear him pray and sing. He is not Joe any longer, he is Elder Webster." "Well, where is the daughter Mary? I suppose she is the is the daughter Mary? I suppose she is the same thoughtless butterfly she used to be?" "Oh, no," says the sexton, "she is the president of our missionary society and the directress in the orphan asylum, and when she goes down the street all the raganuffins take hold of her dress and cry, 'Auntie, when are you going to bring us some more books and shoes and things? And when, in times of revival, there is some hard case back in a church pew that no one else can touch, she goes where he is, and in one minute she has him a-crying, and the first thing we know she is fetching the hardened man up to the front to be prayed for, and says, 'Here is a brother who wants to find the way into the kingdom of God.' And if nobody seems ready to pray, she kneels down in the aisle beside him and says, 'O Lord!' with a pathos and a power and a triumph that seem instantly to mancipate the hardened sinner. Oh, no! you must not call her a thoughtless butter-ity in our presence. You see we would not stand it." The fact is that the son and daughter of that family did not promise a-crying, and the first thing we know she is fetching the hardened man up to the front to be prayed for, and says, 'Here is a brother who wants to find the way into the kingdom stand it." The fact is that the son and daughter of that family did not promise much at the start, but they are now an Echo, a glorious Echo, a prolonged Echo of parental teaching and example. A Vermont mother, as her boy was about to start for a life on the sea, said: "Ed-ward, I have never seen the ocean, but I un-derstand the great temporation is attorn

to start for a life on the sea, said: "Ed-ward, I have never seen the ocean, but I un-derstand the great temptation is strong drink. Promise me you will never touch it." Many years after that, telling of this in a meeting, Edward said: "I gave that promise to mother, and have been around the world, and at Calcutta, the ports of the Mediterranean. San Francisco, Cape of Good Hope and north and south poles, and never saw a glass of liquor in all those years that my mother's form did not appear before me, and I do not know how liquor tastes. I never have tasted it and all be-cause of the promise I made to my mother." This was the result of that conversation at the gate of the Vermont farmhouse. The statuary of Thorwaldsen was sent from Italy to Germany, and the straw in which the statues had been packed was thrown upon the ground. The next spring beauti-ful Italian flowers sprang up where this straw had been cast, for in it had been some of the seeds of Italian flowers, and, whether conscious of it or not, we are all the time planting for queues and elanting for

This was the result of that conversation is the statuary of Thorwaldsen was sent from the ground. The next spring beauting again of the mountains of eternity. The sentence of the second ing again of the mountains of the mountains. The maxis spring beauting again of the mountains of the mountains of the mountains of the mountains of the mountains. The maxis spring beauting the second ing again of the mountains of the mountains of the mountains of the mountains. The maxis spring beauting the second ing again of the mountains of the mountains of the mountains. The maxis spring beauting the second ing again of the mountains of the mountains of the mountains of the mountains. The maxis spring beauting the second ing the mountains of the mountains of the mountains of the mountains of the mountains. The maxis spring beauting the second ing the mountains of the mountai

queror or from a worse captive, fro.n a higher throne or deeper dungeon. Our prayer or our blasphemy, our kindness or our crueity, our faith or our unbelief, our holy life or our dissolute behavior, will come back someh

named after him, but did not like it so well when his own head was chopped off

with the guillotine. So also the Judgment Day will be an Echo

of all our other days. The universe needs such a day, for there are to many things in

All the footsteps in that prison corridor as

the boiling of the sea over the furnaces of

On that day all the charities, all the self-

sacrificies, all the philanthropies, all the beneficent last wills and testaments, all the Christian work of all the ages, will be piled

up into mountains, and those who have served God and served the suffering human

My subject advances to tell you that ternity itself is only an echo of time. Mind

you, the analogy warrants my saying this, The echo is not always exactly in kind like

the sound originally projected, Lord Ra-

leigh says that a woman's voice sounding

visited me

ctions wrought.

Suppose the boss of a factory or the head of a commercial firm some day comes out among his clerks or employes, and putting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest says, with an air of swagger and jocosity: "Well, among his clerks or employes, and putting his thumbs in the armholes of his vost says, with an air of swagger and jocosity: "Well, I don't believe in the Bible or the church. The one is an imposition and the other is full of hypocrites. I declare I would not trust one of those very plous people further than I could see him." That is all he says, but he has said enough. The young men go back to their counters or their shuttles and say within themselves, "Well, he is a suc-cessful man and has probably studied up the whole subject and is probably right." That one lying utterance against Bibles and churches has put five young men on the wrong track, and though the influential man had spoken only in half jest, the echo shall come back to him in five ruined lifetimes and five destroyed eternities. You see the Echoes are an octave lower than he antici-pated. On the other hand, some rainy day, when there are hardly any customers, the Christian merchant comes out from his counting room and stands among the young men who have nothing to do, and says: "Well, boys, this is a dull day, but it will clear off after awhile. There are a good many ups and downs in business, but there

There are a good clear off after awhile.

clerks did or go where some of the clerks went. I tell you, boys, it is best always to do right, and there is nothing to keep one right like the old fashioned religion of Jesus Christ. John, where did you go to church last Sunday? Henry, how is the Young Men's Caristian association prospering?" About noon the rain ceases and the sun comes out and the clerks go to their places, and they say within themselves: "Well, he is a successful merchant and I guess he knows what he is talking about, and the Christian religion must be a good thing. God knows I want some help in this battle with temptation and sin." The successful merchant who uttered the kind words did not know how much good he was doing, but the echo will come back in five lifetimes of virtue and usefulness, and five Christian deathbeds and five heavens. From all the mountains of rapture and all the mountains of glory and all the mountains of eternity, he will catch what Ezekiel in my text styles "The sounding again of the mountains."

isten! Julius Casar listen! Alexander and Napoleon listen! But to the righteous will come back the blissful Echoes.

Composers of Gospel hymns and singers will listen for the return of Antioch and will listen for the return of Antioch and Brattle Street, Ariel and Dundee, Harwell and Woojstock, Mount Pisgah and Corona-tion, Homeward Bound and Shining Shore, and all the melodies they ever started. Bishop Heber and Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts and Thomas Hastings and Bradbury and Horatius Bonar and Frances Havergal listen!

But you know as well as I do that there are some places where the reverberations seem to meet, and standing there they rush upon you, they rain upon you, all at ones they capture your ear. And at the point where all heavenly reverberations meet Christ will stand and listen for the resound of all His size and and listen for the resound Christ will stand and nation for the resoluted of all His sighs and groans and sacrifices and they shall come back in an Echo in which mingle the acclaim of a redeamed world, and the "Jubilate Deo" of a full heaven. Echo saintly, cherubic, archangelic! Echo of saintly, cherubic, archangelie! Echo of thronss! Echo of palaces! Echo of tem-ples! Omnipotent Echo! Everiasting Echo! ples! (Amen!

The Drojky.

The one-horse drojky of Russia is meant to hold two persons. Our experience was that it held one and a bit. It is a common and an amusing sight to see some gallant officer deftly encircling the waist of his fair companion in one of these conveyances. "His arm gets in the way so," he explains, "and this is the only means of disposing of it that he can think of." The horses are first-rate, small in size, but able to do a great deal of hard work, and keep their good looks in spite of it. Nearly all of them are stallions, and are bred in Russia. The driver, who is sometimes a mere boy. wears a dark-blue dressing-gown kind of coat, a curiously-shaped hat, and hightopped boots, and makes quite a picturesque object. His dress seems to be a very hot one for summer, but the average driver is too poor to buy cooler cloth-It is astonishing to see what an ing. amount of heat Russians seem capable of bearing. Even on the hot days of August a great many of the officers would wear their thick military cloaks.

There are no fixed fares for the drojky. Every time you hire one a long course of bargaining ensues between you and the driver, until at length the latter consents to take about half what he first asked. Twelve cents will take you a long way, and on one occasion I got a drive for four cents. In the absence of an agreed fare the driver charges what he likes. Once we paid \$1 for a drive of a few hundred yards in a two-horsed carriage.

The majority of the Scottish Gipsies have spread over a vast tract of country. Here they have gradually become lost to view as a distinctive race. In Europe they are found in the greatest number today in Hungary and Wallachia, where

The pay of Chinese soldiers during peace is so small that many have to supONE ENJOYS

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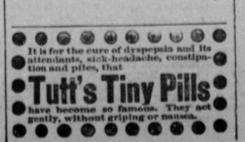
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